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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER year of our Magazine lies behind us—a very stormy year. For me it has been the most painful year of my life, one of practically unbroken suffering, continuing a previous ten months of pain. From January to October 1912, the most cruel slanders against my elder ward were circulated broadcast over the whole world; in October 1912, the suit was begun which has temporarily torn my dear lads from my protection, and forced them to fly for refuge to others—may the Father of all bless those who have given them shelter. The struggle has been useful, for Alcyone's name has been cleared, the Theosophical Society has been acknowledged as blameless, and all the vituperation has now, fortunately, been turned on me. The young life I have protected goes forward unstained, the Society is uninjured, and as for the mud showered on me it matters not. Mud only sticks where it finds mud to adhere to, and all the foul accusations made leave me unharmed, save in the minds of a very few. Nor have I, who have been appointed by the Masters as

Their messenger, any cause of complaint. Suffering is the badge of all who bring to the world the great messages which are the prophecies of the Coming Time; did not the Christ say to the little band of His despised followers: "So persecuted they the prophets who were before you; rejoice, and be exceeding glad"? Has not the poet sung:

Right for ever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne.

The world has ever derided and crucified its Saviours, and if suffering were escaped, the seal of apostleship would be missing. At the time of writing, the appeal case is not decided, but all the harm that could be done has been done already, and the worst is over. The coming year can hide within its bosom nothing so bad as the past year has given us; for there is nothing more to say so cruel and so undeserved as that which has been said.

* * *

Out of all this turmoil and tumult what net result emerges? A strength and a solidarity in the Theosophical Society unexampled in the story of its past. At last, it is an army, not a mob, and its front ranks march steadily forward towards the New Era, confident in their leaders and in themselves, with a great host behind them, glad and confident as they are. With this body much more work can be done than in the past. We have put an end, for ourselves, to the conflict between Liberty and Order by wedding them with the marriage ring of perfect Tolerance. Perfect liberty of individual opinion; perfect trust in the leaders who have been marked out by the armour of knowledge and the coronet of suffering—the ancient Sign of the Cross which conquers.

For those who prefer not to follow, there is plenty of other work ready to their hand, work recognised, respected and useful; but the great host sweeps on. In every country we see this band of the Brothers of Service, organised ready to serve. India has been the first to recognise this, India where the battle has raged most fiercely, and for the first time in our history a Theosophical Conference, a Political Conference, and a Social Reform Conference have linked themselves together. When religion inspires self-sacrifice alike in politics and in social reform, India's regeneration is within sight. We have done much in education since the time of the late President-Founder's splendid efforts for the Buddhists, and we must advance now into other fields as well, into all the departments of public activity which are to be remodelled in the new civilisation. And one thing we must specially stand for—the social equality of white and coloured races throughout the Empire. Grades in society, dependent on education, culture, habits, refinement, and the like, these must ever exist; but colour has here no place. At the present time this ignoring of colour distinctions in public and in private is only to be found among Theosophists, but we must help it to spread outside by word and by example.

* * *

It is in this respect that the only serious harm has resulted from Mr. G. Narayaniah's suit against me, and the factitious agitation raised against Theosophy throughout India. It has inflicted an irreparable injury on the Central Hindū College, built up with so much loving labour chiefly by Theosophists, and remarkable as the one educational institution in India in which colour

was wholly disregarded. I myself still hold office, at the request of the Board of Trustees, in order to facilitate the transfer of the College to the Hindū University, but I am doing nothing to hamper the new policy. The Hindūs, for whom I worked, have a right to shape its future, but I cannot take any responsibility for the new departure. Our fine staff of unpaid or subsistence-paid white and coloured workers—including the eldest son of the late Mr. Justice Telang, who gave his father's splendid library to the College, Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, Mr. and Miss Arundale, Miss Palmer, B. Sc., Miss Herington, Miss Willson, Mrs. James, Mrs. Sanjiva Rao, Mr. Trilokekar, and many others—is scattered. This matters comparatively little, for they are working on elsewhere, and carrying into other places the old C. H. C. spirit. What matters most is that the C. H. C. stood for social equality between white and coloured races and equal payments for Indian and English work of similar quality. That was one of the bases of the institution, and it stood out as the only place in India where this ideal was carried into practice. We paid a higher salary to a man holding an English University degree, but the England-returned Indian was on a level with the Englishman. That is now destroyed, and an Englishman has been brought in on a salary of Rs. 500 per mensem and Rs. 100 house-allowance, over the heads of England-returned Indians who have been serving for years on little more than half of this. The universal vicious practice of recognising colour in salary, with all implied therein, is now accepted in an institution which had upheld the social equality of white and coloured races, and the obliteration of race distinctions has ceased. This is what personally I feel most, for this unity of the two races has been the

heart of my Indian work ; it makes it all the worse that this blow is struck by Indian hands, and has been made possible by Indian attacks on me ; it is they who have stabbed social equality, and have again raised up the Englishman on a pedestal, not for his services but for his colour.

* * *

Ere long, I hope, the Theosophical Educational Trust will have repaired the mischief, and have several such Colleges where before there was only one. If we had but money ! A few hundred thousand pounds would suffice to raise a network of Schools and Colleges over India, in which boys of every race and creed would gather, to make workers for the India of the future.

* * *

The other day I attended a great public meeting called by the Madras Congress Committee and the Mahājana Sabhā. It was presided over by Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao, C. I. E., and the speakers were drawn from the most respected public men in Madras, men worthy to be leaders in any civilised country, but shut out from their rightful place in their own. I do not know how other white people feel in such meetings—it is true that they rarely come to them—but my heart always burns hot with shame as I hear the dignified and self-controlled speeches of such men as Messrs. T. Rangachariar and T. R. Ramachandra Iyer, asking for the elementary rights of citizens. The facts—soberly related by counsel learned in the law, of the treatment received by themselves and their clients in their peripatetic search for justice from executive officers—were most painful to listen to, though enlivened by dry and caustic touches of humour which made one laugh even when more

inclined to cry. Ever since the National Congress has existed, it has asked for the separation of executive and judicial functions, but without success. Another matter dealt with was the relation of India to the Crown, through the Indian Government and the India Office; a Standing Committee of the House of Commons for the consideration of Indian Affairs was asked for, in the place of the present India Council; if such a Committee were formed, it should be directed to add to its number—from outside the House—an equal number of Indian representatives elected here by the educated classes. Otherwise it will be the same old story of power without information. This most important resolution was little discussed for lack of time; the Hon. Mr. B. N. Sarma and the Hon. Mr. L. A. Govindaraghava Iyer made weighty and well-informed speeches; the Hon. Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer spoke well but far too shortly. Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar cut his speech down to very narrow limits, but every word told; he is a most effective public speaker, and should make his mark in public life, for he is a true lover of India. The last resolution, on the South African situation, was rushed through. I had the honour to be invited to speak, and was very brief, as the Hall was wanted for another purpose. The Government of India and the Imperial Government are at one in their condemnation of South African proceedings, but both seem to feel helpless before the "self-governing Colony". England gave self-government to the Boers with a haste which has caused much trouble, and the Boers are creating a deep, widespread, and most righteous, anger in India. If England would give to India what she has given to South Africa, India would very quickly settle the question for herself. If the Colonies,

with their narrow prejudices, are to rule the Empire, only one way of safe-guarding that Empire remains: give to India her own Parliament, and she will be a liberalising element in the Empire, saving it from the bourgeois prejudices of the Colonies, and instead of being the sentimentalised-over "jewel," she will become its strongest bulwark. It is noteworthy that the House of Lords—to which statesmanship has retreated—was the House to lift up its voice for the Indians.

* * *

I cannot reconcile myself to the extraordinary latitude permitted to counsel in the lower Courts of this country in the matter of cross-examination. In the High Courts the Judges do not, of course, permit irrelevancy and insult, but sharply check them. I was reading in the *Hindu* a case in which the Editor of the *Carlylean* was suing for defamation. I only know the Editor by some violent abuse of myself, so I am not speaking from any particular bias in his favour. But surely it is outrageous that a man should be questioned as to his religious belief in a libel suit unconcerned with it. "Are you a Theist?" The witness asks the meaning from the Vakil's standpoint. "Do you believe in a God—personal or impersonal?" "I believe in an impersonal God. I am an Entheist. I am not an Atheist. I am not a Theist in the sense in which Brahmos understand the word." (It will be understood that these are the Vakil's questions put into the mouth of the witness as answers, in the usual unjust way.) Surely the whole of this is most unfair, and is intended to create an atmosphere of prejudice which will hinder justice from being done.

* * *

Our Delhi Girls' School issues its tenth annual report, and, under the most effective and affectionate management of Miss Gmeiner and Miss Priest, its steady growth is maintained. Three hundred and six girls are now on the registers and many more would enter but there is no more accommodation available. Three girls went up for the Middle School Examination and all passed, two of them coming out first and second of the Delhi candidates. The Hon. Secretary, Rai Bahādur Sultan Singh, to whom the School owes so much, earnestly desires to raise it to a High School. May his wish be fulfilled.

* * *

The Vedic Mission, founded by Paṇḍit G. Kṛṣṇa Shāstri in 1909, seems likely to be a useful body ; it is intended to circulate Hindū religious publications among the masses, and, generally, to strengthen Hindūism. One very important piece of work is being planned—the purification of the Brāhmaṇa priesthood. It is proposed to work through the Veḍa Pāthashālās of Southern India, usually situated near important temples, though with separate funds and management. “They teach,” says the Paṇḍit, “the Veḍas by rote and turn out characterless priests.” The Vedic Mission proposes to utilise these schools, and to teach the boys “the cream of Samskr̥t and English literature, so that they may grow up into good citizens”. The plan is a very good one, for the machinery is ready to hand ; the Hindū Maths should help, instead of wasting their funds in supporting idle hangers-on. This is work which only Brāhmaṇas can do ; I have often thought wistfully of the ‘temple priests,’ and the Brāhmaṇas who perform family ceremonies, and those who quarrel over the

pilgrims to holy places, but the reform and education of these *must* be wrought from within by Hindū hands. No foreigner, however sympathetic and well-meaning, can interfere without impertinence. I heartily wish Paṇḍit Kṛṣṇa Shāstri success in this gigantic, but most necessary task, and the more orthodox members of the T. S. should help him in every way if he visits their localities. Preparations for the work of the Mission began as long ago as 1882, and much devotion has been shown by its workers. We trust that it may go forward successfully and achieve its beneficent objects. Any subscriptions in aid of its publishing department or other activities should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. T. S. Ramaswami Aiyar (Dubash, Messrs. Best & Co., Ltd.), Sea View, San Thomé, Madras, S.

* * *

A new departure, pregnant with future good for India, and just mentioned above, was taken at Tanjore, where the Political, Social Reform, and Theosophical Conferences linked themselves as workers for the good of the Motherland, and the President of the Political Conference, the Hon. Mr. V. K. Ramanujacharya, a member of the Madras Legislative Council and the Chairman of the Kumbakonam Municipality, joined the Theosophical Society, and presided over the first meeting of its Conference. Mr. N. K. Ramaswami Aiyar, on behalf of the Theosophical Society, Mr. M. P. Doraiswamy Iyer, Secretary of the District Political Conference, and Mr. V. S. Visvanatha Iyer, Secretary of the District Social Conference, are the gentlemen who brought about this friendly co-operation, and the thanks of all parties are due to them. In the co-operation of all workers who love and serve the

2

Motherland lies the happiness and prosperity of the country, for only thus can a United India be builded. For the making of such union, uttermost tolerance of varied opinions must prevail.

* * *

Another noteworthy sign of progress is the fact that a Hindū Religious Conference at Nellore was presided over by a Hindū lady, Shrīmaṭi Susheela Bala Mitra, who delivered a very good presidential address. Mr. G. K. Harkare, of the Hampi Math, is the organiser of these Conferences, and is endeavouring to utilise the resources of the Math in religious and educational work.

* * *

It is interesting to notice in an American letter to the *Birmingham Gazette* a reference to my own statement about the new American type of the sixth sub-race. The writer says :

When I first heard this statement I was surprised, but my visit to New York considerably modified the astonishment. Not for a moment would one suggest that the average New York man comes under this category—far from it—but here and there, principally in the professional classes, one sees a face which Nietzsche might well have chosen for his Superman. The lofty brow, the firm, fine-lipped mouth, and the fearless, resolute eye, which characterise this type, indicate an almost entire subjugation of the senses by the intellect. Yet there is no lack of sympathy or kindness.

Yes, that is the type, very well described, and it is increasing in numbers; though, truly, it is not found as “the average New York man”.

* * *

I see that Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox—a woman as charming in her personality as in her poems—speaks of herself quite openly as a Theosophist. “To me, Christ was a very dear and beautiful figure, and

when I became a Theosophist I saw that He was retained and made more real for religion." How many thoughtful people can say the same.

* * *

It is interesting to note that the use of colour in the treatment of disease, put forward many years ago by an Indian Theosophist in a crude form, has been taken up in the West and reduced to a definite system. Electric light, sent through variously coloured glasses, is the agent. I saw something of this in Europe in 1912, and it has now come over here. Dr. James Harris, L.M. & S., L.R.C.S. (Edinburgh) and M.D. (New York), Karuna Lodge, 2/27, Broadway, Madras, is the pioneer. Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri was suffering from a carbuncle and was told he must spend at least three weeks in hospital for an operation; he fortunately heard of Dr. Harris, and has been cured by him, only an absence from his office of two or three days having proved necessary. Other members have also received much benefit. How immense will be the gain if, as this treatment is perfected, the use of the knife is reduced. Is the surgery of the future to go along this line?

* * *

A journal in Marathi is to be issued by the Maratha T.S. Federation, and the usual application was made to the City Magistrate, Poona. In regard to security, he remarked: "In the case of a magazine of this kind, printed and published under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, there is no likelihood of its offending, therefore security is dispensed with." It is pleasant to find the experience I have myself had here repeated in Poona.

* * *

Mr. Graham Pole wished to see some of the great temples of southern India, and, at my request, one of my Hindū friends went with him, so that he might see them as a friend not as a globe-trotter. He had one experience of the way in which Indians are treated in their own country, and I am not sorry that he should see with his own eyes the kind of thing which goes on here; he will be able to speak of it on his return to England—I beg pardon, Britain. Both gentlemen were travelling first-class, and wished to stay the night at the Trichinopoly station; two beds in one room were available, and Mr. Pole naturally thought they could use them; certainly he might use one, but for the Indian gentleman, no. Remonstrance was unavailing; the European Station Master was obdurate, and he was probably not to blame, as he was bound by the Company's rules. "Even a Rājā had been refused." Of course Mr. Pole declined to stay, and the two men had to tramp off to the Dāk Bangalow, as there was no carriage, two miles off; that was full, and they had to search for a hotel, and finally found one by 11-30 P.M. The railway companies make their money out of Indians, and yet treat them in this scandalous way. All kinds of invidious distinctions are made, and petty insults are inflicted. Yet people wonder why the English are disliked!

(Concluded on p. 159)



THE MYSTERIES

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

A Lecture at Stockholm, June 14, 1913

MANY and diverse have been and are the religions of the past and the present, the religions living and dead. One great difference one perceives in looking back over the history of the older past and comparing it with the history of more modern days : in the ancient times one does not come across anything in history of the nature of persecution of faith by faith. You find that each religion has its own kingdom, its own area, over which it rules. You find that a nation has its own faith, and that that faith lives in amity with other faiths of neighbouring nations, unless it chanced that the

nations themselves were at war. You find in imperial Rome, for instance, that a great Pantheon was raised, in which the Gods of every nation within the Roman Empire found each his place and each his cult. There might sometimes be jealousies and envies, but there was no idea that one religion was to rule over every nation ; but rather that each nation naturally had its own particular faith and that the people of the nation worshipped their national God.

You find, looking back to those days, that if there were any trouble with regard to religion, then the origin of the trouble was political rather than religious. To leave the religion of the nation was equivalent to treason to the State ; and so now and again you may find a man attacked and banished because of a change of faith. But that was rather because he denied his fatherland than because there was any wrong in thinking along his own lines on a question of belief ; and it is very noticeable that, in some of the most ancient faiths, it was held that, so far as intellectual acceptance of doctrine was concerned, the intellect might have free play, and there was no limit to the area over which the thought might extend.

On the other hand, in comparatively modern days, you find that religious persecution plays a great part in the history of rival faiths. You find many a missionary effort, many attempts to convert other peoples to a religion which is not the religion of their ancestors, and one not unnaturally demands : " Why this difference in the matter of tolerance between the ancient world and the comparatively modern ? why has this idea arisen that all people should accept a particular presentment of truth, that they should not follow an ancestral faith,

but rather embrace one which is brought to them from other lands ?”

And it is not without significance that the tendency to persecute in relation to religion is historically contemporaneous with the disappearance of the Mysteries from Europe. It was in connection with their gradual disappearance that you find arising the spectre of religious persecution, so that one is inclined to put the two phenomena side by side, and to ask whether there may not be a relation between the disappearance of the Mysteries and the appearance of persecution.

When we come to enquire as to the difference between the exoteric faith and the esoteric teaching, when we come to look into the faiths of the past and to study the Mysteries of the past, we find that the faiths were just as different in the older world as they are different in the modern ; but we also find that in relation to every faith there were Mysteries established, to which the most learned of that faith belonged, and in which the teachers of that faith were trained. We find, as we study still further, that though the outer presentment of religious doctrines in the exoteric faith differed with the nation, with the temperament and the traditions of the people, the teaching which made the Knower, the teaching which educated the Mystic, the teaching which gave knowledge instead of belief and enabled a man with full certainty to declare : “I know the things of the superphysical worlds,” we find that that teaching was everywhere one and the same, and that while the various exoteric faiths might differ, the inner heart of them, as found in the Mysteries, was the same. Just as you might, if you wandered round some great cathedral, see the light

pouring out from window after window, and through every window a different colour ; as you might say, looking at that light streaming out through the glass : “ The light in the temple is red,” and another might cry : “ The light in the temple is blue,” and another would declare : “ Nay, but the light is yellow,” while another would asseverate that the light was purple ; so with the exoteric religions of the world, each has its own colour, each has its own presentment, and those who only see the outer religion declare that the religions differ, and that the light of truth that comes through each is not one and the same.

But just as if you go within the cathedral, if you penetrate within the shrine, you see that one white light is there and that the difference of the colour is in the windows and not in the light, so do you see, when you enter into the Temple of the Mysteries, that truth is one though it may be presented in different fashions, and that though the colours of the faiths are various as the hues of the rainbow, inside the Temple of the Mysteries the white Light of Truth is one and the same. And it is, I think, because of that knowledge—which inasmuch as it is knowledge of facts cannot vary, while the language in which the facts are told will vary according to the speaker—it is because in all the ancient religions there was ever at the heart of them the Mysteries, giving the unity of truth and the unity of knowledge, it was because of that, that persecution for religious belief did not stain the older world ; for the teachers knew there was the one truth, although the peoples might differ in their understanding of that truth veiled in garments of dogma, of ceremony, of varied presentment.

So one begins to think, if we are again in modern days to persuade the living religions of the world that they should form a Brotherhood and not a battlefield of warring creeds, that we must find a common place where all the religions may find their origin, where all the religions may find their teachers. We must hope and labour and aspire that that ancient institution of the Mysteries may once more be restored for the lighting and the helping of the world, and we must endeavour so to study and so to live that pupils may be found who shall draw down the Teachers from on high by the passion of their aspiration, by the purity of their lives, by the depth of their knowledge, who may thus show themselves worthy to be taught again by Men made perfect, to draw among themselves as Teachers Those who have knowledge more than the knowledge of men.

Let us think then what the Mysteries were in reality. Let us glance for a few moments at the phases through which they have passed, and let us ask whether in our modern days it be possible to find material out of which pupils can be found to be taught. Never in the higher worlds is there grudging in the giving of the truth; never from above comes the check which prevents the pouring out of knowledge over the world. It is here, here in our lower world, here in these minds of men resistant of truth which they find it difficult to grasp; it is in the challenging, constantly questioning mind of our modern days; it is here that lies the difficulty in the restoration of the Mysteries; it is here that the barriers have been built up which check the free flow of truth.

This is not to be regarded as though it were outside the great Plan of the King of Evolution. There is

naught outside that Plan ; and if sometimes we think that things go ill, it is because our eyes are short-sighted, because we are not able to see the whole, and we judge only by a portion that we see. For in the great evolution of mankind, which lasts through millennium after millennium of our mortal time, in which days are tens of thousands of years, and in which a million years are but as yesterday to those great Minds that see over the whole of evolution ; in the working out of such a Plan, in a gradual development of one stage after another, there is no stage which may be missed, there is no stage that is evil ; each has its place in the long evolution, and the Architect who drew the Plan knows well the building that He is intending to erect.

It was necessary for human growth, necessary for the higher evolution of men, that there should be a period during which this mind of ours should develop the questioning, challenging, rebellious spirit without which it would not have conquered the knowledge of this lower world. It was well enough in days long gone by that child-nations should look up to divine Instructors, and obediently study the lessons given to them by those divine Men. But it was also well that the growing youth should develop the powers of manhood ; and he could not have done it, had he always been kept in the leading-strings of Those greater than himself. So the time came when the Teachers said to the boy : " Go out, my son, into the world and find out for yourself what is the truth ; develop within yourself the mind which is one aspect of the divine Spirit, and conquer by your own unaided strength the knowledge which the world can unveil before you ; yours it is to conquer the lower world, yours it is to discover the laws of nature,

yours it is to find your way while the guide for the moment is hidden."

But just as the father who sends out his son into the world watches over him with tender love and is ever ready to help when advice is needed, so was it with the Fathers of the race, those Elder Brethren who had reached perfection before the younger had climbed the ladder of evolution. They have ever been watching although out of sight, withdrawn from physical vision but ever near and ready to help, and They have guided the nations as much through the times when Their forms were hidden, as They guided them when dwelling in the City of the Golden Gates of Atlantis, or in the White City of Shambala at the origins of our Āryan Race.

But the times are changed and with the changing times a changing method. It has been said, and rightly said, that evolution is not a ladder of ascent but rather a spiral that ever returns upon itself higher and higher as evolution climbs. So it is that the past becomes again the present, but the present on a higher level than the road that humanity in the past has trodden, and the times are approaching when the Mysteries shall again be restored to earth, for the pupils are preparing to-day, and when the pupil is ready, as the old saying runs, the Master appears.

Think then of the times when the Mysteries were established on our globe and realise what was their function and their work. The outer religion, the religion of law, of command, the religion that said "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not," that is the outer religion that guides a man to righteous conduct by an authority imposed upon him from without, by moral codes, by

laws of conduct which the man obeys oft-times without understanding their reason, obeys because a great Prophet has said so, because a Scripture has been written giving the precept, because a Church has proclaimed commandments, because a Tradition has declared: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Such a line of instruction, such a moral code, such a system of laws, makes the good man; makes the man who is the worthy citizen of the State, the man who is the loving husband and father in the home, the man who is ever ready to work for his country, who is looked up to as one of character and of noble life. But that is not the highest. A wise man in days long gone by declared: "The law was a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ." A time comes in human evolution, when the work of the outer law is over because the law of the Spirit is unfolding from within, when the man no longer walks by an outer compulsion but by an inner direction, when the God within speaks, instead of the God without; and it is the function of the Mysteries to unfold the God within and to change man into the man made perfect, the man in whom the hidden God shines forth with manifested glory.

So we may read with reference to the Schools of Pythagoras that there were many who learned the outer teachings, who learned the civil and the social virtues, and so became the patterns of virtue that were the glory of ancient Greece. But that was only the outer court of the Temple; that was on the worldly side of the threshold of the Mysteries. For we read that there were other Schools, secret and hidden, into which those who had reached goodness might be admitted, and in which the good man was developed

into the God. That was the object of the Mysteries : to take the good man who had conquered all ordinary temptations, who had grown to a point where the world no longer either deceived or attracted, who had been able to develop within himself those essential virtues which are the bases on which everything else is to be erected, to take that man, to let him step over the threshold into the Temple. There they instructed him how the God within might unfold his powers, and how his garments of matter might be constructed so as to be vehicles for the forces of God instead of hindrances to those forces, as they are in the mass of the people in the world.

And then the man was taught, first of all, that he must purify the garments of matter that he was wearing, not only from the ordinary sins of men, not only from the ordinary passions of humankind, but that he must purify garment after garment of subtler and subtler matter, and learn to distinguish himself from the garments that clothed him, and consciously and deliberately to live in the house of matter of which he was the tenant and not the prisoner. For most men live as prisoners in the house of flesh that they wear. They know not that there is a key that can open the gates ; they know not that the key is hidden within themselves and is not held by any one without. They think that death is the holder of the key, and that only when death comes with that key which unlocks the body can the Spirit arise free and immortal and know himself divine.

But in the Mysteries they were taught that the body was not a prison-house but only a dwelling-place ; that the key could open the doors and man could walk forth at his will. So first they were taught by deep

and profound meditation to draw the life away from the outer garments, and for a time to fix it in the inner and subtler garments that the Spirit wears. They were taught to separate the coarser from the finer ; they were taught to evolve the finer senses as nature has evolved the physical senses for us through endless ages of years ; and they were taught that the real powers of sight and of hearing resided in the spiritual man and not in the bodies that he was wearing, that the bodies had to be shaped into organs for the spiritual powers, and that each body was a barrier until the Spirit had redeemed the matter and formed it for its own purposes and as an instrument for itself.

Those true Mysteries which still exist—those which are ruled by the great White Brotherhood, the only people who have the right to say : “ Enter,” or : “ Thou art not yet ready to enter ”—those true Mysteries have never been withdrawn from earth, but have ever existed in the hands of these Men made perfect who introduced Their neophytes into the realities of the higher worlds, and taught them consciously and deliberately to become familiar with those worlds of subtler matter, as the scientist of our days is beginning to become familiar with the physical world in which we live.

And to-day in those true Mysteries, when the doorway of Initiation is thrown open before the prepared pupil who has been led up to that gateway, the pupil passes out of the physical body, and is initiated first in the astral body, and is tested as to his knowledge how to deal with the powers of that world, how to use its influences for human service. When you read, as you sometimes do, of the tests of the Mysteries, the ordeals

of the Mysteries, realise that those are tests of knowledge and of power, not of the physical endurance which you read of in 'occult' stories, the passing through fire, through water, through all the elements here : those are but the first and early tests on the astral plane for the pupil ; they are not the tests of the man who has to show that he can control the powers of nature, and that they own him as their ruler because he has gained the knowledge which alone is able to control. For in any world, go where you will, be it this mortal world of men or be it the highest world of Nirvāṇa, there is but one thing that gives power, and that is Knowledge. Knowledge enables men to rule and, as has been truly said, for the Spirit there is no veil in any kingdom of nature.

Therefore of old was the man who had to pass into the Temple of the Mysteries spoken of as the Gnostic, the Knower. And every Initiation means an extension of consciousness, an extension which is gained when one gate lies behind you ; and the next gate only opens when the knowledge you have conquered enables you to turn the key in its lock. As you trace on, Initiation after Initiation, you find that in each one the pupil, the aspirant, the Initiate, is admitted to another and higher world, and shows that he is able to wield its powers, to use its influence, and always to seek one object and one alone, that he may become of greater service to his fellow-men and may help them who cannot help themselves to a swifter road of progress, to a shorter way to bliss. For the only justification of gaining knowledge is that you may use it for service ; and Those who hold the keys of knowledge will only place them in the hands of anyone when that person has proved himself eager to

serve, and has mastered the desires of the lower self imprisoned in the bodies and surrendered himself to the will of the higher Self that knows no will but God's.

And as we look away from these high Mysteries that are, and that were known in the outer world of the past more than they are to-day, we find that there were many preparatory Schools, Mysteries of the less real kind, which gradually prepared the pupil for the higher Mysteries, and some of these still exist. There are occult Schools scattered over our world to-day, and all look up to the one White Brotherhood as that to which they aspire; they pass along many different lines which have been brought down from ancient times, different ways and different methods and different fashions of instruction, but all realise that they are preparing for the real Mysteries, those over which the great Hierarchy presides. And looking back into the past we find that there were many such secondary Mysteries known to exist, although the method of their teaching remains occult or hidden.

We find for instance that there was a stage in the evolution of religions, in which the pupils were no longer able at will to leave the outer body and go to the Temple of the Mysteries, where alone the higher Initiation should be given.

Some of you may know that in connection with the Egyptian pyramids there were chambers of Initiation which had no door, for no one might enter there who could not pass through the wall encircling the Temple; such needed no door through which to go, because he came in the subtler body into the presence of the Hierophants of these Mysteries. So in Ireland there are still left some towers which have puzzled

antiquarians because there is no way into them; there is no need for a door for the man who has learned to use the subtler bodies, for there is no wall that can exclude him, no door that can be locked against him, nothing that can keep him from going whither he will, nothing which this earth can erect in the way of barriers. So it was the fashion of these Mysteries of old, the grade below the real, just as in the real, that only those who could consciously use the higher bodies could be admitted that they might pass through to the great Way of Initiation.

But the time came when people could not do that of their own free will, and then another method was used. They were thrown into a mesmeric or hypnotic trance, touched with what was called in Greek antiquity the Thyrsus, a rod at first filled with living fire, the touch of which at once broke the links between the higher and the lower bodies, and set the Spirit free within its subtler vehicle in full consciousness of that higher life.

So you will find sometimes in ancient fresco or in ancient sculpture, a priest stands holding in his hand a rod and on the top of the rod a cone. It was a form of the Rod of Power which was used, and was passed along the spinal column up to where that enters the head; as the fiery rod passed up the spinal column the subtler body was drawn together and gradually followed the rising rod until, as it touched the head, the body passed out through the skull and then was set free to reach the subtler worlds. And a little later still that power has been lost, as the world is going on its downward way deeper and deeper into matter. Then only the astral vision is opened and the astral hearing, and living

pictures are shown in subtler matter, which image out the realities of the other worlds. No longer the subtler world is traversed, only a picture of that world is shown; but a living picture, giving much of knowledge, and even down to our own days that is a common way of teaching. When the living pictures made by the great Teachers are thus shown, we have past history reproduced; when the great work of building worlds is imaged in the subtler matter of the astral plane, the pupil studies these pictures as they unroll before him, and understands better than words could tell him the reality of that history of the past.

Then coming still lower down, as even this power was lost by those who were the Hierophants of the Mysteries, there came a stage that you may read of among the Greeks, when that which was to be taught was shown by acting, and not either in the worlds themselves or in the living pictures that imaged them out; when men were taught to act scenes which continued the lessons which had to be learned; when the astral world was shown as a dramatic scene; when the passions were imaged as animals, and when men clothed in animals' skins and wearing animal masks surrounded the candidate for the Mysteries, endeavoured to drive him back, and tried to terrify him. And if within him there was the germ of any vice remaining, then that inner traitor in the citadel of the mind answered to the threat without which was made by the actor who was acting the vice, and the man, terrified, seeing the vice figured as it were in an outer form, shrank back and dared not face his enemy, and so failed in his passage through this test which was to try the purity of the candidate.

So these Mysteries went on right into Christian days, and if you will read your early Christian books, read the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, trace them on from those who were the pupils of the Apostles themselves and through succeeding writers, read S. Clement of Alexandria, read the works of Origen so far as we have them, you will find in the early days of Christianity there were the Mysteries; the real Mysteries of Jesus. There were two lines of instruction; there were first the teachings of those who had been instructed, as both Origen and S. Clement write, by word of mouth, in the secret teachings given by the Christ while He lived and worked amongst men. You remember He said to His Apostles: "Unto you it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of God, but to others in parables." And the modern Church is content with the parables, and does not seem to feel the lack of the inner teachings which explain the Mysteries of God. And those which were received by tradition, handed down from mouth to ear by generation after generation of worthy and saintly men, those formed the first teachings in the Mysteries, the teachings, as Origen said, given in secret by Christ to His own disciples.

Then there were higher Mysteries, where not human but superhuman lips taught the secrets of the higher worlds, and you find S. Ignatius of Antioch—I think it is, or perhaps S. Irenæus—declaring that the Angels were the teachers in those early Christian Mysteries, superhuman beings who came to those who had been instructed in the knowledge handed down from mouth to ear, and who were worthy to receive that higher teaching, and to come into direct touch with those denizens of higher worlds. So was it also in

Greece and in Egypt, where those whom Christians call Angels, but whom the older religions spoke of as the Shining Ones, were the teachers and revealed the Mysteries of the higher worlds.

Christianity, as much as any other ancient faith, had Mysteries at the back of the outer religion. Men were baptised into the Christian Church, they passed onwards to the Communion, thus utilising the outer forms which the Christ had left for the helping of believers. But you may remember how S. Paul declared: "We speak wisdom among those who are perfect," declaring that he did not give the higher teaching to those whom he said, although baptised and communicating Christians, were only babes in Christ. All this passed away and yet not wholly, for ever the true Mysteries remained; but this difference there was at least in the western world: there was no open road to the Mysteries, there were no intermediate Schools in which men and women might be instructed—only traditions that such things were or had been; and only here and there was a man, who, having been taught personally and individually, grew strong enough to find his own way to those ever-existing Mysteries of the true Brotherhood of the Masters of the Wisdom. But here and there we still find groups of study. You may trace them through old and Middle Age literature, and one word I may give you as a key, for you will often come across it and perhaps not understand quite what it means. When you find among some old books a book which is called a Rosary, you have the name by which the secret books were marked out right through the Middle Ages, in which the alchemist and the astrologer and the searcher after secret wisdom wrote down in glyph and symbol the

truths that he knew but dared not openly teach. For we are coming to the days of persecution, when men dared not say the things they knew for fear the exoteric faith should crush them, and the carnal knowledge should destroy the spiritual truth. But still here and there a group is to be found, for never was the succession quite destroyed even upon the earth; but men did not know where to look, they searched far and wide and found not a teacher. For they who knew dreaded to communicate their knowledge, lest the pupil should only be a spy or a traitor, and should betray the Knowers to death. And you know the terrible tragedy of the Templars—they who had some knowledge of the hidden Mysteries—for under torture there were some who declared fragments of knowledge which were used to condemn. You remember how under torture it was declared more than once that when a Templar was initiated into the Mysteries he had to tread upon the Cross, and this was condemned as a sign of blasphemy, it was taken as a sign of unbelief. It was really the sign that the man relied upon the Cross to raise him up to knowledge, and if his feet for a moment were set upon it, it was in order that the Cross might rise with him upon it, and so carry him upwards to a purer air, where some of the lower Mysteries were revealed. And one way of symbolism, and one great body which has come down from those days of the disappearance of the Mysteries, though most of its brethren know not what they possess—they know symbols only but seldom know the reality which these symbols express to the wise—is the great Brotherhood of Freemasonry scattered over the world, who have kept in symbol what they have lost in knowledge, in order that they, in the days when knowledge

returns, may bear testimony that it has never entirely passed away from earth. And those who belong to that Brotherhood will understand what I mean when I say that the treading on the Cross was no outrage, but the entrance over the threshold of knowledge.

And we find as we look backwards that there was a day when Christian Rosenkreuz came from the East to Europe and founded the first open Rosicrucian Society. I call it 'open' because it is known to history, though foolish people think that it is myth and not history, forgetting that often myth and legend are the history of the great truth that lies behind. For he was a disciple of the Wisdom sent out by the Brotherhood to bring back the light of knowledge to Europe, and it was from that early Rosicrucian Society that the twelve brethren went out who brought back to Europe the bases of science, who brought alchemy and through that made chemistry possible, who taught astrology and so led on to astronomy, laying the bases of the modern knowledge. For real knowledge begins in the subtler and comes down to the denser world, and it does not begin in the denser and climb upwards to the subtler. And from that day began the re-dawn of science in Europe, and the possibility of knowledge gradually and slowly spreading. You can trace onwards Society after Society, all connected, though bearing different names, and ever teaching the same teachings—the preparation of Europe for the Restoration of the Mysteries in the wider and more effective fashion.

Then you come to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where you have that mysterious Being the Comte de S. Germain, and where you find him working with our H. P. B., then a member of a great Austrian

family still known by the name of Zimsky. You see those two brethren, disciples of the great Lodge, working along hand-in-hand that Europe might grow in knowledge. Then you come to a barrier that was set; for they were trying to change things by knowledge, and the knowledge came into the hands of those not yet fitted to receive it, and the starvation of the people and the misery of the nations, the tyranny and the suffering and the corruption both in Church and State, those were too strong for the teachers who were endeavouring in the world to guide men to knowledge, and the great outburst of the French Revolution poured forth a stream of blood which prevented further teaching along the inner lines. But still to some, here and there, it came, until the day dawned when those same teachers, brethren of the past, began again their work. That which failed in the eighteenth century was begun in nineteenth, and the bases of the Theosophical Society were laid and worked for by them, one hidden—for He had passed over the threshold into Masterhood and no longer worked openly among men—and the other, that noble Russian woman, H. P. Blavatsky, to whom the Theosophical Society owed its foundation and still largely owes its life. Then began the preparation for the Restoration of the Mysteries. And then that Brother whom a Master spake of, “the Brother whom you know as H. P. B. but we otherwise,” he began again, by making a preparatory School within the Society, to lay the foundation of the Mysteries which later will be fully restored in our midst.

For then again, for the first time since from Europe they disappeared, the open way was shown whereon men might walk, and this Theosophical

Society of ours, pointing to the Masters who founded it, pointing to the School made by Their messenger, shows the way along which the pupil may begin to walk, until he comes to the gateway of the true Mysteries ; the way again is proclaimed and the Teachers are ready to teach.

Once more did the cry go out over the outer world which you may read in Hindū Scripture : “ Awake, arise, seek the great Teachers and attend ; for the road, it is said, is narrow and sharp as the edge of a razor.” That cry has gone out again, and there are ears to hear, ears that are able to hear the call, lips ready to answer. So in our days and our time, in the many nations of this mortal world, pupils are being found, pupils are being trained, in order that gradually it may be possible to restore the Mysteries as they were in the past, the gateways to the true Mysteries of the Brotherhood.

There you have the inner side of this great movement to which you all belong ; and if you look upon the outer world you will see that, in many ways and along many lines, forces are being sent out to prepare the minds of the people at large for a higher and a more spiritual view of life, for a deeper and therefore truer view of human nature. For do not think that the influence of the Masters is limited within the limit of our Theosophical Society ; that is Their messenger to the world, the vessel that They have chosen, into which They have poured Their Life ; but far over the world Their Life also extends ; for just as you may gather together in a reservoir water which shall then be taken from the reservoir and sent far and wide among the people who need it, so it is with this Life ; as the rain comes down from the clouds over the whole earth, and not only into the reservoir made to receive a store of waters, so does

the Masters' Life pour over the world at large, although concentrated here in the reservoir of the Theosophical Society.

It is our glory that we know how we are working ; it is our privilege to be self-conscious co-operators in the working out of the Plan that the Masters are labouring to bring about successfully upon our earth. But we never dare to limit Them nor Their power, Their love nor Their compassion, and They can bring people whence They will, although an open way to-day is shown whereon surely They will be found.

And so, friends, I who have been bidden speak this word to all nations of the earth, speaking to you who are members of this Society that is Their servant in the lower world, I would say to you, that great are the possibilities that are being unveiled before you, great the avenues of progress which lie open before you to-day. It is true that you may come into the Society without any belief in the Masters of the Wisdom. It is true that you need not accept any doctrine, reincarnation, karma, or anything else, before you are admissible to the Society. That is true ; but also it is true that those who know, those who are sent to do this work, those have a right to speak of what they know, and to repeat in the lower world what they have heard in the worlds beyond the physical.

And so it is that the road is open. The outer gate is wide and all who will may enter in. But to the Mysteries it is not so : strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto Life Eternal and few there be that find it. Few at present, but to be more and more numerous as years go on ; few to-day, but to increase to many in the days to come.

For there are great forces pouring down upon our world ; the gates of the heavenly world are open, and life and power pour down upon the world of men. Well is it for you that your karma has brought you to birth in these happy days ; well for you to be in them ; but a thousand-fold the better, if within you the intuition which is the voice of the Spirit speaks, so that you may answer to the call of the Masters and find your way to Their feet.

Annie Besant

PRISON WORK ON THEOSOPHICAL LINES

By B. POUCHKINE (PRINCESS GALITZINE), F. T. S.

A Paper read at the International Congress, Stockholm

THE Theosophical tenets are rather at variance with the current scientific views on criminality. Science regards it as an abnormal deviation from the highway of civilisation. It considers the criminal as a sort of unnatural excrescence on the bodies of civilised nations, that must be done away with by surgical or any other violent means. The 'whence and whither' of these excrescences, their meaning and intrinsic value, are obscure problems for the learned criminologist. He is like a looker-on, gazing at a weird and incomprehensible drama played on the stage by strange actors, altogether alien and repulsive to him. Such was the position of science till some two decades ago.

Lombroso was the first who tried to peep behind the scenes and to get a glimpse of the inner workings of the whole performance. Heredity is what he saw there, and, ever since, heredity is the word of rally of the criminologists; it is quite a rational and right one.

The only flaw in it is that science treats the question of heredity rather too superficially. It deals solely with defects of physical structure, with insufficient development of the brain, with definite tendencies

and physical taints inherited from alcohol-drinking and vicious parents. Theosophy goes further behind the scenes; it probes the deepest springs of human actions and declares that criminality is in no wise an abnormal phenomenon, but is a natural consequence of two powerful factors of life, involution and heredity—but heredity taken in a wider and deeper sense.

Let us consider first the bearing of the theory of involution and subsequent evolution on the problem of criminality. Involution is differentiation, the separation of the whole into many parts; the more man differentiates, the more he hedges himself in with a thorny belt of selfish passions, selfish desires, personal griefs and personal joys. Living only for his own self, and considering himself as the only centre round which circles his life, he naturally becomes greedy, grasping, violent, vindictive, quick to resent an offence and quick to return it. He strives to satisfy his cravings at any price, whatever it may cost his fellow-men. This leads him to crime, and we may safely venture to say that criminality is involution and individualisation brought to their ultimate expression.

I am far from presuming that hardened criminality is a stage through which all souls must necessarily pass. At this point intervenes a new regulating factor, already mentioned: heredity. But in the light of Theosophy it acquires a meaning infinitely more extensive than the handing down of mere physical propensities and particularities from parent to child. It has behind it an endless vista of centuries, includes heredity on all planes, and leads us right up to the primary source of human heredity—the mode of individualisation from the animal.

As we all know, there are two gates leading into the human realm: the gate of love and devotion and that of hate and fear. We may presume, without going very far astray, that men, individualised by hatred and fear, necessarily follow during the earlier part of their human career the impulse that has projected them out of the animal kingdom into the human, and this impulse must wear itself out before man can turn, so to say, round the corner of evolution. The ego accumulates bad karma on his way, and under the pressure of kârmic law he takes birth from parents and in surroundings that may condition the degeneration of his lower vehicles and may drag him ever lower and lower, unless the man, by determined efforts of will, pulls himself out of these conditions. We have used a familiar word: karma. Heredity spells simply karma in its all-embracing and all-exhaustive meaning.

Thus Theosophical tenets, instead of putting the criminal outside the pale of normally developing humanity, allow him to step into his natural place in one of the lower stages of evolution, out of which it is our duty to help him as quickly as possible; the more so that we ourselves have established conditions of life and have set up vibrations that largely contribute to the sinking of the weaker individuals below the surface of civilised and law-abiding existence.

It follows from the aforesaid that the men and women entrusted with the physical and moral care of criminals ought to know and accept the doctrine of evolution, if they want to deal successfully with them. Western civilisation has made a sore tangle of the whole concern. But Theosophy is the lever that turns the current of life into new channels; it sets up new

ideals. The knowledge of Theosophy makes it incumbent upon us to descend with its torch into life's deepest strata, and to throw a light on problems insoluble for the purely materialistic mind.

In this respect the prisons offer an extensive field of work. The doctrines alone of reincarnation and karma would shatter to pieces the building of preconceived ideas erected during centuries by the keepers of the criminals and the prisoners themselves, and would revolutionise their respective attitudes. The officers would cease to consider the prisoner, and especially the old-timer, as an abnormal subject incapable of betterment, save in a few quite exceptional cases, and would look on him as on an entity moving from light to light through a desolate period of darkness and sin.

On the other hand the acceptance of the laws of reincarnation and karma by the criminals would explain away the problems of their incomprehensible life ; instead of the sombre circle in which they deem themselves for ever enclosed, they would see stretching before them a broad avenue leading to a honourable life in the near future and to light and glory later on. Whoever has had to do with criminals knows that the ' why and wherefore ' of their criminal state is tormenting them keenly. I have the testimony for it of an old-timer, a man over thirty, who has been acquainted with prisons from his thirteenth year upward. He writes : " If I only knew what *forces* me to commit crimes and to lower myself to the level of the meanest brute." It is the cry of a soul hungering for an explanation of his miserable existence, and a logical explanation of the cruelty of life would perhaps save him from further degradation.

Another fact, powerful in its influence on the criminal, is that of the existence of the higher ego in man. The prisoner, and especially the old-timer, considers himself a degraded creature, utterly unfit for anything good. He has lost all confidence in himself, and the idea that, in spite of his crimes and evil ways, God still dwells in him and patiently awaits the time of His resurrection, is quite a revelation to him. All his notions about himself are revolutionised and he gains hope—that best of supports.

I have read an inspiring book, which I earnestly ask every Theosophist to peruse: *After Prison—What?* by Mrs. Booth. She is the niece of the founder of the Salvation Army and was a leader of this movement in America, but she left the Salvation Army later on to consecrate herself entirely to prison work.

Here is what she writes :

I believe that in every human heart, however hardened or hopeless the exterior, there is some tender spot, if one know rightly how to touch it; some chord of sweetness that can be made to vibrate to the very harmony of heaven amid all the jangling discords of life; some little spark that by the breath of inspiration may be fanned into a flame and kindle the purifying fire.

Mrs. Booth is no Theosophist, but her intuition has guided her to the discovery of the higher ego in every man. She brings this message into the prisons, and her words: "I trust you; I trust the Good that is in you," have the effect of an electric shock on their inmates, and lift them out of the position of sullen and dogged despair.

She called for volunteers, willing to turn over a new leaf, and to strive towards good living and discipline, and she formed a League with simple rules laid down for observance. The members receive a badge: a white

button with a blue star on it, and the motto: "Look up and hope." The League once started, Mrs. Booth remained in constant touch with its members, visiting them personally, corresponding with them, taking care of their families.

In the fifteen years of the League's existence, over fifty thousand men have enrolled themselves in it. The results are, without controversy, brilliant. They are testified to by the staff of prison officers as well. The warders had not originally much faith in Mrs. Booth's enterprise and predicted her complete failure; but they had to change their mind after all, for, as one of them says: "The change it has made in the prison is amazing, and it has wrought miracles in many of the men."

A most necessary corollary of Mrs. Booth's work is the care she takes of her volunteers after their release. The hardest part of a man's punishment begins *after* he has left his prison. He is free, yes; but he drags chained to him a corpse—his dead past. The outer world meets the ex-convict sternly and coldly.

During his incarceration the old-timer has lost his friends, he is absolutely alone, weakened by prison life, bewildered by the rush of the street traffic—grown unfamiliar to him after many years of seclusion—with just money enough to carry him through the first two or three days, with no home to go to, no friendly face to welcome him back to freedom. It is the critical moment, when crime and vice lie in wait for their victim at every step, ready to seize him in their grip the minute his forlorn heart gives way to despair. Mrs. Booth has taken into account this psychological moment, and has sought to tide over it her 'boys' as she calls the members of her League. She has bought three farms

in different parts of America, and has turned them into homes for released prisoners. "No discrimination as to crimes is made in the welcoming of the guests; that is a matter of the past. The number of terms served, the nationality or the colour of the man makes no more difference than their creed."

What such a home means to them may be judged by the pathetic words of one of them: "The nearest approach to home I ever had was my time in the kitchen of one of the State prisons, where the officer was very kind to me."

And how many of them have never had even this miserable parody of a home!

Out of the six to seven thousand men who have availed themselves of the home, seventy-five *per cent.* have become honourable men, twenty *per cent.* have been lost sight of, and five *per cent.* have resumed the old life.

I must note as a very important feature that there is no sentimentality about the whole business; it is eminently practical, realistic work. The men must each and all themselves work out their own salvation. They are made to realise this very clearly. They see that they must fight their own battle, begin to rebuild their character; they are helped over rough places, but not carried over them.

I have roughly outlined the work done in America; now allow me to say a few words about my own experience in this direction in Russia, very small indeed as compared with that of Mrs. Booth, but still eloquently testifying to the desperate need felt amid the convicts for moral help and support.

Last summer I happened to spend a few weeks in the neighbourhood of a prison for grave offenders in the

south of Russia. Having never been inside one I sought to gain admittance to it—not precisely out of curiosity, for I had been several years interested in questions of criminality, but still without any definite idea of helping its inmates. Admittance was vouchsafed, and on a bright summer day I was shown all over the building and looked into the sorrowful countenances of all the two hundred and fifty prisoners. And only then did I realise what a wicked thing I was doing, and how heartless it was just to stroll in, in a moment of leisure, and have a look at the most miserable and degraded creatures on earth, and to parade before them one's own happy and free life. I saw that I could be excused for intruding upon their sorrow and shame, only if I brought them some help. My old dream of prison work on the lines of Mrs. Booth's Volunteer League revived, and I resolved to make an attempt in this direction. I laid my plan before the warder, and he fell in with it with the greatest readiness, and allowed me to address the prisoners.

I must confess that, when driving to the prison, I asked myself with some apprehension: "What words can I, a prosperous and fine lady, find that would touch the hearts of those miserable, hardened men, to whom I am an absolute stranger, and who see in me a being coming to them from the hateful world of rich and happy people, unacquainted with the brand of public shame?" The gulf seemed too great to be bridged over. But a few minutes later I saw how easy it was to get at their hearts.

Mrs. Booth says that an audience in prison is much like the audiences we meet in the free world, "save that their hearts are sore and sensitive and that that great shadow of suffering, the awful loss of liberty, has

brought anguish, despair and shame to quicken every feeling". I proved to the full the truth of this assertion. My audience responded to the lightest touch. I may add that, as a rule, it is easy to reach the soul of the Russian people. We are over and above all Mystics, and the lower the social class to which a Russian belongs the more is found this strain of Mysticism unalloyed by civilisation. I may mention a striking fact in confirmation of my words. The numerous religious sects in Russia are, with scarcely any exception, founded by men of the people, by simple peasants. Many of them are surpassingly beautiful in their spirituality, and are composed almost exclusively of peasants.

Well, this national feature allowed me to find a ready response in the hearts of my hearers. I spoke to the men thrice, for about three-quarters of an hour each time, and offered them to form a League, closely resembling that of Mrs. Booth.

I laid down four rules :

1. To pray morning and night ; to those who did not care for religion I proposed to think morning and night a kind and good thought, its value being, to my mind, equal to that of a prayer.

2. To refrain from using bad language—a veritable scourge of prison-life.

3. To observe faithfully the prison-rules.

4. To give each other whatever help they can.

One hundred and seven men rose from their benches in response to my appeal. Some twenty more joined later. With some seventy men I had private interviews. It was extraordinary how they trusted me, an utter stranger, confided to me their intimate family concerns and opened their sore and criminal hearts!

What the trust of those men means may be judged from the following sentences, written to me by an old-timer two months later :

It is our innermost conviction that only an outcast and a criminal, such as we are ourselves, can really pity us and suffer for us. If you can convince us of the reverse and make us trust you utterly, our League will expand and gain strength.

The population of the prison consisted at the time mostly of peasants, with a little sprinkling of more educated persons, and about a hundred Tartars. The latter were very much to be pitied. They were for the most part convicted of manslaughter, but they had committed murder in obedience to their own national law of bloody revenge, for the transgression of which they would themselves have been put to death by their elders. Thus they were the victims of two conflicting laws, and considered themselves innocent though punished.

They did not know a word of Russian and suffered terribly from the cold and the food—a sort of sour cabbage-soup—to which their organism could not adapt itself. Many of these die in prison of consumption.

I spoke to the men three times as aforesaid, and spent two days in private interviews. After that I had to return to Petersburg and did not come back any more to that part of Russia ; but since my departure scarcely a day passes without my getting one, two, and sometimes four and five letters from my ' boys,' and in these short months I have gathered many precious human documents. The wish to escape from the old life is intense. I could quote by the hundred words testifying to the longing for a clean, unsoiled life. " Help me, save me, do not let me perish," is the habitual cry. Truly no weariness is so great as the weariness of sin.

All these months my sufferings were so keen, that I was ready to take my life, but it did not happen, because of

what you said to us. I am powerless to describe the influence your words exercised over me.

This comes from quite a young man—a rather striking case. He was sentenced to four years of imprisonment as a tramp, because he would not disclose his name. The law deals rather severely with such subjects, because they have, as a rule, some heavy crime on their conscience, not yet punished by justice. So it was with this young man. Murder was his crime, and he did not reveal his identity for fear of bringing shame on the heads of his old parents, who did not even know where he was and who thought him dead. On the day of the formation of the League, however, he decided to disclose his identity and his crime. He is being tried now and his trial is not yet over.

Your letter has had an extraordinary effect upon me. You, a stranger, have compassion on me and ask *me—me*, a professional thief—to become an honest man, and you promise even your moral support. All this is so new and so unexpected that I am at a loss what to answer. I have a plan that I was nursing and working out in my mind for the last five years. It is a criminal one, but now I give it up, *because you care*. Remember, at any rate, that whatever happens, I shall never lie to you.

The same man, a thief who has been many times in prison, has given away to poorer comrades all the money and the clothes that have been sent to him on the day of his release. Once he picked up a piece of gold that the warder had dropped without noticing it, and gave it back to him with a joyful smile: “I would never have done this before,” he said.

The following is from men already released: “Only one thing I beg of you: trust me, believe that I will and shall tread the right path.” “I have not forgotten and shall never forget my given word, but the struggle is

wellnigh too much for me, and I turn to you for help as to a friend and a sister.”

And the struggle is, in truth, desperate. The Russian prisoner, if he is a grave offender, on leaving the place of his incarceration, is the most handicapped creature in the world. According to old laws not yet amended, he is deprived of civic rights, *i.e.*, he cannot get a situation in the service of the State, cannot have a trade, cannot enter a guild; for four years he must live only in small country-towns and villages, where life is dormant and it is difficult to earn a living; for the same number of years he remains under the supervision of the police and must put in an appearance every week at the police-station; and last, but not least, for four years he does not get his passport, that indispensable appendage of the Russian citizen, without which it is almost impossible to get a situation. The man is literally thrown out into the street, and needs no ordinary amount of courage and will-power to keep himself above water.

If you add to that, that the man comes out of prison in the bitter frost, often without a farthing and with scarcely any clothes on, is it a wonder that on the first night after his release he commits theft or even murder, in order to get a piece of bread or a coat?

Such are the outer difficulties of the released prisoners. The inner ones are graphically described by one of them in a letter:

I am between three fires: one of them is you. I have given you my word not to commit any more crimes; but how terribly difficult it is to keep it. The second fire is a woman, for whom I am ready to do anything, if only she were happy and contented; my old friends and comrades are the third fire. I was a model thief for many a year, but now they perceive a change in me and say; “You belong to us. Do not leave us.

Have we not suffered with you and rejoiced with you? Have you not spent with us your best years? Have we not shared with you everything we had? Do not go away from us into this other world? *They* cannot understand you and will deem themselves your benefactors. And your pride will suffer."

This struggle is not yet over. This man wanders restlessly all over Russia, in quest of peace, as he writes, and he cannot as yet say which of the three fires shall be the conqueror.

I cannot say much more about my work in prison. Karma has made me face it rather unexpectedly, and after the first steps it had to be carried on exclusively by correspondence. Moreover it is only nine months old, and many are the blunders that I have doubtless made; but nevertheless I have mustered courage to speak of it here, in the hope that some of my brothers and sisters, more equal to the task, may gain if only one grain of inspiration to start similar work in their countries, more wisely and successfully than I have done in mine.

Now, let us turn to ourselves, who are Theosophists, and consider what are the requirements we need in order to become useful workers in this field.

The chief quality, as far as I can see, is the feeling of unity, the intimate conviction that the Universe is an indissoluble whole and that the fiercest criminal, standing on the lowest step of evolution, is just as lawful and necessary a part of it as the perfect man, who has accomplished the cycle of evolution. We must have the definite feeling that *his* sin and shame are *our* sin and shame, not because we have created a civilisation and surroundings against which a weak will cannot successfully struggle, but because we have *de facto* committed the sin and have *de facto* covered ourselves

with shame in one part of our being. We are all *one* in the most practical and real sense of the word; all humanity undergoes the process of manifesting through and by itself the Heavenly Man; that is why we, each and all, take part in the performing of every act, be it a crime or a heroic deed. This Heavenly Man shall be manifested in all His perfection only when every part of Him shall be pure and luminous; and He cannot be perfect as long as a single part of Him, however minute, is soiled and dimmed. And so we can help the criminals only if, while looking into the eagerly listening faces, with sorrow and vice stamped on them, we feel every pang of pain as our own pain, every writhing of shame as our own shame, every criminal impulse as our own crime, not only in words, but in the innermost recesses of our being.

And Love also, gentle, wise and all-conquering, Love fiery, burning out the dross and purifying the gold, must be the motive power in this work.

Three sentences should be inscribed on our banner:

1. Remember that the sin and shame of the world are your sin and shame.—*Light on the Path*, by Mabel Collins.
2. While correcting another's fault, imagine yourself as having committed it.—*The Way of Service*, by G. S. Arundale.
3. Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun. Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.—*The Voice of the Silence*, by H. P. Blavatsky.

To conclude, let me plant the sign-posts of Theosophical prison work. The ideal would doubtless be for Theosophists to be entrusted with the management of prisons and reformatories, but we shall have to wait awhile till that becomes possible.¹ Just now I am

¹ Here in India we have a Theosophist as Governor of a large prison, and his reforming work and sympathy with his charges are well known.—ED.

concerned only with immediate practical work. It may be summed up in the three following points :

1. The spreading amid the staff and the prisoners of the theories of evolution, reincarnation and karma.

2. The forming of Volunteer Leagues for self-amendment, based on the idea of the higher ego, and, as a necessary corollary to this work, the founding of homes for released prisoners.

3. The organising by competent persons of bands of invisible helpers for the giving of special help in prisons. The importance of this work is evident and needs no further explanation.

Let me hope that some of my brothers and sisters will shoulder this work. I have only just had a taste of it, but I can already testify that it needs the whole man; it drains the soul, and the heart may well be broken in the task. The anguish and struggle of those souls is a heavy burden to bear. Things cannot be done by halves. Only love freely lavished, confidence and trust ungrudgingly given, will call response from hearts that have never known the one or the other. "Look up and hope," is a motto valuable not only for the criminals themselves, but also for those who would bring them moral help and support.

Robust physical and astral health is also needed in order to stand the terrible vibrations whirling through the prisons. Mr. Jinarajadasa, in one of his beautiful papers, engages us to work with equal readiness and enthusiasm wherever the Master wants us, be it in heaven or in hell. Well, work in prison is decidedly work in hell, and in the worst hell that our earth can produce; but if it be the Master's wish to send thither any one of us, what matters all the rest?

B. Poushkin

THE PROBLEM OF AUTHORITY

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D., F. T. S.

MANY strong and earnest souls deprecate the use of authority in the Theosophical Society. They say that freedom must be preserved, forgetting that the very condition of all our lower freedom lies in our recognising and living within some phase of law.

Theosophists talk of the Law and use the term in the special, oriental, technical sense. What is the distinction between the Law and law or laws? It lies for us, obviously, in the fact that the Law is that universal limitation and compulsion in which all types of beings find freedom and outer support in any and all worlds and cycles of being. Can undeveloped men know this Law? Yes, but only in such measure as their development and their type of being make possible in the period and local environment in which they live. As they progress and grow they see and know more and more of the Law, until it can be seen and known in its completeness by the Perfect Man.

Now, the earlier leaders of our Society were given, and transmitted, a great and glorious view of the Law—that view which our Masters wished to express at that time. But times have changed and with their mutation the lessons, the views, of the Law have been changed.

We Theosophists must recognise that the Society, to maintain its life, must always be the channel through

which the world is to receive the new and changing expressions of the Law. We must be able to recognise the one chosen, appointed, by the Masters to be Their mouthpiece in this work. By this recognition our intuition is tested; by our failure to recognise that one as thus appointed and officiating we place ourselves outside the pale of further intuitional instruction of that kind.

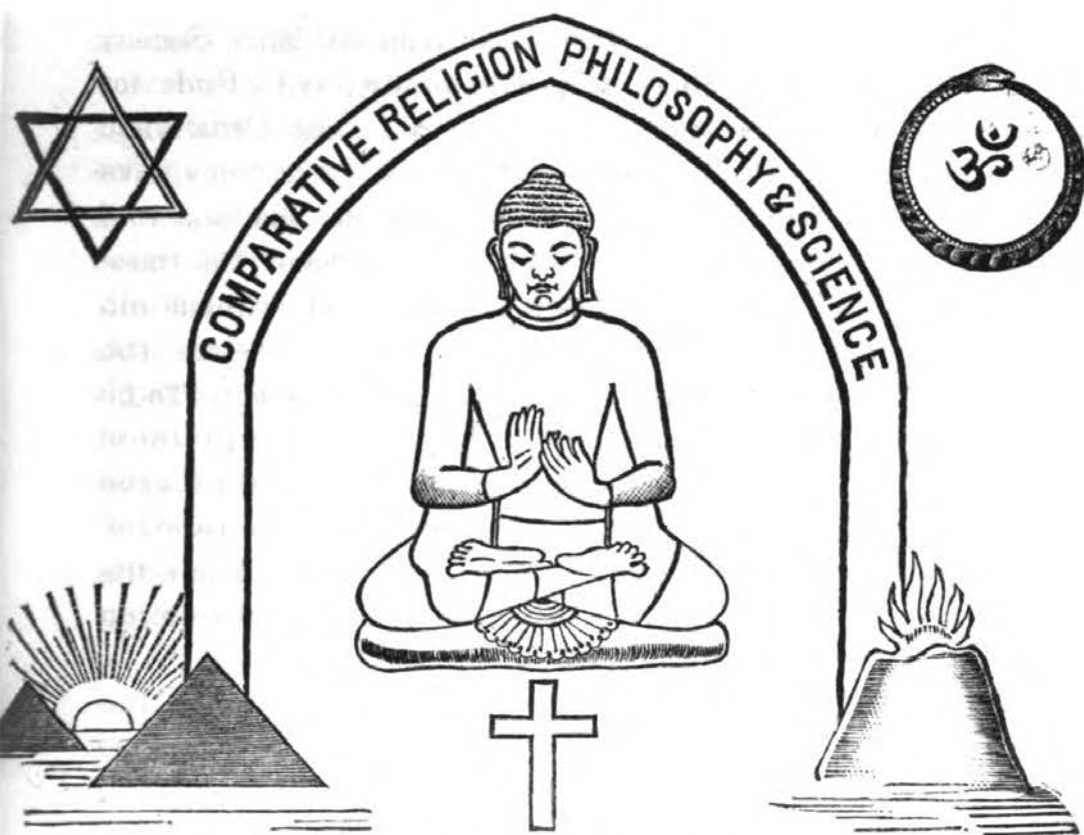
Now this is the rock on which our power is founded, and it is the rock on which are breaking some craft not wisely guided. Our lower philosophic natures revolt at the thought of authority over our very Spirits, resent the notion that that diviner part may not be wholly free. But consider. The first flights of the Spirit are apparently without limit and seemingly entirely free, because the ego has not yet developed power to reach and sensitiveness to feel the limits of its new-found home. Yet we know they are there, and that there are Those dwelling there eternally who fix and hold those bounds and set the rules of life within them.

The very Hierarchy itself, then, is subject to rule and to the orderly succession of authority. And men who aspire to serve the Masters must learn not action only, but subservience and obedience in action. But now comes the very *crux* of all. When, in going down the planes to the lowest material sub-plane, shall our obedience cease, and when shall we oppose our petty judgment to block the progress of this military law? Again the test of intuition: some say, so long as the feeling of agreement remains both strong and true; some say, when lower reason clearly is satisfied; some let their personal desires interfere; and those who feel

the Plan and Law most strongly will carry full obedience to the very physical plane.

The leader and the spokesman of our Society has explained these things carefully, and pleads for that obedience which means more for those that yield it than for Those that would exact it. For They have found those who are determined to find ways of obedience and Their holy work will be done. But those who will not earnestly seek the way, both without and within, must expect to find obstacles before the entrance to the Path and then a less swift ascent. To be sure these obstacles will be cleared away; those disobedient in our field of work will be allowed to serve in another field. And the goal at last will be reached, though we mourn the loss of time for them, and the lost co-operation that the period of the Christ-coming now so greatly needs.

Weller van Hook



CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM

By ARTHUR P. MADDOCKS, B. SC.,
M. Inst. C. E., F. T. S.

STUDENTS of Theosophy are familiar with the idea of the successive waves of the Second Outpouring, and with the gradual development of consciousness by the monadic essence in the different grades of matter, beginning at the lowest, the mineral kingdom. The following notes indicate some of the recent lines of

thought and investigation as to the existence of consciousness in the vegetable kingdom.

In *The Hibbert Journal* for January 1913, there is an interesting article on modern philosophy by Professor Overstreet, of New York, entitled, 'The Democratic Conception of God'; in this Professor Overstreet speaks of the new thought, to which we are coming, that society is guided by the deep, subtle processes of mass-life, the ceaseless action and reaction of each and all. This new conception, he says, of society *making itself*, lifting itself through its very imperfections—through the struggle of these one with another—to planes of more effective realisation, must obviously have profound bearing upon the manner in which we shall view the processes of the total universe. He goes on to show how psychology has swept away the barriers between the human and the lower animal, and quotes A. Forel as stating (in *Ants and some other Insects*) that "the doctrine of evolution is quite as valid in the province of psychology as in the other provinces of organic life". Professor Overstreet continues :

Below the animal is the plant, below the plant is the so-called inorganic. Even now psychology is making groping advances into the region of plant-life (cf. A. Binet—*Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms*) with results that increasingly confirm our suspicion that the region of psychical activity extends below the so-called animal plane of life. We have rid ourselves of the notion of a difference in kind between the human and the lower animal; we are increasingly doing so as between the animal and the plant. The difference between those hitherto separated orders of life is now seen to be one of greater or less complexity in the power to vary reactions to stimuli. As we descend in the scale of life from the human to the lower animal, the power to vary reactions becomes increasingly limited; as we descend to the plant it becomes still more limited. In the *inorganic*, we seem to find a kind of substance that has no power whatever to vary its reactions; actions and reactions are always the same. And yet it is not inconceivable that the inorganic

may. . . . react to stimuli with such infinitesimal variations as. . . . to escape our detection. If this should prove to be true, then the inorganic is fundamentally the same in kind as the most advanced form of life. It is significant in this connection to note that many of the recent discoveries in chemistry and physics frankly cast suspicion upon the long-accepted tradition of the absolute invariability of inorganic matter.

Professor Chandra Bose, M. A., D. Sc., of Calcutta, whose investigations as to the response of so-called 'inorganic' matter to stimulus are well-known, has carried on a similar series of experiments on plants, and has obtained similar results. The facts are given in his book *Response in the Living and Non-Living*, and Mrs. Besant, who saw the experiments repeated in Dr. Bose's house, describes the results as follows, in *A Study in Consciousness* (p. 143):

A fresh piece of cabbage stalk, a fresh leaf or other vegetable body can be stimulated mechanically and will show curves (of electric responses) similar (to those obtained from muscle); it can be fatigued, excited, depressed, poisoned. There is something rather pathetic in seeing the way in which the tiny spot of light, which records the pulses in the plant, travels in ever weaker and weaker curves when the plant is under the influence of poison, falls into a final despairing straight line, and—stops. The plant is dead. One feels as though a murder had been committed—as indeed it has.

Mrs. Besant, in the same book, next mentions some microscopical observations of Mr. Marcus Read, described in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of June 1902 in an article entitled 'Consciousness in Vegetable Matter'. Mr. Read observed symptoms as of fright when tissue was injured, and further saw that male and female cells, floating in the sap, became aware of each other's presence without contact—the circulation quickened, and they put out processes towards each other. Mrs. Besant also mentions some interesting confirmation of Professor Bose's observations, which arose

in the course of M. Jean Becquerel's study of the N-rays, communicated by him to the Paris Academy of Sciences. Flowers, like animals and metals, normally emit these rays, but under chloroform the emanation ceases. Mrs. Besant explains that these N-rays are due to vibrations in the etheric double, causing waves in the surrounding ether. Chloroform expels the etheric double, and hence the waves cease.

A few examples of the sensitiveness of plants to stimuli may be of interest. Sensitiveness to *external* stimuli is termed Irritability by botanists, and sensitiveness to *internal* stimuli—Spontaneity. All plants are sensitive to the sun's rays, and move in response. The roots show sensitiveness to external stimuli, such as gravity, light, moisture and contact—growing *towards* the earth's centre, *away* from light, *towards* moisture, and curving at the tips when they come in contact with anything unsuited to their normal growth. The stems also possess sensitiveness to both external and internal stimuli, growing vertically *upwards* when strong enough and *towards* the light, and being often very sensitive to mechanical contact, this being particularly the case with tendrils. According to Darwin a perceptible curving of the tendril of one of the passion flowers takes place half a minute after the tip is lightly touched. When, therefore, such a tendril comes into contact with a support, it is enabled to attach itself very quickly.

Leaves show a high degree of irritability; they tend to place themselves horizontally under the influence of gravity and light; sensitiveness to contact is shown by leaf-tendrils, and other more obvious cases are the sensitive plant, the sundew and Venus' fly-trap.

The tentacles of the sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) when a fly alights upon one of them, all bend towards the centre of the leaf and entangle the insect ; to drops of rain they are indifferent, to irritant particles they may respond by increased secretion, but when a midge or a small particle of nitrogenous food is placed upon them, they become marvellously active, entangling the insect and covering it with a digestive secretion. The sensitiveness is finer than our most delicate nerves or balances, for a sundew hair will respond to a millionth of a grain of stimulating nitrogenous matter.

The two halves of the broad blade of the leaf of Venus' fly-trap (*Dionæa Muscipula*) shut up like a rat-trap in eight or ten seconds when one of their six sensitive hairs is stimulated, and if an insect is caught in the trap, a profuse digestive secretion is exuded from the glands. When digestion is complete, the leaf re-opens. The delicacy of sensitiveness, the rapidity of movement and the copiousness of the digestive secretion are noteworthy, while it is also significant that Burdon Sanderson has detected electric currents similar to those observed in the neuro-muscular activity of animals, and he concludes that "the property by virtue of which the excitable structures of the leaf respond to stimulation is of the same nature as that possessed by the similarly endowed structures of animals".

Spontaneity is specially marked in an Indian form, the Telegraph plant (*Desmodium gyrans*), the lateral leaflets of which are in a constant state of up and down movement, quite rapid enough to be visible with the naked eye.

Flowers often show irritability ; barberry, for instance, possesses irritable stamens, which, when touched

by an insect which is trying to get nectar, spring suddenly inward, dusting the insect with pollen and frightening it away to another flower.

The leaves of the sensitive plant, which is one of the *Mimosæ*, exhibit phenomena of irritability in their collapse when touched or shaken. Those leaves have a great number of small leaflets, the pairs of which close upwards when touched. On repeated or rougher touching the leaflets of the neighbouring *pinnae* also close together and all the *pinnae* sink down, and at last the leaf-stalk itself sinks down and the whole leaf hangs as if withered. If the stem is shaken all the leaves exhibit the same phenomena. After a short time the leaf-stalk rises and the leaflets expand again.

Arthur P. Maddocks

HYMN TO DURGA

(From the *Siddheshvara Tantra*)

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR AVALON

THIS hymn is quoted in an MS. (dated 1729 A.D.) of the *Ṭārārahasyavṛṭṭikā* in the possession of the Varendra Anusandhāna Samiṭi, copied for me by the kindness of Sj. Akshaya K. Maitra its Director. The *Ṭārārahasyavṛṭṭikā*, otherwise called the *Vāsanāṭṭvabodhinī*, is a Ṭāntrik compilation by Shaṅkara the son of Kamalākara and the grandson of Lamboḍara, as appears from the colophon at the end of the last chapter (XV Patala) of another MS., dated 1526 Shaka (1604 A. D), in the possession of the same Society ; the colophon runs thus :

Lamboḍarasya pauṭreṇa Kamalākara-sūnunā
Akāri Śhaṅkarenaishā vāsanāṭṭvabodhini

The compilation is of great value as regards the worship of the *Ḍevī Ṭārā*. The tenth chapter contains several hymns to the Goddess under this title. The hymn here translated is there placed after the *Tārāpaj-jhaṭikā Śtoṭra*, which is variously ascribed to Shaṅkarāchārya and to the *Aṭharvaṇīyopaniṣhaṭ*. Probably it has found its way into the MS. by mistake, seeing that the tenth Patala of the *Ṭārārahasyavṛṭṭikā* otherwise deals only with the hymns of *Ṭārā*.

Ḍurgā is the title of the great manifestation of Shakti in warrior form for the destruction of the demonic enemies of Ḍevas and men. According to Chandī, the combined Ṭejas of all the Ḍevas, like a mountain of fire, manifested as the Ḍevī Ḍurgā for the destruction of the Asura Mahisha. As will appear from the hymn, Ḍurgā is invoked in all dangers. She is the Destroyer of distress. For Ḍurgā is Sā yā ḍurgaṭim haraṭi (She who takes away misfortune). The Mother of the world, under this name, is worshipped in Bengal in the Mahāvraṭa known as the Ḍurgā pūjā, which, it is said, will continue as long as the sun and moon endure.

ḌURGĀ

I

Salutation to Thee, O Shivā,¹
 Refuge of compassion;
 Obeisance to Thee, who art in the form of the Universe,²
 And pervadest the whole world;
 Salutation to Thee, whose Lotus Feet are adored of all,
 Guard me, O Ḍurgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.³

II

Salutation to Thee, upon whom the whole world
 meditates.
 Obeisance to Thee, great Yoginī, who art knowledge
 itself.⁴
 Salutation, Salutation to Thee, the Ever-Blissful One,
 Guard me, O Ḍurgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

¹ Feminine of Shiva, "the good".

² Vishvarūpe.

³ Namaste jagatāriṇi trāhi Ḍurge; the refrain throughout.

⁴ Jñānarūpe

III

In want¹ am I and poor, with none to protect me ;
 By the world oppressed, fearful and ever in grief ;
 Thou art mine only refuge,
 O Devī,² the Deliverer.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

IV

O Devī, Thou art the only refuge
 And the cause of our deliverance
 In the dangers of the ocean and battle-field,
 Amidst fires and formidable enemies
 At the King's Court,³
 In forests and along lonesome paths.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

V

O Devī, Thou art the only refuge,
 Vessel of safety to those who drown in the ocean of
 dangers,
 So difficult to cross, so greatly formidable.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

VI

Salutation to Thee, O Chandikā.⁴
 By Thy formidable play
 Destroyer of countless enemies of Ākhandala.⁵

¹ *Lit.* "thirsty", that is, in want.

² The meaning of the term Devī is prakāshāṭmikā, or that which is by its nature Light and Manifestation.

³ As in claims, litigations, prosecutions and other like circumstances which may be fraught with peril.

⁴ The Devī is so called as the wrathful Victrix of all Demons.

⁵ Indra.

Thou art the only refuge
 Who clearest away unnumbered obstacles.
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

VII

Thou art worshipped as the One
 Ever victorious,
 Promulgator of all truth,¹
 Immeasurable ;
 Though opposed to anger Thou subduest anger by
 anger.²
 Thou art the Nādīs, Idā, Pingalā and Suṣhumṇā.³
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

VIII

Salutation to Thee, O Durgā of formidable voice,
 Shivā,⁴ Sarasvatī,⁵ Arundhaṭī,⁶
 Who hast never failed (those who worship Thee).
 Sachī,⁷ Kālarātri,⁸ Saṭī,⁹
 All power and manifestation.¹⁰
 Guard me, O Durgā.
 Obeisance to Thee, the Saviour of the world.

¹ Saṭyavādīni, *lit.* " speaker of the truth " ; not in the sense in which it is said of man, but as the Teacher of all that is true ; just as She is also the cause of all error.

² Jitakroḍhasakroḍhanakroḍha niṣṭhā.

That is : Her nature is opposed to anger, yet anger angers Her, so that She subdues it with Her anger. The Devī is not niṣṭhā (addicted) to kroḍha (anger) and therefore subdues kroḍha ; yet in so doing manifests kroḍha to signify that She is not kroḍha niṣṭhā. So it is said that war is a step to ensure peace.

³ The three channels (nādī) which go from the mūlāḍhāra to the twelve-petalled lotus below the Sahasrārāpaḍma, through which the Ṭāntrik Kundalinī Yoga takes place.

⁴ See Ante, verse 1.

⁵ The Goddess of speech and learning who is also Her daughter, as is Lakṣhmī.

⁶ Wife of the Ṛṣhi Vasiṣṭha, celebrated for her devotion.

⁷ Indrāṇī, wife of Indra.

⁸ " Night of dissolution," for She is the Destroyer also.

⁹ Spouse of Shiva, daughter of Ḍakṣha, or She is the virtuous one.

¹⁰ Vibhūti, that is the power of Īshvara, or Aishvarya.

IX

Thou art the refuge
 Of all Devas, Siddhas,¹ and Viḍyāḍharas,
 Munis² and the best of men.
 To all those who lie in sickness,
 In peril at the King's Court,³
 Or at the hands of robbers,
 Thou art the Giver of shelter.
 O Devī Durgā, be gracious to me.

X

PHALASHLOKA *

These eight verses⁴ which I have spoken
 Will save from all dangers,
 Whether they be recited thrice⁵ or but once daily.
 By the mere reading of this Hymn is one freed from all
 perils.
 Whether on earth, in heaven, or in the nether world.
 Of this there is no doubt.
 Whoever having abandoned sin,
 Reads either one or all the verses of this Hymn,
 Attains to the Supreme Abode.
 Who is there who, having read it, is not crowned with
 success?
 O Devī, briefly in this best of Hymns⁷
 Have I sung Thy praises.

Arthur Avalon

¹ Devayoni of that name, possessors of siddhis, powers. As to the Viḍyā-
 ḍharas, see *Vahni Purāna, Kāshyapīyavamśha*.

² Sages. A man is so called on account of his thinking. *Mananāt
 muniruchyate*. *Mananam* is that thought, investigation and discussion which
 marks the independent thinking mind.

³ See Ante, verse 4.

⁴ The usual terminal verse which recites the benefits to be got by recital
 of the Hymn.

⁵ *Sic*. The Ninth verse appears to be treated (as this one is) as
 phalashloka, or there is a mistake.

⁶ *Lit*. At the three Saṅḍhyā, the daily rite performed at morn, at noon
 and even.

⁷ *Stavarājā*, that is "King of hymns". Much may be said of Her but here
 it is said in brief.

THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS

III

*Gurus Arjan, Har Gobind, Har Rai,
Har Kṛṣhan, Teg Bahādur*

By DOROTHY FIELD

WITH the accession of Arjan to the Guruship of the Sikhs a marked change took place in the history of the religion. Hitherto, as we have seen, the spirit of the sect had been quietistic. Its founder, Nānak, had taught the value of true spirituality, of absolute unworldliness, and of sincerity in religious observance. He had protested against the vain ceremonialism of his day, and had tried to break down the barriers of the caste system. The three following Gurus, Aṅgad, Amār Ḍās and Rām Ḍās, had upheld these principles during a period of forty-three years. Up to this time—including the forty-nine years of Nānak's ministry—the Sikh precepts do not seem to have greatly offended the Muhammadans. On the other hand, the sacred writings show the influence of Muhammadanism very strongly, and were on the whole more offensive to the Hindūs on account of their attacks on the caste system. In reality the teaching was intended to be a reformation of both religions. During the rule of Arjan, however, these things began to change. The tolerant Emperor Akbar who, although himself a Mussalmān, had given lands and money to

the Sikhs and had received their Guru very favourably, died, and gave place to the more superstitious Jahangir. This, combined with the fact that the Guru possessed a very powerful personal enemy, was responsible for a change in the fortunes of the Sikhs. This enemy was a jealous brother. As we have seen, the founder of the Sikh sect passed over his sons and appointed his servant as his successor. Guru Aṅgad followed his example. Amār Dās—the third Guru—chose his son-in-law, and Rām Dās his youngest son Arjan. Jealousy began to spring up among the elder sons. In Arjan's case the jealous brother was a capable and highly ambitious man, whose vindictiveness haunted the Guru throughout his life and had a considerable hand in bringing him to his death.

During his ministry of twenty-five years, Guru Arjan collected his own hymns and those of his predecessors, and made of them a great volume which was thenceforth to be the Bible of the Sikhs. This labour was a very serious one, and no pains were spared to make the volume as complete and perfect as possible. It contained the services—mostly by Guru Nānak—that are recited by Sikhs in the early morning and at various times of the day, and the disciples were instructed to learn these by heart. The hymns contained protests against formality and hypocrisy in both Hindūism and Muhammadanism. As soon as it was compiled, complaints were made to Akbar—who was then still alive—of its unorthodoxy; but after reading some of it the Emperor declared that he was pleased with the teaching of the Guru, and offered him funds to assist his purpose. “Excepting love and devotion,” he said, “I find nothing in this volume that

is not worthy of reverence." Soon after this Akbar died, and the enemies of the Guru repeated their objections to the sacred volume to the new Emperor Jahangir. Jahangir had a son named Khusro, who had been nominated by the late Emperor as his successor, and who therefore claimed the Panjab and other territory from his father, whom he held to be an impostor. Jahangir sent out an army against him, and the prince sought shelter with the Guru. Arjan at once recognised him as the young man who had visited him with Akbar in the days when that Muhammadan Emperor was so friendly to the Sikhs, and naturally enough assisted him with money and hospitality. This fact, together with the compilation of the *Granth Sāhab*, gave the jealous brother of the Guru ample opportunity for attack. He knew well that Jahangir would be only too willing—under the guise of religious zeal—to punish the man who had befriended his rebellious son. Arjan was sent for and his hymns were read before the Emperor. He was commanded to pay a fine for his crime in giving hospitality to Khusro, and to erase everything in his hymns that was contrary to Muhammadan orthodoxy. Both of these commands the Guru refused to obey. He pleaded that his friendship for Khusro was merely a matter of personal loyalty, and had nothing to do with political rebellion. As for the *Granth Sāhab*—that was God's word, and he was not entitled to alter one syllable of it. Upon this the Emperor ordered him to be imprisoned for his disobedience, and there he was subjected to terrible tortures. He was placed in a red-hot cauldron and burning sand was poured over him. He was only allowed respite in order that he might recover sufficiently to bear

further pain. He finally died, after being allowed to go forth and bathe in the sacred water. To the last he was absolutely fearless, refusing to alter one word of the Scriptures—a concession which would have saved his life. This martyrdom of the Sikh Guru had a great effect upon the position of the sect. Bitterness arose between Sikhs and Muhammadans, and as a matter of self-preservation the adherents of the younger faith began to show martial tendencies. As a matter of fact there had always been something of this spirit in them. A soldier who came to the second Guru for advice was encouraged in loyalty to his masters and was not bidden to lay down his arms. The fact, too, that Arjan, who was of fine physique and who possessed warlike ideals, was made Guru in preference to his more ascetic brother shows in what direction Sikhism was tending. Several of the Gurus watched wrestling matches, went to the chase, or practised arms. Incidentally, their doctrine regarding flesh-eating assisted them in their new rôle. Fine physique was in every way encouraged; unhealthy asceticism, exhausting pilgrimages—so potent a power for the spread of disease in India—and all excess, either religious or worldly, were barred by their tenets. Their outlook was sane and simple, their lives healthy and pure; mentally and physically they were well fitted to carry arms when necessary. Later, a new factor added to their warlike capabilities. By persecution they were driven into the hills, where their passionate loyalty to their cause, combined with every kind of healthy condition, turned them into the splendid race to which the English owed so much at Delhi. The turning-point in their development came with the martyrdom of Arjan, who ordered his son, when

succeeding him, to sit fully armed upon his throne. But long before his death, Arjan had instructed his soldiers thus: "He who practises martial exercises shall become fearless in the battlefield. The greatest merit of a soldier is not to show his back to the enemy. Fight for him whose salt thou hast eaten. Give thy life for thy Sovereign, and great shall be thy fame in both worlds."

Apart from giving a new impulse to the Sikh sect, Arjan did a great deal for the progress of the religion. In some ways he was the greatest of all the Gurus. He combined in an extraordinary degree physical strength and beauty with unflinching religious zeal, and also artistic merit of a high order. His hymns are by far the most numerous, and many of them the most beautiful, of any of the Gurus, and it must not be forgotten that he was responsible for the compilation of the *Granth Sahab*—this being the greatest labour of his life. He was Guru for twenty-five years, and during the whole of that time combined saintliness with remarkable wisdom and practical efficiency, possessing both clearness of insight and sanity of outlook. He was martyred in 1606, and his son Har Gobind took his place.

Har Gobind was thoroughly fitted to carry out his father's instructions. He understood the state of affairs perfectly. He originated no hostilities, but he made himself so strong that the Emperor was afraid of him. When the aged Bhai Budha presented him with a cord necklace and a fakir's hat he renounced them, saying that they were not suited to the altered condition of the Sikhs. "My cord necklace shall be my sword-belt," he said, "and my fakir's hat a turban with a royal aigrette." He then arrayed himself in martial style

with bow, quiver, arrows, shield and sword. So that, to quote the chronicler, "his splendour shone like the sun". Very soon Jahangir sent for him, assuring him that he was not responsible for the death of Arjan, and endeavouring to make peace. It seems that Jahangir was nervous and superstitious, and that though he suspected both the religious and political views of Har Gobind, he was anxious to remain on good terms with him. They got on so well, indeed—outwardly, at any rate—that they went hunting together: and it is recorded that Har Gobind saved the Emperor's life when he was attacked by a tiger. After awhile, however, the Guru's enemies, through the agency of an astrologer, contrived to have the Guru sent to a fort at Gwalior—ostensibly to pray for the Emperor, but where he remained for twelve years. During this time he preached to the imprisoned Rājās and meditated on the Name. Jahangir at last released him—the imprisoned Rājās at his request—and again instituted friendly relations. Not long after this the Emperor died and Shah Jehan took his place. The imperial forces soon contrived to quarrel with Har Gobind, and a battle took place at Amritsar, after which the Guru and his people retired to the margin of the Bais. Here he founded a city and a fort, and it is interesting to notice that a Muhammadan mosque was built as well as a Sikh temple—showing how little enmity the Gurus really bore to sincere Muhammadanism. At this point the Guru was again attacked, and entering the battle himself he fought magnificently and obtained a complete victory. Har Govind had at Court a friend named Wazir Khān, who constantly pleaded his cause with the Emperor. This was partly out of real concern for Shah Jehan, as well as from

friendship for the Guru. He told the Emperor how the Guru had caused a mosque to be built at his city, and for the time being this was productive of peace. But the jealousy of the imperial troops produced further friction. In all there were four battles, in which the Sikhs thoroughly succeeded in establishing their independence and their capability in warfare. Towards the end of his life Har Gobind appears to have become somewhat depressed by the continual hostility of the Muhammadans, and he instructed his son to retain two hundred thousand mounted soldiers as a precaution, though he must never begin a quarrel.

Har Gobind undoubtedly had much opposition to contend with, not only from foes but from friends, who thought that he should have maintained the quietistic sect that Nānak had originated. He did not compose hymns as the other Gurus had done, though when not engaged in warfare he worked miracles, and instructed his disciples. He saw that it was necessary to put the preservation of his sect first, and to show that the Sikhs had sufficient vitality to support their cause by force if need be. He held the Guruship for nearly thirty-eight years, and left as his successor his grandson Har Rai. It is said that at his death the sky appeared rose-red, and that soft singing was borne on cool, fragrant breezes. Hosts of saints and demi-gods came to receive him, and were heard to be singing: "Victory! Victory!" Gobind was borne on a beautiful bier, while the following hymn was sung:

He who knoweth God must always be happy,
And God will blend him with Himself.
He in whose heart God dwelleth is wealthy,
Of high family, honoured, and obtaineth salvation
during life.

Hail! hail! hail! a man hath come
 By whose favour the whole world shall be saved.
 The object of his coming was
 That through him the Name might be remembered.
 He was saved himself and he saved the world :
 To him, Nānak, I ever make obeisance.

Har Rai received the Guruship at the age of fourteen. The aged Bhai Budha—who had been present at all previous coronations—had died during the life of Har Gobind, and his son Bhai Bhani officiated in his place. Sometime after his accession the Emperor Shah Jehan, whose son was very ill, sent the following letter :

Thy predecessor, the holy Bābā Nānak, granted sovereignty to the Emperor Baber, the founder of my dynasty ; Guru Aṅgad was exceedingly well disposed to his son the Emperor Humayun ; and Guru Amār Dās removed many difficulties from my grandfather Akbar's path. I regret that the same friendly relations did not subsist between Guru Har Gobind and myself, and that misunderstandings were caused by the interference of strangers. For this I was not to blame. My son Dara Shikoh is now very ill. His remedy is in thy hands. If thou give the myrobalan and the clove which are in thy store-house, and add to them thy prayers, thou wilt confer an abiding favour on me.

The Guru returned good for evil, did as requested, and Dara Shikoh was cured. This ensured peace for a considerable time, and Har Rai was at liberty to pursue his ministrations. When the Emperor himself became ill, Dara Shikoh intended to take the reins of government, but Aurangzeb, the third son, marched against him, put him to death, and imprisoned his aged father, with another son. The remaining brothers fled and Aurangzeb remained supreme. This fanatical and cruel Emperor then set forth on his famous attack on Hindūism ; he destroyed temples, threw their images into the river, and sought to demolish all traces of Hindūism, everywhere building Muhammadan mosques. He then sent for the Guru, against whose orthodoxy complaints were

made. He wrote a peaceable letter, asking Har Rai to let bygones be bygones and to come and see him. The Guru, however, suspected treachery; and he sent the Emperor a dream in which the murdered Dara Shikoh appeared throned in heaven whilst he, Aurangzeb, was an outcaste and pariah. The Emperor's superstitious dread increased, and he was determined to obtain the Guru at all costs. He sent him a highly flattering letter, which made the Sikhs hesitate. Har Rai, however, declared that he would never look upon the face of Aurangzeb, but Rām Rai his son craved leave to go in his stead. When this youth got to Court, however, he was tried before a meeting of Muhammadan priests. He had previously worked several miracles, which greatly astonished the Emperor, who was then determined to examine his orthodoxy. Before the meeting of priests Rām Rai's faithfulness gave way; when questioned as to certain of Nānak's words he so altered them that they were favourable to the Muhammadans. This greatly delighted the Emperor, who felt that he had secured a friend. Har Rai, however, hearing of his son's perfidy, refused to look upon his face again, and appointed Har Kṛṣhan—who was still a child—to the Guruship in his stead.

Har Rai held the Guruship for sixteen years, and had a more peaceable life than his grandfather. This was undoubtedly partly due to the fact that his son made friends with the Emperor—although the terms on which this was done would have ruined the cause of Sikhism if they had not been discountenanced.

Har Kṛṣhan, younger son of the seventh Guru, obtained office at the age of five years. Although so young he showed great spiritual zeal, and instructed his

Sikhs in their religion. The Emperor soon sent for the boy to Court in the hope that he and Rām Rai, quarrelling over the Guruship, might kill each other. Rām Rai was delighted at the idea of his brother's visit, for he thought that Har Kṛṣṇan would be sure to offend the Emperor, and that then he himself would seize the Guruship. A very subtle letter was sent to Har Kṛṣṇan, telling him that Sikhs in Delhi needed his presence and instruction. The new Guru had refused to look upon the face of Aurangzeb in obedience to his father, but he did not know how to meet this treacherous request. Finally he decided to go, but before he arrived in Delhi he was seized with small-pox and died (1664). He had only held the Guruship for three years, and was but eight when he died. There was no one present whom he could appoint as his successor, but he indicated that one would be found worthy in the village of Bābā Bakale.

Naturally enough, many disciples in the place named claimed the right to succeed Har Kṛṣṇan. Twenty-two of these took offerings from the Sikhs, and greatly impoverished them in this way. Finally, however, a man named Teg Bahāḍur was found dwelling in silence and retirement. It was then remembered that he was the son of Har Gobind and Nānaki, and was thus great-uncle to Har Kṛṣṇan, who had just died. Moreover a prophecy of Har Gobind's was recalled, in which he told his wife that Teg Bahāḍur should become a Guru, have great power, and sacrifice himself for the Sikh religion. Thus Teg Bahāḍur ascended the throne in his forty-third year, and was said to be the very image of Guru Nānak. Meanwhile the frenzy of Aurangzeb was increasing; he thought of the Emperor Akbar

and of what he had done, and how in the end his greatness caused him to be proclaimed a God. Why should not he, Aurangzeb, do likewise? Thus thought the Emperor; and the Guru, perceiving his intentions, determined at last to sacrifice his life for the protection of the Hindūs, for the destruction of the Moghal Empire in India. This again shows the tolerance of the Sikh religion. Har Gobind built a mosque in his city, and the Guru Teg Bahādur showed the utmost sympathy for the Hindūs in their then state of oppression. It was not until this had reached a very serious pitch, however, that the Guru thought of sacrificing himself. At first he endeavoured to carry on his mission peaceably, and preached much against anger and the necessity for forgiveness. When he heard that Rām Rai was speaking against him at Court, he merely moved about from place to place to avoid hostilities if possible. He taught the emptiness of possessions and the vanity of wealth. He worked many miracles, and everywhere tried to inculcate simple faith in God and spirituality. He preached against tobacco, which he called a "vile vegetable," and, like his predecessors, endeavoured to build up health both of body and mind by moderation in all things. In this way he travelled about for some time, but everywhere he met with the bitter complaints of the Hindūs. Aurangzeb paused at nothing to force their conversion to Muhammadanism. The Emperor proceeded in the four traditional ways of Indian policy. He first made peaceable overtures, then offered bribes, then threatened punishment; and if all these failed he would try to cause dissension among the people themselves. After this he would resort to force pure and simple; he would destroy everything—even killing cows,

throwing their flesh into wells and obliging the Hindūs to drink the water. Not satisfied with this sacrilege he would drive the Hindūs to the mosque, and cause them to use prayers contrary to the tenets of their religion. At last Teg Bahādur sent a letter to the Emperor, telling him that he had a large number of followers dependent on him. If Aurangzeb could convert the Guru, then all his army and those dependent on him would also become Muhammadans. Thus Teg Bahādur hoped to divert the frenzy of Aurangzeb from the Hindūs to himself, and this he succeeded in doing only too well. The Emperor was delighted, and thought it would be quite easy with threats and bribes to convert the Sikh Prophet, and thus to make a real advance in his scheme. He sent for him and offered him wealth, land, and appointments, and anything else that he might desire; all he need do was to repeat the Muhammadan creed and prayers, and keep the fasts. The Guru replied that not only had God willed that there should be two religions—Hindūism and Muhammadanism—but that there should even be three; for he himself was an apostle of the new and purer faith, Sikhism. Upon this the Guru was imprisoned and subjected to terrible tortures. He wrote to his wife to have no fear, because the Turks should lose their sovereignty; and during his imprisonment a very significant event occurred, which bore out this remark. Teg Bahādur, from the top story of his prison, was seen looking in the direction of the imperial zenāna. Aurangzeb remonstrated with him; upon which the Guru replied: “Emperor Aurangzeb . . . I was not looking at thy private apartments or at thy queen’s. I was looking in the direction of the Europeans, who are coming from beyond the seas to tear down thy pardas and destroy

thine Empire." These significant words afterwards became the battle-cry of the Sikhs at Delhi in 1857, when this prophecy was gloriously fulfilled. Such remarks as these did not tend to pacify the Emperor, who imprisoned the Guru in an iron cage with a sentry on each side with drawn sword. No tortures, threats or privations, however, moved Teg Bahādur, who was finally taken out of his cage and executed. At the last he repeated his prophecies against the Turks, telling them that he was digging up the roots of their religion by his death. He died in 1675—having held the Guruship for eleven years. He appointed his son, Gobind Rai—who sent him hymns when in prison—as his successor, ordering him to support as fine an army as possible. Immediately after the Guru's death the Emperor repented, and indeed it is said that he never really recovered his peace of mind; he was troubled with terrible dreams and visions, and unceasingly feared for the state of his Empire.

The new Guru vowed that he would make his Sikhs so strong that one of them should hold his ground against one hundred thousand others! The events which preceded the rule of Har Gobind—that is, the persecution and martyrdom of Arjan—were repeated with additional significance before the accession of Gobind Rai, and the consolidation of the genius of this last and greatest of the Gurus is responsible for the subsequent history of the Sikhs.

Dorothy Field



WHY NOT I?

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

MEN join the Theosophical Society for various reasons; some because they sympathise with its objects, some because they think they can learn something from it, some because they want to help the work it is doing. Whatever be their reasons, when they have grasped the principle of evolution, they are usually fired with enthusiasm for it. Seeing the possibility and the desirability of progress, they begin to be anxious to attain it; hearing how sadly the world needs helping,

they wish to enroll themselves in the noble army of martyrs who devote themselves to that stupendous but somewhat thankless task—thankless, because the world still stones its prophets, and the discomfort of the process is but little mitigated by the prospect that a wiser posterity will presently raise monuments to them.

When members have thus decided to hasten the process of their evolution, they enquire as to methods, teachers, helpers, and they soon hear from older students of the existence of the Brotherhood of Adepts, and of the fact that some of these Great Ones occasionally admit apprentices and instruct them in the work which has to be done. The aspirant feels that this is exactly what he would like, and he wishes to offer himself at once for such a position. But the older student explains to him that the offer must come from the other side—that all he can do is to make himself fit for such a post, and wait until the Master calls him.

When he further enquires as to the way in which he can make himself fit to be chosen, he is told that there is no mystery as to the qualifications required. They have been elaborately described in the sacred books of the ancients, they may be found in the teaching of every religion, and they are worked out minutely in modern Theosophical literature. It is easy to learn about them, but difficult to acquire them, and their practice seems out of touch with much that we find prominent in the life of the present day. History assures us that the thing has been done, but closer examination shows us that it has never been done exactly under existing conditions. Whenever in older times a man set himself definitely to live the higher life, he began by retiring to a cave or a habitation far

removed from the world of men. So long as he remained among his fellows he was supposed to be living the life of the householder, who might be, and ought to be, a thoroughly good and honest man, but was engaged in doing the work of the world on the physical plane and not aiming specially at occult development. He participated in that higher life by making it possible for others, by providing for the needs of those who were wholly devoting themselves to it.

Now the hermit who lives in a cave or the monk who confines himself to his cell no doubt resigns what are commonly called the pleasures of the world, but he provides himself with admirably appropriate conditions for the work which he is trying to do. He sees very little of his fellow-creatures; he has cast aside all responsibilities; he has nothing to worry or trouble him, nothing to make him angry. Such a life is possible only for men of a certain temperament; but for them it is ideal in its freedom. That, however, is not at all the method of development recommended to the Theosophical student; he is expected to acquire the qualifications while still mixing with his fellows and trying to help them. Usually he has his living to get; he is constantly meeting other men, who are sometimes pleasant and sometimes the reverse, but in any case bring with them their own vibrations, which are different from his own, and so disturbing. He has his anxieties, he has inevitably many things about which he must think, and under those conditions he cannot expect to make such rapid progress in occult development as a man who has nothing else to do. At the same time, he can in certain ways do more good than a hermit. He can set an example; he can show by his life

that it is possible to be in the world and yet not of the world.

One who desires to be accepted and taught by a Master should endeavour to understand exactly what the Master wants, and how the matter of receiving a man as an apprentice must envisage itself to Him. Every human being has a certain amount of spiritual strength, just as he has a certain amount of physical strength. Most men are ignorant of its very existence, and so let it lie dormant or fritter it away. A Master knows exactly how much force He has, and holds it to be His duty to use every ounce of it to the best advantage for the good of the world. It is that consideration, and that only, which determines whether He will or will not accept any person as an apprentice. There is no sort of favouritism about it. He does not take a person because he is recommended, or because he is the son of somebody who has been accepted before. Sometimes a student thinks :

“I know I am defective, but still I should like to be taught and helped ; why should not the Master accept and teach us all ?”

That is unreasonable, because to do that would not be a profitable investment of the Master's force. Any older student can teach a newcomer, and to ask the Master to do it would be like asking the Principal of a College or the Minister of Education of a country to teach an infant class. The Master is dealing with men *en masse*, in great blocks of thousands at a time, and in quite a different way ; and we have to consider what is best for all, not for ourselves alone. It would be obviously unwise for the man who is Director of Education for a whole country to devote his time to teaching

one little child, or even twenty or thirty. If the Master sees a promising person, we may imagine Him making a calculation in His mind. We may with all reverence suppose that He would say to Himself:

“If I accept that man, I shall have to spend so many hours over him; during that time I could do a certain amount of the wider work for the world. But I think that when he has been brought to a certain point he will be able to do work which will in the long run more than counterbalance what I could do in the time spent over him, and meantime he can be used as a channel; therefore he is a good investment.”

Acceptance depends solely upon the fitness of the candidate. It is by no means only a question of what he will be able to do some day in the future, but also of how far he can be used here and now. Take an example. In the course of His work a Master may wish to produce some physical result—to send out an etheric current perhaps—in a certain town. He is working on the spiritual or intuitional level; how can He most easily achieve that physical result?

Several methods are available. He can project His force to the required spot at the spiritual level, and then drive it down by main force through the intervening planes; but that will waste a great deal of energy in the process of distribution. He can call to some pupil at a distance, give him the force on the higher plane, and tell him to go astrally to the spot where it is needed, and then transfer it to the physical level. That would take less of the Master's energy, but would expend more than is necessary of the pupil's. But suppose the Master had in that town a good student who had brought himself into harmony with

the great work. He would utilise that man ; He would pour the energy into him at the higher level, and use him as a channel for it, leaving to him the transmutation into physical-plane energy and the actual radiation of it in this lower world. The student as an ego would be conscious of the honour done to him, and would eagerly co-operate ; but the personality in its physical brain might not know what was being done, though it would be sure to feel much uplifted and unexpectedly happy. When that feeling comes to the student, he may take it for granted that some blessing is being shed through him ; when he wakes in the morning with a sensation of bliss and great content, he may know thereby that some good thing has been done through him.

It will be readily understood that a man who can often be used in that way is one whom the Master notices and is likely to draw nearer to Himself. Unfortunately men often allow themselves to get into a condition which makes them useless to the Master ; then when He wants a channel in their neighbourhood, He looks at them and sees that they are not available, and so He chooses someone else to bear that blessing. It may be worth while to consider some of the reasons that make a student temporarily useless to the Master, and to try to understand why certain actions produce that particular result, so that we may avoid them.

First let us grasp the relation of our vehicles to one another. We speak and think of them as separate bodies, each functioning in a different world, and we are apt to forget how entirely they are also one. All matter is fundamentally the same matter ; just as all

kinds of substances in the physical world are all built of absolutely identical physical atoms, and the only thing that differs is the arrangement of those atoms, so all kinds of matter on the different planes from the highest to the lowest are built of identical bubbles, and the only thing which is different is the arrangement of those bubbles. So there is a very real sense in which it may be said that all our bodies are really one complex body, the different parts of which are closely inter-related.

We may take an analogy from our physical vehicle. As we see it, it is a form of flesh, and has the appearance of being built only of solid matter ; but we know quite well that it is thoroughly interpenetrated with liquid, so that the slightest prick in any part of it at once produces a drop of blood. The blood interpenetrates the body so thoroughly that if it were possible (which it is not) to remove all the solid matter and yet maintain the liquid in the same position, we should have a perfect outline of the body built up in blood alone. In the same way the body is interpenetrated by air and other gases ; and we could conceive, if it were possible in some way instantaneously to freeze those gases, that we might have a perfect outline indicated by them. But all these different kinds of matter make one body, and it would be impossible to affect one of the kinds of matter which compose it without equally affecting the others also. All the vehicles of which we speak as the causal, mental, astral and physical bodies interpenetrate one another ; so that it is impossible to affect one without thereby influencing all the rest.

If therefore a man desires to offer himself as a channel for the force of the Master, he must have all

these vehicles simultaneously in a calm and responsive condition ; and anything which disturbs such a condition in any one of them will be an obstacle in the way of the Master's work.

One of the commonest of these obstacles is worry. A man who allows himself to feel worried or anxious has his mental body in a condition of unrest which, to clairvoyant vision, gives it the appearance of the ocean when tossed by a tempest. Before a Master could use such a vehicle as a channel for His force, He would have to exert whatever amount of energy was needed to calm that troubled ocean and hold it absolutely still ; and that would be far more trouble for Him than to manipulate the force Himself ; so He will certainly choose some other way.

Another very common obstacle is selfishness. In a man whose thoughts are centred upon himself, all the forces are moving inward instead of outward. Before such a man could be of any use to the Master, it would be necessary that all those currents should be checked and reversed, that their life-long habit of inward flow should be eradicated, and a new habit of exactly opposite nature should be established. It is at once obvious that to attempt to utilise such a man cannot be a profitable speculation. What the Master wants is a person in whom all the forces are flowing outwards towards others. Then there is already a radiation going on, and when He throws His force in, it is easy for Him to strengthen that radiation. Another point is that, unless the man is absolutely primitive and unevolved, along with the selfishness there is always disturbance. The ego knows something about evolution and the laws which govern it, and therefore his will is always

favourable to progress, and so far as he is yet able to guide the personality he guides it in the direction of evolution. When the personality takes the bit between its teeth and runs away, it is always against his will; but the reins by which he holds it are not yet as strong as they will be, and so if he pulls too hard he knows that they will break, which often makes the position very difficult for him. He must make the personality strong in order that effective progress may be possible for it; and yet when it is strong it often uses its strength in directions which he does not approve. Thus wherever there is selfishness there is always at the heart of things a struggle, and that also makes it impossible for the Master to use a self-centred man.

Pride and conceit are forms of selfishness, and they also set the currents running inward instead of outward. A man who is conceited is never upon the watch for opportunities of usefulness, and so he often misses them. He is intent upon going his own way, and he is therefore not open to the influence from the Master which would set him moving in the opposite direction of helpfulness and service.

Irritability is another bar with which we frequently meet. Just as the mental body of the worried man is in a state of perpetual disturbance, so is the astral body of the irritable man. A healthy astral body should normally exhibit some four or five distinct rates of vibration corresponding to the nobler emotions, and it should show only those vortices which correspond to the principal centres in the physical vehicle; but the irritable man often shows fifty, sixty or a hundred small vortices, each like an open sore in the centre of a little tract containing an assortment of all kinds of

unpleasant and undesirable colours. Through every one of these the man's force is escaping, and so he wearies himself and wastes strength unnecessarily, scattering round him unhealthy disturbing influences.

A man of this kind has no strength left to be employed in the Master's service; and even if a Master should exert the force necessary to reduce his chaos to order, any streams of energy which were sent out through him would be tainted by his ill-temper. I know well that for us, who are living in a century of savage hurry, it is difficult to avoid irritability; the haste and pressure of modern life cause great nervous suffering, which is apt to show itself in this very vice of chronic ill-temper. Just because people are overstrained they are often sensitive to things which in reality do not matter in the least, and should not be allowed to cause disturbance. Under such an influence a man allows himself to be troubled by what another says of him, or by some falsehood which is written about him in a newspaper—things which should not cause even a momentary annoyance to any man of a well-balanced and philosophical turn of mind.

Again, a man who frequently yields himself to depression is quite useless while under its influence. If we turn to the illustration of the astral body of a depressed person in *Man, Visible and Invisible*, we shall find that he has absolutely enclosed himself in a kind of cage. This cage would prevent the radiation of beneficent influences; and even if they were strong enough to break it, they would still carry parts of it with them, and would be polluted by it. Also, to break up such a cage in that violent manner would break up the astral body itself and cause serious harm. The

same thing is true of avarice, though the coloration of the cage is different.

Another difficulty which sometimes stands in the way is ambition. I do not say that ambition is a bad thing in the worldly life, so long as its objects are not unworthy. If a man be a doctor or a lawyer, it is well that he should have the ambition to be a clever doctor or lawyer, in order that he may be able to do as much good as possible for his fellow-creatures in the profession which he has chosen for himself. But if the man's mind is so filled with ambition that there is no room for any other thought, that would be a bar against his being used for the transmission of higher forces. One cannot think of it as a sin ; but the fact remains that it implies the continued presence in the various vehicles of a certain vibration which will be out of harmony with any that the Master is likely to wish to send through.

Sensuality also is an absolute bar. It may be associated with actual wicked thought, or it may simply be a survival from the animal kingdom through which we have passed ; in either case it creates a chronic disturbance and sets up a type of undulations which would be entirely inharmonious with any higher forces.

Those who desire to be ready for the Master's call must cast off these fetters ; they must clear these difficulties out of the way. Though it is simple enough to understand what is required, it is not easy to do it. The mere study of Theosophy presents no serious difficulties ; with a little assiduity one may obtain a mass of information about planes and sub-planes, about rings and rounds and planetary chains ; but that is not enough. What is required is an attitude towards life—

an attitude of benevolent philosophic calm. I had an old nurse who, when anything went wrong, used to say :

“Don't mind; it will be all the same a hundred years hence.”

And really, you know, if one thinks of it, that is true. If some sorrow or sickness comes, it is very hard for the moment, but think how you will look back upon it from the heaven-life. Someone says something nasty about you; a hundred years hence it will not matter what he said. Except to himself it does not matter even now; why should you worry yourself about it? It is the custom to grow angry if someone speaks ill of one; but it is a bad custom. It is the fashion to let the astral body be disturbed under such circumstances, but it is a silly fashion; why should we follow it? If a man has been so wicked as to speak unkindly and untruly, it is he who will suffer for the wrong he has done; why should we unnecessarily allow our astral bodies to cause us suffering also?

What *we* do to others—that matters much to us, because it involves our responsibility; but as to what others do to *us*, what happens to us in the way of fortune or misfortune from without, we may say quite coolly in the words of the Californian philosopher :

“Nothing matters much; most things don't matter at all.”

We must become indifferent to praise and blame, yet keenly alert for any opportunity of being useful. We must regard everything from the platform of universal brotherhood, trying always to see the good in everybody and everything, because to look for and to emphasise the good is a sure way of intensifying its action and evoking more good.

The man who adopts that attitude will make progress, for he will have plenty of force to spare for good work. The ordinary man of the world wastes nearly all his force in personal feelings—in taking offence, in annoyance, in envy, in jealousy; and so he has little left for unselfish purposes. It is the man who forgets himself who will be remembered by the Master. When the Master sees that he has worked steadily and selflessly for some years, and seems likely to be steadfast, He may examine him with regard to his fitness for apprenticeship. A Master takes a fully-accepted pupil into such close relationship with Himself that the standard of fitness must necessarily be high; and that is why the probationary stage is often a long one. Before the Master can take a man as part of Himself, there must be in that man no thoughts and no feelings which the Master could not tolerate within Himself—not because of His disgust for them, but because they would interfere with the work. Sometimes a member says: “I am deeply in earnest, and anxious to serve; I have worked and studied for years; why does not the Master accept me?”

The only reply we can give is:

“My dear sir, *you* are the man who ought to know that. What quality have you within you which would hinder a Master in His work? Besides, the question is never why should *not* a Master accept a man, but why *should* He? What is there in the man which makes him worthy of so high an honour?”

But when, as I have said, a man has worked well for some years, when it seems reasonably certain that he will remain steadfast and loyal, it may be that one day a Master will say to one of His pupils:

“So-and-so is a good man; bring him to me to-night.”

That means that the Master will accept him on probation, and will keep him closely under His eye. The average length of that probation is seven years, but it may be shortened or lengthened according to circumstances. It is well that on the physical plane the candidate should be near someone who is either an Initiate or an accepted pupil, for in that way he may learn much. Through such an one he may receive occasionally a rare encouraging word from the Master; the attitude and daily life of the older pupil may give him many a hint as to what his own should be. It is not often the doing of any one brilliant action that brings a man to the feet of the Master; the message comes usually to one who is working away and not thinking of it.

There are many different Masters, and some candidates find themselves drawn to one of these Great Ones, and some to another. It does not matter; all are members of the same Great Brotherhood and all are engaged in the same glorious work. Sometimes the strongest attraction of the candidate is to one of the more advanced pupils instead of to a Master—because the pupil, whom he has seen and knows, is more real to him than a Master whom he has not consciously met. That usually means that when that more advanced pupil becomes an Adept in some future life, the candidate will wish to be his pupil. But if such a candidate is fit for acceptance before his chosen teacher has taken the Initiation which enables him to accept him, that teacher's Master will accept the candidate provisionally, and look after him until such time as the pupil is able to take him in hand. Meantime the Master

will work upon him principally through the pupil whom he loves; and thus his teaching will come along the line of his strongest affection.

The Theosophical Society is drawing towards the end of its thirty-eighth year; and much fruit of its long labour is even already showing. The results of its work in the outer world are patent to all, but it has not been without certain inner results which are not so generally known. Through it a number of students have drawn near to the Great Brotherhood to which it owes its inception, and have proved for themselves the truth of the teaching which it has given to them. Of our great Founder, Madame Blavatsky, who endured so much of toil and suffering that she might bring the Light to us, it may be said that she has seen of the travail of her soul, and has been satisfied. Yet it seems to us that her crown should shine yet more gloriously—that even more of those who owe their progress to her should be treading the Path which she trod. The Gate stands open as of old; who will they be who shall qualify themselves to enter?

C. W. Leadbeater

HUMAN SALAMANDERS

By THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD

SOME few years ago I was at the fair at Freiburg in Baden, when I saw a man display his powers of resisting the action of fire. He would lay hold for a moment on a red-hot iron bar, and also lick the bar with his tongue. He brought up oil to the boiling point and gulped down a large soup-spoonful. Several of the doctors and surgeons of Freiburg examined the man, and avowed that they were unable to explain the phenomenon. Next year the fellow was again at the fair, but not as a salamander, but with a mechanical show representing a mine and the workmen engaged therein. I spoke to him and said that I was rejoiced to see that he had abandoned his tricks with fire. "It was only the swallowing of boiling oil which hurt me," he replied. "The doctors warned me that it would kill me in a few years. But—the people don't care for my bit of machinery—and I shall have to go back to salamandering again to earn a livelihood."

That by some means certain persons are comparatively immune, or can be made temporarily immune, to the action of fire seems fairly well established. The other day a gentleman, long resident in India, told me that this was the case with some of the Muhammadan fakirs or fanatics, and he mentioned the case of some six or seven of these men, who in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, many English officers and civilians,

walked barefooted over red-hot coals a length of some thirty feet, one of whom actually had on socks of cotton or wool, which were not even singed.

There are so many instances of ordeal by fire recorded in history, that were passed through with success that it seems impossible to put them all aside as fables. It would appear probable that some method was known to the clergy in mediæval times by which the hands that took up red-hot bars, or the feet that trod red-hot ploughshares could be made so as not to feel the force of the fire. In 1204, Nicholas, Bishop of Oslo in Norway, frankly informed a pretender to the throne who offered to undergo the ordeal to prove his right, that he and the clergy were able to make it turn out just as they chose. In the twelfth century it was known to lay-folk in Denmark that the hand could be rendered insensible to red-hot iron by means of some juice or ointment, and this is referred to in the laws of Scania. Indeed Albertus Magnus, who died in 1280, gives a receipt for the concoction of a salve to be smeared over the hands or feet which prevents their being injured by contact with red-hot iron.

The ordeal by fire was of pagan origin. Indeed, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the guard that approach to announce to Cleon that the body of Polynices has been covered with earth, exclaim: "We are all ready to handle burning iron, to pass through flames, and to attest to the Gods that we are not guilty, nor accomplices in the crime, nor of him who conceived or executed it."

As the *Antigone* was first produced in the year 440 before the Christian era, this carries back the ordeal by fire to a very early date.

Among the Romans, the votaries of the Goddess Feronia, when filled with ecstasy, were wont to walk with bare feet over live coals, precisely as do the Muhammadan fanatics in India at the present day.

Enlightened men in many ages condemned it. The Lombard King Liutprand, A. D. 727, regretted that he was unable to forbid it, because the practice was too deeply rooted in the customs of his people for it to be possible for him to eradicate it. Charlemagne, who died in 814, did his utmost to abolish it. Archbishop Agobard of Lyons, who died in 840, called it pretty forcibly "a damnable opinion" that the truth could be thus attested.

In 1176, Magnus, son of King Eric Edmund of Denmark said of the fire ordeal: "The proof is untrustworthy and not always is there a miraculous interposition in it. Often enough it condemns the innocent and declares the guilty to be blameless."

Gregory of Tours (d. 594) mentions a case in which the arm and hand were oiled before immersion in boiling water, which was another form of the ordeal. That a mixture of oil and balsam was employed we know for certain, as Charlemagne in 809 condemned priests to lose a hand should they employ this in a case of ordeal. This test as to innocence by fire was condemned by several Popes: by Nicholas I in 867; Stephen VI in 886; Alexander II in 1070. Although disallowed by the Church, it was nevertheless practised. In 1247 it was made illegal in Norway at the demand of the Papal legate.

The manner in which the trial was made was this: The man who underwent it was required to fast for a certain number of days previous to attempting it. Then he was introduced into a church, and before

chosen witnesses a bar of red-hot iron was brought in. He then took oath that what he said was true, and appealed to the judgment of God. Thereupon he grasped the bar. The moment after, his hand was swathed in napkins, and not uncovered for a couple of days, when it was inspected.

Harald Gille established his claim to the throne of Norway by ordeal of fire in 1129. He was required to walk over seven red-hot ploughshares, and that before rival claimants. His hands were held by two bishops. Magnus—another claimant—said scoffingly: "He does not step very boldly on them." In 1135 the Bishop of Skavanger was accused to King Harald of appropriating some of the royal treasure. He demanded to prove his innocence by the ordeal of fire. But Harald, who probably knew by his own experience how much trickery entered into the test, refused to allow it; and hanged the bishop.

It was permissible for the accused to go through the ordeal by deputy. Remigius, Bishop of Dorchester, was charged before William the Conqueror of treason, in 1085, and one of his servants volunteered to undergo the test of carrying red-hot iron in his place to prove his innocence, and so saved his master. Louis, son of Louis the Germanic, marching against his uncle, the Emperor Charles the Bald, in 876, made ten of his attendants undergo the ordeal of boiling water, and ten more that of incandescent iron, and a third ten to go through that of cold water, to discover whether it were according to the will of heaven that he should engage in conflict with his uncle.

The trial by fire was more severe a test than that by red-hot iron, for it required the man to pass between

two great flaming bonfires. At the siege of Antioch by the Saracens in 1097, it was pretended that the sacred lance that pierced the Saviour's side had been found, and would lead to victory. Peter Bartholomew the 'inventor' of this relic offered to establish its authenticity by the fiery ordeal. Raimund d'Azilas, who witnessed the trial has accurately described it. The bonfire was fourteen feet long and left a passage through it of hardly more width than a man could pass. The piles of faggots were four feet high. Peter Bartholomew entered boldly into the fire, but came out beyond so severely burnt that he died two days later. Notwithstanding this, the sacred lance was held in high veneration, and is now preserved in the treasury at Vienna.

In like manner, in 1498, two friars volunteered to go through the same trial in witness to the heresy of Savanarola, but when it came to the point one of them backed out of his undertaking and then the other declined to enter the fire without his comrade.

The last instance of this description of ordeal occurred in 1703 among the Calvinistic insurgents of the Cevennes. Cavalier was then their leader; at their assemblies some fanatical prophets were wont to point out men whom they declared to be false brethren. These men, without any form of trial or investigation, were at once led aside and shot.

On one of these occasions, a prophet, Clary, pointed out two as traitors and demanded their execution. Cavalier had them bound, but a good many of those present murmured and expressed doubts. Clary, who was in a condition of delirious excitement, cried out: "O men of little faith! Do ye doubt my power? I will that ye light a great fire, and I will carry my son unhurt

through the flames." Accordingly a bonfire was made. An eye-witness describes what followed :

Clary wore a white smock, and he planted himself in the midst of the faggots, standing upright and having his hands raised above his head. He was still agitated, and spoke by inspiration. Some told me that he himself set the pile on fire by merely touching it—a miracle I often observed, especially when one cried *A sac ! a sac !* against the temples of Babylon (the churches). The wife of Clary, and his father-in-law and sisters were there, his wife crying loudly. Clary did not leave the fire till the wood was completely consumed, and no more flames arose. The Spirit did not leave him all the while, for about a quarter of an hour. He spoke with convulsive movements of the breast and great sobs. I was one of the first to embrace Clary and examine his clothing and hair, which the flames had respected, even to having left no trace on them. His wife and kinsfolk were in raptures, and all the assembly praised and glorified God for the miracle. I saw and heard these things.

Here we have distinct and emphatic statements by an eye-witness, that Clary remained for a quarter of an hour standing in the fire ; and that the fire had no power upon him or his garments. This seems precise and conclusive. But another contemporary gives the story a different complexion. He says :

This incident made a great noise in the province ; it was attested in its main features by a great many witnesses, but the information I obtained on the spot went to establish three points : 1. Clary did *not* remain in the midst of the fire. 2. He dashed through it twice. 3. He was badly burnt in the neck and arms, and was constrained to be taken to Pierredon to have his wounds attended to. The Brigadier Montbonnaux, an intimate friend of Clary, and one who lived with him long after the event, confirmed all these three points, but nevertheless considered that he would have been more seriously injured but for miraculous intervention.

This is instructive. It shows us how chary we should be in receiving evidence from those who see what they wish and expect to see.

There is a German poem of the thirteenth or fourteenth century to this effect : A wife assures her husband that no wife can love as she loves him, and

when he tells her that his devotion to her is as warm, she desires him to prove it by the ordeal of red-hot iron. He fills his sleeve with bran, and when about to grasp the red-hot bar lets the bran slip down into his palm. In E. Sullivan's *Beaten Paths from Boulogne to Babelmandele* (1855), he tells how that at Aden when calling for a red-hot coal wherewith to light his cigar, "a waiter, as black as Erebus, held one in his hand without flinching whilst I lighted my cigar".

On the whole, it would appear that there is no reason for supposing that any person can be immune from the effects of an enveloping fire, but that there does exist a certain amount of evidence that hands and feet can be rendered capable of resisting fire for a limited period. Indeed, the ordeal of handling and treading on red-hot iron could not have been continued to be practised through many centuries, if in every case those subjected to it had been burnt. And it is a suspicious fact that almost invariably those passed through the ordeal, whom the clergy conducting the trial desired should succeed.

S. Baring-Gould

PREVISION

By C. SHUDDMAGEN, PH. D., F. T. S.

A VERY interesting and at the same time most important subject is that of prevision of future events. This again is closely interrelated with the seat of causal influences and the time they take in their outworking. It is necessary to consider how these were brought to bear on the motions of matter of the various planes and sub-planes when these were being formed. In studying any of the phenomena of life we are constantly in a state of wonder at the marvellous mechanisms which have been constructed to respond to very slight forces with actions in which sometimes enormous forces and energies are involved. There is in this respect a great similarity between living organisms and our modern complex machinery. Consider a battleship ready for action. It is a ponderous mass of steel quietly resting on the water ; everything about it suggests inertia and helplessness. But at the word of command of the captain, the huge mass moves swiftly through the water and the great guns hurl out tremendous energies. It is evident that the enormous energies involved were but lightly balanced and held under safe control, so that a very little additional energy directed in the right channels caused the loosing and sending forth of energies infinitely greater. These enormous

energies were stored up and carefully adjusted in their proper places for long periods of time, by many intelligences at widely varying stages of evolution.

This striking example is an exaggerated illustration of what takes place in Nature. Many hosts of entities and semi-intelligent forces of Nature are continually collecting and combining the finer energies of higher planes and sub-planes, locking them up in forms which belong to lower sub-planes. In this way the active energies of higher planes are finally brought down to lower ones and there rendered latent to a very considerable extent. Then entities, higher in evolution, frequently take upon themselves the work of unlocking these latent energies and releasing them, thereby assuming great kârmic responsibility with regard to the actions which are brought about in the transformation of energies. For instance the coal whose burning causes the battleship to move represents energies which once radiated out from the sun in the form of light and heat, therefore constituting energies of the etheric sub-planes. These were rendered latent in the process of chemical action taking place in the life-processes of the gigantic trees of many ages ago, and thus finally became latent, locked in the mineral coal. And in modern centuries these energies are being ruthlessly, recklessly, and often wastefully set free at higher levels in driving our huge machinery.

The point which should be noted is that, in general, it is the function of the lower entities and semi-intelligent forces of Nature to bring down energies to lower planes and lock them up there in various forms, thus building the objects of the lower planes. The higher entities have charge, consciously or unconsciously, of

the work of unlocking these energies again, setting them free mostly at higher levels. This they are usually able to do by the use of energy or force of a very much smaller order than the energies or forces liberated. Thus the higher entities in evolution have the power and responsibility of directing the transformation of vast quantities of energies by the intelligent use of almost infinitesimal energies. This again shows how the determinism of the lower planes is determined by higher forces up to that of intelligent Will and forces higher still.

The next point to make clear is that all the vast determinism of lower planes must, long kalpas ago, have been consciously trained for long ages of time by great hosts of beings of various grades, to act in certain ways predetermined by some high Being corresponding to the conception of a LOGOS. In other words Law had first to be established, and that through long ages of conscious effort. All about us we see evidences and illustrations of how habitual actions become fixed in Nature. We are told that we have learned to breathe involuntarily only by ages of conscious effort. It is generally recognised by scientists that matter has the fundamental property of inertia; that is, it opposes resistance to every change which is to be made upon its condition from the outside, and when once set in a certain motion it continues in that state even after the forces which had caused the change have been withdrawn. Thus it requires considerable energy to start a railway train from rest, very little to keep it swiftly moving over a level track, and again a considerable amount to bring it to a stop. This same principle holds true for the smallest atoms and molecules as well as for large masses

of matter. In order that they might at this time be able to move in certain ways and respond in certain definite ways to some of the finer forces of Nature, it must have been necessary kalpas ago to have trained proto-matter to acquire certain powers of motion, to establish in it certain simple automatisms which have persisted and been added to and made more complex throughout the succeeding kalpas. In other words, the limitations of matter of higher planes in the formation of the matter of the lower planes must have been guided first along certain predetermined channels and then subjected to slow modifications ever after. It is thus clear that the reason matter acts according to certain well-known laws, and other laws not yet recognised by science, is because of the automatisms which have been developed within it. And in these automatisms lies the secret of determinism, of karma on the lower planes. The undifferentiated life of the LOGOS was pressed down into limitations (matter and form) and taught to respond in certain ways to impulses of life or force from higher planes, thus setting up unconscious or semi-conscious automatisms. These were then ordered and grouped into larger and more complex units or organisms, and finally brought into consciousness of higher stages up to the self-consciousness of man. As these complex organisms developed they were taught to take care to a large extent of their own lower life activities until they had established many automatisms of a higher order, that is automatisms belonging to the larger, more inclusive organism, composed of many smaller ones.

Now self-consciousness is due to the light which comes from above, from the Monad. It is not that light

itself, but only its reflection in the lower planes. In other words there is an influence from the Monad on the ego in the personality, but the high consciousness of the Monad, which is not yet sufficiently developed to control its lower vehicles, is overpowered by the lower vibrations, and identifies itself with the lower consciousness. It is strong enough, however, to colour the lower consciousness and impart to it the feeling of "I am I," or self-consciousness, as also the innate feeling of immortality. Its perversion in the ego, its identification with the ego, leads to the various forms of egoism. True self-consciousness would really be only reached in human evolution when this identification of the influence from the Monad with the lower consciousness no longer takes place, when the Self in man recognises its independence of the lower self and strives to gain complete liberation from it, complete control over it.

It is clear that free-will and self-consciousness are closely related. Free-will is always exerted with accompanying self-consciousness, but the usual state of self-consciousness does not imply the use of free-will; the latter is a more active manifestation of the man, while self-consciousness is more passive.

Regarding the extent to which events on lower planes are determined for the future, it is a common practice of humanity to accept a certain degree of determinism, though usually not a complete one. For instance men act on the expectation that certain events will take place. If they do not take place, it is because their knowledge of the contributing causes was not complete. There was something of which they were ignorant which changed the course of events; if they had known of it they would have expected what

did happen. But a considerable allowance is always made if there are other persons involved whose complexity of development makes it difficult to predict what attitude they will take towards affairs and conditions, how they will act with regard to them.

These considerations are significant, for human nature has been formed, moulded and developed, by long experience with the laws of Nature and her facts. It may therefore be easily inferred that it is the extent of our knowledge of Nature and of the contributing causes which determines our ability to predict future events. If we can obtain a clear view of the actions going on in any plane of Nature then we have at hand the data from which we could calculate, if we had sufficient knowledge, just what would take place, again barring influences which come from higher planes. To obtain this clear view it would be necessary to have gained the powers of consciousness on a plane higher than the one in which the future events are to be studied. All the motions concerned with the events in question could then be seen, and also all the causes from higher planes which had become sufficiently materialised to appear in the lower plane. The materialising of causes means simply the transferring of energies (vibrations in matter) of the higher planes to energies of the lower plane; this is brought about by sympathetic vibrations, the sounding of the overtones in finer matter giving rise to vibrations of lower octaves, or the fundamental notes, in denser matter. However, even if the state of things is clearly before the clairvoyant observer, there remains always the possibility of causes showing forth in the lower plane at later times. These could only be brought under observation by successively rising to still

higher planes, when the motions of matter on the planes above the one in question, and which are to be causes influencing future events, could be observed and their future effects calculated. The higher the clairvoyant Occultist can go in consciousness the more reliable will his predictions become, and the further can he extend them into the distant future events he may see clearly in the minds of the various beings who are in charge of the evolutions of life and form in the lower worlds. As it seems likely that there is no upper limit to the subtler planes, or to the higher Beings who are guiding the evolutions below, there would always remain a certain element of uncertainty as to the future, even though it may be made infinitesimally small.

Here again comes in a curious law of being. A system of worlds in which all future events could be foreseen would surely become very monotonous to any human being. Much of the zest of living comes from the fact that man has an expectancy of what will happen, and that there is this curious, tantalising, yet delightful uncertainty about it all. On the other hand, if there could be no reasonable predicting of future events, no looking forward expectantly to the conditions of the days and years to come, then there could be no meaning in life, and man would be a mere machine, just as materialism, carried out to its logical conclusion, says he is. Only the element of uncertainty balanced by another one of certainty can impart meaning to life and interest to living.

In the light of the above discussion it may now be seen that the evolution of self-conscious beings is really a continuous journeying along an infinite line from the pole of uncertainty to that of certainty. Man learns

through many incarnations the laws of the lower planes in which he has being; he masters them by knowledge and obedience to the Law. While he is doing this his life on these lower planes has about it the element of uncertainty. When he has learned to use the forces of these planes and has mastered his lower bodies, then he has reached the state of certainty in those lower planes. He may then turn his attention more to the higher planes in which he has consciousness and become familiar with them and the higher forces which act on them. Thus he progressively masters sub-plane after sub-plane, and plane after plane, in ascending order, transforming uncertainty to certainty, ignorance to knowledge, weakness to power. Mastering a plane means gaining the power to look down upon its activities from a higher plane, and being able to direct one's actions in it in harmony with the Plan of the LOGOS. It means also to have the power to foresee the events to come to such extent as may be done from the higher planes in which consciousness has been firmly established.

It may be reverently regarded as a fact that the Solar LOGOS Himself is not fully omniscient and omnipotent. He is probably almost, or practically, omniscient and omnipotent in His own universe, for He has mastered the lower planes to the extent of being able to create them, having formed them out of the root-material belonging to the One Great LOGOS. But there must be some finer forces of the One Kosmic LOGOS sweeping through His universe of which He is not the master. These would affect the universe in subtle ways and introduce influences which in the course of world-periods would bring about results which are not to be foreseen. There must be kosmic planes in which the

Solar LOGOS is working out His wonderful higher evolution, where He is striving for fuller Self-consciousness and greater power of Self-expression, just as tiny man is doing the same thing in an infinitesimally smaller degree in the worlds of his evolving. Thus man need not think that the work of evolution is for him alone; all beings have their difficult work to accomplish in some sphere of consciousness and action. "As above, so below."

C. Shuddemagen

A man may get his food by begging, and the tasteless scraps he receives may be sufficient only for one meal; his bed may be the cold, hard ground: he may have no one to attend to him but himself, and age may have worn his clothes away to rags which are ready to fall to pieces. Alas! even then objects of the senses retain their hold on him.

Ignorance will lead the moth to fly into the flame of the candle, and the fish may nibble at a piece of meat fastened to a hook without being aware of the bait prepared for them; but we men who know thoroughly the many traps and snares that fortune has set for us nevertheless refuse to give up our desires. Ah, in what a forest of error do we wander!

The Satakas of Bhartrihari

AN OCCULT CENTRE IN ITALY

By MARGUERITE POLLARD, F. T. S.

THERE are cities in the world which seem to be centres of perennial life. Civilisations come and go, but always on the same spot there is a great centre of spiritual, intellectual or artistic life. This fact was noticed by Madame Blavatsky in a passage of *The Secret Doctrine*, where she says :

Tradition asserts, and archæology accepts, the truth of the legend, that there is more than one city now flourishing in India, which is built on several other cities, making thus a subterranean city of six or seven stories high. Delhi is one of them, Allahabad another; examples being found even in Europe *e.g.*, in Florence, which is built on several defunct Etruscan and other cities.

The traveller in Italy is struck by the peculiar creative potency of the old Etruscan centres. The greatest mediæval towns of Italy, the towns that are most important at the present day, all lie within the limits of ancient Etruria, all stand upon the sites of cities built by the strange people who, in their worship and in their divinations, employed the most sacred and divine element—Fire.

The occult forces seem to have been specially potent at Florence. Etruscan remains are still to be seen at Fiesole, just above the City of Flowers, and in the fine museum of the town, but we know little of the glory of those ancient days. Rightly to estimate the

importance of the centre we must put ourselves back into the Florence of the Renaissance.

At the Renaissance, Florence was the great intellectual and artistic centre of Italy, the leader of the cultivated world. All that was greatest in art or literature in that age of artists and poets was the work of her sons. Most of the great men of the time were born within her walls; practically all came there to study and to absorb into themselves that strange creative potency which, even now, after all these centuries, may still be felt. Here the great Occultist and visionary artist Dante was born, and would have lived and died had destiny so willed. None ever lamented exile more bitterly than he. Here Giovanni Boccaccio, an Occultist of another type and master of a totally different literary field, studied and lectured and wrote. Here too Giotto painted and built.

Hither came Georgius Gemisthos Plato, the Greek philosopher, magnificent in mind and body, to found an esoteric school, the Platonic Academy, and to hand on the ancient wisdom to eager disciples. Chief among these disciples was Marsilio Ficino, young and ardent, to whom Plato and the Master Gemisthos were as Gods. It was he who led the discussions in the loggia and in the little temple in the cloisters of the Badia at Fiesole; he who kept a lamp ever burning before Plato's bust. If Ficino was the chief chelā of the Master Gemisthos, there were other disciples of rare ability in the school, for the Greek philosopher gathered round him the flower of the genius of Italy. Of that famous company was Leon Battista Alberti, "architect, painter, author, mathematician, scholar, conversationalist, aristocrat, and friend of princes". Too many-sided to produce

much creative work, Alberti was immensely important as *an influence*, and the arts of architecture and painting owed much to his manuals and study of perspective. There is always something elusive about the artist who is also an Occultist; often he exists for posterity as the inspirer of a school. This is specially noticeable in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, traditionally among the Gods of Art, whose works are rapidly disappearing at the present day, but whose influence over the artists of his own age was profound. In the history of literature Alberti is important for his plea for the use of the vernacular instead of Latin, as had been customary until then in all literary works of importance, with a few remarkable exceptions. His physical accomplishments were no less extraordinary than his mental gifts. It is said that he could jump over a man standing upright, throw a coin on to the top of the highest tower, and ride the wildest of horses.

A no less remarkable member of the Academy was the fascinating Occultist and scholar, Pico della Mirandola. Pico's boyhood was spent in the study of philosophy, and in 1486, so sure was he of his intellectual position that he challenged the whole world to meet him in Rome to dispute with him in public upon nine hundred theses. But the Pope forbade the contest, fearing it would redound more to the credit of philosophy than to that of the Catholic orthodoxy of the period, for Pico was steeped in classical culture and aimed at a reconciliation between Christian and Pagan ideas. As many-sided as Alberti, Pico della Mirandola was an ideal Theosophist and Occultist. Everything he did was full of curious interest. He wrote commentaries on the Mosaic law, and amorous poetry; he

travelled far; he investigated the hidden laws of nature; he gave a practical example of his love of humanity by establishing a fund to provide for dowerless girls; and he revelled in the study of philosophy. He was great enough to appreciate the ideals of men as different as Lorenzo de Medici and Savonarola, and both claimed him as an intimate friend.

Two other illustrious members of the Platonic Academy were Luigi Pulci, the original epic poet, author of the *Morgante Maggiore*, and Agnolo Poliziano, author of *L'Orfeo*, of the epic poem *La Giostra*, and of a translation of the *Iliad* and various shorter poems.

Poliziano had the honour of being tutor to the sons of Lorenzo Il Magnifico (another member of the Academy), and the young Michelangelo, whom he influenced in the choice of the subject of his relieve of the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs. One of his descriptive allegorical poems inspired Botticelli, also a disciple of the school, with ideas for his masterpieces, the 'Birth of Venus' and the 'Primavera'. Poliziano was remarkable for promptitude in action, for on the fatal day of the Pazzi conspiracy, when Giuliano de Medici was stabbed in the Duomo, Lorenzo would certainly have also been murdered had not Poliziano slammed the doors of the Sacristy in the face of his pursuers.

Such was the remarkable company of Occultists and artists who, under the instruction of the philosopher Gemisthos and the patronage of the Medici family, revolutionised the thought of Europe at the Renaissance, and rendered possible all the marvellous productions in art and literature that are the glory of the age. That Florence is still a powerful centre for creative artistic

activity is proved by the number of literary people who migrated thither in the last century. Much of the best work of Robert and Elizabeth Browning was produced there. Thither too for inspiration came Shelley and Landor, Hawthorne and Ruskin and many more. A place of inspiration it will always be as long as "the golden Arno" flows through the city, so beautiful with the domes of Brunelleschi and the Campanile of Giotto, with its myriad statues and paintings, and its memories of by-gone glorious days.

Marguerite Pollard

ATTEND THE MESSENGER!

The main thing is that the messenger is perhaps even now at your door—and to see that you are ready for his arrival:

A little child, a breath of air, an old man hobbling on crutches, a bee lighting on the page of your book—who knows whom He may send?

Some one diseased or dying, some friendless, outcast, criminal—

One whom it shall ruin your reputation to be seen with—yet see that you are ready for his arrival.

Likely whoever it is his coming will upset all your carefully laid plans;

Your most benevolent designs will likely have to be laid aside, and he will set you to some quite commonplace business, or perhaps of dubious character—

Or send you a long and solitary journey; perhaps he will bring you letters of trust to deliver—perhaps the prince himself will appear—

Yet see that you are ready for his arrival.

—EDWARD CARPENTER

THE DEATH CLOUD

A STORY OF 1922

By GEORGE C. WALLIS

THE first inkling of the danger came to me at dinner of the very day that I shall always remember as the happiest of my life.

It was a hot August day, the air tremulous with heat; a faint haze hid the river valley winding down towards the great city; Helen had made me let my work slide, so that I could read and talk to her whilst she swung in the hammock under the oaks. And that afternoon I had taken my courage in both hands and told her something that she knew quite well without telling.

What matter that Helen was the only daughter of Professor Rudman, chemist of world-wide repute; that I was only his private secretary? We were both young; we had seen much of each other; she was as dainty and sweet an English maid as you could find 'tween Thames and Tweed; and I was gifted with the bump of self-conceit.

I can see her now, as I saw her then, lying back in the hammock, her shapely head pillowed in the cup of her clasped hands, her dark hair contrasting vividly with the fairness of her skin and the fripperies of her white dress. Her grey eyes were laughing when I began

to speak of my love, but it was with the sheer joy of life, and not at me, I knew. I looked awkward, perhaps, but when I had said my say, she put out one hand to me and let me hold it, and there was something in her eyes that I liked better than the mirth that so often made them bright.

“I won't answer you to-day, Douglas,” she said. “Let me have till to-morrow to think about it. What will father say? I know you are working for your degrees, and you will get them, but we are very young, you know.”

“We shall never be younger,” said I.

Well, the remainder of that afternoon was interesting, but it has nothing to do with the story I began to tell. Only, as Helen slipped away into the house, she whispered, quickly :

“I think you will be happier to-morrow, Douglas, than you have been to-day !”

I would have caught her and kissed her then, forestalling the march of time, but she was too elusive and escaped me. And to-morrow, when it came, was quite different from our expectations.

At dinner Professor Rudman was unusually talkative and didactic. He had mounted his favourite hobby-horse—of which we were both heartily tired—and was railing in set terms against what he called “the inordinate and iniquitous growth of cities”. He roundly asserted that man was never meant to live in towns, herded in sombre streets, in “brick boxes with slate lids”.

He said that city life destroyed individuality of mind and physique of body, kept man from knowledge of God and Nature, and made him a dependent being, a

slave of machinery. Civic life, he reiterated, was slowly eating away the virility of the race; in a few generations, living as we were doing, the country would be denuded of its remaining labourers, and humanity would be represented only by the pale-faced crowds of garishly-lit cities. And then would come to these degenerates, no longer vitalised by fresh draughts of human life from the open country, disaster and ruin, the break-down of civilisation. All the labour unrest we were suffering from, the chronic strikes that dislocated trade, were but the results of modern urban life.

"London, down there," he emphasised, with a wave of his hand towards the window, "is a gigantic cancer, eating out the life of our nation. The pulse of its activity, so often boasted of by the singers of progress, is but the throbbing of disease. The nation will never be well until it cuts out these cancers—until the great cities are destroyed."

We had heard the Professor voice these fierce sentiments many times, but I had never known him quite so fervent, never seen his eyes blaze with such energy of denunciation as they did that evening.

"He has long been obsessed on the subject," was my thought; "now he is becoming a monomaniac."

Helen laughed merrily.

"You are a silly old dear," she said with affectionate sauciness. "What harm has London ever done to you? Just think of the Green Park in the spring—it's every bit as fresh and beautiful as the country, and a lot tidier. Besides, the country is so very badly sanitated, and that is unhealthy, you know!"

"If you were not your mother's daughter, Helen," said the Professor, rather roughly, "I should tell you

that you were talking nonsense. The Green Park is not London. I was thinking of the miles of mean streets where humanity withers away as fast as it breeds, where, at this moment, thousands of underfed, distorted, disease-racked men, women and children are stifling in the oppressive heat. Humanity is crowding into the cities, festering there, poisoning the sources of its being. I tell you that there could arise no greater saviour of the race to-day than the man who could turn back the tide of labour to the open fields—the man who could destroy the great cities utterly. And the need will bring the man.”

The Professor's voice rose as he went on, ending with a note of prophetic exultation. His eyes blazed with the passion of a zealot.

“I hope not,” said Helen, impatiently, rising from the table. “I daresay you would like to blow London to little bits with that aerial gun of yours, if only you could. Do be sensible, there's a dear old dad, and talk about something else. Douglas, will you come and turn over for me?”

Rudman sat back suddenly, his jaw dropping, his eyes glaring, at the mention of the gun. Helen did not see him, for she was looking at me. He did not say anything, however, and shortly afterwards went out.

Feeling decidedly uneasy, I turned over the leaves for Helen whilst she played some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*.

“Don't worry about dad,” she said, presently. “He has been in his laboratory too much lately. Ever since mother's death he has given himself up to his research work and his hatred of cities. I was hoping that this gun he has perfected and the new explosive he has

invented would have diverted his mind, but I am afraid he is worse than ever. Be patient with him for my sake, Douglas."

"For your sake—for the sake of to-morrow," said I, with meaning. "When you come back from the Rickworths, shall it be?"

Helen was going to an evening garden-crush at a friend's, near Hampton, later on, returning at noon to-morrow.

"If you can wait so long," said she, teasing me with her eyes.

I bent forward. I would have cheated to-morrow of its due then and there, had not the telephone bell rung. It was the private wireless 'phone we had between the house and the laboratory. I picked up the receiver. The Professor wanted me to go across at once. Helen went to dress for her journey.

The laboratory was a grim structure on the slope of the hill below the house, a round building, with a slit in the movable dome like that of an astronomical observatory. But Professor Rudman's science was of the elements, not of the stars; and the long black tube that swung in his workshop, projecting its muzzle through the adjustable slit, was not a telescope, but a gun. He had invented a new and most powerful explosive and had been subsidised by the Government to make experiments in high-angle, long-range fire. The day of the aeroplane had come, and already Government was vieing with Government in the perfection of artillery to fight effectually the new warships of the sky.

At the present moment, I knew, the Professor had succeeded in throwing shells higher and more accurately than anyone else. Was he now ready to make his

formal report to the War Minister? I wondered, as I opened the door of the laboratory.

Rudman met me in the passage way. As I stepped away from the door he came forward and shot the bolt of the lock, taking the key out and dropping it in his pocket. The action was so unusual that I looked startled.

"It's all right, Douglas," he said, though his eyes were still burning with the fire of fanaticism in a way I didn't like. "I don't want any interruption to-night, that's all. I've something more important to tell you than you are aware of. Come along."

I followed him, vaguely uncomfortable, to the circular room where the gun swung on its mounting wheel. The strip of sky revealed in the dome was already sprinkled with stars.

"Sit down there, Douglas," said the Professor. "I am coming to the point at once. You are making love to my daughter. Yes; I am not blind. I am not blaming you, remember that; neither is Helen, I imagine. I have no vulgar prejudices concerning class or position. You make a pretty pair, and it is the way of all flesh. Now, don't interrupt. I have no objection to sanctioning your engagement, and as soon as you get your degrees you can be married. I have only one condition to impose."

"Name it, Professor!" I cried. "You take my breath away."

"Only one condition do I insist upon, Douglas," he continued. "One only, before I allow you to become my son-in-law. And that condition is that you help me to save the race—to assist me in my great work of destroying the cancerous growths that men call cities."

"But—but—" I began, puzzled.

"It is very simple," said the Professor, pointing to the long gun. "There is the weapon to our hands. With that I shall begin my task to-night. To-night the first and most decisive blow shall be struck, the greatest blot on earth's surface shall become a charnel place; shall be no more a city.

"You thought that I was experimenting with the gun for aerial warfare? That was merely a blind, a ruse, to enable me to pursue my real work. In the fight for the preservation of the race one must be cunning as well as determined. From here to London Bridge is about seventeen miles. The gun has an effective range of twenty. The city is at my mercy—and I shall be merciless."

He spoke exultantly, throwing out his words in a fervour of passion.

For Helen's sake I controlled myself, hid the pity that I felt for the fanatic before me—the great man whose brain had given way through constant brooding upon one idea. I did not yet realise the truth.

"You can send a few shells into London, and do a lot of damage, no doubt," I said, slowly and judicially, "but you can no more destroy it than you could destroy a haystack with a pea-shooter. The police would certainly come to interview you."

Rudman gave a low, confident laugh. The fire died out of his eyes and he spoke with a saneness of tone that was worse than his declamation.

"Not so fast, my dear Douglas. You jump to conclusions. There will be no police here. I shall fire shells into London, certainly, but they will not be the paltry fireworks I have been using. No, I have

made other experiments, and I have discovered a new gas. . .

“It is not an element, but a new compound. Those twelve cylinders over there are full of it in a compressed form. Each of them, fired from my gun as a shell, will liberate sufficient gas, mixed with the air, to cover from one to three square miles with a dense vapour that will be death to everything that breathes.

“The gas is of a slightly lower specific gravity than the air, so that it will roll along the ground, a destroying flood. Every man and animal that breathes it once will die. The wind is now settled in the south-west, and I shall fire my twelve shots to fall along a line just on this edge of the city. By to-morrow night the death-cloud will have rolled across the hideous, festering place and left in its stead a silent wilderness. London, the greatest of the great cancers, will be no more . . .

“And then, with your help, Douglas, I shall go further with the good work. Paris, New York, Berlin, Chicago—all of them must go. Mankind will wonder, then fear, then return to the peaceful hamlets, the healthy fields, the life of Nature.”

With my help! Was the Professor really mad, deluded, or was he in sober earnest? Did those cylinders actually hold potential death? I had never taken my eyes from his face as he talked, and I felt that he was speaking the truth.

“If you want a demonstration that I can do what I say,” he resumed, “I can give you one. Here is a rat, caught in a trap that I set before dinner. I will introduce but one small atom of the compound from this phial into the trap. Ah, the creature is quite dead, see !”

He squeezed a drop of something brown from the tiny phial, letting it fall between the wires of the trap. The interior was instantly filled with a dense, black vapour. When the Professor lifted the lid, tilting the thing, the vapour sank to the floor and the rat fell out with it, a dead animal.

Fear gripped me, and perplexity. What could I do, locked in this place with a fanatic who had the key in his pocket? True, he was old and I was young, but he was remarkably strong and active for his years—and he was Helen's father. It would clearly be wrong to warn him that I must oppose him, I felt, and yet, even as the thought came to me, I blurted out:

“But what you propose, Professor, would be wholesale murder! You cannot mean what you say. You cannot expect me to help you!”

“But I do mean it and I do expect you,” he cried, changing his attitude abruptly. “Murder? No. Say, rather, the sacrifice of a few millions now in order that thousands of millions yet unborn may live freely and happily. And you must agree to help me, or you will not leave this building until the work is done. Indeed,” he added, with a cunning afterthought, “you will not leave it in any case till then, for I can see that you would betray me. You will stay here with me until the day breaks, until the city's millions have crowded into her congested ways, and you shall see the gun fired, watch the black cloud grow in the distance, sink down, and sweep eastward out of sight.

“See this wheel, with degrees marked upon it? The place at which the tube now rests trains the gun on the spot I have chosen for the first shot, the radius of the others. A little lower, and the shells would fall too

far. A little higher, and they would fall too near here for safety. All is ready; I have left nothing to chance.

“I had wanted you to help me, to discuss arrangements for future work, but if you will not help, I can only wait and watch you.”

Fool that I was, I had missed my chance! I ought to have pretended agreement, to have lulled any suspicions he might have had. I ought to have gone out and sent for help.

“If any aid could be had!” was my next thought, remembering the strike of the transport workers, dockers and railwaymen, declared for that very evening, and also the sympathetic strike of the tramcar and motor drivers and the telegraph and telephone operators, threatened for the same time. If I would have help I must get out and summon it at once. An hour later would be too late.

I made one effort to appease my captor.

“Though I cannot bring myself to assist you, Professor,” I said, “you might let me out to go and warn Helen. I promise not to speak to anyone else until I have brought her safely back home.”

“Helen is nothing to you now,” he replied, coldly. “She is quite safe, for the cloud will begin to form well beyond Hampton, and the wind will not change for twenty-four hours at least. No, Douglas; I can read you like a book. You want to betray me to the authorities. You think me mad, whereas I am quite sane. I am simply a determined man bent on carrying out my ideas, and having the power to do so. You will stay here; if you attempt violence—well, I have a toy pistol charged with a minim of my new gas. One shot from that and you are a dead man. Sit there.”

I was powerless in face of that threat. I sat in the chair he indicated and allowed him to pinion my arms and feet. When that was done to his satisfaction he turned from me and busied himself with preparations for the great event. He loaded the gun with one of the cylinders and oiled the working parts of the mechanism. After that, for a long time, he sat at his desk, making and verifying calculations, occasionally flinging a scrap of commonplace conversation across the room.

The suspense was awful: the fingers of the clock seemed to race round the dial, and yet each minute held an age of vivid imagination, of impotent anger, of vain regret.

At last, as midnight struck, he pushed his papers aside and came over to me, examining my fastenings.

"I think you are safe," he said. "I am going in now, to have a light supper and a short nap. I shall be back before daylight."

He locked the door behind him and I heard the retreating footsteps die away. I heard something else, too. A faint flicker of light in the distant sky made a pin-point of fire on the polished tube of the gun, and from the west came a series of dull, deep bangs of sound. The strike was an accomplished fact, then. Those were the rockets sent up from the various Labour Headquarters at midnight—the signal for all men who were still at work to "down tools," to come off duty.

I began to strain at my cords. The Professor was only an amateur, after all. In fifteen minutes I had one sore wrist at liberty. Two minutes later I had got at my pocket knife and stood up, free. I stumbled to the door, intent on picking the lock or forcing the bolt-socket off; then I went back to the gun.

To tamper with the gas tubes would be folly. I must try and damage the gun. But there was a cylinder in that, too. There was only one thing I could do—change the trajectory, spoil the aim.

I seized the controlling lever. If I pushed the gun down, the deadly shells would carry further, perhaps beyond the city. Despite the oil, the slides were stiff, and I had to jerk the gun to a more upright position in order to get momentum to force it down. As it moved under my hand the door was flung open and the Professor rushed in, snarling. I turned at the sound, and he did not see what I was doing, but he saw that I was free, and the toy pistol was in his upraised hand.

I spun on my heel, dropped to the floor, seized one of the Professor's legs and sent him sprawling, and dashed out into the night. He was up again at once, so I did not dare to stop, but ran on like a madman down the drive and into the road. As I ran I knew that the odds were against me.

This was what I had to do, I realised, as soon as I had made sure that the Professor had given up the pursuit and gone back to the laboratory. I had to warn the local constable and persuade him to get help to put the Professor under temporary arrest. Then I had to send a warning to Helen and to London, or failing that, to try to get Helen out of danger myself.

To try! That meant a walk of five miles if no vehicle could be hired, if no trains were running; and I remembered, with a queer sensation in my throat, how I had left the gun. I had left it with its range shortened, so that if the Professor fired his shots without noticing the marked circle, the shells

would fall within a mile or so of the house. Would he act sooner than he had intended now that I had escaped, or would he deem himself safe in his locked building?

The constable was on his rounds when I called at the house. I left a hurried scrawl for him and went on to the nearest garage. Not a car was in. They had all gone out, said the attendant, and had probably been abandoned by their drivers wherever they happened to be when the rockets went up. I asked to use the telephone for a few minutes.

“No bloomin’ good, gov’nor,” said the man, with cheery truculence. “You can’t get through nohow. The hull bloomin’ lot ’as come out this time—railway and car men, wire and wireless oprators and all. I’m off in a jiffy myself. We are going to make you gents sit up, and no error!”

With a sinking heart I realised that I must walk that five miles—walk it with the knowledge that if I did not reach Helen in time she would probably fall a victim to her father’s madness.

“*You’ll* sit up, and very soon, if you don’t clear out of this neighbourhood,” I said to the attendant. “If London is lost because of your wretched strike you will wish you had been more reasonable. You are worse than fools!”

I left him, gaping, at that, for I had no time to waste on an explanation that he wouldn’t have believed, and swung into the road again.

That walk is a nightmare of memory. I was in good trim, physically, but my nerves were all in rags with the fear that hung over me—the fear of the Death-Gun, the fear of the Death-Cloud that at

any moment might come rolling down the sleeping valley.

It was nearly three o'clock when I came upon a big Daimler car standing empty on the road, its lamps still burning. This was a lucky find. I turned the compressor, jumped in and set her going. She glided forward a few yards, then stopped and began to roll back down the road. I put the brakes on, got out and lifted the bonnet. Everything seemed in order. Glancing up the road in my perplexity I saw a dark stain on the ground where the car had been standing. I glanced at the gauge and understood. The driver had thoughtfully emptied his petrol before leaving the car.

So much good time lost. I pressed on through the unlit country, bent only on saving Helen now, and wondering how I should do it if once the black gas came pouring over the land. I saw three more cars on the road, but I did not stop to look at them.

It was half-past three when the Rickworths' house, a dark pile against a gloomy sky, came into view.

"Thank God," said I, "I shall at least see Helen."

And at that instant, as though in mockery of my thanksgiving, came the deep roar of the gun. There followed a faint scream in the air, and something crashed and burst with a loud report near Feltham Hill. The Professor had recovered from the shock of that fall, had locked himself in his laboratory, and had decided to act whilst he had time. London was doomed unless a miracle occurred.

I dashed up to the porch, plying bell and knocker frantically. Footsteps sounded in the hall, and as the bolts rattled back came the second shot, and the second

cylinder of gas sank to earth. The third shot roared as they let me in.

The Rickworths thought me crazy, I daresay, for all I could do was to ask for Helen. I ought to have told them the danger ; to have told them the idea that had just leapt into my mind. If I had, they would probably have suffered more than I hope they did. Even if I had explained to Helen, she would have wanted to let someone take her place—and the aeroplane was only a small one, would only carry two.

The fourth and fifth shells fell whilst I was insistently asking for Helen, saying that I had come from her father, refusing to tell them why the gun was being fired, learning that their car was not in its garage. Cloyed with sleep, Helen came down at last in a pale dressing gown, anxious about her father. I had no hesitation concerning my course of action, cold-blooded as it may seem.

“Helen,” I said, taking her hand, “can you trust me—absolutely? Trust me, I mean, so much as to do exactly what I want, no matter how strange it may appear? I will explain later.”

I knew what her answer would be.

“I can trust you, Douglas,” she said, without hesitation. “Tell me at once what I must do.”

“Put on your dress and borrow the thickest cloak and wraps you can, and come to me at the hangar, ready for a flight. Quick!”

She looked startled, half opened her lips, then turned and went upstairs without a word. The Rickworths—father, mother, son and two daughters—were simply swept off their feet by my impressiveness.

“I am going to borrow your little monoplane,” I said. “I can work it, I have had lessons in aviation. Helen and I must travel quickly—matter of life and death—no trains, no cars—I have had to walk here—the strike, you know.”

That was all I told them. Not a word about the death that was even then rolling down upon us. We got the aeroplane wheeled out and the engine going as the eighth shot was flung from the gun. By the time Helen was in her place beside me the tenth shell screamed in the sky. As we rushed down the long field and felt the machine lift under us the eleventh shot came. Before I spoke to her we saw the flash and heard the roar of the twelfth and last—saw, as we rose, a mass of denser blackness spreading wide and far across the dim valley, rolling swiftly eastward. Its black, sinuous tendrils were already almost under us, clutching with soft embrace the walls and hedges of the villas around the house we had left.

Away towards doomed London the sky was now pink with light.

I could have shouted aloud with joy in the revulsion of my feelings now that I had saved Helen; now that she and I, at least, were safe and free from the fear of that billowy sea of death below—I could, but for the thought of the helpless city and of the people whose aeroplane I had stolen so that we might escape.

My lessons in aviation had not given me any great confidence in my powers, but after some experimenting I managed to turn the machine Londonwards.

“We are going over Bushey Park,” said Helen, gripping my arm. “What has happened? What is that thick cloud on the ground behind us? Why did

you come for me? Tell me the truth, Douglas, whatever it is. I will be brave."

After a brief hesitation I told her—as well as I could whilst I jerkily manipulated the aeroplane—the story of the night. I did not—I dared not—try to look at her face, for the wilderness of London's streets was rushing towards me and under me, dimly outlined in the dawnlight.

"Why didn't you tell the Rickworths, Douglas?" she said at last, and I felt her shudder. "We ought not to have saved ourselves at their cost."

"If I had thought of them I should not have saved you," I said, savagely. "I am a selfish, elemental brute to-night. I had to rescue you. Nothing else mattered whilst you were in danger. They would not have believed me, and time is precious. We are now going to try and warn London—to try and save some of her unconscious millions."

"How shall you make *them* believe you? Who shall you tell—the Government?"

"No," said I. "I have no time to waste on them. I am going to the Labour Central Offices—to the Strike Committee. If I can make them see daylight and let the men get back to work, something may be done. If not. . . ."

I could not finish: the horror behind that alternative was unspeakable. I had a blurred mental picture of the onroll of that black tide of death; saw the noiseless breakers of its advance curl upon the houses, fill alleys, areas and streets, creep in at windows and crevices everywhere; saw it submerge the city in its implacable flow, covering all with its pall of silent death; saw the panic and headlong exodus of those who were roused,

the struggling crowds packed in narrow ways and overtaken in their terror ; saw the cloud pass and dissolve as the day went on, leaving a desert of silence exposed to the sun ; saw the millions of the dead . . .

“How far is the cloud behind us now ?” I asked Helen sharply, as I began to descend, the flat roof of the Labour Building showing on my left hand.

“It is already in Wimbledon to the south,” said she. “To the north I think I can see it near Chiswick. It is moving faster.”

With a jolt that nearly threw us out I brought the machine to rest on the broad concrete. I looked at Helen a moment.

“You are mine now, whatever happens,” I said, kissing her. “Now you must come with me. The Labour people may believe you, knowing you for your father’s daughter.”

“And father—what of him ?” she asked, as we went to the stairs leading to the rooms below. It was the first time she had mentioned him since leaving the Rickworths.

“I would have saved him if I could,” said I, lamely.

The National Strike Committee—most of them hard at work even then—proved harder of conviction than we feared. They smiled sourly at us, some of them laughing at the idea of such a gas, others openly charging us with being sent by Government to bluff them into calling the strike off. A few took us seriously, and these I got to come up on the roof. From there, however, nothing was yet to be seen. The wind was still in the south-west, but there was a decided chill in the air, and away to the north a gloominess grew in the sky.

"It's a likely tale, Mr. Harding," said one of the Committee. "You must think we are a lot of simpletons. We have our own men at some of the wireless telephones and they would have let us know if anything like that had been happening. You have lifted it from a novel. It won't do. This strike is going on till we get our terms, make no mistake."

"Crass fools, that's what I take you for!" I shouted angrily. "Do you think I care for your strike? Jump up, Helen; we at least are not going to stay to be suffocated."

The men smiled at what they imagined my outburst of baffled pique, and I forced the aeroplane into flight with a jerk that almost capsized us. I righted, rose, swung round, and so came into full view of the front of the Death Cloud.

Helen cried out at the sight. From Bayswater to Brixton it lay upon the land, a dense, black fog, rolling steadily towards us, eating its way into the maze of streets; coming softly, silently, without warning, upon the sleeping and awakening millions.

"We were too late," I said. "The city is doomed. Even the Committee could not do anything in time. God alone can help the people."

I pulled at the wheel, intending to turn away, but hesitated. The fascination of the silence of that destroying flood held me. It was monstrous, incredible, yet pitilessly certain, that every creature under that blank pall lay dead—that every living thing in the line of its advance must die—that to-morrow London would be no more.

I turned at last, heading for the breezy Downs. The moment the machine came round, Helen cried out excitedly :

“Douglas! The wind has changed! A storm is coming! I pray that it may be in time! Let us descend as soon as you can.”

I have said that only a miracle could save London. Whilst I volplaned to the first level space I found, the miracle of mercy happened before our eyes.

We came to earth in a field near Penge. Before we were safely down the sky had gone black as Erebus, and a piercingly cold wind was driving back the poison-mist. Then came a flash of lightning, a growl of thunder, and the first patterings of the rain.

Standing together by the grounded aeroplane, deafened by the rolling thunder, dazzled by the electric discharges, drenched by the torrential rain of that storm, we found joy in our discomfort.

London was saved at the last moment. The storm, brewed of four tropical August days, was soon over, but it was severe, and it achieved what no human agency could have done. The breath of it blew the cloud back up the valley, scattered and broke it; the deluge of rain completed what the wind began; and when the sun shone out once more, flinging a glorious bow of promise across the heavens, the Death-Cloud was washed away.

It was not until late afternoon that we were able to hire a car and go back. Of what we expected to find we could not bring ourselves to speak. From the Rickworths we had nothing to fear, for the Cloud must have rolled over them within ten minutes of our leaving.

When we reached Ashford it was as I feared—and hoped. Feared, for Helen's sake. Hoped, for the sake of the tall, gaunt man we found in the locked laboratory,

clutching the control lever of the gun even in death. The first shell had fallen so near that he must have been overpowered by the expansion of its gas almost before he had fired his twelfth shot.

“Better so,” thought I, leading the sobbing girl away. “Far better, that he should be gone beyond the power of any earthly tribunal.”

Looking in Helen’s grey eyes that night, I knew that the question I was to have put to her that day—the day that should have been so glad and golden—would never be answered. It would never be asked. The night and morning of fear had cleared our souls of all pretence, and we knew that we belonged to each other, then and evermore.

George C. Wallis

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads. Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

Gitangali, by Rabindra Nath Tagore

TO FREEDOM

Spirit of Freedom! Thou whose sacred name
Our boasting tongues use glibly as our own,
Grant that our lives may not belie our claim,
Come thou, and in our hearts ascend thy throne,
Spirit of Freedom, come!

Spirit of Freedom! Loose the chains that hold
Men's souls in torture-cells of selfishness;
Set free the captives in the war for gold;
Unbar the stifling dungeons of distress;
Spirit of Freedom, come!

Spirit of Freedom! Liberate our minds
From irons of custom, prejudice and fear;
Thy wings shall bear us o'er the cleansing winds
Of Doubt, until the haven of Truth appear;
Spirit of Freedom, come!

Spirit of Freedom! Breathe in every soul
The Love which fetters not, but makes more free,
Love which, through one belov'd, enfolds the Whole,
True Love whose bond is Faith—not slavery;
Spirit of Freedom, come!

Spirit of Freedom! Well we know thy voice,
"My yoke is light," yet deaf we are to thee,
Thou stand'st before us, bondage is our choice;
Slaves to our selves, we seek not liberty:
O breathe within our souls thy healing Breath,
So that our ears may hear, our eyes may see,
And, knowing, we may leave the ways of Death
And in thy Service *live*—for ever free!
Spirit of Freedom, come!

F. G. P.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Mysticism in Christianity, by the Rev. W. K. Fleming, M. A., B. D. (Robert Scott, London, Price 5s. net.)

This is a volume of 'The Library of Historic Theology,' an important series of works on matters concerning Christianity. It is at once valuable in itself and significant as a sign of the changing attitude of modern Christianity towards that inner and vital religion regarded until lately by the *Times* as "an exploded superstition". As a historical treatise it is full of value for the student, vindicating the place of Mysticism in the Christian Church.

The first chapter seeks to answer the question, "What is Mysticism?" and gives a number of definitions, none of which, except Pfleiderer's, seems to us to be completely satisfactory. Let me add one: "Mysticism is the realisation by the human Spirit of his unity with the Universal Spirit." This will be equally true of all forms of Mysticism in every faith. It may be put in many ways, but the essential fact would remain the same: "The answer of the God within to the God without"; "The realisation of the Divinity of the Self"; "The disappearance of the sense of bondage by the realisation of unity with God," and so on. Practical definitions, showing the effect of Mysticism on the individual would be: "The substitution of the Inner Ruler for outer form, or law"; "The substitution of inner knowledge for outer dogma". The root-meaning of all these is the same. The Mystic is the man "who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life". He is God's Free Man. Ewald's "craving to be united again with God" misses the all-important truth that we are never separated from Him, that we have only to "become what thou art". Pfleiderer's is good: "Mysticism

is the immediate feeling of the unity of the self with God." We do not seek union with That from which we are separate; we seek to realise a unity which is eternally ours. Our author fears the "snare of Pantheism," for he takes Pantheism as connoting only the immanence, not also the transcendence, of God. Yet Hindüism, profoundly pantheistic, ever declares: "I established this universe with a fragment of Myself, and I remain." If this were understood, the "snare" would vanish. Dr. Fleming claims that "in Christianity Mysticism found its fittest home, its best discipline, and its freest and most congenial range of vision and endeavour". But is not this claim vitiated by his objection to going beyond Christ into the "vacant ground" "of the Godhead"? The Mystic's passion is not sated until he finds himself one with "God," in the fullest sense of that most variable word. The "unification of the believer with his incarnate Lord" seems to be the goal, according to Dr. Fleming, of the Christian Mystic. "S. Paul discourages for all time the attempt of some later Mystics to 'get past' Christ to the 'vacant ground' of the undifferentiated Godhead. He points us instead to the 'fulness of Christ' as the medium by and through which the Godhead makes possible and practical communion with man's nature."

When we are through the first two chapters, the book becomes most interesting; the sketch of the various streams of influence from the outer world into early Christianity, "bringing it into relationship and harmony with the best and deepest thoughts of the day"—Christian Platonist, Neo-Platonist—is ably done, and it is frankly admitted that through Augustine, Stephen bar Sudaili, Dionysius the Areopagite and the mediæval Mystics, "Neo-Platonism found in the Church a congenial, and, it may be added, a lasting home". John Scotus Erigena, the great Irish Mystic, translated Dionysius into Latin, and so sent him forth on his mission of reviving Neo-Platonism in Europe. Through Erigena "Greek Mysticism began to turn into mediæval Scholasticism". Chapter VI on 'Three types of mediæval Mysticism' is very illuminative in its grasp of a large subject and its presentation with great clarity and insight; and we are then led on to a study of the German Mystics of the Middle Ages, a study which shows wide and deep reading and power of condensed but graphic exposition. A saying of Eckhart's is given: "Were one in a

rapture like Paul's, and there were a sick man needing help, it would be far better to come out of the rapture and show love by serving the needy one." "Laziness is not holy abstraction," is a caustic saying of the great Mystic Ruysbroeck. English and Italian, French and Spanish Mystics are next treated concisely but effectively in two chapters, and then follow chapters on Post-Reformation Mystics in England, a chapter on Puritan Mystics, and one on Jacob Boehme, Law and Blake. Last comes 'Modern Mysticism,' closing a most useful book. We heartily recommend it to our readers.

A. B.

Christ and Buddha, by C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

Here is a new edition of what will be a Theosophical classic. It will be pure joy to lovers of literature to read this author's English prose, but it is a mystery how anyone could obtain such mastery over a foreign tongue. This fascinating little book is a rare bit of literary mosaic. You cannot omit or transpose a word of the text without danger to the outline or damage to the colour scheme. These pages can tell us much that is helpful and interesting about their author. For example they tell us that he can have spared no pains to become master of his art, for Mr. Jinarajadasa is more than a writer, he is an artist—a literary artist. He has the gift of style. He writes with simplicity and distinction. This must be the result of care and labour perhaps of many lives, and the Society thanks him for holding up a high standard of literary excellence in an age which abounds with mediocrity.

The leaves of this little book are fragrant. They breathe out the pure perfume of Theosophy. The spiritually minded in all religions will find nothing in these pages to oppose their creed and much to explain it. Those who already possess the first edition of this little work will be charmed to hear a new tale has been added, although we must not spoil our readers by telling them too much :

In the time of the Lord Buddha there were two brothers who were called Great Wayman and Little Wayman Great Wayman listened to Him and accepted Him and became a disciple. A little later on, by the advice of his brother, Little Wayman too put on the yellow robe and became

a personal follower of the Lord. But strange to say where spiritual matters were in question Little Wayman proved a dullard. He could not commit anything to memory and he could not concentrate his thoughts sufficiently to meditate Great Wayman, his brother, was heartily ashamed of him . . . and one night he brutally told him to leave the Order and give up his attempt to be a disciple of the Lord But this was not to be, for the great Lord Buddha, as was His wont, at early dawn looked over the world with His miraculous powers to find what soul needed His help most that day. And this was the way He helped Little Wayman”

But no !we are not going to tell curious little children or even inquisitive grown-up people any more. We congratulate the author and we hope we may also venture to congratulate ‘Little Flower’.

There’s a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,

runs the hymn. True, but to the child mind that sounds a long way off. It must help them to realise it, however, when they find that in foggy London there is such a ‘friend for little children’ as Mr. Jinarajadasa.

K. F. S.

Tantra of the Great Liberation (Mahānirvāṇa Tantra). A translation from the Sanskrit, with Introduction and Commentary by Arthur Avalon. (Luzac & Co., London, Price 10s. net.)

The Tantras have hitherto played in Indology the part of a jungle which everybody is anxious to avoid. It is therefore a matter of congratulation that at last somebody has made up his mind scientifically to explore the jungle. For Arthur Avalon—so we are informed on the back of the title-page—is not satisfied with having produced the voluminous work under consideration and a smaller work to be noticed elsewhere, but is already engaged in printing a third book called *Principles of Tantra (Tantratattva)*, and in preparing no less than six further works of the kind. That these books are likely to become a great boon, everybody will admit who knows to what an extent mediæval and modern Hinduism are penetrated by Tantrism.

The *Mahānirvāṇa Tantra*, though unknown in the South of India (as many other Tantras) has a very great reputation in the North. The writer of these lines knew a Samnyāsin (of the Brahmācāri sect) who declared this Tantra the foremost of all. Likewise the first English translator of this work, M. N. Dutt, opens his preface with the words: “The

Mahānirvān Tantram is the most important of all the Tantras that are to be found now." It is the great esteem in which the work is held, together with the wish to do it greater justice than the above-mentioned Indian translator has done, which have induced Mr. Avalon, according to his preface, to open his series of Tantric publications with this famous Tantra.

To have done with them quickly, we shall begin our review with the few objections we have to the book.

The system adopted for the transliteration of Sanskrit words is not good, because it ignores the fact that Sanskrit is not pronounced everywhere as it is in Bengal, and because of the equivocalness it involves, for the layman at least, in the case of the Anusvāra. The Praṇava is pronounced *ōm*, and not *ōng*, in the larger part of India, and *sangharsha*, e.g., may be understood as *sam-harṣha* or *sam-gharṣha*, which are two very different things. It is to be hoped that the system approved of by the Geneva Congress of Orientalists (1894) and since followed by all scientific journals will be also used in future by Mr. Avalon.

We have not discovered, in the present translation, any serious error, but it contains a large number of small inaccuracies which might have been easily avoided. For instance, "Destructress of all worldly bonds," in the first Sloka of the eighth chapter, if re-translated into Sanskrit, would be *sarva-kāṣhāya-nāshini* or something like it, but not *bhava-mochani*, as the original has. In the same verse the word *hitāya* has been wrongly left untranslated. In the third verse the last sentence should run: "Speak, O Omnipresent One! of these, and kindly explain also the mode of life which should be observed therein," and not (though this is practically the same): "Speak in Thy kindness, O Omnipresent One! of these, and of the mode of life which should be observed therein." In the fourth verse we should read, "and also four stages of life," and not (though a foot-note could correctly explain the passage in this way): "in each of these were four stages of life". For *Ādye*, in Sloka 6, the nominative *Ādyā* should be substituted or (why not?) *Primordial One*. And so forth.

On the other hand, the translation is sometimes not free enough. When translating from poetry into prose we must never lose sight of the fact that the poet is often compelled

by the metre to express his thoughts in a different order from that he would have used in prose. One example will suffice. Chapter viii, verse 7, is translated thus by Mr. Avalon: "I have already spoken to Thee of the incapacity of men born in the Kali Age. Unused as they are to penance, and devoid of learning in the Vedas, short-lived, and incapable of strenuous effort, how can they endure bodily labour?" We would translate as follows: "I have already spoken to Thee of the ways of those born in the Kali Age. These men, short-lived and incapable of enduring labour and trouble, do not perform Tapas nor study the Vedas, nor do they undergo any hardship [for the sake of sacrifices]."

As compared with its predecessor, the present translation is distinguished by its elegance, and by the profound and comprehensive knowledge by which it is backed.

The foot-notes are all to the point and contain many a valuable hint.

The most admirable part of the book, however, is the Introduction, which contains no less than one hundred and forty-six large pages, a complete survey of all the manifold subjects treated in the book. The only thing we miss, and for this M. N. Dutt's Introduction to his translation of this Tantra may be still consulted with advantage, is an account of the extent and development of Tantric literature. Of course, not every item in Mr. Avalon's Introduction is brand-new information; certain subjects dealt with therein have often been treated before, though not, perhaps, from the same standpoint; but we should like to call attention to the following chapters which contain, indeed, much new matter and on that account must be welcome to both the general reader and the orientalist: 'Chakra,' 'Sahasrâra Padma,' 'The Three Temperaments,' 'Worship generally,' 'Yoga.' The ill-famed *pañcamakâra* ("five m's") are explained on pp. 111 to 120: in their literary meaning they play a part merely in the second or *vîra* stage of development and merely as a sort of homœopathic antidote, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, as a means in order that the candidate "may be raised to the universal life by the vehicle of those same passions, which, when flowing only in an outward and downward current, are the most powerful bonds to bind him to the former". In the next

higher stage, that of *divyabhāva*, their names "are used symbolically for operations of a purely mental and spiritual character". Another important and most instructive paragraph in the chapter on Worship is that on Mantra (pp. 83 to 90).

We heartily congratulate Mr. Avalon on the publication of this fine book and look forward with pleasure to the works he is preparing.

F. O. S.

Hymns to the Goddess. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur and Ellen Avalon. (Luzac and Co., London. Price 4s. net.)

This book contains, apart from one hymn to Kālabhairava, *i.e.*, Shiva, twenty-nine hymns to the Devi, or "God in its mother aspect," worshipped under various names such as Durgā, Tārā, Mahādevī, etc. In about half of these hymns the Goddess is described in general terms, as the "Mother of the whole Universe," etc., while in the other half some special aspect of hers is emphasised. For instance, there are in this latter class two hymns to Annapūrṇā, *i.e.*, "the Devi as She who bestows food"; two hymns to Lakshmi, "the Shakti or Spouse of Vishnu"; one hymn to Sarasvati, the Indian Minerva; five hymns to sacred rivers (Gangā, Yamunā, Narmadā) as manifestations of the Devi; and one hymn even to Maṇikarnikā (addressed as "Mother M."), the celebrated ghat at Benares where Shiva gives liberation to those who are cremated there. In our book, however, the hymns are not arranged in this way, nor, it would seem, according to any principle at all.

The hymns are from various sources: three from the *Mahābhārata*, five from the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāna*, ten from the Tantra literature, ten are ascribed to Shankarāchārya, and two (in the *Bṛhatstotraratnākara*) to Vālmiki and Indra respectively. Of them the first two sets only have been translated before, and, possibly, one or two of Shankara's hymns.

Very happily, as the form of the translation, a sort of rhythmic prose has been chosen. Only in this way was it possible strictly to follow the original without altogether disregarding its metrical beauty. Here and there, however,

the translators might have been a little more strict, *e.g.*, on p. 94, where two words of the original (*stutim* and *sapadi*) have been overlooked in the first stanza.

There can be little doubt that to the student of literature, generally speaking, this collection of hymns must be highly interesting. But still much more important is its value for the science of religions. For no book has yet been published in any European language which gives us such a deep insight into the mind of the Devi worshipper as this. Now we see clearly the vast difference, on the whole, of this kind of religiosity from that of Christianity, for instance. The one prominent feature in the religious attitude of the Shākta is admiration for the dazzling grandeur of the Devi, and he believes that She is most pleased when he most completely enumerates Her attributes and exploits. He meditates upon Her physical beauty (the swelling breasts being never forgotten), he extols Her heroism in destroying the Asuras, and he praises the moral excellence She manifests, *e.g.*, in the treatment of her enemies (p. 103):

O Devi! Thou hast slain them with the desire
That they should not always sin so as to merit hell,
But that by death in battle they may go to Heaven;

and again, overwhelmed by Her higher, impersonal aspect, he confesses:

Although men must meditate upon Thee,
Yet cannot their mind comprehend Thee.

Prayers for one's own moral improvement are also met with sporadically, *e.g.*, in Shankarāchārya's 'Yamunāṣṭaka' (p. 78 fl.), each stanza of which begins and ends with the words:

May the daughter of Kalinda ever cleanse my mind of its
impurity.

And one hymn there is, the most beautiful of all, where the worshipper unbosoms himself in a way not much different from that of the contrite sinner of Christianity, *viz.*, the hymn entitled: 'May the Devi grant me Pardon'. One would like to believe that this admirable poem is by the great Shankarāchārya to whom it is attributed; but he died at the early age of thirty-two, while the author of our poem says of himself (in stanza 5):

I am now more than eighty-five years of age.¹

¹ Is it the renowned Shankara, or again somebody else, who so awkwardly endeavours to excite the vanity of the Goddess in the tenth stanza (p. 66) of the famous 'Waves of Bliss' (Ānandalahari)?

The hymns contain also, as is natural, a large amount of mythological matter. All allusions of this kind, and many other things, are duly explained by the translator in his foot-notes.

The Introduction, we are afraid, will miss its object in most cases, because the average reader cannot possibly know all the untranslated Sanskrit terms used in it. It has, moreover, been printed with too great haste.

In the Preface there are some pertinent words for those who might feel inclined to belittle the 'heathenish' standpoint of the hymns. "Idolatrous Hinduism," so Mr. Avalon informs us, has been defended by great men like Shankarāchārya as "the first of the several stages of an ascent which gradually leads away from them". We have further the satisfaction to read that Mr. Avalon, in preparing this work, has availed himself of "the assistance of the Tantrik gurus and pandits". It cannot be doubted, indeed, that the study of the Tantra, more than that of any other shāstra, demands absolutely the help of the "authorised custodians of its traditions".

Hymns of the Goddess occupies a prominent place among the documents, so far published, of the history of religions.

F. O. S.

Tāntrik Texts, edited by Arthur Avalon. *Vol. I: Tantrābhidhāna with Vija-Nighantu and Mudrā-Nighantu*, edited by Tārānātha Vidyāratna. *Vol. II: Shatchakra Nirūpaṇa and Pādukāpañchaka*, edited by Tārānātha Vidyāratna. (Sanskrit Press Depository, Calcutta, Luzac & Co., London.)

We have much pleasure in adding to our notes on Mr. Avalon's translations a few words on the first two volumes come to hand just now of his Tāntrik Texts.

In the first of these volumes the editor has collected under the general name Tāntrābhidhāna, *i.e.*, Tāntrik Dictionary, seven small texts of the dictionary class. One of these, *viz.*, the Ekākṣhara-kosha, gives the common lexicon meaning of the syllables of the Sanskrit alphabet, while in five the Tāntrik employment of the latter is explained. For example, when I say *kha*, this may either have the meaning "aperture, sky," etc., known to every student of Sanskrit, or it may, be a secret designation, *e.g.*, of the Goddess Sarasvatī. On the

other hand, I may, for example, come across a sentence containing the words *vaka*, *vahni*, *trimūrti*, and *shashāṅka* with which I can do nothing though they are quite familiar to me from the dictionary. Now, availing myself of the alphabetical index in *Tantrābhidhāna*, I find that *vaka* is a secret symbol for the letter sh, *vahni* for r, *trimūrti* for i, and *shashāṅka* for the nasal (Anusvāra), so that I get sh+r+i+m=*shriṁ* which is the so-called Lakṣmī-vija. Vijas (monosyllabic Mantras) are very frequently expressed in this covert way in order to make a book unintelligible to the uninitiated.

The seventh and last text in this volume is the *Mudrā-nighaṇṭu* of the *Vāmakeshvara-Tantra*. This gives a short description of the *Mudrās*, or mystical gestures, used in worship and *Hāṭhayoga*.

We may then say without hesitation that this first volume is an extremely useful book, which nobody who has once consulted it will like to be without again.

The second volume contains also an important text, *viz.*, the *Ṣaṭ-chakranirūpaṇa* of *Pūrṇānanda Svāmi* which forms the sixth chapter of *Shrītattva-chintāmani*, a hitherto unpublished work of that author. This chapter contains a description of the six famous *chakra* or centres: *Mūlādhāra*, *Svādhiṣṭhāna*, etc. The text appears together with an excellent commentary, probably by *Kālicharaṇa*, and with notes by the commentator *Shaṅkara*, and it is followed by *Pādukāpañcaka*, a small devotional text, with *Kālicharaṇa*'s commentary, and by *Vishvanātha*'s *Ṣaṭchakra-vivṛti* which is a very considerable help for the understanding of the first text.

The editing has been done with great care.

F. O. S.

The First Fifty Discourses from the Collection of the Medium Length Discourses (Majjhima—Nikāya) of Goṭama the Buddha. Freely rendered and abridged from the Pāli by the *Bhikkhu Silācāra*. First volume. (Probsthain and Co., London. Price 7s. 6d. net. each volume.)

Students of comparative religion, especially those who are attracted to the noble truths of *Buddhism*, will be grateful for this compact collection of translations, the work of an English *Buddhist*. Some of the discourses will probably be already

familiar to many, but it is to be hoped that their present form will appeal to a larger circle who may have felt a little of our modern impatience with the lengthy manner of expression peculiar to the time and country. Of course it is scarcely possible for any process of abridgement to preserve in full the cumulative effect so characteristic of the Buddhist Sūtras, but evident care has been taken that no link in a chain of argument should be wanting, with the result that the essential force of the dialectic method is retained. In fact one is sometimes inclined to wish that the scheme of curtailment had been carried further, as there still remains much reiteration unrelieved by the original touches of local colour and human nature. The English too might well have been simpler and less pedantic; for instance such a word as 'mentations' is neither beautiful nor expressive.

The contents are mostly ethical and psychological, but here and there are passages of great interest to the candidate for the steeper path of Yoga. Perhaps the precepts which took the first Bhikkhus by storm have now become such household words that we are apt to decry them as platitudes, but until they have been incorporated into the life of the people it cannot be said that we have outgrown them. Among the many pearls of wisdom to be found in these pages few are more striking than the chapters entitled 'The Parable of the Snake' and 'The Bait,' and it is instructive to note that in the former chapter Nirvāṇa is spoken of as "the Full Awakening".

W. D. S. B.

Life's Response to Consciousness, by Miriam I. Wylie.
(Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc., New York.)

Marked intelligence, clearness and force of argument are displayed in this little book, which explains the problems of life and the laws that underlie them. The Law of Continuity is applied to the study of one's self in relation to the Universal Mind, and also to the study of the body-cells in their relation to the individual mind, in a most interesting and convincing way. Facts are culled from modern scientific writers and from Theosophical teachings. Though matter is life in a less evolved form, the dual aspect of life shows the Universe to be alive and vivified with a consciousness that is progressive;

this is incipient in the mineral, semi-conscious in the plant, conscious in the animal, and self-conscious in the man.

The three questions are adequately answered :

1. What does birth mean, and when is man born ?
2. What does death mean, and when does man die ?
3. Where is man ?

Man is born on a plane when he has evolved sufficiently to respond to the vibrations of that plane, and he dies on a plane when he ceases to respond to its vibrations. The body dies as an organism when it fails to correspond with its environment ; the emotional body dies when it wears itself out, and the mental body dies when its vibrations are assimilated. Man is rooted in Spirit and matter ; he comes from God as Spirit and returns to God after his long journey through matter, which is the visible side of Spirit, and composed of intelligent cells.

The Self is a distinct entity, and the conflict for mastery that arises between the Self and his bodies is due to the atoms of the physical body having a degree of consciousness.

The author undertakes to prove that certain revealed teachings are facts : that all is life, and every atom of mineral dust even is a life ; that like produces like ; that absolute life cannot produce a lifeless atom ; that everything lives and is conscious ; that the Universe is worked and guided from within outward, and man is the living witness ; and that no change in man can take place consciously unless provoked by an inward impulse. The cells of the body are studied microscopically with the help of scientific research and their life described. The book is suitable for every Theosophical Lodge Library and should find a large sale.

G. G.

The Principle of Individuality and Destiny, by B. Bosanquet, LL. D., D. C. L. The Gifford Lectures for 1911-1912. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 10s. net.)

Dr. Bosanquet begins his arduous task with the wise statement that the philosopher must have a theory as framework, and an attitude to experience as its informing life. The framework must be the best outcome of the man's thought, thought serious, sustained and concentrated ; the attitude should take as "standard what man recognises as value when his life

is fullest and his soul at his highest stretch". He challenges and rejects the view that the great philosophies are abstractions alien from life, regarding it as "*il gran rifiuto* when life ignores and disowns its own largest and deepest experiences". Our attitude must be sane and brave, based on the highest and the largest in us, and we must regard ourselves not as separate fragments but as parts of the larger whole, holding our powers as trustees for the world. In this spacious and pure atmosphere we feel that the Spirit breathes freely, and we arrive naturally and with full agreement at the idea :

The universe is not a place of pleasure, nor even a place compounded of probation and justice ; it is, from the highest point of view concerned with finite beings, a place of soul-making.

"The universe exists for the sake of the Self," rises up in the mind by association.

What is Individuality ? Individuality is self-maintenance, wholeness, within, and "that which has nothing without to set against it". Ultimately "there can only be one Individual, and that, *the* individual, the Absolute". The Hindū would say, the Self. To human beings the word is applied in a secondary sense, and this must be a positive conception : "There has been far too great a tendency to state the essence of Individuality not as the being oneself, but as the not being some one else." The distinction is a valuable one, fruitful of consequences.

Dr. Bosanquet's argument on the uniformity of Nature deserves careful consideration ; he substitutes Relevancy for Uniformity, and declares that this is present when "every variation is a member of an intelligible system. It excludes spontaneity only in the sense of behaviour responsive to nothing. Variation is a means of adjustment or response, and to establish its existence in a high degree is not inconsistent with, but evidence of, the uniformity of nature in the true sense."

Again his view of pleasure and pain, good and evil, as conditions which are to be transcended by self-completion, and that this is not neutral but an inclusion and harmonising of these 'opposites' is one which is fully in agreement with the deepest eastern thought, however much it may be in conflict with western ideas. The question is not, our author says,

how many moments of pain have you experienced, and have you had moments of pleasure enough to balance them; but has the experience "done its work, and returned you to yourself a complete, or at least a completer, being". "The essence of Individuality is to be a world in oneself." This "carries with it its own mode of self-determination and initiative." "Freedom lies in the direction towards unity and coherence." In other words, each must win his freedom by building up his individuality: "Our actions and ideas issue from our world as a conclusion from its premisses, or as a poem from its author's spirit." We have said enough to show how suggestive and how thought-provoking is Dr. Bosanquet's book, and it is one which will repay close study.

A. B.

Allan Octavian Hume, by Sir William Wedderburn, Bart. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras, India. Price Rs. 2. or 2s. 6d. or 65c.)

This book deals with the work of the late Mr. A. O. Hume both as an officer of the Government and a friend of the people. Mr. Hume served the British Government in different capacities, as a District Officer, Commissioner of Customs, and finally as a Secretary to the Government of India. But whatever offices he held, he held them with credit. As an executive officer he was a brilliant success. He was the pioneer of social progress in India and laboured successfully for police reform, popular education, juvenile reformatories, vernacular press, and reform of the liquor traffic, and the lasting results of his labours show how much may be accomplished by a broad-minded officer who tries to understand the feelings of the people and is in full sympathy with their aims and aspirations. His official career was unfortunately cut short "when he came into collision with the ruling authority". In 1882 he resigned the service.

But apart from his work as a servant of the Crown, his services to the Indian National Congress—for which he has been so fittingly called 'The Father of the National Congress'—will not soon be forgotten by the educated Indian. The chapters on the early organisation of the Congress, its first session in 1885, aggressive propaganda in India and England, the Indian Parliamentary Committee, and the Journal *India*, will amply repay perusal.

The keynote of Mr. Hume's success was his keen sympathy with the people of India and non-observance of all distinctions of race, creed, caste or colour. To one who remembers—and there are many who do remember still—that Mr. Hume belonged to the Theosophical Society when he started the Congress, and that he started it greatly with the help of English and Indian Theosophists working hand-in-hand, it is remarkable to note how most of the Congress-men now-a-days, some knowingly and others unknowingly, seem in the words of a well-known Theosophist to “forget the days of its infancy, when it was cradled and nursed in the Theosophical Society, until it was able to stand and run alone”. Sir William has been connected with the I. N. C. from its earliest days, and I am sorry to note that he too has made this omission.

All the same the author has compressed a good deal of useful information within a comparatively limited space, and the book deserves to be widely read.

B. B. V.

Great Saviours of the World, by Swami Abhedananda. (The Vedanta Society, New York.)

This volume embodies a series of lectures delivered by the author, and contains an authentic historical account of the lives and teachings of Kṛṣṇa, Zoroaster and Lao-Tze. The aim is to show the identity of all the fundamental teachings given by Founders of the great religions, and to prove the similarity in the stories and the miraculous deeds connected with the lives of those Founders. The word “Saviour” is used in its broad, universal sense, as the manifestation of different powers of divinity shown in all prophets and saviours who come to reveal the parts of the divine plan best suited to the times and the changes wrought by an evolving humanity. There is a continual demand for these broad views and intelligent explanations of truths that concern the welfare of all types of humanity, and this interesting volume creates an eager anticipation of the two volumes that are to follow, with the lives and teachings of Buddha, Christ, Muhammad and Ramakrishna.

G. G.

The Development of Will-Power by the Scientific Training of the Mind, by G. A. Mann. (Librairie Internationale de la Pensee Nouvelle, Paris. Price 10s.)

This book, like all the many others on 'New Thought,' gives to those persons who are trying to purify their lives a certain amount of good advice. But the very ambitious title and the large price conspire together to mislead the unwary purchaser who orders books by post. The work is 'slight' in every sense of the word. If, in spite of this, anyone wishes to read it, let him get the original French edition, as the English translation is very poor.

A. de L.

Cosmogony and Thought Force, by G. A. Mann. (Librairie Internationale de la Pensee Nouvelle, Paris. Price 7s. 6d.)

This great subject appears to be quite beyond the range of the author's ability to handle in a way that would at all compete with other well-known writers along this line. He attempts clumsily to prove that man is not an isolated being but an emanation from God, with force and will-power at his command to wield for his own physical and mental well-being.

G. G.

The Woman Thou gavest Me, being the story of Mary O'Neill, written by Hall Caine. (William Heinemann, London.)

The London libraries have ensured the success of this book by attempting to refuse to supply it. Such a refusal may be effective and righteous against a frivolously prurient book, but is absurd when directed against the work of a master-craftsman like Hall Caine, whose books are ever instinct with a high purpose, and who "has a conscience in what he does".

The book is a great book—great in its extraordinary insight into a woman's heart and mind, great in its courage in grappling with a perhaps insoluble problem, great in its remorseless analysis of social hypocrisies, and its unveiling of terrible realities. The story is simple and poignant: A girl babe where a boy was looked for, born of an unhappy marriage; the child sent to a convent school and brought up ignorant of all that marriage means; taken from her convent and married to a profligate, bought by her father's wealth; ignorant as a baby, brought suddenly face to face with facts, and driven frantic

with horror ; a husband and wife but in name, tied and dragging at their bonds ; the nominal husband slipping readily into the loose habits of his youth, and gradually establishing another in his home ; the nominal wife striving passionately to be faithful in the face of infidelity ; the arrival on the scene of an old boy-playmate ; the unconscious awakening of the woman's heart ; the awful struggle between love and fidelity to the marriage vow and the final breaking down ; the coming of a child and divorce of the woman for a single breach of conjugal fidelity by the man whose infidelities were constant and patent ; the terrible struggle to guard and keep the child ; the return of the lover, a heroic figure, to claim, to protect, the martyred woman ; the heart-rending conflict between the claim of the inviolability of the marriage tie as seen by the Church, and the right of marriage after divorce as given by the State ; the cutting of the Gordian knot by death, ending the tragedy of life. Such is the story.

How many girls have Mary O'Neill's experience, flung ignorant into marriage ; the subtle insight into the horror and terror of the childish bride, and the graphic portrayal thereof, should make many a parent pause ere pushing off the frail craft of innocent girlhood into the tossing unknown sea of matrimony. The misery of a life-time may follow the shock of a moment.

Mary O'Neill is emphatically a good woman, bewildered with her position, striving to live nobly and purely in a home befouled by vice ; her solitary yielding to an overwhelming passion, her heroic courage in facing the tragic consequence, her patient endurance of suffering, her thankfulness as death opens an avenue of escape from the insistent pressure to marry the man she adores—all this is tragedy of the old Greek type, elemental passion and inevitable doom.

I say again—a great book. But how much will its root-problems be discussed ? should marriage be indissoluble ? should divorce be permitted ? Hall Caine presents the problem as life presents it. He does not answer it, but leaves it to each reader to answer it for himself. I follow his example.

A. B.

The Malthusian Limit, by Edward Isaacson. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book owes its inception primarily to the law of Malthus, which, the author says, cannot be disregarded. The population can and does increase in geometrical ratio, while the food supply increases only in arithmetical ratio; therefore the time must come when the numbers of the race must be regulated in order to equalise matters. This being taken for granted, Mr. Isaacson then proceeds to consider the condition of mankind as it is at present, and from this falls to dreaming of the world as he would have it. He divides humanity into two classes—the 'fecund' and the 'surplus'. He would have a certain percentage of the people devoting their whole attention to the producing of the future race—these living in communities in the country (the best environment for children), and managing much of the cultivation of the land for the food-supply. The surplus class would carry on the general work of the world under improved conditions. Men and women of this class are on an equal basis. They may marry provided they have no children, but, as compensation, they have access to many forms of enjoyment—physical and intellectual—denied to the fecund class. This, roughly, is the author's dream—confessedly impossible to realise—and from this he draws many conclusions and shows many advantages that would ensue. He fulfils the Malthusian conditions, and improves the race. He then shows the effect this system would have on Socialism and several other questions of the day. He illustrates by the means of diagrams, which are interesting and instructive, some of the theories he advocates. The book is materialistic in tone, and is one with which a Theosophist cannot find himself wholly in agreement. If the author believed in karma and reincarnation, he would find that some of his theories would scarcely work out; but the book is an honest effort to deal with a difficult subject, and the ideal of Mr. Isaacson—materialistic though it may seem—demands from men sacrifices on behalf of the race that at present humanity is far from willing to give.

T. L. C.

Applied Psychology, by John William Taylor. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 5s. net.)

The title of this work is rather misleading, as the subject with which it deals is phrenology, which may be a branch of applied psychology but can hardly merit the more sweeping title. However to the author phrenology appears "the most concise and complete system of mental philosophy and practical psychology in existence". Those who are interested in the study of heads will probably find the book of value. It is profusely illustrated, with the addition of numerous records from actual experience. It is written from the scientific standpoint while the style is popular and easy.

The science of phrenology seems to me substantiated by the Theosophical teaching which regards the human body as self-made, and its weaknesses and its capacities as the result of past activities of which the full expression is limited under kármic law. Limited is each new-born human body, as the result of neglected opportunities; crippled sometimes mentally or physically is the human body, as the result of ill-applied activities. The human brain, the instrument through which the Ego manifests his knowledge and his will may well bear in its configuration and development the marks of his long pilgrimage, so that all who know can see moulded in the body itself its inherited character, its innate capacity. From the Theosophical teaching there seems fair ground for concluding that phrenology in the hands of an expert may supply valuable data indicating capacity and characteristics and so furnishing clues for practical use in life. An Index and many diagrams and interpretations of heads add largely to the utility of the book.

E. S.

Initiation into Philosophy, by Emile Faguet. Translated from the French by Sir Home Gordon. (Williams & Norgate, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The question as to whether it is better in beginning the study of a new subject to take a bird's-eye view of the whole or plod patiently through a certain number of details from the very start is one on which there may be some difference of opinion. For those who incline to the plan of

taking a rapid review of the subject as an introduction, the present volume will appeal as exceedingly useful. It is a book for beginners, written with the purpose of exciting and especially of satisfying their initial curiosity. The story of western philosophy from the time of Thales to that of modern nineteenth century thinkers is briefly told.

A. de L.

Where are you going to ?, by Elizabeth Robins. (William Heinemann, London. Price 6s.)

This is a novel with a purpose. However, let not the prospective reader turn away from it on that account. It is most excellent reading. The moral is so skilfully worked into the plot and so well supported by the characters that one hardly notices it until, having finished the story, he lays it down and ponders its incidents. Then, from his inevitable sympathy with characters which have become real to him, the horrible conditions portrayed leave the reader deeply impressed with the need for reform. The object of the book is to present to a public which has probably neither the inclination nor the opportunity to inform itself with regard to these matters, certain phases of one of the most terrible evils of the day—the white slave trade. The author is to be congratulated on the admirable way in which she has carried out that purpose. She tells of things revolting and horrible, yet there is not one word in the book which is in any way gross or sordid. The atmosphere of refinement and delicacy of feeling which pervades the first part of the story, in which the quiet life of the heroine and her sister is described, persists through the tragic second part, where the girls have fallen into bad hands. We wish this book a very wide circulation, that the ability so generously dedicated to the service of social reform may bear abundant fruit.

A. de L.

THE 'HINDU' AND MRS. ANNIE BESANT

[The following statement has been published by Mrs. Annie Besant in the *Adyar Bulletin* of September.]

When I issued the Supplement to the last issue of the *Bulletin*, I thought that the Appeal case in the High Court would be quickly disposed of either on the preliminary legal points or finally on the merits, and I wished to have that case over before completing what I had to say relative to the suit against me by the *Hindu* for paras 11 and 29 of my original Written Statement in the Narayaniah suit. As, however, the judgment is delayed, I will say here at once what I had intended to say later, and so get rid of the matter, for my statement has been used against the *Hindu* in a way not intended by me. The statement as to the persecution of the Plaintiff by the *Hindu* and Dr. Nanjunda Row for making me the guardian of his two sons referred only to the articles which had appeared from January 1911 to the October of the same year, when the complaint about them was made to me and to others by Mr. G. Narayaniah. On these articles I have nothing now to say, since I have withdrawn my suits respecting them. Para 29 is a different matter; two things were there dealt with: political and theological hatred. The theological, not the political, attack was ascribed to the *Hindu*, and the *Hindu* was bracketted with Mrs. Tingley, who certainly—whatever her attacks on me have been—has never mixed herself up with Indian politics. I stated in my answer to the plaint that the paragraph as to the “propaganda of violence” “was never intended to apply to the plaintiff [the Editor], nor is there anything to show that either the plaintiff or his paper has any connection whatever with the same”. As this will not now otherwise appear, I print it here, in order to add definitely that, while I sometimes disagree with the views expressed in the *Hindu*, I have never seen in its pages any encouragement of the “propaganda of violence” or approval of “the plots of the Extremists”. I regret that I did not write two paragraphs on the two matters, so completely separating them, and then no misconception could have arisen. ‘Anarchist,’ not Extremist, is the right word to apply to the

propaganda of violence and the plotters of assassination, for 'Nationalists' and 'Extremists' in Indian politics are much like 'Liberals' and 'Radicals' in English. Neither term should be held to connote the use of physical violence in political agitation, and personally I now always use the word 'Anarchist' to indicate approval of assassination. I have friends who belong to the Extremist party, men of the noblest type, who would rather die than lift their hand in murder. While India is without representation, they stand aside on principle from all political life, and will not even take part in the Congress, but they sternly discountenance all plots and all violence. I think they are unpractical and delay progress, but from such men Society has nothing to fear and much to hope; for they are idealists of pure and high character, and will be England's most useful friends when she does what they feel to be justice to India. Until she does, they stand patiently aside and wait, with their eyes fixed on the future, when the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 will be really carried out.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

GERMANY

Theosophical courses of lectures were held at Weisser-Hirsch, Dresden, from the end of June to the end of July 1913, at the German Theosophical Summer School. Lecturers and audience had come there from the most different parts of Europe. Russia had sent us Madame Kamensky and Madame Ounkowsky, who both made a very deep impression by their lectures and their music, dedicated to education and art. Madame de Manziarly held a series of lectures on 'Introduction to Theosophy,' and 'Anthropogenesis from the *Secret Doctrine*'; her interesting and spiritual discourses met with a very sympathetic and intelligent acceptance. Madame Perk-Joosten (Holland) took the *Rāmāyaṇa* for her subject and delighted her audience with the beauty and ethics of this eternally young Hindū epic.

The night on which 'Fidus' showed and explained his artistically executed mystical pictures will not be forgotten by any one present; this great painter has really found new ways of spiritual art. 'The Dramas of Wagner in the Light of Theosophy' was the title given to the cycle of Mr. Gorsemann's lectures. Mr. Cordes, the Austrian General Secretary from Austria, Mr. Lauweriks, our own General Secretary, Mr. Ahner and Mr. Flegel from Weisser-Hirsch all contributed their knowledge, and while each night brought its own special note, the whole left an impression of tolerance, sympathy and beauty, showing the possibility of union in spite of the most different opinions. All united in the wish to create a permanent centre for such annual meetings, and the Committee—Mesdames Kamensky, Ounkowsky (Petersburg), I. Manziarly (Paris), Guttman (Gottingen), Mr. Fricke (Haarlem), Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden (Gottingen), Mr. Ahner (Weisser-Hirsch), decided to arrange a Summer School annually near Dresden, to facilitate international Theosophical work, to make it broader and more tolerant. The General Secretaries of all countries are asked to take an interest in this work, and to help the Committee by their collaboration. In future not only public lectures will be given, but there will be also classes for study on such subjects as: education, art, science, social questions, Theosophical doctrines, etc. Music—which exercised so remarkable an influence this year, thanks to Madame Ounkowsky and Miss Viola Thern—and other forms of Art will become more and more prominent factors. The Committee most fervently desires to establish at Weisser-Hirsch a spiritual centre above all parties, and to unite all those who seek truth, and who want to share all they have with others. Mr. Ahner, Hermannstr. 1., Weisser-Hirsch, Dresden, and Miss Guttman, Plankstr. 1., Gottingen, will give information to any who are interested in this matter.

J. L. G.

AUSTRALASIA

Throughout Australasia Theosophy is making steady progress, and is coming more and more into public view. Miss Helen Horne is about to make a tour of the Commonwealth, so that a fresh impetus may be expected.

The Golden Chain has secured wide publicity and approximately eight thousand children have joined. Mr. Prentice is proving to be an acceptable lecturer in Victoria, and by systematic arrangement lecturers from Melbourne are visiting country towns.

A vigorous and successful propaganda work is being carried on in the suburbs by the Sydney Lodge. At Newtown, Mr. Victor Roinel gave a very successful lecture to a large audience composed mostly of strangers. Mr. Braund's work at Armidale is bearing fruit and a number of new members have been enrolled since the formation of the Lodge there. The General Secretary recently delivered a welcome series of addresses at Adelaide; also Rabbi Boaz gave an excellent lecture on 'Theosophy in Relation to Judaism'. At this centre the Guild of S. Cecilia is a special attraction for the young girls. The Adelaide Lodge has lost a devoted worker, Miss Barnes, the late Secretary, having passed away.

A special propaganda tour of Central and Southern Queensland has been undertaken by the workers at Brisbane, and it is hoped to form new centres.

A new sectional activity, taking the form of a midwinter re-union, has been started at the New Zealand T. S. Headquarters, Auckland. Business matters were entirely excluded, and for a few days many members had a most refreshing mental and spiritual time.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the T. S. work at Dunedin is the regular Sunday evening lectures, which are well attended and secure good press notices. Mr. D. W. M. Burn is generally the lecturer. Mr. A. W. Maurais, the pioneer Theosophist of Dunedin, recently gave his farewell address, saying that he thought the time had come when he should leave the platform to younger members; he gave an outline of the movement for the last twenty years. The loving and grateful thoughts of many whom he has helped should sweeten his well-earned rest from public work in the cause he loves.

R. P.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

(Concluded from p. 12)

PROFESSOR HOMERSHAN COX lately told the world in the pages of the *Modern Review* that he advised the Hon. Paṇḍiṭ M. M. Malaviya to exclude Theosophical influence from the Hindū University. In another article he has "let the cat out of the bag". He objects to all religious education. In this same article, he extols truth. But in that case, should he not have advised the Hon. Paṇḍiṭ to exclude Hindūism from his University? Was it quite honourable to play on the Hon. Paṇḍiṭ's orthodox prejudices against Theosophy, while not telling him that he regarded Hindūism also as an absurd superstition? In a man who objects to all religion, hatred of Theosophy is natural and proper. Here is Professor Cox's view of religious education; he says:

It is well to have a clear idea of what religious education really means, before discussing its advantages or disadvantages. To avoid vagueness I will take one particular religion, Christianity, and consider the meaning of Christian education. The boy who is taught Christianity at school is asked to believe that a virgin gave birth to a child, that a man after his death and burial came to life again, that this man went up from the ground into the sky and disappeared. Every Sunday in Church, Christians assert their belief in these things. They must believe as well many other things of the same kind. The boy is taught that a woman was once turned into salt; that there was a flood extending over the whole earth and covering the tops of the highest mountains. These stories are mentioned by Jesus and as Jesus was God we cannot suppose him to have said what was untrue.

Mr. Farquhar, on the other hand, looks forward to a triumph of Christianity over Hindūism, on the ground that the former shows better results. This is challenged by the *Hindu*, which remarks caustically, but truly :

He would be a bold man who could assert that Christianity produces better men, living up to the standard set by its founder, than Hindūism. We are not unaware of the defects of this argument, but from the point of view of practical utility chosen by Mr. Farquhar, it is surely conclusive. In other words Christianity has failed in large measure to influence its own votaries. Does that not measure its utility as a practical religion? Perhaps in a much better world than this, when nations shall have ceased from the organised and wholesale murder that is called war; when man shall have ceased from hammering his brother man because his skin happens to be a little darker than his own; when racial prejudice, which with the passing of years is increasing in intensity, shall have completely disappeared; when the professions and the practice of Western civilisation shall exhibit greater convergence than at present, then perhaps Hindūism, which is a working religion of a very practical nature, may be induced to accept the high example of the Teacher of Nazareth as its "Crown". Perhaps, however, when that time does come, barriers of religion no less than barriers of race will have disappeared, and all that is best in the old and the new may have merged in a common religion for the whole of humanity.

Well will it be for man when that happy day shall come. Meanwhile Hindūism need not veil its face before Christianity, for if there are abuses within it still unremoved, such as child-parenthood and temple dancing-girls, these are evils less gross than wars and the White Slave Traffic.

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As we are going to press on September 17th, judgment on the question of the jurisdiction of the High Court has been delivered. The Judges must have found the matter difficult, as they took a month to consider their decision. The Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Oldfield

delivered separate and concurrent judgments, asserting jurisdiction for the High Court, apparently over all Indian infants everywhere. But one would like to read the judgments carefully before making any comments on the questions and consequences involved. This, however, I would like to say, that no suitor could have been treated with more courtesy than I experienced in the High Court, and that the learned Judges fully weighed the arguments presented to them. No suitor can ask for more.

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In many ways I am glad that the Court has claimed jurisdiction, for, had it not done so, enemies would always have said that I had won on mere technicalities. Now the merits will be heard. On those, I must, at this stage, express no opinion.

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With the exquisite delicacy of feeling with which I became familiar in the Madras Police Court, an attempt was made in the High Court itself to serve me with a notice in a libel suit brought against me by Mr. K. U. Sham Rau, because I said that his statements about me were false. I refused to take it from the bailiff in the Court to which the Judges were just coming, and was served outside in the passage in the middle of a gaping crowd. They do these things so nicely in Madras. Friends may have seen that Mr. K. U. Sham Rau demanded an apology. I, of course, refused to unsay what I had said. He values the damage to his reputation at Rs. 15,000. It is a nuisance to have another law-suit, but it cannot be helped.

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A pleasanter subject is that I have arranged to deliver a course of lectures on some of the burning questions of the day, under the auspices of the Madras Hindū Association, on October 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 and November 7. Mr. G. Natesan, the eminent publisher, is the Secretary of the Association, and various leaders of the Indian party of progress in Madras will preside. The subjects are: 'Foreign Travel—why Indians should go Abroad'; 'Child-marriage and Its Results'; 'Our Duty to the Depressed Classes'; 'The Colour Bar in England, the Colonies, and India'; 'The Passing of the Caste System'; 'Indian Industries as related to Self-Government'. I must now take up again vigorously my public work, which has been so hampered by the persecution to which I have been subjected since January, 1911.

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The *Indian Review* for October will contain an article by myself, entitled 'United India; the fourfold path'. It recalls Mr. Hume's urgent plea for union among all who were working for any branch of Reform in India, and makes this the basis for an appeal to the Indian National Congress, as the only unfettered representative body in India, to unite the scattered bodies into a single movement, and to place itself at its head. The *Indian Review*, Messrs. G. Natesan & Co., Madras, E., is sufficient address, and it can be sent V. P. P.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

PERHAPS the judgment in the Court of Appeal may be out before these lines see the light. Whether it bring to our beloved Alcyone and his brother good or evil, it will be the final judgment of the Indian Courts, reversible only by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on appeal. Whatever it may be, we—who look beyond Courts of Law to the Supreme Judge of our globe, to Him who has been so ignorantly blasphemed in this case, the great Kumāra known to all instructed Hindūs—we shall be satisfied; for we know that all things work according to His Will, and that He, who sees the future which to our purblind eyes is invisible, shapes our doings to the appointed end, and weaves into His fabric, for its greater beauty, the black thread of hatred as well as the golden thread of love. Well is it with us, who know and therefore trust Him, whether for the moment we triumph or suffer defeat. Both are alike to those who have seen “the KING in His Beauty,” for both are temporary, while He is eternal.



“Fight, taking victory and defeat as equal,” was the advice of Shrī Kṛṣṇa to Arjuna, His Beloved. And this is the lesson which the struggles of earth must teach the disciple until it is wholly learnt. To take and to let go, to build and to see pulled down, to be crowned with glory and then with infamy, and to take all as equal—such is the lot of the disciple who is being moulded into the likeness of his Lord. Thus only may he pierce “the great Illusion,” cross the ocean of Māyā, and reach the “other shore”. Those who would reach the end must not complain of the hardships on the way.

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And, after all, what are the hardships? A little newspaper abuse ; a magistrate’s prejudiced decision—founded on a mass of irrelevant documents—eagerly republished over the world by those who catch at any chance to injure ; a judge’s hasty refusal to reconsider the matter—founded on a misunderstood sentence, taken away from its context—jubilantly circulated. A few obscure individuals throwing mud. What is all this to me, who in this, as in other lives, have passed through it all before, and have triumphed over it? They “think the rustic cackle of their burgh the murmur of the world”. In other lives, their like have followed similar impulses of hatred—with what result? That future generations build monuments to the persecuted prophets, and crown with glory those whom they had crowned with thorns.

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And in this life with what result? In fighting side by side with Charles Bradlaugh for freedom of discussion on Christianity and on the Law of Population, we

were both struck heavily at the time; his seat in Parliament, won again and again, was kept from him, and he was so brutally ill-treated within the walls of Parliament that his invaluable life was shortened, for he never recovered from the injuries then inflicted on him; yet he won his seat at last, and as he lay on his early death-bed, Parliament erased every resolution passed against him as subversive of liberty, and his name remains on record in English history as one of its heroic figures. For myself, my children were torn from me under the old bad law, now changed. But freedom of discussion on religion was won, and is now unchallenged. (It must not be forgotten that Mr. Foote played a gallant part in this struggle, and was the last man imprisoned for 'blasphemy' in England.)

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Freedom of discussion was won on the Population Question; we recovered the confiscated pamphlets and sold them openly, challenging further prosecution. My own little book was prosecuted in Australia, and triumphantly vindicated, the Judge pronouncing his strong approval of it. There was even a Commission sent to Holland, to enquire as to methods of limiting population. The principle is practically adopted in the leading countries, and no one would now dream of regarding a publication on the question as 'obscene,' as did an ignorant jury, to the manifest disgust of Sir Alexander Cockburn, the eminent Judge, who had decided that the little book was a scientific treatise. My son and daughter returned to me the moment they were able to earn their own living, and thus escape from their father's control (the Indian law, as interpreted by the Hon. Mr. Justice Bakewell, does not hold in England);

both are members of the Theosophical Society, doing useful work therein, and both are passionately devoted to me. What can legal judgments do when righteousness and truth are sought after and lived? A judge must administer the law as it is, good, bad, or indifferent; the good citizen must accept the decision of the law, and has no right to complain of it. The utmost he may righteously do, if it commands that which conscience forbids—for it may sometimes clash with Duty—is to yield his body without cavil to any penalty which may be imposed on him by the State to which he owes allegiance.

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No greater patience, no greater courtesy, could have been extended to the most eminent counsel than have been shown to me by each Judge of the High Court before whom I have pleaded. I particularly appreciated Mr. Justice Oldfield's alert and searching questions, which recalled what was once my great delight, a keen debate. There is no intellectual pleasure greater than that of defending a position against a well-conducted attack—not that I mean to imply that Mr. Justice Oldfield was attacking my position, but he sometimes wanted points to be cleared up, and it was helpful to be asked questions directed to that end.

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I must here place on record my grateful thanks to those who have helped me in legal matters. First and foremost to my venerable friend, Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, who so long adorned the Bench of the Madras High Court, and whose strong grasp of principles and extraordinary memory of details made his help priceless. As is well known, his view on jurisdiction is entirely

against that now laid down as law, and I am not sure that he does not rather wish me to lose the case, in order that the Privy Council may reverse the judgment—on this matter and on the Guardians and Wards Act as a code—as delivered in the Court of Appeal. On the latter point, the judgment differs from those of the Allahabad High Court and the Punjab Chief Court, so that the power of a father to bring a suit outside the Guardians and Wards Act in a District Court now depends on the part of India in which he lives—a most inconvenient condition as regards law. The Calcutta and Bombay High Courts have not decided this matter, so that the Act, which was intended to make one law for the whole of India on the subject with which it deals, leaves matters as inconsistent as ever. It is as though, after the passing of a Bankruptcy Act, the procedure as to bankrupts were unchanged in some provinces and changed in others. The legal mind of Sir S. Subramania naturally chafes against this condition of the law. He has taken endless pains with me, and is not, I am happy to know, wholly dissatisfied with his ‘apprentice’. To him my gratitude in fullest measure. Then to Mr. C. S. Govindaraja Mudaliar, who has been at my service at any time and every time, disregarding all his own interests, and, with his sound knowledge of case-law, bringing most useful suggestions. Lastly, to Mr. Graham Pole, who came over here, abandoning all his own work, from the sole desire to help; his acute criticisms were most valuable when I submitted to him the arguments that I proposed to advance in Court; and he has been a real support from his ‘understandingness’ and unfailing bright encouragement. I have been inclined to bestow on him my own

old name of 'Sunshine'. To these, I pray that the gracious words of the Christ may be repeated: "Forasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

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I must not leave out of these poor words of gratitude all the residents of Adyar, who, during this year of struggle, never added one featherweight to the difficulties, but who, one and all, helped most effectively by maintaining peace and harmony within Headquarters, and not one of whom added any personal trouble to the outer troubles that had to be faced. My immediate helpers, Rao Sahab G. Soobhiah Chetty, Messrs Wadia, Sitarama Shāstri, Ranga Reddy, all bore increased burdens of work without complaint. All business departments were carried on with unfailing regularity. As has always been my happy lot since 1875, I have been surrounded by loving friends, if assailed by unscrupulous enemies.

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I have also once more to thank my opponent, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, for conducting the case in a way that deprived it of features which might have made it well-nigh intolerable, for unfailing delicacy, and for constantly remembering that his opponent was a woman, to whom the subject-matter of the suit was necessarily supremely distasteful. His pleading was none the less able and brilliant for the avoidance of any coarse phrase, and, while he did even more than his duty to his client, he never descended into the licence which a counsel of a lower type would have employed. It is well that, at the close of a case so bitterly contested, one is able to salute one's opponent with

raised rapier, as chivalry demands. But I would rather have Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar on my side than against me. I have not seen his equal, so far, in the High Court, for readiness of answer and clever presentment of a case, making much of its strong points and covering its weak ones; he also knows what he wants and the way of obtaining it. It is not wonderful that he is overwhelmed with cases. In addition to his legal work, he is constantly engaged in making himself useful to good public causes, and his name is ever seen in connexion with these. India will have a fine public worker in him, if he fulfils the promise of the present.

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The T. S. propaganda work of the winter in Europe seems to be fairly started, and the summer has not been unutilised. Mr. Herman Thaning of Copenhagen writes of a visit to Iceland, where there are two Lodges, and of well-attended public meetings, whereat appeared a bishop and his wife, a professor of theology and his wife, as well as four clergymen. We have sent from Adyar to England three Theosophical lecturers—Mr. and Mrs. Ransom and Miss Codd, while the late and present General Secretaries have both had the advantage of a stay here. Professor Wodehouse from Benares is also busy, and news comes of an exceptionally good lecture, delivered by him at Cheltenham.

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Sir Oliver Lodge, as President of the British Association, treads in the steps of his eminent predecessor, Sir William Crookes. If the ghost of Tyndall haunts the scenes of his triumphs, he must be rejoicing that they have gone so far ahead of himself in things psychical. A very significant utterance as to the

changed conditions of the times, with their "rapid progress combined with fundamental scepticism," ran as follows :

With the realisation of predicted aether waves in 1888, the discovery of X-rays in 1895, spontaneous radio-activity in 1896, and the isolation of the electron in 1898, expectation of further achievement became vivid ; and novelties, experimental, theoretical, and speculative, have been showered upon us ever since this century began. That is why I speak of rapid progress. Of the progress I shall say little—there must always be some uncertainty as to which particular achievement permanently contributes to it ; but I will speak about the fundamental scepticism.

Let me hasten to explain that I do not mean the well-worn and almost antique theme of theological scepticism—that controversy is practically in abeyance just now. At any rate, the major conflict is suspended ; the forts behind which the enemy has retreated do not invite attack ; the territory now occupied by him is little more than his legitimate province. It is the scientific allies, now, who are waging a more or less invigorating conflict among themselves, with philosophers joining in. Meanwhile the ancient foe is biding his time and hoping that from the struggle something will emerge of benefit to himself. Some positions, he feels, were too hastily abandoned and may, perhaps, be retrieved ; or, to put it without metaphor, it seems possible that a few of the things prematurely denied, because asserted on inconclusive evidence, may, after all, in some form or other, have really happened. Thus, the old theological bitterness is mitigated, and a temporising policy is either advocated or instinctively adopted.

No one has done more than the speaker himself to give back to religion some support from science. Sir Oliver Lodge's remarks on life and mind, and his gentle irony on the bridge of the Firth of Forth and the damming of the Nile should give pause to materialists ; his bold testimony to the persistence after death of the personality is invaluable, for it rests on his own experience, gained despite "the usual hostile prejudice". The conclusion of the address was fine :

Many scientific men still feel in pugnacious mood towards theology, because of the exaggerated dogmatism which our predecessors encountered and overcame in the past.

They had to struggle for freedom to find truth in their own way; but the struggle was a miserable necessity and has left some evil effects. And one of them is this lack of sympathy, this occasional hostility, to other more spiritual forms of truth. We cannot really and seriously suppose that truth began to arrive on this planet a few centuries ago. The pre-scientific insight of genius—of poets and prophets and saints—was of supreme value, and the access of those inspired seers to the heart of the universe was profound. But the camp followers, the Scribes and Pharisees, by whatever name they may be called, had no such insight, only a vicious or a foolish obstinacy; and the prophets of a new era were stoned.

Now at last we of the new era have been victorious, and the stones are in our hands; but for us to imitate the old ecclesiastical attitude would be folly. Let us not fall into the old mistake of thinking that ours is the only way of exploring the multifarious depths of the universe and that all others are worthless and mistaken. The universe is a larger thing than we have any conception of, and no one method of search will exhaust its treasures. Men and brethren, we are trustees of the truth of the physical universe as scientifically explored; let us be faithful to our trust.

Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it; the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal, and our methods are, as we know, incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a principle of relativity here, and unless we encounter flaw or jar or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind, therefore, to the immanent grandeur around us, unless we have insight enough to recognise in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God.

May Sir Oliver Lodge live long to be a bridge between religion and science.

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In the 'Ecclesiastical News' of the *Yorkshire Herald*, we have one of the ever-recurring false statements made by missionaries to lower the Indians in the mind of the English public. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Beverley presided, and a Miss Driscoll, "a lady who had spent many years in missionary work

in India" was the chief speaker. The following is reported as said by her :

Speaking of the life in the Zenanas, Miss Driscoll said those Zenanas consisted usually of two rooms, lofty but always dark, and occupied by perhaps fifty or sixty women and children of all ages. The people of the West gloried in their liberty, and loved the beautiful things of the world, but shut up in the Zenanas there were women who for forty years had never seen the outside of the buildings in which they had lived since their marriage. There was no escape. One could picture the darkness which shadowed the lives of the high-born women of India. The age for the marriage for women in India was twelve years, and if a girl became a widow she had to remain in the background. The Hindoo religion taught that when a man died, his death had been caused by his wife's sins in a previous state of existence. So she was regarded somewhat as a murderess. The natives of India had a million gods, but no God of Love, and it was among these who had never heard of a God of Love that the Zenana missionaries were working. There was a great contrast between the homes of the native Christians and the others. [This is true, for the 'Native Christian' often drinks. ED.] The Christians' homes were clean and well kept, and when sickness broke out it was not necessary for the authorities to send them to segregation camps. People such as Mrs. Besant were going about England talking of the beauties of Hinduism, but those people did not understand anything of its horrors. The Christian schools in India were doing a marvellous work. Only about one per cent. of the native population could read and write, and more and more missionaries were needed for educational work. She appealed to the people of York to support the society.

The two dark rooms of the Zenana, occupied by fifty or sixty women and children, is an effective touch, but is purely imaginary. "People such as Mrs. Besant," who have visited familiarly the homes of Indian ladies, with their large open courts and airy rooms, will appreciate it. The chief Deity of these "high-born women" is Shrī Kṛṣṇa, supremely a "God of Love," but probably Miss Driscoll has never heard of Him. The ladies shut up in the Zenana for forty years must be confined to Miss Driscoll's acquaintances. The ladies I have met often go out to visit the temples, to travel to holy places,

to say nothing of the gay ladies' parties that so often occur. Miss Driscoll does not, of course, say that the Zenana system is only found in some parts of India. It is scandalous that such false stories should be spread in order "to support the society".

* * *

It is strange that Count Leo Tolstoy should have prophesied of the Balkan wars—if the accounts given in the daily journals are true—and it will be interesting to see how far the next quarter of a century carries out the remainder of his forecast. In 1915 a man is to arise who will "hold most of Europe in his grip till 1925". "After 1925" a change in religious feeling is to appear and with the fall of the Church a great reform is to begin.

It will lay the corner-stone of the Temple of Pantheism. God, Soul, Spirit and Immortality will be molten in a new furnace and will prepare the way for the peaceful beginning of a new ethical era.

* * *

The *Daily News* tells of two men, each of whom dreamed of the other, not having met for fifteen years; one of them dreamt that he met his friend on Ludgate Hill. The latter stopped at Benson's to regulate his watch, and some one came up, stopped for the same purpose, and behold! it was the friend. May one suggest that they had really seen each other in the dream-world—the astral world—and that a coming event had cast its shadow before? Had it not been for this, the two men might have passed each other without recognition, after so long a separation.

* * *

Some people have odd ideas of what is desirable. A cutting has been sent to me, recounting the experience

of an old man and woman, "who have brought up fifteen children on an average weekly wage of 15s., have never been able to afford a holiday." Often they only had dry bread for meals, sometimes gruel for dinner. Mr. Newton, the father, won a first prize at the Lincolnshire Agricultural Show for bringing up the largest number of children without parish relief. At one time they had a cottage rent-free, but usually paid 1s. 6d. a week as rent. "I am afraid," says Mr. Newton, "the youngsters did not get enough to eat many times, but we pulled through." Is this a human life in a country where people often pay for a bottle of wine several times this man's weekly income? These people slaved for morning and night during their whole life, and are given a prize! *They* may be splendid in their courage and cheerfulness—"We have nothing to grumble at," says Mrs. Newton—but what of the social state which awards such a fate of unrelieved drudgery as a human life?

* * *

Dr. Roche, well-known to Adyar residents, as to many other Theosophists in London, has just refused an offer of a lectureship, carrying £500 a year, from the London County Council, in order that she may devote her life wholly to the work. Dr. Roche has of her own only barely enough to live upon. Such willingness to sacrifice in its members makes the strength of the Theosophical Society.

* * *

His Excellency the Viceroy has again shown his insight into Indian feeling and his readiness to put right aught that has gone amiss. He travelled down from Simla to Cawnpur in order personally to soothe the hurt susceptibilities of the Musalmāns: "I have

come," he said, "from Simla with the express purpose of bringing to you peace". The plan of the pathway has been arranged so as to accommodate both wayfarers and worshippers, but the essence of the Viceroy's feelings comes out in the noble words of pardon, extended to those who were being prosecuted for riot:

I am your father and you are my children. When children do wrong, it is the duty of their father, while inspired by the most kindly feelings, to admonish them so that they may learn wisdom and not err again. My words are not addressed to you personally but to those who are charged with having committed riot and have now suffered imprisonment for the last ten weeks. These, if guilty of violence, have put themselves in the wrong, for they are accused of having resisted constituted authority and have thus not only broken the law, but also the very well-known and universally acknowledged principles of the great Islamic faith which they profess and follow. The maintenance of constituted authority is the duty of the Government, and I say, as head of the Government of India, that, under all circumstances, it will be maintained. Under ordinary circumstances, it would have been the duty of the Government to prosecute and obtain the punishment of the prisoners, but they have already suffered severely, and as I have said before I have come to Cawnpore to give peace. I also wish to show mercy to those who instigated the riot and who are thus responsible for the harm that has occurred. They are the least deserving of consideration, but as a solution of the difficulty connected with the mosque has been found, I am anxious that the incidents which aroused so much feeling and excitement should be now buried in oblivion. I trust, however, that, if clemency is extended to the instigators the melancholy consequences of their intemperate oratory may be a warning to them and to others against similar reckless speaking in the future. I wish the sufferings of all those who are charged with having taken part in the riot to now cease, and I have, therefore, with the full concurrence of Sir James Meston and of Mr. Baillie invited the Local Government to take immediate steps for the provisions of Section 494 of the Criminal Procedure Code to be applied to all those connected with the riot who have been committed to the Court of Sessions for trial. I devoutly trust that the solution of the question of the mosque and the decision that I have taken in connection with those now under commitment for trial may bring peace and contentment not only in Cawnpore but amongst the whole of the Muhammadan Community in India that no action may be taken locally or otherwise tending in any way

to perpetuate the melancholy memories of the past few months and that all Muhammadans may unite together in loyalty to their Sovereign and in loyal co-operation with constituted authority for the maintenance of law and order and for the peace, happiness and prosperity of the great and beautiful land in which we live.

The prisoners have, accordingly, been set free, and Lord Hardinge has raised 'English prestige' far higher than could have been effected by any punishment inflicted on the rioters. In him have spoken the best instincts of Englishmen, and he has closed a gaping wound with the sympathy of a good man and the insight of a statesman.

* * *

Miss Stuart, one of our Adyar students, has inaugurated a most kindly and useful movement in aid of lepers in the Government Leper Asylum of Madras. Moved by pity for their dreary lot, she collected money and gave them a gramophone, and now the gift of a piano has been added. On October 14th, she took a party of musicians chosen from the residents to give them a concert. Mr. Schwarz and Mr. Van Hook gave a solo and duets on the violin, Mrs. Gagarin, Miss Stuart and Mr. Best contributed songs, while I read Arnold's 'The Rājā's Ride' and Miss de Leeuw presided at the piano. Once a month Adyar is to provide a similar entertainment, and we hope that three other Societies will come forward, so that each will take charge of one evening a month, and thus provide a weekly entertainment for these unhappy ones. The Doctor and the Superintendent both strongly approve of the idea.

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The first of my eight lectures on Social Reform was given in the Victoria Hall, Madras, on October 10th, Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, K. C. I. E., LL. D., late Acting

Chief Justice of the High Court in the Chair ; the subject was 'Foreign Travel'. On the 17th, the Hon. Mr. Justice T. Sadasiva Aiyar presides over the lecture on 'Child-Marriage and Its Results'. On the 24th, the Hon. Mr. Justice B. Tyabji takes the Chair for 'Our Duty to the Depressed Classes'. On the 31st, Dewan Bahadur M. Adinarayana Iyah is the Chairman, a specialist on the subject of the lecture, 'Indian Industries as related to Self-Government'. On November 7th the subject is 'The Passing of the Caste System,' and on this we have as president a leading Madras citizen, Dewan Bahadur L. A. Govindaraghava Aiyar. On November 9th, the Hon. Mr. P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar, C.S.I., C.I.E., the Indian Member of H. E. the Governor's Executive Council, takes the Chair for the 'Education of Indian Girls'. We then return to the High Court for our next president, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Miller is Chairman for 'Mass Education' on November 14th. The last lecture of the series, on November 16th is on 'The Colour Bar in England, the Colonies and India'—a thorny subject.

* * *

On October 3rd, I had the pleasure of attending the meeting held by the Theistic Endeavour Society to celebrate the Anniversary of Rājā Ram Mohan Roy, the founder of the Brahmo Samāj. This man of marvellous courage and prophetic insight saw, in the early 19th century, the reforms for which the 'advanced' among his countrymen are battling to-day. All honour is due to one who stood alone in the darkness, and sang to the yet unseen dawn.

* * *

The terrible battle of 'passive resistance' has begun again in South Africa, and heroic Indians are going to gaol for the honour of their Motherland. The Boers are even more unjust to them now than they were when their treatment of Indians was one of the grievances which led to the South African War. But now that South Africa is a self-governing Colony instead of a foreign Republic, it can do as it lists. "The Flag" protects the oppressor over whom it had waved as conqueror, but can now do nothing for its coloured children. Women are suffering as bravely as men, showing that the heroic strain still exists in Indian Womanhood, and that the wife will stand by her husband in patriotic self-sacrifice if only he will associate her with himself in his hopes and aspirations. Truly Mr. Gandhi, the Saint-Warrior of South Africa, keeps nothing back: property, his own body, his wife, his children—all, all are laid on the altar of his country. It is such men who make nations.

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I am receiving various announcements about 'occult' associations with requests for publication. I cannot announce nor recommend any clubs or societies of which I know absolutely nothing, not even the name of their promoters. Occultism is not a thing to be lightly played with, and it would be wrong of me to give publicity to any movements bearing its name unless I know something of them. Any one of them may be all right, but also it may be all wrong. And it is the duty of a publicist to know that which he recommends.



THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY¹

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

FRIENDS :

With all my heart I thank you for the love which prompts your welcome to me to-night.

I want, if I can, to put before you on this occasion different views as to the Theosophical Society, and as to the position in which it stands both generally before the world and specially at the present time ; for I think we make a mistake when we try to understand the position of a movement like our own at any given moment, as though you could separate that moment from that which has gone before and that which is to follow after.

¹ A lecture delivered at Chelsea Town Hall, London, on 3rd June, 1913.

The general view that you take of the vast Theosophical Movement, and of its standard-bearer the Theosophical Society, must govern the view that you take of any particular line of thought or of feeling in judging the position of the Society, the wisdom or unwisdom of its ways; and in putting these different standpoints before you, and in trying roughly to indicate how things look from one standpoint or from another, I would begin by asking you to remember that various standpoints are rightfully taken by various members, and that there lies no right on the part of anyone, whether it be the President of the Society or the latest recruit in its ranks, to declare that his view is the view with which the Society as a whole should be identified, or that his view is in any way binding on the members of the Theosophical Society.

You may remember that last year I was putting before you very strongly, as I have put over and over and over again, the vital necessity for the Society to keep its platform broad, definite, free, and to realise that when the Theosophist speaks of toleration, he does not mean a compassionate permission to other people to make errors in their own way, but the honest recognition that each human Spirit must hew out his own path to his perfection, and that the road which leads to perfection for one is not necessarily the road which leads to perfection for each and all.

If I begin by reminding you of that fundamental principle, it is because it seems so difficult for many, even of our own members, to embrace it thoroughly and completely. I notice so often that one opinion or another is barred, as though we had a right to judge of the way in which another man shall walk. I would

remind you again, as I have so often reminded you before, of that great Egyptian sentence, so full of profoundest truth, that each is to make his own way according to the Word, and that the Word for each one of us is that which is sounded out by the God within him, with all the overtones belonging to that keynote of his being, which belong to his temperament, his line of thought, his tendency of will. It is to that great variety of opinion, not looked on as a matter of regret, but as wholly desirable and useful for progress—it is that great variety to which I would ask you to turn your thoughts for a while, as I put before you the different standpoints from which the position of the Theosophical Society may be regarded. You will not, I know, misunderstand me, in speaking of this variety, as meaning that each one of you should not make for yourself a clear and definite opinion. Indefiniteness of thought is no duty of the Theosophist. His own thought should be as definite as he is able to make it, but he must not impose that thought on any one of his brethren. To realise that truth is many-sided, to understand that, looking at a single object, you see it at a different angle according to the position which you occupy in your study of it—that does not mean in any sense that to you the truth is indefinite, but rather that you realise that variety of belief must and ought to imply variety of the way in which the expression of truth is to be made. It is that union of clear individual thinking and belief with perfect respect and tolerance for the views of others, it is in that that the path of progress to the future lies. For we must remember that, even as far as we ourselves are concerned, if we are growing in knowledge, if we are gaining in devotion,

if the God within us is evolving along the lines of infinite perfection, then the thoughts of yesterday, even for ourselves, cannot be identical with the thoughts of to-morrow; there is a danger that if we turn our thoughts of yesterday, or even our thoughts of to-day, into dogmas imposed by authority from without, then we ourselves in the days to come, if we are climbing up the mountain side, shall find that our past thoughts are hindrances to our future, instead of being a foundation on which an ever more beautiful building will be erected; for the building is not identical with its foundation, although on the solidity of the foundation the stability of the building must depend.

Now let us for a moment consider what I think I may call the two chief standpoints from which the Society may be regarded, when we are judging of its position, its policy, its tendency. There is one which is quite fairly held by a large number of our members, which regards the Society very much from the outer standpoint—as they might regard other Societies to which they belong—as an Association of people engaged in a common study and able to help each other by the light that mutually they may throw upon the subjects that they discuss. They regard the Society as not differing in kind from the other Societies around it, to be looked on as an organisation growing and developing along the lines of ordinary intellectual and moral progress, a Society valuable largely for the sympathy by which its members may support each other in studying subjects not yet much understood in the outer world, and one in which the judgment is thoroughly based on what I should call the external view of the Society: people gathered together for a common object, and

assisting each other in finding out the truth for which all are seekers. That is a thoroughly legitimate view which people may take of the Society, and some of us who look on the Society from a very different standpoint, one that in a moment I will put before you, have no right to complain if our brethren take this more ordinary, and as they would say, more rational, view of the mission of the Society in the world. There is one great advantage connected with this view, that it raises very little antagonism; the judgment is very largely the judgment of the world, the exercise of reason goes along fairly conventional lines. People thus looking at the Society are people who will not much antagonise those around them, and gradually by their very reasonableness and their likeness to those among whom they live, they must exercise a most useful broadening and liberalising influence, and so help to prepare the world for other views held by what many would call the more extreme members of the Society, who look at it not from the outer standpoint, but as fundamentally in its very nature different from other Societies which exist side by side with it in the world.

The other standpoint, the other pole, in the Society—for of course there are many grades between—the other pole is that which looks on this movement as a distinct effort on the part of the great Hierarchy of Men made perfect to influence the spiritual evolution of the world in a quite definite way, in a quite definite direction; which regards the Society not so much as a band of students, as a number of people drawn together by an aspiration of a purely spiritual nature; which regards the whole Society as the expression of a spiritual purpose, and recognises as its true leaders, not the

people who play that part on the outer stage of the world, but Those who work for the world behind the veil, the Guardians of Humanity, Those whom we speak of as Masters—dealing with Their lowest grade—and who stretch up, rank after rank, beyond that grade of Masters, until we reach that highest One who is King and Lord of all, the Ruler of our globe, the Mighty One, in whose strong hand lie the destinies of the human race. Now those who take this view of the Society and, as you know, it is a view that I myself take, think that it differs very largely from the ordinary Societies which we find scattered around us in the world. Its standard must be a different standard; the values that it puts on various objects must differ from the values put upon those same objects in the outer world. In fact those who thus look at the Society might well take as their guiding word, perhaps, a phrase used in the early days by one of the Masters, that if we would reach Them, “You must come,” He said, “out of your world into ours.”

For the world in which we are living here in our physical bodies is a very different world from that in which the Masters live, the liberated Spirits of our race; just as if you were living illuminated by a particular kind of light, if that light were suddenly changed, every object around you would also change in colour, so is it, nay, more than that, when you contrast the way in which the dwellers in this mortal world look on the world around them, and as They look upon it whom we speak of as the Masters, Those whose vision is purged, whose discrimination is perfect. There will lie the difficulty of all who take this view of the Society, and, if it be the truer view of the two—for both in a

sense are true—if this be the deeper view, the more real view, then we shall look on all the difficulties with which the Society meets, to take but a single illustration, in an entirely different light. Those who look upon this Society as one amongst many will be troubled by the great crises which take place in it from time to time, crises which they will face with dislike, with the desire to avoid them. Wishing to lead a peaceful and quiet life among their fellows, they naturally shrink when some great trouble arises within the Society, and at once they look for some outer reason why that trouble should have come about. This person has made a mistake; the other person has spoken very unwisely; why do the leaders of the Society make so many blunders? We have heard that criticism made from the earliest days of H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott. Always we have found that they, in their time, were being blamed, because it was said they made unnecessary difficulties, because their unwisdom caused troubles to the Society in the world, and because the steps that they took, unconventional, not easy to be justified to the outer world, were the things which, it was said, made trouble which a wiser policy would have avoided; and, it was said, a more discriminating reason could have been used for the saving of the Society.

If, on the other hand, you are looking upon the Society as being really guided, not by those who appear to guide it in the outer world, but by those great Ones who have sent it forth as a messenger to the world, to express to the world the possibilities of the future, and to re-proclaim to the world the ancient spiritual truths; if you look at it thus, then when one of these

troubles arises, you will not so much be inclined to criticise the causes which seem to have led to it, as to endeavour to understand its meaning and its purpose, and the lesson which from it the Society is intended to learn. You will, in fact, rather take up the position of a soldier in an army who, knowing that his general is wiser than himself, and that he is working out the plan of a campaign with a knowledge that the soldier himself does not possess, says: "I know my general, and although he may seem to have allowed me to fall into an ambush, and although he may have sent me on a mission which it is impossible to fulfil, although he may have commanded me to perform a task for which my strength is inadequate, yet I am prepared to fall into the ambush and suffer from it, I am prepared to attempt the task however difficult, I am ready to obey, because I trust in the knowledge, in the skill, which is guiding not only my own little part of the army, but the whole great army in which I am only an insignificant unit."

And such a Theosophist, looking to the true Leaders of the Society, will realise that while They are working with very imperfect instruments, that while those instruments lack knowledge and power and may make many a blunder, many a mistake, they can never injure the Society by their blunders and their mistakes so long as the true Leaders are there, guiding and directing, and using even the blunders to bring about some great end which is more effective than could have been reached by some apparently wiser policy. Personally I learned that lesson long ago while H. P. Blavatsky was still with us. Living with her, as I was privileged to do, observing her closely in order that I might try to understand, I always took in relation to her not

the attitude of the critic, but the attitude of the student. And, taking that attitude to her, I learned much of the occult ways of life and of action. Very, very often she asked us to do a thing that from the worldly standpoint was unwise, and even undesirable. Very often she would provoke a conflict which it would seem to us easy to have avoided by a little more worldly wisdom, a little more tact, and a little more discretion. But I noticed that when some of those to whom she made the suggestion did not carry it out fully and thoroughly, then really difficulties arose; and I found, invariably, that if with whole-hearted trust and confidence one went along the path that she suggested, while the path was rough it was also short, and led to the goal which was being aimed at; I learned that my wisdom lay in obeying one who was wiser than myself, rather than in hampering her by foolish criticism and by choosing the way of the world instead of the occult method. And, learning thus from her, I have been able to apply it to many things that have happened in the Society. Looking over the last five-and twenty-years, or even going rather farther back than that, to the time of the Coulomb difficulty, one sees how one part of the world after another is thrown into a turmoil, how one country after another is tried; and as one watches the method of the trial, one sees that it is constantly directed against some national weakness which it is desirable to eliminate from the Theosophists who belong to that nation. In the Coulomb trouble—that which was stirred up by the Christian missionaries—we see how the choice placed before the Society was whether they would walk along the occult path or the worldly path, whether they would stand firmly by H. P. B., with her knowledge which

was the beacon light of the Society, whether they would recognise the facts of the occult life, whether they would acknowledge the truth of the existence of the Masters behind her, or whether they would go along the easier road of teaching metaphysics, science, including a certain amount of theoretical occult science, and so avoid the difficulties which she had so heroically confronted. For the time, on the whole, the Society on that occasion showed badly. It rather left her on one side for a very considerable time. It was not prepared to face the difficulty of recognising the existence of occult forces in the world. It was not ready to admit that the existence of the Masters was really the *raison d'être* of the Society; and so you have those phrases that come out here and there, about "our Theosophical Ship," which They were not to be permitted to steer in Their own way, and the statement of one of Them: "If the Society cannot make up its mind about us, we can step back into the silence in which we have so long lived"—and for a time They did so. For a time the Society gave itself completely to that line of outer study, and only a few here and there were willing to stand by the assailed and slandered teacher of Occultism, and to declare that, whatever the world might say of fraud and charlatanry, we *knew* that H. P. B. was the Masters' Messenger, and therefore had a claim to our allegiance and was entitled to our support. And so to those who gathered around her at that time she gave the teaching which she alone was able to give, and the mass of the Society for the time went quietly on, peacefully on, for many years.

And then came another trouble which rent the Society in America, which circled round the person of

William Quan Judge—a difficulty which arose, and shook the Society almost to its foundation. And we must never forget in looking back to him, that it was to his efforts that the building of the Society in America was practically wholly due; that it was his devotion, his unwearying services, which planted Theosophy in America and spread it over the whole of that vast continent; and if it be, as some of us think, that in the later years he was himself deceived, and so unhappily deceived some others, never must we forget the debt of gratitude that the whole Society owes to him as one of its pioneers for the work which made possible the present position of the Society in America; he left behind a name which will shine out ever the more brilliantly as the temporary errors are forgotten, as they already well-nigh are, and the lasting work is seen which he so splendidly wrought.

And after that again a time of peace, and then a shaking in 1906, which tested more, I think, the English part of the Society, perhaps, than the Society in any other part of the world. For it challenged what we always find in England, a certain hypocrisy which likes to shut its eyes to some of the facts of life and to blame those who force them on attention. The English, as a whole, would rather see thousands ruined behind a decent veil of silence and say nothing about it, than see an attempt made, perhaps a mistaken attempt but still an honest one, to deal with one of the greatest problems of the time;¹ and so we had here a great shaking, and we find large numbers of our older members leaving us; for there is nothing harder to face than misconstruction by the society in which you are

¹ See *Youth and Sex*, Jack's People's Books, for statements on the terrible prevalence of sexual mischief among the young.

living, by those who surround you, on whose good-will too many of you let your peace of mind depend.

The trouble we are having at the moment is chiefly found in India. But the curious thing about the trouble in India is this, that it is a newspaper trouble and not a real one. I mean by that, that the whole of the turmoil is caused, is made, by some four or five papers, that do not really influence the public opinion of India, nor practically affect the credit of the Society as a whole. And one very simple proof of that is the fact that during the last few months, when the newspaper turmoil has been at its fiercest, more people have come into the Society—something like one hundred a month—than have ever come into it during the whole of its previous existence in India, I believe, showing how little the movement is affected by the attacks which, after all, are chiefly levelled against myself.

But if you want to estimate the nature of the attack, you will find that the greater part of it comes out of causes not connected with the Society as such. Two causes are at work in India to make the present difficulty. First the political, which comes from the anarchists, who realise the fact that the Theosophical Society is composed of law-abiding people who set their face steadily against every form of violence, who stand for unity between Englishman and Indian, for fraternal co-operation between the two races, for the building up of a mighty Empire in the future, in which each country shall be the better for being linked with the other; who look on the future of England and India as a common future, in which both shall co-operate in the building up of a greater and nobler type of humanity. Now that ideal has been held up definitely, was advanced by

H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott when they landed in Bombay.

The second cause comes from the ultra-orthodox, who dislike the liberality incorporated in India partly in the Theosophical Society and partly in the Central Hindū College, so familiar to all of you. Hindū that College has always been, just as in Ceylon, Buddhist Colleges and Buddhist Schools have been built up by the Theosophical Society; for the Society is not a Missionary Society, trying to convert people from the faith into which they were born, but a Society attempting to deepen in each man his sense of the value of the faith to which he belongs, to lead him to spiritualise, to liberalise, his own religion, rather than to attack the religion of his neighbours. Because that has been the Theosophical position wherever we have worked in eastern lands, we have worked for the religion that we find there as the religion of the people, and therefore the Central Hindū College has never been a Theosophical College in the ordinary sense of the term. If it had been, people of every faith would have been freely admitted from the very beginning, and the foundation, the common foundation of all faiths, would have formed the religious instruction. But when that College was built up, the deliberate choice of those who built it was that Hindūism should be the one religion which should be taught within the walls of that Central Hindū College, a Hindūism, liberal, broad, purified from many of the superstitious aggregations which have grown around Hindūism in the course of ages, but recognising that Hindū parents might fairly claim that their children should be brought up on Hindū lines, and that questions of controversy should be left for the maturity of manhood, while

the elements of the ancestral faith should form the religious teaching given to the young. It is true that this College was originally founded by Theosophists; it is true that the spirit of it was the fraternal spirit of the Theosophical Society; it is true that there we viewed no difference of race, and that Englishmen and Indians worked along hand-in-hand in loving mutual respect and mutual regard. That is true. Much of the money was Theosophical money; all, I think, of the voluntary and the honorary workers were members of the Theosophical Society; and that gave rise to the idea of Theosophy in connection with it; people not being very observant, did not realise that its basis was very far narrower than that of the Society. Only within the last couple or three years has the Committee of the College admitted one or two lads of faiths outside the Hindū, and Theosophists have gradually worked to widen—not to impose upon their colleagues a liberality that they have not yet reached. But always the road was open towards the future, so that there was a growing liberality, a growing recognition of the need for the brotherhood of religions.

This in many ways caused antagonism to the Society and the College among the very orthodox Hindūs, and I have been waiting for years for the time to come when the more orthodox would find that we were gradually leading the educated Hindūs into a rational and liberal form of Hindūism. Well enough did I know that, sooner or later, they must discover that we were going with the Spirit of the Age, and were gradually endeavouring to win the people to a more rational form of religious belief; and we knew well enough that, once orthodoxy discovered the fact, its

whole claws and teeth would once again show themselves and would be turned against those who were trying to save the national faith by making it possible for modern thinkers to accept it. Side by side with that came the political anarchism, and when this and the orthodox leaders set themselves deliberately against the College, the trouble began. That has been the great root of the difficulties you now have coming to a head. The anarchists said that we were the worst enemies of Indians, because we drew Indians and English together. They said that we were the obstacles that had to be cleared out of the way, because we made Indian boys love the English when they saw them as fellow-workers and not only as rulers; and so against that Society and that College they gradually directed strong streams of opposition, in order that an effort might be made to change the policy which was working for the common good of the common subjects of the one Crown.

Some of you will remember that I deliberately started a scheme for a Theosophical University, in which all religions should be represented, in which people of every faith in India should take place on the governing body, and I drew together a very strong body of Theosophists of the different great faiths in India, with the idea that every denominational College might be affiliated, but that all should be on a single level, and no one religion should be given any advantage over others. That was the scheme that the late Viceroy so warmly approved, the scheme that I discussed with, as he was then, Mr. Morley, and later with Lord Crewe; the reason that that failed has made very very largely the present position as regards the Theosophical Society in India. The idea was started of a Muhammadan University,

exclusively Muhammadan, with no one on its governing body except the children of Islām. When that scheme was put forward, by a natural rivalry another scheme rose up in the Hindū Community for an exclusively Hindū University, not one in which all faiths should be recognised, not one which was really Theosophical in drawing them altogether, but one which should be as definitely Hindū as the other was definitely Mussulmān.

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The educational work in connection with the T. S. is, however, going on, though we are thrown out of the C. H. C. For to us who believe in reincarnation, the breaking of a form is not a matter of first importance, and as this form was breaking, a new form was being built, in order that the Spirit might reincarnate in a body more fitted for its expanded powers. Being a person who never knows when she is beaten, I invented the scheme of a Theosophical Educational Trust, in which we should lay down broadly and boldly the lines of a Theosophical Trust to follow those designed for the Theosophical University. Boys and girls of every faith should be welcome and should be treated in equal fashion; we should draw together the number of schools which we have started through the Theosophical Society in different parts of the country, and bring them all under a single Trust, openly and frankly Theosophical, and so go forward along the lines that we have gradually been aiming at. As this was thought an impossible thing, I may tell you that, on the 7th July, the Theosophical Collegiate School will open in Benares. I do not know why, in reporting it, the papers said Bellary, a small town in Southern India. We prefer to stay in the large city of Benares,

where we are accustomed to the surroundings, and where we are much beloved; so we bought a very large piece of land there; the money came in for the purchase, and we have now a piece of land as large as that on which the Central Hindū College was built, and we propose there to erect our College buildings. We have many of the staff which made the Central Hindū College what it was, and although our Principal is away for a time, he is Principal of the new Institution and is only here in England on leave. And as he has trained up a very large and fine staff, and has not brought the whole of them over with him here, I am happy to say we are keeping enough of them in Benares to carry on this new work, and all the higher classes of our Girls' School come with us into the Theosophical Girls' School, so that we have both boys and girls, and both of them starting in July, along these Theosophical lines. We are by no means discouraged under the difficulties in India, but are going forward perfectly happily. As soon as it was heard in India that land was bought in Benares, one of our Indian Theosophists sent us word that he would contribute 600 rupees a month in order that we might have sufficient, if necessary, to pay our staff, and so our financial difficulties quietly disappeared, and we have simply now to collect the money for the building, which I shall proceed to do on my return to India; and because, as we know, most of the money came from Theosophists before, I have very little doubt that we shall be able to raise again the funds that are necessary for this cherished work. Thus the only result of struggle is a new departure of definitely Theosophical Education, which I believe will gradually spread over India, and make for

that liberalising spirit which is necessary for future progress, and for that same spirit of co-operation between Englishman and Indian which it was our aim to secure in the Central Hindū College.

But we must remember that that will not be confined entirely to India—our Theosophical Educational Trust—for since I came to England I have come across a very good idea, which is that we should also after a time have a Theosophical School and College in our English country, where the same lines of education will be pursued.

So that here, even in the very middle of the struggle, you can see the impulse which is being given to the work of the Society, and it is in that, for my own part, that I see the proof of those superphysical Powers which lie behind it. That very temporary defeat only means new strength and new vigour, the truth which was put into words by Edward Carpenter when he spoke of the struggle of man with Satan, that “every pain that I suffered in one body was a power that I wielded in the next”. If you look at the Theosophical question from this standpoint, you will not fear the stress of pain, you will not fear the shock of battle, for you will know that, in that spiritual alchemy which is ever going on behind the veil, pain turns to power, temporary defeat means greater victory. That is the standpoint which I take for myself; I do not ask any to accept it who do not naturally place their feet on that rock on which, as we believe, we stand; it is the idea that everything must work for good for those who desire to serve with pure hearts and single aim; that nothing can hurt us save our own weaknesses, and even they will only be a road to greater strength. There is

nothing that can hurt the soul that trusts in the inner God, and looks to Those in whom God is more manifest than He is as yet in ourselves.

As you look over the world you see that it is not only the good things that work for good ; the evil things also are made to work for good by the Supreme Good who turns all things according to the counsel of His own will. For all forces, rightly looked at, make for progress—those that resist as well as those that impel—for resistance brings strength, developing the power to overcome ; it is those who face obstacles who grow strong, and not those who live the easy, calm and quiet life. The peace of the Spirit is not an external peace, but an inner serenity. The outer world may be as tumultuous as it will, but the spiritual man is peaceful in the midst of strife and is able to fight without revenge. Quiet times are not times of growth. It is in the storm that most rapid growth goes on, and there is no reason therefore to be troubled because winds may beat upon our house ; within the house is peace, and for the first time in the history of our Society, all the attacks are coming from outside ; none are coming from within—a mark of progress.

There is only one part of our Society that might have made such difficulty for us during the coming year : our German brethren, whose view of Theosophy is rather—in fact I may say much—narrower than our own ; who are not willing to take in all opinions, all views, all thoughts, but would rather choose one view only and follow that ; they would have been hindrances to us as regards the toleration and the width of our Society ; we should have had growing a German-Theosophy in contradistinction to a World-Theosophy, and that

would have done us harm and caused confusion in the time to come. It is better, where there is a fundamental difference of that kind, that there should be separation, and even if on their side the separation is somewhat bitter and accompanied with many harsh words, yet, if we do not answer harshly back, then before long the bitterness will vanish, and we shall be able to go on side by side, each following its own path—we, intent on keeping Theosophy broad and clear and liberal, and leaving the other Society to carve out its own way, and to teach those whom it may perhaps more easily reach than we can reach them, thus filling a place in the great forward movement, belonging to the Theosophical Movement if not to the Theosophical Society. And so perchance in years to come they will make a useful road for many to walk upon who are not willing to walk on a road so wide that the absence of barriers makes them feel that they will fall over the edge; there are some who need the protection of the limiting wall, in order to feel that they are safe on the road along which they go. So that one apparently great loss that we have had, the loss of our German brethren, will not, I think, in the long run be a loss. Gradually and steadily the new German Section is growing up, largely thanks to the efforts of our veteran Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, who has steadily held up the banner of liberty in the midst of bitter opposition, and has gradually gathered around him a number of workers who will be able to carry the work on along these broad and tolerant and liberal lines.

So, looking at our position, I see nothing which need make us anxious. You need not trouble about that

suit which is going on against myself. It advertises Theosophy, for while I try to keep Theosophy out of it, my opponents were determined to work Theosophy into it, and the result has been that in the open Court, statements of Theosophical principles have been made which could not otherwise have been made. It matters nothing that a great deal of mud is being thrown against myself, provided it is not thrown against the Society; that which is thrown is warded off from the Society: It matters very little that that mud may for the time fall on an individual, for there is one thing of which you may be absolutely sure, and that is that no amount of mud, thrown on a person who is trying to live her best, can for very, very long remain upon that person. Life is stronger than any form of opposition or misrepresentation, and I know of no function which is a greater privilege than that, when an attempt to injure the Society is made, it should be turned aside on to the individual who has the honour to represent it before the world. For all through, in Madras, it has been definitely said that Theosophy has come clear out of the attack. And while I do not think that that has found its way over to your papers here, because the agency that supplies the news is hostile, that has been the verdict of all the Madras papers except one, and they agree that the Society is uninjured.

Looking then at the opposition, what is there that we should fear? What we have the right to look for is that as soon as this passing trouble is over, the Society will spring forward more rapidly than it has ever done before.

There is only one real danger that I see near us, and I would put that to you as I close. Some of our

older members are inclined to forget that the future is with the young, and not with themselves. Every generation has its own way of dealing with its problems. Every generation must have its own eyes, and see through its own eyes, and not through the eyes of its elders. And we must remember that if this movement is to go forward, it will go forward by winning the younger generation, who will carry it further than we have been able to do. Some ten or fifteen years ago there was a general complaint that the young people did not join us, that the young men and the young women were not attracted to us. Our members were mostly composed of middle-aged people—some even beyond middle-age. The young who came were very few. But now things are changed; the young ones are crowding in; the young men and the young women are taking a very active part in the movement; and it is our duty to help them to take the places to which they are entitled, and not to insist that they shall follow the policy of the elders, instead of their own policy. I would leave that with you as an earnest warning here as elsewhere. We, who are older, have largely done our work. We have no right to claim the work of the future as our own exclusive privilege. We have worked in the past, and we have made a foundation for our right to serve in the future, when we shall again be young. But meanwhile the younger ones who are to lead the Society into new fields of thought, into new aspirations, into the realisation of new hopes, into the seeing of new visions, they are to have the greater opportunities.

Let us offer to the younger such wisdom as we have gained by experience, but do not let us try to

coerce them, do not let us try to make them walk along our lines ; because these were good for us, it does not follow they are best for them. Give the younger ones every hand and help, but do not try to coerce or control ; give advice, but not orders ; aid, but do not seek to rule. Learn the wisdom of age, which is to give counsel ; feel with the young and sympathise with them ; encourage their hopes. They may not be realised wholly, but they will be realised more if we encourage them therein, than if we throw cold water on their new ideas, and are trying continually to hold them back instead of encouraging them to go forward.

For it is the work that matters, and not you or I. It is the progress of the Movement that is important, and not whether this person or another shall stand as leaders in the Society. This great Movement to which we have given ourselves, it is the Masters' work, not ours. It is Their Society, not ours ; Their Movement, not ours ; and our place is that of service, eager to do Their will, eager to catch Their wish, and to carry it out. And part of that duty, it seems to me, is to give the younger ones the opportunity of showing what they can do, and how fast they can go forward, and not of our being a drag upon the coach, but only helpers, counselors, and advisers.

Then the energy of youth shall flow also into the elders ; then we who are old shall remain enthusiastic, as the young are enthusiastic around us. As we think with them, work with them, are glad with them, their youth will flow into our older veins, and we shall go forward side by side into a better and more beautiful to-morrow, and come back—we older ones—younger

than those who now are younger than ourselves, to take from their hands the banner that they will have carried farther than we can carry it. Let them take it from us now, and in the future we again shall take it from them.

Annie Besant

THE DAY OF EXPLANATIONS

In the day of explanations
When all the truth is told
And all mistakes are righted
None will look harsh or cold.

In the day of explanations
When all the lies fall dead
And the scandals are forgotten
Love will rise up instead.

In the day of explanations
When everything is known
Then Love will reign triumph
Upon his golden throne.

MARGUERITE POLLARD

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Does this Clash with the Evolutionary Theory?

By ELSIE HORDER, F. T. S.

IN the days when Byron was fashionable, and "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean" a favourite recitation, the poetically minded, when oppressed by a realisation of the transitory nature of this world's power and glory, were wont to address to the ocean the passionate enquiry: "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage where are they?" and to receive a very uncomfoting reply. History repeats itself in no more obvious and arresting way than in the rise and fall of nations. And truly, if we have no key to the meaning of this oft-repeated process of birth, development, decay and death, history is a depressing study and the historical student a frequenter of graveyards and decipherer of epitaphs. Backwards and ever backwards the history of mankind is seen to recede, as the discoveries of archæologists reveal the remains of ancient civilisations; civilisations that flourished and died long before the birth of Assyria, Greece, Rome or Carthage. Indeed these names of ancient history are becoming by comparison quite uninterestingly modern. For the lost Atlantis, regarded a few years ago as a purely legendary land, is to-day attesting its reality, and from recently unburied cities in Yucatan and Guatemala evidence

is accumulating of a powerful and enlightened race, a race that had telescopes, and printed books, a calendar and art of a high order, before the days of Egypt and Babylon. How many thousand years separate the printed books of lost Atlantis from William Caxton's printing press in England, I leave the archæologists to guess. Little did Edward IV and his wondering queen and courtiers dream, when they visited the printer and saw his wonderful new writing machine, that history was but repeating itself, and that many, many thousands of years ago, a great catastrophe, legends of which came down the ages in the story of Noah's flood, swept from the face of the earth a great and powerful people to whom the art of printing books was well known. And since no great civilisation can spring from nothing, the civilisation of Atlantis must have had its forerunner, which also had its day and ceased to be.

So we of the British Empire see ourselves as the last in line of an endless series of civilisations and kingdoms and empires, and on many sides the question is being asked: Is history repeating itself? Are we to go the way of all nations in the past? Has the process of decay already set in? Comparisons between our own times and the period of decay of the Roman Empire have become commonplaces; books by serious and weighty historical authorities dealing with the subject continue to multiply. It is satisfactory perhaps to know that those who diagnose our social and political disorders as senile decay are in a minority; still, if history teaches anything clearly, it teaches that the time of decay and death must come, and the British Empire must be one grave more in the vast cemetery of nations.

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the peculiar make-up of the British mind rendered possible the belief that the British Empire was unique, and not subject to the laws which governed "nations not so blest". It was indeed conceived of as the consummation of things, the grand result of past experimenting at civilisation and empire-building, and as such destined to endure to the end of the world; just as the Christian religion, as interpreted by the British Protestant mind, was regarded as the only revelation of God to man. Such beliefs, like the belief that the earth is the centre of the solar system, were only possible to ignorance, and a wider knowledge of history, and contact with the 'heathen' have undermined, if not completely destroyed, both.

How near or how far off is the fall of our Empire matters little. History says emphatically that it must go. The Roman dreamed of his eternal Empire, and men were amazed and their hearts failed them when that mighty edifice tottered and fell, burying in its ruins the familiar Gods, and the religious sanctions of the mighty past. There was a spirit of intense pessimism abroad in the declining days of Rome. Men cannot hope greatly when they have no great and vital religious faith. Does not history repeat itself in this particular too? We are not a happy people; in every department of the nation's life there is discontent and unrest. Old landmarks have been removed, organised religion has ceased to hold the people, the mass of men know not what they believe or for what they are to hope. What does it all mean? It all seems "a striving and a striving and an ending in nothing". Do we just go round in a circle, and is the future in very truth just the past

re-entered by another door? Does the world never solve its problems? Maybe the Phoenix is no symbol of hope, but is merely the type of the unsolved problems of mankind, springing with new life and vigour from the ashes of one civilisation to find a home again in a later one. Long ago a royal pessimist, oppressed by history's constant repetitions, declared that there is nothing new under the sun. It looks as if all life is just "a climbing up a climbing wave," and that Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters were right, who, seeing death as the end of all, turned their backs upon life and chose as their portion rest and dreamful ease.

What then becomes of evolution, that magic word that has revolutionised the thought of this generation? When we speak of evolution the idea connoted is of a gradual advance from lower forms to higher. The biological point of view, by means of which the idea of evolution was first given by Darwin to the world, has long since been enlarged, until every department of life is seen to be under the law. The logical conclusion of the application of the evolutionary theory would seem to be that latest results must always be the best, the nearest to truth and perfection. Maybe reliance on the apparent logic of this reasoning is responsible for the widespread assumption that our civilisation is the finest that the world has seen, that ours is an age of enlightenment such as the world has never known. Think of the contemptuous attitude of the average Briton towards men of the older civilisations, towards all men of a complexion different from his own. Think of the scant respect paid to the religious beliefs of other peoples, as evidenced by our crude though well-meaning missionary efforts. It is true that the field of foreign

missions has always had its great men, its saints and martyrs, and that a broader spirit is making itself felt to-day, but the majority of missionaries still go forth in the serene belief that "their souls are lighted" in some exclusive way "with wisdom from on high," to break the heathen of his pernicious habit of bowing down to wood and stone, without thinking it worth while, if the 'heathen' should belong to an old civilisation, to know anything of his point of view, or of his ancient faith.

Does it not seem as if the evolutionary theory bolsters up this exclusiveness and conceit? Are not we, the heirs of all the ages, models to the rest of the world? Listen to the latest words of the veteran scientist Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace. At ninety-one years of age this strenuous thinker thus passes judgment upon us. After surveying "the various forms of social immorality which have accompanied the economic development of our civilisation," he says:

Taking account of these various groups of undoubted facts, many of which are so gross, so terrible, that they cannot be over stated, it is not too much to say that our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom and the social environment as a whole in relation to our possibilities and claims is the worst that the world has ever seen.

In the same number of the *Christian Commonwealth* in which that book was reviewed, the Rev. R. J. Campbell makes these striking remarks in a sermon:

I ask you to take stock of the benefits of progress and enterprise up to date in this favoured land of ours. I deliberately challenge the assumption that England is to the rest of the world an example of the way to live and the ideals at which we ought to aim. We are so used to the assumption that we scarcely ever think of questioning it . . . I ask you this morning to conceive it possible that we may be all wrong, that we have developed our resources mistakenly, that we have got into a cul-de-sac, and will have to find our way out again somehow.

What then we may ask again, in justifiable bewilderment, becomes of evolution? Is history in our time, to the confusion of our ideas of continual progress, repeating some phase of the world's story, such as the degenerate days of the Roman Republic, with its wealthy aristocracy and its hideous poverty, its luxury and ostentation based upon slavery? Yet is the idea of evolution so woven into the texture of our thought that we know it must be somehow true, or our world is chaos.

Yet we doubt not through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Perhaps we have been merely mistaken in our idea of the way in which the increasing purpose manifests itself. We think of evolution as progress in a straight line, a steady mounting upward step by step. The truth is, and this when applied will be found to be the explanation of the apparent contradictions of evolution which we have glanced at, that evolution is progress upward, but by a spiral movement, not in a straight upward line.

Keeping in mind for the purpose of illustration a spiral staircase we can see that in mounting, at the first turn of the spiral, we reach a point exactly above our starting point but one turn higher up. Similarly all succeeding steps bring us to points just above those on which we stood as we traversed step by step the first turn of the spiral. We are covering again the same ground on the next turn of the spiral, and this process is repeated the whole way up. If the energy, the life, the Spirit, call by what name you will the upward driving force which we call the law of evolution, travels

by a spiral movement, we can see how inevitable it is that history should repeat itself. And we can see that the repetition means neither stagnation nor retrogression, but progress all the time.

For the purpose of illustration let us take a well-known cycle in the world's story, the period that separates the Roman domination of the world from the British Empire of to-day. What are the salient points of that cycle? Rome having reached the height of her power started on the downward path, and the process of disintegration continued until she fell a prey to the barbarian nations of the north; then the slow civilising of these barbarian people through the centuries that make up the Middle Ages of Europe, now one, now another nation making a bid for dominion over the others, until at last England emerged as the new world power, the new Rome. When we have completed the turn of the spiral we shall be just over the point that marks the greatest power of Rome.

There are some who think that we have already passed that point and are standing over the point of the beginning of Rome's decline. But what was the essential work of the Roman Empire? Above all things its work was the introduction of the idea of unity into the world. Rome grasped at a world-empire. By her magnificent roads she linked together far distant countries and diverse peoples; her system of provincial administration gave to all parts of her vast empire the unifying power of a common idea, the idea of dominant Rome as the centre whence radiated law and order and authority. The Roman Empire as a unifying idea was most powerful. It is true the unity was based upon conquest, and was maintained by military power

and expressed by the payment of tribute money. It was a rough sketch of a real unity.

Now, amid all the confusion of our present social and political conditions, what is the dominant note that is being struck? Who can doubt that it is unity, brotherhood? On the physical plane the distance between nations is being continually lessened by improved methods of travelling, time is set at naught by cables and wireless telegraphy. Nations can learn to know each other as they never could in the past, and with knowledge come respect and the possibility of real unity. Think of the movements having unity as their aim—the Peace Movement, the great International Councils representing various activities to which delegates come from all parts of the world; that most significant gathering held some two years ago in London, the Inter-racial Conference; the rapid growth of the Theosophical Society, having a belief in universal brotherhood as its sole test of admission. The idea of brotherhood is the enduring element in Socialism, as it is the basic truth of Democracy, though now so overlaid by falsehood that it is hard to discover it. What is the significance of all the activities, if not that the British Empire is destined to fill in the rough sketch drawn by Rome, and bring about a real brotherhood of nations and of classes? And thinking this we may hold the opinion that the turn of the spiral is not yet complete, and that our Empire has further greatness in store before the coming of old age.

Following up this line of thought history takes on a more cheerful aspect; the sense of futility, of moving in a circle, vanishes. If the work of past nations is taken up and carried to completion by later ones, we see how

the evolutionary force, if you put it that way, or the will of God guiding His universe to its destined consummation, if you put it another way, is working ever upwards. If we could see far enough backwards, far enough forwards, doubtless we should see the work of all nations that have ever been, taken up and enriched and brought nearer to perfection by some succeeding people. It is true that the beauty of Greece remains unique; that no society has in later times evolved a social order comparable in dignity and spirituality with that of which we catch glimpses in ancient India; that in the records left us of Chaldæa and Egypt we have hints of scientific knowledge and of mystic lore that the world has not yet recaptured. But cycles are of every duration; and in the infinite number of spiral movements making up the world's progress, the turn of the spiral is sometimes short, sometimes very long. Certain it is that nothing is lost, though all cannot manifest at once; and in the fullness of time who can doubt that the beauty of Greece, the spirituality of India, the hidden lore of Egypt and Chaldæa shall appear once more, enlarged, enriched, grown nearer to perfection? And as it does not yet appear what man shall be, our argument implies that in the long journey to the goal of evolution, whatever that may be, all the movements which we know as history shall appear and disappear many times as the spiral mounts upwards, each reappearance marking a turn in the long ascent, a stage nearer to the ultimate truth and perfection.

So we need not be depressed, if, when we ask of the ocean the whereabouts of Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, our question is evaded or answered in a

pessimistic vein. For we have our answer. But have we answered the problem set by apparent retrogression, by the existence of those social conditions in the world's leading nation which called forth the just condemnation of thinking men of such different types as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell?

Setting aside for the moment that special problem, let us see what apparent evil and retrogression are, considered from the point of view of special progress. When the evolutionary force has carried a movement to its destined height, it withdraws from it gradually, and disintegration sets in. Naturally enough those who have identified themselves with any movement, who have become accustomed to a certain environment, regard the passing of the old order with regret, and see retrogression and decay. Could the Roman, when his great civilisation was shattered by uncouth barbarians, see anything but a turning back of the wheel of progress? Yet the future lay with these same barbarians. The Roman civilisation had done its work, and a new one was to be built. The form was broken up, and the life-force passed on to the building up of a new form. Or to take another illustration. With what misgivings must the men who made the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," when England was a "nest of singing birds," and throbbed with great hopes and aspirations, have viewed the oncoming tide of Puritanism, with its harsh views of life, its stern contempt for art and culture. Yet the Puritan Revolution had its necessary work to do, a work as great, if not so attractive, as that of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists. Or again, see how those who were moulded by the early Victorian theology despaired of the young generation,

which, under the impulse of the new scientific spirit, and a more sensitive imagination and broader humanity, discarded the terrible, and to us blasphemous, beliefs in eternal punishment and hell fire and an angry God, and refused to believe, in the interests of a liberal interpretation of the seven days of creation, that God put fossils in the rocks to puzzle the geologists.

We are far enough from that time, though the early Victorian theology still survives in many places, to realise how necessary was the breaking up of the old forms that new and better ones should be built. But it was a very evil thing to our grandparents. It appears then that what we call evil and retrogression consists in the breaking up of the particular form with which we have been associated. We travel with the increasing force to a particular point in the spiral, then the force turns and travels apparently in the opposite direction, and we cannot realise that it is bearing humanity with it back to the same position on a plane higher up. We can realise that this is so of the past, but it is hard to realise it of the present, of the forms with which we are associated. How hard it is, we have lately seen delightfully set forth in Arnold Bennett's play 'Milestones'. This process of the building up, and the breaking up of forms is repeated in the life story of every man, who is born, comes to maturity, grows old and dies. But though man shrinks from death, the wise have said that death is the gate of life, and so we see it to be in the larger processes of history.

Touching our own social evils, the unrest and misery among us to-day may be interpreted as the result of the breaking-up of an old social order. As a matter of historical fact we have had no social

order since the Wars of the Roses dealt a fatal blow at the Feudal system. Feudalism has been dying in England ever since, and to the making of a new order many new factors have come, notably our great industrial growth, and increasing power over natural resources. In our efforts to solve our problem of social reconstruction we seem to have got into a dreadful muddle; we have as the Rev. R. J. Campbell puts it developed our resources mistakenly, guided by the spirit of materialism. Feudalism was no ideal system, still it established human relations between classes, while we have merely class antagonisms. The lord owed protection to his vassals and they owed him service in return, and in the great baronial hall with its common dining-table we have an indication of the idea of brotherhood. It is true that the idea of brotherhood expressed by the Feudal system would be most unacceptable to modern Democracy which regards brotherhood and equality as synonymous terms, but it is just this confusion of terms which has led to the many blunders of the democratic movement; blunders which as their evil results become increasingly apparent, are undermining the general faith in Democracy as the solution of our social and political evils. For brotherhood implies differences of age and capacity. Can the members of a family be all of an age, or have they all equal or similar gifts? No, in a family the older must care for the younger, the strong protect the weak; and it is this idea of brotherhood, which, becoming stronger among us as the wealthy and cultured realise increasingly their responsibilities towards their less fortunate fellows, will, when the turn of the spiral is complete, bring about a reincarnation of the human

relationships of the Feudal system enriched by the experiences of the intervening centuries.

Is it necessary now to defend by further argument the idea of the spiral movement we call evolution? Its best defence is that it explains the facts, whereas the idea of movement in a straight line does not. We know that for more than a quarter of a century after the publication of Darwin's discoveries, men applied the evolutionary hypothesis to many departments of knowledge, working on the assumption of a steady upward advance in a straight line from crude beginnings to large results. Invaluable as this work proved for future progress, logic, working from a false premise led them into positions which have proved to be quite untenable as more facts came to light.

It would take too long to review even the best known of false conclusions of the last generation of scientific workers, conclusions which the present generation is by degrees abandoning. I mention only by way of illustration the theory of the comparative mythologists, who thought that they had found the seed of the mighty tree which is religion, in the nature-worship of primitive man, and traced back all man's immortal longings and beliefs, all the experiences of Mystics and Saints to the fear-inspired superstitions of savage man. Taking a broad view, it is safe to say that the scientific materialism of the last generation was the logical result of a mistaken idea of the method of progress. Coming into contact, as we often do, with members of that large section of society to which the ideas which represented the advanced thought of fifty years ago have just filtered down we can realise how arrogant and how deep rooted that materialism was.

Who does not know the type of man who quotes Huxley and Haeckel and thinks himself up to date, merely pitying you as an early Victorian survival if you suggest that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy? The daily papers contained an amusing instance a short time ago. You may remember that a prominent Wesleyan clergyman, at the recent annual conference of that denomination, had the temerity to suggest that, as truth is so vast a thing, our ideas of religious truth, like our ideas of scientific truth must be subject to the law of growth. In the excited controversy which this tremendous statement evoked, a correspondent in a daily paper quoted S. Paul as an authority, whereupon he was promptly taken to task by an enlightened man, who poured scorn on S. Paul as an authority for anything, suggesting that he was all very well for the primitive times in which he lived, but that we live in an enlightened age, and two thousand years of progress have made us so vastly wiser than S. Paul that only the foolishly old-fashioned would dream of taking him seriously. That instance is a striking example of the common assumption that by the law of evolution the latest results must be the best, and that mere lapse of time involves all-round superiority. It is reasonable to believe, as probably all of us do, that S. Paul said many things that applied only to his own age, notably his views on the woman question of his time; it probably never entered his head that such sayings would be regarded as divine commands for all time. It is true that we might surprise him with telephones and phonographs, and that he had no knowledge of airships, or even of trains, but

only the conceit of ignorance could imagine these other than small things compared with the knowledge of the man who could say, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain," and know what he meant by it.

Does the idea of spiral progress need in addition to its power to explain facts the support of great names? Someone with a knowledge of the history of philosophy alone could deal adequately with that line of argument. I can only say that I believe the idea of a progressive spiral movement to be as old as religion. Certainly it is to be found in the ancient Hindū religion and history is only repeating itself as the idea reappears among us. So far as I know, James Hinton was the first to express the idea in England. More than fifty years ago he wrote as follows:

The idea that that only which is bad needs to be reformed, superseded, done away with, is perhaps the greatest hindrance to our progress in every respect. We must learn to see that everything, the good and necessary just as much as any other, requires to be reformed and superseded by the opposite when it has had its day; that, in truth, everything that is, is good and needs to be replaced by the opposite because it is good, and has therefore prepared for the opposite; that progress is spiral, and all things are unipolar and demand their opposite. To recognise this thoroughly and wisely would put a complete end, it appears to me, to all the intellectual errors that oppose progress.

So the philosopher expresses the idea; does not the poet mean just the same thing when he says:

The old order changeth yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Yes, surely this great idea is true. We cannot look upon a tree or a plant without seeing an illustration of spiral progress. Are not all leaves and branches arranged in a regular order on the trunk or stem, following the spiral winding or the windings of two interlaced

spirals? Can we think of a quality that has not its upper and lower aspect? Foolhardiness reappears at the turn of the spiral as courage, knowledge as wisdom, desire as aspiration. The idea is as inspiring as it is true. Almost it seems that we might say as the equivalent of the statement, progress is spiral—all things reincarnate. Nations reincarnate as we have seen. It is difficult for those to whom the idea of reincarnation is a belief, to hold back from the deduction that those who made a nation in the past reappear at the appointed time to carry their work up to a higher point. Whether you think this a fair deduction or not, the idea of spiral progress remains an inspiration. With this key to history the world ceases to be a vast cemetery of nations. Like the children in 'The Blue Bird,' we see the tombs disappearing, and to us, asking in glad surprise, "Where are the dead?" the answer comes, "There are no dead."

Elsie Horder

WOMEN AND PUBLIC SPIRIT

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

“**C**HERCHEZ LA FEMME” is the cherished tradition of criminal departments. Police inspectors and private detectives, to whom the daughters of Eve are the mothers of mischief, make use of the phrase to give utterance to their hereditary belief in woman as the origin of evil. We readily admit that, by virtue of a certain elusive quality, which may be termed the power of suggestion, woman is not infrequently the instigator to crime. This, however, is only half the truth. The same quality makes her the inspirer to deeds of valour and virtue, but the public mind is still so little acquainted with the laws of true perspective that it has never yet occurred to anybody to quote the phrase in connection with woman and the production of anything good.

Is there a painful scandal public or private? “*Cherchez la femme*,” says the man in the street knowingly. “*Cherchez la femme*,” echoes the man in the club complacently. How great their mutual amazement, were some illustrious visitor to the East, sight-seeing at Agra or Benares, to pause before the mournful glory of the Tāj Mahāl, or linger in the learned precincts of the Central Hindū College, to exclaim “*Cherchez la femme*”. We fear no royal patron has so much as

murmured it at the laying of the foundation stones of those great palaces of pain we call in the West our city hospitals; but both the eastern monuments to art and culture and the western tributes to philanthropy are laurels laid at the feet of womanhood, man's witness to the world without of woman all glorious within, his response to her inspiration, his acknowledgment of her devotion. Without her it is doubtful if they would ever have arisen to bless the world with the triple gifts of beauty, knowledge and healing. Let women point their detractors to such monuments. What is early-Victorian tittle-tattle, the scandal of clubs or the censure of drawing-rooms to women whose own works praise them in the gates? Nor was there ever a more eloquent reply to evil-speaking than well-doing.

There is moreover a permanent Court of Appeal from the verdict of any particular day to the judgment of posterity. Women may await with patience the time when the world will wish to inquire more closely into the personalities of some of those world-awakeners who brought about the abolition of slavery, the reformation of prisons, the skilled tending of the sick, the diminishing of drunkenness and vice, the spread of education, the passing of the 'Married Women's Property Act,' the rescue of young children from crawling upon all fours as beasts of burden in the coal-mines, the reconciliation of rival religions, the recent revival of spirituality in both hemispheres, and many other such-like things. A society formed to inquire into these matters might appropriately adopt as its device the legend "*Cherches la femme*".

Meanwhile something may be attempted even in the limits of a short article. Let us 'seek woman' not as the

cause of crime but as the agent turning men to righteousness. We shall then witness her extraordinary powers of suggestion put in exercise. We shall see how a certain dynamic force of hers is pent up in a frail body. Often it is handicapped by poverty and social obscurity or by conventional restrictions; yet this spiritual force will shake off every fetter to give so mighty an impetus to the moral evolution of the world that the impulse lasts even for centuries.

Who but Sītā is the well-spring of inspiration to Hindū womanhood? The bride of Shāh Jehan reigned in the house of her husband, but Sītā—where in all the history of the whole world will you find such a Queen of Hearts? You question if she ever lived? There seems to be pre-historical foundation for the existence of her father Janaka, King of Koshala, and as to Sītā, why according to the Hindū chronicles she died eight hundred thousand years ago, but she is more alive at this moment than any modern maiden—she is inextricably interwoven with the fabric of Indian life. The hand of Sītā is like the head of Charles I, which you will remember could *not* be kept out of the memorial.

Do you doubt this? Walk with some Indian lady friend and, as you talk, try to keep Sītā out of the conversation. You will fail. Do you so much as catch your raiment in the sea-prickles—

“Beware!” your Indian sister will instantly exclaim. “Beware of the whiskers of Rāvaṇa!”

“Rāvaṇa!” you repeat irritably. What in the world have anybody’s whiskers to do with your predicament? But you are soon abashed by a superb smile of superior wisdom:

“Rāvaṇa, who ran away with Sītā!”

Then you give it up, for you perceive plainly that this is a world of Māyā in which you are only part of the illusion, whereas Sītā is a supreme reality, an eternal verity. It is for love of Sītā that the Indian woman scorns to make her life a pleasure-chase, setting her footsteps firmly on the road of renunciation. Western women in their nervous restless lives sometimes think wistfully of Sītā, so safe among—

The immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence, live
 In pulses stirred to generosity, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self.

India gives us the adoring wife, but we must turn to the West to find that flower of humanity—its maidenhood. But for early marriages, what might not India's maidens have been?

"I would have the men pure and the maidens brave," said a holy father.

"Surely the maidens pure and the men brave is what you would say, good father!" corrected a critic.

"No," was the reply, "Nature has done that. I meant what I said."

Then if courage be the crown of maidenhood, let France be proud of her maidens. She does not only boast 'The Maid' of all history; she has other daughters, worthy of their illustrious sister. Take for example that *demoiselle d'honneur* of Marie Antoinette, who, when the infuriated rabble that sought her royal mistress in the Tuileries burst tumultuously into the ante-chamber and broke the bolt of the last barrier, thrust her slim arm into its place to make a moment for the Queen's escape. Nor is she the last of these remarkable maidens. In the heart of the Pyrenees a sorrowful spectacle takes place almost daily. Hundreds

of sick folk, helpless guests in the Hostel of Our Lady of Pain, lie on their couches in the open square, awaiting the passing of the Host. Simultaneously a colossal pilgrimage of friends and sympathisers ascends the broad sweeps of steps that conduct pilgrims to the portal of Our Lady of Lourdes. From England and Germany, Alsace and Switzerland, Austria and Italy, they come, each with his candle and his psalter book. Now the sonorous Spanish, now the guttural German, takes up the eternal chant: Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

Sometimes you will see pilgrims rise from their beds, or fling away their crutches, and rush to bless the Madonna and to kiss Her feet. Some speak openly of miracles. Others talk cautiously about "a consensus of thought power" and the "action of suggestion upon the sub-conscious mind". Nobody denies the existence of thousands of discarded crutches. "Seek for the woman." You find a simple Pyrenean maiden. As she knelt upon the mountains, she received a commission from the Queen of Heaven. "The place she knelt upon was holy. . . the waters were healing. . . there was to be a shrine. . . a Church must be built. . . signs should follow. . . the Madonna would bestow a blessing." Strange tale to have to tell to nineteenth century France. How absurdly it must have sounded in the mouth of an ignorant, moon-struck, poverty-stricken peasant girl. Orthodoxy did its best to stop the movement, but neither the dissuasions of Pope and Cardinals, nor the sneers of agnostics and sceptics, could daunt the 'formidable innocence' of Bernadette and, in short, there it stands, the Church of her Vision, three tiers of it, based on a great basilica above the waters of the miraculous source. Thirty Archbishops presided

meekly at its consecration. In France "*l'homme propose mais la femme dispose!*" Truly a Maid of Destiny was Bernadette.

"I will that my ashes rest upon the banks of the Seine among the French people that I loved so much," wrote the Man of Destiny. But was it the French people that Napoleon loved or was it a certain phantom—a goddess called La Gloire? One wonders, for the French people seem indifferent to their departed Lover; but they all love Bernadette—Bernadette, who outbraved the ridicule of the most agnostic nation in the most materialistic age and is still a living factor in the lives of thousands. To her, as to many women, death is only the beginning of their life-work. She has made the grave a pulpit from which she, "being dead, yet speaketh" to the French people. You may burn a maiden or you may bury her, but you cannot bury a movement, and as to the maiden—she will rise again. But ah! how black to Heaven is man's ingratitude! He abandons Sītā to years of lonely exile, Hypatia he tears in pieces, with devouring flame and suffocating smoke he silences Joan of Arc, yea, and with a sword he even pierces the soul of the Blessed Virgin.

Would you seek the woman in Spain? You need not go far. At Barcelona you already come upon the statues and portraits of Isabella the Catholic. To her in the dark hour of his despair came Christopher Columbus. Strange freak of fate for this forlorn adventurer to find a sister in the Queen of Castile! Scorned and condemned by Church and State, his future prospects must indeed have looked hopeless. None the less Isabella stood his friend. Isabella sold her jewels to obtain his ships, and upheld his sinking

spirits till those last moments when she stood upon the shore to bid him God-speed in his hazardous enterprise. May we, without *léze-majesté* cry: Bravo, Isabella?

In Spain Columbus is the national hero, but Teresa is the national Saint. Picture, if you will, the indomitable Carmelite crossing and re-crossing the Spanish Peninsular in a little wooden cart, becoming the life and soul of the counter-reformation, founding her twenty-eight reformed religious houses, braving storms without, quelling mutinies within. "You have deceived me in saying this was a woman; she is a bearded man." To day the modest MS. of the great Active rests in the Escorial among the treasures of the Spanish Kings.

Italy contributes another of these moving Spirits. Catherine of Siena—not to be confounded with her namesake of Alexandria—the Italian maiden, now, we are assured, "one of the fourteen most helpful saints in Heaven," forms with her followers the connecting link between S. Francis and Savonarola. She rendered her chief service to the mediæval world when in the matter of the exiled Popes she proved a successful mediator where Dante and Petrarch had failed. Gardner writes:

Her letters are addressed to Kings, Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, conventual bodies, political corporations and private individuals. Their historic importance, their spiritual fragrance, and their literary value combine to put their author on a level with Petrarch as a fourteenth century letter-writer. Her language is the purest Tuscan of the golden age of the Italian Vernacular, and with spontaneous eloquence she passes to and fro between spiritual counsel, domestic advice and political guidance.

The subject is fascinating, but we dare not linger over Elizabeth of Hungary, whose apron full of rose-leaves has inspired the artist as Beatrice has inspired

the poet; nor yet upon "the little Wilhelmina of almost too sharp wits," to whom Carlyle makes such handsome acknowledgments in his life of her brother, Frederick the Great. There remain still England and America to be briefly dealt with.

The names of Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale are household words wherever English is a mother-tongue, nor were either of their public ministries limited to their native land. Elizabeth Fry made several extended tours, in the course of which she visited French, Swiss, German, and Danish prisons, and before her death she saw the adoption of many reforms. The English are a compassionate people, and perhaps had they to choose a companion Saint to their S. George, they would select Santa Filomena as the poet has re-christened our "Lady with the Lamp".

One instance of the courage of English maidenhood may fitly be given. The authoress of *The Roadmender* fell victim to a grievous malady in her twenty-second year.

When first she could no longer go about she took up modelling . . . too ill for that, she wrote . . . when she could no longer sit up she wrote lying down . . . her right hand failed, she wrote with her left . . . her sight went and she dictated . . . Such the dire conditions under which the *Roadmender* was finished—

America gives us a marvel of patience and perseverance in Helen Keller, born deaf, dumb, and blind but now the possessor of a B. A. degree. One more example from over the Atlantic. Eighteen years' residence in Cincinnati had familiarised the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with every detail of the slave trade. That such a book should ever have been completed amid poverty, ill-health and domestic duties seems little short of miraculous. Her manuscript lay upon the kitchen

dresser, and was written a few words at a time in intervals between washing-up and preparing the next meal, often with her baby in one hand and her pen in the other. When published it had a phenomenal success, was translated into twenty-three languages and read by all the Prime Ministers in Europe. It was certainly a factor in the abolition of slavery.

It seems impossible to put any limits to the influence of one simple woman. When Queen Victoria passed over, an obscure Japanese journalist complained of loneliness in the columns of a Kyoto journal. Exactly in what way the great gentlewoman had imparted to him a sense of companionship it might be difficult to say, but had she not that touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin"? She was a universal sister. Would that a double portion of her spirit might descend on the women of the Empire she once ruled! Good women, kind women, are plentiful. Their private charity is often wonderful. Lady Bountiful and Madame Liberality go hand in hand. But great women? Why is a great woman so much rarer a phenomenon of Nature than a great man? You ask what constitutes a great woman? What has Siřa in common with Victoria, Helena Blavatsky with Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bernadette with Santa Filomena, Isabella with Annie Besant? Only their womanhood and their public spirit.

A very illuminative conversation took place recently between a noted alienist and an old abbé; the great specialist was full of impatience:

"Bah! Monsieur l'abbé! Do not speak to me of Jeanne d'Arc. Hysteria! Neurasthenia! Come to the Salpêtrière. I will show you fifty Jeanne d'Arcs!"

The abbé elevated his eyebrows.

“Indeed, Monsieur,” he replied politely, “and which of them have given us back Alsace and Lorraine?” In other words, which of them has shown any practical patriotism, for it is not her visions and her voices that have immortalised the Maid of Orleans. It is her public spirit.

We hear much in these days about “Universal Brotherhood,” whether as sentimental theory from the pulpit or scientific fact from the socialistic platform. The universal brother has ‘arrived,’ be he Briton, Bahai, or Burman. But his counterpart, the universal sister, where is she? How the wheels of her perambulator loiter! It looks as though she were not born yet, but how long will Feminism stop short of Humanism? You talk of universal service from men in time of war? Why not a universal service from women in time of peace? “I would have man master of himself that he may be the servant of all,” wrote a great statesman. If this be the goal of manhood, then to be mistress of self and servant of all is the twin goal of womanhood. Every woman must not only recognise but realise herself as member of the Commonwealth and servant of the State. To be mistress of self and handmaid of all is the great enfranchisement of women, of which no Government may deprive them. Government may prevent your being happy; it cannot forbid your being good. It may refuse to admit rights; it cannot regard duties as contraband. You will wait for the power of the vote? But why wait? any woman worth her salt can make her own power. What can she do? Take one simple yet ghastly thing—take War. Ruskin has pointed out that “if war only broke the china on ladies’

drawing-room tables, no war would last a week". Men have little to gain by it beyond dead men's shoes, and women have certainly everything to lose. Let women arise and put an end to war. Take another public problem—Education. If the care of the child be not a woman's work, what is?

Quite recently in India a large meeting was held on the subject of Education. It was attended by hundreds of men and *one woman*. Anglo-India will soon identify her, but . . . are there no more?

Surely she must be on her way to us, the universal sister of our dreams. Has not the poet told us how he looked into the Heavens and longed, and longed, and looked, and how at last, in answer to his ceaseless Ave Maria,

The blessed damosel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven.

And even as the poet, one day we shall wake up and find her, the universal sister—a woman with a planetary patriotism, that makes distinctions of race and creed, colour and caste, seem childishness, and war a squabble in the nursery; a woman whose ears are opened alike to the howl of the animal, the sighing of the prisoner, the calling of the sick, and the crying of the child; a woman who bears on her brow an invisible name that nobody sees and that every one knows, the name of Help, who is at once a maid of all work and a Queen of Hearts, nor would ever "abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next door neighbour". In her social ministries, the universal sister never draws the line anywhere; he who halts to paint her, he would limn her arms encircling the globe. Let one who has seen her speak:

It was the terrace of God's house
 That she was standing on,
 By God built over the sheer depth
 In which is Space begun ;
 So high that looking downward thence
 You scarce could see the sun.

* * * * *

"I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come," she said.
 "Have I not prayed in solemn Heaven
 On earth has he not prayed ?

* * * * *

"Yea, verily ; when he is mine
 We will do thus and thus :
 Till this my vigil seem quite strange
 And almost fabulous ;
 We two will live at once one life ;
 And peace shall be with us."

O woman, does man still blame you for his Paradise
 Lost? You shall open to him the gates of Paradise
 Regained.

K. F. Stuart

The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognised motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties ; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life ; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us ; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.

Ruskin, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*



THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS

IV

Govind Singh and the Preservation of Sikhism

By DOROTHY FIELD

IT has been necessary to consider at some length the lives of the nine Gurus who preceded Guru Govind Singh—the last and greatest of the Sikh prophets. The history of the Sikh religion is so closely bound up with the development of its doctrine that it is

impossible to separate the two. As a feeling of antagonism spread among the Muhammadans, warlike tendencies grew up among the Sikhs, and gradually became part of their religion. The Moghul rulers of Delhi were largely responsible for this.

Fearing any power which seemed to threaten their supremacy, they encouraged the fanaticism that was inherent in their Muhammadan subjects, and thus the persecution of the Sikhs began. Whereas Nānak, the founder of Sikhism, had been very friendly to the Muhammadans, and had made a bitter attack on the Hindūs, this state of affairs was gradually reversed, and by the time of Teg Bahādur it had actually become possible for a Sikh Guru to offer himself as a martyr in the Hindū cause. This Guru, ninth in succession from Nānak, finding that Aurangzeb was seeking to destroy the Hindū religion by force, determined to embroil himself with the Emperor, and thus distract attention from the Hindūs to himself. He thereby hoped to give his countrymen some respite, and at the same time to create an opportunity for proclaiming his purer doctrine. This sacrifice involved a cruel death, which Teg Bahādur fully expected, and which he refused to escape by recantation.

It will be remembered that the martyrdom of Arjan, the fifth Guru, had given a great impetus to the warlike tendency of the Sikhs, and that his successor had surrounded himself with an army. These results were infinitely greater in the case of the death of Teg Bahādur, and they came just at the very moment when the sect was in most danger of extermination. Isolated individual actions sometimes affect the history of vast continents, and by them great causes stand or fall. The

death of Teg Bahādur makes history as it is to-day. It gave the inspiration that formed the Khālsa, and the Khālsa saved the Empire for the British. The failing courage of the Sikhs was thereby restored, and Govind Singh, with his father's death in mind, accomplished one of the most magnificent tasks that the world has ever known.

He first proceeded to collect an army, and to make his position as strong as possible. Every disciple who came to him was taught the science of warfare and was enrolled as a soldier. The Guru himself became so magnificent a warrior that it is said by the chronicler that "his splendour shone like the sun". Some of the Sikhs protested against this extreme development, but the Guru replied that he had been sent by the Immortal God to preserve the sect, and to defend it against all oppressors. For this purpose he proceeded to the great work of his life—the institution of the Khanda-ki-Pahul. This took place in the following manner.

When the Sikhs were assembled on a certain day, Govind Singh drew his sword, and asked if any were ready to die for him. Five were found willing to do so. After putting these to the test the Guru poured water into an iron vessel, and stirred it with a khanda, or two-edged sword. He then repeated his Jāpji, the Jāpji of Nānak, Amar Ḍās Ānand, and other compositions of his own. He then baptised the five Sikhs by giving them five palmfuls of the water to drink, and by sprinkling it five times on their hair and their eyes, causing them all to repeat *Wah Guruji ka Khālsa; Wah Guruji ki Faṭah*. He gave them the surname of Singh, and the five distinctive signs, bidding them wear long hair (Kesh), a comb for it (Kangha), a sword

(Kripan), short drawers (Kachh), and a steel bracelet (Kara). The Sikhs then in turn baptised the Guru, showing that the Khālsa had now definite religious power. In the Guru's words: "The Khālsa is the Guru and the Guru is the Khālsa; there is no difference between you and me."

Govind Singh then sent to the hill chiefs and Rājās, beseeching them to strengthen themselves by means of this ceremony against their enemies, both spiritual and material. They replied: "How can we, who are weak like sparrows, overcome through your baptism the powerful enemies of our faith, who are strong like hawks?" "I will make," replied the Guru, "humble sparrows, by virtue of this baptism, beat the aggressive and powerful hawks, and then call my name Govind Singh." This prophecy has been amply fulfilled. The Pahul has been described by a Sikh writer as the "incomparable miracle of India". It is certainly an astounding fact that Govind Singh by this means did succeed in reclaiming a vast outcaste population. He converted men supposed to be unclean and polluted from their birth into exceptionally fine types of humanity—brave, self-respecting, upright and fearless warriors. Countless pariahs and outcastes, in defiance of age-long prejudice and conservatism, were received into the Sikh community, where they were on equal terms with all other baptised persons, of whatever caste. They all showed bravery and charity one to another, fighting side by side and sharing a common meal.

Govind Singh then laid down very definite rules to be observed by the Khālsa. Besides taking the baptism, they were to regard themselves in other ways as distinct, though they might have dealings with everyone.

They were to bathe every morning before dawn, chant the hymns of the Gurus, meditate on the Creator, share a common meal, disregard caste, and believe in the equality of all men. The Rahiras were to be repeated in the evening, and the Sohila at bed-time. They were neither to smoke nor to drink wine, but they might eat flesh-food—with the exception of that of the cow—provided that the animal had been slain by one blow dealt by a Sikh. No Brāhmaṇa priests were to be employed in domestic affairs. Sikhs might only marry within their own community and according to Sikh rites, and a special burial service was also to be used. No Hindū pilgrimages or ceremonies were permitted, and Sikhs were bidden to assist one another in time of trouble. Loyalty to the ruling sovereign and to the sword were insisted upon, and at the present day an injunction is added at the time of baptism to be loyal to the British Government, which the neophytes solemnly promise.

It will be noticed that a large number of these rules make for strong physique—such, for instance, as the eating of meat, the wearing of long hair, the practice of regular bathing and early rising, the regular use of arms, abstinence from wine and tobacco and from unhealthy and exhausting pilgrimages.

Govind Singh repeated the prophecy of his father concerning the coming of the English with still greater distinctness. These words are full of interest to-day :

What God willeth shall take place. When the army of the Muhammadans cometh, my Sikhs shall strike steel on steel. The Khālsa shall then awake, and know the play of battle. Amid the clash of arms the Khālsa shall be partners in present and future bliss, tranquillity, meditation, and divine knowledge. Then shall the English come, and, joined by the Khālsa, rule as well in the East as in the West. The holy

Bābā Nānak will bestow all wealth on them. The English shall possess great power and by force of arms take possession of many principalities. The combined armies of the English and the Sikhs shall be very powerful, as long as they rule with united councils. The Empire of the British shall vastly increase, and they shall in every way obtain prosperity. Wherever they take their armies they shall conquer and bestow thrones on their vassals. Then in every house shall be wealth, in every house religion, in every house learning and in every house happiness. The English shall rule for a long time.

The Khālsa grew rapidly in strength, men of every caste, or none, flocking to the Guru's standard. The Sikhs were involved in many engagements with the Muhammadans, and were frequently worsted, but their phenomenal courage made them fight to the death against tremendous odds, and their physical strength soon became famous. Upon the death of the Emperor Aurangzeb their political position improved somewhat, and Govind Singh was personally on friendly terms with the Emperor Bahādur Shah before his own death came in 1708. He died as the result of a wound received from a Muhammadan. No successor was appointed, since the Khālsa was now firmly established. Govind Singh declared that the Khālsa and the *Granth* were an embodiment of his "mental and bodily spirit," which he infused into them. He also said that wherever five true Sikhs were assembled he would be in the midst of them. They might baptise and absolve any sinner, for they should be "priests of all priests".

Besides his great work for the consolidation of the sect, Guru Govind Singh was a fine poet. He left many hymns, which break away somewhat from those of his predecessors. In the *Granth*, compiled in his name after his death, there are several new elements.

Doctrinally, the Guru was of a more mystical turn of mind than his predecessors, and reverted somewhat more to the attitude of Hindū Pantheism. Then again, the hymns devoted to warfare and in praise of the sword were new, and were calculated to inspire bravery. New names were given to God, such as All-steel, All-death, Great-steel, Great-death, and so forth. The Guru also made more distinct claims for himself and for his mission. In his own account of his spiritual history, he says that he was performing penance on the mountain of Hem Kunt when he attained Nirvāṇa. God then besought him to assume birth, saying: "I have cherished thee as my son and have created thee to extend my religion." Realising that the world was going astray, Govind Singh then took birth, declaring: "Recognise me as God's servant only; they who call me the Supreme Being shall fall into the pit of hell"; but in another place he says: "God and God's servant are both one; deem not that there is any difference between Them."

The subsequent history of the Sikhs is well known. Their gradual welding together into a great nation, which became master of the Punjab, is a matter of common knowledge. Ranjit Singh recognised fully the prophecies of Teg Bahādur, and remained always on the best terms with the English. During his lifetime his wisdom was fully rewarded, and it was only after his death that the words of the Gurus were temporarily forgotten. In their thirst for warfare the Sikhs involved themselves with the English, but after the Sikh wars were over their allegiance was restored to the doctrines of their religion. It would be vain to attempt to enumerate the countless examples of self-sacrifice in the British cause that have since been made.

The prophecy of Teg Bahādur led the Sikhs to Delhi, and was the war-cry during the assault ; and since those dark days it has continued to identify Sikh interests with those of the English.

From the foregoing survey, then, we may safely say that there is nothing in the history or theology of Sikhism to warrant its discouragement in face of every dictate of good policy. On the contrary, the more it is studied, the greater do its claims on our attention appear. We see how we owe to it the saving of our Empire; and with increased knowledge of these facts, gratitude should have some real weight with us. That that sentiment has not hitherto influenced our actions is deplorably evident. We are responsible for its decline—not passively, but actively: not merely through neglect, but through definite blundering. Let us consider for a moment what we have actually done for the faith that led the army at Delhi.

We gave to a German missionary the task of translating the *Granth Sāhab*—the “visible body of the Gurus”. This man, a Swabian by birth, was in the employment of the C. M. S., and had been sent as a missionary to Sindh. He went to Amritsar, where priests had assembled to assist him, and smoked in the presence of the sacred volume, knowing full well that tobacco was forbidden to Sikhs, being termed “world’s filth”. The priests fled in consternation at this insult, and the missionary could only get assistance from a half-educated and unorthodox Sikh (termed *lucha*—of loose character), who worked with him for about a year. The result of these labours appeared at Munich in 1877, entitled *The Holy Scriptures of the Sikhs*. It contained but *four* of the thirty-one ‘rāgs’ or musical

measures, of which the *Granth* is composed; and this small portion was full of inaccuracy and mistranslation. The English was frequently unintelligible, and much *odium theologicum* was introduced. The religion was declared to be powerless to extend morality, and to recognise no standard of virtue. Har Govind was said to have misappropriated money, and Govind Singh to have offered a human sacrifice. All these statements being totally false, the Sikhs immediately petitioned the Government to remedy the error. They said that they felt sure that those in authority were not aware that a great insult had been offered to their faith, and that they could not cite a thousandth part of the libels and misrepresentations. These representations, though formally made many times over, were either ignored, or met with the reply that assistance should be sought from native priests or princes. It was not until 1893 that a loyal-hearted Englishman realised the continued injustice, and, upon earnest representations made by Sikhs, gave up his post as Divisional Judge in the Punjab to undertake the work of accurate translation. By this time the labour had greatly increased in difficulty. The dialects of the *Granth* were very rapidly altering and disappearing, and the Gyānis dying out. Many journeys had to be taken to remote parts of India—sometimes for the elucidation of a single phrase. Valuable manuscripts were bought up, and printed proofs circulated throughout India for comparison and correction, and as many Sikhs as possible were given hospitality at Amritsar for the benefit of their criticism. The opinion of Sikhs themselves was in all cases consulted. The book occupied sixteen full years, apart from previous preparation, and it accomplished a task

which, a generation later, could not have been done at all. When it appeared in 1909 recognition was at once requested of the Government, in order that Sikhs might yet feel that the Rulers were interested in their cause. After some delay, and only under pressure, £300 was offered as a token—this being promptly rejected, in view of the fact that over £12,000 had been expended and an immense degree of labour given.

Reparation was thus made by an individual and the wrong done by the missionary righted. But it is sad to feel that in many ways this has been too late in coming, and that the enthusiasm of the brave warriors of the Punjab had meanwhile waned. The new translation has been hailed with delight by the orthodox, but many have lost interest owing very largely to the attitude of the Rulers. The whole story of our dealing with the Sikh Scriptures is typical of our religious policy.

Such persistent failure to realise the meaning of religion to the Indian is the source of our worst mistakes, from the Mutiny onwards. To some of those unfavourably inclined towards ourselves our conduct might seem worse than a blunder. It might appear that we only adopt the policy of religious neutrality when it suits ourselves. This is the way in which we alienate some of the most loyal subjects of the Empire.

There is, however, much that can still be done to preserve the Sikh genius, even *without a radical change of policy*. This, of course, is finally to be hoped for, and should be the end in view ; but the way must be carefully prepared, so as to avoid the risk of setting Northern India ablaze. The following suggestions have been made in the preface of the standard work on the Sikh

religion by the Sikhs themselves, and elsewhere. Though very important in themselves, they must necessarily be subservient to that new spirit of sympathy and interest which alone can make the movement a success. With this point gained, further opportunities for help will present themselves to the experience of every individual.

The suggestion that has most frequently been put forward is that Punjabi should be an alternative official language in the Punjab, of which it is really the mother-tongue. Neither English nor the alien Urdu can make a stepping-stone to the reading of the *Granth*, and thus, at present, education leads the young Sikh daily further from his religion. Such a change would be of great advantage, and opposition from other Indians where Sikhs are in the majority should be disregarded.

Much might be done, also, for the appointment of officials in the Sikh States. There is here a good deal of out-voting by Hindūs and Muhammadans, who side together against the Sikhs. Sikh officials of ability and integrity should hold the high offices as far as possible.

Something could also be done for the Khālsa College at Amritsar. It should be put under proper management, and should then receive every encouragement. Sikh chiefs and nobles should be sent there, rather than to the College at Lahore, where their distinctness is far more difficult to maintain.

Enlightened British officers have already done much good by sending recruits to receive the baptism of Govind Singh. This could always be made a necessary qualification for civil and military posts. Denominational Sikh education should be encouraged, and as

much facility as possible given to Sikh priests to spread their doctrines.

Some day it may be hoped that grants in aid may be given for the definite upkeep of the religion. Many of the great world-religions would have perished but for the timely assistance of State support. Certain grants made before the Mutiny to Hindū temples and Muhammadan mosques are still continued, and it may be hoped that the bugbear of religious neutrality will not forever hinder us from recompensing the heroes of Delhi. On no ground could such a policy be opposed, even by those from whom prejudice might most be expected; for a missionary has lately said that Sikhism is the one Indian religion that is of definite assistance in preparing the way for Christianity.

The Sikhs themselves can help their own cause. They can deliberately resist the movement which would include them as a sect of the Hindūs, remembering that had they in reality remained such they would not have become a race of universal military fame. The ministrations of Brāhmaṇa priests should be rejected, and Sikh marriage and funeral rites invariably used. Sikhs should remember the injunction of Govind Singh to marry only among themselves, if they wish to remain distinct. The rules as to caste, wine, tobacco and meat should be carefully borne in mind. Orthodoxy in these matters would do much to preserve the religion. Again, the daily services are elaborate, and require much leisure for their performance. These might be abbreviated, so as to meet the increasing demands of modern civilisation. Another suggestion that has been made is that the *Granth Sāhab* might be printed or written in separate lines and separate words, as all poetry is now written or

printed in Europe. The Scriptures would thus be much easier to read.

The purpose of these articles has not been to suggest for a single moment that the Sikh religion should be *forced upon* any part of the Indian community, but only that it should be preserved where it does already exist—as a valuable asset to the Empire. This is not to hinder a process of natural decay by artificial means, but rather to induce a more normal state of affairs by resisting unnecessary suffocation, thus allowing the religion free scope for its healthy and spontaneous growth. Not until we Englishmen realise the essential pre-eminence of religion as a life-giving force to the human race, the strongest motive-power to action, shall we begin to understand the problems with which we have to deal, and the people over whom we have to rule. Let us give religion in India every chance ; and let Sikhism, on account of its inherent merit, its fine history, and its present unsatisfactory position, have the very first claim on our attention. It is not too late to meet with a response. There are still countless loyal earnest young Sikhs who would welcome any movement which would revitalise their religion. Let us extend to them the hand of sympathy, and friendship, remembering that the words of the seer and warrior Govind Singh were not spoken in vain :

“The English and the Sikhs shall be very powerful, so long as they rule with united councils.”

Dorothy Field

ANCIENT PERU

By ELISABETH SEVERS, F. T. S.

IN recently reading Sir Clement Markham's very interesting book, *The Incas of Peru*, I was struck by the many remains he records of the prehistoric civilisations clairvoyantly seen and described by Mr. Leadbeater in his articles on 'Two Atlantean Civilisations,' incorporated into *Man: Whence, How and Whither*.

Sir Clement tells us how the sight of the country of the Incas fascinated him as a navel cadet, an interest fed by the study of Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*. Before undertaking any personal explorations in Peru, he visited Mr. Prescott in his American home. But "since the publication of his historic work a great deal of subsequently discovered material has quite altered our views of some things and thrown entirely new light on others".

Mr. Leadbeater describes the prehistoric Peruvian as "having the high cheek-bones and the general shape of face which we associate with the highest type of Red Indian—and as always more Āryan than Atlantean; in the higher classes keen intellect and great benevolence frequently showing themselves. In colour he was reddish bronze." Sir Clement describes the Incas as shown by their portraits in the Church of Santa Ana at Cuzco: "The colour of the skin was many shades

lighter than that of the down-trodden descendants of their subjects; the forehead high, the nose slightly aquiline, the mouth and chin firm, the whole face majestic, refined, intellectual."

Mr. Leadbeater shows how the government of the country was autocratic, and sub-divided "until we come to a sort of centurion, an official who has a hundred families in his charge for whom he was absolutely responsible". Under the Incas there was an officer called Lacta-camaya in charge of a hundred families, whose duty it was to divide the cultivable land annually into topos, three being assigned to each head of a family, sufficient for the maintenance of himself and his people and for the payment of tribute to the State and religion, one-third for each. Over a thousand families there was another officer selected from the Lacta-camayas. A varying number of these huarancas made a hunas, and over every four hunas there was an imperial officer called a Tucuyricoe, the literal meaning of which is 'He who sees all':

His duty as overseer was to see that the whole complicated system of administration worked with regularity and that all the responsible officials under him performed their duty efficiently. There was also a system of periodical visitors to overlook the census and the tribute, and to examine minutely and report upon the state of affairs in each district. Other visitors, in consultation with the local officials, selected young people of both sexes for employment in the service of the state and of religion, according to their various aptitudes. Marriages were also arranged by the visiting officials.

Mr. Leadbeater's account of weddings runs:

The wedding could not however take place until the proper day arrived when the Governor of the district or town made a formal visitation and all young people who had attained the marriageable age were called up before him and officially notified that they were now free to enter the state of matrimony. Some proportion of these had usually already made up their minds to take immediate advantage of the

opportunity and the Governor after asking a few questions went through a simple form and pronounced them man and wife.

The Incas, who were great conquerors of the surrounding more savage tribes, respected the organisation of the people who came under their rule and did not disturb or alter the social institutions of the numerous tribes they conquered.

Their statesmanship consisted in systematising the institutions which had existed from remote antiquity and in adapting them to the requirements of a great Empire. Not the least important part of that system was the policy of planting colonists, especially in provinces recently conquered or supposed to be disaffected. This colonising policy not only secured the quiet and prosperity of recently annexed provinces. It also led to the increased well-being and comfort of the whole people by the exchange of products. Colonists sent up cotton, capsicum and fruits and received maize, potatoes and wool in exchange. The colonists in the Eastern forests sent up supplies of cocoa and of bamboos and of chonta wood for making weapons and received provisions of all kinds. This system of exchanges was carried on by means of couriers constantly running over excellent roads. A third important end secured by the system of colonists was the introduction of one language to be used through the whole Empire, a result which followed slowly and surely and was an immense help in facilitating the efficient working of a rather complicated system of government. . . . The Inca organisation was not the creation by a succession of able princes. The Incas found the system of village communities prevailing among the tribes they conquered and made as little alteration as was compatible with the requirements of a great Empire. The Incarial system of government bears some general resemblance to a very beneficent form of Eastern despotism such as may have prevailed when Jamshid ruled over Iran. There was the same scheme of dividing the crops between the Cultivator and the State, the same patriarchal care ; but while the rule of Jamshid was a legend that of the Incas was a historical fact. The condition of the people under the Incas, though one of tutelage and dependence, at the same time secured a large amount of material comfort and happiness. The eye of the central power was ever upon them and the never failing brain, beneficent though inexorable, provided for all their wants, gathered in their tribute, and selected their children for the various occupations required for the State according to their various aptitudes.

Readers of *Man* will remember in how many points this Government of the Incas accorded with the ancient tradition. Sir Clement continues :

This was indeed Socialism such as dreamers in past ages have conceived. It existed once, because the essential conditions were combined in a way which is never likely to occur again. These are an inexorable despotism, absolute exemption from outside interference of any sort, a peculiar and remarkable people in an early stage of civilisation and an extraordinary combination of skilful statesmanship.

Mr. Leadbeater goes into some detail with regard to the prehistoric architecture and its extraordinarily massive character, and Sir Clement describes some interesting existing ruins of Peruvian architecture built, he thinks, in the Megalithic age and of similar massive type. On the plateau of Lake Titticaca are ruins of a great city by the side of the Lake, the builders being entirely unknown.

The city covered a large area, built by highly skilled masons, and with the use of enormous stones. One stone is 36 feet long by 7, weighing 170 tons, another 26 feet by 16 by 6. Apart from the monoliths of ancient Egypt there is nothing to equal this in any other part of the world. The point next in interest to the enormous size of the stones is the excellence of the workmanship. The lines are accurately straight, the angles correctly drawn, the surfaces level. The upright monoliths have vortices and projecting ledges to retain the horizontal slabs in their places, which completed the walls. The carvings are complicated, and at the same time well arranged and the ornamentation is accurately designed and executed. Not less striking are the statues with heads adorned with curiously shaped head-dresses. The builders may best be described as a megalithic people in a megalithic age, an age when cyclopean stones were transported and cyclopean edifices raised. We only have tradition to indicate the tradition whence the megalithic people came. I am quite in agreement with Dr. Brinton "that the culture of the Andean race is an indigenous growth, wholly self-developed and owing none of its germs to any other races".

Mr. Leadbeater attributes the perfection of the Peruvian system to a revival of the ancient Atlantean system in Peru, and to the principles of Government

founded by the Divine Teachers of man who in the infancy of the race incarnated for the purpose. With regard to the ancient religion, Mr. Leadbeater describes it as a kind of Sun worship. The Incas called themselves Children of the Sun, and behind the deities worshipped by the people the worship of the fabulous ancestor or originator of each clan was universal. The Incas believed there was a Supreme Being, called Illa Tici Uira-Cocha.

The first word means light ; Tici means 'foundation or beginning of things'. Uira is said to be a corruption of Pirua, meaning the 'depository or store-house of creation'. The ordinary meaning of Cocha is a lake but here it is said to signify an abyss—profundity. The whole meaning of the words would be : "The splendour, the foundation, the creator, the infinite God". Some of the hymns addressed to the Almighty were written early in the seventeenth century by a native. Spanish translations published in 1892, show a plaintive cry to the Deity for a knowledge of the unknowable, which is touching in its simplicity.

Oh Uira-Cocha ! Lord of the Universe,
 Whether thou art male,
 Whether thou art female,
 Lord of reproduction,
 Whatsoever thou mayest be,
 O Lord of Divination,
 Where art thou ?
 Thou mayest be below,
 Thou mayest be above,
 Or perhaps around,
 Thy splendid throne and sceptre,
 Oh hear me !
 From the sky above,
 In which thou mayest be,
 From the sea beneath,
 In which thou mayest be,
 Creator of the world,
 Maker of all men,
 Lord of all Lords,
 My eyes fail me
 For longing to see thee ;
 For the sole desire to know thee.
 Might I behold thee,
 Might I know thee,

Might I consider thee,
 Might I understand thee.
 Oh look down upon me,
 For thou knowest me.
 The sun—the moon—
 The day—the night—
 Spring—winter,
 Are not ordained in vain
 By thee, O Uira-Cocha!
 They all travel
 To the assigned place;
 They all arrive
 At their destined ends,
 Whithersoever thou pleasest.
 Thy royal sceptre
 Thou holdest.
 Oh hear me!
 Oh choose me!
 Let it not be
 That I should tire,
 That I should die.

One of the hymns is composed as from an aged Inca on his death-bed, praying for light and for a knowledge of the Deity.

O Creator of men,
 Thy servant speaks,
 Then look upon him,
 Oh, have remembrance of him,
 The king of Cuzco,
 I revere you too, Tarapaca.
 O Tonapa, look down,
 Do not forget me.
 O thou noble Creator,
 O thou of my dreams,
 Dost thou already forget,
 Am I on the point of death?
 Wilt thou ignore my prayer,
 Or wilt thou make it known
 Who thou art?
 Thou mayest be what I thought,
 Yet perchance thou art a phantom,
 A thing that causes fear.
 Oh, if I might know!
 Oh, if it could be revealed!
 Thou who mad'st me out of earth,
 And of clay formed me,
 Oh look upon me!

Who art thou, O Creator ?
Now I am very old.

Another hymn to Uira-Cocha is attributed to the Inca Rocca. The Inca Rocca is the great pioneer of the Peruvian Empire, and he secured the sovereignty of the people by a ruse. He was of the blood royal, and before his accession among his intimates he was called Inca or Lord.

Oh come then,
Great as the heavens,
Lord of all the earth,
Great First Cause,
Creator of men.
Ten times I adore thee,
Ever with my eyes
Turned to the ground,
Hidden by the eyelashes,
Thee am I seeking.
Oh look on me !
Like as for the rivers,
Like as for the fountains,
When gasping for thirst,
I seek for thee.
Encourage me,
Help me !
With all my voice
I call on thee ;
Thinking of thee,
We will rejoice
And be glad.
This will we say
And no more.

Sir Clement gives some interesting details of the Sun worship at Cuzco :

The splendid temple was built of masonry, which for the beauty and symmetry of its proportions and the accuracy with which the stones fitted into each other, is unsurpassed. The cornices, the images and the utensils were all of pure gold. The elaborate ritual and ceremonies necessitated the employment of a numerous hierarchy, divided into many grades. The high priest was an official of the highest rank, often a brother of the sovereign. He was called Uillac Uma, "the head which counsels". He was the supreme judge and arbiter in all religious questions

and causes relating to the temple. His life was required to be passed in religious contemplation and abstinence. He was a strict vegetarian and never drank anything but water. . . . He received ample rents, bestowing the greater part on those afflicted by blindness or other disabling infirmities. He appointed the visitors and inspectors, whose duty it was to report on all the temples and idols throughout the empire and the confessors who received confessions and assigned penances and he superintended the record of events. On his death his body was embalmed and interred with great pomp on some high mountain.

Mr. Leadbeater gives an elaborate account of the manner in which pure gold was used for ornamentation. Sir Clement saw in 1853 gold plates worn on the breast by the Incas and the great councillors, relics of the past which unfortunately have since disappeared.

But the Spaniards in Pizarro's time, before the execution of Atahualpa, received about £3,500,000, chiefly in the form of square or oblong plates which had been used to adorn the walls of houses. A far greater amount was concealed and has never yet been found, though the secret has been handed down, and on one occasion a small portion was used in the interests of the people. When the old chief Pumacagua was about to head an insurrection against the Spaniards, he had no funds for procuring arms and ammunition. (1815 when Pumacagua was 77.) After obtaining from him an oath of secrecy, the then guardian took him blindfold to the place where the vast treasure was concealed. He had to wade up a stream for a long distance. His eyes were then dazzled by the vast masses of gold, and he was allowed to take enough to meet his needs. No one else has ever been admitted to the secret. His conductor was the last who knew the secret, for when Pumacagua was killed he despaired of his country, and died without revealing it to a successor.

The wonderful fortresses which Mr. Leadbeater described seem to have had their successors in the more modern civilisations:

In Cuzco there is a cyclopean building in the *Calle dell Triunfo*, with a huge monolith known as the "stone with twelve corners". But the grandest and most imposing work of the megalithic builders was the fortress at Cuzco. The Sacsahuaman hill on which the fortress stood overlooking the city, was practically inaccessible on two sides and easily defensible on another. But the eastern face was exposed to

easy approach and here the great cyclopean work was constructed. It consists of three parallel walls, 330 yards in length each, with 21 advancing and retiring angles, so that at every point an attack could be enfiladed by defenders. The outer wall had stones of the following dimensions; 14 feet high by 12; another 10 feet high by 6. Its origin is as unknown as that of the Tiahuanacu ruins. The Incas knew nothing. There is nothing of the kind which can be compared to them in any other part of the world.

I think I have quoted enough to show to any one interested in this subject of Ancient Peru that Sir Clement Markham's book, the result of modern research, following up Prescott's fascinating *Conquest of Peru*, also testifies to the many historic surviving customs and traditions of the prehistoric civilisation that superphysical methods of investigation have disclosed for our knowledge—a civilisation of which even the Spanish invaders wrote: "There was much in their rule which was so good as to deserve praise and to be even worthy of imitation."

Elisabeth Severs

THE LOGOS

Out of the womb of night
I come : I who am Light.
From Numberless Bliss I fall
To a multiple pain. I am ALL.

The Shadow of Me is as smoke
On the face of a glass. I am Fire.

My outpoured Breath is the Soul of the World: my
Cloak

The pleated folds of the rainbow robe of Desire.

War-god am I: My sceptre-rod is a spear.

On the anvil of Night with the hammer of Day was
fashioned a bladed Fear.

Eternity whittled the shaft from the bulwarks of Time,
And painted thereon as a Voiceless Word the power of
a cosmic rhyme.

As a javelin I leap through the echoless chasms of
space;

Singing and slaying, and sowing the seed of the Children
of Marvellous Race!

Gwendolen Bishop

IS JESUS CHRIST A HISTORICAL FIGURE?

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE, F. T. S.

A SHORT time ago Albert Schweitzer published a very important book giving an account of the researches made, and of the theories existing, in regard to the life of Jesus Christ.¹ In this work the author only dealt with modern researches; otherwise he could not have omitted to cite such writers in the early Christian centuries as Faustus of Mileve and Marcion. We should also mention here that S. Jerome, even in his day, complained that the Latin versions he used differed so much one from another that there were as many different copies as there were copies in existence.² The Pope Damasus, to whom Jerome makes this complaint, replies that he does not mind about accuracy so long as the doctrines are useful.

At the end of the eighteenth century Reimarus, and others who followed him, began to criticise the traditions we possess of the life of Christ and, to give only a few names from the long list of students who have been working on the subject, I may mention Hase, Schleiermacher, Strauss, Bruno, Bauer, Renan, Wrede, Loisy and Drews. At the end of the nineteenth century

¹ The first edition was entitled: *Von Reimarus bis Wrede*; the second edition, which has just come out, is called: *Geschichte des Leben Jesu Forschungen*.

² S. Jerome praef. in *Josue in Evangelista ad Damasum*.

a very important group of critics existed also in Holland and at Tübingen. Loisy and Drews are the leading critics at present and both have many disciples, but I think that Drews' studies¹ have attracted even more attention than those of Loisy, which are rather more for specialists. An enormous number of books and pamphlets have been written in Germany for and against Drews' theories, and the struggle between critics and liberal theologians still continues. I want to explain in a few pages the principal results arrived at by this modern German school of criticism, of which I share most of the opinions and entirely approve the methods. I shall only give what I consider the most striking arguments.

The documents at our disposal for solving our question: "Is Jesus Christ a historical figure?" may be divided into three categories:

- A. Non-Christian documents.
- B. The writings of S. Paul.
- C. The Gospels.

The non-Christian documents may again be divided into two: (1) Jewish; and (2) Roman.

The evidence afforded us by Jewish documents is negative; that is to say a silence so general as theirs proves that they had nothing to tell either about Jesus Christ or about the early Christians. It is astonishing enough that Philo (30 B. C.—50 A. D.), who speaks of the religious sects in Palestine, should say never a word about the Christians, but it is quite incomprehensible that Justus of Tiberias, a historian living at Tiberias, quite near Capernaum, at the time that Jesus is supposed to have lived, should never mention the

¹ *Die Christus Mythe*, I and II, 1911.

preaching, miracles, or death of Jesus. We do not know the chronicles of Justus himself, but we have the statement of Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople in the ninth century, that he had searched the writings of Justus in vain for any reference to Jesus. It is the same with Flavius Josephus (30—100 A. D.). In his *Jewish Antiquities* (XVIII, iii. 3) we do find a reference to Jesus, but here we have to do with a forgery of a kind which was by no means rare. To satisfy the early Christians, who probably asked for documentary proofs of what they were told about the Founder of their religion, several false documents were fabricated, such as *The Acts of Pilate*, a letter from Jesus to the King of Edessa (in *Eusebius* i, 13), a letter from Pilate to Tiberius, and sundry other documents recognised as forgeries even by those who defend the historicity of Jesus. Josephus can certainly never have written the passage mentioned above, in which Jesus is referred to in the most orthodox Christian terms, and is even called the Master of Men, a name which a Jew like Josephus would never have applied to Jesus. In the same book (*Jewish Antiquities*, XVIII, v, 2) S. John the Baptist is mentioned, but this passage is no less a forgery than the other, and besides, the existence of S. John would not suffice to establish the existence of Jesus. The *Talmud* gives us three passages in which sayings of Jesus are quoted, or mention is made of His teachings and of His disciples, but these portions of the *Talmud* belong to the beginning of the second century of our era and it is generally agreed that Christian traditions already existed at that date. Attempts have also been made to prove that the *Gospel of S. Matthew* was already known about the

year 70 A. D., because a phrase from that Gospel is quoted in a judgment reported in the *Talmud*. But in order to get this date of 70 A. D. it would be necessary to identify a person named in the suit in question—which suit is a mere fiction as shown in the text itself—with the Simeon ben Gamaliel of the *Acts of the Apostles* (v, 34), and there is no warrant whatever for doing so. Other passages in the *Talmud* which might be of interest in this enquiry belong to the third and fourth centuries and are therefore without value for its solution.

We turn now to the Roman documents.

Pliny, when Proconsul of a province in Asia Minor, mentions the Christians in a letter addressed to the Emperor Trajan in the year 113 A. D., but no reference is made to the Founder, and the existence of Christians at the beginning of the second century is not contested by anyone. Marcus Aurelius speaks of the Christians (A. D. 175), and Porphyry, who lived between 232 and 304 A. D., does the same; but neither mentions the Founder. Suetonius (77—140 A. D.) seems at first sight to merit more attention when, in his biography of Claudius (Chap. xxv), he tells how the Jews were expelled from Rome by this Emperor as “they were incited to rebellion by Chrestos”; but on closer consideration we see that there is nothing here of the nature of a proof. In the first place reference is made to Chrestos not Christus; secondly, the first of these names was often given to liberated Roman slaves; thirdly, the passage in Suetonius would lead us to suppose that this Chrestos was himself in Rome at the time of the expulsion; fourthly, if the teaching, and not the person, of Christ was intended, is it probable that

that would have incited the Jews to rebellion? lastly, it is certain that when, ten years later, S. Paul came to Rome to preach Christianity, its doctrines were absolutely unknown to the Jews.

Tacitus too seems, at first sight, to have an importance which completely vanishes, however, when subjected to the following reflections. In his *Annals* (xv, 44) Tacitus speaks of Christ as of a historical person. In relating how, in the year 64, the Christians were martyred because they were thought guilty of the burning down of Rome, the historian adds that the founder of the religion was Christ who, in the reign of Tiberius, had been executed by Pontius Pilate. But Tacitus wrote his *Annals* in the year 117 of our era, when Christianity was already an organised religion with its own traditions, and so only repeated here what was said by Christians in Rome at the beginning of the second century, when three of the four Gospels already existed or were about to be written. Moreover the authenticity of the passage is by no means certain and we may again be dealing with a forgery, not only as regards what is said of Christ but also of the martyrdom of the first Christians, which perhaps never occurred at all. As to Tacitus, a hypothesis exists that the whole of his writings are the work of a Humanist of the Italian Renaissance, Poggio Bracciolini.¹

These few references are all that we find in the non-Christian literature of the first centuries. They afford no evidence whatsoever of a positive nature, and a silence so general on the subject of our enquiry may rather be interpreted as a proof that there was nothing

¹ Ross: *Tacitus und Bracciolini*, 1878. Hochart: *Etude au sujet de la persecution des Chretiens sous Neron*, 1885. Hochart: *De l'authenticite des Annales et des Histoires de Tacite*, 1890.

to relate. Moreover the fact that a document, purporting to be a report of the trial and execution of Christ, was fabricated in the second century—and everyone agrees that the document is spurious—would show that the real report was non-existent, and, when we consider the great regularity and order with which reports were always sent in to Rome by the different Governors of the Roman possessions, especially at the time of Tiberius, the absence of such a document acquires special importance.

We now pass on to S. Paul, who, by his own admission that he had never known the Christ save in spirit, can furnish no first-hand evidence of the historical Christ. We will not discuss the authenticity (often disputed, especially by the Dutch critical school) of the Pauline Epistles. We only want to enquire if S. Paul himself was convinced of the existence of the historical Christ.

As a general rule we may say that S. Paul speaks of Christ the Son of God rather than of Jesus Christ, and in terms which do not seem to indicate that he thought of Him as a real being. He often says that we should unite ourselves with Christ and be crucified with Him, that Christ should be born in us, and so on, using expressions to which it would be difficult to give any other than a very mystical interpretation. Besides this, S. Paul speaks of the salvation of the world by the Son of God, a doctrine known in the religions of Babylon, Greece, Asia, North Africa, Syria, Phrygia, Egypt, the Gnostics, and many others. In this conception God becomes a human being, and when S. Paul refers to it he simply states a theological idea and does not give any proof of his belief in a historical Christ. True, he

sometimes speaks of Jesus Christ in a more realistic way, but the passages in which this occurs are anything but conclusive; firstly, because they all refer to the fulfilment of the prophecies of Isaiah liii and Joel iii, 1, and secondly because all scholars of exegesis agree that S. Paul's works are full of interpolations. Great importance was attached to making things harmonise with Old Testament prophecies (even the passage in Josephus reminds us how everything had been predicted). Anyhow S. Paul does not make of Christ a more realistic figure than that of Adam. They represent the two poles of the drama of Humanity; but belief in the real existence of the one would imply that of the other, and would lead us back into orthodoxy of the narrowest kind. The burial and resurrection we find in Isaiah liii; Pentecost is the echo of Joel iii, 1. As to Chapter xv of *I Corinthians*—which speaks again of the resurrection—and to verses 23-25 or 31 (or perhaps even the whole) of Chapter xi, it is possible that they may be interpolations, and thus the whole story of the Lord's Supper, as a fact in the life of Christ known to S. Paul, would fall to the ground. A more realistic way of speaking of the Christ is to be found in *I Corinthians* ix, 5, and in the *Epistle to the Galatians* i, 19, where S. Paul mentions the brothers of the Lord. If the word *brothers* is to be taken in the ordinary sense, then *the Lord* too must refer to a real figure. Only it is very probable that the expression "brothers of the Lord" merely refers to those who live after the commandments of God becoming—in the sense used in *Romans* viii, 14-17 "sons of God," "children of God," "and if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ," who, in verse 29

is styled "the first-born among many brethren". In *Matthew* xxviii, 10, Jesus calls his disciples *brethren*, and in *Mark* iii, 35, states that: "Whosoever shall do the Will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and my mother". So too Origen (*Contra Celsum* i, 47) speaks of S. James as a brother of Christ "because he is believing and virtuous".

Then again we find S. Paul speaking of "the words of the Lord". If the Lord pronounced words, He must have been living among men. S. Paul refers to words of the Lord in I *Corinthians* vii, 10 and ix, 14. In the first of these references divorce is forbidden in agreement with S. *Matthew* v, 32, and xix, 9; but a similar prohibition is also to be found in the *Talmud*.¹ As to I *Corinthians* ix, 13-14, in which S. Paul says that they who serve the altar should live by the altar, it is true that this repeats portions of *Matthew* x; but on the other hand we find the same precept also in *Deuteronomy*, xviii, 1. So that it is by no means certain that S. Paul was referring to actual Sayings of Christ, rather than to the commandments of the God of Israel, recognised by S. Paul in II *Corinthians* iii, 14-16. We find many instances in which S. Paul is in agreement with the New Testament, but generally this agreement is no greater than with similar passages in the *Talmud* and Old Testament. Again "words of the Lord" was a term applied in the Old Testament and Didache to the sayings of a person under inspiration. S. Paul gives no details of the life of

¹ Gittin, 90-90b; Pessach, 113.

Rom. ii, 1; *Matth.* vii, 1; *Talmud*, Pirke Aboth I, 6; *Sanhedrin*, 100; *Rom.* xii, 14; *Matth.* v, 44; *Ps.* cix, 28; *Talmud*, *Sanhedrin* fol. 48; *Baba Mezia*, 93. *Rom.* xii, 21; *Wisdom of Sol.* vii, 30; *Rom.* xiii, 7; *Matth.* xxii, 21; *Talmud*, *Shekalim*, III, 2; *Pirke Aboth* III, 7; *Rom.* xiii, 8-10; *Matth.* xxii, 34; *Talmud*, *Shabat* 31; *Rom.* xiv, 13; *Matth.* xviii, 6-9; *Talmud*, *Tanchuma*, 71 and 74; I *Corinth.* xiii, 2; *Matth.* xxi, 21; *Talmud*, *Berachoth*, 64; *Erubin*, 29.

Christ which are not contained in the Gospels—to which he never refers—and seems to have known but a small portion even of the details given in the Gospels. He often fails to quote sayings of Christ, or facts in His life, which would support what he himself is saying, and this proves that S. Paul did not know those sayings or facts and cannot have known the Gospels. Besides, as we said before, all scholars agree that S. Paul's Epistles are full of interpolations, and a good number discard them altogether as unauthentic.

Raimond van Marle

(To be concluded)



DIFFICULTIES IN CLAIRVOYANCE

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

IN the early days of the Theosophical Society there was an impression current among us that psychic powers could not be developed except by one who from birth had possessed a physical vehicle of suitable type—that some people were psychic by nature, in consequence of efforts made in previous lives, and that others, who were not so favoured, had no resource but to devote themselves earnestly to whatever physical-plane work they could do, in the hope that they might

thereby earn the privilege of being born with a psychic vehicle next time. The fuller knowledge of later years has to some extent modified this idea; we see now that under certain stimuli any ordinarily refined vehicle will unfold some proportion of psychic capacity, and we have come to be by no means so sure as we used to be that the possession of psychic faculties from birth is really an advantage. It is quite clear that it *is* an advantage in some ways, and that it *ought* to be an advantage in all; but as a matter of experience it often brings with it serious practical difficulties.

The boy who has it knows a world from which his less fortunate fellows are excluded—a world of gnomes and fairies, of actual comradeship with animals and birds, with trees and flowers, of living sympathy with all the moods of nature—a world freer, less sordid and far more real than the dull round of every-day life. If he has the good fortune—the very rare good fortune—to have sensible parents, they sympathise with him in all this, and explain to him that this fairy world of his is not a separate one, but only the higher and more romantic part of the life of the gracious and marvellous old earth to which we belong, and that therefore every-day life when properly understood is *not* dull and grey, but instinct with vivid wonder and joy and beauty.

There can be no question of the advantage here; but unfortunately, as I have just said, the sensible parent is rare, and the budding poet, artist or mystic is quite likely to find himself in the hands of an unsympathetic *bourgeoisie*, wholly incapable of comprehending him, and thoroughly permeated with fear and hatred of anything which is sufficiently unusual to rise a little above the level of the deadly dullness of their

smug respectability. Then is his lot indeed unhappy; he soon learns that he must live a double life, carefully hiding the romantic realities from the rude jeers of the ignorant Philistine, and but too often the crass brutality of this most reprehensible repression stifles altogether the dawning perception of the spirit and drives him back into his shell for this incarnation. Hundreds of valuable clairvoyants are thus lost to the world, merely through the unconscious cruelty of well-meaning stupidity.

Some boys, however, and perhaps still more often some girls, do not entirely lose their powers, but bring through some fragments of them into adult life; and not improbably the very fact that they have thus direct knowledge of the existence of the unseen world draws them to the study of Theosophy. When that happens, is their psychism an advantage to them?

There is no doubt that it ought to be. Not only do they know as a fact of experience many things which other students accept merely as a necessary hypothesis, but they can also understand far better than others all descriptions of higher conditions of consciousness—descriptions which, because they are couched in physical language, must necessarily be woefully imperfect. The clairvoyant cannot doubt the life after death, because the dead are often present to him; he cannot question the existence of good and evil influences, for he daily sees and feels them.

Thus there are many ways in which clairvoyance is an incalculable benefit. On the whole, I think that it makes happier the life of its possessor; it enables him to be more useful to his fellows than he could otherwise be. If balanced always by common-sense and humility it is indeed a most excellent gift; if not so

balanced it may lead to a good deal of harm, for it may deceive both the clairvoyant himself and those who trust in him. Not if proper care is exercised; but many people do not exercise proper care, and so inaccuracy arises.

Especially is this the case when the operator endeavours to use the powers of the higher vehicles, because in the first place long and careful training is needed before these can be rightly used, and secondly the results must be brought down through several intermediate vehicles, which offer many opportunities for distortion. A good example of the kind of work in question is the investigation of past history or of the previous lives of an individual—what is commonly called examining the records. In order to obtain reliable results, this must be done through the causal body; and to chronicle the observations correctly on this lower plane we must have four vehicles thoroughly under control—which is a good deal to expect.

The physical body must be in perfect health, for if it is not it may produce the most extraordinary illusions and distortions. A trifling indigestion, the slightest alteration in the normal circulation of the blood through the brain, either as to quantity, quality or speed, may so alter the functioning of that brain as to make it an entirely unreliable transmitter of the impressions conveyed to it. A similar effect may be produced by any change in the normal volume or velocity of the currents of vitality which are set flowing through the human body by the spleen. The brain mechanism is a complicated one, and unless both the etheric part of it through which the vitality flows and the denser matter which receives the circulation of the blood are working quite

normally, there can be no certainty of a correct report ; any irregularity in either part may readily so dull or disturb its receptivity as to produce blurred or distorted images of whatever is presented to it.

The astral body, too, must be perfectly under control, and that means much more than one would at first suppose, for that vehicle is the natural home of desires and emotions, and in most people it is habitually in a condition of wild excitement. What is wanted is not at all what we ordinarily call calmness ; it is a far higher degree of tranquillity which is only to be obtained by long training. When a man describes himself as calm, he means only that he has not at the moment any *strong* feeling in his astral body ; but he has always a quantity of smaller feelings which are still keeping up a motion in the vehicle—the swell which still remains, perhaps, after some gale of emotion which swept over him yesterday. But if he wishes to read records or to perform magical ceremonies he must learn to still even that.

The old simile of the reflection of a tree in a lake can hardly be bettered. When the surface of the water is really still we have a perfect image of the tree ; we can see every leaf of it ; we can observe correctly its species and its condition ; but the slightest puff of wind shatters that image at once, and creates ripples which so seriously interfere with the image that not only can we no longer count the visible leaves, but we can hardly tell even what kind of tree it is, an oak or an elm, an ash or a hornbeam, whether its foliage is thick or thin, whether it is or is not in flower. In fact, our interpretation of the image would, under such conditions, be largely guesswork. And that, be it

remembered, is the effect of a mere zephyr ; a stronger wind would make everything utterly unintelligible.

The normal condition of our astral bodies might be represented by the effects of a brisk breeze, and our ordinary calmness by the rippings of a light but persistent air ; the mirror-like surface can be attained only after long practice and much strenuous effort. When we realise that for a reliable reading of the records we must reach that condition of perfect placidity not in one vehicle only, but in four, no one of which is ever normally quiet even for a moment, we begin to see that we have a difficult task before us, even if this were all.

Not only must the astral body be tranquil before the investigation is begun, but it must remain unruffled all through the work—which means that, if he wants to get more than a general impression, the seer must not allow himself to be excited by anything which may appear in the picture. Be it observed that the nature of the excitement makes no difference ; if a spasm of anger or fear is fatal to accuracy, so also is a rush of affection or devotion. If he is to be rigorously truthful in his report, the watcher must record what he sees and hears as impartially as does a camera or a phonograph ; he may allow himself the luxury of emotions afterwards when recalling what he has seen, but at the time he must be absolutely impassive if he is to be reliable. This makes it practically impossible for the emotional or hysterical person to be a trustworthy observer on these higher planes ; he surrounds himself with a world of forms built by his own thoughts and feelings, and then proceeds to see and to describe those as though they were external realities.

Often such forms are beautiful, and their contemplation is uplifting, so that, even though they are inaccurate, they may be of great help to the seer. Indeed, his experiences may be useful to others also, if he has the discrimination to relate them without labelling his actors as deities, archangels or adepts. But it is usually precisely such figures as those that his imagination evokes, and it is merely human nature to feel that the person who comes to *him* must surely be some Great One. The only way to secure oneself against self-deception is the old and irksome way of a long hard course of careful training; except by some vague intuition a man cannot know a thought-form from a reality until he has been taught their respective characteristics, and can rise sufficiently above them to be able to apply his tests.

Calmness is necessary in the mental body as well as the astral. A man who worries can never see accurately, because his mental body is in a condition of chronic disease, a perpetual inflammation of agitated fluttering. One who suffers from pride or ambition has a similar difficulty. Some have supposed that it matters little what they think habitually, so long as during the actual investigation they try to hold their minds still; but that idea is fallacious. In this vehicle, also, the storm of yesterday leaves a swell behind it; an attitude of mind which is constantly or frequently held makes an indelible mark upon the body, and keeps up a steady pulsation of which the owner is as unconscious as he is of the beating of his heart. But its presence at once becomes obvious when clairvoyance is attempted, and makes anything like clear vision impossible—all the more since the man, being ignorant of its existence, makes no effort to counteract its effects.

Prejudice, again, is an absolute bar to accuracy; and we know how few people are entirely without prejudices. In many cases these mental attitudes are matters of birth and long custom—the attitude, for example, of the average Brāhmaṇa to a pariah, or the average American to a negro. Neither of those could report accurately a scene in which appeared any members of the classes they instinctively despise. I may give an example which came under my notice some time ago. I knew a good clairvoyant with strong Christian proclivities. So long as we were dealing with indifferent subjects her vision was clear; but the moment that anything arose which touched, however remotely, upon her religious beliefs, she was instantly up in arms, and became absolutely unreliable. Being a highly intelligent person in many directions, she would have checked this prejudice if she had been conscious of it; but she was not, and so its evil influence was unrestrained. If, for example, a scene rose before us in which a Christian and a man of some other religion came in any way into conflict or even appeared side by side, her description of it was a mere travesty of the reality, for she could see only the good points in the Christian and only the evil in the other man. If any fact appeared which did not fit in with the alleged history contained in the Christian Scriptures, that fact was ignored or distorted to suit her preconceptions; and all this with entire unconsciousness, and with the best possible intentions. That is only one small sample of the unreliability of spontaneous untrained clairvoyance.

No wonder that it takes many years of patient and careful training before the pupil of the Master can be accepted as really reliable. He must discover all these

unrecognised prejudices, and must eliminate them ; he must evict from the recesses of his own consciousness other tenants even more firmly attached to the soil—pride, self-consciousness, self-centredness.

This last is a condition from which many people suffer. I do not mean that they are selfish in the ordinary gross meaning of the word ; they are often far from that, and they may be kind-hearted, self-sacrificing, anxious to help. Nor do I mean that they are offensively proud or conceited ; but just that they like to be under the limelight, to be always well on view in the centre of the stage. Suppose such a person to be psychic from birth ; in every case where there is a personal experience to be related, that psychic will necessarily and inevitably magnify his or her personal part in the affair, and that without the slightest intention of doing so.

We know that it sometimes happens that a beginner in astral work identifies himself, in his recollection of some event, with the person whom he has helped. If he had during the night been assisting a man who was killed in a railway accident, he might wake in the morning remembering a dream in which *he* had been killed in a railway accident, and so on. In something the same way, when the self-centred psychic comes across in his investigations some one with a fine aura, he immediately remembers himself with such an aura ; if he sees some one conversing with a Great One, he promptly imagines himself to have had such a conversation, and (without the slightest intention of deceit) invents all sorts of flattering remarks as having been addressed to him by that august Being. All this makes him distinctly dangerous, unless he has quite a phenomenal power of self-effacement and self-control.

Members of the Society who have flattering experiences of this sort have been encouraged to send an account of them to the President or to some other trained seer, in order that the facts (if any) may be disentangled from the embroidery, in the hope that such correction may enable them by slow degrees to learn how to winnow the chaff from the wheat. They come with stories of the marvellous initiations through which they have passed, of the great angels and archangels with whom they have familiarly conversed, and the tales are often so wild and so presumptuous that it requires a great fund of patience to deal adequately with them. No doubt it requires a good deal of patience on their part also, for again and again we have to tell them that they have been watching some one else, and have appropriated his deeds to themselves, or that they have magnified a friendly word into an extravagant laudation.

We may easily see that, if the self were just a little more prominent, they would *not* come and ask for explanations, but would hug to their bosoms the certainty that they really had become high Adepts, or had been affably received by the Chieftain of some distant solar system. So we come by easy gradations to those who have angel guides, who hear divine voices directing them, and are the constant recipients of the most astounding communications. It is no doubt true that in some cases such people have been charlatans, and that in others they have been insane; but I think it should be understood that the majority of them are neither mendacious nor megalomaniac, but that they do really receive these bombastic proclamations from entities of the astral world—usually from quite undistinguished members of the countless hosts of the dead.

It sometimes happens that a preacher, especially if of some obscure sect, becomes a spirit-guide. In the astral world after death he discovers some of the inner meanings of his religion which he had never seen before, and he feels that if others could see these matters as he now sees them, their whole lives would be changed—as indeed they quite probably would. So if he can manage to influence some psychic lady in his flock, he tells her that he has chosen her to be the instrument for the regeneration of the world, and in order to impress her more profoundly he often thinks it well to represent his revelation as coming from some high source—indeed, he usually supposes that it does so come. Generally the teaching and advice which he gives is good as far as it goes, though rather of the copybook-heading style of morality.

But to that dead preacher come presently people who will have none of his sage moral maxims, but want to know how their love affairs will progress, what horse will win a certain race, and whether certain stocks will go up or down. About all such matters our preacher is sublimely ignorant, but he does not like to confess it, reasoning that as these men believe him to be omniscient because he happens to be dead, they will lose faith in his religious teaching if he declines to answer even the most unsuitable questions. So he gravely advises them on these incongruous subjects, and thereby brings much discredit upon communications from the other world in general, and upon his own reputation in particular.

The untrained psychic among ourselves is often put in precisely the same position, and he or she rarely has the courage to say plainly: "I do not know." One of

the very first lessons given to us by the great Teachers is to distinguish clearly between the few facts that we really know and the vast mass of information which we accept on faith or inference. We are taught that to say "I know" is to make a high claim—a claim which none should ever make without personal experience to support it. Short of that actual personal certainty, men are wiser to adopt the humbler formula with which begin all the Buddhist Scriptures: "Thus have I heard."

The advantage of the pupil who, not having been psychic in the beginning, is afterwards instructed in these matters, lies, I think, in this: that before the attempt is made to develop any such powers, he is trained in selflessness, his prejudices are eradicated, and his astral and mental bodies are brought under control; and so when the powers come, he has to deal only with the difficulties inherent in their unfolding and their use, and not with a host of others imposed by his own weaknesses. He has learnt to bring his vehicles into order, to know exactly what he can do with them, and to make allowance for any defects which still exist in them; he understands and allows for the action of that part of the personality which is not normally in manifestation—that which has been called by the Psychological Research Society the subliminal self.

When the powers are opened he does not proceed immediately to riot in their unrestrained use; laboriously and patiently he goes through a series of lessons in the method of their employ—a series which may last for years before he is pronounced entirely reliable. An older pupil takes him in hand, shows him various astral objects, and asks him: "What do you see?" He

corrects him when in error, and teaches him how to distinguish those things which all beginners confuse; he explains to him the differences between the two thousand four hundred varieties of the elemental essence, and what combinations of them can best be used for various sorts of work; he shows him how to deal with all sorts of emergencies, how to project thought-currents, how to make artificial elementals—all the manifold minutiae of astral work. At the end of all this preparation the aspirant comes out a really capable workman—an apprentice who can understand the Master's instructions, and has some idea of how to set to work to execute the task confided to him.

The person who is born psychic escapes the trouble of developing the powers; but this great gain brings with it its own peculiar temptations. The man knows and sees, from the first, things which others about him do not know and see; and so he often begins to feel himself superior to others, and he has a confidence in the accuracy of his power of sight which may or may not be justified. Naturally he has feelings and emotions which are brought over from past lives, and these grow along with his psychic faculties; so that he has certain preconceptions and prejudices which are to him like coloured glasses through which he has always looked, so that he has never known any other aspect of nature than that which they show him. The bias which these give him seems to him absolutely part of himself, and it is exceedingly hard for him to overcome it and see things at another angle. Ordinarily he is quite unaware that he is all askew, and acts on the hypothesis that he is seeing straight, and that those who do not agree with him are hopelessly inaccurate.

From all this it emerges that those who possess the psychic faculties by nature should exercise them with the greatest care and circumspection. If they wish that their gift shall be helpful and not harmful, they must above all things become utterly selfless : they must uproot their prejudices and preconceptions, so as to be open to the truth as it really is ; they must flood themselves with the peace that passeth understanding, the peace that abideth only in the hearts of those who live in the eternal. For these be the prerequisites to accuracy of vision ; and even when that is acquired, they have still to learn to understand that which they see. No man is compelled to publish abroad what he sees ; no man need try to look up people's past lives or to read the history of æons long gone by ; but if he wishes to do so, he *must* take the precautions which the experience of the ages has recommended to us, or run the terrible risk of misleading instead of feeding the sheep which follow him. Even the uninstructed clairvoyant may do much good if he is humble and careful. If he takes for a Master some one who is not a Master (a thing which is constantly happening) the love and devotion awakened in him are good for him, and if in his enthusiasm he can awaken the same feelings in others, they are good for those others also. A high and noble emotion is always good for him who feels it, even though the object of it may not be so great as he is supposed to be. But the evil comes when the erring seer begins to deliver messages from his pseudo-Master—commands which may not be wise, yet may be blindly obeyed because of their alleged source.

How then is the non-clairvoyant student, who as yet sees nothing for himself, to distinguish between the

true and the false? The safest criterion of truth is the utter absence of self. When the visions of any seer tend always to the subtle glorification of that seer, they lie open to the gravest suspicion. When the messages which come through a person are always such as to magnify the occult position, importance or title of that person, distrust becomes inevitable, for we know that in all true Occultism the pupil lives but to forget himself in remembering the good of others, and the power which he covets is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.

Psychic powers are widely desired, and many men ask how they can unfold them. Yet is their possession no unmitigated blessing, for at the stage which the world has reached to-day there is more of evil than of good to be seen by the man who looks with unclouded vision over the great mass of his fellow-creatures. So much of sordid struggle, so much of callous carelessness, so much of man's inhumanity to man, which indeed makes countless thousands mourn, and might well make angels weep; so much of the wicked calculated cruelty of the brutal schoolmaster to his shrinking pupil, of the ferocious driver to his far less brutish ox; so much senseless stupidity, so much of selfishness and sin. Well might the great poet Schiller cry:

Why hast Thou cast me thus into the town of the ever-blind, to proclaim Thine oracle with the opened sense? Take back this sad clear-sightedness; take from mine eyes this cruel light! Give me back my blindness—the happy darkness of my senses; take back Thy dreadful gift!”

Truly there is another side to the shield, for so soon as one looks away from humanity to the graceful gambols of the jocund nature-spirit or the gleaming splendour of the glorious Angels, one realises why, in

spite of all, God looked upon the world which He had made, and saw that it was good. And even among men we see an ever-rising tide of love and pitifulness, of earnest effort and noble self-sacrifice, a reaching upward towards the God from whom we came, an endeavour to transcend the ape and the tiger, and to fan into a flame the faint spark of Divinity within us. For the greatest of all the gifts that clairvoyance brings is the direct knowledge of the existence of the great White Brotherhood, the certainty that mankind is not without Guides and Leaders, but that there live and move on earth Those who, while They are men even as we are, have yet become as Gods in knowledge and power and love, and so encourage us by Their example and Their help to tread the Path which They have trodden, with the sure and certain hope that one day even we also shall be as They. Thus we have certainty instead of doubt; thus we have happiness instead of sorrow; because we know that, not for us alone but for the whole humanity of which we are a part, there will some day come a time when we shall awake up after Their likeness, and shall be satisfied with it.

C. W. Leadbeater

SOME ODD HAPPENINGS

By T. L. CROMBIE, F. T. S.

IN these days when psychic experiences are being more openly talked about, one finds that scarcely any of one's friends has been without some glimpse into the unseen, and so one gradually gains confidence and begins to tell one's own little tale.

I have experienced four incidents which have made an indelible mark on my memory: the first two of these can scarcely be called psychic, because a purely physical reason could be found to explain them, and must, of course, be accepted, whatever I personally think of such an explanation. The remaining two are certainly lifted above the plane of the everyday world.

In all four, however, there have been no events that led up obviously to these experiences, no eerie forebodings of psychic power, nothing at all out of the ordinary course of events. This makes them all the more valuable to me, as often and often I have felt as if I were about to pierce the veil of the unseen world, and though in such moods I have never seen anything, yet if I had, the vision would probably have been ably assisted by my imagination. In the cases recorded, I was taken completely unawares.

As has been said, my first two experiences have possibly nothing to do with the unseen; they are

interesting inasmuch as they are rather curious, and similar in character, and so I give them for what they are worth.

When I was about ten years of age, I lost my temper rather badly, and rushed out of the dining-room in a huff—we had just finished lunch. To go to the schoolroom, which was my harbour of refuge, I had to pass through a heavy swing-door, and then down a long corridor. I pushed the door open, roughly in my rage, and fled down the passage. When I got to my destination, I became full of revengeful thoughts, and the idea came into my head to go back to the swing-door, and place in front of it a heavy iron weight, which was used to keep the door open if required. My sister would, on trying to push open the door, meet with an unaccountable obstruction and might possibly fall.

Such were my thoughts, but fortunately my better nature came to my rescue, and I abandoned my fell design. A little later, my sister came running into the schoolroom, and upbraided me for my ungentlemanly conduct in so placing the heavy door-weight as to cause her a possible accident.

I was much astonished at what she said, and told her at once that I had meant to do so, but had thought better of it as it would be "rather a low-down sort of thing". She was good enough to take my word absolutely in the face of the most contrary evidence, but I have not to this day found a satisfactory explanation (to me) of how the weight was placed before the swing-door in the very few minutes that elapsed between my going to the schoolroom and my sister's arrival there. Anyhow, I comfort myself with the knowledge that I did not put the weight there consciously.

The next experience occurred when I was in my second year at Oxford. I had just emerged from the rather invidious position of a freshman, and thought myself quite an important person. Before I had entered the University, I had spent some weeks in the town of Oxford, coaching for the First Public Examination, properly known as 'Responsions,' but familiarly known as 'Smalls'.

My coach was then in his fourth year at the University and was brilliantly clever : he was also one of the most charming men, and knowing that I was alone in 'digs,' and furthermore had no acquaintances in the town, he introduced me to many of his friends, and gave me a thoroughly good time.

One of his friends, a particularly brilliant student, had a brother coming into residence the following year, and I looked forward to our being freshmen together. However, when I eventually did come up to Oxford I never got introduced to young Brown, and as my coach went very shortly afterwards to the other side of the world, it seemed likely that I should have to bide my time until I found a common friend to introduce us. Thus the whole of my first year passed without our meeting.

The first term of my second year I arranged with a man at Christ Church who, I found, knew Brown quite well, to ask us to dinner together one night ; and, as I now felt that we should eventually meet, I ceased to think any more about the matter. I have never yet understood why I made such efforts to get to know Brown, but my efforts were crowned with success.

There was a custom at Oxford in my day, and I suppose it still obtains, that, though it was the correct

thing for a senior man to leave his visiting card on a freshman he might wish to know, the freshman, in returning the call, might not leave *his* card, if he found the senior man out, but had to call and call again until he found him in. I had discovered by chance that two or three freshmen on whom I had left my card, had made several vain attempts to return my call, and so, to make matters right, I asked them to tea. During tea my scout brought in a letter, addressed to me in a handwriting unfamiliar. I opened it and read :

DEAR CROMBIE,

I am very sorry I cannot come to you this afternoon, as I am engaged to go to tea with a friend at Balliol.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. Brown.

My astonishment was great. Of course I had never invited him, not knowing him, and my first thought was : "Thank heaven he did not come," for I should have been most embarrassed, and utterly at a loss. This awkwardness was spared me, and I turned to attend to the wants of the freshmen who devoured hot tea-cake and spoke very little.

When they had gone, I decided to call on Brown and ask for a personal explanation why he thought I had invited him. I went to his college. I had no friends there and was totally unfamiliar with the 'lie of the land'. A porter kindly directed me, and after some searching and much climbing of stairs, I found Brown's rooms. He was out, but on my return I met a man who looked at me for a moment, and then stopped me, asking if I were Crombie. It was Brown, who had recognised me from a photograph he had seen which

belonged to my coach. He had heard of me, and said he was so sorry he had not been able to come to see me, and thought it was most kind of me to have waived all ceremony and asked him. He had found my visiting card on his table that morning, with the invitation written on the back of it. I asked to see the card. It had disappeared, so that avenue of inquiry was stopped. However, we had at last got to know each other, and the somewhat strange introduction led to an acquaintanceship which lasted during my time at Oxford—but no longer. Indeed it has always seemed strange to me that a friendship I had anticipated rather eagerly, should have been so utterly without anything to mark it save the manner of the introduction.

I sought in every possible way to discover *how* my visiting card had got into Brown's rooms. My friend at Christ Church had not called on him that term, so could not have left an old card of mine by mistake. All my friends at college denied any knowledge of it. My enquiries were searching, but personally I have never doubted since the moment I received Brown's letter that there was something weird in the whole incident, and I have always connected it with that extraordinary happening of my childhood just related.

My third experience is distinctly one recognised by modern psychism. I saw a thought-form. For me, henceforth, it is and must be a fact that "thoughts are things"; but I regret to say that, even so, thought-forms have never much interested me, and it is a matter of wonder to me that one of my few glimpses into the unseen should have been the vision of a thought-form, and also its effect on the person towards whom it was directed.

Late one afternoon, when living in a London boarding-house, I was sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, drawn up close to the fire. My mood was perfectly quiescent, and I was not best pleased when one of the boarders opened the door and disturbed my solitude. I remained perfectly still, but was somehow aware that the intruder had not shut the door. I have a great dislike to sitting in a room with the door open, and I thought instinctively, "I wish he would shut the door," at the same time deciding that possibly it would be less disturbing to wait until my friend had sat down, and then go and shut the door myself. I felt that I had not the energy to form the words to *ask* him to do so. My sudden desire had taken form. I saw a greyish-blue object, shaped like a boomerang, issue from the back of my head, and strike my friend on the forehead before he had reached his chair. He hesitated perceptibly for a second and then went back and shut the door.

When I returned to a more 'normal' condition of mind, I marvelled how I could have seen anything coming out of the back of my head, and travelling behind me. I have since been able to reproduce in my mind the idea, but am conscious of effort and of the fact that in so doing I make a *series* of mental images, passing them in review in rapid succession, as in a cinematograph; whereas at the time I could see myself and my companion, simultaneously, and without difficulty, from several points of view.

So much for the solitary thought-form that has deigned to manifest itself to me.

My fourth experience is of the nature of clair-audience. Some years ago a friend played to me

Rubinstein's 'Melody in F,' and I was much struck by this, and whenever I could, I got her to play it. I am fond of music, but lack that essential quality of 'ear' to make me in any way a musician. I could never mentally reproduce the melody, and this vexed me, because I often tried to do so, without success.

One day on a bus in London, I heard, above the roar of the traffic, the 'Melody in F' being played, and I vaguely wondered whether my friend were playing it. The next moment the music ceased, and I had no power to recall it. Several times, and in different places—once while in Italy—I heard the 'Melody' thus played. It suddenly began to 'play itself,' if I may use the phrase, but the playing resembled that of my friend. I could not establish the fact that I was really hearing her playing at a distance until one December.

I was spending Christmas with my brothers in Aberdeen and Mrs. R — was in London. At dinner, when I was in the midst of enjoying the customary turkey, and thinking of nothing beyond the very physical plane, I heard the 'Melody in F' played from beginning to end, most clearly. I believe my brother spoke to me. I did not answer, but after the music ceased, I recovered my manners.

The time was about 8-30 P. M. We dined at 8, and I knew Mrs. R — usually dined at 7, so there would be time for her to have finished and to be playing in her drawing-room.

I made subsequent enquiries. Just about 8-30 P. M. of that night, she began playing Rubinstein's piece, and her son said: "I do wonder if Mr. Crombie will hear it this time." I did. The fact was established, for me, that I had been hearing at a distance. Since then I

have never heard it again. The power has come to me to recall the tune whenever I will, and I have lost the ability to listen to my friend playing over the many miles that separate us.

Such are my four experiences.

I have had a few others which rather baffle any sort of description. I have been consciously out of my body and painfully aware of the re-entry into my physical frame. I have felt a vast depression being raised from, or purified out of, my bodies, leaving me free, light, and happy, but so utterly surprised that it took me nearly ten minutes to realise that I was no longer depressed, even though I had felt the depression go, as if it were some physical weight being lifted off me.

Once on waking, I found myself in a state of happiness I have seldom experienced. Every nerve of me had soothing; I felt in a condition of perfect rest, and the reason was, I knew, that I had come into contact with someone on another plane who had surrounded me with, and bathed me in, the quality of Gentleness.

These experiences cannot be described, nor are they of any particular value to others. But they are of value personally, for they bring a reality where there was formerly a doubt, and they confirm one's belief in those who see further than we see, but at whom the world scoffs as charlatans and impostors.

T. L. Crombie

HUNYADI JANOS

By MAJOR C. G. M. ADAM, F. T. S.

IT is not easy to disentangle the various and conflicting accounts of the life of this celebrated character, as some give details which are quite contradictory to those of other historians; where this is the case the writer has followed the versions of Gibbon and Coxe.

One of the most obscure things about his life is the origin of his family. According to Pray, the annalist of Hungary, he was of a noble family of Transylvania, but other accounts say that his father was a Wallachian, and his mother a Greek. He was born in 1387 at Corvinum, a small village, whence came his surname of Corvinus. This name gave rise to the idea that his father was descended from the Roman family of that name, while his mother has also been supposed to be descended from the Byzantine Emperors. However this may be, he appears to have owed his elevation to his own efforts and talents. He commenced his military career early in life; as a youth he served in the wars of Italy, and was retained with twelve horsemen under his command by the Bishop of Zagrab. He appears to have gained the soubriquet of the White Knight of Wallachia (*Chevalier blanc de Valaigne*). Subsequently he served in Italy under the Emperor Sigismund, and next in the army of Philip Maria Visconti, who was Duke of Milan from 1412 till 1447. On his return to Hungary he received from Sigismund the small estate of Hunniad, on the frontiers of Transylvania and Wallachia, and afterwards served

with the rank of captain, under the Hungarian prefect of Halle, in a campaign. He appears also to have taken part in the Hussite war in 1420, and in 1437 he drove the Turks from Semendria. For these services he got numerous estates and a seat in the Royal Council. In 1438 King Albert II made him Ban of Szoreny, a position entailing constant warfare with the Turks. He married a wealthy lady of noble family, and gradually becoming more conspicuous both for bravery and military talent, he rose to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian forces. He is mentioned in all English books under the name of John Hunniades, the surname being derived from his estate.

It is not until 1439 that we find him taking a prominent part in politics, but in that year Albert II died, and his widow Elizabeth being *enceinte*, there was every opportunity for a glorious state of confusion concerning his legal successor. The States of Austria and Bohemia agreed to wait till after the birth of the child before taking any other steps, but the Hungarian nobles forced the Queen to send an Embassy to Vladislas, King of Poland, offering him her hand and crown. By the time Vladislas reached Hungary, escorted by a large army in case of any objections being raised, the child had been born and proved to be a son, Ladislaus; so Hungary was now divided into two camps on the question of the succession. Hunniades however, supported Vladislas, principally, no doubt, because he was a distinguished soldier and would be a useful ally against the Turks. The party of Vladislas and Hunniades, consisting of the Poles and the majority of the Hungarians, and supported by the despots of Bosnia and Servia, was too powerful for the adherents of Elizabeth, and

Vladislas was crowned, though not with the crown of Stephen, as Elizabeth had pawned this to the Duke of Styria. This somewhat troublesome lady departed this life suddenly, and not without suspicions of poison, in 1442, which simplified matters for Vladislas, who soon afterwards concluded a three years' truce with his only remaining opponent, the Duke of Styria, and was thus left with a free hand to devote his attention to the Turks. For his share in this enterprise Hunniades was rewarded with the title of voivode of Transylvania, and was also made captain of the fortress of Belgrade. During this time he had been continually fighting the Turks. In 1441 he delivered Servia by the victory of Semendria, and the following year he first annihilated an immense Turkish army near Hermannstadt, recovering for Hungary the suzerainty of Wallachia and Moldavia, and soon after defeated a third army near the Iron Gates.

About this time Julian, a Cardinal and Papal Legate, organised a crusade against the Turks, who were in possession of Bosnia and Wallachia, and the city of Adrianople, though Belgrade still retained her liberty, and Constantinople was still the capital of the moribund Greek Empire. The western nations remained unresponsive, but the Polish and Hungarian Diets voted unanimously for war, while the maritime Republics of Venice and Genoa contributed their navies. Accordingly Vladislas advanced in 1443 at the head of the united Polish and Hungarian armies. Hunniades, at the head of the vanguard, crossed the Balkans, captured both Nish and Sofia, and then, uniting with the royal army, defeated Amurath at Snaim, in spite of the fact that the latter possessed the double advantage of both position

and numbers. The approach of winter forced a retirement, which was effected without opposition, and the entry into Buda partook of the nature of a triumph. The consequence of this victory was a deputation from the Turks offering to restore Servia, to ransom the prisoners, and evacuate the Hungarian frontier. Accordingly Vladislas agreed to a ten years' truce on these terms, but before the conference had dispersed, news arrived that the allies were continuing the war. The Greeks had in fact invaded Thrace, while the allied fleets were masters of the Hellespont, and, ignorant of any treaty negotiations, awaited the return of the Hungarians. Urged on by the Papal Legate, who absolved them of perjury for the broken treaty, the Poles and Hungarians returned to the Danube, though now deserted by their German allies and reduced to a strength of only twenty thousand men, and advanced to Varna, expecting to meet the confederate fleets. Unfortunately, however, owing to treachery on the part of the Greeks or the Genoese, the Sultan Amurath had crossed over from Asia Minor and was now advancing from Adrianople at the head of sixty thousand men. Hunniades counselled a retreat, but the King resolved to conquer or die, with the result that not only did he himself die, but ten thousand of his followers fell with him.

The throne being now again vacant, a provisional government was formed, Hunniades receiving the Transylvanian provinces as his district; but the following year, 1446, he was unanimously elected Governor or Regent of Hungary with regal powers. He now made war on the German King, Frederick III, who refused to deliver up the young King Ladislaus, and ravaged Styria, Carniola and Carinthia. In 1448 he received a

golden chain and the title of Prince from the Pope, and the same year, no doubt on the principle that the offensive is the best defensive, he again invaded Turkey. He had penetrated into the heart of Bulgaria before he encountered on the plains of Kossovo an enemy of four times his strength; nevertheless he managed to hold them for three days. Finally he escaped alone into the woods of Wallachia, and either here or during the battle he was taken prisoner—the accounts vary in different books—but while his captors disputed for the possession of a gold chain that hung round his neck, he seized a sword and slew one, whereupon the other fled. He was subsequently taken prisoner by George, despot of Raseia, but obtained his liberty and returned to Hungary, which was now distracted with internal commotions, and exposed to foreign enemies.

In 1453, a deputation from Hungary requested the young King Ladislaus, who was now only fourteen years old, to assume the reins of government. The Count of Cilli, the King's favourite and an enemy of Hunniades, dissuaded the King from entering Hungary on the ground that Hunniades was all-powerful, master of the principal fortresses, and too ambitious to submit to a superior. Influenced by this advice the King summoned the Regent to Vienna, intending to seize him, but the latter declined the invitation, declaring, however, that he was ready to obey the King in Hungary. After further attempts at treachery on the part of Cilli, which the Regent avoided by his prudence, a reconciliation was effected, and Hunniades surrendered several fortresses and sent his son Matthias to Vienna to be educated. Soon afterwards Ladislaus came to Buda and treated Hunniades with every mark of respect and confidence, and

brought about an apparent reconciliation between him and Cilli. This was a matter of importance, as, owing to the fall of the Greek Empire, and the increasing power of the Turks, the kingdom was menaced more than it had ever been previously.

The victorious Sultan, Muhammad II, who had recently succeeded his father Amurath, having captured Constantinople, and established himself firmly in that part of the country, was turning his attention to the West, and planning the conquest of Hungary. He burst through Servia, and, reaching the Danube, invested Semendria. Hunniades now approached and compelled him to raise the siege; but he left thirty thousand men behind as a covering force, whose camp Hunniades surprised in the night, carrying off the Turkish Commander a prisoner to Belgrade. The following year, 1454, Muhammad collected two hundred thousand men and besieged Belgrade. Hungary trembled before the approach of this overpowering force, and sought assistance from the rest of Europe. Capistran, a Franciscan monk, collected a rabble of forty thousand men, whom Hunniades reduced to order and discipline, and at the head of this crowd and a corps of Hungarians he hastened to Belgrade. This town was reduced to the last extremity, as it was invested not only by land but also by a Turkish flotilla on the Danube and Save. Accordingly Hunniades collected a considerable number of small vessels which sailed down the Danube flanked on either shore by squadrons of cavalry, and thus attacked the enemy's fleet. Hunniades led one division of the flotilla, Capistran the other, and roused by the heroism of the former and the eloquence of the latter, the crusaders completely destroyed the Turkish flotilla

and opened a way to Belgrade, enabling the garrison to be revictualled. Muhammad next ordered a general assault, which so nearly succeeded that the crescent already floated from the ramparts, but Hunniades rallied the defenders to a counter attack, repulsed the Turks, and turned their captured cannon on to their own camp, so that after a battle of twenty-four hours' duration the Turks retired at night with a loss of thirty thousand men.

This, the most glorious military achievement of Hunniades, was also his last, as soon afterwards, in August, 1454, he died at Semlin from a fever brought on by his mental and bodily exertions, leaving a widow and two sons, Ladislaus and Matthias, to whom Cilli transferred the hatred he had felt for their father. The Hungarian nobles however, who detested Cilli, supported the cause of the brothers, and were enraged when the King appointed Cilli governor of the kingdom. A few months later Ladislaus Corvinus mortally wounded Cilli in an unpremeditated duel, and was subsequently imprisoned and beheaded by the King, notwithstanding the fact that he had previously given him a free pardon. At the same time his brother Matthias was also thrown into prison. The King soon paid the penalty for his treachery, as before the end of this year, 1457, he died at Prague.

According to custom, the King having died without issue, the Hungarian nobles assembled to elect his successor. This gave rise to a somewhat dramatic incident, which may be quoted in the words of Philip de Commines :

Whilst they were mightily divided, and in great controversy about the election, the widow of the White Knight and mother of Matthias entered the town with a very splendid equipage, for she was very rich, especially in ready

money, which her husband had left her, by means of which she was able to raise men immediately, and besides, it is not improbable that she had partisans in the town. As soon as she came into the city, she marched directly to the prison and released her son, upon which some of the barons and prelates who were assembled fled in terror out of the town, and those that remained chose Matthias for their King, and he reigned among them in great prosperity, with as much applause and esteem as any of his predecessors, and in some things with even more. He was a man of as much courage as any of that age, and obtained many signal victories over the Turks, . . . He managed his affairs discreetly both in peace and in war.

As regards his personality, Hunniades is described as being "remarkable no less for the comeliness of his person and the beauty of his countenance than for his bodily strength and activity". Gibbon tells us that "his wise and facetious sayings are registered by Galestus Martius of Narni"; here is a chance for some scholar who can cope with mediæval writings!

Sir William Temple, in his essay on 'Heroic Virtue,' includes Hunniades among the seven Chiefs who have deserved, without wearing, a royal crown, the others being: Belisarius, Narses, Gonsalvo of Cordova, William, first Prince of Orange, Alexander of Parma and Scanderbeg.

With regard to the opinion which the Turks entertained of their mighty opponent, Gibbon remarks that their hatred is the proof of their esteem; they used his name as a bogey to frighten naughty children, while on hearing of his death, Muhammad II sighed that he could no longer hope for revenge against the only enemy who had ever defeated him, a remark which Gibbon describes as "his most splendid epitaph," a comment which does scant justice to his achievements as a statesman or his personal character.

C. G. M. Adam

REVIEWS

Epochs of Civilisation, by Pramatha Nath Bose, B. Sc.
(Lond.) (W. Newman & Co., Calcutta.)

Mr. Bose divides the growth of civilisation into three epochs, in the first of which man is chiefly concerned with his animal existence and the dominating spirit is predatory; brute force rules; but the Arts, being connected with the senses, flourish. In the second, intellectual development is most prominent; science and philosophy appear. In the third, spirituality reigns; self-sacrifice and benevolence become widely diffused. These three stages form "an Epoch of human progress," and of these Mr. Bose considers three. The first is from B. C. 6,000 to B. C. 2,000; the second from B. C. 2,000 to A. D. 700; the third is now existing. These dates appear to us to be far too modern for an accurate study of human progress. To put "a new race, the Āryan," as arising in the second epoch, is surely unreasonable, and B. C. 2,000 is given as the "generally accepted date of the Indo-Aryan immigration". Even the restricted view of ordinary western scholarship scarcely supports Mr. Bose on this point.

Mr. Bose next analyses the "factors of civilisation," and we are in hearty sympathy with his concluding words: "The leaders of Greek thought, from Pythagoras to Aristotle, were mostly persecuted, some were sent into exile and some condemned to death. There is, perhaps, no tyranny more incompatible with higher culture than the tyranny of an ignorant democracy."

An interesting chapter follows on the "survival of civilisation," Mr. Bose showing, by a careful historical review, that a community "engrossed with material pursuits" is doomed to decay. If it can reach the third stage, in which matter is brought under the control of the mind and the spiritual life unfolds, its persistence during long periods is secured. India

and China are the longest-lived of nations because they have regarded virtue and wisdom as higher than wealth. "It is their ethical development which enabled the Hindūs also to integrate the foreign elements into their system of civilisation and thus place it on a stable basis". "In the beginning it [the caste system] was flexible enough to permit the admission of the lower into the upper classes. But it attained such rigidity towards the end of the third stage that the fissures between the different classes became almost impassable." This contributed to the loss of political independence, but "their moral and spiritual culture" enabled their civilisation to survive and largely to Hinduise their conquerors. "The main condition of social efficiency is not perpetual strife, but rather a cessation of such strife, not physical but psychical strength, not the military and predatory spirit, but righteousness and benevolence." Various civilisations are next brought under review, and we note that both in Egypt and in Babylonia woman is spoken of as being "on an equal footing with man". This is, of course, accurate, and it is well to remember it in view of the preposterous claim that Christianity has raised the status of women. Women in these two Empires were far more free and independent than they are now in modern Christian countries. Their position in ancient India is also noted, and the *R̥gveda* is quoted for the remarriage of widows—the well-known passage, X, xviii, 8—for post-puberty marriage, and for the absence of caste. The chapter on the second epoch in India deals with the philosophic systems, and that on the third, beginning with Buddhism, carries us through Paurāṇic Hinduism, Shaivism, Vaiṣṇavism, and the later Buddhism to ethical, literary and scientific development, legal institutions, arts, manufactures and trades. The ancient Hindūs are spoken of as "bold and expert surgeons," and the forms of judicial procedure receive well-merited praise.

Mr. Bose deals finally with Greece and with western civilisation; the latter is traced through its first stage with unrelenting severity, and its horrors are remorselessly unveiled. The second stage sees the rise and triumph of science, and its progress is sketched most effectively. The third stage is scarcely entered as yet in the West, though many individuals show a noble altruism. A painful picture is drawn of the treatment of coloured men by the white—a picture, unfortunately,

of facts—and severe condemnation is bestowed on the exploitation of the East by the West. “The object of the western conqueror or exploiter is to squeeze as much as possible out of the conquered and the exploited peoples, and enjoy it at home,” and the author remarks that the notion that “Europeans are on a benevolent mission of progress and civilisation in Africa, the Oceania and the East” makes “one suspect a vein of irony”. After a powerful sketch of the evils of industrialism, the book closes on a note of hope, looking to the arising of “a fabric of civilisation grander and more majestic than any the world has witnessed as yet”.

Mr. Bose’s book is a valuable one, and deserves careful reading.

A. B.

Hypnosis and Suggestion, by W. Hilger, M. D. (Rebman Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

Although primarily addressed to the medical profession, this book abounds with interest for all who are seeking to relieve human suffering. Hypnotism is here defined as “a condition of sleep which is characterised by rapport—that is to say, a condition of sleep in which the exchange of thoughts is possible between doctor and patient”. The whole subject of sleep and reflex action is described from an impersonal standpoint of scientific observation and practical treatment, for the author wisely steers clear of the conflict of personal opinion which impeded so much of the early researches. The cases narrated are numerous and convincing, and open up a wide field for further enquiry. We cannot refrain from our usual note of protest wherever we find experiments on living animals condoned, even by being quoted as cases of physiological action, but this is only in passing. Perhaps some students of psychology might wish for a little more in the nature of an explanation of the phenomena described, but it is very doubtful whether much can be advanced in this direction at the present stage of investigation. It is evident, however, that nothing has been introduced into this work that is not amply supported by reliable professional evidence, and herein must lie its value as a record of progress.

W. D. S. B.

Historical Studies in Philosophy, by Emile Boutroux. Authorised translation by Fred Rothwell, B. A. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd, London. Price 8s. 6d. net.)

These very interesting and able studies, "written mostly at the express invitation of my pupils or colleagues" (M. Boutroux is a Member of the Institute and Professor of the University of Paris), are a resume of lectures delivered at the Ecole Normale Superieure and the Sorbonne, and deal with Socrates, the Founder of Moral Science; Aristotle; Jacob Boehme; Descartes; Kant. The principle adopted is:

In order to understand an author's work in the way he meant it to be understood, *i. e.*, to understand it aright, we must make it our constant endeavour not merely to search into the visible letter of the text and all the details of documents, but also to live and think with the author himself, to enter into his spirit.

The longest study is that devoted to Aristotle, as befits the almost unique position the Stagyrte has occupied in the shaping alike of European thought and religion. But it is surely a significant sign of a quickly changing world that Jacob Boehme, a prince of Mystics, is in this work designated "the German Philosopher" and his work seriously studied from the philosophical standpoint. In the treatment of Socrates it is his philosophy and work that is studied, "the doctrine he taught his disciples and left to the world". As he left nothing in writing his soul and his feelings are indecipherable. M. Boutroux sums up Socrates as "the man whose ideas are most instinct with life in contemporary society," after careful scrutiny of his purpose, his methods and his teaching and a careful analysis of his views. However steeped in Socratic lore he may be, the specialist, much more the general reader, will find some new light thrown upon Socrates' thought by this incisive and finished study. Of Aristotle our author writes: "In him the philosophic genius of Greece found its universal, its perfect expression." And in truth as one scans the long list of his writings, many of which have not come down to us, it appears that Aristotle preceded Lord Bacon in taking "all knowledge as his province". A short biography is given and his method discussed; M. Boutroux considers Aristotle above all a historian. It is probable that, as regards this extraordinarily many-sided man, each will see in him that aspect which personally appeals most to him. He was also a logician,

a metaphysician, in philosophy opposing the Platonic philosophy, a cosmologist, an astronomer, an exponent of general physics, a biologist, meteorologist, a botanist. His teaching brought the Peripatetic School of philosophy into existence, and the extraordinary influence this 'heathen' philosopher, born 384 B. C., exercised on the theology of Christianity is well known.

The claim of Jacob Boehme to be a philosopher is first dealt with, for it is acknowledged that it is not customary to see him as such in Germany. His motive is sought for, and Boehme himself tells us: "From my youth up I have sought only one thing: the salvation of my soul, the means of gaining possession of the kingdom of God." "And in Boehme's mind this object is destined to raise the most profound metaphysical speculations."

Descartes, a very different character from the 'shoemaker Theosophist,' held that the sovereignty of reason "dominates the entire development of modern philosophy". His famous maxim, "Cogito ergo sum," still survives.

Kant, who lived for philosophy alone, was, M. Boutroux considers, a thinker rather than a writer, but a chronological list of his works is given and a short account of a singularly uneventful life. His writings cover a vast field of thought; metaphysics, science, religion, morals, criticism, logic, geography, history, etc., besides philosophy.

A book of singular interest. Opinions may vary very probably as to the value and true meaning of some of the interpretations of the various philosophical systems and points dealt with, but all will probably acknowledge the fascination and clarity of the thought with the celebrated French charm of brilliant and clear-cut style. The translation also is singularly well done, so well that one loses the odious sense of reading a translation. An Index completes the book.

E. S.

Yatindra-Mata-Dīpikā or the Light of the School of Sri Rāmānuja, by Srinivāsa. Translated into English, with Notes, etc., by A. Govindāchārya Svāmin, C. E., M. R. A. S., etc., (The Meykaṇḍān Press, Madras.¹ Price Rs. 2.)

There is surely no want of small introductions to the Pantheistic Vedānta (as distinguished from the Illusionist and the Pluralist interpretations of the Vyāsa-Sūtras), such as the *Catechism of the Visiṣṭādvaita Philosophy*, by N. Bhāshyāchārya.² But an "academic work" which might serve as a "book of reference for all time on the Visiṣṭādvaita Philosophy and Religion" has so far not been accessible to the English-reading public.³ This is now placed before us in the form of a translation of that famous manual, the *Yatindra-mata-dīpikā*, which has long since been recognised, in the Paṇḍit world, as the best hand-book for beginners in the study of the Viśiṣṭādvaita.

The translator is A. Govindāchārya Svāmin of Mysore, so well known by his works on the Drāviḍa Saints, etc., and his useful contributions to the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

The work consists of ten Avatāras or Advents, as the word is very happily rendered in the translation, these chapters dealing respectively with (1) Perception, (2) Inference, (3) the Word (*i.e.*, the authoritative literature), (4) Matter (constituting the visible Universe), (5) Time, (6) the Spiritual Universe, (7) Attributive Consciousness, (8) The Soul, (9) God, (10) Non-Substance.

We should like to say something more on the contents of each chapter, but we have to confine ourselves to pointing out one or two interesting passages. On p. 20 we read that dream-cognition is not a delusion, and for what reason. On p. 70 we are informed that the senses (*i.e.*, the power of

¹ Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.

² Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Ans. 6. See further *Vade-Mecum of Vedānta*, by A. Govindāchārya Svāmin; *Sri Rāmānujāchārya*, by S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar and T. Rajagopalachariar; *The Life and Teachings of Sri Rāmānujāchārya*, by C. R. Srinivasa Aiyangar; etc., etc.

³ V. A. Sukhtankar's dissertation on *The Teachings of Vedānta according to Rāmānuja* is excellent, but that it is not exhaustive, may be gathered from the fact that one of the six Substances, *viz.*, Pure Matter (shuddha sattva), is not even mentioned in it.

seeing, hearing, etc.) of one who dies as a Mukta do neither accompany the latter nor perish, but abide here till the Period of Dissolution and may meanwhile be reappropriated by somebody else who is in need of them. Pages 109 ff. teach a good deal on Bhakti-Yoga. On p. 123 we learn that there is consciousness also in the lower kingdoms of nature. Pages 126 ff. give information on the liberation of those who wish not for union with God (attainable through Bhakti) but for "the metaphysical soul-bliss secured by the Path of Knowledge (*jñāna*)". This soul-bliss "is experienced in a Corner of the Spiritual Universe—in the manner of the wife who has lost her husband," or, according to some, in a corner of the physical Universe.

Many passages being unintelligible to the average reader without a commentary, foot-notes have been added on almost every page. Still in some important places they are unfortunately missing. For example, not everybody is likely to understand why Pure Matter (*shuddha-sattva*) is on p. 65 one of the six Substances, but on p. 156 a Non-substance.¹ Nor is it quite a patent fact that consciousness is non-conscious or non-sentient (pp. 91, 98), unless the latter be explained to mean : different from the subject of consciousness.

The translation is faithful, on the whole, but we cannot quite agree that the translator has always "done his best" (p. iii). What is the unfortunate reader to think when he is told (on p. 76) that Earth is "(1) All-odorous, (2) Odorous and neither warm nor cold to touch"? The passage should run (as is shown by the context as well as the editions): "(1) All-odorous, (2) Savourous, and characterised by Touch".² A similar mistake occurs on p. 73, l. 2 where we read "colour" instead of "smell"; and on p. 66, l. 13 where "Avyakta or Indiscrete" must be replaced by "Vyakta or Discrete".³ On p. 138, l. 8-9 we are struck by the notice that God has everything as His body "excepting His own body and consciousness";

¹ The solution is that there is also a Quality called Pure Matter inherent in the Substance Pure Matter.

² "Neither warm nor cold to touch" is added in the following sentence.

³ Cf. Varavaramuni in Tattvatraya-bhāṣya ed. Skt. p. ४९ : अव्यक्तमित्युच्यते
 स्रभिव्यक्तसुखविभागत्वात् (also p. ९०), and Tattvatrayaculuka-samgraha p. ३ :
 एतदेव द्रव्यं विषमपरिणामदशायां व्यक्तमिति नामान्तरेण कथ्यते.

while the correct translation is: "Having as His body all the Substances excepting Himself (or: His own, *i.e.*, the sixth Substance) and His consciousness (belonging to the fourth Substance)" (*cf.* p. 65). How is it, by the way, that our friend the translator, renders, on p. 105, *Bhagavato 'nanta-kalyāṇa-guṇāḥ* by "the innumerable Blessed Attributes of God," and not (as would be in accordance with the practice adopted by him since the end of the long discussion on the term *bhagavat* in J. R. A. S.) by "the innumerable auspicious attributes of the Blessed One"? Is it because he feels the impossibility, in English, of applying the word 'blessed,' which is passive both in form and meaning (*favoured with bliss*) to the giver and source of bliss? If so, why reject 'holy' (suggested by the reviewer) which, according to the Oxford Dictionary, means, among other things, "morally and spiritually perfect"?

Another not very pleasant feature of the translation is a certain mania for using uncommon, or inventing new, words: moiety (p. 77), septuplicatory (*ibid.*), three-propriety (p. 78), cognoscitiveness (p. 115), liegent *cum* cognoscitive (p. 117), nucleolus (p. 119), in-dwelling (p. 144), mal-odour (p. 163), etc., do all not sound very well and will, it is to be hoped, not return in any future works. Perhaps our translator had also better desist, in future, from speaking of Knowledge and A-knowledge instead of Knowledge and Ignorance (p. 95).

In concluding let us say that the Preface contains some valuable biographical material, to which also Professor Narasimhaiyāṅgār of Bangalore has contributed one or two pages.

F. O. S.

Education and Ethics, by Emile Boutroux, translated by Fred Rothwell. (Williams & Norgate, London. Price 5s. net.)

"The present volume," writes our author in his valuable introduction, "consists of lectures delivered, at various times, at the Fontenay school, a training college, so to speak, for teachers in elementary schools," and the object he sets himself in these lectures is to show what is, in his opinion, the real aim of education, and to try to inspire his audience with his ideal.

Education, in its true and complete meaning, is not the acquisition of any particular habit or knowledge, but rather the cultivation of the human being with all his physical, intellectual, and moral powers; it is not the confiscation of his freedom for the benefit of a machine, however scientific and powerful this latter be regarded; it is the development of this very freedom itself. The task of the educator is a strange one: to act on mind and conscience in such a way as to render them capable of thinking and judging of themselves; to determine initiative, arouse spontaneity, and fashion human beings into freedom.

Ethics, M. Boutroux holds, are a part of education, and three of his lectures are devoted to different ethical systems; the Hellenistic or Esthetic; Christian or Religious; Modern or Scientific. He distinguishes these very ably:

The Greek sages heeded neither theology nor science; they simply asked themselves what it was that constituted supreme beauty, the one sovereign boon. Christianity created its type of moral perfection even more freely, liberating itself from all exterior necessity and taking account of none of the conditions of earthly life. Science which finds itself faced with these moral traditions purposes to find their bases in the necessary laws of nature.

It is a pity that in dealing with religious ethics, the author should exclusively confine himself to a consideration of Christianity, which, after all, is but one religion out of many, and all have their moral codes. Different ways of inspiring the young to study, the educative value of reading aloud, and the advantages of the interrogatory method in teaching are all considered, and the author has written a volume which may be most warmly recommended to those who intend to adopt the art of teaching.

T. L. C.

The Soul of India, by George Howells. The Angus Lectures of 1909-1910. (The Kingsgate Press and James Clarke & Co., London. Price 5s. net.)

Dr. Howells' book contains a mass of information on India of a valuable and interesting character in a very convenient form. It is divided into five books covering the field of: The Land, its Languages and its Races; Historical Survey of Indian Civilisation; The Evolution of Indian Religion and Philosophy; A Comparative Study of Hindūism and Christianity; Hindūism and Christianity in historical contact.

The generally recognised Indian authorities have been consulted and used in the making of this book, completed by a map of India and Index. It is of course with the author's

personal views on the many vexed questions arising from the forced contact of two great religions that we find points of disagreement. The standpoint taken is: "I have tried earnestly to avoid misrepresenting in any degree any phase of religious thought and to make my criticisms above all things fair." But Dr. Howells is the Principal of Serampore College, Bengal, a Baptist College originally founded for the training of Indian Christian Missionaries and for the education of Indian Christians; and so, unless he were more than human, a predisposition in favour of his own religion must be suspected. One knows oneself, even when one has left orthodoxy behind in favour of the wider view that all religions equally lead men to God, how difficult it is to shake oneself free from original theological prejudice. And after the adoption of this impartial standpoint has been categorically set forth, it is something of a shock to read in the notice concerning the Theosophical Society, ranking it as among the "new currents of great force operative in Hindūism through the impact of western civilisation and Christianity":

Mrs. Besant has done much to encourage higher education on Hindū lines and to discourage child-marriage. At the same time she encourages educated Indians to utilise modern science for the defence of such glaring evils as charms, spells, incantations, astrology, idolatry and caste. Theosophy can tolerate any form of faith except a living Protestant Christianity that believes in Christ as the Light of the World and the Saviour of mankind, and in loyalty to Him feels itself in duty bound to seek to discipline all the nations.

I have never heard or read, and probably I know more of Mrs. Besant's activities than Dr. Howells does, of Mrs. Besant encouraging charms, spells and incantations. As for astrology, idolatry, and caste: in the former a great revival of interest is now taking place in the West, and Christianity itself uses idols, as, I suppose, a Protestant would describe the images in Roman Catholicism and for the same reasons. While Mrs. Besant allows their necessity she does not encourage it. She recognises as the Hindū villager tells Dr. Howells: "We want something to worship that we can feel, touch and handle." If Protestant Christians—and Dr. Howells is apparently a Baptist—could but realise what one would have thought a very small experience of Indian ryots would have shown him, that one religion, or rather one presentment of religion, cannot fit all men's needs, what an increase in religious tolerance would result. And for caste too a good case can be made out, if caste is on the

original lines laid down by the Manu, and not the multitude of subcastes existing in modern India. Indians, who ought to know, say that if caste were abolished they do not know what would take its place in organising and restraining India's social and religious life. It is quite conceivable that if caste prematurely vanished, the last state of India might be worse than the first. Many Theosophists also quite agree with Dr. Howells that Christ is the Light of the world, and are doing their best to ensure that His Light may soon again illuminate our day, and so are trying with him to discipline all the nations, and with some success, as the widespread organisation of the Order of the Star in the East proves. The occult power of sound is believed in by Mrs. Besant, and perhaps that is what is meant by her encouraging the use of spells and incantations. But it is very difficult to censure practices of one religion without in reality censuring all, even your own. In all set forms of prayer there is an element of incantation, and the power attached to sacred names by almost all religions is naturally known in India.

The *Bhagavad-Gītā* is said to be "from the standpoint of religious philosophy the most notable product of ancient India". The common element in the theology of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* and the New Testament is dwelt on at length and the unifying tendency common to both noticed. The very vexed point as to whether the teaching of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* and the devotional Kṛṣṇa cult were borrowed from Christianity or not is also considered, with the result: "I think there is considerable ground for suspecting Christian influences in both cases, but the data are not sufficient to enable us to come to a definite decision in the matter." The Theosophist would probably account for the similarities between the Christian and the Hindū teaching, I imagine, by a recognition that human nature is everywhere the same, shows the same traits, has the same needs, and is given by the great Ones the spiritual food it needs. The *Bhagavad-Gītā* includes the teaching of all the six schools of Indian philosophy, is intended evidently to be a Scripture with an appeal to every Indian school of thought—a catholicity of doctrine which has caused astonished comment, when in one Chapter one method of progress is recommended and in the next Chapter another standard is adopted. It is hardly likely that an Indian Scripture, with its incorporation of

these different elements of Indian philosophy, would borrow from an alien faith. And so with the Kṛṣṇa legend and cult, with its strong resemblance to the Christ story and the Christian devotion to the Christ as babe and boy. Theosophy recognises that the lives of great Avatāras are built on the same plan, their exoteric life-stories are intended to arouse certain devotional feelings while symbolising also the long pilgrimage of the soul on the different stages on the path, each with its own trials and its accustomed setting. Kṛṣṇa and Christ are two persons but one Spirit, on whom centres the love of the greater portion of devout humanity.

But within his limitations the author means well to India. We are all one with him in his final words: "In the spirit of Christ help your Indian brother to realise his own soul." Exactly the work the Theosophical Society is trying to do in India as elsewhere; though our methods may be different to those of Dr. Howells, our aim is the same.

E. S.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena, by Thomson Jay Hudson.
(G. P. Putnam's Sons, London. Price 6s.)

This deeply interesting book has had a popularity which has carried it triumphantly through twelve editions already, and we predict for it several more. There is no path of psychic investigation which this author has not pursued with his enquiring mind and his observant eye. The result is a comprehensive survey of the entire field of research, not only interesting but valuable to the student. If Gladstone was correct as to the enormous importance of such work to the world, then the services of Professor Hudson are among those which will be even more appreciated by posterity than by present day students. He will then be recognised as one of the first fruits of the revival of spirituality and consequent belief in the immortality of man at the close of the last century. Most of his investigations are directed towards the establishing of this truth.

K. F. S.

The Secret of Efficiency, by Grace Dawson. (William Rider & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

That additional attention should be paid to the laws of health and life, with the increased strain upon the nervous system, and the intelligent application to life of the great principle of rhythm is the theme of this practical hand-book for the mind and body. It proves, both by precept and example, that when we work intelligently with the law of rhythm, life becomes easier, and that when we work against it, either wilfully or through ignorance, everything is more difficult. Efficiency—the power to produce the effect intended—can be ensured only by learning how to bring the nerves of every member of the body under the direct control of the brain. The book treats of economy of energy by rhythmical movements; the saving of muscular and nervous energy; the preserving of health, strength and vitality by the quite simple method of learning the principles of tension and relaxation. Ignorance and apathy are the two foes that prevent the great majority from learning how to have full control of their own nerves and muscles. To economise energy in every possible way is the secret of tirelessness. A useful chapter is devoted to the use and abuse of muscular and nervous power in games and various actions. The secret of mental efficiency is valuable in its teaching the discipline of dominating thoughts instead of being dominated by them.

G. G.

The Social Basis of Religion, by Simon N. Patten, Ph. D., LL. D. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 2s. net.)

This book is not an apology for religion but a “constructive defence,” and is written from the point of view of “social pragmatism”. “Religion,” says our author, “begins not with a belief in God but with an emotional opposition to removable evils. It is a psychic reaction, not an intellectual conviction, and its one essential element is its programme for saving social outcasts.” Professor Patten argues that thought has three stages: the traditional, the metaphysical and the pragmatic. In the first all actions are judged by the authority which sanctions them, in the second by their antecedents, in

the third by their results. Activity, he says, has in many ways passed into this last stage, and religion, if it is to be effective as a regenerative force, must pass into it also. Religious aspiration in some form or other will never die out as long as men hope to become better and fear to become worse; but the time is at hand when the process, already well under way, by which religious concepts become socialised must be recognised as making for progress and encouraged. The chief problems with which religion is concerned are degeneration, regeneration and the will. These subjects the author discusses with great originality and vigour. The book is interesting and well worth study; those who enjoy bold generalisations will find in it matter to their liking. The spiritual ideal set forth in it, an ideal of brotherhood and social responsibility, is a high and beautiful one, yet the reader feels unsatisfied at the end of the volume. This sense of something lacking is caused no doubt by the fact that the author interprets life always in terms of the physical body and its requirements. Such an outlook on the world as his is bound to limit his views and lessen his insight into life's problems.

A. de L.

The Fourth Creative Hierarchy, by E. L. Gardner, with *Astrological Analogies*, by H. Veale. (Published by the author, London. Price 1s.)

This little book is a Transaction of the Blavatsky Lodge, London, and is especially welcome as showing the revived activities of that well-known Lodge after a period of temporary 'obscuration'. It is based primarily on a careful study of *The Secret Doctrine*, and will appeal only to earnest students. Mr. Gardner has provided his text with coloured diagrams to illustrate the fruits of his labours, and Miss Veale has contributed an admirable astrological treatise, showing from that standpoint the results of her study. Both of these students are to be congratulated on their work, and we hope that this Transaction will be the forerunner of many others in the future.

T. L. C.

The Adyar Bulletin (October). This is a very interesting number. A lecture by Mrs. Besant on 'The Coming of the World-Teacher,' dealing with the subject from the emotional point of view, in distinction from the intellectual aspect treated last month, forms the *piece de resistance*. Mr. Leadbeater contributes an original and interesting article on 'The Physical Body of the Master,' while Mrs. Adair's paper on 'The Reality of Thought' is well-considered and helpful, possessing great literary charm. In lighter vein is a duologue by K. F. Stuart, entitled 'The Public'. 'On Tour,' by T. L. Crombie is a brief description of a visit that eight people from Adyar made to Palghat to attend a Theosophical Conference. A delightful poem by H. M. Barnard concludes this excellent number. With the exception of the Editor's notes, which, as always, are full of interest, the permanent features of the magazine are conspicuous by their absence—owing possibly to pressure of space.

Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co. of Madras have issued *Philosophic Thoughts*, by V. Nagalingaiah Devara (Ans. 12) and *Studies in Local Self-Government, Education and Sanitation*, by A. P. Patro (Ans. 12), which embodies the "author's experience of Municipal and Local Boards Administration," and provides very useful hints and suggestions. *How Not to Grow Old*, by J. Stenson Hooker (Fowler, 1s.) is the revised third edition of a popular book, good of its kind. *Saving Health* (Sherratt and Hughes, 1s.) contains six essays in Mental Science. *This Work-a-day World and the Next*, by Ben Adhem (Weekly Post, 6d.) is a collection of articles "being a resurrection of certain hebdomadal ephemeralitys intombed in the newspaper necropolis"! *The Character and Call of the Modern Age*, by T. L. Vaswani, is yet another (No. 17) tract from this indefatigable worker. *Social Problem*, by Maharaj-Kumar Sailendra Krishna Deb (Ans. 4) is the Presidential Address delivered to the Hindū Marriage Reform League printed in handy form. It is very interesting and useful. *The Origin and History of Reincarnation*, (Power Book Co.) is a symposium arranged by S. George from the writings of Archdeacon Wilberforce, Mrs. Besant and others. It is a very imperfect and not quite impartial collection on the subject, and totally fails in its purpose. We wish some one more judicious and careful and better-read in the subject would produce a symposium worthy of the great theme. We regret we cannot recommend this booklet.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

AUSTRIA

The General Secretary writes of vigorous propaganda in Vienna. The Monday evenings at Mrs. Luckeneder's, in the old House of the Knights of Malta, are being continued, whilst on Thursday is held a study class on *Man*. The ethical side, studied in the lately translated *Initiation*, and *At the Feet of the Master*, is cultivated on Saturdays. A new feature is that a theme is given out for the Monday evenings on which members are invited to speak, thus rousing interest in many, besides the one lecture of the evening. A long course of weekly lectures is arranged for, and meetings are held for the answering of questions.

GERMANY

Herr Lauweriks, the General Secretary, is starting a National Theosophical Journal, in which enterprise Austria is participating, thus combining the German-speaking Lodges in this new venture. The title is to be, *Organ der Theosophischen Gesellschaft in Deutschland und Oesterreich*. Mr. Ostermann is generously assisting in this, in spite of his great interest in French activities.

An Occult Congress is to be held in Berlin in the spring of 1914, and various organisations are being invited to take part therein. An interesting article on it has appeared, and it is looked forward to with much interest.

AUSTRALIA

The Theosophical Society has to mourn the loss of a good worker in the passing away of Mr. J. W. Hunt, the father of our well-known Melbourne worker, Mr. H. W. Hunt. Mr. Hunt was prominent in the Temperance field, and many other useful civic activities, and his place will be hard to fill. May the Light Eternal shine on him.

Launceston, in Tasmania, has now its own Lodge building, after living for seven years in hired rooms. A convenient house has been bought, and the Lodge is installed therein.

BELGIUM

A report on the Theosophical Society was presented by Mr. Wittemans in the name of the Belgian T. S. to the World-Congress of International Associations, held in Brussels.

ENGLAND

The propaganda season is open, and much activity is visible. Mr. Ransom is lecturing in Leicester, Loughton, Peterborough, Swadlincote, Derby, Nottingham, Mansfield, Birmingham and Wolverhampton. Hampstead has issued a syllabus of Sunday evening lectures through October and November, in which Mr. Sinnett, the Vice-President, Miss C. E. Woods, Mrs. Ransom, Lady Emily Lutyens, and others are taking part. The Blavatsky and H. P. B. Lodges are also busily at work. A Theosophical School is being opened at Letchworth by Mrs. Ransom, aided by Miss Hope Rea.

INDIA

The meetings of various Federations in the South have attracted much attention in the Madras papers, and have been fully chronicled. Members have been coming into the Section at the average rate of over one hundred a month. The Kumbhakonam Fellows have formed a League for the helping of the Depressed Classes, and have started a school, opened by the Hon. Mr. Justice Sadashiva Aiyar, who went down for the purpose from Madras.

One of our Adyar students, Mr. H. K. Mehta, has been doing some very good work since he left us, visiting the T. S. Lodges in Kathiawar and Gujerat. He reports great interest throughout the student population and school teachers have also come in large numbers. Many Hindū ladies have attended the lectures, and some meetings were specially arranged for ladies only, teachers and girls gladly attending. Some of the Chiefs of the Kathiawar States were, as usual, glad to welcome the Theosophical lecturer. Mr. Mehta, after his tour, has settled for a time in Bombay, and is working hard there. It seems as though those who study for a time at Adyar and then go out to work carry with them a special force and a special blessing.

FRANCE

The General Secretary reports the opening of the autumn campaign, and states that the new Headquarters' building is rising rapidly.

U. S. AMERICA

A most successful Convention has been held in Chicago, and Mr. A. P. Warrington was unanimously re-elected as General Secretary. It is amusing to read in the *Chicago Daily Journal* that a great split was expected, and then to receive the news of the perfect harmony which prevailed! But it seems that the Chicago papers were hoaxed by a local enemy of the Theosophical Society, who has thus injured her future power for evil-doing; for American Editors are not 'had' twice. Nothing, in fact, is more remarkable just now than the complete solidarity of the Society all over the world.

ANNIE BESANT

By C. SHERIDAN JONES

[We take the following from *Everyman* of September 26th, 1913.]

I

Thirty years ago, on a certain July afternoon, a remarkable event took place within the precincts of the House of Commons—an event that served to stamp the impress of a woman's personality on the British people. Inside the Chamber itself there was being enacted one of the fiercest episodes that marked the long and dramatic struggle then being waged by Charles Bradlaugh—a struggle, crowned, as we know, by a complete victory for the member for Northampton. Outside, blocking the traffic, thronging the corridors, passages and lobbies, was a crowd of many thousands, not Londoners only, but sturdy miners from the North, factory hands from Northampton, Lancashire lads from the mills, all of whom had come flocking to London in their tens of thousands to "back Charlie". To control them there was only a handful of amazed policemen, and when the rumour ran from lip to lip that their hero was being ejected by force, the few constables on the spot—there was no time to get reinforcements—despaired, for the mob, angry, sullen, and masterful surged up into the central lobby, and, with a roar, faced about to rush the Commons. "Nothing can save it," said an old officer on duty at the doors. For the first time since the days of Lord George Gordon the Imperial Parliament was going to be stormed.

It was then that the incident I refer to occurred. A slight, rather fragile woman advanced from behind the police, who told her that she was attempting the impossible. But she went on. She held up her hand; she spoke, quietly, simply, effectively, scarcely raising her voice, and with only that one forbidding gesture. Even as she spoke the crowd paused, listened, hung back, and within a couple of minutes had drawn off orderly and subdued. That woman was Annie Besant.

II

It must seem to Mrs. Besant now-a-days a far cry indeed from those times of storm and stress; of riots and demonstrations; of repeated bye-elections and prosecutions; of science classes to artisans and of fierce polemical journalism. To-day she has, to quote her own words, "struggled through the storm and found Peace beyond"—Peace and the Theosophical Society! To-day she is the central figure of a faith whose cardinal doctrine is serene detachment from the mundane

affairs of life ; whose message to man is to rise above the very causes in whose service her energies were poured out like water. The arch materialist has become the greatest force for occultism in the modern world ; the eloquent champion of the people a firm adherent of aristocracy. And yet those who know her best see through all these and the other startling changes that have marked her life one thin but golden thread of consistency. Annie Besant is at once the child and the victim of a sympathy that causes her always to think of herself, her position, her logical justification even—last. “ Looking back over my life,” she once said, “ I see that its keynote—through all the blunders and the blind mistakes and clumsy follies of the past—has been a longing for sacrifice to something felt as greater than the self. It has been so strong and persistent that I recognise it now as a tendency brought over from a previous life and dominating the present one. The efforts to serve have not been painful acts of self-denial, but the yielding to an overmastering desire. We do not praise the mother who, impelled by her protecting love, feeds her crying infant and stills its wailings at her breast ; rather should we blame her if she turned aside from its weeping to play with some toy. And so with all those whose ears are open to the wailings of the great orphan Humanity. I now know that it is those wailings that have stirred my heart through life—that drew for me, as a child, alluring pictures of martyrdom, breathed into the girl the passion of devotion, and sent the woman out into the world to face scoff and odium.”

III

It is in these words that we have the key to all the kaleidoscopic transformations that have marked her wonderful career ; that changed her from a *devotee* of Dean Stanley to a colleague of Bradlaugh, and then again into the disciple of Madame Blavatsky. But through it all she was obsessed with that passion for service which has, consciously or unconsciously, marked all really strong souls ; that antithesis of indifference which is the essence of greatness. “ To follow it,” she has well said, “ is not the act of a deliberate and conscious will, forcing itself into submission, and giving up with pain something the heart desires, but a joyous springing forward along the easiest path.” It is this resistless, this ever-flowing sympathy that has given Mrs. Besant her unmatched power as a speaker, a power that has not perhaps been equalled in this generation, and which places her far above any other woman orator that I have ever heard. The cadence of the voice, the beauty of the gestures, so sparingly used, the wealth of language and amazing power of illustration, even the marked lucidity of the argument—all these are as nothing to the strange, hypnotic power which compels her to lose her own individuality in that of the audience, sitting silent and intent—

to wake at the conclusion of her speech with a start as though released from a spell.

IV

This intense interest in the world around her has carried Mrs. Besant far beyond her platform successes, wonderful as these have been. Her industry is almost devouring. Her power of application nothing short of astonishing. Turn to the catalogue at the British Museum and you will find no less than eight pages devoted to her works—works on subjects as varied as, to take some at random, "Occult Chemistry," "Legends and Tales," "Trade Unions," "Heat, Light and Sound". Her mind is wonderfully accurate, tireless and retentive, and she absorbs and arranges the most complex facts with a rapidity and sureness that probably only Mr. Gladstone ever approached. It may be doubted, however, if, on the critical side, she is anything like so well developed. A practised debater, she can in argument easily outmatch most of her opponents; but, probing some of her later works, one finds again and again that logic is sacrificed to rhetoric. Yet she is always well grounded in the grammar of the science she is elucidating. Her science hand-books are even to-day, and after more than thirty years, among the best for students, and as an exponent of Theosophy and occultism she is, of course, unapproached by either writer or speaker.

V

But it is more, far more, in her personality than in her writings that Mrs. Besant is a force. One may question, indeed, if fifty years hence any one of the memorable volumes that she has poured forth will be recalled. But very certain is it that no one who has ever met her or heard her speak can fail to remember the striking impression that she leaves, even on the least responsive of mankind. When she was identified with doctrines that seemed abhorrent to thousands of well-meaning folk, the simple dignity and calm repose of her bearing brought her thousands of adherents; men who had come to break up her meetings were stayed by that quiet, intent look which quelled the mob at Westminster, and were won over by a few words from that wondrous voice.

And yet, despite all these triumphs, Mrs. Besant always remained a true woman. There is a delightful touch of feminism in her autobiography which is well worth recalling. She relates how, even in the days of her greatest platform triumphs, shyness never left her. "I shrink from a quarrel in the home," she writes, "although a good fighter in public; when I have been lecturing and debating with no lack of spirit on the platform, I have preferred to go without what I wanted at the hotel rather than to ring and make the waiter fetch it; and, as the young mistress of the house, I would let careless

work pass rather than bear the pain of reproving the ill-doer." Yet, as we have seen, she could on occasions display astounding courage, wonderful firmness.

VI

One of the greatest triumphs of Mrs. Besant's life was her splendid leadership of the match girls of the East End, who, with Herbert Burrows, she brought out on strike against conditions that were probably unequalled for injustice. Mrs. Besant made the cause of the girls known to all England, and their success was practically the commencement of the modern movement for women's Trade Unionism. Her pamphlet, "White Slavery in London," stirred the nation profoundly, and led, after many years of agitation, to the abolition of that appalling industrial evil—"phossy jaw". The struggle was a desperate one. The cause of the girls seemed at first hopeless. For a fortnight Mrs. Besant worked as she had never worked before in her life, and then it was that the Match Girls' Union won recognition, and one of the most notable movements of modern times received a stimulus that is not yet exhausted.

VII

It was from movements like these, from helping the dockers, from pleading for woman suffrage and for the poor, from organising the unemployed and helping to fight for Free Speech in Trafalgar Square, that Mrs. Besant turned to Theosophy. When she found it, it was a discredited cult, with few supporters, almost exclusively of one class; with its organisation preyed on by charlatans and its message ridiculed and misunderstood. Mrs. Besant changed all that. She made Theosophy a force in two hemispheres. She interested the people in spiritual matters as they had not been interested since the days of Wesley. Thousands of men and women to-day think of her with gratitude and affection as having changed life for them and given it a new significance. Thousands have been led to think on a spiritual plane for the first time through hearing her speak.

In an age of materialism and indifference she has won converts by the hundred for a religion that was derided almost before it was known. I do not believe that there is any other man or woman alive to-day who could have survived the attempt, still less achieved the thing.

[This is the woman who has placed her services for twenty years at the disposal of India, and whom some Indians—unknown outside Madras till they attacked her—are seeking to destroy.]

THE PERSIAN ORDER OF SERVICE

By CAPTAIN E. G. HART, S. & T. CORPS, F. T. S.

This Order of Service has been formed for the service of a great and very ancient Empire which has now fallen on evil days and would almost seem to be near its end. It is intended to be as catholic as possible and so it is divided into five sections (which may be increased later if found necessary); hence, although started under the auspices of the Theosophical Society and with the kind permission of its President, Mrs. Besant, those who find themselves in disagreement with the principles and objects of that Society need have nothing to do with the two sections which alone represent it and the Order of the Star in the East. It is very necessary to organise and combine the various and scattered efforts at present being made to help Persia into a single and homogeneous whole, and it has been thought that no better way of doing this could be effected than through an Order divided into a number of different sections, in one or more of which those interested in the welfare of the country could find vent for their energies according to their tastes and capabilities. Practically all who are so willing to help must agree to the main tenet of Brotherhood of the Theosophical Society, and as that Society admits as Theosophists all those who make this principle a working factor in their lives, whether they be members or friends of the Society or not, there is no reason why the Order should not work under its auspices although only one of the sections is pledged to work for it.

Persia as a country is admittedly in a very bad way. Her independence has almost disappeared, whilst internally there is only anarchy in the land and it seems as if her days as an independent Empire are numbered. To all Muhammadans, to all subjects of the British Empire, and to all philanthropists, this is a consummation to be avoided at any cost, and all those who do desire to avert this disaster to a once great and glorious Empire should join the Order to help the Persians to help themselves; for it is not intended in any way to be a merely charitable concern nor indeed a material charity at all.

Although Persia is a country of from ten to twenty millions of inhabitants it is probably in more urgent need of outside intellectual assistance than any other country in the world. Countries with small populations like Norway, Switzerland, New Zealand, etc., all have their National Sections of the Theosophical Society, always a mark of the intellectual advancement of a land; in Persia it is doubtful if seven Theosophists could be found in the whole country. In the same way there is not a single decent school in Persia, and

every year dozens of young Persian boys are sent to Europe and India, often to very indifferent schools, from which they return with a superficial intellectual, and no moral, training to despise their own country for the rest of their lives. The whole country is crying out for intellectual help and rescue from the remnants of an autocratic and religious tyranny which has prevented the ingress of modern ideas and thought. In the West we have ready to hand an organisation unfettered by political or religious bonds which can be utilised for the help of Persia in the translation and publication of literature likely to assist the Persians and in the organisation of schools. These will all be carried out on business lines, and there should be little difficulty in making them pay their own way once a start has been made, for Persia is by no means a poor country; but funds will be required at first to make a start, after which it is hoped to utilise the profits on the literature, at any rate, wherewith to publish more and more. Books are so very expensive in Persia, and there is such a demand for literature of the class it is hoped to supply, that quite fair profits should be made whilst selling books at a much cheaper rate than they can be obtained in the country.

The Sections into which the Order is divided at present are as shown below, and it is hoped that all who are interested and willing to assist with service or money will fill in the form enclosed and send it to the organiser. In particular an appeal is made to Parsis to help their Motherland, which, it is believed, many of them still hold very dear.

1. General Education Section.
2. Islamic Section.
3. Theosophical Section.
4. Order of the Star in the East Section.
5. Miscellaneous Section.

The *General Education Section* will bring to the Persians the treasures of ancient and modern thought by the translation and publication of such literature, etc., as may be thought to embody it; and possibly later on by the publication of a high class quarterly, or even monthly, review, for which it is thought there is a very real need, there being at present nothing beyond very poor daily and weekly news-sheets, and very few even of these. This Section might also take up the question of education, and help to start a Trust of schools, on the pattern of those which have been so successful in India at Ajmere, Rajkot and Indore, etc., for the sons of Indian Chiefs. The whole question of female education is also in crying need of attention.

The *Islamic Section* will do all it can to revive and strengthen the national religion in consonance with the highest

and noblest of its Founder's ideals, and at the same time to free it from the bigotry and narrow-mindedness which must militate against its real acceptance by the more educated of the community.

The *Theosophical Section* will strive to spread a knowledge of Theosophy in Persia and to enlist members for the T. S. Its funds will be devoted to the printing and publishing of notices and pamphlets and of Mr. Leadbeater's *Outline of Theosophy*, all of which have been translated already whilst others are in the course of translation. A few copies will be sent free in order to advertise them.

The *Order of the Star in the East Section* will have similar objects to the above. *At the Feet of the Master* and a shortened version of Professor Wodehouse's pamphlet have been translated and await funds for publication. There is a likelihood of this Section making a very strong appeal to the Persians, many of whom are expectant of the nearer coming of the Twelfth Imām.

The *Miscellaneous Section* will be for those wishing to serve Persia along other lines than those noted above, and may be expanded into further Sections as the need arises. For the present, sub-sections can be formed for the assistance of Jews (who need assistance badly), Christians, Bahais and others, and one of them might endeavour to get other movements with the same object to co-operate with the Order.

It is hoped that a number of Persians themselves will be enlisted in the Order and will assist in the work of translating and spreading a knowledge of the literature published, and arranging with local booksellers for it to be stocked. With regard to other members, all will be welcomed who are genuinely anxious to serve, but those who have a knowledge of the language or are well acquainted with the country and the people, especially as regards their tastes in literature, etc., will be especially useful. Those wishing to make themselves acquainted with the country and its people are advised to study the following works:

Sketches of Persia, by Sir John Malcolm.

Hajji Baba Isfahani, by Morier.

Persia, by Lord Curzon.

Persian Revolution, by Professor Browne.

Strangling of Persia, by Mr. Shushter.

Further enquiries should be made to

The Organiser,
Persian Order of Service,
Theosophical Society,
Adyar, Madras, S.
E. G. Hart

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
21 DEC 1914

THE Appeal case has gone against me, and the judgments—probably because the Judges did not see the witnesses—are distinctly more harsh than that of the lower Court. All that was favourable to me in Mr. Justice Bakewell's judgment has been reversed, except the one fact that the crime alleged did not occur. All that was unfavourable has been confirmed. My grounds of appeal to the Privy Council are, roughly, that the Court has no jurisdiction, that the mandatory injunction is in the teeth of § 55 of the Specific Relief Act, and that the judgment is against the evidence. English readers must not regard a Court of Appeal here as being in any way like that in England. Here any Judge sits in any Court, and a junior, in the Court of Appeal, may set aside the judgment of a senior in the lower Court. The Lords of Appeal in England are, of course, a senior body, regarded as especially learned and of great experience, so that its judgment carries more weight than that of a lower Court. Here, there are merely two Judges instead of one. While, as the fact of my appealing

shows, I believe the judgments to be wrong in law, I have no complaint to make as to the Judges. As I said, they heard me with courtesy and patience, and that is all a suitor can ask for. If they have decided wrongly, their judgment will be reversed on appeal. If they have decided rightly as to the law, then one can only say that the law should be altered in a way which will make it conform to the best traditions of Chancery, so as to protect children in future; but meanwhile: "It is the law."

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Realising this, I have been doing my utmost to obey what the Court has ordered; I do not yet know with what result. But for the boys' sake, I have offered to give up my right of appeal if the legal guardian will consent to allow the education of the young men to be completed in England, and to permit a settlement to be made upon them that will amply suffice to cover all expenses. I do not ask for any control over them; that they may continue their education in peace, at any cost of humiliation to, and sacrifice of, myself is all I have asked. If this be refused, it will be clear that the object of the suit is merely to injure me and not to secure any good for the boys. This has been frankly stated in the presence of more than one person by one of the supporters of the successful plaintiff. But to prove that this is so by his conduct will be a public scandal.

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While Mr. Narayaniah's counsel, honestly desiring to do his duty, to gain a great advantage for his client, and to secure the welfare of the Wards of Court, at once approved the offer I made and submitted it to his client,

his client was taken out of his hands. After some days, counsel had told me that Mr. Narayaniah wished me to agree to his eldest son going to England to be with the two already there, and it was understood that he was to share their University education at my cost; this was, generally, confirmed by letter. He also wished the Wards to come over, the three brothers returning together to England in July, 1914. I at once agreed to the first, though thinking it very strange that after asking the Court to remove two of his sons from me, he should now ask to place another under my maleficent influence. That was, however, his business, not mine. On the second point, I could only answer that I had no power to bring over the boys. I am applying to Chancery for help, but they are resisting the application. Properly speaking, Mr. Narayaniah, not I, should be left to make this application, but I am doing it, because I feel bound to use every possible method of compulsion, in obedience to the Court. The fact that I regard the decision as bad in law, and as entirely wrong on the merits—as shown by my intention to Appeal—does not absolve me from obedience to it while it remains unreversed. While Mr. Narayaniah's counsel was negotiating with me, he took the matter out of his counsel's hands by the extraordinary course of publishing my letter to his counsel and an answer, which at the time of writing (Nov. 17th) has not reached me. It would be difficult, in England, to imagine a grosser insult from client to counsel, and no barrister there would continue to act for a client who had sent to the press a letter addressed to himself in the course of confidential professional communications. Such conduct, rendering all professional negotiations impossible, would bring about an

immediate severance of relations, but, of course, I cannot judge professional etiquette here.

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This is not the first breach of the ordinary decencies of legal proceedings made by Mr. Narayaniah. In the course of the civil proceedings, he obtained from his counsel copies of notes taken from documents I disclosed. These were conveyed to the counsel defending Dr. Nair in the Police Court case, who had no power to obtain them directly. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more unfair than this or a greater demonstration of my contention that the whole of these proceedings are the connected parts of a concerted attempt to ruin me, carried on by a small group of people, using the Courts of Justice as their tools. Dr. Nair's attack on me was, superficially, an independent one; but we find Mr. Narayaniah supplying him with documents that could only be obtained in the civil case, with an utter disregard for any injury he might inflict on his counsel professionally. Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar acted most honourably in the matter—thus laying the foundation of my respect for him. I at first supposed that the betrayal of documents was due to him. I found, however, that he was entirely blameless in the matter, and he did his utmost, as an honourable man, to prevent the use of the documents so unfairly obtained; but he was powerless in the matter. Mr. Osborne and his solicitors withdrew from the case at this juncture, and its conduct passed into other hands. While speaking of this, I may add that Mr. Shama Rau informed me that the statements which I had characterised as false were not his own, but were only made on instructions, which he was bound professionally to follow, and he said quite

openly to myself and others that, personally, he had never believed Dr. Nair's statement about me to be true, and that Dr. Nair would have withdrawn it, had I asked him to do so, as he also did not believe it was true. On this, I wrote to him that I made no imputation on his personal or professional character, but that it was necessary for me to say that the statements themselves were false. On that, he withdrew the suit, despite the pressure put on him to carry it on by the people behind the whole thing. I believe that Mr. Shama Rau really did not intend to injure me, but felt bound to carry out his instructions, and I am very glad to be able to think of him better than I did. The bringing of the suit seems to have been forced on him, as he knew how cruelly unfair were all the attempts to fasten on me an opinion I had never held. The suit against Dr. Nair was begun by Don Fabrizio Ruspoli, not by me, and he offered Dr. Nair the opportunity of withdrawing it before he applied for a summons, and Dr. Nair refused. When my name was substituted for that of Don Fabrizio's, it did not strike me to ask again for a withdrawal; I did offer the opportunity to Dr. U. Rama Rao, the other person concerned, but no notice was taken of it. Well, they succeeded, as Mr. Narayaniah succeeded; but some of the inner history of the case is leaking out gradually, including Dr. Nanjunda Rao's share in it throughout, and more and more, as time goes on, it will appear in its true light. Meanwhile, I must be content to be blackened by the inimical group, though I am bound to say that the mud seems to fall off as rapidly as it plastered on. They will be pleased to know that the futile attempt to prove publicly what everyone now

recognises, that the statement made was untrue, cost Rs. 5,485!

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Friends will be glad to know that Rao Sahab G. Soobhiah Chetty, who was recently decorated by Government for his thirty years of flawless honesty and integrity in Government Service, as the Commissioner publicly stated, has, since the judgment, been asked to remain for a year longer in the Service, so complete is the trust of his superiors in his stainless good faith. I am very thankful that his goodness, in bravely bearing testimony on my behalf, has not injured him.

* * *

Dr. Nanjunda Rao, who is said by *The Hindu* to have enabled the plaintiff to bring the suit, has written another letter, practically threatening an application for contempt of Court, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Sundara Aiyar—a Judge of the High Court on sick leave—has actually written to *The Hindu*, prejudging the question of my obedience or non-obedience to the Court's order, and directly accusing me of disregarding "the mandates of the Judges of the land". Incredible as this will seem to my English readers, it has none the less occurred here. Both the Hon. Justice and his friend the doctor forget that the application has yet to be made, and that it is indecent to prejudice beforehand my defence, if it should be made. "Contempt" must be "wilful" to be punishable, and when everything that it is humanly possible to do has been done, one has a right to suppose that nothing more will be demanded. If it be otherwise, one can only submit.

* * *

It is funny to see *The Hindu* supporting breaches of the law in South Africa, while it piously rebukes me for an imaginary intention to defy it. The heroic 'passive resisters' in South Africa are actually breaking the law, and going to prison for 'contempt of Court,' as Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar put it in a mass meeting the other day. *The Hindu* applauds them. Yet they really do defy the mandates of the Judges of the land. Such 'defence' against intolerable legal oppression, where the oppressed do not riot but only suffer, has always been applauded by posterity. In my own case there is no defiance, for there is no public legal oppression, and defiance on my part would be a breach of good citizenship. But *The Hindu* is swayed by hatreds, not by principles.

* * *

My willingness to make peace with this journal was much disapproved in many quarters, which seem to have judged the policy of the paper better than I. I foolishly expected generosity for generosity, but it seems that *The Hindu* only wanted to free itself in order more safely to recommence attack. It is clear now why the Editor would not say a friendly word. All the friendliness was on my side, after two and a half years of silently borne cruel attacks. One amusing thing has happened. It published various letters, accusing me of intruding into a political meeting—to which I had been officially invited—and of interfering with the conclusion of the Chairman's speech. That same Chairman, the Hon. Mr. P. Kesava Pillai, one of the leaders of the advanced party in the Madras Presidency, very kindly put off leaving Madras in order to take the Chair for me at one of my lectures,

thus quietly giving the lie to the whole fabrication in *The Hindu*, and administering to it a well-deserved rebuke.

* * *

Its latest outrage on the amenities of society is to accuse me of trying to corrupt Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar! The accusation shows the type of mind of Dr. Nanjunda Rao, who makes it, and of *The Hindu* which prints it. Because the opposing counsel and myself behave with courtesy and urbanity, like people of decent breeding and not like savages, we are accused of dishonesty. If I have been polite, it has injured no one but myself, since my clever and courteous opponent has beaten me all along the line. One is inclined to think that they wish him to throw up his client's interests, in order to gratify their mad desire to injure me; for he was trying to obtain from me every possible advantage for his client in the proposed compromise, while they, by this silly move, are doing their best to sacrifice Mr. Narayaniah and his sons merely to harm me. They forget that the duty of an honourable counsel is to serve his client's interests, not to prostitute himself to be a tool of the hatred of outsiders. If Mr. Ramaswami Aiyar, by behaving like a gentleman, has gained more for his client than if he had behaved as a ruffian, so much the more credit is due to him, and so much the more trust does he deserve. How petty this will seem a year hence.

* * *

Lectures have been many since I last wrote. The course of eight lectures was carried through in Victoria Hall with crowded audiences, and all the lectures were very fully reported. *The Hindu*, in its anger, says the

audiences were composed of students; students form a large part of every great meeting in Madras, and as they hold the future I am always delighted to see them. It was Young Italy who recognised Mazzini as prophet, and in Young India is our hope. When they are men, *The Hindu* will lose its power! As Dr. Nanjunda Rao has stated that I invited Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar to take the Chair at the last lecture but one, I may say that when he accepted it early in last September, we thought the case would have been over long before the date of the lecture arrived, and he is not, of course, one of the fanatics who want to forbid me to serve India, because I sought and accepted the office of guardian to Mr. Narayaniah's sons, and faithfully carried out the duty (it may be remembered that in the witness-box the plaintiff said that he had no objection to me). Mr. Ramaswami Aiyar, like nearly all the leaders of the Indian community in Madras, presumably thinks my public work useful, and, being a patriot, prefers that it should not be destroyed: to have been associated with so eminent a set of Chairmen would have been helpful to a young and rising leader. As, however, the case dragged on so unexpectedly, the lecture fell due just when the negotiations for a compromise had begun, and it seemed better that he should not take the Chair; so the Hon. Mr. P. Kesava Pillai, knowing the circumstances, very kindly took his place. Other lectures in Madras were given: on 'Handicrafts and Machine Industries,' to the S. Indian Association; to the Students' Club, on 'The Basis of Morality,' when the chair was taken by the Hon. Mr. B. N. Sarma, one of Mr. Narayaniah's supporters, but a much-respected gentleman, liberal enough, like Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, to recognise

what is good in a public worker, even if opposed to her in the Law Courts; to the Hindū High School Literary Society, on 'The Value of Ideals,' with the Hon. Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer in the chair; to the Excelsior Club, on 'The Value and Use of Emotion,' with the Hon. Mr. Justice Sadasiva Aiyar in the chair; to the Students' Philosophical Society, on 'The Message of the *Gīṭā* to Modern India,' with the Hon. Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer again in the chair. This does not look as though my public work were injured; in fact, it is only *The Hindu* and its friends who are trying to hound me out of public life, and are failing dismally. Moreover they are discrediting themselves, for ceaseless and malignant persecution rebounds on the persecutors.

* * *

The last lecture of the Social Reform series was delivered to a record audience. Usually, the number of people admitted is limited to the seating capacity of the hall. On this occasion, as for the South African meeting, the bar was removed, and the crowd packed every inch of the hall, including the platform. Dewan Bahadur L. A. Govindaraghava Aiyar made a weighty and thoughtful opening speech, and my lecture was followed with the closest attention. At the close, the audience rose and cheered vehemently, and so came to a close a most successful, and, I hope, useful series of lectures.

* * *

There is much public feeling in Madras, both in City and Presidency, against a Medical Registration Bill, brought into the Legislative Council by the Hon. Dr. Nair. It strikes a cruel blow at the ancient medical system of the country, the Ayurvedic and

Unāni, so much more suited to Indian constitutions than the western allopathic, with its violent and alcohol-tainted remedies. I was at one of the meetings called by the Musalmāns to oppose it, and, at the wish of the Sheriff of Madras and the Committee of the Association, took the chair. The Sheriff has issued a very valuable paper, pointing out the serious defects of the measure, and the cruelty of the proposed exclusion of the Indian Vaidyas and Hakims from the privileges of medical men. The speeches were mostly in Hindustāni, some English being interspersed. The Bill is supported in the Legislative Council by the Government, and that of course means that it will pass; but some alterations are to be introduced, so it is referred to a select Committee. That much has been gained by the popular agitation against it.

* * *

There was an immense meeting which packed every inch of space in the Victoria Hall, platform, gallery, passages, to protest against the atrocious treatment of Indians in South Africa. The Hon. Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, of the Servants of India Society, moved the first resolution in an admirable speech, lucid, firm, and logical. The other most notable speeches were those of the Hon. Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, and the Hon. Mr. B. N. Sarma. The first was stern in its warning, the second fiery and incisive, the third sardonically humorous and strong. Other leaders of the community were there, and the level of speaking was very high. Mr. G. A. Natesan, the Secretary of the League, made an effective appeal for funds, Mr. Devadoss seconded with a practical scheme, and I wound up this part of the proceedings.

* * *

Outside Madras, I visited Madura and Trichinopoly addressing huge audiences in each, and in the latter opening the fine building erected by the Lodge. Tirupati, Madanapalle and Kumbhakonam remain to be visited at the time of writing, but fall within November. The Kumbhakonam Girls' School has been handed over to the Trust, and I hope to lay there the foundation of a new building. This record of lectures should satisfy anxious friends that I am not suffering from ill-health.

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We begin a big new job with the New Year—a weekly journal, which is intended to carry out the policy sketched in 'United India,' and also to subserve the purpose, in Great Britain and the Colonies, for which the Servants of the Empire is formed. With the much increased public work in which I am engaged, with the view of helping forward the changes which will prepare the way for the Coming Teacher, it is necessary to be more in touch with current events than is possible through monthly magazines. The title of the new paper is *The Commonwealth*, a journal of National Reform, and its motto: "For God, Crown and Country". The word 'Crown' is used, because 'King' is not proper for India, and 'Emperor' is not proper outside India. 'Crown' is equally significant in every part of the Empire. The paper will appear on January 2, 1914, and on every succeeding Friday. A fuller prospectus appears as a 'Supplement' to this issue of THE THEOSOPHIST, and I ask the co-operation of our readers in this new venture.

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The Comte Armand de Gramont, F. T. S., has been named a member of the French Institute, in recognition of his valuable scientific work. It is good that the bearer

of a great historic name should distinguish himself as a scientist. His many friends in England, as well as his compatriots, will congratulate him on this well-deserved honour. M. de Gramont has also conducted with some of his scientific friends a very useful series of careful experiments with Eusapia Palladino.

* * *

There will be many in England and in India who will have a pleasant remembrance of Mrs. Owen, who stayed with us for awhile at Adyar. She was an earnest and devoted member of both T. S. and E. S. She was rather haunted by the idea that she would be killed while travelling, and left us for her journey to England in some trepidation. Her prevision came true, for she was killed in a railway accident between Liverpool and Manchester on October 17th. The London papers remark on her death that she was the daughter of a very well-known railway-man, the late Sir Charles Scotter, long the Chairman of the London and South-Western Railway. Mrs. Owen had lost both husband and father by death within the last few years, and she will feel that she has "gone home". Another London-member, Mrs. Scott, has also been killed in a railway accident since.

* * *

The progress of the Theosophical Society in India during the present year of storm has been remarkable. 36 new or revived Lodges have been established, as against 22 last year; 1071 new members have entered, as against 416 last year; there have been 50 resignations as against 24, but the lapsed, from non-payment of subscriptions, are only 161, while 806 dropped out from this cause last year. 5 Lodges and 74

members have been detached from India to Burma, but that is, of course, no loss in our general strength, and, despite this transfer, the Indian roll touches the highest point it has ever reached, 5890. Perhaps it will be 6000 by the Convention. How true it is that persecution strengthens instead of weakening a spiritual Society. Benares, this year, has been a centre of inspiration instead of one of depression, and the choice of the universally respected Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu as General Secretary has been more than justified. The financial position is encouraging, for the annual subscriptions of members amounted to Rs. 11,706 as against Rs. 7,983 last year, and the total receipts were Rs. 28,848 as against Rs. 22,774. The 'act of faith,' in abolishing entrance fees for the year, has not only resulted in no deficit, but the credit balance shows a substantial increase, for it stands at the same figure as that of last year, and last year, it contained a sum of money earmarked for a special purpose, and this year that sum has been spent on the said purpose, and the full balance is wholly at the disposal of the Section.

* * *

Mr. K. Narayanaswami is working very actively in the Punjab, with occasional excursions outside. The strength of the Lahore Lodge has risen to close upon 40, and many books have been sold. His Saturday lectures have been attended by from 300 to 500 people, and he has also lectured on Sundays. He has done some useful work for religious education, having induced the Director of Public Instruction to sanction the use of Part III of the *Sanātana Dharma Elementary Textbook*, issued by the C. H. C., as an extra English Textbook in the S. D. School in Lahore. He has also established a

Religious Examination, which can be attended by any student in the Punjab, who is in the Matriculation or Pre-Matriculation Class; the best student is awarded a gold medal. Visits to sixteen towns complete the tale of useful work.

* * *

Professor D. K. Karve, of the Widows' Home, Poona, has published a very interesting and valuable paper, entitled *My Twenty Years in the Cause of Indian Women*. It was read before a public meeting in Poona, presided over by the Hon. Mr. C. H. Hill, C. S. I., and its issue will enable it to reach a much larger public than can take part in a meeting. Professor Karve relates, in a very simple and direct manner, his own experiences in the uphill work to which he has devoted his life. Such men deserve well of their country, for they cut the path of progress through the jungle of custom and ignorance.

* * *

It is lamentable that a great paper like *The Times* should show such constant opposition to all the aspirations of India. If there is an outrage, it ever makes it a text for cruel comment and for suggestions of increased repression. The opponents of all national feeling in India, like Sir Valentine Chirol and Sir J. Bampfylde Fuller, always find the columns of *The Times* open to their malevolent comments. "Crush out! crush out!" is their war-cry. Now *The Bengali*, owned and edited by Mr. Surendranath Banerji, is denounced in language which practically accuses it of conniving at crime, because it opposed the particular measure introduced by Government after the Delhi outrage. Mr. Surendranath Banerji has always been vilified by the anarchists, and

it is *The Times* which plays into their hands by its frequent attacks on the educated Indians—its special bugbear. “The most careful control must be exercised over the whole education establishment, particularly in regard to the selection of teachers.” How much further than it has already gone, does *The Times* wish the Government to proceed in its “careful control”? It has muzzled the Deccan Education Society; it has practically dismissed three provisional University Lecturers for active sympathy with suffering Muhammadans. What would *The Times* have? I am glad to remember that *The Times* condemns the work of the Theosophical Society in India; its spirit of brotherhood, its disregard of the Colour Bar, its stimulation of a self-respecting Indian nationality, properly make it anathema to *The Times*.

* * *

The Viscountess Churchill—the President of the T. S. Social Committee in London—has asked me to say that she would be very glad if members of the T. S., belonging to any nation, who are thinking of visiting London and require any assistance, would write to The Secretary, Social Committee, 19, Tavistock Square, London, W. C., mentioning the time of their arrival, and asking any questions as to addresses of hotels, lodgings, etc. They would then be met on arrival and assisted in every way possible.



IS BELIEF IN THE MASTERS SUPERSTITIOUS
OR HARMFUL?¹

By ANNIE BESANT

FRIENDS :

Among the saddest pages of human history are those pages on which are written the stories of religious controversies, of religious persecutions, of religious wars. Look back, far back in history, and you will find many such pages in the past ; and for the most part those controversies arise not over the deep, essential, and spiritual truths of religion, not about those vital facts on which human souls are fed and human conduct is based. More often controversies arise on subsidiary questions,

¹ A lecture delivered on 12th March, 1911, at the Victoria Hall, Madras, Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K. C. I. E., LL. D. in the chair, two months after Dr. Nanjunda Rao and the *Hindu* newspaper began the cruel persecution of which the late suit was the result.

and most of the bitterness which we find in them is due to comparatively trivial differences of opinion. There are, however, certain facts, common to all religions, which from time to time are challenged by materialists, sceptics, unbelievers of every kind: there are certain points common to all religions, round which from time to time controversy arises; and while it is not worth while to add to the turmoil of battle where unimportant and trivial matters are concerned, it may be worth while, when some general truth is attacked under a special form, to draw the attention of the thoughtful to the importance of that truth, and to defend it from attack levelled perhaps at a special conception, but none the less in reality undermining the central thought of all the religions of the world. Violent State persecution has for the most part passed away in civilised lands; and yet almost all civilised countries, I am sorry to say, still find it necessary to defend by the laws of the land feelings which would be outraged by attack, beliefs which, because sacred and holy to many, might stir the passions of men in defence when ruthlessly and thoughtlessly assailed. Even in England, where one religion for the most part rules, there have been limits set to the controversies allowed on religious subjects. Argument, respectful and thoughtful, that is now everywhere in England permitted; but ridicule, assault, attack, causing pain to the holiest feelings of humanity, that even in free England is punished by the law of the land. Here in India where many religions live side by side, the law is very much sterner on this question. Quite lately in Burma, for instance, a Burman monk was arrested because he had attacked Christian missionaries, and thereby outraged Christian feeling.

I believe that human nature is fundamentally good and not evil, and that where pain is given it is given thoughtlessly for the most part and not deliberately. Because I would fain, if I can, make you realise a little of how religious feelings may be pained and outraged by things that are said in thoughtlessness, I would ask you to substitute the name 'Theosophy' for your own faith, whatever it may be, and the name 'Master' for the name holiest to you in the faith which you profess. I would ask the Christians amongst you to think how you would feel if the divine name of your Teacher, the Lord Jesus, were assailed as the Masters are assailed. I would ask those of you who are Musalmans to think how you would feel if ridicule and outrage and insult were poured out on the name of your great Prophet, Muhammad. I would ask you who are Buddhists to think how you would feel if similar treatment were meted out to the Lord Buddha; and you who are Hindūs to ask yourselves how you would feel if the sacred name of Shrī Kṛṣṇa took the place which has been occupied by the name 'Masters'. I know that this substitution cannot be, for the law would not permit it. If that were done in any Indian paper, at once the Government would step in and stop it. I ask you, is it generous, to say nothing of justice, because people are in a minority, to allow their holiest feelings to be ridiculed and outraged with impunity? Because they are known to be peaceable and law-abiding, it is thought safe to allow them to be villified and insulted. And I would appeal to all that is best in you, most generous and most noble, to set your faces against a line of attack that in every great city in the land has outraged the feelings of some of the noblest of your citizens; for there is no one great

city in India where some of the leading citizens are not Theosophists, men who are respected for their knowledge, venerated for the nobility of their lives, leaders in every good work for their religion and their country. It is not alone in Madras that we are represented by such men as Sir S. Subramania Iyer, who is seated here. There is no one great city in India where such men are not among us, and is it right, is it generous, whether you agree with them or not, to pour outrage and insult upon them? I leave it to you to judge, for it is not we who are hurt by such attack. There was a time in the Roman Empire, at the beginning of the present era, when Christianity was persecuted, when Christians were spoken of with insult, when monstrous crimes were imputed to them, when they were charged with practising immorality at their sacred feasts, and with being worshippers of an ass's head. That did not rebound on Christianity to injure it, but it re-acted on the ancient Paganism to destroy it. And that is what always happens, for truth cannot be killed by persecution; it is the persecutor who always, in the end, is slain.

Now I will not answer abuse by abuse; I believe that pain inflicted is inflicted for the most part ignorantly and thoughtlessly; I believe in that great excuse spoken by the Christ when His enemies slew Him: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I would try to explain our beliefs rather than strike back at our assailants, and it is because of that, that I come among you this afternoon, simply to lay before you something of what I believe and know of the Masters of the Wisdom. Then you may judge, after listening to our side of the question, how far such belief is either superstitious as regards religion, or harmful to the

State or the community in which such a belief may prevail.

And first, in order to make quite clear what I mean, I may define the word 'Master'. For it is a term which has been specially adopted by us who are Theosophists to indicate a certain definite status in Occultism. 'Master' is an English equivalent for a name more familiar here, the name Jīvanmukṭa, the liberated Spirit. We mean a man who has become perfect; it is not equivalent to the Hindū Avatāra, nor to the Christian Divine Incarnation—a coming down of God in human form; but it indicates, on the contrary, a slow climbing up by man in life after life, until the God within him has become manifest and shines out through a perfect humanity to the world; a man who through hundreds of past lives has struggled and has fought; a man who, having reached a high point in human evolution, has then placed his feet on the Path, of which later I shall have something to say; who has trodden that Path of Holiness step by step; who has passed Initiation after Initiation: and who has finally reached human perfection, but remains in touch with the world of men, in order to help others to tread the Path which He has trodden, and to reach the perfection which He has reached. That is what the Theosophist means when he speaks of a Master. A perfect Man in whom the divine Spirit is unfolded.

If you realise that that is the thought underlying the word, you will recognise at once that there is nothing in it repellent in any way, or possibly harmful. I ought perhaps to say that no member of the Society is asked to believe in the existence of these Masters. We do not ask that any one joining us shall

affirm belief in the existence of these perfect Men. But at the same time I am bound to say that where that belief is strong, there the Society goes forward, and where it is weak, there the Society is of little effect. For so inspiring is the conception, so ennobling is the idea, so truly does it make one realise that what man has done man can do, that the very thought uplifts. For These are not Gods of a different nature from ourselves, who have done what we cannot do; but They are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, human with our humanity, having lived on earth as we are living to-day. Out of that imperfection They have climbed, step by step, with toil and struggle and anguish, and now having reached the liberation which opens to Them the gateway of Nirvāṇa—of that which the Christian would call final Salvation—They have turned back from its threshold for the helping of Their weaker brethren, in order that they too may find the Peace, that their weakness may be aided by the strength which These have achieved. That is meant by the name 'Master'.

And now to explain the rest of the title. I will take 'superstitious' to mean—for the time, it is not a full definition—a belief which is not founded upon reason. The fuller explanation would be: "A belief which, being irrational, takes the unessential as the essential." But the absence of a rational basis for a belief may serve as a fair working definition of a superstition. The man does not know why he believes it; he has no evidence for it; neither by the testimony of his senses nor by the logic of his reason is he able to justify his belief. My duty is, then, to answer the question: "Is belief in the Masters a superstition?"

There are two ways in which you may regard this idea of Masters, one general and one particular. Both are important in the forming of your judgment. In the first place, the general, we seek to discover whether there are, in the history of the world, Men who have fulfilled the conception which I have just sketched to you, Men who have become perfect and yet have remained in touch with man. Now if we look at the history of the great religions, we shall find mention made of such Men in every sacred literature, Men who embody divine perfection in a human form. You cannot read any of the ancient books of the Hindūs without finding the mention of Men who had reached liberation, who were what is called *Jīvanmukṭas*; Their stories shine out from page after page, history is full of Them. If you read the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*, or even later books, you find Them. In the *Purāṇas* you constantly see mention of the presence of such Men, who, from time to time, at Their own will and not at the command of any one else, manifest Themselves as Men among men. *Nāraḍa*, the great *Rṣhi*, visits the Kings of ancient India, to enquire as to the welfare of their kingdoms, the discharge of their royal duties. Many names will spring to your memories, those of *Yājñavalkya* and of many another. You have there Men who had reached liberation, some of whom take pupils to guide them in the Path to liberation, mingling from time to time in human affairs, more and more rarely in later days; right down the great stream of Indian history, so long as she was really great, you find these living Men manifesting, giving counsel, instruction, and reproof. Unless Hindūism, as a whole, be a superstition, These, whom we call Masters, have existed and continue to exist.

The same is true of the great religion founded by the Lord Buddha. He with His disciples, the Arhats, bore testimony in the world of His day to the reality of the Path and the truth of liberation; if you go to Burma now you will find the Burmans believing that among Those who were His disciples there are still some who, instead of leaving the earth as They have the right to do, are remaining upon earth in order to guide and to instruct; and when I asked a Burman how you can attract the attention of such a one, if you desire to tread the Path of Holiness, I was told in answer that They see the man in whose heart the flame of love is lighted, and that They reveal Themselves to him and teach him. Moreover, all Buddhists believe in the present existence of the Boḍhisattva, the Supreme Teacher, the next Buddha, and they look for His coming to the world as the Lord Gauṭama came twenty-five centuries ago. Unless Buddhism be a superstition, These, whom we call Masters, have existed and continue to exist.

In Zoroastrianism you find the testimony to one mighty Teacher, whom it calls the Prophet, the Founder, of the faith. It was Zarathushtra, the divine Man, who laid the basis of that ancient and mighty religion. And if you come, still down the stream of time, to Christianity, you find there the conception of Jesus, Perfect Man as well as very God. And those who believe in Him think that He is living in a physical human body, for how does the article of the Church run? "Christ did truly arise again from death, and took again His body, with flesh, bones and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature; wherewith He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth, until He return to judge all men at the

last day." The Christian falls into heresy, if he denies the continued existence of the physical body of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The Prophet Muhammad was Man among men, and I do not know how far in popular Muhammadanism the Muslims regard their Prophet as still within the reach of human cry; but among the Sufis, tracing their teaching down from Ali, the beloved son-in-law of the Prophet, there is certainly the belief in the existence of Teachers who may be reached by the earnest and the devoted, and they acknowledge also the existence of the same Path which is believed in by the Hindū and the Buddhist, the Path by which men may become divine, may reach perfection. I ought also to mention that the Roman Catholics, among Christians, teach the existence of that same Path, by treading which sainthood is attained.

The only difference between the Theosophist and any one of you is that we believe in the great Prophets of all religions, while some of you believe in your own Prophet, and deny Those of the religions to which you do not belong. But it is surely no great fault in us that we honour and respect all divine Men without exception. Every faith has at its heart, at its core, the belief in such a Being, the life of such a Man.

Now, of the existence of all these great Teachers in the past, with the exception of the Lord Buddha and the Lord Muhammad, there is very little evidence which would be called historical, proving that They existed. The historical evidence for the existence of the Christ—I do not challenge it, because I know that He lived—is very very small, and any one who has studied Christian history is well aware that contemporary evidence to His existence is lacking. His

Church and His Faith prove Him to have existed far more effectively than any document which could be brought forward as evidence for His life on earth. And the same is true as regards the Hindū R̥ṣhis. There is nothing that the western scholar would accept as evidence for the historical existence of Those. And that is worth remembering, for though it in no sense disproves Their existence, it thrusts you back upon the deeper testimony of religious consciousness and of unbroken tradition. There lies your only proof that They were and are. And any blow that you may strike at the belief of others rebounds upon yourselves, for the very existence of your R̥ṣhis, of your Christ, is far more open in many ways to challenge. Only the materialists and the unbelievers will triumph, if a fatal blow can be struck at the belief of God manifest in human form, the just Man made perfect, the Master.

I do not know if objection will be made by any believer in any religion to the testimony of those who speak from their own experience, a testimony which is, to me, far stronger than that which can be found in any literature which western scholars may rend into pieces, which to me is far surer and far loftier than the authority of any priest or preacher. This testimony is the love that pours out to Them from millions of human hearts. Modern Kings and Popes cannot rival this ; no conqueror in history is crowned with fame so undying, no physical benefactor with love so immortal. Who shines out as the object of adoration so profound, so lasting, as the Lord Buḍḍha, as Shrī Kṛṣhṇa, as the Lord Christ ? That is practically impregnable, even though the scholars may deny the historical proof of Their existence. They live in the hearts of men ; They are no dream.

But you may say: "That is all very well as a general principle. We will even go further, and admit, as you have elsewhere argued, that it is logical that some men should have advanced very far, have climbed very high during the immense time through which humanity has existed; we do not deny that some figures shine out in history as mighty Rulers, as mighty Teachers; moreover reason admits the possibility, since humanity has been living on earth for so many million years."

But you may say that there is a difference between you and Theosophists. Theosophists believe that such Men are still living, and that the Path to perfection is still open. As to these ideas, most religious people apparently hesitate to affirm their belief. In some far-off heaven, perhaps, but not at hand, not living upon earth, not men as we are men, though higher, grander, more perfect than we are. I admit the difference. We, who are believers in the Masters, believe in the reality of the Divinity of the human Spirit, climbing to-day as he climbed in ages past, showing out and unfolding now his Divinity as in the past he unfolded that same Divinity among our ancestors and forefathers. That is true. But do you declare that the divine Spirit no longer lives in man, or that his divine strength is weaker? We believe that men to-day may climb as men in the past have climbed; we believe that the Christ spoke no impossible thing when He said to the disciples round Him: "Be ye also perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Do Christians believe that to be a possibility? If so, they admit the possibility of the existence of Masters in the flesh to-day. If they do not believe it, they brand their Lord as giving them

a command impossible of fulfilment. Surely it must be sad to hold so exquisite an ideal and at the same moment to deny it, to declare it to be impossible, a dream never to be fulfilled.

Turning to particular evidence, you say: "What evidence have you of Their present existence?" There is far more evidence available for any of you of the existence of the Masters whom we speak of as behind the Theosophical Society, than there is for the existence of any great religious Teacher of the past, who is revered by those who follow Him. That is the point to which I next wish to bring you. The others are far away in the past, and we cannot cross-examine the witnesses. But the witnesses to this are among you at the present time, or have only lately passed through death, leaving their testimony behind them. Some are still living among you, as I say, and their testimony is open for any one of you to investigate for yourself. Let us quietly look into it.

Now there are four ways in which any one may come into touch with a person at a distance. One is by travelling; then the physical body of the one comes face to face with the physical body of the other. That, to most people, would be the most satisfactory of all, and that we have. Secondly, a person at a distance may go in the subtle body to a place where another is in full waking consciousness, and there may materialise himself, so as to be visible to ordinary eyesight. That evidence we have. Thirdly, there is testimony which may be given by any one whose inner eyes have been opened—who is clairvoyant—and who, living in the physical body and in full waking consciousness, can see a man in what we call his astral form. That was very much challenged and

thrown aside by almost every one in the early days of Madame Blavatsky, but now many of our scientific men affirm it, and very few are prepared to deny the possibility of it. There is so great a weight of evidence with regard to its possibility, that it may fall into the third class of evidence; the observer is waking and in the physical body, and the observed is in the subtle body. That evidence we have. Then there comes the fourth possibility, for those who have developed the power of leaving the physical body at will, without loss of consciousness; they can go to the places at which the Masters live, in the various countries of the world, and see the Masters in Their physical bodies while they themselves are in the subtle body. That evidence we have.

There are thus four classes of evidence; (1) where both are present in one place; (2) where a materialisation of the one visible to the physical sight of the other is present; (3) where the clairvoyant observer is in the physical body and the observed is in the subtle body; and (4) where the observer is in the subtle body, and the observed is in the physical body. Now we have a mass of evidence of all these four classes. A good many of the people who give it are still living and reachable, so that they can be directly questioned and judged by the ordinary canons of evidence. The two who first gave evidence of all the four classes—Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott—passed away, but have left their testimony. On Madame Blavatsky's name I pause for a moment, because of the insults of those who did not know her, who accused her of chicanery and fraud; but we who knew her and still know, we bear our testimony that no nobler, wiser man or

woman has lived in the present generation upon earth. The insults, the mud, which fanatics and sceptics throw upon her memory, disgrace only the throwers. Evidence of the possibility of the facts she alleged has been accumulating since she passed away. Those who have looked into the evidence against her know how weak it is.

Let me take one illustration. I have seen the testimony of Dr. Hodgson in the P. R. S.'s report. But had he had any serious experience in psychical matters when he came out to Adyar? Did he not, later in life, with his riper judgment, admit as possible and real a mass of phenomena such as he denied in the crude days of his youth, when he set himself to investigate the psychical phenomena at Adyar? I met him before he died, after he had gathered much experience, after he had investigated such phenomena for years, and had experimented with Mrs. Piper and others; he then told me honestly enough: "If I had known then what I know now, I would never have issued the report as sent out." She came into conflict with the materialism of the day, and she broke it with her lion's strength, and on her devoted head have fallen all the insults, while the beliefs that she asserted are now becoming the beliefs of the scientific world. Colonel Olcott was never accused of fraud; he was said to have been hypnotised, psychologised, a very usual form of accusation, and one which it is practically impossible wholly to rebut. His testimony was clear and strong, that in America he had seen his Master with his own physical eyes, and had received from Him His turban, which he always treasured; that here in India he had seen Him many times, and he placed some of these on record in

the *Old Diary Leaves*; one of which he tells us was that the Master Morya visited his bangalow in Bombay in the flesh, coming in full daylight and on horseback; Master Koot Hoomi he met at Lahore in His physical body. He saw Them often with his physical eyes—he was not clairvoyant—when They materialised. The late Subba Rao and Mr. Leadbeater, in their physical bodies, visited the Nilgiri Master in His physical body in His own home, and the latter met physically the Master Rākoczi in Europe, the Master being also in the physical body. The testimony is clear; hallucination does not explain it, nor is there any sign of hypnotisation. But you may say that, after all, Colonel Olcott was dominated by this idea, was prepossessed by it. He was not dominated by it in New York, when he did not believe, but was convinced by his own eyes. What about Paṇḍiṭ Bhavani Shankar, who is still living, still available, who writes: “I have seen the latter [my venerated Guruḍeva, K. H.], my Master, in His physical body and recognised Him.” Take, if you prefer it, the testimony of an Englishman, Mr. Brown, who has said in print that he saw the same Master in Lahore, “in His own physical body”. Damodar has left on record that he saw in His physical body at Lahore the same Master whom he had seen in astral form at Adyar; and also that he met Him in Jammu, and was in an āshrama for some days where he met several Masters. Mr. Mohini Chatterji says that he met the same Master in the Madras Presidency. Mr. S. Ramaswamier and Mr. R. Kesava Pillai, Inspector of Police, also saw Masters in the physical body near Sikkim. I am quoting from statements mostly made close to the time of the seeing, available for any of you. Can a little of

such evidence be brought to sustain the existence of any great religious Teacher in the past?

Can you say that all those men are deliberately deceiving the people around them? But why? A man who deceives has an object in deceiving—money, fame, credit, or some such thing. But by confessing that he has stood face to face with a living Master he receives only scorn, contempt and insult. Why should a man go out of his way in order to gain such a reward? And there are others similarly whose records are some of them given in the little book of mine called, *Madame Blavatsky and the Masters of the Wisdom*, wherein you may read the first-hand testimony of those who, in their physical bodies, have seen the Masters in Their physical bodies face to face, and who in their physical bodies saw the Masters in the subtle. Mr. Ross Scott, the late Judicial Commissioner of Oudh, sitting in the shadow of a veranda at Adyar, when the library was in full light, saw the figure of the Master, apparently a living physical man, walking to a table, whereon a letter was subsequently found. Numbers of people now living amongst you have seen similar things; you can ask them, question them. Government officials, many of them, reasonable men respected in the community to which they belong. What right have you to brand them all as liars or unconscious deceivers? Their testimony would hang a man. You would send a man to jail for life on the testimony of one or two of them. If you refuse that same testimony when it is not a matter of criminal law, but a matter which your prejudices prevent you from believing, then we have the right to say you do not wish to know, you have made up your minds that such things cannot be. But the evidence is there.

Take the second kind of evidence ; those who in waking consciousness have seen Them materialised. Very many bear witness to that, and the evidence is in print for all to read. Many again in waking consciousness have seen Them clairvoyantly. I myself have seen Them in both these ways. I was never accused of falsehood until the *Hindu* began its persecution of me. Throughout my long public life that accusation has never been made, I do not look particularly hallucinated, for I am able to keep on its lines an International Society, that has its representatives in nearly every civilised country of the world. If I am a hysterical, emotional, or hypnotised person, I am concealing it very cleverly. And, despite the *Hindu*, I think I may claim to be believed when I speak. Now I have seen these two Masters while wide-awake in my physical consciousness, They sufficiently densifying Their body for me to see Them with my physical eyes. In the early days I could not see, as I can see now, subtle forms of matter, for it was just after I came into the Theosophical Society. And yet, in 1889, in Fontainebleau, I saw the Master, clear, definite in form. I knew Him not. At the time I was only impressed with the splendour of His appearance ; but when next day I described what I had seen to H. P. B., she at once recognised the description, as I myself later recognised its accuracy when I grew familiar with that great Teacher. So on many occasions, I have seen others of the White Lodge, over and over again, in houses in other lands as well as in Their own āshramas, to which I have learned to go in the subtle body. You may do the same, if you will pay the price. Many others, men and women of different nations, western as well as eastern, who have developed

the power to see, the power to know, bear similar testimony. Are all these reputable men and women, respected and honoured in the various circles in which they move, to be branded as deceivers, or as hallucinated, because they bear testimony to the fact which they know to be true? After all you take testimony on any point, provided it be not that of the existence of a perfect Man. You have not been to Central Africa, and yet you are willing to take the testimony of people who have been there. Many of you have not seen the King-Emperor, but you believe those who have seen him, and you do not ask that he should be produced for your amusement at a particular place, in order to convince you that such a person exists. Still more is that the case when you are dealing with experiences of your own, which are not always subjective but also objective. How many Christian Saints have borne testimony that they have seen their Master, the Lord Jesus? How many Yogīs in this land bear witness that they know their Teachers, have been in Their presence, have learned from Their lips? You must take up the attitude of Lombroso, that all religious experiences are hallucinations and madness, if you deny; and then you rob humanity of all that is fairest in its experience, of all that is oldest in its life on earth. Both generally and particularly the evidence is overwhelmingly strong from every religion, from each religion, from a large number of educated men and women who bear testimony to the existence to-day of Those whom we call the Masters. Moreover there is a growing body of scientific testimony to the fact of materialisation. Apart from Sir William Crookes, early in the field, you have Alfred R. Wallace, you have the sceptic

Lombroso, just mentioned, converted by his own experiments; you have Gurney, Myers, hosts of witnesses. To deny this possibility now is merely to prove that you are ignorant. The denial is no longer a cautious scepticism, it is deliberate prejudice and wilful obstinacy.

But it may be said that even if there be evidence that the Masters exist, is it not dangerous, mischievous and harmful to believe in Them? How, and in what? I said I would speak of the Path by which they have become Masters, the Path which some of us are treading to-day and which you may tread, if you will. Now it is recognised at least in four great living religions of the world, Hindūism, Buddhism, amongst the Sūfis in Islām and among the Roman Catholics in Christianity, that there is a Path of swift evolution whereby man, the man of the world, may become a Saint, may reach to perfection. The Roman Catholic Church has a discipline, clear, definite, and precise, through which it leads those who have a true vocation for the religious life: the Path of Purgation or Purification; of Illumination—where divine knowledge illumines the mind; of Union—where the man becomes one with God. That is the Christian view. The Buddhist and the Hindū give the same account of the Path, and it is marked out in definite stages. The names are different, but the meaning of each name is closely similar. You may read of it in the writings of Shrī Shaṅkarāchārya, you may read of it in the Buddhist Scriptures, wherein you have the record of a great Teacher's instructions. It is said that when a man through many many births has fixed his heart and mind on reaching perfection, that in one birth he comes to the point where he is within

measurable distance of that perfection, and the lives that lie before him are limited in number. In order that he may approach that Path and pass through its stages there are certain conditions laid down. These are the conditions necessary to make a man fit to learn the Vedānta, to become the Adhikāri, the man ready for instruction. Probably, you all know these qualifications, four in number and you can say if the practice, the evolution, of these can be harmful to any one. The first is Discrimination between the real and the unreal, the fleeting and the eternal; surely no harm can be done by trying to develop this. The second is Dispassion, the conquest of the lower nature, the transmutation of the lower desires into the higher, until at last no desire is left but that of doing the divine will. Then come the six mental jewels: control of mind, control of body, speech and action, endurance, tolerance, cheerfulness, faith. There does not seem to be anything harmful in these. Lastly, there is eagerness for union, love of God and man. Hindūs and Buddhists are entirely at one in prescribing these as qualifications for admission to the Path, and they are sometimes called the Probationary Path. They are virtues of which every religion is in favour. They are more precisely laid down in the eastern religions than in the western as definite qualifications, which must be developed to some extent before the Path itself can be entered. But the Path of Purification of the Roman Catholic is the same as this Probationary Path. Even if there were no Path, if it be only a beautiful dream, yet the men who developed these qualifications would be better citizens and better members of the community than those in whom they were not developed. Surely there can be nothing harmful in preparatory

teaching of that kind, which, we say, leads to a knowledge of the Masters.

The second and third stages of the Roman Catholic are covered by the five Initiations of the Hindū and Buddhist. The first of these is the Parivrājaka, the homeless man, according to the Hindūs. For he is seeking for his home in a higher region, and earth has no longer power to hold him. The Buddhists call it the Sroṭapatti, and speak of the new Initiate as 'he who has entered the stream,' of which the other shore is Masterhood. In that he may stay for seven lives; before he leaves it he must cast wholly off the 'fetters,' which are doubt, superstition and the sense of separateness. Surely again there is nothing harmful. And then, when those are wholly thrown aside, the second Initiation comes, the Kutīchaka, 'he who builds a hut,' for he becomes the builder of his subtle bodies, and makes them capable of activity in the higher planes of existence. The Buddhist calls him the Sakṛdāgāmin, he who takes but one more compulsory birth. Then the third, the Hamsa, "I am He," called by the Buddhists the Anāgāmin, "he who receives (compulsory) birth no more". Herein he casts off all passion of every kind, utterly and forever, and all possibility of anger, even the subtlest and most refined. There again there is nothing harmful, even if you do not believe. And the striving after these is the treading of the path. Then he becomes the Paramahamsa, "above the I," or what the Buddhists call the Arhaṭ, the venerable. He is on the verge of union, compulsory rebirth for him is over, and when he has cast off the fetters which still clog his feet, the last traces of desire for any special life in the form or the formless worlds, when he has thrown away pride,

when he cannot be disturbed or shaken, when ignorance falls off from him as a veil, then he has reached human perfection, and then, and then only, can he present himself for the fifth great Initiation, that which makes the Master, the Jīvanmukṭa, the liberated Spirit, the perfect Man. He is crowned with knowledge, he reaches the last goal that can be reached by man, and he becomes the Immortal, the Free, the Master of life and death, the Man who has become divine, a Saviour of the world. By the treading of that Path is the Master made.

I ask you to judge what in it there is that can be harmful to any human being, what in that teaching, known to the most ancient faiths and believed in practically by ourselves, can harm any country in which we happen to be citizens. That is what we are trying to do; that is the goal we are endeavoring to reach; and if amidst the storm of detraction we remain peaceful and happy, it is because to some extent we have acquired some of the qualifications which are demanded by the ideal towards which we strive.

I am Irish by birth and temperament, with the hot temper of my native land. When I was a freethinker and a politician, I was not the most peaceable of human beings, but struck hard with pen and tongue when struck. If I am not mingling in these newspaper controversies in Madras and Bombay, it is because in so doing I should only embitter strife, and I may not use the weapons of untruth and misrepresentation used by my antagonists. I have the right to defend the Society, but I would fain try first to exhaust enmity by forbearance, rather than give reviling for reviling, or railing for railing. Without the use of very plain speech, which would hurt the feelings of my assailants, no effective

answer is possible. Let us try if good life and silence will avail against vituperation and slander. I believe that truth wins by life rather than by talk; and I, who know how to use both tongue and pen in defence of aught that I believe to be good, I would not, if I can avoid it, speak one word to injure one human heart, nor reply with one bitter sentence to all the bitterness that has been heaped on that which I love more than life. For the world is so built that victory in the long run lies with truth and not with falsehood. You may attack, slander, abuse, you may impute motives and say cruel things without investigation into whether they be true or not. There are two ways of answering an attack: to fling back mud for the mud that is thrown, or to follow the example of the great Teachers of the world and realise that "hatred ceases not by hatred, but hatred ceases by love". And so this afternoon I have tried only to explain our position, and to show you why we believe, and what the effect of such belief must be upon conduct. I ask you, if you will, to ask yourselves whether there is anything in that belief which is not noble and worthy, which is not likely to inspire to noble living and to help men to strive towards all that is best and purest in humanity. We do not do you any harm, we Theosophists; I may go further and say that we have done you much of good. Before Theosophy was heard of in India, Zoroastrianism, Hindūism and Buddhism were despised and looked down upon by the western world. Even Government admits that Theosophy has had a great share in the revival of Hindūism; but I will tell you where we do sometimes make enemies. We are against the rigid literal interpretation of dogmas that cause bitterness and controversy

in the modern world. We speak for liberty, tolerance, width of view, the striking off modern excrescences upon the ancient faiths, and we show how their noblest promises are possible of realisation to-day. Contrast the India of to-day with the India of 1880, and you will measure something of the change that the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom has brought into your land. And so we ask that you will at least give us credit for good intentions, that you will realise that we are doing our best even if, not knowing us, you think many ill things of us. All through the world's history, leaders of a new religious movement have been attacked and reviled, and yet in the long run they are recognised as light-bringers to the world. If only I could share with any one of you, who misunderstand us, the strength and the joy, the power and the serenity, that come from the knowledge that the Masters *are*, that we are not orphans in a world bereft of God, that we do not cry out and have no answer, that we are not deserted in a desert, without a guide, without a friend. I bear you witness, I who know, that what your Scriptures tell you is true; that there is a subtle body of the Spirit that can leave the physical, and know what in the physical body you cannot know; what your teachers have taught you and you have forgotten. If you believed Hindūism—you do not really believe it or you would not laugh at us who do believe it—then you would know that its glories are true and possible for you to realise, that all the greatest things that religion has promised are promises of truth and are not lies, that men can climb the Path, can scale the mountain. If you do not agree with us, at least let us go our own way, doing our work, striving to help, to comfort and to console.

We cannot keep to ourselves the truth we know, but we never attack the faith of another man. We cannot remain silent where we are bidden to speak, but we speak gently and persuasively, and we blame none if they do not believe. And so, friends, whether you agree with us or not, take at least this thought from me, who know the existence of the Masters to be truth and light and life; if it be true, no attacks upon it can prevent the spreading of the truth; if it be a dream and false, it will perish by its own falsehood. In the days of the childhood of Christianity a wise Jewish Judge once spoke a word of wisdom. The teachers of Christianity were brought before him as disturbers of the peace, as madmen stirring up the commonwealth. "Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

I repeat to you in the twentieth century those words spoken in the first. The fire of time tries every work and will burn up the stubble; only the pure gold will remain. We are content to stand that test. We are willing to face the world with our message, and to be, as our forerunners were, despised, rejected of men. Some of you will believe, for your heart will answer to the message; some of you will answer, for your own past will voice itself in heart and brain. For you who do not believe, and are angry because we believe where you do not, on you may there be the blessing of the Peace which is incarnated in the Masters, and may the Light come to you from other lips and in other ways, although from us you may despise it and reject it.

Annie Besant

[This pleading, early in 1911, had no effect. The attack, becoming ever more virulent, continued to be met by silence until the autumn of 1912. At last I was dragged into the law-courts. Even there, to my own great loss, I clung to the higher law, and did not seek to injure my antagonist more than was absolutely necessary to protect his son. Mr. Justice Oldfield blames me for not putting Mr. Krishnamurti into the box. I would not, to defend myself, outrage all Hindū feeling by making the son bear witness against the father. It is pretty certain, now that the matter is out of my hands, that the English lawyers in defending the young man, will—especially after Mr. Justice Oldfield's indication—put him into the box, and justify me where I would not justify myself. I still believe that at last—it may be a long last—"Truth conquers, not falsehood."]

CHILD-MARRIAGE

Sweet daughter of the Motherland
 I loved your baby-face,
 You stole away the heart with your
 Bewitching baby-grace:
 "Behold it was but yesterday
 That you were born," I sighed;
 "But by the jewel at your throat
 You are a baby-bride!"

A widow's white, unbroidered veil
 They wove the little wife;
 To show her how the glory had
 Departed from her life;
 And she, sedate and solemn-eyed,
 Must sit in solitude.
 Alas! the locust-eaten years
 Of hopeless widowhood!

Now tho' men quake at Death, He is
 More merciful than man;
 He does not seek to lay upon
 A babe, a widow's ban.
 When Death held out his mighty arms
 For refuge and for rest,
 The weary baby-widow fell
 Asleep upon his breast.

K. F. Stuart

TOWARDS THE NEXT RACES CONGRESS

A SUGGESTION

By NINA DE GERNET, F. T. S.

THE heart is wiser and knows more than the 'reason'—thus the Pythagoreans thought. It occurred to me several times during the Races Congress in the summer of 1911. Science, diplomacy, international links of industry, commerce and art—this is all very well. It does help, it makes things clearer. But one touch of high emotion—of the buddhic plane—one glimpse of the Spirit-Truth behind the dream of earthly life, that brings people together and rivets them with chains of love eternal. It makes our enemy our own kin with a clearness, a self-evidency, no reasoning can give.

How easy it would be to render the nations dear and interesting to each other by some of these simple means, a 'passing' impression of art or of everyday life with an all-human vibration in it. I shall never forget the first appearance in this my life of the first nation that was born in Europe, the only European aboriginal people; the Basque. It was in the North, in Russia, in a 'summer theatre' near the Baltic; a Spanish company of guitarists and dancers was performing. They looked cold and weary and the audience was cold also. Then, at the close, a man and a girl came up for the 'Danse

Basque,' to the subdued humming of drum and guitar. They were both dressed in blue satin—the Spanish dress—and had tambourines. Slowly the dance, almost Moorish in its immobility of limbs, began, a swaying hither and thither: it grew swifter and swifter, till they seemed two blue tongues of flame, swaying and dashing up under the moon-like light of the electricity. And the old legend seemed true of these two who were Basques, from the 'mysterious people' of the Hescualdun; they were indeed "son and daughter of the Initial Fire," born of the Fire-dragon hissing under the Pyrenean Range, where the knights of mediæval Europe came to seek the Grail. The muffled, strange sound of the drum recalled the impression of their national cry, the "Terinzina," which no one who hears it forgets. Such sounds live only where Atlantean blood still throbs, on isles that were summits of the lost continent.

And behind them seemed to rise the mute, gigantic figures of the Atlantean world, of the Chinese stone Dragons watching in Temples of the Far East, amidst vast plains—of the Sphinx under the violet sky of the Desert, of Easter Island in the desert of the seas, where the huge statues of Lemurian art look to the West, waiting.

All the vague, deep, reminiscences of human eclosion, dormant in every soul, linking all—for all have been through these stages of past races, each of us through the race of each of our fellow-men—all this was stirred up. And I regretted to see no child of the race of the Euskara, no Basque called to the Congress of Races in Europe, no spark of the 'Initial Fire' with its bright purple playing on our hearts.

Neither was there a child of another hearth of humanity, no gleam from the Northern Light of Iceland. Iceland, the land of the green ray that glides over the cold waters of the extreme North, that ray that touches with its glamour—so seldom beheld—the shores of the Hebrides, as it lit millions of years ago the sky of new-born Humanity.¹ Iceland, which for four centuries, through the Middle Ages, was the sanctuary of the old chivalrous pagan Ideals of the Vikings. Iceland, that has just fulfilled its thousand years of life, as a member of 'civilised' humanity. But how old? how wise? Only her geysers, foaming with hot silver spray, under the pale skies of polar summer, under the dark skies of grimmest winter, eternal like the springs of Life—only they could tell; and the ice that covers the dead glory of Hyperborea, of Groenland, her sister, the 'Green Land' of the First Spring.

The Saga of Nial shows the first court of justice held in Iceland on a coral volcanic rock, in a chasm, over the Mystery of Earth—under the indicible tenderness of the sunlit, rosy night of May or June.

They know so much, they could teach the younger peoples—and yet none of them was called.

The United Races aspired to build their Future and yet forgot their common Past. When an Armenian spoke, he spoke only of modern strife and Turkish rule. To none it occurred how sacred was the ancient land, at the foot of the range of Prometheus, where—in some rocky desert—still may sit the mighty statue of Gää, our Mother-Earth, raised by the hand of Hettea.² The land where the Amazons—that enigma of human

¹ *The Popol-Vuh.*, v, the account of the dawn of creation and arrival of the Gods.

² See Sayce's splendid book, *Hettea, the History of a Forgotten Kingdom.*

evolution—fought the first battles of woman, and conquered. In the dimmest recesses of memory they still gleam

Le fier profil d'une guerriere d'Ophir
... Son casque aux ailes d'or ...

The heroic image is still to be seen on the beautiful Etrurian Sarcophagus in Florence. Etruria! even she was forgotten, and yet Italian Science and Italian Art were represented by names well-known to students and thinkers—Italian names, maybe of those families who sometimes, in a careless perusal of antique stones on their domains, in some still evening twilights, read in Etruscan characters this very name, their own.

It may then be suggested to future Congresses to give one part of their time to the common memories of mankind. The name and image of a mother has often stilled bitterest enmity between brothers driven apart by life. Nor should any of the living be excluded. Not only those who live far apart from the rest, like Iceland, or the sweetest isle of the Pacific whence the summons came for the next Congress to assemble *there*—in Honolulu. But the sylph-like charm of its beauty did not suffice to induce assent.

Nor should those be forgotten who hold now the land where the cradle of modern Āryan Europe stood—the peoples of Central Asia, of whom none pronounced even the name.

And yet how strong, how strange, the vibrations of that ancient soil, of the old legends dormant on it with the sands of the Kara-Kum, the Black Desert, of the Kizil-Kum, the Red Desert—how strong they are still. One night I knew them. I was going into the heart of Central Asia and was half-asleep in my

commodious Russian car, when a peculiar hollow sound of the train roused me and, looking out of the window, I saw we were crossing a small bridge. Under it a silver, moon-lit current ran into the night of distant mounts: the Herirud! the River of Horus, the stream of Afghanistan, the only 'Hermit-country' on Earth, now Korea's yellow rocks are unveiled. It ran between its steppes of sand, its jungles of tamarisks hiding up north mines of rubies and of turquoises, nourishing gardens of fairy-fruit like the crystal-apples of Aladdin . . . it ran to the forbidden cities and to the cave of the Seven Sleepers, who woke but twice: when Hazrat Esah came—the Christ—and when the Prophet passed here. Here had passed Alexander the Great to his world-throne of Ecbatane; here he met Rosana on the cliffs of the Sogdian fortress—and fittingly Egypt made the image of their son into an image of Horus. Here, in his steps, the rosy light of Greek art shone into the moonshine of Persian lore, like a ghost-light in a ruined desert-temple. Here the disciple, the divine disciple, Jesus, came to bid farewell to his Mother, on His way to the Old Path of Wisdom open in India, the Path to which lead all roads to Unity.

Nina de Gernet

QUALITY VERSUS QUANTITY

By CAPTAIN E. G. HART, F. T. S.

THE most fundamental idea in the world is that of increase, and this applies as much to societies, with perhaps a few abnormal exceptions here and there, as to individuals. Our own Society has been no exception to the rule, and no sooner does the average member join it than he yearns to bring all his relatives and friends within its charmed circle as well, feeling that it cannot but be as beneficial for them as it has been for him. Now if we were all built on one and the same pattern and were at the same stage of evolution this would not matter; but we are not. There is no use blinking our eyes to the fact that Theosophy appeals only to a certain number of the forty-nine types and sub-types, and then only to those who have reached a certain stage in their evolution. This, of course, is one of those occult truths with which we can hardly expect the beginner to be conversant, but it is certainly one with which the average member should acquaint himself and which he should impress upon the novice.

The result of this enthusiastic but not overwise policy has been that a number of people have been brought into the Society who have been in no way fitted for membership in it, either because they are not of the types to whom it appeals, or else because they have not arrived at the proper stage of evolution; and it is

undoubtedly due to their introduction into the Society that most of our 'troubles' have been brought about. It is true that these 'troubles' have all turned out to be for the good of the Society in a most wonderful way, as for instance in this year 1913, when it seems that we shall have a phenomenal increase of members owing to the advertisement we have had through them; but still that does not mean that we should consciously employ methods which we see to be wrong, even though Those who are responsible for the direction of the Society on the higher planes do utilise our mistakes for the good of the world.

It should be realised that progress can be made in two directions, that is to say in quantity and in quality, which may be said to correspond to matter and Spirit. Progress in both directions is essential, if we do not wish to become lopsided in our development. Our numbers at the end of this year should be about twenty-five thousand, and they are well scattered all over the intellectual world. It is for us now seriously to consider whether the time has not come when we should call a halt to recruiting as far as consciously directed efforts go, and turn all our energies towards inner organisation and improvement. It is now very apparent that we did not come into being as a Society for mere moral and intellectual diletantism, although it is possible to contrive such a purpose from the original prospectus. There is a very definite goal before us, but it is by no means an easy one to attain to. It will take our very best to reach it, and we can only apply our best by turning our attention to it and improving ourselves by all the means in our power. In an army it is recognised that a regiment whose factor of efficiency in musketry is '80 is worth more than two regiments whose factors are

only 40, for it will obtain as many hits in action and will eat less and require less in the shape of auxiliary services than the other two. In the same way a Lodge of half a dozen really earnest members will do the cause of Theosophy far more good than another of twice to three times the number of easy-going ones. All movements must start by enlisting numbers, so as to have the raw material on which to work, as well as to get itself known and to enlist sympathisers as well as the active fighters : after a while there must come a weeding out and disciplining process, and it would seem that we have now arrived at this stage.

It is not a pleasant stage at all. It is so very much easier to wave flags and shout 'hurrah,' and to go about telling everyone what a fine cause is ours ; and it is so very dull and boring to start goose-stepping and to sit down to an ordered discipline of doing what one is told to do within a certain time. It is a stage which we must make up our minds to accept, however, if we mean to be among those who are to be present at Armageddon and the other fights, great and small, which are to be our lot as a Society. We started on the general principle of brotherhood, just as Garibaldi started on the general cry of freedom for Italy ; but Italy would never have gained her freedom had his followers been content to go shouting about freedom and do nothing else. Doubtless then, too, as now, those who disliked doing anything else but shouting about freedom made a noise at being gently ejected from the ranks of his followers ; and possibly even gave many of those who remained doubts and fears as to the eventual success of their cause when so many were leaving it and making attacks on the integrity of their leaders : yet

looking back on it all we can see that Italy would probably never have been free had these valiant chin-waggers remained in the field.

So we must not waste regrets over the defection of those who have been shaken out and are now in the process of being got rid of, but at the same time we must make the process as easy a one as possible. For the most part *they* are not to blame, but *we*, who have induced them to enter the Society. A retreat is always unpleasant, and there are few to whom a retreat from a Society with ideals as great as our own cannot but be intensely disagreeable as an acknowledgment of a failure to be able to live up to them. It must be all the harder as in many cases they are as far and perhaps often further advanced in evolution than many of us, but, like brilliant mathematical but poor classical scholars, may feel that it is useless their remaining on at a school where the latter branch counts by far the most. There are other societies and groups where these members may be able to do far more useful work towards that evolution for which we are all working, and because they leave us we must not adopt an attitude of superiority or pity, or look upon them as blacklegs. Such behaviour on our part will only serve to embitter future relations and cause unnecessary friction with the groups which they join, and can do our Society no possible good whatever.

At the same time there must be no hesitation now in trying to get rid of those who are not with us, for if they are not for us they must be against us, whilst they remain in the Society. There should be the less hesitation in such a course of action when we remember that there is very little difference between what a member and one interested in, but not a member of, the Society

can get out of Theosophy in the shape of information and all other material advantages, and in fact non-members often get a larger share of attention and interest than do newly-joined members whose needs are as great. Whilst we are thus clearing our ranks of the disaffected and half-hearted, we must also take steps to see that no more of the same sort join, and one of the best methods would appear to be that adopted in Freemasonry, where no one is allowed to ask another to become a member, but each must do so on his own initiative. This does not mean that obstacles should be placed in the way of membership, but simply that neither advice nor encouragement one way or the other should be given. Further, it would seem to be open to consideration whether full membership should not only be accorded after a probationary period during which stock should be taken of the candidate. There are of course innumerable dangers and pitfalls in the way of such a procedure, but at the same time there seems to be some urgency for a change in the present very easy-going conditions of membership.

There can be no doubt that membership in the Society would be far more highly valued and sought after if it were made more difficult of attainment, and there are many who at present take it lightly who would probably become far more energetic if the conditions were made more difficult. Of course this ought not to be so, but we have to deal with facts as they are and not as they ought to be. It would not be a bad thing if those proposing and seconding candidates were made to feel more personally responsible, and in some way be held to blame when one of these turned out a black sheep. We shall not be doing the world or individuals any

harm in thus refusing them membership on easy terms. It may here and there serve to keep out one who is keen and might develop later into a good Theosophist; but those who are really keen will not be put off by the more difficult conditions of membership, and we shall be well rid of the Mr. Wemmick breed, the type who say: "Hallo! here's a Society: let us join it." Pure Theosophy is only for the few, or rather only for certain types and classes of people, and they will do better by studying the others and watering down the pure Theosophy they know so as to suit them.

It is along the line of internal development and progress that we must now travel for awhile, and both as Lodges and as individuals we should consider how we can advance the cause of Theosophy. It will be by the probity of the lives of individual members and by the energy and well-doing of Lodges that the right sort of people will be attracted into the Society, and that men generally will be drawn to study the truths of Theosophy. There must be no more internal quarrels and treacheries, or fighting over insignificant details. We have a great goal in view, and we can only reach it if we are united in our policy and in our devotion to our leaders, and this we can only be by sinking our own opinions on details and subordinating them to the opinions of those who have shown us the way to think straightly on the greater issues of life. Bernard Shaw has scoffed at soldiers for their unthinking devotion in the carrying out of the commands of their superiors, a devotion which has been well immortalised by Tennyson in his 'Charge of the Light Brigade':

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

And yet a higher stage of evolution may be shown in this apparently unthinking devotion than is even dreamt of in the Shavian philosophy; for a man who has learnt to 'reason why', and then learns to subordinate that power as a sacrifice, is surely superior to one who can only reason and insists on doing it in and out of season, so that people shall not forget about it. One cannot help thinking that among those who rode to sudden death at Balaclava there were many of this breed, and we, who have not only Balaclavas but Thermopylaes and Armageddons ahead, must develop the same great spirit of self-sacrifice as inspired them, if we wish to see our cause triumphant and our ideals realised.

E. G. Hart

THE UNIVERSALITY OF WALT WHITMAN

By MARGUERITE POLLARD, F. T. S.

I charge you forever reject those who would expound
me for I cannot expound myself,

I charge that there be no theory or school founded out
of me,

I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free.

I call to the world to distrust the accounts of my friends,
but listen to my enemies, as I myself do.

IT is with the memory of this charge in their minds
that the friends of Walt Whitman must always
write about their prophet. It is no easy matter "to
leave all free," to cast out the self and the limitations
of our own personalities and to enter into the boundless
world of this great teacher. Prejudices, conventions,
antipathies, are difficult to cast aside, but they must be
cast aside if the universality of the poet, his most strik-
ing characteristic, is to be appreciated.

Come, said the Muse,
Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,
Sing me the Universal.

In these words Walt Whitman announced what
he felt to be his peculiar poetic vocation—his right to
declare the goodness of all things :

Nothing is sinful to us outside of ourselves, whatever
appears, whatever does not appear, we are beautiful or sinful
in ourselves only.

If we are lost, no victor else has destroy'd us,
It is by ourselves we go down to eternal night.

So there is nothing in all the universe that is forbidden, there is nothing in itself that is hurtful or evil but as man makes it so by his own evil and unclean thoughts :

All is eligible to all,
All is for individuals, all is for you,
No condition is prohibited, not God's or any.

Great is "keen-eyed towering science," but the soul is above all science :

For it the partial to the permanent flowing,
For it the real to the ideal tends,
For it the mystic evolution,
Not the right only justified, what we call evil also justified.

In the Great Plan of spiritual and intellectual evolution there is no waste, there is no mistake, nothing is to be regretted ; in time the masks will be cast aside, and from craft and guile and tears shall emerge health and universal joy :

Out of the bulk, the morbid and the shallow,
Out of the bad majority, the varied countless frauds of men and states,
Electric, antiseptic yet, cleaving, suffusing all,
Only the good is universal.

Other poets and prophets have heard the "still sad music of humanity," but to no other has it been given to hear more clearly the Song of the Risen Saviours, who having descended into the lowest hell return with triumphant feet to the highest heaven.

Listen to the wondrous words of hope and joy :

Over the mountain-growths disease and sorrow,
An uncaught bird is ever hovering, hovering,
High in the purer, happier air.
From imperfection's murkiest cloud,
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,
One flash of heaven's glory.

To fashion's, custom's discord,
To the mad Babel-din, the deafening orgies,
Soothing each lull a strain is heard, just heard,
From some far shore the final chorus sounding.

O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine,
Along the mighty labyrinth.

There is no liberation for man so long as he is under the illusion of the opposites, no deliverance from evil except through the realisation that there is no evil, no cessation of hatred but through love, no conquest of Death but through the certainty of Immortality, no happiness in separation but only in union. Life in manifestation is an ever-becoming, a growth or evolution of spiritual faculties; to this end the Great Mother clothes her children for a time in garments of flesh.

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all,
Nature's amelioration blessing all,
The blossoms, fruits of ages, orchards divine and certain,
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images
ripening.

This is the thought that the poet would fain utter
and in which he would have all whom he loves believe:

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith
In Thy ensemble, whatever else withheld, withhold not
from us
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

Do we deceive ourselves? are we fond dreamers
living in some fool's paradise unconscious of the hard
realities of life?

Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

A belief in the universal imparts to the soul a
power of synthesis. Anyone who is free of the illusions
of the opposites walks among men as a reconciler of
opposites, unifying contending factions, fusing and

aggregating races and nations and holding up the ideal of a united humanity.

Therefore when Walt Whitman listened to "the Phantom by Ontario's shore," he heard the voice arise demanding bards to fuse the States into "the compact organism of a Nation". Politically they were already a nation but

To hold men together by paper and seal or by compulsion is no account,

That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibres of plants.

With veins full of poetical stuff, he felt that of all races and eras the States had most need of poets, and that they were destined to have greater poets than those of Europe and the eastern World.

The immortal poets of Asia and Europe have done their work and pass'd to other Spheres,

A work remains, the work of surpassing all they have done.

Feeling strongly that the poet with his "soul of love and tongue of fire," with his power of idealising and of reconciling is the "leader of leaders," the divine unifier, Walt Whitman was at pains to indicate the task he should set himself. In thus describing the bard of the future as the poet of *America*, Walt Whitman showed his awareness of the great mission America will hold to the rest of the world in the development of those ideals of unity which are to be pre-eminently characteristic of the coming Sixth Race.

"The poet of these States is the equable man"; he must sound the notes of Universality, of Equality and Liberty. Let no man rashly arrogate to himself this great office or "he shall surely be questioned beforehand by me with many and stern questions". If he

has merely come to say what has already been better said, let him be silent for

Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distill'd from poems pass away,

The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes.

Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make but the soil of literature.

He masters whose spirit masters,

He or she is greatest who contributes the greatest original practical example.

He must have studied the land, its idioms and men, he must have left all feudal processes and poems behind him and have assumed the poems and processes of Democracy, he must be very strong and really of the whole people, not of some coterie, school or "mere religion," but possessed of a message that answers universal needs, that will improve manners and meet "modern discoveries, calibres, facts, face to face".

Whitman's portrait of the true bard of humanity is glorious in its Titanic force. His great organ-voice peals forth eloquently in praise of this ideal being and forces from us the conviction: "Thou art the Man."

Of these States the poet is the equable man,
Not in him but off from him things are grotesque,
eccentric, fail of their full returns,

Nothing out of its place is good, nothing in its place is bad,

He bestows on every object or quality its fit proportion,
neither more nor less,

He is the arbiter of the diverse, he is the key,

He is the equaliser of his age and land,

He supplies what wants supplying, he checks what wants checking,

In peace, out of him speaks the spirit of peace, large, rich, thrifty, building populous towns, encouraging agriculture, arts, commerce, lighting the study of man, the soul, health, immortality, government,

In war he is the best backer of the war, he fetches artillery as good as the engineer's, he can make every word he speaks draw blood,

The years straying toward infidelity he withholds by his steady faith,

He is no arguer, he is judgment, (Nature accepts him absolutely)

He judges not as the judge judges, but as the sun falling round a helpless thing,

As he sees the farthest he has the most faith,
His thoughts are the hymns of the praise of things,

In the dispute on God and eternity he is silent,

He sees eternity less like a play with a prologue and denouement,

He sees eternity in men and women, he does not see men and women as dreams and dots.

This marvellous many-sided complex being, this ideal, was never more fully incarnate than in Whitman himself. None was ever more fitted to sing the songs of the universal than he, nor did he hesitate to claim his heritage :

Give me the pay I have served for.

Give me to sing the songs of the great Idea, take all the rest.

For the great Idea, the idea of perfect and free individuals,

That, O my brethren, is the mission of poets.

Students of Indian philosophy are familiar with the idea that the universe is a projection of the Universal Mind held stable by the force of the Universal Will. In man there exists a similar power of projecting and holding stable thought, and though he cannot say with Brahmā that the whole universe would crumble into nothingness if for one instant He withdrew his attention from it, yet to some powerful thinkers it is given to project thought-forms that exist for centuries. In every age the Manu, or out-thinker, of humanity projects the new ideals which mankind has to realise or materialise in the coming cycle. For the coming Sixth Race the ideal is that of solidarity, of universality, and all who sound their note are His servants, builders of the new age.

Universality, however, implies absence of all sense of separateness or isolation, therefore it is not possible for the builders or out-thinkers of the new era to sever themselves from the past or in any way to repudiate it. They must not reject precedents but "initiate the true use of precedents," seek not to blot out the past but to reconcile the past and the present with the future. Whitman recognises this reconciliation as part of his poetic work :

I, chanter of pains and joys, *uniter of here and hereafter,*
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond
them.

In the poem called 'With Antecedents,' he shows how the present has grown out of the past and how true the ideals of past ages were :

We touch all laws and tally all antecedents,
We stand amid time beginningless and endless,
All swings around us, there is as much darkness as light.
As for me
I have the idea of all, and am all and believe in all,
I believe materialism is true and spiritualism is true, I
reject no part.
(Have I forgotten any part? anything in the past?
Come to me whoever and whatever, till I give you
recognition.)

I respect Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the Hebrews,
I adopt each theory, myth, god and demi-god,
I see that the old accounts, bibles,
Genealogies, are true without exception,
I assert that all past days were what they must have
been,
And that they could no-how have been better than they
were,
And that to-day is what it must be, and that America is,
And that to-day and America could no-how be better
than they are.
I know that the past was great and the future will be
great,
And I know both are curiously conjoint in the present
time.

In 'Passage to India,' while singing, as he says, the
"great achievements of the present," all the marvels of

our modern civilisation which rival the famous seven wonders of the ancient world, Whitman asks: "What is the present after all but a growth of the past?"

The past is infinitely great and the present is utterly formed and impelled by it. Not only will he sing of the "strong, light work of engineers," of the mighty railroads and "seas inlaid with eloquent gentle wires," but also of "the dark unfathom'd retrospect, the sleepers and the shadows".

Although a prophet of a new worship, the poet of explorers, engineers and machinists, singing of roaring locomotives and the "shrill steam whistle," yet he is also the first

... to sound, and ever sound, the cry with thee,
O soul,
The Past! the Past! the Past!

He would see "the past lit up again," the retrospect brought forward.

Not you alone proud truths of the world,
Nor you alone ye facts of modern science,
But myths and fables of old, Asia's, Africa's fables,
The far-darting beams of the spirit, the unloos'd dreams,
The deep-diving bibles and legends,
The daring plots of the poets, the elder religions;
O you temples fairer than lilies pour'd over by the
rising sun!

O you fables spurning the known, eluding the hold of
the known, mounting to heaven!

You lofty and dazzling towers, pinnacled, red as roses,
burnished with gold!

Towers of fables immortal fashion'd from mortal dreams!

You too I welcome and fully the same as the rest!

You too with joy I sing.

It was a grand conception to sing materialism equally with spiritualism, to reconcile the here and the hereafter, to rejoice in the physical universe but at all times to see behind it the spiritual universe and to glory in it too, a grand conception and gloriously accomplished.

Greater than all the partial revelations of former teachers, greater than all the diverse ideals of earlier poets, was this justification of *the whole* earth by Walt Whitman :

Nature and Man shall be disjoin'd and diffused no more,
The true son of God shall absolutely fuse them.

For those that have heard the song of the universal there is no more fear, there is no more evil, no shrinking from experience, no clinging to particular times or localities. A trumpet-voice rings always in their ears :

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we risk the ship, ourselves and all.
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! *are they not all the seas of God,*
O farther, farther, farther sail.

We who believe in the incarnation of great Ones among us may well ask who was this Man to whom so mighty a message was given, who this poet who came to sing of no less than the All, this great out-thinker projecting ideals for the coming Race; but there is none to tell us :

The master songs are ended
And the man who sang them is a name,
And so is God a name and Love and Life and Death
And everything.
But we who are too blind to read what we have written
Do not understand, we only blink and wonder.
Last night it was *the man* who was the song,
To-day it is *the song* that is the man.
We do not hear him very much to-day,
His piercing and eternal cadence
Rings too pure for us, too powerfully pure
Too lovingly triumphant and too large.
But there are some who hear and they do know
The song he sings to-day shall ring to-morrow
For all men and that all times shall listen.
The master songs are ended and the man that sang them
Is a name and so is God a name.

Marguerite Pollard

IS ANYTHING EVER LOST ?

Our conception of the primeval, the ultimate and the eternal *Unity*, contradicted, counteracted and blurred by the apparent *multiplicity* in space, in time, and in world-processes (the evolution of kingdoms, stars, rings, rounds, races, and individuals), yet undoubtedly forever present in the Self, is at times, even if only for a few moments, reflected in our lower mentality as the Sun in the waterdrops, and becomes clear, axiomatic, unchallenged. It is wise to keep those moments of a higher vision, a greater comprehension and a wider consciousness constantly before our mind; if that is done, it will prevent us from falling into the fatal heresy of separateness.

One of those moments when the ever-changing, ever-moving panorama of past, present and future became lit up from within, its different views being united and concentrated in the Eternal Now, I will here put on record. Whenever I think of that scene, behold, *it is with me*, just as all experiences of this nature are, under similar circumstances.

On a fine spring morning a few years ago I was out walking, and I came to a street crossing, where in earlier days my beloved wife, now no more with us on the objective plane, had often met me. I recalled how she used to come round the corner with a bright, sunny smile, and in my thought I saw her come, now as then. Every moment my thought-form of her grew more vivid, and when with a sigh of sadness I spoke to myself: "*This was, and it is no more,*" the image suddenly grew quite concrete and life-like. It came very near to me, and I heard the dear, soft, loving voice breathe: "*I am here. I am with you now, as before, and so I will be. Our happiness that was still is. Nothing can take it away from us. What once becomes a fact cannot be undone.*" And she flitted close to me for a few steps and continued to smile, as she used to in the happy days of our long, unbroken friendship of our courtship and marriage. My sadness was gone. And when the beloved form disappeared, dissolved, I heard as a faint whisper those words, which to my intense delight she had so often spoken when with me in the body:

"Useless would our love be, were it not to make both of us better than before."

JACOB BONGGREN



RSHI GĀRGYĀYAṆA'S PRAṆAVA-VĀDA¹

Translated by Babu Bhagavan Das

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

YOU are now met in conference in the city where the light of Theosophy came to me thirty-one years ago; where, a few days later, some friends, in conjunction with myself, had the privilege of starting a branch; and where, also shortly afterwards, as President of the

¹ This paper was originally read to a Theosophical Conference at Madura.

branch, I welcomed our late President-Founder on his first visit to the place, when he did me the honour to be my guest in my own house. In such circumstances, it cannot but be a source of intense gratification to me to find that the centre which we established for the spreading of Theosophy has grown in strength and is shedding its influence far and wide. May your Conference be an effective channel for the outpouring of the grace of the great Ones is my fervent prayer, as it is yours.

As regards what I have to say to you, a circumstance, which came to my notice just when the request for a paper from me for the Conference reached my hands from your Secretary, suggested the subject upon which I shall now offer some observations, in the hope that they may attract attention to a book which has, for some considerable time past, been a source of instruction and inspiration to me. I mean the *Pranava-Vāda*. The circumstance in relation to it which makes me speak about it is that as yet but few copies thereof have found their way out of the publisher's hands, though it is more than a year since two of the volumes appeared ; thus leading to the inference that their contents are not as widely known as they, in my humble judgment, deserve to be. Among the innumerable services which Mrs. Besant has rendered to the thinking world since she became a Theosophist, none, I hold, is greater than the part she had in bringing about the publication of this richly annotated and scholarly translation of the ancient and unique treatise of Gārgyāyaṇa, by the talented and erudite translator Babu Bhagavan Das, a born philosopher and metaphysician, whose labour of love

Publication of the *Pranava-Vāda*, an important service to the thinking world.

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for years in this respect can never be too highly praised.

My opinion as to the worth of the work may seem exaggerated to persons who have not had the opportunity of becoming sufficiently acquainted with it. But those who can bring themselves to peruse its pages in the right spirit will, I think, come to agree with me that they contain much wisdom and knowledge, which are not available in so short a compass and in so connected a form in the whole range of the extant Samskr̥t literature.

The aim of the venerable author, R̥shi Gārgyāyaᅆa, in writing the book, was to bring within the reach of a certain class of students—the middle class—accurate knowledge of the great outlines of the Indo-Āryan Philosophy, the highest yet vouchsafed to humanity in its present stage of evolution. I cannot do better here than to quote a few sentences from the concluding part of the R̥shi's preface.

He writes :

The immediate occasion for the composition of the work, of which the contents have been indicated above may now be noted.

The science of the *Pranava* is necessary at the very outset of all study, because only by means of it are the reconciliation and synthesis of all sciences possible. Without the help of this supreme and all-comprehensive science, the various sciences, which are but parts of it, appear as disjointed, separate, independent and even mutually contradictory, as is shown in the *Nyāya* system of philosophy. For this reason larger and smaller works on the Science of the AUM have been written and used in all times, according to the needs and capacities of the races concerned, and the special requirements of each cycle. *Pranava-vivechini*, *Pranava-prabhā*, and *Pranava-praᅇipikā* are previous works on the same subject, of very small extent and fit for the study of children.

There is the great *Pranavārṇava* also on the other hand. The present work, named *Pranava-Vāda*, has an extent of sixteen-thousand shloka-measures, and has been written in order to convey to youthful students some general knowledge of the science so far as I myself have been able feebly to gather it from our ancient works.

I pray that the many shortcomings of the work be forgiven, and I earnestly exhort all to study this illuminating science, in some way or other, as it is the very root of the knowledge contained in the Vedas with their Aṅgas and Upāṅgas, and is the only means of realising the true Unity of all things and beings. (Vol. I, pp. 7-8.)

That the author has performed the noble task, thus imposed upon himself, with consummate ability, goes without saying.

And it is equally certain that the method of exposition, adopted by him, was well suited to his time. But, it may be a question whether that is so at the present day. The author starts by taking as the symbol of Brahman, the Absolute, the Samskr̥t syllable Aum, or Pranava, which gives to the book, the name *Pranava-Vāda*, as distinguished from Ārambha-Vāda, Pariṇāma-Vāda and the like. The four letters making up the said syllable represent the four primal constituents of the Absolute. Of those letters, A, U and M only are patent, the fourth E being latent or hidden, as it were, in the rest. The coalescence of the last letter with the others, according to certain archaic rules of Samskr̥t grammar, resulting in the syllable, is said to illustrate the conjunction and disjunction of the primal constituents of the Absolute. From Aum, other letters come forth, *viz.*, those forming the Gāyaṭrī and the Mahāvākyas. These, in their turn, give rise to the innumerable words of the Vedas as a whole. From them again proceeds the still larger vocabulary of the

The method adopted by the author.

Vedāngas, Upāngas and Shāstras endlessly. As the Aum represents the Absolute in its transcendence, so the Gāyatrī and the rest typify the Samsāra, or the infinite Kosmos and world-systems, issuing from and resting on the Absolute. All this would appear to most readers of the present day as mere juggling with words. But the sympathetic and attentive student will find that the method adopted by the author helps him in grasping the thoughts and ideas, which are naturally abstruse. Nay, he will see that the method is an ingenious, convenient and effective one for the systematic exposition of the philosophy.

The essential thing for the student, who is not repelled by the form of the ex-

The basic idea of the philosophy of the *Pranava-Vādā*.

position in question, is to master the idea underlying the whole book,

as expressed in the Mahāvākya of the *Atharva Veda*, "Aham Eṭaṭ Na"—'I, This, Not.' The four constituents of the Absolute are 'Aham,' Ātmā or the Self (A in the symbol); 'Eṭaṭ,' Anātmā or the Not-Self (U in the symbol); Na, the relation between the two—a negation of one another (M in the symbol); and lastly, the Shakti, the energy, the necessity, the principle of the successive conjunction and disjunction of 'Aham' and 'Eṭaṭ,' the Self and the Not-Self, in and by the Negation; this Shakti (E in the symbol), being immanent in the Self and the Not-Self and the Negation.

Now in the aspect of the Absolute in Its transcendence and unlimitedness the 'Aham' is the one reality; the 'Eṭaṭ' being but a mere foil, as it were, posited and affirmed by the Self for the purposes of Its own Self-realisation and *simultaneously* negated as indicated by the 'Na,' the conjunctive and disjunctive relation between

the two. The affirmation and negation of the 'Eṭaṭ' being thus simultaneous in the Transcendent, Aham, the Self, remains the sole Reality—the Saṭ. But, in the aspect of the Absolute as Samsāra, the limited in the aggregate, the case is different. For, the affirmation and negation, which by their simultaneity cancel each other in the Transcendent, can operate and do operate in the limited aggregate only *successively*, becoming therein the universal and eternal law of action and reaction, expansion and contraction. The result of such successive action and reaction is to invest the Samsāra with a pseudo-reality, making it Saḍasaṭ, Real-Unreal. Herein, of course, Aham is the Real and the Eṭaṭ the Unreal. Furthermore as Aham is omnipresent and eternal and in conjunction everywhere and at all times with each and every one of the individual Eṭaṭs, making up the aggregate 'Samsāra,' this latter comes to possess a pseudo-infinity and a pseudo-eternity. The infinity consists of the countlessness of the individual Eṭaṭs constituting the aggregate. The eternity is by reason of the beginninglessness and endlessness of the Eṭaṭs themselves in the abstract; though with reference to any particular or concrete evolution of an individual Eṭaṭ, there is doubtless a beginning and an end. "Saṭyam, Jñānam, Anantaṃ Brahma," says the Mahāvākya. And Brahman is Anantaṃ, endless, in both Its aspects, Nir-guṇam the unmanifest, and Sa-guṇam the manifest. This last is nothing else than the infinite Kosmos, or the non-transcendent aspect of the Svabhāva of Brahman. In short, that Brahman, whether viewed as the root of the Ashvaṭṭha tree of Samsāra or as that tree itself, is "Anādyanantaṃ"—beginningless and endless—is the final conclusion of the Praṇava-Vādin or Brahma-Vādin.

Now, once the fundamental idea of the philosophy in question, very briefly indicated above, is assimilated by the student, he will find no difficulty in following the teachings in the book. The study thereof will, perhaps, be comparatively easier to Hindū students, inasmuch as the expositions are made to fall under heads familiar to them, for example, the Gāyaṭrī, the Mahāvākyas, the R̥k, Veḍas, and so on. I may also note that they will find that the veneration in which this part of their sacred writings has been held for ages is

traceable most likely to the circumstance that, in some mysterious way, it contains the key to the ideation of Mahāviṣṇu, the Solar Logos, the Ruler of the system, with reference to the genesis, preservation and dissolution of the system, as well as to the processes taking place during the whole course of its life. As the work of guiding these processes is in the hands of the Ṭrimūrtī, Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Ruḍra and their Sub-Hierarchs, they alone know how to use the key with reference to the discharge of their respective functions. It appears that "Samsārapara," according to GārgyāyaṆa, is the name of the language in which the ideation alluded to found original expression. Presumably, it is this language which is spoken of in the *Secret Doctrine*, as the Senzar language of the Hierarchy and the Adepts.

With these remarks, by way of preface, I now proceed to indicate the main contents of the six sections forming the treatise, now and then selecting special subjects treated of in certain important chapters for a somewhat detailed notice. In doing so, I shall, for the most part,

Study of the treatise comparatively easy to Hindū students.

Probable reason for the veneration in which Veḍa is held by Hindūs.

The essence of the book.

make the author speak for himself, since his meaning none else can better convey, the Ṛṣhi being, as the learned translator puts it in one place, possessed of profound insight into the very heart pulsations of world-processes and a marvellously comprehensive grasp alike of the Infinite and of the infinitesimal. Voluminous and subtle and at times intricate as his teaching may seem, yet I venture to say that nothing can excel it in its brevity and simplicity in its substance, as well as its utility from the practical point of view. For the essence of the whole book is that man's greatest teacher is the world around him; his best education, the patient, assiduous and unbiassed study thereof; and his highest dharma, the unswerving, perfect and joyous performance of every duty to hand, with the imperturbable conviction that amidst endless diversity the one Absolute Unity, which is eternal Peace, Bliss and Wisdom, is ceaselessly at work.

SECTION I

Turning now to the first section, it is called Sandhi-Prakṛti-Prakaraṇa. It is a very short one and consists almost entirely of aphoristic statements which, without explanatory comment, would seem hardly to interest the reader. However, this section, though, as recommended by the learned translator, it may be passed over in the first instance, yet the reader must necessarily return to it later on. For here the Ultimates in their primal nature are dealt with, together with their conjunctions and disjunctions and the far-reaching law of tri-unity emphasised. The

The three ultimate constituents of the Absolute and the far-reaching law of tri-unity in world-processes and examples.

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Ultimates, as will appear from what has been already said, are the Self, the Not-Self and the Relation between the two. This tri-unity in the Absolute, of course, necessarily manifests itself in the world-process, which is but the reflexion of the Absolute in the Limited. In other words, the world is triple everywhere and in all its departments. Examples thereof must be familiar to all. As, for instance: (1) being, non-being, and their mutual pervasion, i.e., becoming; (2) birth, life and death; (3) Prakᅇti, Jīvātmā and Paramātmā; (4) saᅇᅇva, rajas and ᅇamas; (5) past, present and future. Now, with reference to the triune constituents, it should be re-

Absence of real succession and precedence in the tri-unity.

remembered there is in reality no succession or Parasparaᅇva. The view of succession is only from the standpoint respectively of the two so eternally conjoined, as for instance, Jīva and Deha. For they are interdependent and, in truth, successionless. Every coalescence, relation, or conjunction of different things is essentially a denial of their difference. Thus, if many plants arise from one seed and many seeds from one plant, where is the difference between seed and plant? Because they are not different in reality, therefore is a combination, a mutual reproduction, of them possible. No doubt, for example, the past and the future appear as opposed to, and different from, each other, yet, neither of them is; only the present is, and it implies both the past and the future. Greatness and smallness, again, appear as hopelessly opposed; yet, neither is anything in reality; what is great from one standpoint, that same thing is small from another. Taking another instance, that in the statement that Ātmā is omnipotent, what is really implied is that the potencies of all three

are conjoined ; and the separate and exclusive mention of *Ātmā* is intended simply to show that the manifestation of the potencies is possible only in apparent separateness. That Negation, the third factor, is, and has a potency is clear from the fact that 'to not-do,' to refrain from doing, is also a power. Yet another instance is furnished by the procedure of all *Shāstra*, which is, having known such and such things as separate, in their diversity, let us know them as one, in their unity, in their relations with each other, whereby they are bound together and made an organic unity. Hence the incontestable conclusion that the coalesced AUM, which is the symbol of Brahman, is denial of the Many (as other than and separate or apart from the One) and an assertion of the fact that all is but the unperishing includes all differing things and abolishes all differences. It will thus be evident from this and the following sections that the purpose of this work is, in the opening words of the author in this section, to explain the world-process, the laws that govern it, the order that prevails in it, and the necessity of every factor of it—all as contained in and evolving out of the Absolute, symbolised by the three-lettered sound AUM.

Explanation of the world-process ; chief purpose of the work.

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all as contained in and evolving out of the Absolute, symbolised by the three-lettered sound AUM.

S. Subramania Iyer

(To be continued)

IS JESUS CHRIST A HISTORICAL FIGURE ?

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE, F. T. S.

(*Concluded from p. 262*)

WE now come to the Gospels.

Critics of the Gospels as historical documents have more than once drawn attention to the mythical elements which they contain.¹ A great number of facts related in the Gospels seem to echo old myths, especially Solar Myths. This is certainly an argument against the historical value of the Gospels, but, as a spiritual explanation has been given why and how this is so, I prefer to adduce other arguments for the incoherence of the Gospel version of the life of Christ.

The Gospels do not even pretend to be original documents, for their titles describe them as being *according to*, not *by*, S. Matthew, S. Mark, etc. Prior to the year 110 A. D. we find no trace of the Gospels, as Mr. Mead² concludes: "Neither in the genuine Pauline letters, our earliest historic documents, nor in any other Epistle of the New Testament, nor in the earliest extra-canonical documents traditionally attributed to Clemens Romanus and Barnabas, nor in the *Didache*." As to their dates, Mr. Mead thinks it probable that the three first were written between the

¹ A. Besant: *Esoteric Christianity*. Drews: *Christus Mythe, and many others*.

² Mead: *The Gospels and the Gospel*, p. 101.

years 117 and 138.¹ But there is nothing to prove that S. John's Gospel existed before the year 150.² For the arguments in support of these dates I must refer the reader to Mr. Mead's book. Two statements of Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, have been taken as proofs of the authenticity of the Gospels of S. Mark and S. Matthew. These statements, which Papias is supposed to have made about the year 150, are reported to us by Eusebius more than one hundred and fifty years later. A certain John of Ephesus is alleged to have told Papias that Mark was the interpreter of Peter and had written down all that Peter had related about Christ, but without being instructed to do so. Now this script by Mark can never be the same as the Gospel attributed to that name, as, in the latter, the life of Christ is related in perfect order. Besides, even supposing the narrated words to be authentic—although reaching us through a report of more than a century and a half later—there is nothing to prove that the Peter here referred to is the Peter of the Gospels; so that it might be quite possible that Mark received his information from a person of no authority named Peter. Moreover the name of Jesus does not appear in this statement, but only that of Christ. Papias gives John as a reference for the truth of his statement, and later this John was identified by Jerome and Irenæus with S. John the author of the Fourth Gospel, although there is nothing to warrant this. On the contrary, Papias speaks of two different Johns.

Through the same channel (Papias-Eusebius) we learn that "Matthew wrote down the words of the Lord

¹ Mead: *The Gospels and the Gospel*. p. 146.

² *Ibid.* p. 122.

in Hebrew". Here again it is possible to understand "words of the Lord" in the sense we have already discussed above, but in any case it seems clear that their transcription cannot be identical with the *Gospel of S. Matthew* as we know it. The description given by Papias, "... sayings of the Lord in Hebrew which everybody interpreted as best he could," hints at difficulties in grasping their meaning which would not apply to the *Gospel according to S. Matthew*. Besides the Gospel could not be described as simply a transcription of the "words" or "sayings of the Lord". S. Justin, again, refers to the *Memoirs of the Apostles*, but the extracts he gives from them are never identical with what is said in the Gospels. There exists a theory that Mark, whose Gospel is the shortest, may have been the principal source of information for Matthew and Luke; but as the two last give a great many facts not mentioned by Mark, they must also have had some other source. Besides, *S. Mark's Gospel*, as we know it, is not supposed to be the original version but a second one, and I do not think that we can regard it as so approximately accurate as to have been the source of the other Gospels, especially as the authors of the latter are at so little pains to report what is told by Mark. For this reason some students of the subject have adopted the theory that the Gospels are not meant to be a history of the Founder of Christianity but a Confession of Faith. We also have the statements of those who have seen older manuscripts than those we possess now, regarding the important differences which existed between them and ours. S. Gregory of Nyssa, S. Jerome and S. Euthynius tell us that the last chapter of *Mark*, which treats of the

Resurrection, was not to be found in the oldest manuscripts, and that the seventh verse of I *John*, v ("Tres sunt qui testimonium," etc.) was only found by them in the Syriac texts. It is more or less accidental that we have these statements, but that does not at all mean that there are no other differences. As we saw before, S. Jerome complained of the many differences he found, and the two instances we quote here prove that those differences were not of small importance.

The Gospels constantly contradict each other, and S. John's is so different from the other three that a division has been made by all scholars between it and what are called the three synoptic Gospels. Nevertheless at the end of the second century *S. John* was pronounced to be authentic at the same time as the three others. Apart from the fact that S. John's way of speaking of the Christ is very different from that we find in the synoptics, he does not mention the Lord's Supper, he gives a different day for the Lord's death, speaks of three feasts of the Passover where the others speak but of one, and relates almost all the incidents of the life of Christ as taking place at Jerusalem, whereas, according to the synoptics, only the end of His life was spent there. In S. John's version the character of John the Baptist loses almost all its importance; the miracles are quite different, becoming more astonishing and, at the same time, more symbolical; the whole character of Jesus is much more divine and more like an aspect of the LOGOS than in the synoptics; but at the same time he speaks of Jesus as the son of Joseph, and does not mention the birth from a Virgin. There are two passages in *S. John* which clearly show that the author was not a personal witness of the life of

Christ, namely xix, 35, where he says: "And he that saw it bare witness," etc., and xxi, 24: "This is the disciple which testifieth of these things...and we know that his testimony is true." To several scholars it has appeared probable that the author of the *Gospel according to S. John* was a Jew of the school of Philo of Alexandria, who knew the Gospels but introduced the Alexandrian philosophy into the story told by them.

But neither do the so-called synoptics agree together. To begin with, the date of the birth of Jesus is fixed by Matthew as occurring four years before our era at the very latest (under Herod). Luke makes it ten years later (during the enrolment), or in the year 6 A. D., yet states, further on, that in the fifteenth year of Tiberius—our year 29 A. D.—Christ was about thirty years old. The dates in *S. John* are in absolute contradiction with these two and make the death of Jesus much later. The miraculous birth is not related by S. Mark; S. Matthew and S. Luke give two quite different genealogies for Christ's descent, *through Joseph*, from King David, but these, though fulfilling the Jewish tradition that the Messiah should be a descendant of David (*Mark*, xii, 35), are in contradiction with the story of His birth from a Virgin. Had Mary and Joseph known of the miraculous birth, would they have been astonished when Christ spoke in the Temple of his Father's business (*Luke* ii, 50)? The miracles related by the synoptics are much alike, but the circumstances under which they are stated to have occurred are very different, and might show that only the facts, and nothing more, were known to the authors. The greatest miracle—the raising of Lazarus—is related only by S. John. The other miracles are healing,

exorcisms and often allegories (the multiplication of loaves, the changing of water into wine, etc.). The names of the persons at the foot of the cross are not given alike in two places. On the subject of the Resurrection the synoptics differ considerably. What Mark says in xvi, 9-20, is an appendix added afterwards. Luke undertakes in his preface to give a historical version of the life of Christ, but fails to give a single date, contenting himself continually with such indications as "on the Sabbath," "at the same time," etc. His historical indications are false. Herod was never King, but a Governor. Cyrenius, whom he brings into his history of Jesus, governed from the year 7 to 11 A. D., and had consequently nothing to do with the story. He also mentions the name of Lysanias, although he had died thirty-four years before Jesus was born. Pilate comes in at the right time, but the weak portrait we get of him is very different from the energetic Pilate known to us through Flavius Josephus.

As to geographical details, too, the Gospels are extremely inaccurate. The *Talmud*, which gives the names of sixty places in Galilee, makes no mention of Nazareth, which does not exist, nor of Gethsemane, Golgotha, or the Gergesenes of *Matthew* (called Gerasenes and Gedarines in *Mark*). As to the name Nazareth, a prophecy existed that the Messiah would be a Nazarene (*Matthew* ii, 23), which might as well mean *Offspring* (from the Hebrew: *natser*), or *saint* (*Judges* xiii, 7, Hebrew: *nasir*), or again *watcher* (Hebrew: *nasar* = *watch*).

The Gospel writers cannot have been familiar with the customs of the Jews in Palestine, when they speak of baptising in a river, and especially in the Jordan,

where even bathing was prohibited. In *Luke* we find two High Priests, Caiaphas and Annas, existing at the same time, which is impossible. We find Jesus preaching in the Temple where only sacrifices took place, the synagogue serving for preaching. Through Josephus (*Antiq.* XVIII, ii, 2) we know that on the night of the Passover it was the custom for the priests to open the doors of the Temple a little after midnight, when everybody gathered in the Temple, so that the arrest of Christ at that time must have caused a great scandal, which the Jewish priests did not desire (else why arrest Him at night?). There was never any question of witnesses, who appear at once at the judgment of Christ, as predicted in *Psalms* xxviii, 12. Executed criminals were thrown into a common trench, so that the story of the tomb which was found empty after the Resurrection seems very improbable.

It must also be noted that we find the greater part of the Crucifixion story in the Sacaea feasts in Babylon and Persia, in which a condemned criminal was dressed up as a King and paraded in triumph through the town. At the end of the feast his clothes were stripped off him, he was beaten, and then hanged or crucified. Philo tells us that at Alexandria such people were called Karabas, but, as this word has no meaning, it is very probable that it should read Barabbas, which in Aramaic signifies "the son of the father". Now the Gospel story exhibits the Christ to us as a complete Karabas, or Barabbas, figure. Moreover Origen, about the year 250 A. D., read in an old manuscript of the *Gospel of S. Matthew* that Jesus was called Barabbas. All which makes it very probable that Jesus was executed not in preference to Barabbas but in his own quality of

Barabbas. The Gospel writers being ignorant of the rite made up the story as they understood it.¹

If we compare the Jewish Legal Code with the Gospel story we come across very strange contradictions. It was strictly prohibited to hold judicial proceedings on days of religious feasts, so Jesus can never have been judged on the day of the Passover. It was also forbidden to carry arms on such days, so that the chief priests would never have sent the Temple Guard to arrest Christ, and Peter would certainly not have worn a sword. Again, it was forbidden to hold judicial proceedings at night as, according to the Gospels, was done in the case of Jesus. All scholars of Jewish Law agree that Jesus would never have been condemned for blasphemy for declaring himself to be the Messiah; the basis of the charge would certainly have been His sayings against the Temple. The penalty for blasphemy was lapidation (we find in a Jewish document of the second century that Jesus was lapidated), but no one would ever have thought of crucifixion. There was even a prohibition against breeding cocks, and especially against leaving them at liberty, so that the crowing of the cock when Peter betrayed the Lord becomes almost an impossibility. Still other objections may be made. Is it likely that a Roman Governor would wash his hands—as a sign of repudiating responsibility or a judgment—when this was purely a Jewish custom? It seems impossible too that the Governor should have given the people every year the choice between two criminals; but as this resembles, more or less, a story we find in Livy, it may possibly point to the Roman origin of this part of the Gospel story. Still

¹ Reinach: *Cultes*, i, p. 337. *Orpheus*, p. 337.

another difficulty confronts us when we come to enquire who could have reported the words of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, when all His disciples were asleep. We will not speak of the many points in the Gospels in which, from a psychological standpoint, the actors of the drama are absolutely incomprehensible. Even if the whole were an invention, it is astonishing that the authors should not have found conditions and characters bearing a little more semblance of probability. The fact that so many different names come into the Gospels has been brought forward as an indication of reality, but to this we may reply that the same thing occurs in many Jewish mythological stories.

Stondel¹ suggests seven possible reasons for the redaction of the Gospel stories :

(1) To show the fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah ;

(2) To make the death of Jesus the basis of a new Covenant to be set off against the old one celebrated at the Passover ;

(3) To fulfil a quantity of obscure sayings of the prophets ;

(4) To create an ideal character personifying righteousness and victory over sin ;

(5) To give to the early Christians an example of patience ;

(6) To furnish answers to many questions by putting the answers in the mouth of Christ ;

(7) To give to the first members of the Christian sect a symbolical and typical image of the ideal life they should lead in the midst of the difficulties which they encountered.

¹ *Im kampfum des Christus Myths.*

I certainly think that the outline of the history of Jesus as given in the Gospels has been determined, in many of its details, by the prophecies to be found not only in *Isaiah* liii, but in *Joel* iii, 1, *Judges* xiii, 7, *Micah* v, 2, *Psalms* xxii and xxvii, 12, *Amos* ii, 16, *Mark* xiv, 51-52, etc. One has only to look up a New Testament in which references to parallel passages in the Old Testament are given, to see how frequent these are. Very great importance was attached to these correspondences. The interpolator of Flavius Josephus cannot refrain from expressing his satisfaction about them, and in the Gospels we find several references to the fulfilment of Scripture (as, for instance, in *Mark* xiv, 49, *Matthew* xxvi, 56, etc.). Matthew especially tries to prove the Messiahship of Jesus by references to the Old Testament.

One point of special interest to us is the pre-Christian Jesus of whom much has been said in the latest controversies, and on whom Smith wrote an important book.¹ It seems that there existed a collection of sayings of the Christ which are put into the mouth of the Jesus of the Gospels. Often one might even think that certain questions are put in order to allow Jesus to give an answer which had been previously prepared. Drews declares that he does not know where these sayings come from. The Gospel writers agree almost entirely in regard to them. Drews shows that many of these sayings are to be found in the *Talmud*, but then it is also in the *Talmud* that we find the pre-Christian Jesus spoken of. So it is not impossible that the sayings pronounced by the Gospel Jesus may be the words of the real Jesus Christ, of

¹ Smith, *Der Vorchristliche Jesus*.

whom our Theosophical teachers speak as having lived about a century B. C. It might be that collections of these sayings were made, and that Papias referred to one of these when he said that Matthew made a collection of sayings of the Lord in Hebrew.¹ Thus the beautiful sayings which form the basis of the Christian religion might still have been uttered by the real great Teacher. As to the facts of His life, it is also possible that there may be some truth at the bottom of the Gospel story; but the way in which symbols, legends and facts have all been jumbled up together to form one realistic biography makes it impossible to recognise anything.² I agree here with what has been said by two celebrated Christians, namely Pope Leo X, who spoke of "the fairy-tale of the Christ," and S. Augustine, who declared that were it not for the authority of the Church he would not believe anything in the history of Christ³.

For me the strongest proof that Jesus did live is the fact of the existence of Christianity. Not only is the spiritual impulse of a great Teacher necessary for the bringing into existence of a Religion, but, moreover, no one has yet given a satisfactory explanation of how legend and myth changed into religious worship. There might, however, be a possibility for this if we could suppose a gradual development; but in the case of Christianity this seems to be out of the question, as it appears to have had a definite form from its commencement, which shows that inspiration was imparted to it

¹The same may be true of the Logia, or sayings of our Lord, found in 1897 and of the 'New Sayings of Jesus' discovered in 1903 (both published by Grenfell and Hunt), where we find some sayings which are familiar to us through the Gospels and some quite unknown.

²This is not only the case in the New Testament Gospels but also in many of the Apocryphal ones, and in the Fragment of a lost Gospel (published by Grenfell and Hunt), and most probably was also true of the many versions of the history of Jesus spoken of by Luke (i, 1-4).

³In his treatise against the epistle *Of the Foundation*.

at a certain moment and in a precise manner, and that we are not dealing here with a progressive growth of existing elements.

I hope that the reader will understand that I have no wish to say anything derogatory to the greatness of Jesus Christ, or to make people doubt His existence; nor do I pretend that the New Testament of our day—especially the writings attributed to S. John and S. Paul—have no great spiritual value. I only want to state that they afford no proof of the historicity of Jesus Christ. I feel sure that particularly the authors of the original portions of the two writings just mentioned would have been very much astonished to see the Christ, as they understood Him—namely, as the highest manifestation of the Divine Spirit—ever identified with a World-Teacher.

Those who have read what Mr. Leadbeater says of Christianity in *The Inner Life*, Vol. II, are already aware that the traditional conception of Christ is far from correct, and that the Gospels never could afford any reliable information. I have attempted here to give the standpoint of the scholar who arrives at the same conclusion. I hope I may have done a little to encourage the reader to take that difficult first step towards a right knowledge of the life of Jesus Christ, which consists for the moment in giving up erroneous traditional ideas on the subject. I do not know where the documents are to come from that shall give us the true biography of Jesus. Of course they may be discovered some day; but I hope that he, whose occult investigations have already given us some very important facts as to the truth about Christ, may some day give us complete the real story of the last earth-life of the present Boḍhisattva.

Raimond van Marle

VYOMA-KESHA

OR THE MEANING OF THE 'HAIR OF SHIVA'

By JAGADISH CHANDRA CHATTERJI, B. A. (CANTAB)

VIDYĀVĀRADHI

Director of Archæology, Kashmir State

“WHAT’S in a name?”—this is a sentence which is often repeated by people to show how insignificant the question of a name or names is. There is, no doubt, much truth in this contention in many an instance. The study of the meaning of names, however, especially when they have come down from remote antiquity, is not only of the greatest interest, but often reveals a philosophic view of things which is most wonderful. How such a common word, for instance, as *paḍārṭha*, meaning an object or thing, really involves a whole system of philosophy may be comparatively readily seen by most thoughtful people. The late Professor Max Müller, who was much struck by the deep philosophy of Samskr̥t words, alludes to the significance of this word, *paḍārṭha*, somewhere in his writings, perhaps in his *India: What can it teach us?* But there have been, so far, very few systematic efforts made by any modern scholar, as far as I know, to trace

and rebuild the philosophy which is contained in ancient Samskr̥t names. Yet such a line of inquiry is sure to yield results which would be most astonishing.

How this may be possible may be seen from the following explanation of the meaning of the name 'Vyoma-Kesha' as applied to Shiva. Being engaged for several years now in the study of the Aḍvaiṭa Shaiva Philosophy of Kashmir (specifically called the Ṭrika, which is so little known even in India, but which is a most wonderful system, being what may be called a synthesis of the Sāṅkhya and the Vedāṅṭa), I have had opportunities of knowing something of the mystery which there is in the meaning, not only of this particular name of Shiva, but in that of most other names which are given to Him. And as I have learnt this mystery of their meaning, I have simply been astounded, and felt almost giddy to look into the depth of philosophic thought so thinly covered over by these wonderful words, of which the word 'Vyoma-Kesha' is explained here only as an instance. (For explanation of other names of Shiva, the reader may be referred to the writer's new book, *Kashmir Shaivism*, which is now in the press and will soon be out.)

What then is the meaning of Vyoma-Kesha? To answer this, we must first inquire into the meaning of Vyoman.

Ordinarily this word, of course, means Ākāsha. But what do we understand by Ākāsha? Here again, ordinarily, Ākāsha means to most people the *wide expanse* of space which is spread all around us. That is to say, Ākāsha ordinarily conveys the meaning of a something which has length, breadth and depth. But if this were the real and primary meaning of Ākāsha, it

could scarcely have been likened to kesha, or hair, by the first givers of the name 'Vyoma-Kesha' to Shiva, who was so conceived because the Ākāsha was regarded as His hair. Nobody will surely seriously contend that the ancient Ṛṣhis were so deficient in the art of finding similes that they spoke of Ākāsha, in the sense of an *expanse*, as the hair of Shiva. We must therefore search for some other meaning of the term Vyoman—a meaning which is other than Ākāsha in the sense of a *wide expanse*. This meaning will be discovered at once if we inquire into the derivation of the word Vyoman, and also into its application in senses other than that of Ākāsha (meaning a *wide expanse* of Space).

Taking the question of the various applications of the words first, we find that Vyoman is used also in the sense of Ḍik or Ḍishaḥ, *i. e.*, *Directions* of Space (see *Nirukṭa*, i.6, Diā-nāmāni).

Now, it should be noted that the *Directions* of Space can only mean *lines*, like threads, stretching away everywhere from an experiencing entity, as a centre, and, as such, they are to be distinguished from Ākāsha as an *Expanse*. The Direction distinction can be made clearer if we compare Ākāsha to a piece of cloth, a pall, which, covers and encloses everything in its all-embracing folds. For, in that case, the Ḍishaḥ, or *Directions* of Space, as *lines*, would be the threads of which this cloth is woven. This is indeed a simile which we find actually used many a time in the Veda; and it is very significant. For it tells us at once how Ākāsha as an *Expanse* has really no other meaning than that it is what the Ḍishaḥ, as lines, weave themselves into. That Ākāsha is essentially this, that it has no other meaning, has been

fully explained by the writer in his *Kashmir Shaivism*, and will be readily admitted by philosophic thinkers, many of whom have written on the subject, showing how 'Directions' are the essence of Space.

And, if Vyoman in one of its applications means the 'Directions' which weave themselves into the *Ākāsha* as the wide expanse of Space, it will also be seen that this is really the primary application of the term, *i. e.*, it is the application which the derivation of the term primarily suggests. Let us now see what this derivation is.

According to the *Uṇādi Sūtra* (iv. 150), the word is supposed to be derived from the root *Vye*. But there are other authorities who do not admit this. And I am certain that Roth and Böhtlingk are right in accepting these other authorities, and deriving with them the word from the root *Ve* or *Vā*, meaning 'to weave,' together with the prefix *Vi* meaning diversity. The word Vyoman thus derived really means :

Things which weave themselves diversely into a something, namely, into Ākāsha.

But we have already seen that that which weave themselves into the *Ākāsha* are the *Ḍishah*, *i. e.*, the Directions.

The *Ḍishah*, or Directions, as 'lines' or 'threads' are therefore the things which are primarily meant by Vyoman—the *Ḍishah* which are the sole essence of Space.

That the *Ḍishah*, or Directions, are the essential constituents of *Ākāsha*, and are therefore primarily meant by Vyoman, would appear also from the fact that in the *Upaniṣats*, it is the *Ḍishah* which are shown to be intimately connected with, and produced from,

Hearing and Sound (Shabḍa); and it is only later that Ākāsha is substituted for the Ḍishah as the product of Shabḍa as a Ṭanmātra.

How the Ḍishah, as the essential constituents of Ākāsha, are produced from Shabḍa-Ṭanmātra (or Sound, as such) has been clearly shown in *Kashmir Shaivism* by the writer.

And it is these Ḍishah, as *lines*, which spreading out everywhere, are likened to *Hair*, a likeness which, as will be readily seen, is most appropriate.

And whose hair can they be but those of the universal Being, or Shiva? Shiva is therefore called Vyoma-Kesha—He who has for His hair the *Directions* or *Lines* which constitute Ākāsha or Space.

The 'lines' or hair, of Shiva, again, are not, as we are repeatedly told, and as has been shown in *Kashmir Shaivism*, merely imaginary *i.e.*, objectively non-existent things. But they exist *really* as 'lines of force' in nature, upholding all things in their various positional relations (See *Hindu Realism*, by the writer, pp. 54-61).

That the all-upholding Ḍishah, as the 'hair' of Shiva spreading everywhere, are really existing *Lines of Force* need not be an absurd idea. The existence of similar *lines* would seem to be recognised even by modern western Science, in *certain respects at any rate*. We are told how there are what would appear to be 'lines' of forces radiating from the poles of a 'magnet,' which 'lines,' being cut by a conductor, give rise to an electrical current. Electricity is again, we are told, somehow mysteriously connected with Ether, which would seem to be the same thing as the Ākāsha of the Hindūs, that is, Ākāsha which is made up *essentially* of the lines of the Ḍishah or of the 'Hair of Shiva'.

May not these 'lines' of the magnetic field be connected with the lines of electrical energy?

That such a connection may not be impossible will be apparent from the fact, that the earth is regarded as a vast electrical reservoir—the common reservoir, as it is called. It is also regarded as a vast magnet, from which magnetic lines of force are constantly emanating. In the same way, the centre of the universe may be conceived as a still vaster magnet, or an electrical reservoir, from which similar *lines* of force are undoubtedly emanating in all directions. And what can this centre of the universe be but the divine Reality, which again is the innermost Self of every being? The lines of force, emanating from this centre, would then be the *Dishaḥ* of the Hindūs, the 'Hair of Shiva,' to which are essentially related the lines of Force which demonstrably emanate from every magnet.

And if we understand all this fully, we shall see what a wonderful idea this is—this idea of Shiva as Vyoma-Kesha, Shiva covering and upholding the universe with his *hair*, spreading out everywhere as the Directions of Space and as lines of force, which maintain everything in its proper place, while yet all are being hurled onward by Kāla, which also is only Shiva in another of His aspects, the aspect of the all-changing and all-moving Power (see *Hindu Realism*, pp. 54—61).

May we be given that light of intelligence, made steady by the still atmosphere of perfectly passionless, unselfish and unwavering devotion, wherewith Shiva is seen in this His universal Glory, and may we ever be enabled to contemplate Him in this His all-upholding aspect as Vyoma-Kesha!

Jagadish Chandra Chatterji



AN ACTIVE DOUBLE

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

THOSE of us whose names are known in connection with Theosophical work have usually a vast correspondence. It often happens that those who have, as they would probably put it, "lost" friends or relations by death, write to us either for news of the departed or for general consolation. In addition to these we get numerous accounts of psychic experiences, and indeed of occurrences of any sort which are out of

the usual way. It is from stories such as these that we compiled that very remarkable series called 'In the Twilight'.

I recently received from one of the members of our Society a narration of so unusual a character that it seemed to me well worth putting upon record. I consequently wrote to the gentleman, asking his permission to publish it, and he has been kind enough to grant it, on condition that the names of all people and places shall be suppressed, as he does not wish to be troubled with regard to the matter. I append his story.

One day I was working in my garden at about three o'clock in the afternoon. My wife came out of the house dressed for walking, and told me that she intended to go into town to make some purchases. I objected that the weather looked threatening, and that she was almost sure to be caught in the rain; but she nevertheless felt that she must go, as it was Saturday, and she was seriously in need of various little matters for the household. So she left me, and during all the while that she was away I was working busily in my garden.

Our house is a good way out of the city, and she had to take the car; but in order to reach even that, she had twenty minutes' walk, most of it on a path alongside the railway line. When she returned, I noticed that she was looking unusually pale, and she sat down and rested for awhile. When she had somewhat recovered from her fatigue, she told me that she had had a very strange experience. She said that,

after she had left me, she walked along the path beside the railway as usual, and suddenly heard the footsteps of someone following her. Turning to see who it was (for the place is lonely) she saw to her intense surprise that it was I, and she asked me if I had made up my mind to accompany her to town. I did not answer her, and a moment later she was alone. Though much startled at my disappearance, she reasoned with herself, and decided that this must have been a delusion of her mind; so she went on her way, though feeling rather nervous.

When she reached the town she visited various shops, and just as she was leaving the first one it began to rain heavily. She hurried across the street, and entered another shop where, to her intense surprise, she saw me standing by the counter; but again I vanished, and she began to wonder whether any accident had happened to me. (I ought to explain that earlier in life she had herself been mediumistic, and so was perhaps less alarmed at these strange happenings than some ladies might have been.) As she walked back to the car on her return, she again noticed me following her. But when she descended from the car, and started along the path by the railway line, I was not to be seen.

It was growing very dark and stormy then, and in order to avoid some pools of mud, she began to walk on the railway line itself. Suddenly she felt herself seized by the body and lifted off the line; and at that very moment an engine rushed by. She had not heard its approach, so unquestionably the intervention saved her life. She had thought herself perfectly safe in walking along the line, as she knew that there was no train due for hours; but she had not calculated upon a casual

light engine. When she turned to thank effusively the person who had saved her life, she saw that it was I; yet once more I vanished as she began to speak to me. Nevertheless, on several occasions on her way home she turned and saw me following her at a little distance; but I did not remain when she tried to speak to me.

I had been completely conscious and hard at work during the whole time of her absence, so, although this seemed to me a very remarkable occurrence, I was disposed to dismiss it as some sort of imagination on my wife's part, and it did not really make so serious an impression upon me as might have been expected, although I was, of course, very grateful that my wife had been saved from such imminent danger. But about a year later another similar phenomenon took place, for which it was quite impossible to account by means of any such supposition as that.

It was once more a Saturday, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon I started off in a boat on a fishing expedition, accompanied by a sailor. We anchored our boat, threw over our lines, and waited patiently; but we had no fortune, and at eight o'clock I gave up the attempt in despair, and returned home to supper. On the next day, Sunday, I went into town, and called at a well-known and fashionable chemist's shop, kept by a friend of mine. (I should explain that with us the chemist sells all sorts of cooling drinks in the summer, and his shop is used, almost as a café would be, as a meeting-place of the people, who sit at little tables on the pavement and gossip, while they drink their non-alcoholic beverages.) When I entered the place there were some twenty persons sitting there in conversation, among them the mayor

of the city, some physicians whom I knew (I am a doctor myself), and a prominent lawyer. When my friend the chemist came up to welcome me, I noticed that his right hand was bandaged, and at once asked him what was the matter with it. Instead of answering, he laughed immoderately, and looked at me rather oddly. Then, seeing that I was surprised, he said :

“ Well, well ! you ask me what is the matter with my hand, when you yourself stood close by me and witnessed the whole affair last night.”

My astonishment may be imagined, and I protested that I had not been in town at all the previous evening. My friend the pharmacist continued to laugh at me heartily, and his merriment attracted the attention of all the other gentlemen present. When they asked him what was the joke, he explained that I was trying to make him believe that I had not been in town the previous evening. All the gentlemen present began to laugh also, and said that, of course, I was trying to avoid being called before the Court as a witness to what had happened.

I could make nothing at all of all this, and could only imagine that they were all combining to play a trick upon me ; so I turned away from the shop. Immediately afterwards, however, a friend of mine who is a detective came up to me, and I told him laughingly how ridiculously I had been treated by my friends ; but to my intense surprise he gave me a full history of what had really occurred there the evening before. I should perhaps have explained that my friend's shop is situated close to the City Hall, and that there is a square in front of it, surrounded by trees, where the band plays in the evening, and people are in the habit of strolling about.

All the houses round the square are provided with balconies, and the families often seat themselves in these to enjoy the music and the fresh air.

It seems that on the previous evening several gentlemen were sitting by one of the doors of the shop, talking politics. Among those was a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Smith. Presently among the strollers there passed another gentleman (let us call him Mr. Jones) who was by no means friendly to Mr. Smith; and as he passed him he threw out some jeering remark. Mr. Smith, being already somewhat excited by the conversation, jumped up angrily, and struck at Mr. Jones with his cane. The latter instantly lost his temper and retaliated, and there was something very much like a free fight. Smith got the worst of it, and fell heavily to the ground.

“At this moment,” continued the detective who was telling me the story, “you made your appearance and helped me in raising the man from the ground, and taking him inside the chemist’s shop. As soon as he was in safety you left without a word, and I remember that it struck me as remarkable that you, being a doctor, did not stay to examine his wounds. As to the chemist, he was struck heavily upon the hand while trying to separate the two men.”

I assured the detective that he was making some strange mistake, for I had not been in town at all during the previous evening, but had been fishing all the time, as I could prove by the evidence of the sailor who had been with me, and of my family, who had seen me set out and return.

The detective only smiled, and said that he perfectly understood my position, that as a professional man I did not wish to be mixed up in a political case in the Courts;

but that there could not be the slightest doubt that I had been there, as he had recognised me with absolute certainty—and not only he, but several other gentlemen who were present. He also explained that some of those who were looking on from neighbouring balconies had made their depositions in regard to the affray, and that several of them had mentioned me as among those who were in the thick of it. This was all incomprehensible to me, but I saw that it was impossible to convince the detective, so I said nothing more, but left him and turned homewards.

A few minutes later I met in the street a doctor who was a special friend of mine, and asked him if he was in the square the evening before, and if he knew anything of the fight. He told me that he had arrived just when the incident was over, but that he certainly saw me leaving the place, and observed that I climbed upon a car. I was beginning to feel considerably upset, but I left my friend without further remark. Next day as I was going along the street, I met my friend the detective again, and he informed me that when in Court the Judge had asked him to give a list of witnesses, he omitted my name (having plenty of others to testify) as a special favour to me, as he had seen from what I had said the previous evening that I did not wish to be mixed up in the affair. I thanked him heartily, and left the matter there. It will be seen that in this case there were at least twenty reliable witnesses who saw me in town when I was quite certainly some miles away and otherwise engaged.

Only a few days ago another similar manifestation took place, but it was to some extent a reversal of the last which I described. In this case I was in town

attending a meeting of my Lodge. I returned home about eleven o'clock, and as I approached my house I noticed that it was unusually brilliantly illuminated, and that my wife and my eldest son were standing waiting for me at the door. I thought that something unusual was going on, and feared that it might probably be some sickness, or some other unpleasant happening; but my boy ran to meet me, and told me that his mother was in an exceedingly nervous condition, because she had seen my double (as we called it) during a good while that evening, and had even conversed with it.

Of course, I asked my wife to tell me what had happened; and she said that as she was in the act of going upstairs with our youngest child in her arms, ready to put him to bed, she saw me entering the house by the front door. She was somewhat surprised that I had returned so much earlier than usual, but she went on up the stairs and into the bedroom, and I followed her. I entered our bedroom, and changed my clothes and shoes; and while I was doing this she asked me several questions, which I answered quite satisfactorily, and in a normal manner. Then I left the room, she following me; but on the way down I suddenly disappeared, and she thought that I must be trying to play some joke upon her. She asked my son, who was sitting in the room below studying his lessons, whether he had seen me. He replied in the negative.

"Well," my wife said, "you must have been deeply concentrated on your problems if you did not see your father. He passed quite close to you, went to his room, changed his clothes and shoes, and has been talking to me for a good while; and I suppose now he must have hidden in the bathroom in order to play a trick upon us."

My son jumped up and ran to the bathroom, but found no one there. Then my wife began to call me, and hunted all over the house for me; and when she was at last convinced that I actually was not there, she had a fit of nervousness, although my boy, who knows a good deal about our subjects, explained to her that this by no means showed that I was dead, as men often leave their bodies purposely.

A fact which may or may not have some connection with these curious phenomena is that I have frequently done work of a professional nature in a somnambulatory condition during the night. On one occasion I was called by my wife at midnight to give medical attention to one of my children who was very ill, and she told me that I did my duty in the affair exactly as though I had been awake, although when next day she referred to the matter I did not understand a word of what she was saying, as I had no recollection whatever of having left my bed. On another occasion I worked hard for over two hours during the night with one of my boys who had some trouble with his heart. As he was comparatively well next day, it happened that no reference was made to the affair until three months afterwards, when, as the boy began to show some symptoms of the same trouble, my wife casually mentioned them as resembling those with which I had dealt so satisfactorily before; and then for the first time I came to know of what I had done. Now these may have been merely instances of ordinary somnambulism; but I have sometimes asked myself whether my physical body remained in bed the whole time, and the work was really done by this mysterious double of mine.

The case above described is a most interesting one, and I shall be glad to hear whether there is any further manifestation of the phenomenon. Remarkable as are the circumstances, they are by no means unique, as a considerable number of other people have had a similar experience. The possession of a double which can be seen by many people simultaneously, and can act fully and intelligently at a distance from the place where its original is physically present, is uncommon ; but still, there are a number of instances of it. Several of them will be found cited in *The Other Side of Death*, chapter xiii, page 166. Still more exactly corresponding to this recent case was that of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, whose double frequently appeared in places where he was not, and seems to have been fully capable of speech and action.

The double above described must have been at least partially materialised when it lifted our friend's wife off the railway line, and probably also when it helped to raise the wounded man in the square, though in that case we are not certain how much physical help was actually given. The fact that, on another occasion, his wife held a conversation with the double does not definitely prove materialisation, because it would appear that the lady is sometimes mediumistic, and therefore probably clairvoyant and clairaudient.

There are several possibilities in the case. The double is probably a thought-form, but it does not follow that it is made by its original ; it may equally well be made by someone else. I have heard of a case, for example, in which a somewhat similar form of a certain man was made by the thought of a lady who was violently in love with him. It would usually require

some abnormal stimulus of that kind to enable an ordinary person to create a thought-form sufficiently strong to be seen in that way. Such a thought-form, when once made, may be inhabited and used by any dead person, or even by a nature-spirit. It is a common belief here in India that such a thought-form can be utilised by the ego of the man whose image it is, and that he can temporarily work through it; but we have as yet no direct evidence of this. If that theory be true, it was probably our friend himself who saved his wife's life by lifting her off the railway line; but it might equally well have been some passing invisible helper, who saw her danger, and thought the husband's form the best one to take in assisting her, in order to avoid alarming her by the sight of a stranger.

The question arises as to what steps a person ought to take who finds himself thus unexpectedly personated. It is obvious that such a phenomenon might place a man in a distinctly unpleasant position, for it would be practically impossible for him to convince ordinary people that he was not present where they actually saw him. In the case above described, the conduct of the double appears to have been on all occasions irreproachable, but obviously it might not always be so, and there is here a certain element of danger.

One would be disposed to advise a person who found himself in this position to take certain definite precautions on the physical plane, so as to guard himself as far as possible against any mischance in the future. It might be well for such a man to draw up a statement of the facts in one or two cases in which he could produce definite testimony as to where he really was at the time. In the case in which our friend appeared

in the chemist's shop, I suppose that the fact of his presence at home that evening, of his having gone out fishing at a certain hour and returned at a certain time, could be attested by his wife and family ; while the fact that he was in the boat during the intervening period could probably be proved by the sailor who accompanied him. There would be no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of attestations of the simultaneous appearance of his double in town. His wife's testimony could be given as to that other occasion when the double saved her from accident, and it is likely that he could find some one to prove that he was at home at that time.

If he had definite records (sworn if necessary before a notary) of these strange happenings, it would go far towards clearing him of suspicion in case anything untoward should happen in the future. There is no reason to anticipate anything of the sort, but still it is obviously possible that the double might involve himself in some difficulty or commit some improper act. If that should happen, our friend's story—that he was ignorant of it all—would quite naturally appear incredible to any ordinary judge or jury ; but if he could produce evidence that this curious phenomenon had occurred before, it would establish a presumption in his favour.

It might also be desirable for a man under such circumstances to take some trouble to see that his movements are always fully known to his own family, so that they can testify where he was at any given time, and so prove an *alibi* for him in case of need. It seems wisest to treat it as though it were a case of personation on the physical plane—as though some one else, for purposes of his own, or for mere amusement, chose to dress himself in imitation of a certain man, and play

occasional harmless tricks in his name. In such a case one would probably warn one's friends that such a personation was being attempted, and that they must therefore be upon their guard. This semi-astral personation is more subtle and more dangerous; but in the case which we are considering there is absolutely no evidence so far that the entity who is responsible is in any way hostile; on the contrary, it would appear that he is animated by a friendly feeling.

The whole subject is one of great interest, about which we have as yet but little information; if any of our readers know of other similar cases which are thoroughly attested, they would probably do a service to the progress of psychic science if they would note them carefully down, and forward them to the Editor.

C. W. Leadbeater

FREE WILL AND DETERMINISM

By C. SHUDDMAGEN, PH. D., F. T. S.

IT is the peculiar province of Theosophy to pick out the elements of truth in opposing philosophies and recombine them into an organic whole, consistent in all its parts and presenting to lovers of the wisdom such a comprehensive view of the Truth as is possible for man to obtain at the time. It is almost an axiomatic truth for those imbued with the Theosophic knowledge that all doctrines and forms of belief, all systems of science, philosophy and religion, which have been advanced with sincerity and believed by some body of men for some time, contain at bottom some degree of truth, something which fits in with the great Plan of the LOGOS for our human evolution. Theosophy regards all such beliefs as being to some, however slight, extent ensouled and vivified by the Truth, that without such contact with Truth there could not be anything which would draw forth assent from sincere thinkers and searchers for the Truth. For just as it is the One Self which is loved in all its manifestations in the lower world by all beings, so it is the One Truth which is believed in by all men in various beliefs, even though this ensouling truth may be only too often misunderstood and degraded.

Very often two groups of men hold contradictory views about certain problems of life, at least they regard

them as contradictory. Now, perhaps the greatest cause of this curious phenomenon in the world of thought is easily recognised by the Theosophist as being found in the complexity of man's being and the multiform character of the world of his evolving—in short in the fact that life evolves on more than one plane of Nature, and has bodies and consciousness on several planes simultaneously. One school of philosophy may have come to regard a certain world of man's evolution as the only one, regarding other phases of man's consciousness as merely accompaniments or accessories, which are caused within the single field which it recognises as having to do with consciousness. Another system of thought starts from quite a different set of ideas concerning the universe and life, and naturally finds sufficient support in the facts of Nature to justify itself. All this is well known among philosophers, but the reason why this state of things is as it is, and must be as it is, and the fact that two such systems of thought are not so much contradictory as mutually supplementary, are not easily understood except by Theosophists.

The whole philosophy of materialism is based on the idea that the material, physical universe is the fundamental reality; all other phenomena are regarded as secondary and dependent upon the material. Idealism, on the other hand, regards the world of ideas as the real and true universe, and the physical world as merely a set of forms in which some ideas are clothed. Both systems accept the facts of Nature, but evaluate them differently, give them different interpretations. The materialist evaluates facts from the point of view of matter; the idealist, from that of mind. To the Theosophist neither system is complete, although the

idealistic philosophy is much to be preferred. Both have their limitations, but those of materialism are so very great that but little of the truth can find a comfortable home in it. In spite of all this, materialism has given to the world some very wonderful truths, and is by no means to be wholly set aside. To be sure, these truths can only be partial, since they have to submit to the general narrowing and cramping which goes with materialistic thought. At some stage of their evolution they have to be properly modified and the limits of their action or applicability clearly marked out.

The Darwinian theory is a case in point. It has brought about an entirely new attitude of mind with regard to the workings of Nature in the physical world, and has greatly increased the respect of man for the handiwork of God, for the lowly forms as well as those more highly organised. It proved conclusively and with finality that the laws of Nature must be observed directly in order to secure accurate knowledge, and that the dicta of theology cannot be regarded as in any way authoritative in matters of science. But Darwinism was carried too far and much in it that was believed to be true is now known to be in error. The most ardent Darwinists now recognise that the theory has its limitations, that it cannot explain the whole problem of evolution. What they had left out of account is the evolution of Life, as is emphasised so strongly in *Evolution of Life and Form*, and that is the most important part.

Again, in more recent decades, we have seen the recognition of the wonderful law of Mendel in regard to the hereditary transmission of physical characteristics. The law is verified with mathematical precision in the

vegetable and animal kingdoms. In the human kingdom it has not been thoroughly tested, for the life of a generation is much too long for the ordinary methods of observation, but the indications are that it does not apply with the same regularity. And in attempting to apply the rule in mental and moral characteristics which show forth in physical bodies great irregularities are discovered, in fact it seems that the law fails to hold true. All this points out, to those who have the key, the influence of karma in human life, and its complexity even in such a material problem as the building of a human physical body.

Materialistic psychology, by long and laborious researches into the influence of environment upon men, has demonstrated, at least to its own satisfaction, that the circumstances of the man's environment, together with his own state of material organisation, determines each and every one of his actions, and that thus his character is slowly modified in accordance with his mental state, itself regarded as a product of material conditions, the action and reaction of a material organism and its material environment. The theory that man is the creature of material circumstances is known as *Determinism*. It holds that man's actions, feelings and thoughts are exactly determined by the influences which play upon him, that the feeling of power to choose is illusory, a mere recognition of more than one possibility of action. It is asserted by the advocates of determinism that all forces acting at any moment on a man are subject to the well-known mechanical law of acting as a determinate single force, called the resultant of the system of separate forces; motion takes place in the direction of this resultant force; and all forces which affect man are

material in character, and all alike obey the force laws of mechanics. What really takes place when the man considers two possibilities of action and feels able to choose either one of them, is that he becomes aware of the various forces which are acting. When the moment comes for decision, the resultant of the forces will determine the course which will be pursued, and the man's recognition of this resultant is by illusion taken to be his choosing between them. In other words, Puruṣha, the Spirit, is watching the activity of Prakṛti, matter, and mistakenly identifies itself with that activity. Only, the Puruṣha of the materialist is a mere accompaniment, a phenomenal attribute, of matter.

Now the fact about determinism, as seen from our knowledge of fundamental Theosophical principles, is that it is a fact. The forces which act on a man on the physical plane, which is the only one that the materialistic psychologists admit as existing, do actually determine the actions of the man according to the rigid mechanical law of the single resultant of many simultaneous forces. But there is this to be added: not all the forces which act on the physical plane have originated there. Most of them, whatever their origin in ages past, may now be considered as belonging to the physical world, but there is always the possibility of new forces pouring into the physical plane from the astral plane. It is such as these which are neglected by the materialistic philosophers, with the result that their views of Nature are very limited, although perfectly true as far as they are supposed to apply. Were the materialistic psychologist able to watch all the forces which act on man he would undoubtedly see some, appearing from nowhere, mingle

with the rest and influence the resulting motions. Furthermore it is reasonable to suppose that just as there are forces coming into the physical plane from the higher planes, so there should also be forces going back from the physical plane to the astral plane. In fact, as we are on the upward arc of evolution, moving from the material pole to the spiritual one, it seems reasonable and logical that the energies disappearing from the physical plane exceed those that come in from the astral plane. This means that not only would our ideal scientist, who is watching all the forces acting on man, see forces appearing apparently from nowhere, but he would see other forces disappearing or weakening in a way to him unaccountable. What really takes place is that energies (matter in motion) are materialising and dematerialising right under his eyes. They come into the three-dimensional space of the physical plane from the four-dimensional space of the astral plane—which would mean for the scientist who limits himself to three dimensions a sudden creation of matter out of nothing. This phenomenon is contrary to reason and has been excluded from the calculations of modern science. But just as soon as scientists realise the truth that their three-dimensional space is merely the boundary, or a part of the boundary, of a four-dimensional one, then a vast and wonderful vista of possibilities will unfold themselves before their enlarged vision.

Determinism, then, is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It is not scientific, because it leaves out of account forces which arise on higher planes, yet manifest on the physical plane. What determinism has done is to show the inevitableness of

karma on the physical plane. Everything, every action, is a link of cause and effect in an endless chain of actions. Determinism is valuable because it shows us our limitations. It shows us that really to control our actions we must apply forces from higher planes: right will, guided by right thought, becoming right desire, and influencing actions in the right directions. We must not allow ourselves to become discouraged at any amount of failure in action on the physical plane, knowing that we can only influence and not control action as long as there remains much of old karma to be precipitated into the physical world. And it is here that wisdom becomes of great value; a little of this wisdom saves from great sin, as the *Gītā* says. Forces beyond our control may be rushing into action; it would often not be wise to oppose them by the forces of will. Far easier it is to build the proper constraints which shall guide them into less dangerous channels. Just as the swift mountain streams may be diverted out of their well-worn beds and made to irrigate the parched level country, so these kār-mic forces, when guided out of their precipitous channels and caused to flow into more level courses, may be used to accomplish desirable actions in the end, when brought into such conditions that control may be applied.

If the forces on the physical plane are rigidly under the sway of mechanical laws, but can be modified, diverted into channels, or constrained by sending additional forces into the physical plane from the astral plane, where does free-will come in, and under what conditions and to what extent may it be said to exist? We may attempt a tentative answer to these highly interesting and important questions, but it is first necessary to do a little more preliminary work.

First we may be quite sure that the astral plane as well as the physical has a rigid determinism as long as only astral forces are considered. There is this difference: as far as human evolution is concerned, the physical world is the lowest, most material plane—the end of the cable-tow—and it is fixed. Forces can only come into it from one direction, from the astral plane. But the astral plane has *two* neighbouring planes, the physical and the lower mental. Forces may therefore enter it from two directions, from the plane below as well as the plane above. However, as the physical plane motions are determined, except for the introduction of forces from the astral plane, it will be clear that these two lowest planes, when considered together, form again a system in which motions are completely determined, with the exception of forces which may be introduced from outside, or the lower mental plane. The same line of reasoning may be continued, and we reach the generalisation: any number of consecutive planes of a kosmos, including the lowest plane, form a system in which all motions are rigidly determined, provided forces from the next higher plane are either excluded or allowed for.

Forces, or rather energies, pass rather easily from one sub-plane to the neighbouring sub-planes, but they pass only with difficulty from one plane to another plane. Thus the energy of steam and compressed gases can easily be made to move machinery—a stepping down of two sub-planes. Desire-forces, on the other hand, do not so much pass down from the astral into the physical, but rather act as directing or attracting centres, guiding and constraining the forces on the physical plane. And of the tremendous force of the Will there

is at most only a very little which can actually appear in the physical world. Each plane is evidently constructed to retain its energies to itself as much as possible, but is always influenced slightly by higher forces, or rather by the constraints of forces of higher planes. Energies on the two lowest planes are guided and manipulated by entities which have more or less intelligence. This intelligence, a mental plane development, is the bridge by which the guiding influences of the higher, spiritual planes are caused to be transmitted to the planes of action.

We have then a general view of the motions in any system of the lower planes of a kosmos, as follows : firstly, a vast quantity of matter, representing immense energies, moving uniquely under mechanical laws, so that determinism holds sway, barring disturbances from outside of the system ; secondly, an even vaster number of influencing forces which arise on the higher planes and affect the forces of the system only very slightly at any moment, but continuously, so that in a very long period of time very great modifications in the energies of the system are produced—modifications which would not have arisen and could not have arisen if this steady influencing action had not been always at work. This view gives us an idea of how the universe is caused to evolve along lines predetermined by the highest Beings. Great energies are quite under the power of the ruling Authorities, not in the sense that they can be set aside or changed entirely in a moment, but rather because They do have and exercise the power of influencing the lower planes very slightly but continuously throughout centuries, millennia, millions of years, yes, even for ages of time. In an exactly analogous manner may man

change his whole nature, not in a moment but in the course of many lives, the time required depending very much on the strength of his effort and its persistent application.

The matter and its motions in the system of the 'three worlds' may be taken to represent the world and its karma. If left to follow mechanical laws without the influencing forces from higher planes, there could be no assurance of progress in evolution, indeed chaos would soon take the place of order. The influencing forces represent the guidance of the spiritual Beings in charge of the evolution of life and form in the lower planes. They are slight only from the point of view of the moment; regarded from the standpoint of a world-period they are enormous, infinitely more powerful than the sum of all the energies of the lower planes. We may realise this more easily by considering that the only conceivable way in which the lower planes with their tremendous energies could have resulted in the beginning is by the steady force of the Will and other high spiritual forces steadily acting downward, and collecting the primitive, inchoate matter into more complex conditions and aggregations.

How do the spiritual forces of higher planes influence the lower ones? Can energies be moved directly from plane to plane? It seems most reasonable that the answers to these questions may be found in responsive vibrations on the lower planes to the vibrations of the higher. We must remember that Spirit is found on all planes; it is however under certain limitations of manifestation; it cannot show forth the freedom of motion in the lower planes that it has, say, on the nirvāṇic plane. For an object to exist in the

physical world means that it has existence on all the other planes. Spirit under various degrees of limitations forms the objects on the different planes. And there is continuity of Spirit all through the various planes, although the ever-increasing limitations as the planes approach the physical, appear to cause breaks in this continuity.

Now it is precisely through this continuity that responsive vibrations can be set up. Thus it is always possible for the higher vibrations to cause corresponding lower vibrations. The evolution of man consists largely in the perfecting of bodies, the instruments which are to respond freely to spiritual vibrations and influences. The energies in these vibrations remain for the most part upon their own plane, being merely transferred from one being to another, or from the general world of spiritual matter to an individual spiritual body. A very little may actually pass from plane to plane, by way of the different bodies which may be tuned to vibrate together. After a long period of receiving such energies in his lower bodies from the higher, man may himself learn to set in motion in his lower bodies such matter of the higher sub-planes which will cause responsive vibrations in the matter of the spiritual planes. This means the sacrifice of self, and its perfection means the attainment of Adeptship.

We may now conclude that free will can be exercised in any plane (or number of planes) only if influences can be impressed on the man's being in that plane (or planes) by that part of his being which exists on still higher planes.

The higher influences which act on the personality, or man in the three worlds, may come either chiefly

from the ego or from the Monad. Those from the ego are found in the voice of the conscience and should not really be considered in the question of free will, except that it is worth while to notice this case as a lower analogy. When the personality acts in harmony with his conscience, the man is said to be conscientious. It is clear that the animals not yet individualised cannot act conscientiously, and even for an animal just individualised conscience is only just beginning to be formed, for a large store of experiences has to be accumulated from the successive personalities before there can be a fairly well-developed conscience. There are frequently cases, such as acts of heroism, in which the ego largely controls his lower vehicles, the personality, directly; and these are distinctly cases where the determinism of the lower planes is for the time quite set aside. In these cases there is also likely to be considerable force used from the ātmic plane, that is from the Monad.

True free will should mean the ability of the Monad to control to a large extent his lower representatives, the ego as well as the personality. When this is possible, the determinism of the lower planes may always be interfered with when the ego or Monad sees that it is tending to bring about results which would not be in harmony with the major evolution, the will of the LOGOS. Such free will means that the man has attained to the power of Yoga, to harmonise his self with the One Self; he has renounced the separate will and is looking to the life beyond individuality. Perfect free will would evidently mean that the man has become a Master—neither his personality nor the ego has any desire save to do the Will of the LOGOS. Right

here is seen again the curious paradox which comes in at almost every point in the Theosophic life, and which the man of the world can never understand. To say that perfect free will can only be possible when the man has renounced not only his personal desires but also his individual will is to the ordinary man a flat contradiction, a violation of the logic of thought. But this is because he views the question from the standpoint of his ego as a separate and individual entity, whereas the Theosophist knows that there is in very truth but One Will, and that his individual will can only become truly free when he merges it into that One Will of the Self.

We may consider what the man of the world understands by free will, and we shall see that there is nothing free about it save the *māyā* of free will. Free will for him is the freedom from outside interference, while he is weighing and evaluating the respective advantages and disadvantages of two or more courses of action which lie before him. The interference from outside refers to other people or beings whom he regards as possessing free will like himself. This man does not realise the binding action of determinism, or karma, in the worlds in which he lives. His higher Self, the Monad, is as yet inchoate and powerless to direct the lower vehicles, and the possibility of influencing them to any considerable extent, by causing responsive vibrations has not been reached in his stage of evolution. He acts, therefore, usually with that part of the ego which is limited by the personality.

Suppose that the average man has two paths or courses of action open before him, each with its peculiar advantages and attractions, the two being nearly

balanced in these. If there is no coercion from other men, he would say he was free to choose between the two. As a matter of fact he would literally be torn in opposite directions by the conflicting forces; his consciousness would enter into these forces and identify itself with them. The man would feel very strongly that he wanted to do both things. Finally one set of forces would prevail, and he would say that he had chosen that course. What this really means is that in the conflict and neutralising of opposing forces, one side had gained the mastery, and the man's consciousness in the residual, prevailing force had recognised this resultant, remaining to a certain extent identified with it. That this description is very close to the truth may be inferred from the fact that the man does not immediately start on the chosen course of action with a great deal of energy or vigour. He is somewhat exhausted in the conflict of forces in which he took part on both sides, and can only start to act with such energy as belonged to the forces after the neutralisation. On the other hand the man who is highly developed spiritually, having the power of Yoga, and is really able to use his will in a similar case, will carefully remain outside of the astral and lower mental forces, study them from above, evaluate them not from the standpoint of the personality but from the much higher standpoint of the One Self, balance them and recognise from above which side prevails, then strongly will to have the personality follow that course. Then his *Ātmā* is set in a certain state of vibration and causes similar but slower vibrations in the grosser matter of the causal body, and this is again repeated in the personality; which means that the self-chosen course

of action is started and followed out to its conclusion with enormous power if need be.

Between these two cases falls that of the man who has developed a strong individuality but is not yet very spiritual. Such a man may to some extent withdraw himself from the personality and refrain from entering into the forces which act in opposite directions, but he views the matter from a much more limited standpoint than the harmonised man, and may on occasion act against the Good Law. He has not yet the true power of free will, that is, he cannot directly make use of *Ātmā* consciously but only of its lower reflections or correspondences, and he does not start the vibrations within the Monad but within the ego.

The man of the world, ignorant of the Divine Wisdom, might see men of the three types just described, dealing with problems which involve the choice of one course of action over another, and he would not be able to observe any great difference in the things that took place. It is even quite conceivable and possible that a certain alternative placed before the three men in turn might result each time in exactly the same choice and in the things that follow after, as far as outward appearances were concerned. But from the inclusive view-point of the Perfected Man there would be enormous differences. The undeveloped man would be *kārmically* led to his choice, and from that would perform actions resulting almost wholly in physical karma for the future. His determinism is exact but limited. The strong individualistic, egoistic man would still be almost wholly under the sway of karma, but one of vastly greater complexity. As he throws his egoic powers into the choice and in the

resulting actions, he will make for himself a more advanced and complicated karma, in which the lower mental and astral elements may largely outweigh the physical element in importance. His determinism is not so exact and complete, but of much greater extent. And the perfected man, whose will is free, who is not influenced by personal and egoistic motives, makes no karma whatever, on the planes of form at least. For him alone determinism in the lower planes has ceased to exist, for he in the Self is the determining power Itself. He is still limited in his expression on lower planes by the general laws and limitations of those planes. But they no longer use him; he uses them, as far as they can be used, to further the work which the One Will has undertaken to do.

Free Will and Determinism are really the same thing, looked at from two opposite standpoints, that of Spirit and matter, that of inclusiveness and limitation. There is a Unity, a Oneness, in all of the manifestation of the LOGOS, but that unity is not obvious to limited intelligences on the lower planes. The interest in life could not be maintained by any being if he knew that all phenomena were rigidly determined, no matter how complex that determinism might be. Such a condition would do away with any incentive to put forth effort; there would be no reason or justification for striving to reach any goal—in fact there would be no goal. A world with all its changes governed by mechanical law and nothing more would not interest human beings permanently. On the other hand a world in which each separate individual could have independent free will would be impossible, since the different wills would clash and interfere, so that they really would not be

free. So free will in an absolute sense is a contradiction in itself.

It is evident that the way to make the beginning in setting the will free to act in the lower planes is to live the Theosophic life which aims at Yoga. Ignorance must give way before the knowledge of the Science of the Self, and by long-continued practice of meditation and other spiritual exercises the aspirant for freedom of will (liberation from the sway of karma) must learn to live in his higher bodies, to cause them to grow and to organise them until his consciousness can use them as instruments. This must not be done from motives in which the feeling of separateness enters, but must rather be the natural result of the action of the spiritual forces of the Self upon a willing instrument, co-operating with them from below. In other words the aspirant must make himself negative to the spiritual forces, and to them only; he must learn to dominate all the lower forces of the personality. As *Light on the Path* says: "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, yet eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air."

C. Shuddemagen

BENEDICTIONS

(ADYAR)

By ALICE E. ADAIR, F. T. S.

Dawn—The Hour of Purification

IT is on 'Masters' Land' and the Brother awakens to the sound of the waves, a long lingering boom, as they break continually on the shores of the bay. Save this, naught troubles the pure stillness enwrapping the earth and the majestic beauty of the starlit heavens. Then—a soft rush as of a wind-swept harp or silken draperies brushing the earth. 'Tis the God of Sleep flying before the unleashed hounds of the dawn.

The Brother rises, bathes, and, clad in white garments, makes his way to the place of prayer. The cool sweet tang of the unlit morning air, the vital essence of the rested earth, fragrance of flowering shrubs and cadence of falling waves, thrill every sense with joy and lift the heart in praise to God. As he passes through the grove, clear drops of blessing fall upon him from the tapering fingers of the dew-drenched palms, and with this baptism he enters the holy place. Out of its deep shadow gloom the forms of other worshippers, and he takes his place amongst them.

Then, in the silence of that hour and in that quiet place, when half the world is still a-sleeping, streams of adoration, yearning and resolve ascend, converge with kindred rays, and rise flame-pointed to the Sun of Truth. Who shall question the response?

The shadowy forms are now defined, the room is filled with light, the meditation of the dawn is over, and the Brother turns to the outer world.

A golden glory floods the earth, the sun rising slowly over the curve of the sea. Every tree and shrub is limned with fire and from each slender grass blade droops a pendant of pearl. The whirr of busy wings, the carolling of birds, and the squirrel's cheery flute anthem the new-born day.

* * * * *

Source of all Light ! Thy Light is the life of men.

—————
Noon—The Hour of Praise

The sun is approaching the zenith and all nature throbs to his power ; arrayed in her bravery of gold and blue, of rose and green, she attends with rapturous joy the triumphant march of her lord. In the gardens on 'Masters' Land' eastern and western beauties mingle in riotous confusion of colour and perfume ; hollyhocks, champaks, salvias, tuberose, syringa, jasmine, and many other flowers vie with each other in perfecting its loveliness. Butterflies in thousands, dancing in the sunlight, fill the air with movement and themselves with pleasure.

The river floats, an azure ribbon, to the sea, and under the fountain's sparkling canopy the Naiades scatter grateful largesse to the thirsting plants. The dome of the sky is a blaze of blue and the sea reflects its splendour.

Out in the world men are fighting for bread, for wealth, for fame ; and the fight is often so terrible that they have not time to realise that life is a song, and that power means peace, not strife. Here in this retired spot also, the wheels of life revolve with an amazing

speed, albeit silently; and the soul is dumb before the wonder of creation

Suddenly there comes a moment of hushed expectancy—even the droning of the “little brethren” is stilled. It is high noon and the whole earth seems to listen, eagerly waiting—for what? And from the shaded quiet of the rooms overlooking the gardens, rises the midday invocation—the note of thanksgiving, the longing for realisation, the will to serve.

* * * * *

Source of all Life! Thy bounty giveth us continuance.

Eventide—The Hour of Remembrance

On the East lies the blue expanse of the Bay of Bengal, at the margin of which the waves are ever prostrating themselves and laying snow-white garlands at the feet of Mother Earth. On the other side, in silhouette against the western sky, stretches a grove of casuarina trees, like the battlements of an ancient fort, with here and there a solitary palm rising above watch-tower-like. Beyond this shadowy fort glows the indescribable glory of the heavens, as the Sun-God draws around him the curtains of the evening—rose, amber and amethyst. Stray clouds in the East flush to his parting kiss, and as the daylight slowly, softly fades, sea and sky merge in a purple haze.

Along the beach the fisher-folk pass homeward to one or other of the villages that dot the coast, carrying empty creels and chattering of the bargains of the day. Seated on the sand-dunes, either alone or in small groups, the Brothers engage in reverie or quiet talk according to their mood. Gradually silence steals over

the tired earth and enfolds them, and thoughts of gratitude for opportunities given, thoughts of duties done or left undone, thoughts of the world, its sorrows and its needs, fill their hearts and minds.

Then from the heart of each to the Heart of All goes up a passionate cry for suffering humanity and for renewed strength in order to serve more truly.

* * * * *

Source of all Love! Thy Gentleness shall make us great.

Nightfall—The Hour of Rest

The moon rides high in silver majesty over the star-strewn heavens, and fills the night with beauty and enchantment. The spirits of air and water have spun a shining pathway over the dark waves, which, if you follow it, will lead you to the land of dreams. Flower-scented breezes whisper of love triumphant in darkness and death, and the ceaseless roar of the untiring sea proclaims the Eve-Being of Eternity, beating on the shores of Time.

There is magic in this hour and wonderful, wonderful peace; the ties of earth are gently loosened and the world of the Spirit draws near.

Again the Brothers meet before the Shrine at this perhaps the holiest of all hours—the hour of Sacrifice. Another day is ended and its work is over, but there yet remains one act of worship—the laying of the fruits upon the altar, a joyful offering to the Supreme Giver.

Borne upward by the strength of the elders in their midst, the thoughts of the worshippers wing their way to the white Sanctuary of the Snows, and, reaching it, find rest.

To that Holy Spot, the abiding fount of spiritual force, pour in from every side the heart-cries of humanity, and they are never left unanswered. The selfless prayers of votaries return therefrom like homing doves with messages of peace. On that high altar is heaped the fuel of man's toil for man, his heart-burnings, his frustrate efforts—"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard"—his broken idols; and through its Officiants the Light of the Awful Presence, forever brooding over the darkness of earth, finds Its way to the hearts of men.

* * * * *

Source of all Power—In Thy Will is our peace.

While in the East the full-orbed moon and myriad stars keep watch and man is wrapt in slumber, in western lands the sun shines out in all his power and man wakes, and waking, toils. Night and Day, Death and Life, Manvantara and Pralaya follow each other in unalterable sequence; but Light shines equally in all the pairs.

Purification, Consecration, Illumination, Union—each marks a stage in Soul-life where Wisdom-Truth shines out in man in greater purity, splendour, beauty and power; and when the Divine Beauty in nature and the Divine Wisdom in man meet in worship, then is nature linked with man and man with God, and the Soul knows Itself.

Alice E. Adair

AS IT HAPPENED

(LEAVES FROM A SKETCH-BOOK)

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

The President at Trichinopoly

ON the right bank of the river Cauvery rises the world-famous Rock of Trichinopoly, three hundred feet of solid crystalline schist standing in splendid isolation in the centre of a vast plain laden with rich crops of cotton, millet and tobacco. Round about the rock lies the fort, and below it the city of Trichinopoly, formerly the battle-ground of the French and English—a city once as famous in history as now it is celebrated in commerce and agriculture. Our kind hosts, the President and the members of the local T. S. Lodge, had made arrangements for their guests to visit the celebrated rock and the other objects of interest in the neighbourhood. By means of a covered staircase, which afforded us protection from the sun, we made the ascent through many carved gateways, some of them dating from the fifth century, to the summit crowned with a Shiva Temple. Looking down from this commanding situation we noted the various landmarks. On one side lay the great Island-Temple of Seringam, court after court enclosing shrine after shrine, half-lost in the beautiful woods that surround it. Upon the other side we saw the house of Clive—now a Jesuit College—the palace of the Nawāb and the flower gardens for which the city is famed.

The descent accomplished in safety, we drove to the new Lodge, about to be opened by the President. The

members of Trichinopoly may well be proud of it, for they have secured a fine site in front of a large open space most suitable for open-air public meetings. The Lodge stands in an acre or two of its own grounds, and is a well-proportioned building with a Hall below and an E. S. room above, surrounded by spacious verandahs. Here we found preparations going on apace and everything in a state of bustle and activity, carpets going down and canopies going up. The floral decorations at Trichinopoly really surpassed anything we remember to have seen—even in India. Upon the platform was an arbour or bower of pink and white blossom fit for a fairy Queen, upon which the western visitor could only look in wonder that anything short of elfin fingers could have constructed such a thing of beauty. By nightfall everything was in readiness and we sallied forth to meet the President, escorted by two amazonian ladies who carried what appeared to be itinerant street-lamps poised upon their heads. How they got there, and how, in all the hustle and hurly-burly of the jostling street crowds, they managed to remain there was another mystery to the bewildered guests, who felt as though under the superintendence of Aladdin's genii. When we reached the central square we found it a seething mass of eager, struggling humanity. The people made way for us however, and indeed pending the arrival of the real cause of the excitement—the Procession—we became objects of interest to the citizens. Young Trichinopoly inspected us carefully from the crowns of our hats to the tips of our toes. So far as we know the verdict was withheld; we can only trust it was favourable. Presently the lively strains of a military band announced the arrival of the President

and then the tamasha began in real earnest. A lordly elephant was led forth and made to take his place at the head of the Procession. Mr. Graham Pole, the Scottish General Secretary, was requested to mount it; accepting the invitation, he succeeded in scaling the animal in triumph and took his place beside the mahout, whereupon the elephant marched off and a camel with it. Next followed a carriage and pair with the Organising Secretary and his wife, and then the President, accompanied by Mr. Wadia, covered with wreaths and garlands and surrounded by enthusiastic welcomers.

The formal opening of the Lodge, however, did not take place till next day; it was then declared open by the President. The ceremony was followed by a particularly interesting lecture on 'The Value of Hindūism'. The Lodge was packed with students. Is it not significant, this response of the young to the Message of Theosophy? Nothing is more marked at Theosophical gatherings than the demeanour of the Indian student. He arrives eager; he attends strictly; he departs thoughtful. Surely this seed-sowing must bear fruit in days to come and the citizen of to-morrow, we venture to predict, will show himself conspicuous for his sense of duty and responsibility as well as for his love of the Motherland. Every evening there were large gatherings before the Lodge grounds. At these Anglo-India was represented as well as the citizens of Trichinopoly. Of the success of each and all of these functions there can be no doubt, and our best congratulations are given to the President and members of the Lodge, to whom we also tender our thanks for their past hospitality and our good wishes for their future work.

Mr. Wadia and Party in Travancore

Upon the return of the President to Adyar, accompanied by Mr. Graham Pole, the rest of the party journeyed southwards into Travancore under the leadership of Mr. Wadia, who is both well-known and greatly sought after as a spiritual teacher by many an ardent seeker after truth in Southern India. Travancore runs for 150 miles along the south-west coast of the Peninsula to Cape Comorin. This State, though only sixteenth in point of area, is third in point of population; and as regards education, particularly that of women, it is the first of all the States. As soon as we crossed its frontiers we became guests, and never were visitors more thoughtfully and generously provided for. At Quilon, our first halt, we found a good-sized gathering collected in a local club. The Lodge at Quilon not being a large one, we felt great credit to be due to the energetic Mr. C. Raman Tampi, who had managed to arrange so good a meeting at such short notice. We were greatly taken with Quilon and could not be torn away from its quaint old houses and picturesque rivercraft, which we insisted on inspecting thoroughly. Pending the advent of the railway, much of the traffic of Travancore is carried on by means of light covered-in canoes navigated by means of a punt-pole. The following day however we were obliged to bid it farewell, and mount the great Juggernaut of a motor car, that was to carry us over the intervening forty-four miles to the capital of Travancore. Across the country then behold us flying—and such country! Up and down we went over the great billowy folds of the western Ghats, clothed with primeval forest, the home of elephants, leopards, bears and bison. In addition to a

network of waterways, the State has also a fine system of roads upon which a regular motor service is kept up. About four o'clock we reached Trivandrum, the capital of Travancore, the seat of H. H. the Mahārāja; there we beheld a college that he has built, a school for girls, a training college for teachers, a school of arts, a hospital, and a medical school. But of all the sights in Travancore that which delighted us most was to see happy care-free maidens of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, possibly even older, walking through the streets with lesson-books and slates in their arms, instead of the inevitable tiny baby one sees throughout India. The sight gave one to think. Was it to the holy influence of its departed saint, Shrī Ananta Padmanabhasvami, that Trivandrum owed its exceptional blessings...did he perhaps watch over its welfare from the Heaven-world...or was it...? At this point in our meditations the char-a-banc came to a sudden stop, and there filed past us some carriages, the first of which contained H. H. the Mahārāja. We felt ourselves fortunate to have even a passing glimpse of this Prince, who has the welfare of his people so much at heart, and whose domain is as remarkable for material prosperity as it is for good administration. The Mahārāja is directly descended from Cheraman Perumal, who reigned about 378 A.D. over United Malabar. It is rather curious and interesting to note that in Travancore the succession goes through the female line.

A large notice of the Conference to be held was now placed over the front of the motor, and thus announced we progressed through the town to the Lodge, where a warm welcome awaited us, from the President and the members. In spite of the monsoon, which now

descended upon us, all the meetings at Trivandrum were well attended and characterised by great cheerfulness and cordiality. Among those attending this Conference were some whose lives are somewhat lonely—who are, so to speak, on outpost duty. These tasted to the full those joys of fellowship to which those happy people privileged to live at Adyar become so accustomed that they accept them as a matter of course. The Town Hall Lectures, at which the Chair was taken by several of the High Court Judges in succession, were a great feature. They were packed, although the weather did its worst. Notably was this the case on the night Mr. Wadia spoke on 'Man the Maker of his Destiny'. It seemed to some of us that on this occasion he rose even above his usual level of spontaneous eloquence, and that there descended upon him in a marked degree both the spirit of wisdom and the power of utterance. Mrs. Gagarin held a most attentive audience throughout a lecture on 'The Building of Character'. Mrs. Best both on and off the platform converted everybody to a belief in astrology. Mr. Rohde lectured most ably on 'The Races of Humanity,' and had a most appreciative audience. Mr. Best, besides giving a lantern exhibition, also spoke on behalf of education, with a special plea for the education of the mothers. We must not omit to mention a small incident that perhaps was not without a certain esoteric significance. We were seated in our rooms one afternoon when suddenly a clear childish voice broke in upon our talk announcing gleefully: "My mother comes, my mother comes!" And so she did, and one or two others also, and of course we were delighted; nor was this all; for even at the public meetings there were always some of

our Indian hostesses present to sit beside their European guests and illustrate the Universal Sisterhood. Of our kind hosts Mr. and Mrs. Ananda Row we can only say that they forestalled our every want. We are particularly grateful to them for affording us a fascinating peep into Indian home life—a thing which many Europeans have desired to see and have not seen. It will live long in our memories. Dr. Wilson, who was also present at some of the meetings, sympathised in our efforts to avert the evils of child-marriage. Let any who desire to acquaint themselves more fully with this curse of India consult the medical authorities. They will furnish details of the unspeakable and the utterly unnecessary suffering caused by this system. It is said that :

Men must work and women must weep.

True, but not *children*, they surely were meant to play. Is not the voice of Nature the voice of God ?

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly !
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

If India is to rise among the nations it must be upon two pinions—her manhood and her womanhood ; then let every true patriot make it part of his life-work to restore to the Indian woman the years that the locusts have eaten, the locusts of ignorance, cruelty and lust. Let the plaintive voice of the child-mother and child-widow be heard no more in the land, and let India have a maidenhood once more.

K. F. Stuart

REVIEWS

Thirty Songs from the Panjab and Kashmir: Recorded by Ratan Devi. (Sold by Messrs Luzac, 46 Great Russell Street, London.)

Those interested in Indian Music will welcome this well produced book, in that it records for us specimens of the songs of the people of Northern India. Too little has been rendered available to us of music of this type. Such collections represent far more truly the musical tastes of the people than those abstruse—and hitherto very incomplete—studies of the complexities of what may be termed Southern Indian Music, which are now being issued to the public at frequent intervals.

The present most interesting volume presents to us songs of every type, invocations, religious songs, love, marriage and cradle songs, garnered from many widely separated places in the North of India and from persons of every class. A slight sketch giving the general reader an outline of the Indian musical system by Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy precedes them. The music, in European notation, so transcribed that some idea of the actual Indian accentuation may be obtained, is accompanied by a verse or so of the song in its original language and followed by a translation of the full song in English. The picturesque and poetical beauty of some of these ballads is very striking and in many cases the music, though of a type unfamiliar to the western ear, possesses an undeniable charm. We sometimes wonder however if musicians are, as a race, entirely lacking in a sense of humour. One invariably fails to find in collections of this sort any example of facetiae, and the present volume is no exception to the rule, yet such form no small part of the music of the masses. The book is enriched by photographs of Indian musicians, characteristically posed, which will not fail to interest those unacquainted with the country. We are surprised to note that there is neither table of contents, list of songs nor index, an omission decidedly inconvenient in a work of this kind.

C. R. H.

The Little Wicket Gate, by Algernon Petworth. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 6s.)

This book is another of the increasing number of novels with a purpose. The purpose apparently in this case is to forecast a Utopian scheme of existence in which co-operation replaces competition, private property is done away with, and a scheme or system of communistic labour—labour limited to three and a half hours a day—is found sufficient to supply all the needs of a pleasant and even luxurious existence.

This scheme of life is one more attractive and reasonable than those some idealists have produced; it is fuller of colour and not so monotone in tint. It recognises that all men are not equal, and the necessity for the fullest self-expression is one of the keynotes of the life at Odi, as the town is called in this country of Tiflihin, boasting in all a population of forty millions. Some of the domestic arrangements, particularly with regard to the great part machinery plays therein, suggest Mr. Leadbeater's forecast of similar arrangements in the future sixth Race colony in America.

One point the author has recognised and stated clearly, instead of slurring it over in silence, as is generally done with unpopular novelties, is that a system of this nature must, as human nature is now, be founded on tyranny. As an exponent of the life at Odi says frankly;

It began by tyranny, in making those work who could but would not The great difficulty we found was in enforcing the duty to labour for necessities on all; to support that duty tyranny was obligatory and still exists though now unfelt There is the tyranny of the Loc and our master [The system of government, E. S.] All the necessities of life are subject to tyranny. And on this tyrannic basis the whole life of our people is raised, so that *all* compete in *all* necessary for common advance, common evolution. By a tyrannic abandonment of useless competition for necessities, we open full competition to all in a higher form of life. And this competition spells competition in self-expression.

Apparently at Tiflihin sufficient faith was felt in the autocracy of the few wise to compel the salvation of the many foolish.

A love motive is introduced and the book, as it affords food for both the imagination and the reason, can be heartily recommended. It is quite possible, I should imagine, that some of the suggestions here put forth in the form of fiction may some day be working realities in the new race that is to be.

E. S.

Nature Mysticism, by the Rt. Rev. J. E. Mercer, D. D.
(George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

The object of this book is to show the influence that nature exerts over those who truly love her. The writer would deplore with Wordsworth the attitude of the man to whom

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

So Dr. Mercer proceeds to consider the effect certain aspects of nature exercise on humanity. Roughly, the volume is divided into two parts. The first few chapters are devoted to an explanation of what the author exactly means by Nature Mysticism. This involves the reader in a rather complicated philosophical and metaphysical argument, as the writer wishes to defend his position against objections that might be raised by other schools of thought, and desires to demonstrate the limits of his discussion.

..... the Mysticism here contemplated is neither of the popular nor of the esoteric sort. In other words, it is not loosely synonymous with the magical or supernatural; nor is it a name for peculiar forms of ecstatic experience which claims to break away from the spheres of the senses and the intellect. It will simply be taken to cover the causes and the effects involved in that wide range of intuitions and emotions which nature stimulates without definite appeal to conscious reasoning processes. Mystic intuition and mystic emotion will thus be regarded, not as antagonistic to sense impression, but as dependent on it—not as scornful of reason, but merely as more basic and primitive.

Nature Mysticism, Dr. Mercer thinks, is not for the few, and its appeal "will lie to faculties which are shared in some degree by all normal human beings though they are too often neglected if not disparaged"; but the author holds that though it can be at home with diverse world-views, it is incompatible with "the world-view which is based on the concept of an Unconditioned Absolute". He also rejects "Symbolism," on the ground that "it furnishes a quite inadequate account of the relation of natural phenomena to the human mind". On both these points he has a good deal to say.

It is, of course, obviously impossible here to enter upon a metaphysical argument, but one feels that Dr. Mercer's line of reasoning is not entirely convincing. It is always interesting, however, if sometimes not altogether clear.

After this "metaphysical bath"—the author's own phrase—he enters upon the consideration of Nature Mysticism in connection with poetry, mythology, and the race. He traces far back into history the effects that water, air, fire, and earth, in their different aspects, have induced in the human mind, and tells of some of the emotions they produce, illustrating his points by various quotations.

In Chapter XIV the relative nature of ugliness is well worked-out.

The ugly, then, is not to be opposed to the beautiful as its contrary, but as standing in the relation to it of the less to the more perfect. There will thus be grades of beauty as there are grades of reality. And mystic intuition will have corresponding grades of dignity and insight.

This is further exemplified by the following passage :

The use of discords in music is singularly suggestive in this regard. There are combinations of musical sounds which, when produced as isolated combinations, are harsh, and even painful. But let them be heralded by other chords, and let them be parted from them by suitable resolutions and they can charm, or thrill, or kindle deep emotion Discords in music, when used with knowledge and mastery do not take their places as aliens in musical progressions—as insertions of ugliness in a texture of surrounding beauty—*but as themselves beautiful.*

In a word, the Nature Mystic in some sense pierces the consciousness of nature and apprehends to a greater or less degree the life within the form, seeing the permanent beyond the ever-fleeting. His experiences are of great value to himself, and, as far as he can express them, to others of a kindred mind. But Mysticism must ever remain the heritage of the Mystic alone, for the concrete mind feels out of element in this realm of what it terms, 'the vague'. In the hearts of the former, however, Dr. Mercer's book will surely find a place.

T. L. C.

The People's Books. (T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12 c. net.)

Psychology, by H. J. Watt, M.A., Ph. D.

As our readers are already aware, the People's Books are nothing if not up-to-date, so we are not surprised to find among them a volume devoted to that youngest of modern sciences—psychology. Here the author gives us the benefit of much careful investigation into the nature and course of experience, as he defines the word psychology, and it is at once evident that his exposition demands considerable study on the part of the reader. To speak frankly, the book is not calculated to attract the superficial enquirer, for its brevity tends to concentrate rather than curtail the matter dealt with. But we are safe in promising anyone who is not afraid of technical language and close analysis a compact storehouse of experimental data bearing on these marvellous organic units that we call ourselves.

W. D. S. B.

Hypnotism and Self-Education, by A. M. Hutchison, M. D.

This is such a healthy and practical little book that we should like to see it in the hands of all concerned in the bringing up and education of children. Hypnotism is expounded in its broadest sense with a sanity and sincerity that carry conviction. A concise history is given of the work that has already been done in this direction from the time when Anton Mesmer first drew attention to the possibilities of healing without drugs, and enough is said about the functions of the brain and nervous system to enable anyone to form an adequate idea of the mechanism of the suggestive process, whether in the waking state or in varying degrees of somnolence, without going into professional details or speculative theories. But the most commendable feature we find is the strong emphasis laid on the necessity of personal effort on the part of the patient towards self-control, and particularly control of thought. It is rightly urged that the work of the true hypnotist should be confined to arousing and guiding the patient's own will-power by reasoning and sympathetic suggestion, while any attempt to force or dominate is strongly deprecated as impermanent and injurious, even when done with the best of motives, and needless to say no other motives

are tolerated by the writer. We repeat the hope that this brightly written contribution to the literature of mental healing will do much to spread a safe and common-sense view of the powers for good which all can command if they will.

W. D. S. B.

The Oxford Movement, by Wilfrid Ward.

Three names stand out prominently in connection with the Oxford Movement, those of Pusey, Keble, and Newman, but the greatest of these is Newman. "The Movement of 1833," Mr. Ward tells us, "was directly theological and ecclesiastical"; but there seems to have been a gradual preparation of the ground to make it blossom into activity. This little volume is divided into two parts: 'The Story of the Movement,' and 'The Significance of the Movement'. The history of the Movement is so well-known, and has been so often written, that Mr. Ward is to be congratulated in treating the subject again with freshness. He considers, as is perhaps natural, that Newman was the most important figure of the time, but throughout he has written without prejudice. The significance of the Movement, the author thinks, does not lie entirely in the "renewed influence of Catholic doctrine and ceremonial in the Church of England". The idea in the mind of Newman was rather that "in reviving the idea of the Church of England as part of the Church Catholic, he was indicating a philosophy of belief suitable for the times". He would thus give the less philosophical minds a much needed support for their faith in a "secularistic civilisation". But the Oxford Movement has not yet receded sufficiently into the past to show us its real significance, and this will be the work of the future. However, this book is a welcome addition to the series of 'People's Books,' as it deals with a subject about which everyone ought to know something.

T. L. C.

Everyday Law, by J. J. Adams, M. A.

"Ignorance of the law excuses no one" is a legal truth well-known; but undoubtedly it is through such ignorance that many breaches of the law are committed. We must be grateful, therefore, to Mr. Adams for having put in a handy form

such a clear exposition of the most obvious pitfalls into which the unwary may blindly stray. We are told of such subjects as divorce, slander, partnership, leases, the responsibility of the owner of a boarding-house, etc. These are dealt with alphabetically, which arrangement is most convenient, as it enables the layman to find out, in a moment, a summary of the important points connected with everyday law, without having to consult some expensive legal tome. It is a book essentially for the people, contains much useful knowledge, and ought to have a large circulation.

T. L. C.

The Bible and Criticism, by W. H. Bennett, M.A., D.D., Litt. D., and W. F. Adeney, M. A., D. D.

The terms Criticism, Biblical Criticism, Higher and Historical Criticism are, as is very necessary, first defined in this little hand-guide to a very large subject, which however succeeds in clearly and concisely stating the present generally held position with regard to the Old and New Testaments, for which Dr. Bennett and Dr. Adeney are respectively responsible, the book being divided into these two parts.

Part I includes Chapters on Higher Criticism ; Principles and General Results ; Higher Criticism ; Results as to Individual Books ; Historical Criticism ; Text, Canon, Apocrypha ;

Part II : Textual and Historical Criticism ; The Writings of S. Paul ; Hebrews and the General Epistles ; The Synoptic Gospels ; The Johannine Writings ; The New Testament Canon.

And the result ?

The Old Testament in itself remains what it was before the work of modern criticism Traditional views as to date, authorship, and mode of composition have been seriously modified . . . We have also learnt that many of the narratives can no longer be regarded as historical or scientific records.

With regard to the New Testament we are warned against expecting finality of judgment and learn that "the extension of the time and personelle of the authorship of the New Testament leaves the reader free to recognise the Divine Spirit's work as covering a larger area than had been supposed".

A Bibliography and an Index complete a useful precis on a subject not very accessible to the general reader.

E. S.

Turkey and the Eastern Question, by John Macdonald, M. A.

In this little book of about ninety pages Mr. Macdonald traces the history of the Balkan peoples from the time when they first entered the Balkan peninsula as savage invaders, through their struggles with the Byzantine Empire, up to their conquest by the Turks, and then through long centuries of oppression—'the Turkish night'—to the struggle for freedom in the nineteenth century which culminated in the recent war.

The author writes from personal study of the Balkan races, and deeply sympathises with their national ideals, and their hatred of Turkish rule. Indeed, at times one feels that this book, intended to give the general public an outline of the question, should have been written in a less partisan spirit. Not that the author omits to give the Turkish point of view, or to explain the difficulties of their rule, but his greater understanding of the Slavs biases him in their favour in dealing, for instance, with the question of brigandage in Macedonia.

The book was unfortunately written before the recent war against Bulgaria, so that the author's anticipations of the future need revision.

H. T. R.

Gardening, by A. Cecil Bartlett.

It would at first sight seem impossible that any book on general gardening, consisting only of 94 pages, could be of any real value. Yet by a process of concise statement of fact, elimination of all but essential details and rigorous exclusion of long lists of plants, Mr. Bartlett has achieved the seemingly impossible. General principles of sound practice are expounded in relation to all departments of the well-ordered garden. We are glad to see the inclusion of a chapter on 'Intensive Culture,' which we trust will help to stem the tide of those unfortunate and ignorant people who, owing to the booming of the halfpenny press, invest their small savings in an undertaking which cannot possibly render them an adequate return. It is interesting to find the results of comparatively recent scientific investigation in the chapter headed the 'Treatment of Sick Soils'. The astonishment of the average amateur

gardener when one suggests the possibilities of soil sterilisation is often remarkable. This is the more curious when we see that in other pursuits in which he is interested, such as motoring, yachting, etc., the amateur is keen enough on assimilating the latest results of science. The article on 'The Lawn' is particularly good, and those who, sadly contemplating their own plot of grass, mentally compare it with those lovely stretches of smooth emerald turf for which England was once noted, cannot do better than study this section. Any one who, taking up gardening, is bewildered by the tangled growth of garden literature, would be wise to get such a general view of the whole field as may be obtained from this little book, after which more advanced works should prove easily intelligible.

C. R. H.

Trades Unions, by Joseph Clayton.

Trades Unions is another marvel of condensation. Only the intimate knowledge and experience of a lifetime, passed in the midst of many of the people and events discussed, could produce such a clear, and comprehensive description of this epoch-making movement. It would appear, however, that Mr. Clayton's suggestion that 'Syndicalism' is the coming Unionism is somewhat beside the mark. It is much more likely that 'Syndicalism' will develop into, or be displaced by, 'Guild Unions,' which will work in co-operation with the State, as foreshadowed in the virile pages of *The New Age*. Certainly for the future there must be either one of the two forms: Unionism with, or apart from, the State.

It is a good augury for the world, that books on such subjects are in demand. Messrs. Jack are to be commended for anticipating and supplying the demand in such a neat and comprehensive form.

H. R. G.

This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at THE THEOLOGICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Labour and the Churches, by Reginald A. Bray. (Constable & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

Enormous energy has been wasted by the endeavours of well-meaning persons to reconcile the irreconcilable, to bring into closer relationship sections of society, or institutions, which under the existing economic system are, and must be of necessity, at opposite poles of thought and action. Wage-labour for instance, can no more co-operate with capital than the proverbial lamb can co-operate with the proverbial lion. Capitalism lives *on* the wage system, struggling ever to maintain and strengthen its dominance. Labour lives *under* the wage system, battling more or less unconsciously for the overthrow of that system. How then can there be any community of interest? Equally true is it that there is, and can be, no community of interest or co-operation between the churches and organised labour. In his book, *Labour and the Churches*, Mr. Reginald A. Bray proves this conclusively, in spite of a very obvious bias in favour of the latter.

In stating the problem, Mr. Bray takes 'The Churches' to include all sections of organised religion, and 'Labour' to embrace all forms of organised labour. This rather extensive definition clears the ground for the author to argue, in Chapter V, that these two bodies, by virtue of their being organised, must have an aim, and, having an aim, each must have faith in the possible achievement of that aim, and further, that this mutual attitude of mind should form a basis for co-operation. This rather daring suggestion would be productive of most important results if placed as a principle before, say, the combatants in the Balkans.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Bray's case that truth should compel him to draw such odious comparisons between labour and the churches. The churches are described as "relatively unimportant . . . and acutely conscious of unsuccessful effort," while labour is active, progressive, catholic, humanitarian, and idealistic. Furthermore, the churches as organised bodies have proved by their conduct in all ages that they are but class institutions, working only for the benefit of the dominant class. All this, and more, Mr. Bray admits by inference, yet still pleads hard for his pet idea.

He is not by any means blind to the faults of labour, however, though even then the scale goes down with a bang

on the side of labour. It is pleasing to read his tribute to the unselfishness of labour, and his scathing condemnation of the current cant talked of its materialistic tendencies is much to the point. His condemnation of 'Syndicalism,' as the acme of unsocialism, is well based. He should remember, however, that the desperate condition of the workers impels them to follow the counsels of despair.

On the whole, Mr. Bray would have done better to have used his faculty of clear and forcible exposition solely in the cause of labour. While conscious of the idealistic motives behind the labour movement, he attaches too much importance to the churches as institutions, and does not seem to realise fully that the religious impulse would still operate in the hearts of men if all the churches were abolished. Brotherhood is the keynote of the working-class movement. The world-tendency to-day is towards the disintegration of sectional unionism.

H. R. G.

L'Autre Miracle, by Aimee Blech. (Perrin et Cie, Paris. Price 3s. 6d.)

For Theosophists, the chief interest in this story lies in that fact that Theosophy is here made to play the part of peacemaker between widely divergent temperaments. The plot is a very simple one, yet is full of human interest. Calculating and mercenary parents force their daughter into marrying a man of wealth and reputation who loves her, but in whom she is not in the least interested. The result of this step is, of course, most unsatisfactory, and causes much suffering to the two persons chiefly concerned. The wife's outlook on life is that of the religious mystic of a rather narrow kind; the husband is frankly materialistic in his views. Neither understands the other and the breach between them widens as the weeks pass. A piece of very good karma brings them a Theosophical friend who gradually, by explaining the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom to them, brings about their mutual appreciation and finally bridges the gulf that yawned between them. We heartily recommend the book as one which will help its readers to solve some of the very common problems of life.

A. de L.

Dante and Aquinas, by Philip H. Wicksteed. (Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto. Price 6s. net.)

Anything, either written or spoken, by Mr. Wicksteed, Dante's most popular English exponent, is well worth attention, as the present reviewer, with pleasant and vivid recollections of his beautiful and enthusiastic Dante lectures, well knows. This book, the substance of the Jowett lectures of 1911, is a welcome and scholarly contribution to existing Dante literature. Of the scholastic philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, *Doctor Angelicus*, *Doctor Universalis*, not much is known outside the ranks of the Roman Catholic Clergy. The celebrated Encyclical of Pope Pius XIII made Aquinas' teaching the basis of the Roman Catholic theological doctrine. So, though dead, the "Angelic Doctor" still speaketh, and is in fact a vital influence in modern thought and life, though his audience cannot compare with that of Dante. For Dante shares with Shakspeare the position of being a poet for all time and all people. The poet whose *Vita Nuova* is the lovers' *vade mecum*, and the *Commedia* the poem "to which both heaven and earth have set their hand," appeals equally to the devout and the carnally minded. The contents are: Mediæval Thought and Greek Philosophy. Neo-Platonism and Christian Neo-Platonism. The Migrations of Aristotle and the Transformations of Aristotelianism. S. Thomas Aquinas. Dante and Aquinas. Psychology and the Doctrine of the Soul. Hell. Purgatory. Heaven. There are also a postscript to Chapter vi and appendices to Chapters from the third onwards, appendices dealing mostly with Latin quotations from Avicenna and Thomas Aquinas.

It is generally said of Dante that his *Commedia* gathers within its limits all the theology and the learning of his times and does not go beyond. But here the relation of Dante's work to that of the great theologian is considered in detail, with the result that "while Dante habitually moved within the circle of scholastic ideas he did not allow it to confine him, when his own thought or his poetic vision broke away from its limitations". The book gives interesting sidelights on Thomas Aquinas, the man, as distinguished from the scholar. "The dumb ox," as he was nicknamed by his fellow-students owing to his broad bovine face and habitual habit of silence, has amply justified Albertus Magnus' prophetic saying: "I tell you

all the world will re-echo to the instruction of his lowing." Enjoined "in the name of obedience" to defend a difficult thesis, Thomas first prepared himself by prayer, and then so ably dealt with his subject as to elicit this exclamation.

Having set himself, in his celebrated *Summa Theologica*, the gigantic task of reducing to writing the sum of all known knowledge, subject however to the dictates of the Church, Aquinas finally abandoned its completion. "For while celebrating Mass some time before his death Aquinas had a wonderful spiritual experience," and as a result he said: "My writing days are over, for such things have been revealed to me that all I have written and taught seems of but small account to me." He had found, perhaps, as many a one both before and after Aquinas has found; "The tongue of that man is dulled who has known God." The scholastic philosophy founded on Aristotle—those doctrines of Aristotle being deleted which did not agree with Christian dogma—is decidedly stiff and requires both effort and perseverance to grasp. In this book, however, a great deal of the preliminary work has been done for the student by an expert, and a very interesting and valuable study is the result.

E. S.

Meditation for Beginners, by J. I. Wedgwood. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d.)

We are glad to note that this is the second edition of this useful little book. Being the result of Mr. Wedgwood's own experience it carries a practical message which should be most valuable to those who feel their meditations to be vague and without system. If carefully studied and its suggestions followed, it should aid the student in realising his identity with the real Self and should give one-pointedness and clarity to his aspirations. The record of personal experience differs somewhat with every individual, therefore each man's sincere account has its own angle of helpfulness. It is difficult, almost impossible, to describe in words the processes of spiritual unfoldment. Mr. Wedgwood has done his task well and his words will "serve as sign-posts pointing out the way to that which is ineffably glorious, so that the pilgrim may know whither to direct his steps".

G. W.

The Ancient World, by C. Du Pontet. (Edward Arnold, London. Price 4s. 6d.)

Except in so far as anything that relates to education and history in general may be, indeed must be, of interest to our readers, there is no particular note in this volume to appeal to the Theosophical reviewer. It is nevertheless exceedingly interesting; and, although written primarily for schoolboys, we believe that the older, and shall we say wiser, people will find it both profitable and pleasant reading. 'Cleopatra's Needle' on the Thames embankment is made the starting point from which the author sets out on his travels in the Ancient World; there he unfolds Prince Housain's carpet and spirits the reader away to hoary-headed Egypt. Where she came from nobody knows: "So far no record, however old, has yet shown us Egyptian science or art in a state of infancy." But of her customs and her life, how she sought wisdom and prayed for light, built splendid monuments and honoured her dead, of these things we may learn much. These are outlined in M. Du Pontet's sketch, where he makes Egypt the central figure round which he groups the other great nations of antiquity. The story of their relations with each other and with her, through the long period of her youth, maturity and old age, is vividly told. Babylon, Assyria, Judah, the 'forgotten empires' of Crete and of the Hittites, India, China, Macedonia and Greece, Rome and Carthage, all take their place upon the stage, "have their day and cease to be". The story ends with the murder of Cæsar in 44 B. C. The following quotations may serve to give some idea of the author's method and style.

The first two will indicate some of the writer's clever devices for fixing facts in the memory. In one he summarises the history of several countries at a given period, for each central fact will call up all the other facts connected with it; in the second he drives home a dull item by coupling it with another more dramatic.

Solon was a contemporary of the Tyrants Periander and Peisistratus, the millionaire King Croesus, the prophet Jeremiah, the philosopher Pythagoras, the royal organiser of Rome, Servius Tullius, and Æsop the writer of fables. During his lifetime great Nineveh fell, never to rise again, and Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem.

Alexander was born in 356 B. C., the same night that the lunatic Herostratus, for notoriety's sake, burnt down the great temple of Artemis at Ephesus.

The characters of historic personages are boldly drawn :

Alcibiades was a clever but conceited and unsteady adventurer ; Nicias was a thorough gentleman, of high principles and fair ability, but lacking in decision and initiative ; Lamachus was a sound but unpretentious soldier.

Pithy sayings and amusing remarks give point to narrations which are in themselves never wearisome, as when, describing that queer medley of burlesque, tragedy and melodrama—Xerxes' march into Greece, which included such items as the lashing of the Hellespont and the decapitation of the bridge-builders because a storm had destroyed his bridge of boats—the author laconically adds : “ Life with an oriental potentate is never dull.” Or, again :

Rameses was an organiser both political and financial ; he may have found a training-ground for his powers at home, for he had a family of a hundred and eleven sons and fifty-nine daughters.

And what could be more apt than : “ Laws are duller than wars, but the world owes them more.”

Many illuminating comparisons are drawn between ancient and modern history, and the events of the outer world are cleverly linked with the Bible stories. Nor is the pointing of the moral forgotten upon significant occasions : “ Carthage had stood for seven centuries ; but she had preferred wealth and ease to service and strength, and the price she paid was to be blotted out of the map.”

The chapter called ‘ A Golden Age,’ dealing with Greek Art and Literature, cannot be too highly praised ; the author's love for that richly endowed nation radiates from every page.

We congratulate M. Du Pontet upon the happy result of his effort “ while avoiding excessive detail, to emphasise the main outlines and to be interesting rather than exhaustive, refusing to strip the old stories of their romantic and picturesque elements,” and so to attract young minds to further and deeper study. And we feel sure that he cannot fail to arouse in them the sense of world unity which he desires.

But the world was never built in water-tight compartments, and, no matter how early the period, there was never a time when great neighbour nations had not some knowledge of and some dealings with one another.

The book is of convenient size and the name of the publisher sufficiently indicates the excellence of its production.

A. E. A.

The Bible and Christian Science, by "Christian." (Arthur F. Bird, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book is an *apologia* in defence of Christian Science, written by one who has enthusiastically embraced its principles. Its purpose is to help the suffering, to supply the fundamental doctrines of Christian Science, and to answer its sectarian, medical, and literary critics. The most cogent point made is the frequent appeal to results, for it is undoubtedly true that results of a beneficial nature do follow on Christian Science treatment in many cases though not in all. The book is certainly much easier to read and to understand than Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health*, the difficulties in connection with which the author notes. In the final chapter probably many Theosophists will be rather surprised to read that "Mrs. Besant is gradually coming back from whence she started, but free of sectarianism." Such considerable confusion of mind is shown to exist in the author's brain on the coming of the World-Teacher and the relation between the Christ and Jesus, that it seems a pity he should have introduced the subject until he himself had studied it more carefully so as to understand it. The existing confusion is shown by the author's final conclusion: "The *world* is not ready for a teacher at present; for apart from the dissensions in Christianity there are millions—the greater portion of the world's inhabitants—whose sympathies are not Christian." But the author's ignorance of the movement is evidenced by his contention that it is "to the comfortable, the intellectual and they that are whole" to whom it appeals. It is on the contrary the sick and sorrowful, the poor and needy, as to whom he questions what it has to offer, who are among the members of the Theosophical Society. Such find in its teachings explanations of *why* they are sick and sorrowful, poor and needy, and instructions how to live so as to better their condition. But at the same time, and here part of the comfort for the afflicted lies, Theosophy recognises in common with all the world's religions—with the exception apparently of Christian Science—that in poverty, sickness and sorrow the soul may learn some priceless lessons. For pain educates; and we are here to learn.

E. S.

NOTICES

We have received Part V of *Visvakarma*—the name of the celestial architect. Under this title, which is unfortunately meaningless to the ordinary English reader—and the series seems meant for the ordinary reader—we have Dr. Coomaraswamy's collection of examples of Indian architecture, sculpture, painting and handicraft. The present Part consists of 12 collotype prints from photographs, and is entirely devoted to ancient decorative sculpture. The first six plates represent figure-subjects and the remainder are of animals, gathered from such places as Elephanta, Elurā, Sārnāth, Sāñchī and Māmallapuram, and will no doubt be of value to those interested in archæology.

The October number of *Orpheus*, the well-known Theosophical quarterly magazine of art in picture song and story has two plates, one a well conceived mystical picture entitled 'St. Bride' by John Duncan, which exhibits some pleasing qualities and the other a lithograph, by Cecil French. In 'The Birth of a Song,' by Dermot O'Byrne we have a tale in the manner of what may be called the Gaelic school of fiction; a school which is very popular at the present time and of which, 'The Crock of Gold' is perhaps the most popular example. Mr. Marriott-Watson gives us four Japanese poems, which are rather slight for publication, in view of the many more interesting specimens available elsewhere. For the rest we have 'The Unicorn,' by Herbert Farjeon, 'Credo' and 'Make-Believe,' by Cecil French, 'An Imaginary Portrait,' by P. W. Robertson, 'Sonnet,' by Anatolius, and 'The Young Knight's Quest,' by Althaea Gyles. We must not omit to commend the witty review signed 'A.' Altogether the present number well maintains the standard of its predecessors.

C. R. H.

Carnacki the Ghost Finder, by William Hope Hodgson (Eveleigh Nash, London), has run into a second edition, and we judge that there is a goodly number of a certain type who consider Mr. Hodgson's hero a very bright and clever fellow indeed. To the Occultist, however, these tales are utterly absurd, and surely must sound grotesque to any man who has even cursorily investigated psychic phenomena.

We congratulate *The Times of India* on the handsome Christmas number of its 'Illustrated Weekly'. Particularly noticeable are its full-page coloured gravures and its photographic reproductions. These are up to the highest standard of excellence and give life and warmth to the context, which deals most interestingly with different phases of eastern, particularly Indian, life.

G. W.

The Historicity of Reincarnation is an interesting pamphlet from the Folkestone Lodge, written in reply to a letter (part of a newspaper correspondence) from Canon Mason, who was for some time Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. The disputed points are the doctrines of pre-existence and reincarnation. The Canon objects to the two being classed together as though they were one, and holds that there is not the slightest evidence that the latter was held in any form in the early Church, while admitting the acceptance of the former by Origen and Clement. Though the opinions expressed in the pamphlet are no doubt interesting and valuable as opinions, yet, with one or two exceptions where authorities are quoted, it seems to us that it contains very little in the nature of evidence that would give final satisfaction to a scholar like Canon Mason.

A. E. A.

Mrs. Musæus Higgins' nicely written *Tales of Ceylon* has been translated into German, under the title of *Sagen und Geschichten aus Indien und Ceylon für Jung und Alt*. We hope it will have a good circulation in its new dress.

A. B.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

AMERICA

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Henry Hotchner and Mrs. Grace Shaw Duff at the recent General Convention and was unanimously and enthusiastically passed :
“Whereas, our honoured President Mrs. Besant is passing through difficult times, when an expression of our deep sympathy and appreciation would be opportune and welcome,

“Be it resolved: That this Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society hereby records its entire confidence in her conduct of the lawsuit in India, its admiration of her valiant defence of the honour of the T. S., and its recognition of her splendid administration of the affairs of the Society : be it further

“Resolved, that this Convention sends to Mrs. Besant its loving gratitude, its loyal greetings, and its fond hopes that she may be unanimously re-elected as President next year and continue its executive head during the rest of her life ; be it further,

“Resolved, that this Convention also expresses its warm appreciation of Mr. Leadbeater’s many years of devoted service to the cause of Theosophy, and its deep sympathy for the merciless persecution to which he has been subjected ; be it further

“Resolved, that copies of this resolution be sent to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, and that a brief message of love and sympathy be sent to them by cable at once.”

A Finnish Theosophical monthly has been founded by the Kipina Lodge, Cleveland, O., entitled *Teosofian Valo*—the *Light of Theosophy*. There must be a large colony of Finns in America to make such a venture possible.

The work of helping prisoners goes forward well. The following letter from Mr. Catlin will be read with interest :

“The ‘word of honour’ idea is spreading. During the past year and one-half I have sent every clipping bearing on this subject I could get hold of to the Governor of Illinois and the Warden at Joliet. A Warden resigned in July, and a more progressive man has taken his place. It will please you to learn that Illinois has finally decided to try the new system of trusting to the men’s word of honour, and last week on Tuesday morning forty men walked out of the State Penitentiary at Joliet, and boarded a train bound for Dixon, Ill., where they will establish a camp and work on the roads. The men were all convicts. They will not wear clothes to mark them as felons, and on Sundays they will be allowed to receive visits from friends and relatives. No guards accompany them and they will be strictly on honour. An experienced road-builder will be manager of the camp, and he will be assisted by the highway commissioner of the county in which the men are working. No prison officials near! Illinois is the first State east of Colorado to try this, and the experiment will be watched with interest in the East—and in Ancon, too—‘believe me!’ It’s up to every Theosophist to help to create favourable public sentiment in favour of more humane treatment of prisoners.”

The Lodges of the Eastern Division gathered in combined meeting at New York last October, and Mrs. Russak was Barnabas, ‘the chief speaker’. Her lectures everywhere drew much admiration.

BURMA

The Annual Convention has been held, and sent a warm message of trust and confidence.

ENGLAND

Miss Codd and Mr. Sidney Ransom continue to be very active in the lecture field. Headquarters’ building goes on but slowly, but, as energetic Lady De La Warr has taken the matter in hand, we may hope for swifter progress. The Blavatsky and H. P. B. Lodges work hand-in-hand with the happiest results, arranging both for the study of members and for the spreading of the results of that study among the thoughtful public. The *Herald of the Star* is to take a new

departure as a monthly in January, 1914, and will deal with the general movement towards better conditions in all its aspects.

FRANCE

The French Executive has unanimously endorsed the General Secretary's nomination of the President for re-election. The building of the Headquarters is going on well, and the frames of the second storey are being placed in position. Mlle. Blech is making a tour in Algeria. Madame Blech went to London for the Star Conference. The first issue of the organ of the French division is out. The President of the Republic, M. Poincare, on a State visit to Spain, refused to attend a bull-fight organised in his honour, and the King of Spain also stayed away from it in consequence. M. Poincare's courage does honour alike to his country and to himself.

INDIA

Federation Meetings are very numerous, and so much to encourage the members, by helping them to feel that they are parts of a great movement. A very notable address was given at the Behar Federation by Rai Bahādur Purnendu N. Sinha on the Two Kṛṣṇas. The first Federation Meeting in Travancore was very successful, the gatherings being presided over by High Court Judges in succession; Mr. B. P. Wadia was the chief speaker. Miss Stuart's lecture on "Woman, Whence, How and Whither" aroused much mirth and enthusiasm and will be long remembered. The general progress made in India during the current year is noted in Watch-Tower.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the *Theosophist*

DEAR SIR,

I have just seen the criticism made in your pages by Mrs. Besant of a recent magazine article of mine, or rather of the editorial that accompanied it. I should be the last to expect Mrs. Besant to remember even as much as she does of me. There must be hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people who are pouring their love and devotion at her feet, and serving her cause to the best of their ability, and who was I that she should single me out to remember me? It is now eleven years since she admitted me in person into the E. S. at Manchester, and on that occasion I begged to be allowed to come and work with her, or rather for her in India. She told me to wait, and, as she remembers, I proceeded to do so in Simla. My 'intention' was certainly to renew my offer of service at a later date, but naturally neither she nor any one else was aware of this intention. It is unfortunate that my being in India made it impossible for me to correct in time the editorial remarks to which Mrs. Besant refers, and they were not contributed by me. It was not "as the result of a full investigation of Theosophy in India" that I renounced it, but simply because I entered the service of Christ, and found the two allegiances incompatible. I wrote this to Mrs. Besant at the time, and she answered with her own hand. May I add, though it will doubtless not interest her, that my profound personal regard for her remains unchanged, and to have to oppose my sometime Guru is a great pain to me.

I do not think that the biographical mistake to which attention has been drawn is of any importance, or in any way affects the contention of my article that Theosophy and Christianity are incompatible.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

E. R. MC. NEILE

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

1913 lies behind us; all thanks be to the High Gods therefor. A painful year and an evil it has been, and no tears fall upon its grave. Let us bury it joyfully, and with it bury all its memories that speak of strife. Let us carry forward into the New Year only the good things it brought—the proving of the love and faith of old friends, tested in the fire and found pure gold; the affection of new friends, the dearer because found in the midst of bitter strife; the added knowledge, the stronger heart, the keener intuition, evolved in the dark hours of struggle; surely all these are jewels, like the stars that gem the dark mantle of the moonless night. 1914 opens before us. Welcome, New Year! Whatever you may bring of weal or woe, it is well.

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* *

One matter of impersonal strife 1914 will surely bring, a matter on which depends the life of Hindūism in Southern India, and therefore the freedom and progress of the South. It is the new campaign of the Protestant missionaries against Theosophy, the

campaign in favour of obscurantism, bigotry, and falsehood. In Europe, Christianity is emerging from its past errors, and is becoming more worthy of the Christ. It is recognising the value of Mysticism, is shedding the dark dogmas of the Middle Ages, is proclaiming the Love of the Universal Father against the 'Wrath of God to Man,' to use the title of Anselm's famous work, and with that recognition of the Love of God there inevitably goes out also Love to Man. Hell has disappeared, with its threat of everlasting torture. Vicarious atonement has vanished, with its premium on evil living. Only the ignorant proclaim their belief in the narrow theology of the past, and the deep spiritual truths of Hindūism have modified and beautified western Christianity. The splendid work of Svāmi Vivekānanda, made possible by the Theosophical Society in the West, showed that a Hindū could teach Christians the eastern secret of spirituality; he has but few nominal followers there, but his teachings have permeated Christianity.

* * *

But here, in Southern India especially, the old bitter spirit of past Christianity, the spirit of Anti-Christ, is incarnated in missionary propaganda. It draws the young into its clutches by opening schools in which much of the regulation fee is remitted, and subtly undermines their loyalty to Hindūism. Missionary schools have spread materialism here, and only the revival of Hindūism—largely due to the Theosophical Society—has saved India from becoming denationalised. Indian Christians complain of the scorn with which they are treated by the 'foreign missionaries,' and of the pride of the white man coming through the veneer of Christianity. Missionaries fawn upon a few prominent

Indians, and mask their contempt for 'the heathen' whom they defame in England; but if they succeed in their anti-Hindū work, these also will be brought to heel, and made to rue bitterly their folly in strengthening the enemies of their religion and their country. The missionaries are the worst enemies of India in England, and much of the growing antagonism to Indians there is due to the scandalous falsehoods spread about them in missionary meetings, and reported fully in the press. The shutting out of Indians from the Colonies is largely due to the same misrepresentations, which cause the Colonists to look on Indians as an uncivilised and inferior race. They blacken India everywhere, declaring that Christianity only can save it from the vices which degrade it. And in India itself they spread European vices, and drunkenness is seen following in the wake of their teachings. The school and the grog-shop appear side by side wherever their influence spreads, the one materialising the mind while the other destroys the body. They do not teach their pupils to avoid the bad customs which have crept into Hindūism, but they describe Shrī Kṛṣṇa as a profligate, and travesty Hindū doctrines. They bring the spirit of persecution into India, and enthrone Anti-Christ instead of Christ. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

* * *

Their Indian converts do not seem to be having a very happy time under them. One of these complains that

There are in our midst missionaries who look down with lofty contempt on everything *native*, and treat their Indian Christian co-workers as their slaves. It was only the other day that an educated and cultured Indian Christian mission worker complained of the ill-treatment of him by an ill-educated Christian missionary, who evidently preferred this

high and noble calling to other callings, swayed by material considerations. "The missionary vocation," says the Rev. Dr. Cust, "has degenerated into an easy means of subsistence to numbers of half-educated youths of the lower middle class, who want an income upon which to marry young. Early marriage appears to be one of the common incentives to the missionary life, one of the frequent hindrances to missionary work, and one of the chief causes of the misapplication of missionary funds." Is there not a great deal of truth in these matters? Too often race-prejudices mar the feeling of brotherhood that must exist between the missionaries and the Indians for whom they are sent. Here are the words of an eminent Hindū gentleman which I quote for the benefit of certain missionaries: "The religion which a conquering nation, with an exasperating consciousness of superiority, condescendingly offers to the conquered must ever be disgusting to the recipient, however good it may be." (From *Hindu*.)

Here and there a noble missionary is seen, and in Northern India men of better birth, education and breeding seem to be found than are usually discoverable in the South. The half-educated are generally narrow-minded, and it would be a happy thing for Christianity in India if these people remained in England, where they can do little harm, instead of coming over here for the very peculiar reasons given by Dr. Cust, where the mere colour of their skin gives them a position which they cannot enjoy in their native country.

* * *

I have received an appeal from a northern school and orphanage, which is established for "poor boys and girls of European descent"; the institution seems to include both European and Eurasian children. The appeal asks help to rescue "children living in shameful degradation, surrounded by heathen, and growing up without any sort of education". The fact that their being "surrounded by heathen" is joined to their "living in shameful degradation" is hardly likely to appeal to us heathen. Nor are the influences which

would surround them in the school and orphanage, judging by this expression, likely to bring them up as good citizens of heathen India.

* * *

During the coming year it will be well to work for the increase of our numbers as well as for the spreading of our ideas. The battle of free speech has been won in England, and, with that victory, the necessity for lessening the power of the Church was over. H. P. Blavatsky's vigorous onslaughts on 'Churchianity' had behind them the same necessity as those of Charles Bradlaugh—the necessity for free speech. Here in Madras, the missionaries have control of most of the halls, and shut out anyone whom they dislike. For the Church has not lost its old spirit of persecution, although it shows it with more discretion than of old. We must make over here the free platform we have won in England, and to that end we must increase our numbers. In most of the mofussil towns we have members among the Hindū leaders, and so can readily obtain a hearing, but in Madras itself the missionaries are dominant, and use their power ruthlessly. A vigorous propaganda is the only way to break down the bigotry, which is an anachronism, a survival of the Dark Ages.

* * *

Mr. K. Sundaramier, M. A., a retired Professor, writing to the *Hindu*, makes the admirable suggestion that the Madras Hindūs should raise a sum of five lakhs to safeguard the various struggling Hindū educational institutions in the Presidency, forming in fact a Hindū Educational Trust. I sincerely hope that the idea will be carried out, and that Mr. Sundaramier and his friends will soon be able to show a long list of Hindū schools

rescued from destruction and supported by Hindū gifts. No national service is more needed than the spreading of education and the maintenance of the Hindū religion in the coming generation.

* * *

A Buddhist Educational Trust has been incorporated in Ceylon, another move in the right direction. I hope that it will take over the Colleges and Schools now controlled by the Buddhist Theosophical Society, as well as all the Buddhist Schools which are in private hands. Then the consolidated Buddhist ranks would be able to hold their own against the aggressions of the missionaries. The Theosophical Society has done its duty, when it has started and fostered during its infancy an educational movement for the benefit of any special religion; and the moment a body of its religionists are ready to take control, the T. S. should always relinquish it, and go on to do the pioneer work elsewhere.

* * *

I learned that some people supposed that some of the Rs. 5,485 spent by me to obtain justice in the Police Court went to Mr. Shama Rau, so wrote asking him if he would like me to say that this was not so. He sent word in the affirmative; so I willingly state here that Mr. Shama Rau has never received a pie from me, nor was there a word to suggest this in what I wrote. This large expenditure was rendered necessary by the continued and most annoying adjournments of the case by the magistrate, who would only take a fragment of it at a time, without the slightest care for the trouble and cost imposed on the unfortunate people concerned.

* * *

The leading Hindūs of Benares have been very generous to us in providing accommodation for our Convention delegates. H. H. the Mahārāja has lent one of his Benares houses, the one near the College in which he resides when he visits Benares, and has also lent two large shamianas for the lectures. Rājā Madhokal, the Manager of the Rajā of Vizianagram, Bābū Moti Chand Sāhab and others have lent house-room ; a neighbour has allowed a big shed to be erected on his land for an Indian dining-room, and tents, tables, chairs, etc., have been sent in. We are very grateful for all this help. The Managing Committee of the C. H. C. kindly offered guest-rooms, but, as they would not allow me to lecture in their hall, the Executive Committee of the Section did not care to accept the invitation.

* * *

The eight lectures on Social Reform, with the speeches made by the eminent men who occupied the seat of President on each occasion, are now issued under the title, *Wake up, India*, humbly borrowed from His Majesty's "Wake up, England." The volume is issued in boards, and is priced at Ans. 12, though it has reached 303 pages. In order to cover the cost at this price, we have printed a very large edition, but as the subject is a burning one, we hope that it may go out of print.

* * *

It is a good thing to hear that there is a general recognition among our members in South India of the necessity for Social Reform, and a willingness to work actively along the lines sketched out. Let us see what of real work will be shown during 1914. How many will disregard caste restrictions ? How many will

keep their girl-children at school instead of marrying them? There lies the test.

* * *

The first number of our new weekly, *The Commonwealth*, goes forth amid good omens. A very warm welcome has been extended to it as filling a much-needed want, and quite a respectable list of subscribers is already filed. The first number contains an editorial, 'Our Policy,' which outlines the aims of the journal, and we trust to be able to fulfil them gradually. An article on 'Colour' deals with some of the present difficulties in India and elsewhere, caused by the attitude engrained in the white races where the coloured are concerned. We shall always be glad to receive notes and news touching on matters of interest, religious, educational, social and political.

* * *

The attacks made on Mr. Leadbeater by those who, without any justification, change his opinion on a question of admitted difficulty into uncleanness of life—a patent falsehood to all who know his ascetic habits—are leading to a reaction among decent-minded people, who compare the purity of his life with the lives of some of his assailants. For the first time since he returned to India, he has accepted an invitation to preside at a Conference, and I notice among those who take the chair at his lectures a Judge of the Chief Court of Mysore, and one of the High Court, Trivandrum. In February, Mr. Leadbeater leaves India for a long tour, which will include Burma, Java, Australia and New Zealand. These countries have long been begging for visits, and he has, at last, consented to go. He will be away nearly a year.



MEMORIES OF PAST LIVES¹

By ANNIE BESANT

TH**E**R**E** is probably no man now living in the scientific world who does not regard the theory of physical evolution as beyond dispute; there may be many varieties of opinion with regard to details and methods of evolution, but on the fundamental fact, that forms have proceeded from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, there is complete harmony of educated opinion. Moreover, the evolutionary idea dominates all departments of thought, and is applied to society as much as to the individual. In history it is used as the master-key wherewith to unlock the problems of the growth of nations, and, in sociology, of the progress of

¹ This article is written from a report of a lecture given in S. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, in March, 1912, with the Lord Provost of Glasgow in the Chair.

civilisations. The rise, the decay, the fall of races are illuminated by this all-pervading idea, and it is difficult now for anyone to throw himself in thought back into the time when law gave way to miracle, and order was replaced by fortuitous irregularity.

In working up to the hypothesis of evolution small indications were searched for, as much as long successions were observed. Things apparently trifling were placed on record, and phenomena apparently trivial were noted with meticulous care. Above all, any incident which seemed to conflict with a recognised law of nature was minutely observed and repeatedly scrutinised, since it might be the indication of some force as yet undiscovered, of some hidden law working along lines as yet unknown. Every fact was observed and recorded, challenged and discussed, and each contributed something to the great pyramid of reasons which pointed to evolution as the best hypothesis for explanation of the phenomena of nature. Your dog turned round and round on the hearthrug before composing himself to sleep; was he not governed by an unconscious memory from the times when his ancestors thus prepared a comfortable depression in the jungle for their repose? Your cat pressed her fore-paws on the ground, pushing outwards repeatedly; was it not an unconscious memory which dominated her from the need of her larger predecessors, encircled by the tall grass of the forest hiding-place, to flatten out a sufficient bed for luxurious rest? Slight, in truth, are such indications, and yet withal they make up, in their accumulation, a massive argument in favour of unconscious memories of past lives being wrought into the very fabric of the animal body.

But there is one line of questions, provocative of thought, that has not yet been pursued with industry equal to that bestowed on the investigation of bodily movements and habits. The questions remain unanswered, either by biologist or psychologist. Evolution has traced for us the gradual building of our now complex and highly organised bodies; it has shown them to us evolving, in the long course of millions of years, from a fragment of protoplasm, from a simple cell, through form after form, until their present condition has been reached, thus demonstrating a continuity of forms, advancing into greater perfection as organisms. But so far science has not traced a correlative continuity of consciousness—a golden thread on which the innumerable separated bodies might be threaded—a consciousness inhabiting and functioning through this succession of forms. It has not been able to prove—nay, it has not even recognised the likelihood of the possibility—that consciousness passes on unbroken from body to body, carrying with it an ever-increasing content, the accumulated harvest of innumerable experiences, transmuted into capacities, into powers.

Scientists have directed our attention to the splendid inheritance that has come down to us from the past. They have shown us how generation after generation has contributed something to the sum of human knowledge, and how cycle after cycle manifests a growth of average humanity in intellectual power, in extent of consciousness, in fineness and beauty of emotion. But if we ask them to explain the conditions of this growth, to describe the passing on of the content of one consciousness to another; if we ask for some method, comparable to the methods observed in the

physical world, whereby we may trace this transmission of the treasures of consciousness, may explain how it made its habits and accumulates experiences which it transforms into mental and moral capacities, then science returns us no answers, but fails to show us the means and the methods of the evolution of consciousness in man.

When, in dealing with animals, science points to the so-called inherited instincts, it does not offer any explanation of the means whereby an intangible self-preserving instinct can be transmitted by an animal to its offspring. That there is some purposive and effective action, apart from any possibility of physical experience having been gained as its instigator, performed by the young of an animal, we can observe over and over again. Of the fact there can be no question. The young of animals, immediately after coming into the world, are seen to play some trick whereby they save themselves from some threatening danger. But science does not tell us how this intangible consciousness of danger can be transmitted by the parent who has not experienced it to the offspring who has never known it. If the life-preserving instinct is transmissible through the physical body of the parent, how did the parent come to possess it? If the chicken just out of the shell runs for protection to the mother-hen when the shadow of a hawk hovering above it is seen, science tells us that it is prompted by the life-preserving instinct, the result of the experience of the danger of the hovering hawk, so many having thus perished that the seeking of protection from the bird of prey is transmitted as an instinct. But the difficulty of accepting this explanation lies in the fact that the experience necessary to evolve the instinct can only have been gained by the cocks and hens who

were killed by birds of prey; these had no chance thereafter of producing eggs, and so could not transmit their valuable experience, while all the chicks come from eggs belonging to parents who had not experienced the danger, and hence could not have developed the instinct. (I am assuming that the result of such experiences is transmissible as an instinct—an assumption which is quite unwarranted.) The only way of making the experiences of slaughtered animals reappear later as a life-preserving instinct is for the record of the experience to be preserved by some means, and transmitted as an instinct to those belonging to the same type. The Theosophist posits the existence of matter finer than the physical, which vibrates in correspondence with any mood of consciousness—in this case the shock of sudden death. That vibration tends to repeat itself, and that tendency remains, and is reinforced by similar experiences of other slaughtered poultry; this, recorded in the 'group-soul,' passes as a tendency into all the poultry race, and shows itself in the newly hatched chick the moment the danger threatens the new form. Instinct is "unconscious memory," "inherited experience," but, each who possesses it takes it from a continuing consciousness, from which his separate lower consciousness is derived. How else can it have originated, how else have been transmitted?

Can it be said that animals learn of danger by the observation of others who perish? That would not explain the unconscious memory in our newly-hatched chicken, who can have observed nothing. But, apart from this, it is clear that animals are curiously slow either to observe, or to learn the application to themselves of the actions, the perils, of others. How often do

we see a motherly hen running along the side of a pond, clucking desperately to her brood of ducklings, that have plunged into the water to the manifest discomposure of the non-swimming hen; but she does the same thing brood after brood; she never learns that the ducklings are able to swim and that there is no danger to be apprehended when they plunge into the water. She calls them as vigorously after ten years of experience as she did after the first brood, so that it does not look as if instinct originated in careful observation of petty movements by animals who then transmit the results of their observations to their offspring.

The whole question of the continuity of consciousness—a continuity necessary to explain the evolution of instinct as much as that of intelligence—is insoluble by science, but has been readily solved by religion. All the great religions of the past and present have realised the eternity of the Spirit: “God,” it is written in a Hebrew Scripture, “created man to be the image of His own Eternity,” and in that eternal nature of the Spirit lies the explanation alike of instinct and of intelligence. In the intellect-aspect of this Spirit all the harvests of the experiences of successive lives are stored, and from the treasures of the spiritual memory are sent down assimilated experiences, appearing as instincts, as unconscious memories of past lives, in the new-born form. Every improved form receives as instincts and as innate ideas this wealth of reminiscence: every intellectual and moral faculty is a store of reminiscences, and education is but the awakening of memory.

Thus religion illuminates that which science leaves obscure, and gives us a rational, an intelligible theory of the growth of instinct and of intellect; it shows us a

continuity of a consciousness ever increasing in content, embodying itself in forms ever increasing in complexity. The view that man consists not only of bodies in which the working of the law of heredity may be traced, but also is a living consciousness, growing, unfolding, evolving, by the assimilation of the food of experience—this theory is an inevitable pendant to the theory of physical evolution, for the latter remains unintelligible without the former. Special creation, rejected from the physical world, cannot much longer be accepted in the psychical, nor be held to explain satisfactorily the differences between the genius and the dolt, between the congenital saint and the congenital criminal. Unvarying law, the knowledge of which is making man the master of the physical world, must be recognised as prevailing equally in the psychical. The improving bodies must be recognised as instruments to be used for the gaining of further experiences by the ever unfolding consciousness.

A definite opinion on this matter can only be gained by personal study, investigation and research. Knowledge of the great truths of nature is not a gift, but a prize to be won by merit. Every human being must form his own opinions by his own strenuous efforts to discover truth, by the exercise of his own reasoning faculties, by the experiences of his own consciousness. Writers, who garb their readers in second-hand opinions, as a dealer in second-hand clothes dresses his customers, will never turn out a decently costumed set of thinkers; they will be clad in misfits. But there are lines of research to be followed, experiences to be gone through and analysed, by those who would arrive at truth—research which has led others to knowledge, experiences which have been found

fruitful in results. To these a writer may point his readers, and they, if they will, may follow along such lines for themselves.

I think we may find in our consciousness—in our intelligence and our emotional nature—distinct traces from the past which point to the evolution of our consciousness, as the recurrent laryngeal nerve and the embryonic reptilian heart point to the ancestral line of evolution of our body. I think there are memories forming part of our consciousness which justify belief in previous existences, and point the way to a more intelligent understanding of human life. I think that, by careful observation, we may find memories in ourselves not only of past events but of the past training and discipline which have made us what we are, memories which are imbedded in, which form even the very fabric of our consciousness, which emerge more clearly as we study them, and become more intelligible the more carefully we observe and analyse them.

But, for a moment, we must pause on the theory of Reincarnation, on the broad principle of consciousness in evolution.

This theory posits a Spirit, a seed, or germ, of consciousness planted in matter, and ultimately, after long ages of growth, becoming ready to enter an undeveloped human body, connected by its material with three worlds, the worlds of mind, of desire and of action, otherwise called the heavenly, intermediate and physical worlds. In the physical world this growing Spirit gathers experiences of varied kinds, feels pleasures and pains, joys and sorrows, health and illness, successes and disappointments, the many changing conditions which make up our mortal life. He carries these on

with him through death, and in the intermediate world experiences the inevitable results of desires which clashed with the laws of nature, reaping in suffering the harvest of his blundering ignorance. Thus he shapes the beginnings of a conscience, the recognition of an external law of conduct. Passing on to the heavenly world, he builds his mental experiences into mental faculties, until all the food of experience being assimilated, he begins again to hunger, and so returns to earth with the elements of a character, still enveloped in many-folded ignorance, but starting with a little more content of consciousness than he had in his previous life. Such his cycle of growth, the passing through the three worlds over and over again, ever accumulating experience, ever transmuting it into power. That cycle is repeated over and over again, until the savage grows into the average man of our time, from the average man to the man of talent, of noble character; then onwards to the genius, to the saint, to the hero; onwards still to the Perfect Man; onwards yet, through ever-increasing, unimaginable splendours, vanishing into blinding radiance which veils his further progress from our dazzled eyes. Thus every man builds himself, shapes his own destiny, is verily self-created; no one of us is what we are save as we have wrought out our own being; our future is not imposed on us by an arbitrary will or a soulless necessity, but is ours to fashion, to create. There is nothing we cannot accomplish if we are given time, and time is endless. We, the living consciousnesses, we pass from body to body, and each new body takes the impress made upon it by its tenant, the ever-young and immortal Spirit.

I have spoken of the three stages of the life-cycle, each belonging to a definite world; it must be noted that in the physical stage of the life-period, we are living in all the three worlds, for we are thinking and desiring as well as acting, and our body, the vehicle of consciousness, is triple. We lose the physical part of the body at death, and the desire-part at a later period, and live in the mental body, in which all good thoughts and pure emotions have their habitat, while in the heavenly world. When the heaven-life is over, the mental body also disintegrates, and there remains but the spiritual body whereof S. Paul speaks, "eternal in the heavens". Into that, the lasting clothing of the Spirit, are woven all the pure results of experiences gathered in the lower worlds. In the building of the new triple body for the new life-cycle in the lower worlds, a new apparatus comes into existence for the use of the spiritual consciousness and the spiritual body; and the latter, retaining within itself the conscious memory of past events, imprints on the lower, its instrument for gathering fresh experience, only the results of the past, as faculties, mental and emotional, with many traces of past experiences which have been outgrown, and remain normally in the sub-consciousness. The conscious memory of past events being present only in the spiritual body, the consciousness must be functioning in that in order to 'remember'; and such functioning is possible through a system of training and discipline—yoga—which may be studied by anyone who has perseverance, and a certain amount of innate ability for this special kind of work.

But in addition to this there are many unconscious memories, manifesting in faculty, in emotion, in power, traces of the past imprinted on the present, and

discoverable by observations on ourselves and others. Hence, memories of the past may be clear and definite, obtained by the practice of yoga, or unconscious but shown by results, and closely allied in many ways to what are called instincts, by which you do certain things, think along certain lines, exercise certain functions, and possess certain knowledge without having consciously acquired it. Among the Greeks, and the ancients generally, much stress was laid upon this form of memory. Plato's phrase: "All knowledge is reminiscence," will be remembered. In the researches of psychology to-day, many surges of feeling, driving a man to hasty unpremeditated action, are ascribed to the sub-consciousness, *i. e.*, the consciousness which shows itself in involuntary thoughts, feelings and actions; these come to us out of the far-off past, without our volition or our conscious creation. How do these come, unless there be continuity of consciousness? Any who study modern psychology will see how great a part unconscious memory plays in our lives, how it is said to be stronger than our reason, how it conjures up pathetic scenes uncalled-for, how at night it throws us into causeless panics. These, we are told, are due to memories of dangers surrounding savages, who must ever be on the alert to guard themselves against sudden attacks, whether of man or beast, breaking into the hours of repose, killing the men and women as they slept. These past experiences are said to have left records in consciousness, records which lie below the threshold of waking consciousness, but are ever present within us. And some say that this is the most important part of our consciousness, though out of sight for the ordinary mind.

We cannot deny to these the name of memory, these experiences out of the past that assert themselves in the present. Study these traces, and see whether they are explicable save by the continuity of consciousness, making the Self of the savage the Self which is yourself to-day, seeing the persistence of the Individual throughout human evolution, growing, expanding, developing, but a fragment of the eternal "I am".

Annie Besant

(To be concluded)



A CAROL

Into the woods my Master went
 Clean forspent, clean forspent,
 Into the woods my Master came
 Forspent with grief and shame.
 But the Olive trees remembered Him,
 The little grey leaves were kind to Him,
 The Thorne tree had a mind to Him
 When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
 Well content, well content,
 Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with death and shame.
 When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
 From under the trees they drew Him last:
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
 When out of the woods He came.

Author unknown

ART AS A FACTOR IN THE SOUL'S EVOLUTION

By CAPTAIN OSWALD KUYLENSTIERNE, F. T. S.

Die Kunst, o Mensch, hast du allein.—Schiller

IT is difficult to define Theosophy with a phrase; but were one asked so to define it, perhaps one could hardly do better than to say that it is a new way of looking at the world and its activities, a way of looking at the universe and man from the standpoint of their Creator. To look at everything from the standpoint of God and not of man—this is the gift that the Divine Wisdom bestows on those that cherish her. Hence it is that there is nothing in life that is not interesting to the Theosophist; the speck of dust on the ground and the glowing nebulae in the heavens that are to form solar systems, the tiny living cell with its untold mysteries and the Elder Brothers of our race that are the glory of our humanity—all these have their message for him and tell him something of Theosophy. Science and Art, Religion and Philosophy, every conceivable branch of knowledge, is but a means whereby he gains a glimpse of the Divine Wisdom that is the manifestation of the Mind of God.

With this old and yet ever new synthesis of life's activities to guide his vision, man looks on the universe with new eyes; he holds in his hand the key to the

riddle of the universe; and even if, when veil after veil is lifted, there must be veil after veil behind, yet each raising of a veil will only be to add new glory to his vision.

With the first true glance into the real meaning of life that comes with the study of Theosophy in its modern presentation, three facts will ever stand insistent before the consciousness of man. Of these the first is that everywhere in the universe, at every conceivable point in space, and yet outside it all, there is a Consciousness, the expression of whose Will is the universe visible and invisible. Call it by what name we will, the fact is the same; God, Absolute Spirit, Divine Law—these are merely so many different ways of conceiving this truth. We may regard God, the one Consciousness behind all things, with many a philosopher as Pure Being; or as the Eternally Holy from the standpoint of religion; it will be the aim of this paper to point out the significance of yet another aspect, as the Infinitely Beautiful.

It is this aspect that the divine Plato revealed to the world; and the few in Persia and India that follow the mystical philosophy of the Sūfis still attest to this day that it has not been altogether forgotten.

Furthermore, this Consciousness, or Being, of God manifests itself in the universe, we are told, in a trinity of threefold activity, symbolised in diverse ways in the world-religions; of these many trinities, which are symbols, one is taken for the purposes of this paper—that of Power, Wisdom and Mind. Usually this trinity is thought of as Power, Wisdom and Love; but Mind is here substituted for Love for the following reasons. A difference is meant to be conveyed between Mind and Wisdom; Mind it is that gathers facts of consciousness,

analyses them, synthesises them, and thus slowly comes to certain conclusions, and finally to generalisations; through the workings of the mind there arises knowledge, as distinct from wisdom. But Wisdom does not analyse or synthesise; the thing or law is known by another process, whose faint manifestation among us now is that of intuition; it is known from within and not from without. When Wisdom works, for an instant the duality between knower and the thing known ceases, and the new fact of consciousness is gained from within.

Wisdom, then, is the second aspect of this trinity. But in reality Wisdom is, to our consciousness, a flashing back and forth between a duality of Beauty and Love; there may be knowledge of a thing or person through the working of the mind, through reason, through judgment; but the Wisdom of it arises when through a flash of what to us is love there arises a momentary identification of knower and known, and with that the sensing of the Pattern or Archetype, the Beautiful-in-itself, of which the thing known is a particular manifestation. Beauty then cannot be separated from Love, nor Love from Beauty, for they are the inseparable dual manifestations in time and space of Wisdom.

The second great fact that is understood with the true vision of life is that everything in the universe is directed by intelligence. We realise that the scheme of life and activity that we call evolution is the result of a conscious direction; and that this direction is in accordance with a plan made by a Master-Mind. Facts of evolution, from this standpoint, assume a new significance, for evolution is the realisation in our world of

consciousness of this divine Plan. Nature is not then blindly working to produce forms that will adapt themselves to changing conditions; but it is a chaos that is being slowly and laboriously moulded into a cosmos, after a Pattern that exists from the beginning of things.

This Pattern is Plato's World of Ideas, in which exist the archetypes of things. In one of its aspects it is Kant's world of the things-in-themselves, out of space, time and causality; it is, too, the Divine Mind of Berkeley. What the general concept is to the particular, such is the relation of the archetypal world to our world of time and space.

Before the beginning of evolution the Divine Mind conceives the archetypes of forms in which the divine life is to manifest; but before man's consciousness, that is an expression of that life, can exist in full self-consciousness in the archetype, it must first slowly be conscious on a lower realm in the several manifestations of that archetype. Let us consider, for instance, what seems an evident fact, that it is in the scheme of evolution that the human soul is to be clothed in the future in an ideal form, perfectly beautiful and a full expression of the life within. The Divine Mind conceives the archetypal form, and thence it exists as an absolute reality in the world of ideas. But a long process of evolution has to be gone through before this aim can be realised, and the human soul in full consciousness can take the archetypal form itself as its vehicle. First the archetype is brought down from the world of ideas into lower regions; when this happens the archetype, that is the reality at the back of a general concept, at once manifests itself as many particulars; forms then are to

be built up in matter with these particular manifestations as models. Furthermore as self-consciousness in the human soul is first developed in the lowest realms of matter, these particular types will there appear ; they will perhaps be hardly recognisable as particulars, for the virgin matter is difficult to mould and the forms will be of the roughest and crudest. But slowly the guiding intelligences shape these crude manifestations one after another, and then perfect them ; and thus the human consciousness is taught to pass from a vehicle of one particular type to another, and so slowly onwards to the realisation of the archetype.

This then is the reason, when we consider the human form, that we can trace its broad outlines in the lowest vertebrata and the planning for it in yet earlier forms ; the slow laborious march of evolution through one kingdom of nature after another, and, in the human, through one race after another, is all but the work of teaching the divine life that at one stage is the human soul to grow in power, till it shall be able to exist in the archetypal form itself and so stand in the presence of God the Father as His perfect Son.

Similarly, too, just as there exists as the perfect vehicle of man's consciousness the archetypal form to which we are marching, so also are there archetypes behind all particulars, whether they be forms, sensations, emotions, or thoughts ; and the work of evolution is to train man to live in these archetypal ideas and emotions and not in their particulars, and so realise his divinity.

Three facts, it was stated, stand clearly before the student of Theosophy ; of these, two have been mentioned : first, that there is in the universe behind all force and matter a Consciousness, omnipresent and eternally

beneficent, call it by what names we will ; and second, that this Consciousness has at the beginning of things made a Plan in accordance with which evolution is being guided. The third follows from these two, and it is that man's duty is to understand what is this Plan and to work in harmony with it, for his progress and happiness lie in that alone. It is the understanding of the Plan and the harmonious working with it that is the theme of this paper, showing in what way Art may be a means.

Now man, the child of God, is made in the image of God ; and just as there is in the Unity of the Divine Consciousness a trinity of manifestation, three similar aspects are found in man also. The divine trinity of Power, Wisdom and Mind finds its reflection in man as Spirit, Intuition and Intelligence. In the growth of the soul the expansion of consciousness proceeds from below and hence the first to manifest in man is Intelligence ; and then what is designated by the term Intuition, which embodies in itself not only a sense of unity through love but also the essence of intelligence ; and finally when man approaches perfection, Spirit manifests in all its power, containing within itself all that was the life and soul of intuition and intelligence. Man's duty is to work with the divine Plan. But at first man's soul is but feebly conscious, with but little intelligence, and he finds himself united to an animal of much power that has been slowly built for him through the ages through the long process of evolution. The body and its energies are the vehicle of the soul, but they have come from the animal world, bringing with them the animal tendencies of self-assertion and selfishness and the strong instinct for the need

of a struggle for existence and self-preservation. Were man left alone to evolve by himself at this stage, progress would be infinitesimal, and indeed there would be far more a reversion to animal brutishness than an evolution to human virtue.

But man is not left alone to evolve ; teachers and law-givers, the perfected men of a past age with a knowledge of the divine Plan, now appear and direct the growth of the souls of men. At first, very largely, an element of fear comes in the rules of guidance, for the only thing that the savage knows is that pain is to be avoided ; he has intelligence only working in him, and only this can be appealed to ; and the guiding rules are of such a nature that even his dim intelligence can assent to them, seeing how according to them transgression and pain follow in quick succession. There is nevertheless in him intuition, a higher faculty than intelligence ; it is feeble, only a spark that has just come from the flame. This is a far more potent factor in the soul than the intelligence, and even at this early savage stage an appeal is made to this nascent Godhead within. Hence there are proclaimed to him dictates of altruism, proved more false than true within the limited experience of the dawning intelligence, such as : " Hatred ceases only by love," " Return evil with good," " Love thine enemies " ; and we shall find that in almost every savage community there exists, or has existed, this teaching of altruism, generally attributed to some mythical hero or God.

We must not forget this fact, that always in man, even at the lowest, there is within him something that can respond intuitively to the highest code of ethics and give assent thereto, though it may be almost impossible

to put it into practice ; it is this that shows the possibility—an inspiring silver lining in the relentless cloud that overshadows humanity in its struggles to seek for happiness—that a human soul may evolve through good alone to possess in perfection and strength all those qualities of heart and mind that normally are strengthened, but never originated, in the struggle with temptation and evil.

There is a natural melody, an obscure fount, in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced—but it is there. At the very base of your nature, you will find faith, hope, and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul. He does this because he finds it easier to live in desires. But underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked, the great waters are there in reality (*Light on the Path*).

Slowly man evolves through experience. At first many experiences are required to teach him one law ; he has but the mind to work with, and many isolated experiences does he go through before there rises in his mind the generalisation that is the law of conduct or the truth of nature. Life after life he lives on earth making slow progress, slowly generalising, one at a time, the immutable laws of things. At first carried away by the impetuosity of the desires of his earthly garment, he is unjust to many ; and through that comes much suffering, the result of his injustice to others ; but slowly there arises in his mind the idea of justice as a law of his being. Again, too, being almost the slave of “the will to live,” and with a fierce thirst for sensation, he goes to extremes, recoiling from the excess of one kind of sensation or emotion to excess of other kinds, suffering much in the process and learning little ; but still gradually, as the outcome of his experiences of pleasure

and pain, there arises within him another law of being, temperance. Similarly, too, through refusal to recognise the just bounds that are imposed upon him by the eternal laws, through impatience to obtain what is not yet his due, he brings suffering on others by these means; and himself suffering in return, he slowly learns patience to plan and to achieve, and to suffer without complaining.

Each of the virtues that the man learns throughout his many lives becomes a law of his being; it is a generalisation from many particular experiences, but when once generalised is his own for ever, a part of himself; and in so far as he thus generalises, he gains a glimpse of the divine Plan in which the generalisations exist as archetypal ideas.

We now see the usual method of evolution; man learns the immortal virtues through experience. But experience is a slow teacher, for many particular experiences, requiring perhaps many lives on earth, are needed to instil into the man's soul one truth. Is this the only method of building into our inner natures the virtues of Loyalty, Honour, Purity, Sincerity, and the others? Were there no other method, evolution would achieve too little at the expense of much energy dissipated.

There is however another way. Man has not only the one aspect of intelligence; there is a higher one of intuition—Buddhi is the name we give to it in our Theosophical studies. Beauty and love are its dual manifestation, but through either it is awakened. When then, as a man, he lives his lives on earth and loves a few here and there with whom he comes into contact, the Buddhi, the soul of intuition, grows within him. For love, in truth, manifests the immortality within, because it is a desire for the everlasting possession of the good and the beautiful.

Here then is a new factor to help his evolution. Intuition transcends reason; wisdom comes from its exercise, not merely knowledge, as from mind; intuition generalises from within and not from without, not through many particulars, but by sensing the archetype itself. We see thus a new method of realising the virtues through their archetypes, the divine Ideas themselves, a method by which evolution can be hastened *by anticipating experience*. Man thenceforward begins to live in the Eternal.

Now we can understand the place of Art as a factor in the soul's evolution. Art, in its highest manifestation, always deals with the archetypes. "Its one source is the knowledge of ideas; its one aim the communication of this knowledge" (Schopenhauer). Music, the Drama, Poetry, Sculpture, Painting, and the other branches of Art, in so far as they show us types of life and form, are true manifestations of Art; in so far as they fall short of this, they are but playing with fleeting shadows.

We must here distinguish between a higher and a lower form of Art. The divine ideas are archetypes of natural things, objects and forms that manifest in the orderly process of nature, as a result of the unseen forces that guide evolution; the beauty in these is a reflection of the beauty of the archetypes. We have however many things of man's manufacture that may be beautiful, lovely designing and ornamentation, work in silver and gold.

Now it does not follow that because we postulate the Idea, or archetype, for such a natural object as a tree or a flower, that there is of a necessity an archetype for an artificial, manufactured article like a chair, or a table, or a book; nevertheless these latter may be beautiful,

if in them the artist tries to embody reflections of several concepts of the archetypal world, such as grace, rhythm, harmony. We see the distinction between the higher and lower forms of Art when we examine, for instance, sculpture and architecture. Sculpture chiefly deals with the human form; the present human form is but a foreshadowing of the greater beauty of the archetypal form; the sculptor then in his higher consciousness will be sensing this archetype; and so sensing it, he will try to show the beauty and the grace of the form in its movements, aiming at giving expression to a generic type of figure and movement. But it is different with architecture. The finest Greek temple is but an adaptation of the primitive hut to give shelter to man; it is but a house, a manufacture of man. There will be no archetype at the back of it as a whole. Nevertheless architecture can put us in touch with the realm of Ideas by telling us the laws of proportion, visible not only in the one building alone, but also in the whole universe, by giving us concepts of gravity, hardness, rigidity, rhythm, harmony, by making us understand "the bass notes of nature," as Schopenhauer puts it.

When the artist deals with a natural thing, he must try to sense the archetype; if he paints a rose, he must suggest to us through its species the particular conception, a rose, and through that the archetypal idea, flower, an eternal concept; does he merely paint a hand—then the more it suggests to us the archetypal hand the more beautiful it will be. And here we see the true significance of genius. It is the ability of the human soul to come into touch with the World of Ideas. But it is not the artist alone who is a genius; the philosopher with his broad generalisations, the pure-hearted

saint in his lofty contemplation, the lover who through human loves rises to one divine, all live in a realm where "eternity affirms the conception of an hour," for genius "is the power of giving expression to the unexhausted forms of creation potentially existing in the mind of the Creator".

The true function of Art is to put us in touch with archetypal concepts, and true Art in reality does so. Sculpture tells us of grace, that "proper relation of the acting person with the action," and reveals to us the "idea" of the figure. Painting shows us more the character of the mind, and, depicting passions and emotions, shows the soul in its alternations between willing and knowing; historical painting, again, through particular individuals that have helped the race by the nobility of their conduct, suggests to us types of men and women; portrait-painting, though there may be a faithfulness in portraying a living individual, yet is only great when through the person on the canvas a type can be suggested or hinted at, sometimes merely the particular manifestation of an archetype in humanity; in painting, landscape-painting perhaps brings us nearer to the World of Ideas through the beauties of nature. It may be the simple picture of a sunset, but the artist will be great if, through the harmony of light and colour, he can suggest to our intuitions the "archetypal sunset," with its many more dimensions than we can cognise now.

Poetry has much in common with sculpture and painting. It deals with concepts, depicting them with the music of words, with metre and rhythm as a veil to awaken our deeper intuitions, to penetrate behind. The true poet reflects the archetypal ideas in the mirror of his own experiences, real or imaginary. He looks on the world, and his genius enables him to see

the reflections of the archetype round him, and he tells us of joy and sorrow, hope and despair, typical and universal, in the hearts of all men; he gives us the abiding truths which so often vanish in the calmer analysis of the lower mind. In epic poetry, the poet shows the heroes of antiquity as types of men, and a Ulysses or a King Arthur, moving about with an atmosphere of his own, makes us dimly feel that there must be and there will always be such men in our midst. In lyric poetry, the poet becoming himself a mirror to reflect typical emotions in others, feeling them, as it were, himself, sings of men as he sees them with those "larger, other eyes" than ours.

No branch of Art, perhaps, except Music, can help man to rise to higher levels than the Drama. For the drama shows the inner conflict in man. The true dramatist fastens on flashing reflections of archetypes in humanity, materialises them, and then on a stage makes them live; and through these types he sounds for us the deep notes in humanity, the pain that is not uttered, the temptations that beset men, their failures and success, the destiny that makes effect follow inexorably upon cause, and the purification of the human soul through self-sacrifice. For a few hours we are to forget ourselves, and, like the Gods, watch mankind in its struggles. We contemplate life, impartially and impersonally, through these types on the stage, and begin to understand life as it is, and not as we think it is. And as before, the nearer the dramatist in his creations comes to types in humanity, the greater is he. The types of men and women in Aeschylus and Sophocles, those that the prolific genius of Shakspeare has created for us, Tannhäuser, Wotan, Brünnhilde, Siegfried, Amfortas, Kundry and

Parsifal from the mind of Wagner—all these are ever in humanity ; and our knowledge of them gives us a larger view of life. Through watching their experiences too, we anticipate experiences for ourselves, thus hastening evolution and passing on more swiftly to the goal. Looking at the world through the eyes of the dramatist, we may ourselves become “ serene creators of immortal things ”.

But what shall be said of the greatest of all the arts—Music? In ways not possible to other branches of Art, music makes us feel our immortality. It tells us of that archetypal world directly, of things of that world without their veils ; tells of sorrow, not mine or yours, but Sorrow itself—God’s Sorrow, if you will ; of love, not mine or yours, not of this individual or that, but love of Love ; for music is the soul of Art and talks to us with the language of God.

True Art, then, will always call forth a response in man from the higher intuition, the buddhi, whose heritage is the archetypal world. It will always suggest something of the World of Ideas. Art, from this standpoint, is always didactic, can never be anything else. It does not necessarily teach us our known ideas of ethics ; but it will always show to our intuition how to look at man and the world from the standpoint of God, that is, in their true relations. It will teach us to “ cast out the self,” the true aim of Ethics, Religion and Philosophy. Art then is a means for the quickening of the buddhi, whence come swift generalisations from within of the meaning of life’s activities and the hastening of evolution.

Art can help the evolution of man in another way. Sooner or later in the endless life of the growing soul, there comes a time when an inner change takes place within him ; life loses its old attractions for him, and he seeks for something more abiding than the world can

offer him. He has come to the end of the Path of Outgoing and begins to tread the Path of Return. There is the "reversal of motives," and he yearns for things eternal. If he has in his previous lives loved beautiful things, not merely through the senses, but rather through his intuitions, then, slowly, without violent transitions and without deep inner struggles, he passes from his life of worldliness and enters upon the higher way. For the higher path is not so radically different from that lower where it was pleasant to live and love beautiful things; the higher is but the lower transformed into one of absolute beauty and happiness, without the dross of mortality that made all things lovable transient, so that they fell short of our desire. Truly it might be said of the new life of eternal beauty: "I pluck'd a rose, and, lo! it had no thorn."

Further, as the man grows to his fuller life through Art, he grows from within, as the flower grows, and there is a harmonious development of all the faculties of the soul, not losing in breadth what he gains in intensity. He grows to be a harmonious and musical soul. He treads, swiftly as surely,

. . . the Middle Road, whose course
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothes.

No longer a creature vacillating between changing 'moods,' his keynote of character now will be Sophrosyno, sound-mindedness, health of heart; and through love of the sciences and fair philosophies, he learns how to blend all human feelings and thoughts "into an immortal feature of perfection".

But more wonderful than all these is the vision he gains of the divine Plan; he becomes a knower of the inner nature of things; he feels and thinks the archetypal,

the truly 'ideal' emotions and thoughts. Through them he sees in what ways he can become a co-worker with God, how he may be God's messenger on earth to tell of Heaven. A greater happiness than this is not possible to any man, and it is this that comes to him through Art.

Yet Art is not the end. Man has in him a more Godlike aspect than intuition; it is *Ātmā*, Spirit. Through the exercise of intuition Spirit will reveal itself; and what Art is to the dreary view of life of the unevolved man, so will the Spirit-aspect of life be to Art. Of this we know nothing; and yet do we perhaps discern a reflection of that undreamt-of view of life in the lives of a Buddha and a Christ? Has not every utterance from them an archetypal character, flashing forth into many meanings in our minds? Do they not seem to live a life that is a symbol, every event of their lives being, as it were, a symbol of some deep living truth in the Eternal Mind of the Most High? Is it not to this new aspect of life that Art itself is but the threshold? Who but the greatest of artists can tell us of that glory that shall be revealed? Yet, till we come to that day, we have Art to guide our footsteps. "Die Kunst, O Mensch, hast du allein"—Art that shall lead a man's feelings and not follow them, that shall make him "autourgos," in the image of his Maker. For Art is life at its intensest, and reveals the beauty and worth of all human activities; and yet it shall be the mission of Art, now and for ever, to show to men that life, even in all its fulness, is like a dome of many-coloured crystals, reflecting but broken gleams of the white radiance of Eternity.

Oswald Kuylentierne

DIFFICULTIES WHICH THEOSOPHY CREATES

By CAPT. A. E. POWELL R. E., F. T. S.

MOST Theosophists will probably agree that the teachings of modern Theosophy, when first presented to them in an acceptable form, burst upon their lives as a powerful illuminant, throwing light where previously there had been darkness, converting a little-understood chaos into a fairly well-ordered cosmos. So many baffling problems resolved themselves in terms of reincarnation and karma: phenomena before incomprehensible now were easily explained. Secrets of our own nature now revealed themselves: the purpose of life at last became intelligible, life with its manifold experiences of pleasure and of pain, its problems of morality, its ethical puzzles, its troubles and its complexities.

There appear to be many who do not grow beyond this stage, who remain satisfied that the key to the mysteries of life and death is to be found in a few simple teachings, dealing with reincarnation, karma, man and his bodies, the mechanism of thought, the existence of the Path, and so on. For them Theosophy "explains so much" that difficulties vanish and life becomes simple and easy. Their programme is plain: all they have to do is to "help evolution," to work with that mysterious something glibly summed up in this comprehensive term—'evolution'. What nobler plan of life could the heart of man desire, and what simpler or easier to understand?

To avoid misunderstanding, let me state, definitely and emphatically, that modern Theosophy *does* explain

a very great deal which otherwise remains inexplicable, and *does* throw a flood of illumination on life's puzzles for which I, for one, can never sufficiently express my gratitude. But the tale does not end here; this is but the beginning; a few letters of the alphabet have been conned. Before us lie the pages of a vast literature, the very existence of which has before been scarcely suspected.

A good many years ago, an old member of the Society said to me: "Your difficulties do not end when you join the Theosophical Society; they begin then." At that time Theosophy had just brought me to the first stage of omniscience, and the remark, little understood at the moment, was stored away for future cogitations. Now I am beginning to see the truth of what my friend said, and the reasons why what he said necessarily must be true, if modern Theosophy is what it claims to be.

The difficulties which Theosophy creates are twofold: firstly, those which result from the clash of Theosophical with pre-Theosophical thought; secondly, those which accompany the discovery of new lands and new problems. The first group is familiar to everyone who takes Theosophy at all seriously, and the more earnest and logically whole-hearted in Theosophy a man is, the more will this class of difficulty make itself felt. To take a few concrete examples, of a comparatively elementary character: a true Theosophist, with love for other kingdoms besides his own kindled in his heart, refuses to eat the flesh of slaughtered creatures; at once he is met with family or social opposition; travel takes on an additional inconvenience; society regards him as a nuisance. He renounces the alcohol and tobacco habits as enemies of physical purity; his friends denounce him as unsociable, and apply to him the contempt usually

meted out to teetotalers. If a woman, garments of fur and feather are rejected as unworthy of one who has any pity for the unfortunate animals and birds murdered in cold blood to secure these luxurious articles of dress or adornment; fashions are thus offended, and the offenders dubbed eccentric and hyper-sentimental. Blood-sports, dear to the heart of man, have to be renounced as cruel and unworthy of a Theosophist; the scorn levelled at the teetotaler is multiplied tenfold for the man possessed by what are deemed such effeminate notions and such maudlin sentimentalism. Time is considered too valuable to throw away on foolish chatter, on enervating frivolities and amusements; society knows well how to administer rebuke, and goes out of its way to make the path of the transgressor unpleasant. Instances could be multiplied; at every turn difficulties and opposition are met with, and must be expected. The Theosophist sees, or believes he sees, further than other people; his code of morality is that of the future; the ways of the present cannot suffice for him, for he is attempting to achieve to-day what the world will achieve to-morrow, and to live to-day as the world will live to-morrow. The more advanced his views and his methods are, obviously the more different will they be from those of his fellows; and to be different, to refuse to conform, to break its rules, to cease to bow down to its idols of convention and custom—these are the unforgivable sins of society; and, as we have already said, society knows how to make hard the way of the man or woman who refuses to comply, and elects to be different.

The second group of difficulties necessarily arises from the widening of the horizon brought about by the advent of Theosophy. With Theosophy, life becomes

much deeper, hence it is easier to drown; life becomes vaster, hence it is easier to lose one's way; more important, hence more difficult to direct well. With Theosophy comes increase of responsibility; for does not Theosophy mean more knowledge, and is not enlarged knowledge synonymous with enlarged responsibilities? Increase of responsibility does not simplify life, but lends to it additional complexity and difficulty.

Once again, let us examine a few concrete examples and observe the application of the principles just enunciated. Suppose that Theosophy has given to one a knowledge of reincarnation and karma. Is life thereby rendered easier? Is it simpler to direct one life, or a virtually unending series of lives? Which are the things most worth doing? Causes initiated now will live for ever in their effects; is it so easy, with this knowledge within us, to lay our hands on those actions which the course of time will prove to be the best? We wish with all our hearts to do that which will prove of greatest benefit to the world, viewed not by immediate effects but by the sum of the whole series of effects, remote as well as near. Is it so easy to select the best course of action? Is our knowledge so vast that it can direct us in our choice of alternatives? Which are the things most worth while? Which of our many pursuits are valuable or most valuable, and which are least valuable, valueless? Perhaps we have talent and are engaged in some technical occupation. Will it be better for the world—in the long run—for us to pursue our task and give to civilisation and to science the products of our labours, the results of our researches, or to leave this task on one side, for the present at least, and to go abroad lecturing on Theosophy, and teaching a few hundred people the

elements of reincarnation, karma, thought-power, and the like? Who can sum up the two series to the end and say which total is the greater? Shall we become unswerving and unflinching Occultists, act out our principles without turning aside one hair's breadth, whatever society and the world says or does, feeling that *in the long run* our ideas will prevail, the pioneer will be acknowledged, and the flouting of society will be justified and amply repaid; or will it be wiser to temper our theories, to water our teachings, to compromise with the ways of the world, and thus to secure greater influence at the moment, and produce greater results in the immediate future? Shall we be prudent, and careful not to offend others, insinuating our teachings gently and with tact, or shall we fling prudence to the winds and proclaim the naked, stinging truth at whatever cost, leaving it to soak into men's minds, and the seeds to grow and bring forth fruit in the far future, when we who sowed the seed have been forgotten?

Anyone can see which method is the easier: but which will be productive of more good *in the long run*? To multiply instances further is unnecessary, for it must be abundantly clear that increased knowledge, by enabling us to look at questions from more points of view, and by opening our vision to more factors round every problem, renders decision and choice more, rather than less, difficult. The beggar thinks it easy to be a King; the man in the street thinks it simple to rule and make laws; the person of little knowledge invents wonderful theories for the better governance of society; "the fool steps in where angels fear to tread".

Only the weak-kneed and timid, and those who have not grasped the fundamentals of evolution, will be sorry

that this is so, that difficulties increase as knowledge grows and power develops. The strong man, the man who appreciates the purpose of evolution, is grateful for the compliment that nature pays him by offering to him delicate and complex problems, difficult to solve. The man who leads an easy life, who is never faced with fierce difficulties and powerful obstacles, is to be pitied rather than envied: for how is he to evolve or increase his power to serve the world? A child can repeat a task it has done before; the most mediocre individuals can solve problems well within their capacity; the man who wishes to learn, to develop, to grow, must ask to be given tasks which will try his faculties to the utmost, which will need all his strength, which will be more difficult and more subtle than anything he has attempted before. The Occultist must break new ground, must possess the courage and spirit of the explorer and the conqueror, for he has set himself the task of exploring and of mastering a kingdom of no mean pretensions, an empire of vast proportions.

Many have found in Theosophy a haven of refuge; a glorious haven it is; but not a haven of ease and stagnation. Many have found in Theosophy peace; peace there is, a mighty peace; but not the inglorious peace of the coward, afraid of battles. Many have found light in Theosophy: light there is; not a light that makes their way easy, but a light which enables them to pierce the darkness ahead, and to reveal the difficulties of the path they have chosen, to display the obstacles to be surmounted, the barriers to be overcome. And it is very good that this is so.

A. E. Powell

THE HARMONIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF A CHILD¹

By ALBA, F. T. S.

THE famous formula "the harmonious development of a child" has long ago been brought to the foreground by the representatives of the most advanced education, and it is being considered in the home and in school by parents and tutors who pay serious attention to problems of education. This formula is beautiful and full of meaning, because it comprehends all the spheres of a child's life as a whole, and points to the necessity of cultivating all the abilities enfolded therein. Thus the problems of physical, ethical and spiritual education are understood in it, *i.e.*, the satisfying of the needs of the body, the soul and the Spirit.

From a general point of view the life of a man is divided into two parts: the materialistic (the life of the body), and the spiritual (the domain of emotions and thoughts). But from the standpoint of Theosophy we must accept three divisions: (1) the physical sphere (life of the body); (2) the ethical sphere, the domain of feeling and thought (the life of the soul); and (3) the spiritual sphere, the life of the immortal ego, the Thinker himself, whose proper attribute is the creative will, *i.e.*, the will illumined by love and true

¹ Education, as carried on in Russia, with its results on the Russian youth, offers a problem of profound interest to other nations.—Ed.

knowledge and wisdom. This sphere is in close union with the religious consciousness of man. Let us consider this formula from the Theosophical standpoint.

First of all we will consider the physical education in this light, next the education of the mind and feelings, and lastly the education of the will of a child.

During the last few years, physical education at home and at school has made rapid progress. Attention has been drawn towards the necessity of providing good air, right movements, a regulated succession of work and rest, regularity in sleep and food—all this has been a subject of lively discussion between educationalists, and it is reflected in the educational literature of our days. The importance of gymnastics has particularly been brought forward, as well as out-of-door games, manual work and excursions. In this respect both school and family owe much to the untiring energy of the late Professor Lesgaft, who organised special lectures for men and women educationalists, creating a new and deeply interesting movement in education. From a Theosophical standpoint such an energetic setting forward of the problems of physical education is of very great importance and value, but there still remains much to be desired. As long as schools are not built outside towns, and children are not in constant lively communion with nature, it cannot be said that the problems of physical education have been entirely solved; the more so as work in the open air can only be properly organised under such conditions. Excursions cannot be the same to children as the constant living amid cosmic vibrations, sun-rays, nature's sounds and colours. We mark with joy the first efforts at building schools under such conditions, amid woods and

fields, as well as the settling of some parents in suburbs, forming new types of intellectual colonies ; but these are only the first swallows, promising the coming summer.¹

Now let us pass to the education of the mind, first to the intellectual development, then to the emotions :

Intellectual work must first of all be divided into two parts : the gathering of material knowledge, and the working over these materials. Concerning the former, the gathering of knowledge, it is being done in such dimensions that the question involuntarily arises of an overloading of materials, which children are incapable of mastering ; in truth our programmes are, for the most part, only formal, and the working for examinations often causes nervous disorders and all kinds of exhaustion. As to independent mental work, it has but very small scope. Children either repeat the conclusions given in their books, or the opinions of their teachers. And it really cannot be otherwise with the solving of questions entirely out of the reach of the pupils. But can mental education in such a case be considered as directed along its proper lines ?

Is there not a pernicious chase after quantity to the detriment of quality ? Are not educationalists too enthusiastic over certain theories, regardless of their doubtful adaptability in practice ? Do they not forget that the question is not as to the quantity of books read, but as to the learning *how* to read ; not as to the quantity of compositions written, but as to the ability to grasp the materials, and to mark out the way of correct work ? If parents and teachers did not

¹ Such are the schools of Madame Levitsky in Tsarskaje and Madame Kirjotchuikoff, near Moscow.

so impetuously pursue the formal carrying out of programmes, the preparatory work at home and the work at school would not wear such a hasty, feverish appearance. The aim of education would not be the passing through a certain course of studies, but the training of the pupils to see their way through the scientific matter set before them, the teaching them how to work. From the standpoint of Theosophy this alone is of value, for only conscious and independent work teaches how to think and induces true development. That which is habitually understood by the word development, *i.e.*, the knowing how to discuss many topics, only induces idle empty talk and very undesirable presumption.

It may perhaps be said that parents and educationalists are not at all enthusiastic over formal knowledge, but that they are forced to take the formal demands of the Government schools into consideration. But such an answer is of no avail with regard to the new free schools, where yet the same enthusiasm concerning quantity exists, though in another direction; there, also, it is not the question of quality of knowledge that stands foremost.

It is true that the ancient languages are put aside; but instead of them the new programme is so overloaded with such enormous quantities of mathematics and natural history—without counting the so-called practical studies in the laboratory—that the same tendency of pouring as much knowledge in as short a time as possible into the heads of pupils is but too evidently visible. There is no time, with such a system, for earnest thought and classification of materials; no time for considering questions philosophically; no time for synthesis. All is snatched hastily at haphazard. There

is no time for setting a sound foundation, and the building must of necessity prove unsound.

In addition to this there is yet another still more dangerous tendency in the new schools—it is the effort to give the scholars as little work as possible. The chief point, according to the most ardent representatives of this tendency, is to save children from a feeling of repugnance towards any subject, and for this reason studies are organised in the most attractive way, are illustrated by the most interesting experiments, the lesson is turned into a lively discussion or an interesting lecture. The chief work is done in the class, the greatest part of the work is done by the teacher; the greatest exertion falls to his lot, the lesser part is left to the pupils; but even this small part gives rise to irritability and protest on their part, as soon as the charm of novelty is worn out and a few moments of concentration are required, thus changing their passive attention into an active one. To set the element of pleasure so much in the foreground is dangerous. I do not mean to say that lessons must not be interesting and lively, but still it seems to me that a sense of duty and a serious bearing towards study should hold the first place. With such a way of considering the question, work becomes a terrible phantom, and study is accepted as a tedious necessity, which must be surrounded with the most compensations possible; parents and teachers are anxiously busied with the seeking of these compensations. As a result of this we find the capacity for work diminishing year by year, as well as the capacity of endurance; and, as a natural consequence appears the decreasing of moral strength and intelligence in the pupils. In this respect it is difficult to imagine more unsatisfactory con-

ditions and sadder results than those we are witnessing in the present Russian schools and Russian society.

Thus we come to the conclusion that the Government school leads to the accumulation of formal knowledge, an unproductive capital which is stowed into the store-rooms of the brain, fated to be forgotten there; and the new school leads to idle talk, self-sufficiency and inability for work.

One may draw my attention to the practical work in the new school, which may to a certain extent serve as a palliative against the general idling of scholars; but even if it be so, I ask: "*At what price?*" There is a tendency to keep a tacit silence concerning doubtful facts in contemporary education, but such a silence only proves that the teachers themselves do not feel upon firm ground, and for that reason they prefer avoiding certain questions. But Theosophy teaches us to throw the light of truth upon all the events of life, and not to fear that light, even if it hurts us to fix our gaze upon it. We must have that courage. Parents and teachers are thinking too little upon the moral side of the so-called 'practical study,' when children, to prove the words of the teacher, dissect and draw fishes and frogs, previously killed in their presence. And it is even questionable whether the animal that is being sacrificed is entirely dead. Not long ago a teacher of natural history confessed to me that, on the whole, one never can be quite sure of this. But let us even admit that it is so: the fish or frog is eventually killed—in some schools dozens of them are brought and every pupil receives a live specimen for his scientific experiment; but still it is killed, *i.e., life is sacrificed to so-called study*. Life is taken away in order to allow a number of thoughtless children to realise more clearly the direction of a

certain vein, or to hear more distinctly the beatings of the living heart of the tortured living creature. Such a careless attitude towards the life of others, even if it be but the life of a fish, frog or insect, inevitably leads to moral coarseness, cruelty and rough manners, without mentioning a monstrous selfishness. I have heard from children of 11, 12 and 13 years of age how hard it was for them at first to settle down to practical studies, how cold and faint they used to feel, and what dreadful dreams they dreamt in those days. "But," they added, "now it is all right; now I am used to it; now *I do not feel pity, but interest.*" Perhaps some teachers will rejoice at such results of scientific experiments, but to me these words seem terrible. When the heart loses its dominion over a man, and cold reason and utilitarianism take the first place, then an involuntary fear overcomes one for the future of the younger generation, especially in such a hard, coarse and complicated time as ours, when coarseness of manners is growing but too rapidly around us.

Compassion for the suffering of animals is called sentimentality, and cruelty towards them is excused by calling it austere necessity; and thus scientific men are justified who wish to base their conclusions upon experiments. But even if it were so, Theosophy admits of no such compromises and reminds us that the end *never* justifies the means; even if it were so, what right have boys and girls of 12 and 13 years of age to consider themselves as learned investigators, when but one-tenth part of them perhaps reaches the higher schools? The value of life is brought down to such a low level in our days, life is exposed to such a coarse violence from all sides, and there are so few people

who know how to respect it in the widest sense of the word, that one cannot comport oneself carefully enough towards it, one cannot instruct children earnestly enough to be attentive and loving towards all that lives. We must agree that if, under such conditions, a large amount of intellectual knowledge be acquired, this would be gained at the detriment of more important sides of the human soul. So that so far the formula of "harmonious development" does not prove satisfactory.

Let us now turn to another state of the life of the soul, to the sphere of emotions, with which the mental reason is closely related. Out of different thoughts definite emotions are born, and *vice versa*. What are the emotions which are most trained at home and at school? Are children taught to respect other people's personality, other people's work, other people's rest? Are they taught how important it is to show attention, gentleness and patience? Are they taught tolerance? Are they taught to value all that is beautiful and noble, to revere greatness, to worship beauty? Do they at least learn to be grateful for all the labour and strength spent upon them? In examining contemporary education more attentively, we must confess that it is most deficient in the domain of emotions. Because children are not trained in emotions of love, their bearing towards their elders is free and exacting, towards their equals rude and intolerant, towards those younger than themselves thoughtless and cruel. At home they give free vent to a monstrous selfishness, and with this selfishness they come to school, where they often find a not less favourable scope for it. Children are not taught to love, but they learn all too soon how to be self-sufficient and to claim their rights. Why

should they practise modesty and gentleness, when they can live more comfortably and gaily without them? What need to be polite and prudent, when one can be exacting and almost command? This is a much more advantageous and tempting part. Children very easily get into the habit of ordering, and imperceptibly a very ugly kind of intercourse with their elders is taken up, especially with teachers and parents, and this it is very difficult to alter afterwards. It is a slow but entirely definite process, during which the soul of a child gradually loses its equilibrium, and easily falls into all kinds of extravagances. It begins with the children constantly feeling themselves to be the chief centre round which are busied all the thoughts and cares of their elders, who serve them with entire self-forgetfulness; and this feeling of being the centre imperceptibly passes into the coarsest selfishness, which refuses to take anything but itself into consideration.

But, it may be said by the new school, one is making serious efforts to train children and to awaken a social instinct in them, which must hold back the too much developed feeling of selfhood in them. Such efforts are in fact being made. But social feeling, if it is only developed in theory and has no chance of practical application, cannot stand upon firm ground; it but too easily degenerates into a mere phraseology and the worst kind of sentimentality. Social feeling is no doubt developed on the ground of comradeship and the friendly life of the class, and in this direction the work of the school can be very valuable; but the purely utilitarian regulation of this question, as is in most cases being observed, cannot bring a final and right solution

of this question. It can only be solved satisfactorily when the child is raised to a higher sphere, the spiritual sphere, where it will realise its moral responsibility towards all for its own manifestations.

There are certain emotions which serve as an awakening of spiritual life by touching the deepest and most tender strings of our hearts. I mean the æsthetic emotions, always so closely connected with the ethical ones, when they are true and not counterfeited. All that is pure, high and beautiful brings them to life. Beauty, beginning with the beauty of sounds and colours, and ending with the beauty of feelings and thoughts, *i.e.*, the beauty of an ideal character—beauty is the source of æsthetic emotions, and it must therefore become the atmosphere in which the younger generation lives; it must surround children, enter into their life, constantly inspire them. The atmosphere of beauty is as necessary for the soul as oxygen is for the lungs. It is the bread of life, without which the soul is dwarfed, decays and fades. This is perhaps the most important of all the elements which the formula of the “harmonious development” comprehends.

What is done for children in this respect? In what conditions do they work and play? How are the lessons of Art organised, and to whom has such an important mission been entrusted?

We must confess that in this respect affairs have a very sad appearance. The nursery, decorated with pictures too inartistic to be hung up in the drawing-room, and the school-room with its black-board, black furniture and bare yellow walls, are all that for the most part surround children. What do they read? If

the choice is made by their teachers, they often read anti-artistic works, with a tragical note of sadness and despair in them; if the choice is their own—things are still worse: they read Pinkerton, Mayne-Reid and Artsybasheff, all heaped together. A complete chaos pervades this region and children have no wise help to guide them and train their taste. The reading-stock for children is in itself a question of vital importance and requires particular attention. As to Art, at home it is almost ignored and at school it plays the pitiable part of a complementary subject, which nobody takes much into consideration and which only a few gifted pupils are left to study. The school of beauty is transformed into a worshipping of talent, and along this line an ugly rivalry is set up. The so-called “ungifted” are simply sent out of this “holy enclosure”. From the standpoint of Theosophy, whose attention is ever directed to the Spirit, to the contents and not to the form, such a way of putting the question is wholly wrong. Beauty is the very first teacher of spiritual life; it teaches us to love, to worship, to imitate, and no child should be deprived of its blessed help. The whole atmosphere of home and school must be pervaded by it, teachers must be inspired by it, and the hearts of children must kindle and glow in it. This is why the arts must have a place of honour in questions concerning education. Of how great a value the influence of beauty is upon the soul of a child is proved by the great part it has ever had in the education of remarkable thinkers, and we can all witness with what deep gratitude they always look back upon those first luminous rays of their childhood. We need but read the autobiographical indications

of Ruskin. Not long ago I chanced to hear a most interesting story of a young teacher, who in his youth had suffered from acute fits of despair. He was only saved from suicide by his love for beauty. "I do not know why," he told me, "but every time I was on the brink of a fall, or of committing suicide, I was always held back from it by the remembrance of beauty seen or felt in my childhood."

Such an indication is of very great importance for us. Beauty, of its own self, without any earthly considerations, as a perfectly pure and disinterested power, appeals to the highest that exists in us ; and once this divine power has been awakened, nothing can extinguish it, and its light tells us of the higher sense of life, of the Good Law, which, as Kant used to say, lives in us as surely as we see it guide the stars in heaven. The coming into touch with our inner harmony makes us realise the external harmony. As long as we do not understand this, the child will always be overloaded mentally, and spiritually it will be *starved*. Unconsciously we deprive the child of its most vital food, the spiritual food, and thus condemn it to spiritual hunger. Thus we have to come to the conclusion that the formula of "harmonious development" is one-sidedly adapted to life, and that its wider sense is not yet clear to many people. The light of Theosophy alone is able to disclose its deep meaning.

This is particularly true with respect to the third point in education, spiritual education. Here we stand before its deepest and most important problem, how to help the unfolding of the Spirit, the immortal ego, awakening in us the feeling of moral responsibility towards all and for all, and the ardent desire to transform

ourselves according to the ideal disclosed, transform ourselves and life itself. In other words this is the awakening of the creative Will, illumined by Love. It is the result of the awakened religious consciousness, which has realised its own divinity, its unity with the divine life of the universe, and consequently its responsibility. The unavoidable state of such an awakened consciousness is a creative power in the moral sphere, the self-acting of our higher nature, which aims at pouring out the light it has received into life itself. An active and loving bearing towards the world is the dominant note of such an awakened consciousness, a luminous, brave and joyful disposition is its companion. In such a state the will is strengthened, the character is built, and a mighty individuality grows, in which all is harmonised—tenderness, strength, patience, fearlessness, purity and ardour. This is a true rebuilding of oneself and of all the foundations of life according to the higher light, by the force of the divine ideal which has illumined us; and for this reason it is necessary that the greatest ideal of humanity, the ideal of purity, compassion and love, God in man, *i.e.*, the religious ideal, should be placed before children in a vivid light. Every religion possesses such a divine ideal. The Hindūs have Shrī Kṛṣṇa; the Buddhists Buḍḍha; the Mussalmāns the great prophet of Islām, Muhammad; the Hebrews Moses; the Christians Christ; the Bahists the Bāb and Baha-Ullah. Our children must learn to feel Christ, to realise His divine beauty, so as to make them love Him. Their hearts and thoughts must be drawn towards Him, and they must be guided by an ardent desire to serve Him and obey His commandments. In other words, children's

religious emotions must be satisfied and their religious consciousness must be awakened. In every child, even the most neglected and lonely, there is a need to satisfy its religious feelings, and if we deprive that feeling of its lawful and indispensable food, it will for a long time decline, to the detriment of the whole moral growth of the child, or it will take a disfigured and ugly shape, which must inevitably be reflected upon the child's spiritual nature. We have no right to stunt any of the child's capacities, for we know that the laws of nature cannot be disregarded with impunity. And therefore the unwise teachers, who treat too lightly this deepest and subtlest need of the child's soul, are guilty of a very great fault.

It is an interesting fact that thoughtful teachers, even those of a positivist turn of mind, all notice the important value of the religious feelings of children, and many of them recognise that a religious disposition in childhood and especially in youth, is usually a sure sign of a deep and spiritually rich nature. On the contrary, a child or youth of an irreligious nature gives no great hopes for the future.

Why is it so? Where lies the mystery? The fact is that a religious disposition awakens all the spiritual forces of a young being, and his soul expands and grows as joyfully and swiftly as nature grows after a bright, warm shower. During religious elevation, man realises the divinity of his higher Self, and both his power and responsibility are revealed to him. For this reason teachers and parents must be guided by religious feeling, and the whole of education must be religious in its tenor and bearing. Education at home and at school must be understood in this unity of

disposition, uniting all teachers into one great friendly family, making them enter the nursery or class-room as one enters a church. A teacher, thus attuned, will particularly value the emotions of love and beauty, because he knows that under the influence of beauty and love the God within us is for an instant brought into contact with the God outside us, the God of the part with the God of the whole; and this coming into touch with Divine Beauty transforms our enthusiasm into wings, upon which we in truth rise to heaven. Where such moments of high enthusiasm and inspiration are not to be found, there such wings cannot grow, neither can strong personalities, greatness or heroism of love exist. That is why in our days, when people feel so strongly and so much, when they think so intensely and anxiously, when in their fancy they are ready to rebuild the whole world, and in reality cannot even master their own moods—that is why nothing complete, strong and great can be achieved. There is no strong will, there are no strong characters, there are no capacities for loving entirely, and as entirely serving. These capacities will come to a regenerated humanity, when the centre of education will be the training of an active will, when living great ideals will be set before childhood, when its atmosphere will be harmonious, when teachers will realise the unity of ethical, æsthetic and religious problems, when the whole school will be transformed into a school of love and beauty, and when the light of Theosophy will by its quality of synthesis illumine all the spheres of human activity, all the sides of the life of the world. Then the formula of “harmonious development” will in truth be realised in life in all its wide meaning, and the aim of education

will not be to create a candidate for one or another diploma, nor a man of science, nor a clerk, nor even a citizen, but simply a real *man*—a *man* in the deep, all-embracing sense of this word.

Alba

PEACE COMES AT LAST

Peace comes at last ; seek on, O captive soul,
Bound by the fetters of the changeless past,
For still the future lies in thy control
Peace comes at last.

Restless thou art and weary, clinging fast
To these same chains until the great bell toll
The hour, when all thy fetters thou shalt cast
To the four winds and forward to thy goal
Race swift, to glory unsurpassed.
Peace comes at last.

Marguerite Pollard



RṢHI GĀRGYĀYAṆA'S PRAṆAVA-VĀḌA

Translated by Babu Bhagavan Das

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K. C. I. E., LL. D.

(Continued from p. 392)

SECTION II

IN pursuance of the purpose indicated in the last paragraph the author proceeds in this second

Manifestations of the
Ultimates in World-pro-
cess: (1) Cognition, (2)
Action, (3) Desire.

section, called Sandhi-Prakṛṭi-Prakaraṇa, to explain the methods of the conjunctions of the ultimates,

as those conjunctions are to be seen operating in

Samsāra, or the World-process. In Samsāra, the correspondences of the manifestations to the Ultimates are as follows: Self, Cognition, Jñāna (A); Not-self, Action, Kriyā (U); relation between the two, Desire, Ichchhā (M). First the author dwells upon the importance and the consequences of the knowledge of Brahman. The following are among the most suggestive of his observations on the point :

The manifestation of the trinity which constitutes the one or, rather, the numberless Brahman, is Samsāra, the World-process, so that we may say that Samsāra, in its totality, is Brahman ; and the endless combinations and permutations of the three factors make the many ways or methods or laws of this manifestation or 'becoming' which is Samsāra.

These many methods have to be studied by every one who would understand the real significance of Brahman. And they have to be studied in the World-process itself, that is to say, by observation of it all around us. For there is no greater teacher than this World-process itself, and study thereof is the real and genuine *ṭapas* and *yoga*, austerity and self-development. To know *all* is to know Brahman. It should be borne in mind however that to know all, in the totality of its endless detail, is not achievable in any limited space and time by any being limited by space and time. Only the *All* itself knows the *all*. Various sciences study only various aspects of Brahman or Samsāra. What is needed and is possible is that the student should secure a general idea of the whole and of its unity. Such knowledge is the source of that deliberate and true altruism which arises necessarily in the *jīva* which has attained to *nivṛṭṭi* and universalism.

It is only when the *jīva* realises the illusoriness of the separateness of *jīvas* from each other, the separateness of many selves, which is the sole basis of the distinctions of sin and merit, that it becomes capable of the performance of desireless action, work without attachment, duty for the sake of duty, and so becomes a participant in *mukṭi*, liberation, the true deliverance of the soul, which is deliverance from selfish desire and so from all possibility of suffering.

The *jīva* that has realised this underlying unity of the diverse world transcends and transmutes selfishness and unselfishness into duty; the elations of health and the depressions of disease into the steady equability of perfect life; regularity

and irregularity into living and flexible routine ; deprivations and gifts into the justice that is ever adjusting the balance of all things by means of punishments and rewards. (Pp. 19, 20, 21.)

The yogī is he who ' joins together all things into one,' who knows that all experiences come to all. The mukᅇa is he who is ' delivered' from the belief, the heresy, of the separateness of the Three. The brāhmaᅇa is he who knows Brahman. (P. 38.)

In the course of further discussion the author observes: " By mutual reflections, cognition, desire and action become triple, each of them in their turn," adding at the same time the caution that " it must be borne in mind all along, however, that all these are subdivisions of one and the same consciousness, and are, hence, identical in essence". A few of the author's statements as regards some of the special aspects of Ichchhā and Jñāna may with advantage be here added. The place and play of Desire in the World-process is thus explained :

While the whole is always full and complete, each part is not such. We thus have an absence of fulness, an imperfection, noticeable in any and every part, howsoever we take it, of Samsāra. At the same time, every jīva, being identical with the Self, is identical with the whole, and contains all within itself. The result of this double identity of the jīva, with the whole (Self) on the one hand, and with a part (of the Not-Self) on the other, is, that there is necessarily and inevitably an incessant progression in each part towards the fulness of the Whole. And, as said before, the constant co-efficient of this necessary evolution is desire.

It is, I think, here necessary to notice the special significance attached by the author to Ichchhā. He speaks of it as " the expression of the negation".

Upon this seemingly obscure statement the learned translator makes some very valuable comments which I

Yogī, Mukᅇa, Brāhmaᅇa.

Triplicity of cognition, etc., by mutual reflection.

Play of desire in World-process.

Special significance of the term desire in the philosophy as Negation.

quote, as calculated to remove all difficulty in grasping the idea so full of truth :

This statement, *viz.*, that desire corresponds to Negation, is, at first sight, apt to be very puzzling ; Desire seems to be something so positive, indeed, the root of all positive action..... It may perhaps be helpful to point out that negation hides affirmation within it. When the World-process is summed up in the words 'I-This-Not,' it is described as the eternal and changeless realisation of the Self by Itself in one single act of consciousness, as being 'nothing else than Itself'. In this act of consciousness, the 'else' is denied, negated, is declared to be nothing, but in the moment of so denying it, a false possibility of existence, a pseudo-existence, is given to it, is affirmed of it. Hence Negation becomes the Shakti, the Energy, of affirmation-negation in the successive procession of the world, from the standpoint of the limited 'else'. And this is the very nature and essence of desire ; it affirms and denies ; it craves and suffers surfeit ; it loves and hates ; it is desire and aversion. Because the aspect of it, which is dominant or uppermost, which is so to say final, is the negative one, because in the Logion and in actual world-fact, Negation is the real relation of the Self to the Not-Self, therefore, in this book, desire is said everywhere to correspond to and to be of the nature of Negation. The discussion of the value of Negation or the Negative is perennial in modern logic ; though the standpoint is very different yet still if the reader has followed it in any good treatise, *e.g.*, Sigwart's *Logic*, Vol. I, ch. iv, and has resolved in mind all the bearings of Spinoza's celebrated saying, '*omnis determinatio est negatio*,' he will have prepared his way to the very comprehensive significance given to the Negation here. (Pp. 59-60.)

Out of those considerations dealt with in regard to the other manifestation, *viz.*, cognition, the views propounded as to the aspect thereof as Smṛti, or memory, merit special attention. The following quotations embody those views :

Cognition in the aspect of memory.

The knowledge that is or lies between Ātmā and Sam-sāra, that is to say, the knowledge of Samsāra from the point of view of Ātmā and the knowledge of the Self from the point of view of the world—this is smṛti or smarāna. 'The world is'—this is the knowledge (of the world) by the Self. 'The Ātmā is'—this is the knowledge of (the Self by) the world. The binding together of the two in the way or by the means of *is*—is smṛti. The connectedness, the conjointness, the condition

of their being merged together, is *dhᅇᅇi*. Thus it is said that the world is *held* within the Self, and the Self *held* within the world. That the world never exists apart from the Self, and the Self never apart from the world—this is the nature (and consequence) of *dhᅇᅇi*. The standing together, the conjunctive condition, of things which have one common being, which are not in reality separate, but appear as separate—this is memory. Its nature, its form, is that of the mutual dependence and implication of all things whatsoever; everything contains all things whatsoever. Even in separateness, the two, the Self and the Not-Self, are connected as 'other-and-other,' 'each-other,' *paraspara*; this reference to 'the other' exists inviolably and necessarily in each. Therefore the combination of the two (or, rather, the holding of the whole Not-Self in the Self by the Self) is memory (*i.e.*, is the fact or the principle which manifests in consciousness of the individual *jīva* as memory).

Cognition, knowledge, is possible only by means of the senses, (that is to say, only when the Self has become identified with a limited organism), and only when two things (subject and object on the one hand, and the two factors of opposed pairs, *dvandva*, both factors falling under the term 'object,' on the other hand) come together. (Pp. 43-44.)

Memory embodies all procession, all progress and evolution. Taking shape as an ideal to strive after, working in the way of the constant contemplation of the lives of the Great Ones, it leads on the small to become like the great. Indeed, memory may be said to be identical with the whole of the World-process itself, being immanent in the conjunction of Self and Not-Self, *Aᅇmā* and *Samsāra*, *Aham* and *Bahu*.

We may distinguish between *jñāna* and *smaraᅇa* or cognition and memory by saying that the second stage or condition or transformation of cognition is memory; *jñāna* precedes, *smaraᅇa* succeeds. *Jñāna* belongs to all time, is beginningless and endless, inasmuch as it belongs to the present which includes past and future; while memory belongs to the successive, to succession, to the beginnings and endings in time. *Jñāna* as a whole belongs to all-time, *i.e.*, to time as a whole; but its parts equally necessarily belong to the parts and succession of time. These parts of *jñāna* or knowledge are named *smᅇᅇi*, recollection. (Pp. 46-47.)

The *udᅇharaᅇa*, 'up-taking,' 'recovery' of any particular item of this potential all-knowledge is memory. (P. 52.)

The last statement furnishes the clue to the rationale of meditation and referring

Memory with reference to Meditation. to it the learned translator observes:

Taken together with the important distinction pointed above between the transcendental all and the comparative all,

this sentence seems to throw much light on the significance and value of processes of meditation, the steadying of the *chitta*-atom and so enabling it to reflect the all instead of a few. (P. 52.)

This section also contains a subtle disquisition on *bhāva* and *abhāva*, being and non-being, to which I refer only to draw attention to the fact that it concludes with the very profound statement: "by metaphysic, fact and consciousness mean the same thing".

Identity of fact and consciousness in metaphysic.

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concludes with the very profound statement: "by metaphysic, fact and consciousness mean the same thing".

SECTION III

Having dealt with *Ichchhā* and *Jñāna* and their mutual reflections in the last section, the author devotes this third section to an exhaustive consideration of the remaining manifestation, namely *Kriyā*—action, calling the section *Kriyā-Prakaraṇa*. This is the largest in the work covering three-fourths of the whole. Its very wide scope is pointed out by the author himself thus:

It deals with action, which presupposes cognition and desire. And for this same reason, in this section, the whole circle of knowledge and all the *Shāstras*, sciences, are outlined. The seed and origin of all things whatsoever that are to be found in the world-process is traced back into the AUM, and shown as present in the interplay of the Self and the Not-Self, the Limited and the Unlimited; and, finally, the nature of action and reaction actor, instrument, object, motive, etc., is explained.

Author's explanation of the comprehensive character of the section.

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all things whatsoever that are to be found in the world-process is traced back into the AUM, and shown as present in the interplay of the Self and the Not-Self, the Limited and the Unlimited; and, finally, the nature of action and reaction actor, instrument, object, motive, etc., is explained.

In connection with the element of knowledge, or cognition involved in action, there are described herein the successive evolution, from the AUM of the *Gāyatri* and the *Mahā-vākyas*, the *Veḍas*, the *Āngas*, the *Upāṅgas*, etc. Then follow considerations as to volition, *i.e.*, desire in action, active desire. Then numbers are spoken of as lying at the root of manifest action proper, the creation of the worlds. Afterwards, the seven root-elements, their qualities and activities, and their dissolution and repeated formation are mentioned. (Pp. 4-5.)

Taking up the first chapter of the section, it is to be observed that Kriyā is the fruit of cognition and desire. This Kriyā, the modifications or operations of consciousness which appear as doings, actions, movements, should be regarded as equivalent to the whole of Samsāra, the World-process. These three together with the fourth, their summation, their unity, make the four noble truths of Brahman. As right action is possible only after right knowledge and right desire, the mastery

Action, the fruit of cognition and desire.

Veᅇa, the knowledge of Brahman; Four Veᅇas, four noble truths of Brahman and etymological proofs.

of the Veᅇa or knowledge connected with Brahman is the first step in life. The four Veᅇas are the four noble truths mentioned. The R̥g-Veᅇa is devoted to cognition; the Yajur-Veᅇa to action; the Sāma-Veᅇa to desire; the seed and the unity of these is the subject of the Aᅥharva-Veᅇa. That whereby is known, ᅇkᅇᅇaᅇ, the ᅇaᅇᅇva, the essential truth, of Brahman is the R̥g-Veᅇa-Samhiᅇā. That whereby is made, brought about, in sacrifices, yajaᅇ, the manifestation of that ᅇaᅇᅇva, is the Yajur-Veᅇa-Samhiᅇā. That whereby are balanced sāmyaᅇ, brought together, connected, by desire, the other two, *viz.*, cognition and action, that is the Sāma-Veᅇa-Samhiᅇā. That whereby the fruit of these three is obtained, aᅇyaᅇ, is the Aᅥharva-Veᅇa-Samhiᅇā.

Cognition, desire and action are all equally necessary means to mokᅇᅇa, liberation, deliverance from pain and sorrow and limitations. All and each is dependent on and supported by all and each. This is what is meant by statements like this, *viz.*: "By the knowledge of a single atom may knowledge of Brahman be obtained." From the point of view of relativity all are small and all are great. Each atom is Brahman, because cognition, desire and action are present everywhere and in each atom. To see, hear and fully know one atom is therefore to know Brahman. But by such *knowledge* alone the transcendental state of Brahman is not wholly attained. For Brahman is the transcendental and infinity and totality of

all things, great and small (and such mere knowledge can therefore amount only to a third of Brahman and not to a full realisation of the whole of It); for that full realisation of It which is meant by mokṣha all three, knowledge, desire and action, are necessary. He who has the power of knowledge, of desire and of action, he alone is the knower of the *Veda*, he is the finder, winner and possessor of Brahman.

Hence the fourfold Āshramas, which means that 'wherein people rest or are rested

The four Ashramas, i.e., the four aspects of consciousness, essence of the whole of life.

on (Āshrayaṅtē Asmin)'. In other words, these Āshramas are resting-places, or the aspects of consciousness

which are the essence of the whole of life. In the Brahmacharya Āshrama the *Veḍas* are mastered. The Householder transcends *mamaṭā* gradually. The consciousness belonging to *Vānaspraṣṭha* is: all action is necessary, and not dependent upon the capricious will of anyone. In *Samnyāsa* the consciousness is that there is no necessity and no contingency; nothing belongs to others or to us, to all or to anyone; whatever is, is the Trinity only. In short, acquisition of knowledge in Brahmacharya; practice thereof in *Gārhaṣṭhya*; certainty in *Vānapraṣṭha*; realisation in *Samnyāsa*—such is the distinction between them.

The relation between the four *Veḍas* and the four Āshramas respectively is explained thus:

The World-process is said to be *tri-guna* in its nature; the three *guṇas* or attributes being *sattva*, *rajas* and *ṭamas*. *Sattva* is cognition; *rajas*, action; *ṭamas*, desire; the summation of the three is the fourth (*viz.*, life or consciousness). The birth, maintenance, and death of *sātṭvikas*, i.e., all things or objects in which the *sattva* attribute predominates, and their fruits are described in the *Rk*; the origin and activities etc. of the *rājasas*, in the *Yajuh*; of the *ṭamasas*, in the *Sāma*; the summation of the three, the accomplishment of their conjunction, the connection of cause and effect, and the relation of all things whatsoever to each other—all this is explained in the *Aṭharva*.

The relation between the Ashramas and the Veḍas.

the three guṇas or attributes being sattva, rajas and ṭamas. Sattva is cognition; rajas, action; ṭamas, desire; the summation of the three is the fourth

(viz., life or consciousness). The birth, maintenance, and death of sātṭvikas, i.e., all things or objects in which the sattva attribute predominates, and their fruits are described in the Rk; the origin and activities etc. of the rājasas, in the Yajuh; of the ṭamasas, in the Sāma; the summation of the three, the accomplishment of their conjunction, the connection of cause and effect, and the relation of all things whatsoever to each other—all this is explained in the Aṭharva.

It is said sometimes that the R̥k is for the accomplishment of karma or action, and the Yajuh̥ and the Sāma for that of jñāna or knowledge. But the main interest of R̥k is Jñāna, and it is 'for the accomplishment of karma only because jñāna is necessary to karma. So the Yajuh̥ and the Sāma, dealing with karma (and ichchhā) mainly, give to jñāna its proper scope and purpose by such treatment of karma, action being the very fruition of knowledge (through desire).

Brahmacharya is realised by means of the R̥k; gārhasᅥhya of the Yajuh̥; vānaprasᅥha of the Sāma; and samnyāsa of the Atharva. Thus do the four Āshramas correspond to the four Vēᅇas.

In the chapter devoted to the genesis of the Vēᅇas the authors thereof are described as follows :

The World-process works by means of hierarchies of rulers, endlessly graded as subordinates and overlords, all classified by functions under cognition, desire, action and summation, and dealing with definite cycles and extents of space and time, *i.e.*, world-systems, on all scales, ever minuter and ever vaster. Each world-system has a Brahmā, a Viᅇᅇᅇᅇᅇ and a Shiva, the three being subordinates to a Mahā-Viᅇᅇᅇᅇ [or Mahā-Shiva or Mahā-Brahmā according as Cognition, Action or Desire constitutes the dominant note of the system]. Mahā-Viᅇᅇᅇᅇ ideates, places before himself, the Atharva-Vēᅇa, and deals with the summation; Viᅇᅇᅇᅇ, the R̥g.-Vēᅇa and cognition; Brahmā, the Yajur-Vēᅇa and action; and Shiva, the Sāma and desire. That whereinto all enter, vishanᅇi, is Viᅇᅇᅇᅇᅇ; he who covers up, vᅇᅇᅇᅇᅇ, envelops, surrounds, undertakes all, is Brahmā; he who sleeps, sheᅇᅇ, in everything, is Shiva. Shiva sleeps, lies hidden, in all and everything as the nexus, the bond, and this is the nature of desire. Vᅇᅇᅇᅇᅇ signifies the envelopment, the covering with an envelope, the demarcation of the limiting bounds or the periphery, and so the formation or creation (of all forms); and this is action presided over by Brahmā. Viᅇᅇᅇᅇsarvāᅇi indicates that all things enter into It and It into all, and such is the Self, connected with cognition and Viᅇᅇᅇᅇᅇ. The summation or totality of these is Mahā-Viᅇᅇᅇᅇᅇ [Mahā-Shiva or Mahā-Brahmā].

That the Vēᅇas referred to but correspond in our system to the still higher Vēᅇas governing greater world-systems is pointed out thus :

It is true that the world extends endlessly beyond Mahā-Viᅇᅇᅇᅇᅇ also, but we, as limited individuals, can deal

with only limited details. We have no words for matters beyond Mahā-Viṣṇu. *The Mahā-Veḍa*, which is known only to Mahā-Viṣṇu and the three Gods immediately next in degree, deals with such matters. Our knowledge, *i.e.*, the knowledge of jivas belonging to our particular world-system, can range only within the limits of these Veḍas, from an atom (in size) and a thousandth of a ṛuti (in time) to Mahā-Viṣṇu.

It is to be added that the science of AUM itself comes down by a beginningless tradition, being coeval with the World-process.

The chapter on the genesis of the Veḍas under reference concludes as follows :

Birth, stay, and death ; becoming, succession, relation ; origin, middle, end ; cognition, desire, action ; such triplets make the World-process, and also each world-system, a tribhuvanam, a triple world, a triple-becoming, a constant illustration of the tri-unity of the absolute Brahman.

S. Subramania Iyer

(To be continued)

THE ALLOPATHIC AND AYURVAIDĪK

SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE

By H. SUBBA RAO, KAVIRATNA (CAL.)

I. THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ALLOPATHIC SYSTEM OF MEDICINE

IT is said that Celsus was the first author who wrote the History of Medicine, and he lived at the time of Augustus, in the first century of the Christian era. Though he adopted the theory of Asclepiades with a mixture of humoral pathology, and wrote on the History of Medicine in a pure and elegant style, yet even such a great historian and physician had meekly to confess that he merely narrated the opinions of others rather than wrote a work of his own. Living, as I do, at the beginning of the twentieth century, after many authors of the highest genius and world-wide fame have written immortal works on the History of Allopathic Medicine, I naturally feel diffident in taking up my pen upon the subject, to present to the public a bare idea of the development of the Allopathic and Āyurvedik systems of medicine, since their origin several centuries before the Christian era. Like Celsus, I can do nothing more than narrate the opinions of that galaxy of writers, whose successful practice gave shape and form to a system that goes by the name of Allopathy, which is now the

prevailing system in America, Germany, and other civilised western countries.

I shall in these pages divide my short narrative into ten periods, and trace the growth of the Allopathic system in each period, with the prevalent theories and their apostles.

This was a period when the ancient Hindū civilisation was at its height, and it was probably at this period that the celestial beings taught their divine Art to the descendants of the Ṛshis inhabiting the slopes of the towering Himālayas.

We derive the knowledge of this period from Holy-Writ, as I shall hereafter show when treating of Āyurveda. Here I can only say that the Egyptians derived their knowledge of medicine from the Hindūs and gave it to Greece.

This period entirely covers up the development of medical science by the Greeks, and it is to this that the modern system of Allopathic medicine feels indebted; because "theirs in fact, are the only complete works on this art that have descended to us". The early history of this period is enveloped in mystery, for a spirit of sacerdotalism reigned supreme. Not until the time of Hippocrates—the father of the present system of medicine—was a true and scientific system of medicine practised, some 460 years before the Christian era. A word or two about this great man will not be out of place here. "He was the son of Heraclides, born in the 80th Olympiad"—which roughly approximates to the time of Solon who flourished about

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2000 B. C.

The second period,
2000—1660 B. C.

The third period,
1660—460 B. C.

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580 B. C. In the *Dictionnaire de Medicine* we find the following account of him: "Strong in the knowledge of his contemporaries and predecessors, he collected their different opinions, and was the first to form an imposing system, which gave a rank to medicine and a separate existence." The personality of Hippocrates is very important to us because it was he who first found out the sacred Āyurvedik truths. According to Āyurveda, health is the result of the proper admixture of the humours of the body, viz., vāta, piṭṭa and sleshma, or wind, bile and phlegm respectively. We call the proper admixture of these humours health, and an improper admixture disease. By the improper admixture of these humours a morbid matter is formed in the body and this is "materies morbi" or the real, exciting cause of disease. There are two ways in which diseases terminate: one is by excretion of the morbid matter, and the other is by its deposition. The example for the first is the continuation of the morbid process and of excretion after it comes to maturity, as in bronchitis. The second is the deposition of the morbid matter, which is expelled only in such diseases as inflammations, swellings of joints, etc. How beautifully this doctrine of Hippocrates coincides with our own we shall presently see. Dr. Barker says:

Hippocrates never attempted to cure a fever, according to the common acceptance of the word, *i. e.*, to put a stop to the febrile emotions or to extinguish the fever by the rules of the art. His principal object was to assist nature in her efforts for the expulsion of the morbid matter: correct her when wrong, but not to interfere in her operations, when they are properly directed.

Though Hippocrates' method of treatment was to produce diaphoresis in fevers, to administer evacuates in bowel complaints, and so forth, he sometimes

adopted the opposite mode of treatment and this exactly coincides with our ancient method, as given in Charaka.

When we compare his doctrine with that of Āyurveda we feel inclined to say that Hippocrates was in reality our celestial Dhanvantari, who, after giving the knowledge of the sacred art of medicine to the people living on the borders of the Gaṅgā, took birth in ancient Greece, like the Egyptian phoenix, and revealed the art to the people inhabiting the other side of the globe for their future guidance. I shall presently show how by our fidelity to those sacred teachings we have still kept up the reputation of our system, while the unfaithful apostate systems are tottering.

The state of the Allopathic system during this period is beautifully portrayed by a writer of note:

After Hippocrates a new sect was formed, that of dogmatists. Struck by the vanity, the variety, and the contradictions of the prevalent theories, and the absurdity of the modes of treatment adopted in consequence, certain physicians attempted to bring back the practice of medicine into the path it had pursued before. Like the sect of sceptics who submitted all philosophical opinions to the most rigid test, they rejected all opinions and theories not capable of proof, and based their treatment of disease on experience alone. They considered the search after causes which do not fall within the sphere of senses not only useless but detrimental. This was the origin of the sect of Empirics, which continued for six centuries and until nearly the time of Galen. After this, Empirics degenerated. No longer taking experience as their guide, they prescribed remedies without rule and without judgment. Instead of continuing to be the followers and disciples of Hippocrates, they became apostates to his doctrines and the founders of the modern sect of Empirics.

A word more about this famous portrayal of the state of the Allopathic system of medicine will take all significance out of it; and so I am highly contented if I show to the reader that in spite of twenty centuries of

civilisation the Allopathic physicians still find themselves classed with the dogmatists of the first century by their practices in the present day.

Seeing that the doctrines advocated in the previous periods ruined the cause of the true Hippocratic system, the Guardians of nations saw the danger facing them, and sent Galen to save the wrecked truths:

The fifth period,
1st and 2nd centuries.

With a modesty and nobleness of mind, that always accompanies true genius, he avowed himself to be the disciple of Hippocrates—the restorer of his doctrine and of his practice. As a matter of course, he succeeded in his endeavours and the Hippocratic doctrine again became prominent although under a new name—that of Galenism.

Galenism took hold of people from the second to the seventh century. The sixth was a period of progress of the Allopathic system based on Hippocratic and Galenic doctrine. About this period a noted author says:

The sixth period,
7th—12th century A. D.

In the seventh century a work called the *Pandectes of Medicine*, written by Aloum, a Christian priest of Alexandria, and composed of extracts from Greek authors, was translated into Arabic, and complete translations of Greek writers were published between this and the ninth century. To this source the Moors were indebted for their knowledge of medicine. But, what is still more singular is they had also made considerable progress in chemistry, as well as in medicine.

We learn that it was Geber of Mesopotamia who first prepared corrosive sublimate; nitric acid; nitre; muriatic acid; red precipitate and blue-stone. All this occurred at the time when the Moors conquered Spain. The Moors encouraged medical learning by establishing Schools and Libraries. It is said that this beneficent act of the Moors enabled French students to study and translate Greek medical works into their own language. As a result there was a medical revival in

all Europe. In the twelfth century France established its first medical school.

With the discovery of the art of printing, the works of Hippocrates and of Galen and several other writers of their school were printed and made textbooks on medicine. In the seventeenth century the discoveries of Newton and his theories regarding the Laws of Nature, based on the mathematical sciences, tended to give a fresh impetus to the Allopathic system. During this period another theory was promulgated by a noted physician—Basil Valentine—on the basis of the Hippocratic doctrine, that salt, sulphur and mercury were the primary elements of all bodies. Later on this theory was supported by Paracelsus and Willis. It has a very close resemblance to our doctrines, as in almost all of our Āyurvaidik preparations we use sulphur and mercury in fixed proportions. We believe these elements enter into each humour and exercise some specific action.

The beginning of the seventeenth century saw the establishment of two societies, the Rosicrucians and the Rosians.

These were established to propagate the doctrine of Paracelsus on the action of sulphur, mercury, and salt on different humours, which happily approximates to our doctrine. At this time there was a claimant to dispute the authority of the Paracelsus doctrine. This was Van Helmont. According to him: "Each individual possessed a principle which he called 'Archæus,' and which, different from the soul, presided over all the phenomena of life." When the Archæus was deranged—the seat of which was considered to be in the stomach—the result was a ferment, which being

The seventh period,
12th—16th century.

The eighth period,
17th and 18th centuries.

conveyed to other parts of our body produced disease. A similar idea in our works is as follows, written centuries before :

दोषाह्यामाशयाश्रिताः ।
बहिर्निरस्य कोष्ठानि ज्वरदास्य रसानुगाः ॥

Some of the theories propounded during this period gave rise to three schools of medicine, *viz.*, the chemical school, the mechanical school and the mathematical school. Sartorius, professor at Padua in the seventeenth century, was the founder of the mechanical school which was subsequently called the iatro-mechanical school. Iatro-mathematicians were the disciples of Descartes. Boyle, Glisson, Pilcairn, Cole, and Cheyne were the disciples of the chemical school, and they attributed diseases to changes in the blood, to acid fermentation, etc. The mathematical and mechanical schools attributed them to stagnation of circulation, thickening of blood in the capillary system or flow of the circulating fluid. Baglivi at this time, though belonging to the Iatro-mechanical school, avowed himself a disciple of Hippocrates. During this period appeared a work written by Sanctorius in defence of the ancient doctrine, and his work is supplemented by George Hoffman and Prosper Martian later.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the whole medical world was revolutionised by the labours of Haller, Morgagni, Nicholas Fontyne, who were respectively the original founders of the Physiological, Pathological and Anatomical schools. The labours of Haller and Nicholas Fontyne dwindled into insignificance after a time, because they mistook effects for causes in their

The ninth period,
18th and 19th centuries.

treatment of diseases. But Morgagni's foundation of pathological science survived for a time. "Instead of attributing disease to the state of humours, to derangement of the Archæus, to mechanical causes or chemical agents, it was attributed to the solids—to inflammation and changes in the different tissues and organs." This theory of Solidism was supported by Cullen (a professor at Edinburgh), Gregory, Macbride and Musgrave, but this was strongly opposed by Brown—a professor of the same school to which Cullen belonged—and he started the doctrine of Sthenic and Asthenic Diathesis which means that "all diseases of the body are occasioned by too many or too few stimuli". As a result of this doctrine, the experiments of Rosori, an Italian professor at Genoa, showed that from April to October 1800 there were no less than 7,810 deaths in Genoa alone. About 1816 there appeared a 'medical Messiah' to preach a new doctrine. Before him Baglivi had taught that the seat of fever was in the mesentery, Sylvius in the pancreas, and Clutterbuck in the brain. But all these theories were abandoned when M. Broussais appeared on the stage and showed that "all the essential fevers may be attributed to a gastro-enterite, either simple or complex". Even this theory was short-lived and after a time the founder had to abandon his treatment and practice.

After all the age arrived when there was no obstruction to the progress of medical science. The theory of to-day is not the theory of the morrow. "Our notions of physick," says Dr. Barker, "change with our philosophy and at last we turn to old ones again."

The tenth period,
20th century.

II. THE PRESENT STATE OF THE ALLOPATHIC SYSTEM OF MEDICINE

I turn to this subject with feelings of great humility, natural to a man who has not studied the western system of medicine. The present age with all its "electrical enlightenment and occidental civilisation" counts a host of physicians and surgeons who are hall-marked with degrees; the theories propounded by them are also legion. The list of drugs they propose is almost numberless. The amount of money they invest on medical research amounts to crores. And all this for what? In spite of so much anxiety and bustle in the medical world, is there any remedy even to this day which is considered a specific for cholera and plague in the whole range of Allopathic medicine? Let us take an example: cholera once prevailed in England with a virulence that was never known before, and finally it seems to have settled in India. Our sympathetic Government have expended millions of pounds sterling to stop this dreadful scourge of humanity, but its visitations are not limited. Dr. Parkes, who had the honour of treating cholera patients both in India and in England, exclaims in despair thus:

The antidote for this tremendous poison has not yet been discovered and the resources of modern European science have opposed its destructive action with as little effect as the untutored efforts of the most barbarous nation to whom its ravages are known. The efforts of European science have indeed, as it appears to me, in many cases proved hurtful.

Dr. Rush asks:

What have physicians, what have Universities or medical science done, after the labours and studies of many centuries, towards lessening the mortality of pestilential diseases? They have either copied or contradicted each

other in all their publications: for plagues and malignant fevers are still leagued with war and famine in their ravages upon human life.

Not only do Allopathic physicians express their despairing thoughts of their medical treatment regarding pestilential diseases, but the most eminent among them are themselves coming forward to show that their system is not a science (if not unscientific). M. Claude-Bernard, in his introductory lecture at the College of France, says:

The science of medicine that I am appointed to teach you does not exist. The only thing that we have to do is to prepare the foundation for future generations; to create the physiology on which this science may be hereafter established.

On another occasion he said:

We may yet affirm, that after 23 centuries of practice and of teaching, we have still to ask, if this science of medicine really exists. It presents, in fact, this melancholy spectacle, that ignorant men and quacks are more successful in practice than learned physicians who have passed all their lives in its study. These are then reasons for believing that medicine has not yet become a science (*n'est pas encore faite*) for it never occurs in fixed sciences for a savant and an ignoramus to be confounded together.

Greatly humiliated by the present degraded Allopathic system of medicine, the great and talented editor of the *Medico-chirurgical Review*, the late Dr. James Johnson, gave vent to his feelings thus:

I declare it as my conscientious opinion, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist (not a drug) on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail.

III. THE CAUSES OF THE ALLOPATHIC DOWNFALL

The chief causes for such a degraded state of the Allopathic system of medicine are:

1. The abhorrence of Allopaths towards their ancient system as advocated by Hippocrates. Sydenham remarks :

Our misfortune arises from having long forsaken our most ancient and most skilful guide, Hippocrates, and the ancient method of healing, based on a knowledge of conjunct causes—these being deduced with certainty ; so that the art which is practised at the present day, having been invented by shallow-minded men, is one of babbling and of talking, rather than of healing.

Professor Boerhaave referring to the false theories, says :

If we compare the good which half a dozen true disciples of Esculapius have done, since their art began, with the evil that the immense numbers of doctors have inflicted upon mankind, we must be satisfied, that it would have been infinitely better if medical men had never existed.

2. The folly of deducing laws of nature from arbitrary ideas, as Descartes, and afterwards applying them by synthesis to particular cases. This method is quite opposite to the path pointed out by Bacon and Newton.

A noted author says on this :

... following in the path of induction, philosophers and physicians would—to employ the comparison of Bacon—have resembled bees, which gather honey from flowers at every season, assimilate it to their nature, and prepare it for the use and pleasure of man ; instead of which, the advocates of modern systems, like useless spiders, draw from their own body the feeble web that only serves them to entrap the insects in their obscure den.

3. Their imagining that they could ascertain the changes that occurred in an organised body during disease, by reference to the combinations that take place in inorganic substances ; and that they could control these actions by those means which nature never employs in the interior of our organs. The consequence of such action is the destruction of our bodies.

4. Their ignorance of morbid phenomena during life. At present the Allopathic doctors deduce causes by examining the body after death. They are quite uncertain whether the effects then observed existed during life or at the commencement of the attack.

Owing to these four potent causes and several other personal weaknesses, as pride, arrogance, conceit, etc., the Allopaths have wandered far away from the right path which the ancients have pointed out. It is to their interest to reform. In the meantime, let no Allopath lay violent hands on other systems of medicine with which he cannot sympathise directly or indirectly, as such a step would bring greater humiliation and shame on the adherents of the ancient systems of medicine. If these suggestions are followed and a carefully sketched-out reform is effected there is no doubt that a sure foundation will have been laid for future generations, as Claude Bernard desired.

IV. THE ANTIQUITY OF ĀYURVEDA

Any one who knows the history of the Āyurvaidik system of medicine will not stop to decry it, but will always speak of it with praise, for Āyurveda is the father of all other systems of medicine. Āyurveda flourished long before the birth of the Grecian or the Egyptian Esculapius. That there were physicians in Egypt we learn from the Hebrew Testament: "Joseph commanded the physicians to embalm his father and the physicians embalmed Israel." As this history is referred by chronologists to 1660 years before the Christian era, it would be about 100 years after the foundation of Greece. The inference that we draw from this is that Greeks derived

their knowledge from the Egyptians. But John Parkin, M. D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, says :

Independently of the Egyptians, the art of healing was practised among the Hindūs from a very early period : as far back, in fact, as their history extends. With them also, the Brahmins, who cultivated all other sciences, were the first physicians.

Many a European doctor of established fame has acknowledged our system of medicine as being the most ancient and perfect system in the world. Professor J. F. Royle, M. D., F. R. & L. S., Professor of Materia Medica, King's College, London, in his essay on the antiquity of Hindū medicine, says :

Being satisfied with the existence of these Samskr̥t medical works at a period antecedent to the Arabs, it would no doubt be interesting to know something more of their contents. The antiquity and independent origin of their medicine display, I conceive, considerable merit, not only as showing that they had at an early period paid attention to what now constitutes the several branches of medicine, but also they had discovered various kinds of remedies as well as modes of applying them.

George Clark, M. A., M. D., speaks of our system thus :

If the physicians of the present day would drop from the pharmacopœia all the modern drugs and chemicals, and treat their patients according to the method of Charaka, there would be less work for the undertakers and fewer chronic invalids in the world.

I have a number of authoritative pronouncements in our favour, but space will not permit me to quote any further.

V. ORIGIN OF ĀYURVEDA

There are many mythological stories about the origin of Āyurveda ; but historical evidence seems to prove that Dhanvantari, the Prince of Benares, was the

first preceptor who taught Āyurveda. Dhanvantari gave his knowledge of the sacred science to his chief pupil Sushruṭa, son of Vishvāmitra. By this we may infer that he was a contemporary of Shrī Rāma. We do not know if we hear of Sushruṭa in the *Rāmāyaṇa*. His great work in Samskr̥ṭ exists at present as our chief guide.

Another great work which we possess at the present day is that of Charaka, who seems to have been born at Benares, 360 B. C. We have also Agnivesa's text of Charaka, who was a disciple of Sushruṭa. The Āyurveda, as it existed of old, consists of 100 sections of 1,000 stanzas each, and it is divided into eight parts :

1. Salya—Extracting extraneous substances, as wood, metal and bone.
2. Salaka—Treatment of diseases of eyes and nose.
3. Kayachikīṭsa—The science of medicine proper.
4. Bhūṭaviḍyā—Restoration of faculties from a disorganised state induced by demons, etc. (A reference to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* will explain the existence of such demons).
5. Kumārabhriṭya—Diseases of females and children.
6. Agada—Administration of antidotes.
7. Rasāyana—Chemistry.
8. Vajikaraṇa—Treatment of nervous debility and impotence.

In these eight divisions there is nothing omitted which is found in the modern Allopathic system, which claims so much of original research. A great authority on the English system of medicine wrote after reading Sushruṭa's great work : " In one department, *vis.*, midwifery, the world has advanced very little beyond

the stage to which this branch of medical science was carried in Sushruta's time."

Other standard works on Āyurveda are :

1. *Aṣṭāṅgahṛdaya*, by Vāgbhatta, who lived in the second century A. D. *Mādhava Nidāna*, *Chakraḍaṭṭa Saṅgraha*, *Bhāvaprakāsha*, by Bhavamisra who lived about 1550 A. D. *Chikiṭsāraṭṭa*, *Sanḍehabhañjani*, *Bhysajyaratnāvali*, *Sāraṅgaḍharasamhiṭā*, *Rasendra-saṅgraha*, *Rasaratnāvali*, etc. Vijaya Rakṣhiṭa, a great Āyurvedik scholar of old, wrote on Asmari, Calculi, in his commentary on *Mādhava Nidāna*.

That ancient Indian Universities, such as Nalanḍa, Odanṭapuri and Shriḍhanya-Kataka, during the Brāhmaṇical and Buddhistic periods, had reserved professorial chairs for the Ayurvedik system of medicine is shown by the following. It is stated that Aṭreya—a Rṣhi who had written directions on the art of painting under inspiration from the divine architect Vishvakarma—was a professor of medicine at Ṭakṣha-Shīla. In the anecdotes of Buddha's historical life, the account of His physician Jivaka throws some light on the educational system of the time.

The University of Ṭakṣha-Shīla was a Brahmanical institution, pure and simple. Its influence extended to Persia in the west, to Bactria in the north, and Magadha and Prachya in the east. With it the fame of Brāhmaṇical learning had spread far and wide.

Professor Satish Chandra, in his work on Buddha, narrates an interesting anecdote of the royal physician Jivaka, who had cured both King Bimbisara of Magadha and the great Buddha himself of some painful diseases :

He was born at Rājagṛha in South Behar. Being desirous of studying medicine and also of learning any of the sixty-four handicrafts, he had to proceed to Ṭakṣha-Shīla. On arriving there, he presented himself before Aṭreya, the Rṣhi

professor of medicine. Jivaka studied the art of healing and the science of medicine under the Sage for seven years. At the final examination, Jivaka was required to describe the use of all vegetables, plants, creepers, grasses, roots, etc., that grew within a radius of fifteen miles round the city of Takṣha-Shila. After four days' examination in medical botany, Jivaka submitted the results informing his professors that *there was hardly a single plant which did not possess some medicinal property.*

The Samskr̥ṭ medical works in the Bowen manuscripts, which were unearthed about twenty years ago at Yarkand, clearly show that there still exist standard works on Āyurveda. They were deciphered by Dr. Hoernle and published by the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

Siddha Nāgārjuna was another great physician and alchemist in the Buddhistic period. The opinions of Professor Wilson, Professor P. C. Roy, and Dr. Hoernle go to show that *Charaka, Sushruta* and *Mādhava Nidāna* were translated into Arabic about 775 A. D. in the time of Kaliffs Harun and Mansun, and I have evidence also to prove that Āyurveda was held in great esteem under the Moghal dynasty in India; for we learn that great immortal works like *Vaidyāmṛta*, written by Bhattamanikēya, *Bhopadeva Saṭaka* by Bhopadeva, and *Vaidyajivana* by Lolamba were written between 1627, 1633 and 1670 A. D. respectively. Sushruta has since been translated into Latin by Hepplar and into German by Vallars.

H. Subba Rao

(To be concluded)

THE VIRGIN BIRTH

By CLARA BAKER SMITH

THE festival of Christmastide is one which perpetuates the memory of a so-called historical event of some nineteen hundred years ago, and is identified with the Christian beliefs. It is of religious origin, and is in a strict sense observed and urged by the Christian ritual. Like many time-honoured customs, its ancient sanctity has become in a degree obscured by the material and pagan practices which have intermingled with it, and which are exercised in various forms according to place and modes. The story of the Nativity at Bethlehem, as recorded in New Testament Scriptures, is familiar to many and within the reach of all, so that its reiteration is not necessary in these pages, since it is the metaphysical and spiritual signification of its allegorical or figurative teachings, in contradistinction to the literal and specifically concrete event, which is here urged. The human mind accepts the record as it appears in the text of the would-be historical narrative, and the ecclesiastical traditions of theological authority have emphasised the limited, literal, and finite acceptance of the asserted event.

Favoured personalities have been regarded as exemplary individuals connected with an especial family, while a divinely miraculous circumstance is supposed to have occurred, the overshadowing of a maiden by the

Holy Spirit, and the consequent conception of a child. This has been taught as an orthodox dogma, though from time to time heterodox thinkers have challenged the claim to veracity of such a doctrine.

Tradition and dogma have hopelessly failed to satisfy the earnest enquiry of a progressive age, notwithstanding the Galilean Prophet's declaration (*S. Luke* viii, 17): "Nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither any thing hid, that shall not be made known and come abroad." In harmony with this promise, corroboration is enshrined in the command: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (*S. Matt.*, vii, 7.)

Right motive and desire are necessary in the consistent quest of Truth, while a solution to the problem, and an explanation of the theme under consideration are found as indicated. "Ask me of things to come concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands command ye me." (*Isa.* xlv, 11.)

This invitation urges the seeker to try to apprehend the method of procedure, and to apply the same throughout his investigations; and, in logical sequence, this will command and ensure success.

The Virgin Birth is a spiritual event which appertains to the metaphysical realm, and cannot therefore be apprehended or explained by any physical interpretation, since such is an inversion of the spiritual and real. The attempt has been made in sincerity by the finite mind, but has resulted in a travesty of Truth. The subject of this article is one of the hidden mysteries to which the Galilean Teacher refers (*S. Mark* iv, 11): "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these

things are done in parables." "The understanding and recognition of Spirit must finally come, and we may as well improve our time solving the mysteries of being through an apprehension of Divine Principle."

The necessity to recognise God, Good, as Spirit, the Father-Mother of all spiritual being and reality, is the initial imperative and the imperative initial. The sons and daughters spiritually created are therefore Ideas in the Divine Mind, and are inheritors of all good. In the realms of Infinite Mind there are no accidents and no errors, since "God is the law-maker" "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." (*Jas. i, 17.*)

Exceptions to law are unknown and impossible in eternal Being, while the defence, made by the worn-out adage, "the exception proves the rule," becomes a subterfuge, and in no degree excuses inability, but is self-condemned. It is the human ignorance of God, or Good, and of the operation of divine legislation which has plunged the physical beliefs of humanity into a chaos of doubt and uncertainty regarding the metaphysical.

A response to the invitation: "Come now and let us reason together" (*Isa. i, 18*), is our only way of escape from ignorance and its fruition, and since "with God all things are possible" (*S. Mark x, 27*), the divine interpretation of life and being is our sole refuge, and the "understanding" of the same is "the rock" which will destroy all difficulties and grind them to powder, including the one under present consideration.

The idea of God as a personal being or magnified man, belongs to the child-like age of belief and faith, and though the latter "was counted unto Abraham for righteousness," "understanding" is the foundation of

the progressive and reconciliatory religion of the future. "Prove all things" (*I Thess.* v, 21), is valuable advice, and embodies the certainty and reliability of scientific law in the realms of eternal and unchanging Intelligence.

The pioneer thinkers of the past and of the present are agreed in the recognition of a metaphysical organisation in which law and justice, which admits of no exception, rule nor can it make any allowance for human misunderstanding. "I am the Lord, I change not" (*Mal.* iii, 6), is a verity which the Master emphasised in his assertion: "Before Abraham was, I [the Truth] am." (*S. John* viii, 58.) God being Love and Law, and the former of the couplet the fulfilling of the latter, a metaphysical comprehension of the invisible realities is an obvious necessity. As already stated, the miraculous conception and the subsequent Virgin Birth are of the mysteries of the soul: spiritual not material; metaphysical not physical; of operative invisible good not of bodily activity; not a propagation of sense but a procreation of soul; not a corporeal or physical manifestation but a spiritual and invisible idea, related to the heavenly and not to be apprehended by the finite perceptions; unseen to human sense but comprehended by soul-consciousness, which operates through the spiritual faculties of mind; formless, since the parentage is Infinite Mind and could not be represented by inversion or finiteness; boundless in potentiality, even, as the Creator of the same. Hence the inability of the human mind to grasp the metaphysical reality, since the spiritual senses only can take cognisance of spiritual existence and activities, "because they are spiritually discerned". (*I Cor.* ii, 14.) 'The Virgin

Birth' becomes therefore a misnomer, or a misapplication, a false doctrine on the physical plane, while its claims are an insult to the so-called intelligence and regularity of natural laws relative to human generation. The parody becomes a menace to society, which denies such exceptional probabilities, since "agamogenesis does not apply to the human species".

"Truth, Life and Love are a law of annihilation to everything unlike themselves, because they declare nothing except God"; hence the scientific test should be applied to the beliefs and opinions embraced in the subject of this article.

The counterfeit teaching which has obtained during this material age has obscured that which it has attempted to simulate; but "the day is at hand" when a new Gospel Interpretation "will turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the Lord, to serve him with one consent" (*Zeph.* iii, 9), because they will understand God and His universe, including the spiritual man and woman of God's creation.

Limitation, with its fruitage materialism, is responsible for the erroneous teaching of the subject in hand. God's realm being spiritual and mental, the claim in its true sense refers to the Mary, Maria, or spiritual representative of the maternal or feminine nature of God, and is the title and possession of each individual consciousness or reflector of Good. In this same consciousness there is no trace of any carnal condition or manifestation, no sense of earthly desire or demand; and, being absolutely free from materiality and finiteness, the consciousness of the reality of Being "is Virgin, and a fitting bride for the Divine Spirit". The overshadowing of Love ensures the conception of a

spiritual idea, which is duly brought forth by the Virgin Mother, or the maternal reflector of God, the pure consciousness of the individual spiritual identity.

The dual ability to reflect intelligent and intuitive understanding is the endowment of each individual consciousness, as was promised: "Even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee." (*Zech. ix, 12.*)

Thus the Truth is manifested in divine energy, and the Christ within is born of Spirit, repeatedly expressed in active operation. The effect is liberation from all that is contrary to spiritual good, and it is recognised as Jesus, or the Saviour from our lower nature.

To realise the Christ power of our true being, and its effect or result, the Joshua or Redeemer, is to apprehend the heritage of man, and to prove that "God is no respecter of persons," but that 'Christ Jesus' is the epithet to which we can all make claim, since we are "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ" (*Rom. viii, 17*), the only 'Jesus' which can save us being the attendant and consequent of the active Christ of our specific spiritual consciousness.

'Jesus' is, therefore, not an exclusive name or address, assigned to a special teacher or personality, who loyally and with exemplary spirituality showed us 'the way' to immortal life, but, metaphysically understood, is applied to the effect produced by the Truth He taught.

The 'Mary' of the original religious teaching of the Roman Catholic Church was the Soul-Conceiver of the fruition, or Christ, as herewith urged, however the same idea may have been distorted by later interpretations and practices.

A metaphysician of no mean repute authoritatively defines the Christ as "incorporeal, spiritual, yea the

divine image and likeness, dispelling the illusions of the senses”.

‘The Holy Family’ of Christian teachings is by no means an exclusive idea, or a doctrine peculiar to modern times; for the religion of Ancient Egypt antedated this expression in prophetic significance, by the realisation of the actuality of the same truth, depicted in the symbolical personalities of Osiris, Isis and Horus.

“There is no new thing under the sun,” hence the scientific enquirer will find harmony in ancient and modern fundamentals, and in reference to the Truth will recognise a repetition of the fulfilment of the prophecy, “Out of Egypt have I called my son,” in the operation of recurring law and its multiplied expression.

To those who rely on sense instead of on soul apprehension, on form instead of on the invisible reality of mind, on dogma instead of on scientific law; who are satisfied to believe rather than to understand; who accept the letter and ignore the spirit; who prefer the sympathy of general opinions to reliance on individual quest and effort; who trust sense impressions instead of inner convictions; who accept traditions, rather than the proofs of operative law; who regard God as a person instead of Infinite Spirit, Intelligence, Life, Law, Good, All-Being, and themselves as bodily realities instead of spiritual ideas and reflectors of Good; to all these this teaching may appear undesirable and even dangerous, because contrary to that of the past, notwithstanding the scientific fact that progress is the law of life, and religion is a progressive revelation.

The Athenian spirit which prevailed in the early Christian era (*Acts xvii, 21*) foreshadowed the religious

tolerance and progressive thought of our day, which will prove useful assets in the reception of the revelations by the "new tongues" (*S. Mark* xvi, 17) of the approaching Dispensation in the readjustment of spiritual teachings.

"The corporeal man Jesus was human," while the Jesus, Joshua, or saving effect (from all error) of the operative Truth is the son of the Virgin of the pure soul-consciousness of our spiritual being. The metaphysical phenomena are recognised in the beneficial demonstrations over the ills of humanity.

The Galilean Prophet's appearance in the world was due to the same processes of generation as for other physical personalities, but His greater ability to apprehend and demonstrate the Truth, was due to His greater spiritual unfoldment. He was therefore enabled to illustrate His teachings with unique power, which entitled Him to the position of Teacher and Leader, to which He was divinely appointed.

Many previous exponents of Truth have illuminated humanity's pathway at various periods of time, while the verities they taught and demonstrated "reveal the eternal chain of existence as uninterrupted and wholly spiritual". Such names as those of the Buddha, Kṛṣṇa Zoroaster, Confucius, Moses, Elijah, and others serve to illustrate the foregoing claim.

The differentiation exists in the non-essentials, while the main expressions follow in logical sequence, confirming that "the Unity of Good" is "one Lord and Father of all".

The human messengers in the different ages were units from their respective communities, while their apprehension of a need, attended by a divine ability to

meet the same, resulted in promoting a necessary spiritual impulse to the world in the mental quest which demonstrated the law of progress, or unfoldment.

These human personalities cannot, with safety to themselves or their followers be deified; but they stand as honoured witnesses, prophetic of the possibilities of the future, to which the Nazarene gave earnest emphasis when He said: "He that believeth on me [understandeth the Truth], the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." (*S. John* xiv, 12.)

Beyond question herein is enshrined the progressive revelation and understanding, which the future has in store for us, while the object of the near interpretation is "to show unto man his uprightness". (*Job* xxxiii, 23.)

The reappearance of 'Jesus Christ' will therefore be obscured for the mind which is enveloped in the clouds of sense and limitation, though the spiritual comprehension will recognise 'the Second [or repeated] Coming' in the Truth which convinces and redeems from error and its consequences.

In the peace of the spiritual consciousness, the united testimony will witness to the fact that 'Jesus Christ' [the Truth] is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." (*Heb.* xiii, 8.)

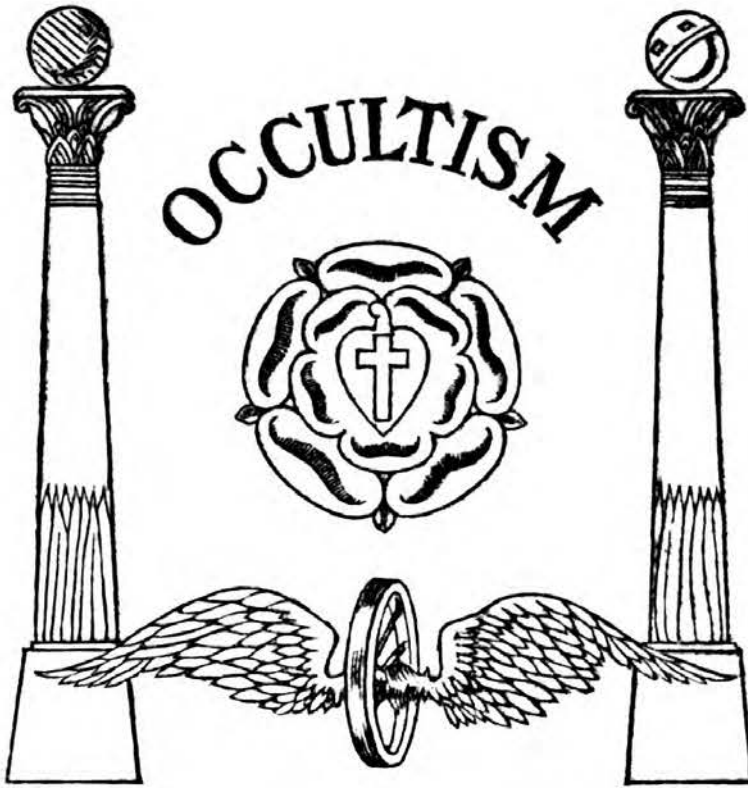
By no stretch of the human imagination can we henceforth accept the erroneous dogma which located the name and office exclusively to one particular personality and time, since that which is physical is also temporal, mortal and not eternal.

The sciologist with superficial knowledge may apply his own restricted and literal acceptance to the promise,

“Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son.” (*Isa.* vii, 14.) But the spiritually scientific mind reads below the surface and discovers by the aid of divine principle and law a link in the harmony of Being, and the legitimacy of the spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures.

Science is “the key of the house of David” (*Isa.* xxii, 22), used by him “that openeth [clearly interprets] and no man shutteth; and shutteth [proves the falsity of error or truth] and no man openeth” (*Rev.* iii, 7), and by this same understanding “the book of life” (*Rev.* xx, 12) will be interpreted and rendered clear and available to all.

Clara Baker Smith



A VISION OF THE MINUTES

By C. V. MADDOCKS

ONE day I was feeling tired, and thought to myself: "I will sleep for ten minutes." So I closed my eyes, and as I sank into unconsciousness the last thought in my mind was: "My other self will have to count the minutes as they pass."

I found myself in an unknown room, long and bare, watching a curious sight. From an unseen source at one end of the room ran continually a fine thread, to which was attached in some way a constant succession of fine transparent oblong forms of a deep rose-colour ;

each was of the same length and divided from the next by delicate lines. And these passed me slowly but unceasingly, to wind themselves into a great coil at the far end of the room. To my surprise, I realised that these fragile Things, moving continually on the fine Thread, were the passing Minutes of my Day. Deeply interested in my discovery, I longed to know more about the matter. An unseen Guide answered the questions in my mind, and explained to me the laws which govern the appearance of the minutes. I was also shown many types of form and colouring, in order that I might more clearly understand the teaching.

When I awoke, that is, when the ten minutes had passed, I tried to recollect what I had learned, and the following explanation gives the theory of the subject, so far as I am able to remember it.

In a secret place at the back of every man's consciousness is kept the Record of his Days, and what he makes of the passing minutes. The fine thread, to which the minutes are attached, is the Purpose-of-Life. The minutes come forth from the unknown, are acted upon and influenced by the man, and pass on to form part of the Record of the Day. At their first issuing forth they are transparent and almost colourless as a rule, and the changes which are effected in them as they pass, take place according to the following rules:

1. The feeling or emotion of the man causes variation in *colour*.
2. The mental attitude of the man causes changes of *form*, outline and design.
3. The spiritual principle in man, when developed, causes *light* to glow from within, giving a lovely radiance to the colouring.

Colour: The minutes of dull, hum-drum work would be of opaque browns or reds, unless the work is done from high motives of duty, love or sympathy; in which case the brown becomes tinged with, or even entirely superseded by, lovely transparent rose-pink, blue or green. One example was shown from the working-minutes of a factory-hand, where, although the brown colour was still visible, it was beautified by tints of purest rose-colour and pale blue, and the light which shone softly through these colours showed that the man was being guided by his spiritual Self, even in the narrow circumstances where he was placed, and in his life of drudgery. The typical minute of a selfish, worldly man would always be opaque, and dull as to colour. The nobler and finer the feelings and emotions of the man, the more delicate and exquisite are the varying colours with which his minutes are tinted.

If any particular emotion is anticipated for any part of the day, when those particular minutes arrive, they are found to be already tinged with the appropriate colour for the expected emotion, such as a dull grey for fear or grief, and it takes some effort to modify their colour.

Form: The mental development of the man is strikingly shown by the great variations in form which are to be observed. And it is an interesting fact that a minute, while, of course, always the same length, varies considerably in breadth. Narrow and poor-looking in the undeveloped man, it increases in breadth as in beauty with the advancement of the man in mental power and culture.

The average minute of a dull, unthinking, plodding man, would be narrow, regular and plain in outline.

A man who is methodical and purposeful, acting from good motives, would be likely to have a perfectly plain straight outline to his average minute, but there would be beauty in the design, probably geometrical, which would be seen in the minute. Sometimes in this case the same design continues more or less all day, showing the method and regularity of the mind.

An equally methodical man who had no good motive behind his work would have no design, but plain dull lines running throughout his normal minutes.

A man who is erratic and changeable in his ideas, shows this in the outline of his minutes, which look wavering and flame-like at the edges and have little or no continuous design.

The man of artistic temperament is likely to affect the outline of his minutes in much the same way, but in his case there might be the most exquisite designs, varying considerably from minute to minute, and the border would be more beautiful and delicate. Typical minutes of this sort have been seen to resemble innumerable flower-petals at the outer border; a graceful flowing design, glowing with the richest colours, completing the beauty of these minutes of inspired art.

A man of taste and culture, who had learned to control his mind and emotions, would have a broader type of minute than the ordinary man. One case was observed, in which the breadth showed development of character, the regularity of outline denoted method and self-control, its graceful curves showed artistic perception, and the well-formed design proved that the man's intellectual powers were not small.

A curious fact in connection with these minutes, is that a wasted minute—one that is not used for any

good purpose whatever, becomes partially detached from the thread Purpose-of-Life, and hangs down, opaque and yellow, looking like dried seaweed. And yet it is not quite detached, but is carried on by the Thread to form part of the Record of the Day.

Stray, disconnected thoughts and purposeless actions have very much the same effect upon the minutes; they become partially detached from the Thread of Purpose, and hang down or float in the air; in this case, however, if the thought or deed be good, the colours may be clear and even brilliant.

Light: When the spiritual principle is working through the life of the man, the colours become glowing as if light were shining through them. The normal minute of a man who is spiritually and mentally advanced is a very beautiful sight. It is a broad band, of wonderful design, with glowing translucent colours, calling to mind, though far transcending in beauty, some exquisite piece of embroidery. The purity and delicacy of the colours show the loftiness and holiness of his feelings and emotions; the breadth of the band, its intricate and marvellous design, its regularity and evenness of outline, show the culture, the intellectual power and the self-controlled habit of his mind; and the soft light shining through it all shows that his Higher Self is illuminating each minute as it passes, and is consciously One with the Purpose-of-Life.

C. V. Maddocks

DEATH AND AFTER

By O. S. MOHAMMADU, F. T. S.

[The writer of the following paper has passed away from earth, and the following tribute was sent by a friend, with the MS.]

Death has robbed us, early this month, of a public-spirited and useful citizen in Mr. O. S. Mohamradu, Secretary of the Hatton District Court. He had served Government faithfully and efficiently for a period extending over thirty-three years. He first served as Chief Clerk of the Dikoya Police Court in the early eighties and when the Courts were removed to Hatton he came here, and was till four years ago Chief Clerk and Interpreter Mudaliyar. On the District Court being established he was appointed Secretary, which post he held up to the time of his death. During all these years he had not taken long leave and worked continuously until his fatal illness. The late Mr. Mohamradu was an upright man with a strong character and unobtrusive ways, and was the friend of everybody and the enemy of none. He was a staunch Muhammadan, and was looked upon by the local members of his community as their champion; besides being a philanthropist he took a practical interest in religious movements, and was one of the first in the District to start a local Red Crescent Fund in aid of the sufferers in the recent Turko-Balkan War. He was a linguist of no mean order and besides English and Tamil he was able to speak and write fluently seven other languages, including Arabic, Hindustāni, Sinhalese, Maldivian, etc.; his knowledge of Arabic was sound, and he had the rare distinction of being the recognised Arabic Interpreter to the Government of Ceylon, and was also entrusted with the translation of the Maldivian despatches to the Ceylon Government. As an Interpreter he stood in a class by himself. He always rapidly grasped the meaning that a witness meant to express, and conveyed it to Judge and Counsel in a very clear and lucid way. Unless a statement appeared real to himself he would not interpret it, and would persist in getting to the bottom of a long and confused story before he would interpret; owing to his great skill as an Interpreter he was held in the highest esteem by the

various Magistrates and Judges under whom he had served during his long career. He was possessed of a knowledge of the law that the average lawyer of the present day could hardly boast and his great legal knowledge and upright character gave him the position of confidant and advisor to many a junior Civil Servant drawn into the judicial branch, under whom he was called to serve. Among those he had served are the Honourable Mr. H. R. Freeman, G. A., Western Province, Mr. R. G. Saunders, O. A. W., H. B. Carbery, District Judge of Puttalam, etc., from whom he won golden opinions. Among his personal belongings that he valued most were the autographs received by him from his past chiefs. He was appointed Arbitrator in several important cases that came before the local Courts, and his awards were more often than not upheld by the Supreme Court in appeal. He was, among other things, a member of the Theosophical Society and of the Order of the Star in the East, and as such he took a lively interest in their teachings, and on several occasions contributed interesting articles to their respective publications. As Vice-President of the Hatton Men's Mutual Society he took a practical interest in the work of that institution. It was only a few days prior to his death that he was booked to read the paper on 'Death and After,' but his serious illness came in the way, and I send the paper for publication.

Alas, how significant and true are the opening lines he wrote: "Death is an incident, which every one of us has without doubt sooner or later to face in our life, when we leave this world characterised as 'the Vale of Tears'." We wonder whether he had foreseen, when he wrote the lines, that he himself was to face the grim hand of death so very much sooner than later. At a meeting held last Wednesday the Society passed a vote of condolence, and conveyed the same to the widow and the relatives of its deceased Vice-President. The District Judge, Mr. G. Furse Roberts, at the weekly sittings, spoke in feeling terms of his late Secretary's character and worth, and the senior lawyer of the Bar, Mr. T. C. Van Rooyen, associated himself with all that fell from the Judge. A vote of condolence was passed and the same was conveyed to the widow of the deceased gentleman, the concluding lines of the letter to Mrs. Mohammodu being: "We feel that we have lost in him not only an honourable and capable Secretary of this Court, but also a real friend."

Immediately on the receipt of the news of the death of Mr. Mohammodu, Mr. Roberts had the work of the Nuwara Eliya and Hatton Courts suspended, enabling the staff to proceed to Kandy to attend the funeral and pay their last respects to their deceased colleague, whose relations with them were of the pleasantest character. The late Mr. Mohammodu

was married to a daughter of the late Mr. Siddi Lebbe, the well known Moorish Proctor of Kandy, herself an accomplished and talented lady and a friend of Their Excellencies Lady Blake and Lady McCallum, who often visited and lunched with her during their periodical stays in the Hill Capital. Mr. Mohammadu's only daughter is married to Mr. Casi Lebbe, the well known Gem Expert of Kandy.

D. S. C. W.

Death is an incident, which every one of us has without doubt sooner or later to face in our life, when we leave this world characterised as "the vale of tears". Hardly a day passes without our hearing the sad news of the death of some near and dear relative, friend, or some well-known person. We know the effect it produces in homes, how a family in the midst of unalloyed happiness is suddenly deprived of its breadwinner, thrown into mourning, and its members reduced to poverty and distress.

Since death is an event in life which cannot be avoided, there is wisdom in trying to unravel its mystery and learn something beforehand, so as to be prepared to meet its frowning majesty with a certain amount of respect and self-composure.

As a rule when a man intends to make a journey to a foreign country, he tries to learn something about it, either from books of travel or by interviewing someone who has been there before—some description of the place, its scenery, climate, people, customs, etc. Naturally we all have a desire to know something about "where we go after we are dead". Unfortunately for us no traveller who has crossed over that bourne has been known to return, and no accounts have been published of that "beyond" for the guidance of mundane

dwellers; that murky region remains an unexplored and unknown country to the majority of the denizens of our planet. There is prevalent among all men, ancient and modern, civilised and barbarous, a belief in a future state of existence, which will be one of unalloyed bliss or suffering, in accordance with one's actions in this phase of existence, and this belief acts as a sort of balance-wheel, regulating our conduct of life.

This subject has formed the theme of very learned lectures by able and learned men before this, and I have no doubt that most of you here have heard or read of them. I have read some of them myself, but I found it difficult to gain a clear notion of the subject from the lecturer's point of view. Without claiming to be a critic or specialist on the subject, it is my endeavour in this paper to explain to you what we Muslims are taught and believe about death and the *post-mortem* life of man.

In this age of enlightenment and learning, an age which has witnessed the most remarkable discoveries in science and the birth of wonderful inventions, there is hardly a department of nature that man has not attempted to explore. Natural science has made such vast strides in its progress, that whereas there was an unbridgeable gulf between materialism and spiritualism about the end of the last century, to-day we find their votaries working in harmony, and they have come to the conclusion that the end of materialism is the beginning of spiritualism.

There were men who believed our earth to be flat and stationary, and that the sun moved round it. That was certainly due to a delusion of our senses; the contrary view is now accepted as the truth. Many

phenomena of nature which remained a puzzle to our forefathers, and around which there were raised all sorts of superstitious structures, have had their correct solution given by men who had made them their special study. It is one more delusion to regard his physical vesture as man. This belief has led astray many an earnest student of this subject. It can be proved that man is not the physical body he is in, just as he is not the clothes he is wearing. So before we speak about death we should have a clear conception of what Man is.

“Know thyself,” was the exhortation of the Delphic Oracle; and any attempt to study man without regarding him as part of the Kosmos would undoubtedly lead the student astray. The ancient Sages called Man the Microcosm (a world in miniature), as opposed to the Macrocosm, the Universe.

Ali, the son-in-law of our Blessed Prophet, the most learned man of his time, said: “The cause of sorrow and its remedy are in man. He, through ignorance, fancies that he is this little body; but there exists involved in him the great Universe.” The Blessed Prophet has declared: “He that knows his true Self shall really know his God.” The meaning of Ali’s saying is that so long as man identifies himself with the physical body, which is impermanent, he will be grasping the shadow and will be doomed to disappointment, and his fate will end in sorrow; but the remedy lies in his realising his true Self as the living soul, which is a spark of the Divine Being. The same truth is taught by the Blessed Prophet. He who realises the fact that what he regarded as his Self (the physical body) is a delusion, will know his true Self as divine and permanent. Islām regards the

Universe as the manifestation of God. It is also called the 'Book of God,' since every object in nature is the expression of a divine Idea.¹ As an object is known by its attributes, so by the contemplation of nature and by the study of objects in nature in their various phases, we infer God's Existence, His Wisdom and His Power. Man has his root in God; he is divine in his essential nature. God is the divine Sun, and man a ray from it.

In the process of manifestation the divine spark focusses itself in different vehicles, corresponding to the different planes, which are four in number. Its home is the divine plane (Alam Lahot). In this plane the human entity or ego has its subjective existence (Aiyanthabita). From there it descends to the plane immediately below it, the mental plane (Alam Jabaroot). In this plane it takes on a mantle of mental matter; here the soul obtains its distinct individuality; it is then called the thinker (Nefs Natiqaa), the Jīvātmā of the Hindūs. It is self-conscious, and has life, intelligence, will and energy. The next plane below is called the angelic, or emotional, plane (Alam Malakoot). Into this the ego enters by donning an astral body, called the simulacrum (Mithaly). From there the ego is ushered into this physical plane, the vale of tears, clad in a coat of skin furnished by the parents, the masons who prepare only an earthly tenement for the strange pilgrim, wandering in search of his true home, where is the heavenly Father, his true nature.

It is clear, from the Islāmic point of view, that man is not the physical body, but is a spark of the spiritual sun, and it is his birthright to inherit the attributes of his divine Author. When the true man, the human

¹ This fine idea was taught also by Giordano Bruno.—Ed.

ego, realises his origin in God, the One Living, Eternal, Omniscient and Omnipotent, and burns the idea of separateness in the divine fire, he then gains Immortality. Till then, man's epithet as mortal remains.

Death therefore is nothing more or less than the withdrawal of the ego from the physical body on its way to the true home.

There are some who believe that man is nothing more than the physical body, which, at most, is a bundle of energies, and that the really wonderful faculties of the mind are the products of brain cells, a sort of ethereal fire-works. This paper is not meant for such suicides. The contention of the materialists, that the animal intelligence is the result of organisation, has been repudiated and disproved by investigations made by well-known savants of the present day, men like Crookes, Charcot, and a host of others. Any one who has made a study of hypnotism cannot fail to observe the fact that when the brain is paralysed and refuses to respond to any external stimulus and the heart almost ceases to pulsate—in fact the heart's action cannot be detected without the help of the most delicate instrument—the subject displays the most remarkable mental faculties, which are entirely absent while the brain is in its normal state, indicating thereby that the brain is not the manufacturer of intelligence, but is only an imperfect channel through which the intelligence manifests.

Death is of the Physical Body only. When the heart, the seat of the animal soul, whence the life-force is distributed through the entire body, fails through disease or accident; when the lungs, which oxidise the blood collapse, or the brain, the battery for conserving vital force, receives a shock; then the physical body

dies. The human soul, the true man, a spark of the divine Sun, quits its earthly tenement which has become untenable; this is the mystery of Death. To assert that that which is ever-living—by virtue of its nature being life—could die would be a contradiction in terms.

It is said that there are three ways by which the ego at death passes out of the body. These are not details for a paper like this.

What the moribund Individual sees. When the pulse is sinking and the patient is unconscious of his surroundings, there passes before him a complete review of the life just closed. Those whom he loved the most, whether alive or dead, are present to him. He sees and converses with his spiritual preceptor, or Guru. His daily prayers, his objects of adoration or meditation, any particular person or Prophet he has had a special attachment to, are present. Twelve different kinds of scenes have been named as likely to be witnessed by the dying man, if his life had been a pure and good one, and his death-bed experiences would then be of a most pleasing description. On the other hand, a man who had led a bad life would experience what would be far from happy. He will reap there what he has sown. He may have been a wolf in sheep's clothing; at death his wolfish characteristics will show forth, and he will find himself haunted by his human victims. As a child born into the world shows the characteristics of the parents, so on the death of the physical body the ego has a new birth into the astral world, where it displays the characteristics of the physical body it has just quitted.

The plane into which the ego passes at death does not differ much from the one he has just quitted; for

some time the surroundings are similar to that he has just left; his state is very much like that of one in a dream. He thinks that he is still in the physical world, and regards his corpse as himself. He may follow his own funeral to the burial-ground, and fancy himself to be the corpse. It is not till the corpse begins to decompose that the truth dawns on him. He then awakes and studies his surroundings. His conceptions of space and time take on a different value. He perceives the sorrow and mourning of those he has left behind. If he has been a miser and hoarded wealth, he will have the chagrin and mortification of seeing his gold and jewels divided among wrangling and cursing heirs. As he gets inured to his new surroundings, he becomes gradually weaned from his attachments to earthly things.

Our teaching is that the human ego keeps on moving round the three worlds, the physical, astral and mental worlds, and that it enjoys the fruits of its thoughts, emotions and actions. If they are good, the experiences are happy and pleasant. The three stages of happiness, or realms, are known as Jannatul Mauva, Jannatul Naeem, and Jannatul Firdows; they are also called Jannatul Afall, Jannatul Kuleeb or Sifat, and Jannatul That. They mean: happiness on the terrestrial plane as rewards for good actions; on the astral plane for moral perfection; and on the mental plane for spiritual and intellectual refinement. The ego will be confined to these planes till it realises its divine nature, when all limitations will end, and it will be merged in the Divine and be one with God.

Some observations about Heaven and Hell. Since the evolution of the divine Man was the aim of creation, heaven and hell followed as a natural corollary. Hence

it was that man alone was entrusted with the burden of responsibility, the liberty of independent choice and action, a responsibility which all other created beings, from the highest Angel down to the mineral kingdom, excused themselves from sharing. The acceptance of this burden by man brought in its train reward and punishment, to be experienced by humanity throughout its existence.

The Wheel of Existence. The figure of a circle is employed for explaining the above. It typifies absolute existence. A line is drawn dividing it into two halves; the right half typifies Spirit and the left half matter, and God has written across the whole circle: "In the name of Allah, the Merciful and Compassionate." The first part of the formula is inscribed in the right half, and the concluding portion in the left half. The meaning of this is that the right half is the cause and the left half the effect, and they both fall within the circle of Existence; that matter is a reflection of Spirit; that Spirit is reality, and matter is its shadow; that during the period of creation or manifestation a differentiation takes place. Absolute consciousness would represent the undivided circle. This consciousness conceives space and eternity as its attributes, which become the ground for the play of the forces of manifestation, a Trinity in Unity which is a philosophical concept. Consciousness in its noumenal aspect involves itself in matter, according to the density of which and the limitations into which it puts itself, the planes are named. First the Universal Mind, Universal Spirit and Universal Soul; they are also known as the plane of Spirits, the plane of souls, and the plane of embodied beings; and lastly the human plane.

Till the human plane is reached the differentiated consciousness manifests in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms under the law of evolution; it is only as man that the consciousness realises the idea of "I Am," as an individual and free agent. This is the mystery of man's assuming the burden of responsibility. With this responsibility there followed reward and punishment, heaven and hell, for man.

The Mystery of Hell. There are seven hells, but they have no existence independent of the individual responsible for their existence. They exist as an effect, and with the disappearance of the cause in the sufferer his hell also disappears.

The first hell is named the "hell of the Avenger," and is set apart for those who sin against society, transgressors of the religious commandments, revelling in falsehood, indulging in pride and vanity, gambling and drink, neglecting their own duties.

'Retribution' is the name of the second hell, for those who practise deception and cheating, who follow false ideals, rebelling against established forms of Government without justification, murderers and robbers and oppressors of the weak and innocent, etc.

The third hell is reserved for those known as of hard-hearted villainous natures, the miser and hoarders, while the needy stand crying for relief. The jealous, avaricious, and the lovers of the world.

The fourth is for hypocrites, egotists and pretenders.

The fifth for social windbags, and impudent intruders, and the supercilious.

The sixth is reserved for those possessing a devilish nature, who incite people to acts of mutiny, incendiarism, and brutality, etc.

The seventh is specially reserved for the Atheist and those who try to caricature God.

Every individual who harbours in his heart one or more of the aforesaid qualities will suffer both here and hereafter.

As the hells are the manifestations of God's wrath on the material plane, the heavens are manifestations of God's love and grace to His creatures on the spiritual planes.

It will be seen that the heavens and their pleasures result from the practice of the virtues, as opposed to the acts of evil which created the hells for the wrong-doers.

The number of heavens is eight, and they are distributed through four planes.

The first is named 'the heaven of peace and rewards' and is created out of men's righteous deeds. None can enter here except through his meritorious acts. Here is sowing and reaping.

The second is known as 'the heaven of attainments'. Here men are rewarded for their faith in God and correct beliefs. There is no room for rewarding physical deeds here. The materials and objects of this heaven are evolved from the mental attainments of its inhabitants.

The third is called Jannatul Hiba, 'the heaven of divine gift'; it is cosmopolitan in character. Neither meritorious deeds nor varieties of faiths count here. Men of all faiths and nationalities are found here. Christian, Jew, Hindū, and Buddhist fraternise here. It is the heaven of refuge, and a special gift of God to those who realise the brotherhood of humanity.

The fourth is called 'the heaven of plenty and abundance,' and is reserved for those who have sacrificed

everything in this world in the service of God, and have cut themselves off from all worldly attachments.

The fifth heaven is 'Paradise'. Persons who have perfected themselves in various branches of arts, science, philosophy, and other subjects, find their enjoyments here in gardens with trees, the stems of which are of coral, their foliage of emerald, their buds of pearls, and their blooms of rubies and garnets; among their branches beautiful birds with golden plumage chant sweet music for the delectation of dark-eyed houris, and rivers of milk, honey, or nectar flow here. The inhabitants of this region are happy in their contemplation of God's works, but there are few in this region.

The sixth heaven is 'the heaven of divine felicity'. This is for the lovers of divine truths.

The seventh is for those who have realised the truth of their divinity, and it includes all the prophets and other guides of humanity.

The eighth is for the Saviours of the World.

O. S. Mohammadu

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

THE water-carrier halted upon the rock-hewn pathway and dexterously deposited his waterpots. As he did so, he beheld approaching him a Samnyāsin in a yellow robe with a string of ebony beads about his neck and a little handful of leaves in his hand. The water-carrier salaamed and the monk stopped and pointed to the waterpots.

“Whence is the water?” he enquired.

“O Samnyāsin, this is holy water, we bring it from Benares.”

“Eight hundred miles!” cried the monk. “Impossible!”

“The Samnyāsin doubts, but it is even so,” persisted the waterman, “eight hundred miles do we bear it from the sacred river—”

“But for what?”

“To wash the pavements in the Temple of the Lord of the Moon.”

“Such is your devotion!” exclaimed the traveller.

“Such is our duty,” responded the other simply.

The Samnyāsin fell into a reverie during which the waterman eyed him curiously. He was not tall, but his carriage was very upright and dignified. The fire of the Rājpuṭ smouldered in his dark eyes; but the mouth

betrayed his gentle-heartedness. The waterman took courage to address him :

“ Whence cometh the son of the Fireborn ? ” he asked.

“ From the Temple of the Flaming Mouth, ” replied the pilgrim.

“ That is a famous shrine ! ” remarked the other. The face of the Samnyāsin kindled with enthusiasm :

“ Famous indeed ! Tongues of fire leap out of the very bowels of the earth day and night. They are the devotees of Ḍurgā. All men marvel at the Flaming Mouth. ”

“ But the Temple of the Lord of the Moon is the wonder of the *Gods* ! ” cried the waterman. “ Let the Samnyāsin follow me to the Shrine of Shiva. His devotees are mightier than the devotees of Ḍurgā. Moreover they are numberless as the stars of Heaven ! ”

The waterman resumed his burden and led the way, and about a hundred yards further on they came to a bend in the road and there before them lay Somnāth, the famous Temple of the Lord of the Moon, a low square building surrounded with cloisters and adorned with rich sculpture. Served by a thousand priests, visited by tens of thousands of pilgrims, this Mecca of Hindūism was the wealthiest shrine in Hindustan.

“ O Son of the Fireborn, behold the worshippers of Shiva ! ” cried the waterman pointing to the waves, for about this holy place of pilgrimage the azure waves of the Indian Ocean rose eternally, only to prostrate themselves perpetually before the footstool of the great God. Submissively they crept along the sands to lave His feet.

The up-countryman was familiar enough with the desert ; but this was his first sight of the sea, and he

stood speechless with amazement. Perhaps the water-carrier had experimented upon previous pilgrims; at any rate he had not miscalculated the effect of the natural phenomenon upon the ardent soul of the Fire-born. The Samnyāsin remained rooted to the spot, watching wave after wave as it rose and fell, lived and died upon the shore.

“Do they never cease?” he asked at last.

“Never,” returned the other.

“Ceaseless adoration!” exclaimed the monk. “Shiva! Shiva! Thus should Thy devotees adore Thee, O Lord of Life and Death!” He prostrated himself three times with solemn reverence, then rose as though to proceed, yet still he lingered fascinated.

“The Samnyāsin is a Shiva-bhakṭa?” asked the water-carrier.

“From a babe,” returned the pilgrim. “Shiva! Shiva!” he whispered softly to himself, “Thy name is like a spell!”

They mounted the steps, and in the portals of the Temple lounged a haughty-looking priest:

“O Svāmi, behold one who seeks the feet of Shiva,” said the Samnyāsin humbly. The priest looked superciliously at the little handful of bilva leaves; what were they to bring to a shrine at which the Rājpuṭ princes left chariots of silver and gold, laden with jewels? He leant against a pillar in indolent fashion and made no effort to welcome the pilgrim. Suddenly, however, from out of the Temple itself there came forth an aged man clothed in ragged raiment. He wore ashes upon his head. His beard was milky white. His eyes were like a flame of fire. The Samnyāsin, filled with awe and wonderment, prostrated himself. Who was this

Being with the garments of a beggar and the features of a God? This must be some great Ṛṣhi.

“My son, I have waited long for thee!”

“For me? Svāmiji,” exclaimed the traveller bewildered. “Nay, that cannot be! This is but a poor countryman, who seeks the feet of Shiva!”

“I know thee, Ishvaraḍās,” returned the Ṛṣhi. Then, with a sudden sternness that made his aspect truly terrible in its majesty :

“Thou seekest the feet of Shiva. Tell me, my son, wherefore dost thou seek Him? Dost thou desire mokṣha, liberation?”

“Mokṣha, I?” exclaimed the monk. “Nay, but if it were mine—if it were mine, O Guru,” he exclaimed passionately—

“What then?”

“Why then I would not take it. Give me the body of a dog, but let me return to serve.”

“Enough, enough,” returned the Yogin. “Enter, for to the Server the holy Mysteries may be revealed. First then let me show thee the miracle of the Temple of the Lord of the Moon.”

The monk followed him through the cloisters and the outer court with its pillars and its painted roof, from which hung jewelled chandeliers, to the innermost sanctuary where a single lamp burnt dimly. A massive gold chain, several hundred pounds in weight, hung from the roof. It served the priesthood of Somnāṭh for a bell. In the centre of the sanctuary was the miracle—the heaven-fallen Liṅga—a boulder of black marble suspended in mid-air, to all appearance without natural support. The countryman beheld this miracle unmoved. At the suggestion of the Yogin he passed

his staff beneath it and examined the gorgeous canopy surrounding it; but to the Guru, watching him attentively, it was soon apparent that, though his guileless mind could not conceive of trickery, the man-made miracle possessed no attraction for the child of nature. Indeed the fiery soul of him burst forth at last impatiently:

“Doubtless it is a great miracle, Svāmiji! But then I do not seek miracles. I seek the feet of Shiva!”

“Have you ever had vision of the Three-eyed?” asked the Guru. “He seeks eternally among the sons of men.”

“Whom doth He seek? asked Ishvaraḍās.

“Those whom He loves,” returned the Ṛṣhi.

“The saints and sages then,” observed the Samnyās-in, not without a touch of wistfulness.

“The saints and sages,” repeated the Ṛṣhi; then, laying his hand graciously upon the young man’s shoulder, he added kindly: “And dear to Him also are the simple-hearted.”

Ishvaraḍās went forward and laid a little handful of the bilva leaves, that Shiva loves, on the shrine of the God. The Yogin then seated himself and soon became lost to the lower world. The Samnyās-in also seated himself and fell to telling his beads. They remained thus for some time; but when the sun had sunk into the sea, so that there was darkness in the solemn aisles of the Temple, a strange thing befell. Perhaps it was the presence of the great Ṛṣhi that uplifted the consciousness of the humble Samnyās-in so that all his senses were quickened. Strange forms and faces passed before his eyes; he began to hear sounds that filled him with horror and dismay—long-drawn sighs and half-choked sobs—as of souls in anguish and terror. Greatly alarmed, Ishvaraḍās would have roused

the Ṛṣhi from his meditation, but he could not. Gradually the sobbing and wailing became more definite, till it rose into a veritable dirge of misery. He could distinguish fragments of it.

“The glory is departed . . . destruction is come upon us . . . Arise! Let us go hence.”

Ishvaraḍās fancied he could feel floating draperies against his face. He put out his hand but there was nothing. Again it came, that long, low wail of misery, but it grew fainter and fainter till at length it died away. A foreboding of evil seized him—so powerful was it that he became completely panic-stricken, and he cried and called upon the Guru, till at last he succeeded in recalling that soaring Spirit to its human abode.

“The Devas are deserting the Temple,” he cried in his ear. “Svāmiji, awake!”

The Yogin roused himself:

“Doubtless they know the hour is come and that we must all perish,” he said solemnly.

“Perish?” exclaimed Ishvaraḍās. But even as he spoke the solemn stillness was broken by fierce shouts, followed by the clash of steel, and footsteps drawing nearer and nearer. Attracted by the fame of its treasure-chambers, the Moslem army had surprised the Temple. The priesthood, taken unawares, fought desperately but in vain.

“Dīn! Dīn! The faith! The faith! Down with idolaters! Death to all infidels! In the name of the Prophet—Dīn!”

The sacred precincts swarmed with triumphant Musalmāns. Flaming torches lighted up their fierce faces stamped with the lust of gold. The Ṛṣhi laid his hand upon the shoulder of the monk:

“Hearken, O Ishvaraḍās, thou art young and life is sweet. Yonder door leads to the vaults, whence there is a passage to the sea ; run for thy life !”

“Run ? Nay, am I not a Rājpuṭ ?” responded the other proudly. “The sons of the Fireborn are the defenders of the Faith, Svāmiji !”

“But it is useless,” urged the Guru, “moreover it means death !”

“But if it mean death, how could one die better ?” asked the monk.

“So be it,” yielded the Yogin. “Farewell, my son ; peradventure we shall meet in Svarga.” His aspect was no longer terrible ; when he looked at the Samnyās-in there was only tenderness in his regard. The triumphant Mahmud, flushed with the victory, soon came rushing towards them, and Ishvaraḍās would have flung himself in his path ; but the Yogin, with a surprising feat of strength in one so aged, flung him aside, only to be himself hewn down by a single blow from that powerful scimitar.

“Die, accursed priest,” cried Mahmud, and, disregarding Ishvaraḍās, he sprang forward, and hurling the symbol of Shiva from its place he dashed it in pieces upon the pavement. Horror-stricken at this act of sacrilege, the monk ran to the inner sanctuary and took his stand before the miraculous Liṅga. With the courage of despair he stood, staff in hand, prepared to beard the victorious son of Allah. The shrine rang with Mahmud’s scornful laughter.

“By the tomb of the Prophet, what have we here ? O warrior with the wooden staff, art thou in love with death ?”

“Maybe so,” returned Ishvaraḍās.

“ Know you that the sons of Allah are sworn to give no quarter to an infidel ? ”

“ ’Tis well, seeing no Rājput would take it, ” cried Ishvaraḍās. “ With them it is Death or Victory ! ”

“ Dog of an idolater ! know you who I am ? ” roared the lion of Islām. “ I am Mahmud, the idol-breaker ! ”

“ And I am Ishvaraḍās, defender of the Faith, ” returned the Hindū steadfastly.

“ Nay, by Allah, thou art a cursed idolater. Die, infidel dog ! ” With uplifted arm Mahmud sprang forward, but suddenly, his scimitar in mid-air, he paused transfixed with astonishment gazing upwards to the apex of the shrine. Above the canopy encircling the monolith appeared the faces of some of the Brāhmaṇas. They regarded the sacrilegious intruder with indignant hatred :

“ Die, O blasphemer, ” they hissed. “ Behold the power of Shiva, of Shiva the Destroyer ! ”

Then, as Mahmud stood regarding them, still paralysed with astonishment, behold, the mighty monolith shook, reeled and fell forwards with a thunderous crash upon the Temple floor, missing him by a hair’s-breadth. There was a silence of consternation, then :

“ Behold the power of Shiva ! ” cried the Samnyāsin faintly. He was aghast.

“ The power of Shiva ? Nay, thou cursed son of superstition, ’tis but some devilish trickery. Guards ! Go fetch me those murderous priests, ” he added, “ they shall die every one with tortures. But as to thee, O infidel, since Allah hath saved thee twice, maybe death is not thy fate. Bind him and cast him out of the Temple. ” He directed his men, and the Moslem soldiery seized Ishvaraḍās. As they led him away Mahmud set his foot exultantly upon the monolith :

“As to thy God, O infidel!” he cried after him, “know that he will make a goodly doorstep for a mosque!”

The men bore the struggling Ishvaraḍās down the steps and out into the moonlight. Upon the seashore they loosed him and threw him down in a huddled heap, and hastened back to the rich loot. The monk lay motionless upon the sands. The Temple was soon to be a smoking ruin, the holy place had been defiled, the priests were dead, his Guru was slain, and he, Ishvaraḍās, lived still! There lay the sting. He, a Rājput, to survive defeat! It was intolerable. Rage and despair took hold of him; he rose and ran along a rocky promontory, intending to leap into the sea; a voice however arrested him.

“Ishvaraḍās, why weepest thou?” Surely he knew that voice.

“Svāmiji, I wept because I could not save thee!” he cried as he sank down trembling.

“Save *Me!*” echoed the voice, “O Ishvaraḍās! who then am *I?*” Ishvaraḍās looked up and, though half-blinded by a dazzling silver radiance, he thought he could still discern the form and features of the great Ṛṣhi, but now the beggar bore the semblance of Shiva the great God, the azure-throated and the wondrous-eyed, with the holy ashes on His head and the emblem of the moon upon His brow.

“Behold! now Thou art Shiva, the Terrible One, the Lord of Heroes!” he exclaimed with awe.

“Even so,” returned the Vision. “Tell me, then, O son of the Fireborn, *do you protect Me or do I protect you?*” The piercing irony, nay, the tender raillery of the divine voice! Ishvaraḍās was silent a moment; then he broke into fresh lamentations.

“O Mahādev, Thy House is desolate !”

“Howbeit I am not homeless.”

“Thou art not homeless ?”

“Have I not high Heaven and the Hindū heart ?”

“Thou hast no servants !”

“I have kept Me a holy and humble man of heart to be my servant.”

“But Thy priests are slain !”

The brow of Shiva darkened :

“They were the sons of avarice and pride ; wherefore I slew them—even I, Shiva—the Destroyer.”

“Slay me also, O Terrible One.”

“I have not saved you thrice to slay you now, O Ishvaraḍās ! Hearken, O Hope of the Hindūs !”

“What saith my Lord unto His servant ?”

“He shall not die.”

“Not die for the Faith ?”

“Nay, am I not Lord of Life and Death ?”

“What then shall he do ?”

“Live, and defend the Faith—the Faith of his forefathers.”

“Thy people have perished ; can he live alone ?”

“I will be with him, even I, Shiva, the Lord of Heroes. Now that I have proved him I will protect him.”

“For ever ?”

“For ever, for the tusks of the elephant go forth but they never go back. Even so are the words of Shiva.”

K. F. Stuart

S. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

OR THE MYSTERY OF THE UNION JACK

By THE REV. F. C. MONTAGU POWELL

(*Late Lieutenant, R. N.*)

I WANT to put before you a few thoughts connected with S. George, our Patron Saint. I want to try to show you how he may become to us a source of strength just where and when we need it. But I find that I cannot do so without reference to another Saint in our Calendar, to one whose name is still more widely known. I mean of course S. Michael, linked with S. George in our great Colonial Order of SS. Michael and George. But first I would wish to say that the choice of a Patron Saint is by no means arbitrary, nor is it a matter to be lightly undertaken. We think perhaps that the choice is ours, but it is not; it is the choice of those whose fortunes have been linked with ours ever since "the world began," and so however arbitrary the choice may seem, it is not so, and one day we shall see that it is not so.

I am not in the least concerned with the history of who or what S. George is, or may be. There are plenty of guide-books to tell us that, so far, that is, as history is concerned. But I know that he is a reflection, or double,

of some vaster Intelligence, whose features he has caught and whose work he both prefigures and repeats.

A hundred years ago, two enterprising Dutchmen, called the Brothers Houbraken, set out to engrave a series of portraits of illustrious Englishmen. These portraits they embellished with certain details, which described figuratively the fortunes good or bad, and the life-work, of the one represented. Thus a Poet had his Pegasus, a Chancellor his privy purse, a Traitor the headsman's axe, and so on. So I think that there is a detail in all presentments of S. George, which will give us the clue we want, and that is the Dragon.

Here of course we touch upon a line of most fascinating symbols. Wherever you find Dragons, or Serpents, or, in the case of Egypt, Crocodiles, you may be sure you have hold of a clue that will lead to a treasure. Take one point only. No one who knows what little a European may know of China, but knows how the Dragon has entered into their very life. He is their national 'sigil,' their national emblem. Flaunting countless banners, their very houses, with their curved and twisted outlines, repeat his form.

It is quite allowable to make reference on the historical plane for this. It is conceivable that the Chinese represent the surviving remnants of the great Lemurian Race, which flourished even before Atlantis. There are traces of great knowledge and even of the Ancient Wisdom in China. There is small doubt that the Great Wall—a wonder of the world—was meant by its curious serpentine construction to serve a double purpose. It was meant to keep out the Huns, and it was meant to keep out evil forces and evil spirits as well.

In the outward form of the Dragon, we may well have a trace of race-memory. There is no doubt that in ancient Lemuria the Ptero-dactyl, or winged Crocodile, was still existent, and a feature in their landscape. Few could forget the sight of a flight of these weird creatures, from five to twenty feet long, snapping their great jaws.

But let us come to the significance of the Dragon as a companion, or victim, of S. George. Better, because more widely known, are S. Michael and his Dragon. But I believe that they are related to each other, as, shall I say, shadow to substance, object to its reflection?

What then is the meaning of the Dragon? and in seeking an answer, we shall find ourselves at once in company with the Dragon that guarded the Hesperides, the 'loathly worm' from which Perseus rescued Andromeda, the Python slain by Apollo, Kaliya slain by Kṛṣṇa, Typhon by Osiris, and perchance the serpents in the Scandinavian story who gnaw the roots of the Ash Yggdrasil, the Tree of Life.

Great Orme's Head, or the Head of the Great Worm, or Sea-serpent, will bring the story still nearer home.

Now, can we find any common term which will explain the connection of all these reptiles with the heroes who slay them? I think we can. We have, I think, in the case of S. George, an emblem of one, like ourselves, seeking knighthood, seeking Initiation into the Mysteries of Being, undergoing therefore the fierce, first test of Purification. The Dragon, depicted without him, is really within. It represents, does it not, the passionate nature of man, and, as such, has to be slain before the first of the three steps to knighthood could

be taken. As a national 'sigil,' or emblem, can anything be finer or more significant? For nations and races have 'souls' as well as men and women. They are judged as we are, only collectively, not individually.

Might we not ask here, whether we as a nation have wholly slain our Dragon—say of commercialism, competition, greed, complacency, brag and bluster?

If not—then let S. George be our example to stimulate and strengthen us for the task. But if these symbols mean anything, and to my mind they link us on with unknown forces of even cosmic significance, what must I not say respecting the Banner which the traditional S. George is said to have carried at the battle of Ascalon, from henceforth forming the groundwork of our national flag? For the Union Jack is, as you know, compounded of three separate flags, those of S. George, S. Patrick and S. Andrew, thus:

S. George has a red cross on a white ground.

S. Andrew for Scotland, a white saltire on a blue ground.

S. Patrick for Ireland, a red saltire on a white ground.

But it is not of the Union Jack that I wish to speak, except perhaps to express the hope that it may go down to posterity, un mutilated, unimpaired, but of the Red Cross of S. George alone, known in H. M. Navy with the Jack in a Canton, as the White Ensign.

Now, mark you, it is a red Cross on a white ground, with the red blood coursing through the white body; the four arms of the Cross remind us of the four mystic rivers in Eden, which indeed form the Cosmic Cross in the supernal regions, the four cardinal points of the Compass; and, disconnected from the border, you

have the Svastika, or Cross of Pure Life, the oldest form of the Cross in the world. But the number four is the number of 'manifestation'. Hence we find here a symbol of the White Bread of the Eucharist and of the Red Wine: "This is My Body," "This is My Blood." And here we touch on a deep alchemical mystery: the purifying and separating of the soul from the body, as expressed by the Consecration of the White Bread, which is the first part of the alchemical experiment; and the separating of the soul from the Spirit, which is expressed by the Consecration of the Red Wine, and is the second part of the work. The re-co-ordination of Spirit, soul and body in a re-integrated whole is its consummation.

Thus from the Stone at the White, symbolised by the Bread, do we pass to the highest sublimation possible, namely the Stone at the Red, symbolised by the Cup.

Is it possible that Roman Catholics, in denying the Cup to the laity, are conscious of this differentiation? Is it a tacit admission on their part of the inefficiency of the Rite as performed by them, whether as regards their Priesthood or their lay-people? May we who have the privilege of Communion in that Cup of blessing, receive it, conscious of the greatness of the gift!

It is very curious and deeply suggestive that S. George's Banner has so often been shown in early Christian and Renaissance Art, as the Banner carried by Our Lord.

If we venture thus to appropriate it for ourselves, does it not become a Eucharistic symbol, indicating that the *True Eucharist*, as distinguished from the sacramental, is partaken only by Him who has conquered, and has risen above the lower planes of being?

Is not this thought illustrated by these exquisite lines from the Scotch Communion hymn :

Too soon we rise : the symbols disappear,
The Feast, though not the Love, is past and gone,
The Bread and Wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

In this sense indeed may 'Britannia' rule the waves, not of the ocean, but of the astral sea, the turbid flood and passionate desires in one sense, and the loosely elementated matter surrounding the physical in another—which must be 'ruled' and 'crossed' before entering the divine planes beyond.

Christ, being beyond the astral stage, of necessity transcends and 'walks' upon the waters. S. Peter leaving the 'boat,' *i. e.*, his physical body, attempts to walk across the 'astral sea' to Christ, and stumbles and falls midway; being not fully perfected, the illusions of the astral plane nearly overcome him and overwhelm him.

So did Icarus, in the old story, attempting to reach the sun; his wings of aspiration and preparation, being too weak, were melted by the blaze of the Christ-Light, and so he fell into the sea. The 'Stone'—remember Peter means 'Stone'—must be properly 'confectured' or developed in us before it can rise into consciousness. In other words, Christ must be formed in us by a process of gestation, before He can be born into realised consciousness.

Thus was Christ conceived in the heart of Mary before she could do so in her body.

In Roman Catholic countries the Mass, which in its pure form is an exposition of spiritual alchemy, is celebrated daily. Yet in countries like our own where

that office does not prevail, God has not left Himself without witness. Just as the Master was lifted up that He might draw all beneath Him to Himself, so is the Host daily elevated in Nature by unseen hands, as the Fire-body of the Sun rises from the horizon to the zenith, to revivify all beneath it. And so also whilst the human physical body is entranced, can the higher Self in man be lifted up in consciousness, that (1) it may redeem and transmute the lower, carnal self, and become clothed upon with the Fire-body of divine glory, and (2) that it may attain whilst in that glorified body, and, by a still more transcendent act of consciousness, realise union with God.

These two processes are the attaining of the Stone at the White and at the Red respectively. The White Stone, or Stone at the White, is given to them who have overcome the lower nature (and with a new name written upon it which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it). The Red Stone, or Stone at the Red, is the promised lot of those who have completed their union with the Divine, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The two colours are blended into one, and are thus transcended in the perfection of Sainthood.

Will you be reminded of this, each time you see the Union Jack, our National Flag ?

F. C. Montagu Powell

(I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst joint Editor, with Mr. Percy Lund, of the *Seeker Magazine*, for the thoughts embodied in this paper.—F. C. M. P.)

A PRAYER

“Needs only—eyes to see,
And every grain of dust a diamond will be.”

Be this our prayer—“Raise us not from the dust
But give us eyes to see.”

“Needs only—ears to hear,
And every hope were an echo, a melody every tear.”

Be this our prayer—“Spare not one agony,
But give us ears to hear.”

“Needs only—feet to climb,
And we can mount these long steep hills of time.”

Be this our prayer—“No resting-place we crave,
But give us feet to climb.”

“Needs only—hearts to feel,
Then every thorn shall hidden rose reveal.”

Be this our prayer—“Not that the thorns may cease,
But give us hearts to feel.”

“Needs only—to aspire,
And we shall soar beyond earth's thorns and mire.”

Be this our prayer—“Spare neither frost nor fire,
But wings! Give wings! That we may go where we
aspire.”

Lily Nightingale

THE HEALER OF ASNIERES

In *Le Miroir* (Paris) of 30th March, 1913, the account of an interview with Madame Lalloz of Paris and Asnieres, appears. She has more than once been prosecuted by the Faculty of Paris for the illegal practice of medicine, and has recently been acquitted from one such charge. She is described as quite an ordinary looking woman except for two things—her wonderful dark eyes with their penetrating gaze, which is at the same time powerful and sweet; and her even more remarkable hands. The interviewer describes the latter as suggesting “the hands of the priest who blesses and touches the Host”.

She denies any knowledge whatsoever of medicine, has never administered a drug or applied a dressing. “There is all my science,” she says, showing her hands. “It is by the simple laying on of hands. I have nothing more than that; Nature has made of me what I am—a wonderful instrument that doctors might study and utilise for the good of the suffering.” Her gift is hereditary, her mother and grandmother having also possessed it, and in her earliest childhood she used to amuse herself by placing her hands on plants and flowers, which would unfold their leaves and petals at her touch.

She calls the ‘fluid’ which emanates from her hands radio-activity, and regards her power as a heaven-sent gift which she is to use for the relief of human suffering. She never advertises and seeks no honour, though decorations relieve the whiteness of her nurse’s uniform; and yet even the quiet of her private home is invaded by the crowds that seek her aid, and her letter-box overflows with every round of the postman. This ‘fluid’ is powerful enough to make impressions upon photographic plates in the dark. Some of these were shown to the interviewer. There are some interesting

points in connection with these impressions. In some instances the pictures have taken tints of red or gold, and in others not only the hand itself but the bones are seen as in an X-ray photograph. One plate gives the exact reproduction of a two-franc piece, and another shows the usual photograph of Madame's hand but at the centre of it there is a small clearly defined ring. Madame Laloz explains it thus: "At the moment when I put my fingers on the plate, I was speaking of the Christ. 'He also,' I said, 'must have sent forth powerful radio-activity. They accused Him also of crime; He was condemned, crucified' The instant I uttered the last word, I felt in my hand an acute pain, exactly as if some one had driven a nail through it. There it is; you can see for yourself." Another interesting feature in this 'case' is that Madame bears in her own body the sufferings of those whom she has healed. In bad illnesses the pain is very great, and she has had to abandon the treatment of epileptics altogether. When she is suffering, her husband or brother by magnetic passes helps to soothe her pain, but that is all that is done to help her and the pain at length goes away of itself. Distance makes no difference in her power; examples are given of her having healed across the ocean. She says: "Distance does not exist for me; the radio-activity that I discharge can produce effects as well in Toulon as in Paris, in Martinique as in Siberia, or at the world's end."

Efforts are being made seriously to interest the medical profession in this remarkable healer, but so far they have not met with success. Madame Laloz is willing to submit to any tests they choose.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Flowers and Gardens, by C. Jinarājaḍāsa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE Adyar, Madras. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

By some mischance this exquisite little book, which calls itself "a dream structure," has been overlooked on our review table,

"I have just had a vivid dream, and though I am now thoroughly awake, I am living in that dream still." Such are the opening words. In the dream, everyone is "obsessed with the idea that the State exists for the sake of the children," the country is the "children's land" and patriotism is "child-service". The children themselves "are continually thinking of the aged," and "each citizen considers as next to his duty to the children his duty to the aged and infirm".

That which men here call the soul, these people call "the flower in man," and each of the outer flowers of their world is to them the mirror of a virtue. The State is "Our Garden"; weeds which are growing in it the citizens transplant to a special place, but they do not allow them to flower and thus produce new seeds. Evil is natural, but it is a survival, an anachronism, and any evil done by a man is to be thought of as not having been done, so that it may be eradicated by changing the past.

The leaders of the people are "the Gardeners," and the two Chiefs are the Head and the Heart; the Head gives the people power, the Heart gives them knowledge, the Head is as electricity, the Heart as sunshine.

But there! take the little book, reader mine, and dream over it for yourself; dream where the rippling waves are laughing softly to the shore, or where the mind is murmuring soft nothings to the palm-leaves, or where the moon-light is stooping from the zenith of a cloudless sky to kiss gently the smiling streamlet. Dream over it rather than read it; and perchance to you also may come a dream, a vision, of a Golden Age in a world which is still in the womb of the future.

A. B.

Minds in Distress, by Dr. A. E. Bridger, B.A. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

In these days, when the race is slowly becoming psychically more sensitive, not a few people suffer from those vague changes from normal consciousness which in more extreme form are known as hysteria and neurasthenia. A slight lack of nervous energy and a small want of proportion in the balancing of ideas are too often the origin of one or other of these troubles. Such persons will find the present volume of the greatest service.

The human mind is here classified into masculine and feminine types. No sex limitation is implied by this division. It refers merely to mental characteristics, and in some cases the attributes of both types are to be found in the same individual. In the view of the author, hysteria is to be found associated with the feminine type, while the masculine mind is liable to neurasthenia. Indications are given us of the methods by which the often obscure causes of these abnormalities may be discovered and an outline of the best treatment to adopt is suggested. The symptoms of hysteria are extraordinarily various, and among them we are interested to find that which is termed the perverted maternal instinct. As it sounds a useful note of warning, we here quote a paragraph referring to it. "The perverted maternity instinct is seen in an extreme devotion to animals, or even to inanimate objects, and in the various ways of 'mothering,' in a weak, silly manner, productive of little good, the heathen, the drunkard, and especially the vicious who are its objects, often harming them and bringing ridicule upon otherwise lofty causes."

The friends of neuropaths would do well to hand the book not to the patients but to the doctor in charge, since the line of cure will be more effective if the mechanism of it is not disclosed. To those less happily situated, who have vague mental symptoms, afflicting them with disquieting fears of insanity, and who have hesitated to confide in friend or doctor, we strongly recommend this cheerfully written little book, the more valuable in that the author himself was for some years a neurasthenic. It will do much to clear away the cobwebs and to enable the sufferer to take once more a happy healthy view of life.

C. R. H.

Studies from an Eastern Home, by Sister Nivedita. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

India is myriad-sided and responds to many temperaments in many ways. In these studies Sister Nivedita, with her usual charm, paints pictures breathing Indian sentiment and grace in a striking fashion, and for those who want to understand the real India of the Indians the volume is indispensable. These pen-sketches portray various phases of Indian life and thought, and while the ancient spirit permeates the book, it is not devoid of modern incidents and occurrences. A new point of view is to be found here by the non-Indian; the ancient atmosphere could be breathed here by the Indian. It gives pause to the scoffer at the ancient ways of an elder people; it inspires the men of newer lands and times to gain a spiritual perception of worldly affairs.

This volume, published after her death, contains 'In Memoriam' by S. K. Ratcliffe, and tributes from Professor Patrick Geddes, Mr. Nevinson, Professor T. K. Cheyne and Mr. Rabindranath Tagore. The following extract from the last-named writer is interesting:

I have not noticed in any other human being the wonderful power that was hers of absolute dedication of herself. In her own personality there was nothing which could stand in the way of this utter self-dedication. No bodily need, weakness or craving; no European habit which had grown up from infancy; no family affection or tender tie of kinship; no slight received from her own people; no indifference, weakness, and want of self-sacrifice on the part of those for whom she had devoted her life, could turn her aside. He who has seen her has seen the essential form of man, the form of the spirit. It is a piece of great good fortune to be able to see how the inner being of man reveals itself with unobstructed and undiminished energy and effulgence, nullifying the obstruction of all outer material coatings or impediments. We have been blessed in that we have witnessed that unconquered nobility of man in Sister Nivedita.

A few such souls contribute more towards drawing the East and the West closer, towards bringing the many nations and races of the world to a realisation of the Brotherhood of man, than the effusions of the followers of many creeds whose lives belie their platitudes.

B. P. W.

Cosmic Symbolism, by Sepharial. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Anything written by Sepharial, the celebrated exponent of Astrology, is well worth attention. The book is of interest to those who are inclined to Symbology, and especially to Astrology, for the suggestions.

The author asserts the fact of planetary influence in human life, though he does not dogmatise as to the *modus operandi*. He holds that there is a concert of action between the various cosmic centres and their corresponding principles in man, such as to uphold the Theosophic conception of man as a Microcosm. That there is a proper choice of time, technically called "the doctrine of election," for specific purpose, which leads man consciously to co-operate with nature is clearly shown by many examples, a typical one being that of the Titanic disaster. The cyclic law and the law of periodicity have greater bearing on national prosperity and adversity, showing how the cycle of 265 years, arising out of the periodic conjunction of Saturn and Mars, makes an epoch of great political disturbance in those areas where the conjunction occurs. Those who are interested in the Kabala of numbers will find the 13th and 14th chapters very instructive. Though we do not know why a particular number is given to a particular planet, still the fact remains that there exists a certain method underlying the planetary numbers which fits in admirably well with the whole working out of the system. Some efforts have been made to show that the planets affect us only in terms of ourselves, and that they do not of necessity influence us by their direct rays, but by the changes that they cause in the earth's magnetic aura at various points in the circle of the visible heavens. Consideration has been given in the "lumber room" chapter to Indian Astrology by bringing out into prominence the discarded symbols of the Moon's Nodes, the Dragon's head and tail. The Chapter on 'The Law of Sex' seems to be original and fascinating, and is worth study, especially by gynecologists who may have practical interest in the question of ascertaining the law controlling sex.

We regard the book as a valuable addition to the astrological works extant.

J. R. A.

Towards Liberty, by Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans Green & Co., London. Price 1s.)

These three essays come to us as a fresh breeze from a psychological sea. They deal, it is true, with the well worn subject of militant suffrage—but from the mystic standpoint. The commonplace restricted explanations with which our ears have been wearied, the author sweeps aside, and we see this astonishing movement not as a fortuitous and unrelated struggle, but as a breaking forth on the physical plane of mighty inner forces. The author holds with *Light on the Path* that man stands ever in advance of himself—that he must be free inherently before he can be outwardly free. She likens this spirit-born cry for liberty to the struggle of a choking man for air. The means by which it is attained may be crude, but these are only ephemeral and do not matter. What does matter is that the will is awakened, pushing old forms aside, as the delicate mushroom lifts an obstructing pavement. It is not opposition to political enfranchisement that Mrs. Re-Bartlett deplors; it is the lack in so many women of the urge, the “mystical possession,” without which they are empty vessels, contributing nothing to life. Militancy is divinely crowned with its own inspiration; for this she makes no plea. Her pity is for those of the general public who are opaque to this light. The home she considers the laboratory of the new spirit of liberty, fit only for the strongest. She marvels that the anti-suffragist should speak of it so lightly. For the militant spirit can express itself in the home as well as in the prison. The woman who refuses to hide under subterfuges, who looks husband or father in the eye and says: “I am what I am, this is the truth of me,” is a militant. Man’s whole idea of woman is being changed—not lowered—while woman is recreating herself. When she has learned as a sex to consecrate herself to an ideal, when she has lost her life in the personal in order to find it in the impersonal, then will she be worthy to mother the higher race which will arise. We are glad that the author clearly shows the nature of true freedom and does not confuse it with egoism. The one is will, untrammelled by the self, primarily altruistic, the other is self-will.

In short, hers is an appeal to the heroic life, to that spirit which scorns the body and dares to act in the face of pain and even death. It is this spirit which counts, not the mistakes in

accomplishment. It is this selfless courage which glorifies the militant movement and gives to it its vital significance.

There is much meat in this small volume. The author develops her argument logically, with a clarity and one-pointedness that is a delight to the reasoning mind, while her mystic interpretation leaves one breathless with a sense of the inner life and the immanence of wonder.

G. W.

A Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation into Christian Science, by an Enquirer. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

This is another of those apologia of Christian Science which seem appearing with some frequency. The author "desires it to be understood that I do not write as a Christian Scientist but as a Free Churchman, who has proved by personal experience the value of Christian Science as a system of healing". It is a clearly expressed and thoughtful book, and carefully explains that "in healing the consciousness is changed from the material to the spiritual". "The practitioner turns in thought to God alone," though how this turning to a power that is, according to Christian Science philosophy, apart from and opposite to matter should beneficially affect that matter, is not further explained. We are told that we must look for the solution of the problem of evil apart from God "into whose perfect consciousness no evil can enter," though we are also told that God is instrumental in healing illness—certainly an evil. Christian Science is—from its teaching as to the separateness of God and imperfection "for into the consciousness of God imperfection cannot enter"—a dualistic system, and can offer no help in dealing with the problem of the existence and the *raison d'être* of evil. But with all its limitations contradictions and deficiencies in logical presentment, Christian Science has undoubtedly helped many people badly in need of help, and so justified its existence from the practical pragmatic standpoint. It is, as William James defined it, the religion of healthy-mindedness, and this little book defends it with spirit and some success, and also gives a plain and easily comprehended summary of its teachings.

E. S.

Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures. From the Chinese, translated by George Soulie. (Constable & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

According to the author, the Chinese, once out of school, are more prone to the reading of novels and ghost-stories than to the reading of their classics. The *Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures*, written in the second half of the eighteenth century by P'on Song-lin, illustrate in a striking way the idea of the Chinese on the life after death. The Magicians of the Tao religion play a great part in these stories, some of which are gruesome, and many of which are threaded on the idea of metempsychosis. The names of people and of places are, as is usual with the Chinese, poetically suggestive and call up vivid mind-pictures to the reader; for instance, Pure-whiteness, living in the period of Eternal-happiness in Yellow-peach-blossom-city, who has adventures of uncanny nature at the hour of the Kat! Good things happen to you in China seemingly when you are dutiful, but evil overtakes you more rapidly there than in other places when you are not blameless, as you may learn from the story of 'The Tenth'. An undutiful son who had called his father "Fool," had to work for long at cleansing the River of Sorrows ere he again found his feet on the path leading to the City-of-all-virtues. Well got up and in good print, these stories give a glimpse into Chinese Imagination-land.

M. McC.

Some Indian Conceptions of Music, by Maud Mann. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d. net.)

We are very glad to have the paper read by Mrs. Mann before the Musical Association, London, in the permanent form of this pamphlet. A very large amount of information has been compressed within the twenty-two pages of which it consists. We are given an outline of Hindū musical science and a description of its various subdivisions. The theory underlying these is touched upon, and we have also examples of both *rāgas* and *ṭālas*. The author has the gift of clearness, and has succeeded in making this difficult subject quite easily intelligible even to those who are not musicians.

As an introduction to the study of Indian music we know of nothing more suitable than this little paper, while those of our readers attracted to things Indian will find here much to interest them.

C. R. H.

Light of the Avesta and the Gathas, by F. K. Dadachanji.
(Published by the author, Bombay. Price Rs. 4 or 5s. 4d.)

“The book strikes out into paths untrodden yet in Zarthoshti literature. It will appeal only to those who care to eye religion in its metaphysical, occult, philosophic, and esoteric aspects,” says the preface. We do very much “care to eye religion” from these points of view, but even so we regret to record that we find the book disappointing. Metaphysics and philosophy, not rich of their kind, are dealt out in small quantities; of occultism and esotericism—there is none. But the book is in many ways a useful compilation and if not a thorough and masterly production, it is certainly a labour of love for which the Parsis will thank Mr. Dadachanji. A Theosophic current runs through the volume, but a greater application of our teachings would have decidedly improved it. If the young author reflected as much as he studied, if he had put himself in the place of his reader while he was engaged in writing, if he had observed simplicity of expression and purity of language and paid more attention to the technique of writing, and if he had curbed the great enthusiasm for and exaggerated notions of his theme, his then modest volume would have served its purpose and its author would have attained his goal. But there are several good points about the book: it is a painstaking production; its plan is well conceived; it is permeated by the religious fervour of its author. Its verbosity makes the reading dull, but does not entirely deprive it of its usefulness. One admirable purpose it does serve—the writer’s endeavour to fathom the esotericism of the Avesta enables him to make out a good case in favour of the living mystic interpretation of religions against a dead letter wooden one. We wish, for that reason, if not for any other, that all educated Parsis would read this book, written with a praiseworthy motive and for a noble purpose.

B. P. W.

A Prisoner in Fairyland, by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

It would seem that Mr. Blackwood frequently borrows the ideas round which he weaves his tales from the teachings that Theosophy sets forth. The present story is no exception to the rule. The central theme, long familiar to our readers, is that mental pictures upon the same subject, of even widely separated individuals, coalesce to make a single thought-form to which all have access. Around this conception the author has written a most charming story. It concerns a retired and prosaic business man who discovers in his dreams a Star Cave, a place of delight filled with all the unused starlight that falls upon the earth. Meeting there a happy family of children he joins them in bringing joy and courage to all the unhappy sleeping mortals whom, during the brief hours of night, they can reach. We are told of the difficulty of aiding the sleepers who too often are enveloped in an almost impenetrable cloud of their own gloomy thoughts. In such cases various helpers are called to aid in hope that the special characteristic of one or the other, be it love, sympathy or understanding, may pierce the cloud and reach the consciousness within. This is perhaps the most happily suggestive passage in the book. The children have much difficulty in arousing their friends to a consciousness of other planes, a process which consists in pulling them out of their bodies. We cannot help thinking that the picture would have been more beautiful had the writer, on this point also, followed Theosophical teaching, and described the people as drowsily dreaming, enwrapped in their many coloured auras until with brilliant play of auric colour they are awakened to full consciousness of their surroundings. The introduction of a visitor from the Pleiades and the marriage with her of the central figure in the story is not we think a very satisfactory ending. It will be seen that there are no fairies or other non-human persons, for Mr. Blackwood's fairy world is peopled only with human beings. The various characters are very well depicted, that of Minks, the private secretary, being particularly well drawn, but perhaps the eldest child of the family is somewhat too reminiscent of Wendy in Peter Pan. There are some exceedingly clever nonsense rhymes scattered throughout the book and we hope more of them will be given us in the future. The prolixity and

repetition of the idea so noticeable in Pan's garden is unfortunately apparent here and is inclined to engender a loss of interest during the latter half of the book. It is a fault against which the author would do well to guard. Shorn of its redundancy and reduced to half its length the story would have been far more vivid and arresting. None the less those to whom this writer's previous books are a delight will derive equal pleasure from this new volume from his pen.

C. R. H.

The Faith of all Sensible People, by David Alec Wilson. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net).

To begin with, the reviewer negatives the very ambitious and arrogant title of the book, many of whose sayings seem to suggest the faith of the ignorant rather than the sensible. This faith is said to be that of Thomas Carlyle, Confucius and Heraclitus, Epictetus and the author of Job, Spinoza and Goethe, and the book grew out of an attempted life of Carlyle. With some of the main conclusions these celebrated men may have been in accord, but with very many of Mr. Wilson's dogmas we doubt very much Goethe, Spinoza, or Heraclitus agreeing. This book certainly betrays the absence of any inner wisdom illumination, but Mr. Wilson's unfortunate failure does not negative others' success. The existence of the religion of Buddhism convicts Mr. Wilson of inaccuracy, to state the case mildly. After the ignorance or prejudice displayed on this point, it is not surprising to find that nothing can be known about life in other worlds, and "that of what happens after death we can know nothing". Also "vain is it to lament that we know nothing for certain except our own consciousness—through it we have to look, but not to it, and attention given to it is so much loss of energy". With this modern writers on psychology would hardly agree. Two other very curious statements among many, and for which no reason is given except the author's *ipse dixit*, are: "It is remarkable that the present deterioration in the minds of English clergymen has coincided with the rise of brotherhood, and a decline in the vigour of German thought is expected by intelligent Germans as a result of the present revival of the power of a 'celibate clerus'." We wonder also how the author

reconciles the statement: "all our 'evils' are either imaginary or of human doing," with natural catastrophes such as earthquakes or floods? His warmest admiration is reserved for the Chinese nation and for the teachings of Confucius—a significant admiration which quite explains the strongly materialistic tone of his faith, while the book is written throughout in a dogmatic and self-assertive spirit far from agreeable. However we are glad to find ourselves in accord with some of its final conclusions, the doctrine of the unity of the world, and that "the soul of all things is good". But we feel it the kindest thing to recommend to the author before further publication some study of the results of psychic research and of modern psychology and of the thought of modern philosophy—particularly Bergson—with regard to the value of the intuition. For such studies cannot, as the religious situation stands to-day, be profitably omitted from any book dealing with either faith or philosophy, and there seems little internal evidence in this book of such study.

E. S.

Dante and the Mystics, by Edmund G. Gardner. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Aldine House, London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

University Extension Lecturers know very well that there is no subject that appeals more to the general public than the study of Dante. Add to this well-known fact the obvious amount of interest now shown in Mysticism, as instanced by the wide-spread popularity of authors such as Miss Evelyn Underhill, and it will become apparent that the author of *Dante and the Mystics* is likely to command the attention of an appreciative public. His scholarly treatise includes portions of lectures delivered at the London University College, and the aim and scope of this book is to show the close relationship existing between the Poet and the long line of medieval Mystics, who constitute his spiritual ancestry. The author is deeply versed in all the writings of S. Augustine, Dionysius, the Victorines, the Franciscans and the two Mechthilds, and he shows in numerous passages from their works how Dante was the heir of all their wisdom; at the same time he was an original and powerful thinker.

While, however, on the one hand he succeeds to the accumulated stores of mystical inspiration, upon the other the Poet is heir to all the Troubadour traditions of Provence and the Due Cento, as the author points out in an interesting passage (on p. 10.)

It will be clear from the following that the writer is not only familiar with that state of spiritual exaltation known as illumination, but that he actually lays claim to receiving it:

To understand which things we must know that the human intellect when it is exalted in this life because of its being co-natural, and having affinity with a separated intellectual substance, is so far exalted that, after its return, memory fails, because it has transcended the measure of humanity. And this is conveyed to us by the apostle speaking to the Corinthians, where he says: *I know such a man (whether in the body, or out of the body, I know not God knoweth), that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard secret words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.* Lo, after the intellect had passed beyond human measure in its ascent, it remembered not the things that took place outside its own range. This also is conveyed to us in *Matthew*, where the three disciples fell upon their faces and related nothing afterwards as though they had forgotten. And in *Ezekiel* it is written: *I saw and fell upon my face.* And if these suffice not the invidious, let them read Richard of St. Victor in his book *De Contemplatione*. Let them read Bernard in his book *De Consideratione*, let them read Augustine in his book *De Quantitate Animae*, and they will not grudge assent. But, if they carp at the assignment of so great exaltation because of the sin of the speaker, let them read Daniel, where they will find that Nabuchodonosor too by divine inspiration saw certain things against sinners and dropped them into oblivion, for He "who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," sometimes in mercy for their conversion, sometimes in wrath for their punishment, reveals His glory in greater or less measure, as He wills to those who live never so evilly."

According to the views of Miss Underhill this subjective knowledge of Mysticism is essential. She will have none of theoretical Mystics, who, as she graphically puts it, are no more really Mystics "than the milestones on the Dover road are travellers to Calais". In regard to this sentiment of hers probably opinions will differ, and some readers will be more inclined to agree with this author that both objective and subjective forms of Mysticism undoubtedly exist and, in some rare and remarkable instances, co-exist in the same person—as in the case of Santa Teresa. This book should be both interesting and instructive to a large section of the public and we wish it good-speed.

K. F. S.

The Making of the Better Man, by F. T. Brooks. (League of the Helping Hand, 7 Mandavali Lane, Mylapore, Madras, S.)

This little book is worth reading, for it contains some good ideas put in an original way. Mr. Brooks divides his subject into: 1. The Making of the Better Mind. 2. The Making of the Better Heart. 3. The Making of the Better Body. It is addressed especially "To the League of the Helping Hand," which has the admirable object of wanting "To make the better Man and Woman of to-morrow, all the world over, by making many thousands of better boys and girls to-day." Each takes a pledge, and tries to be true and kind.

The book begins—omitting the preface—in very simple style, suitable for boys, and later changes so as more to reach their elders. In the section on Mind we are told that the rule for "getting is giving," a catching way of putting a great truth. Then the mind must "be true," since truth alone makes it fit to receive knowledge, and truth is "the only right condition of our minds". Truth is defined as "agreement between mind and fact"; falsehood makes the mind crooked, as a mirror which distorts objects placed before it. Hence "untruth is the killing of your mind". Quite sound doctrine, wherever it is lived.

For "the making of the better heart," we are bidden: "Be kind." Again the rule for "getting is giving"; make others happy, and you will find that you yourself are happy. Love is present when "taking trouble over" a person or a thing "becomes a joy"—perhaps the most original definition in the book, and one which is profoundly true, as all know who really love.

The motto for the "making of the better body" is: "Be healthy." There is much plain speaking in this third part, but no real coarseness, because the thought behind the speech is clean. In dealing with the question of sex, Mr. Brooks shows that he has grasped the central truth concerning it, that conservation, not wastage, of the Creative Power during adolescence is the condition of the development of health and strength. The more this is preached, the better for the lads of India, as for those of every other land.

A. B.

Legends and Tales, by Annie Besant. LOTUS LEAVES FOR THE YOUNG Series No. 1. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar Madras. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

This pleasant little work from Mrs. Besant's indefatigable pen forms a welcome specimen of literary activity in a line which is different from that usually associated with the author's name. It contains seven charming tales told to the young by a lover of the young; stories of high deeds and noble thoughts. They were written many years ago, and enjoyed a very wide circulation when they were originally published in 1885, but for a number of years they have been out of print. It was a very happy thought to issue them again, and we do not doubt that they will find an interest, which may prove even greater than the previous one.

Two of the stories are taken from Indian lore—that of Gaṅgā, the River Maid, and the drowning of the world. Two others come from Greece, which tell of the stealing of Persephone and of Perseus. Two more recount Christian stories, one telling of Hypatia, the other of Rosetta the peasant girl; and the remaining tale is that of the Wandering Jew. This little collection, is the first of a series called, 'Lotus Leaves for the Young,' intended to include similar tales.

In the original edition three other stories were included which have been left out in the present one. Two of them were about Jonah and Moses, which will not be so much missed; not on account of the way in which they were related but because the subjects may be for many less attractive. The third—about Giordano Bruno—would however have been very welcome indeed, if only as showing how, even in her free-thought days, Mrs. Besant was instinctively attracted by that character as well as by that of Hypatia. The story of Giordano Bruno was also by much the longest of those contained in the first edition; it has however recently been included in another publication, and has hence been omitted.

R. v. M.

The Cult of Higher Men, by Dr. D. P. Thakore, Ps. D. (South Indian Press, 18 Linga Chetty Street, Madras, E.)

Dr. Thakore's book is worth reading for its outspokenness, its evident effort to say exactly what is believed by the author to be true, and its command of vigorous and poignant speech. It has the defect of its qualities which may be summed up as a violence of feeling expressed in language which defeats its own object by revolting instead of convincing. The author evidently feels that he does well to be angry, and later in life it is probable that the at present ungentled horses may become high-spirited and powerful steeds.

Dr. Thakore begins with a frank declaration that variety and inequality are the immutable law of nature, and that man's attempts to establish an indiscriminate equality "find him landed in the hopeless tangle of warring elements". But should he link brotherhood and equality as he does, following the usual formula? A young man of eighteen may be the brother of a babe of two years old, but surely they are not equals? Human society, however ideal, cannot present a level of equality, but it should be formed as a brotherhood of elders, contemporaries and youngers, bound together by mutual duties and a ready and loving mutual helpfulness.

To Dr. Thakore, Freedom is man's goal, and there is a profound truth in the thought; *mukti*, liberation, is the Hindū goal also of human life, and Dr. Thakore's idea of freedom is nearer the truth than the average Hindū's idea of liberation.

A very illuminative thought is propounded in the perfection of memory in the 'subjective mind,' that which is often called the 'sub-conscious,' in modern psychology. Dr. Thakore probably does not admit the existence of that which the Theosophist would call the 'super-conscious,' and indeed modern psychology does not yet recognise that its 'sub-conscious' is dual, the true sub-conscious retaining the memories stored up from past evolution, and the dawning super-conscious containing the indications of future evolution. He is crippled by his too purely intellectual view of life, and his agnostic attitude towards its spiritual side.

His remarks on the treatment of 'criminals' are exceedingly good, and are summed up in the sentence: "The entire aim of the criminal law and its application, as it is in vogue to-day, is to punish the offender, but not to reform him."

In his passionate indignation against the evils consequent on early marriage, and the avalanches of epithets precipitated on the parents who bring it about, Dr. Thakore writes as though he objected to marriage in itself, and was in favour of its abolition, leaving all sexual unions to be free and temporary. But he probably does not mean that, and it would be wise to rewrite in more careful language the greater part of chapter IV. He very rightly protests against there being one law of morality for men and another for women, and says that if widows should not remarry neither should widowers. He denounces the view that early marriage is a remedy against the 'social evil,' and declares that it removes the restraints which check youthful excess with loose women, and that the father, desiring to save his son from "the supposed or real evil" substitutes for it "another evil of much greater magnitude and of far-reaching consequences. He marries his son," thus "undermining at the same time his physical as well as mental constitution, if he has any at all". But surely this ignores the moral effect of the two courses, even taking marriage as a mere union of bodies. For in the case of the one there is a sense of dishonour, of unworthy self-degradation, of the social degradation of the woman, and also the misery-breeding feeling of fear and shame. In the other there is the reverse of this; granted that there is a frightful amount of intemperance in marriage, it is yet free from the haunting sense of shame. And as Dr. Thakore rightly thinks so much of the laws of nature, is there no indication, I would ask him, in the fact that 'the hidden plague' which is reaching such terrifying dimensions in the West has its root in prostitution, not in marriage? I wonder when people will begin to realise that the *one* lesson for the youth is absolute continence, the abstinence from *every* form of sexual excitement, solitary or associated, until he is, at least, over twenty-one. Such complete conservation during adolescence of vital energy within the body it should build up and invigorate is the only way to health and to old age. A useful chapter on 'Methods of Attainment,' and some less useful 'Aphorisms and Paradoxes' complete the book, which is to be recommended as provocative of thought.

A. B.

MRS. BESANT CHALLENGES THE BISHOP OF MADRAS TO DEBATE

The following letter appeared in the *Madras Standard*, after it had been sent to the Bishop of Madras by Mrs. Besant.

MY LORD BISHOP,

You have thought fit to put your name to a pamphlet attacking "Mrs. Besant's Theosophy" in which you seek to fasten on me advice I have always repudiated, and to represent this as my "Theosophy," ignoring the whole of my teachings on Theosophy for twenty-four years. You have further permitted your name to be used to endorse an electioneering attack on myself, without troubling to look into the official documents, which show that the forfeiting of the German Charter was due to the infringement of the Constitution of the Theosophical Society ensuring liberty of opinion to its members: that the General Council, of which I am the Executive Officer, ordered the cancellation on the above ground; that the German General Secretary declared that the German Section had ceased to exist, five weeks before I declared the Charter forfeited, and transferred it to German Lodges who were faithful to the Constitution.

Your authority, my Lord Bishop, is being used to deceive the public; you have attacked me by name, and have represented as my "Theosophy" advice for which there is no word of support from me. You know that, in the poisoned atmosphere created in Madras, chiefly by the libels constantly appearing in *The Hindu*, there is no chance for me of legal redress if I should bring a suit against you. I therefore take the only course left open to me, and challenge you to make good your statements in a public debate on: "The relative morality of Church Christianity and Mrs. Besant's Theosophy." You cannot refuse to defend your position on the ground that I am a woman for you have attacked me, a woman. You cannot refuse on the ground of your dignity, for my name has weight in every civilised country, while you are but little known outside your diocese. You cannot refuse because you are the recognised spiritual head of the scattered Christians of the Anglican Church in the Madras Presidency for I am the elected head of over 23,000 people of education, standing and culture scattered over the

civilised world. You cannot refuse because in the world of literature you hold a higher position than I for my books are circulated by tens of thousands yearly, while yours? I do not know. Above all, as a gentleman, you cannot refuse to meet the woman you have slandered and justify what you have said. If under these circumstances you should refuse, the public will know how to judge between us.

Since I came to India twenty years ago, I have made no attack on Christianity; indeed I have made none since I entered the T. S., and my works and lectures have brought back to the great faith many who had left it in despair. Your missionary supporters have libelled me everywhere since first I set foot in India. You hate me, because I have checked the tide of perversion which was flowing high when I came here, and because I strengthen the young in their own faiths. Your adherents insult me on every possible occasion; they close all their halls in Madras against boys' societies when I am asked to speak or to preside; Mr. Leith throws back in my face a subscription asked for, on the ground that I am too immoral even to give a few rupees to fishermen and your friend *The Hindu* reports the petty insult; I do Mr. Leith injustice; he was willing to take my money provided my name did not appear on the receipt. I know that is only a survival of the spirit that slew Hypatia; that burned the heretic, whether the stake were lit by Rome or by Geneva; that tore out the tongue of Vanini ere it butchered him; that gave birth to Torquemada and to Alva. Now it cannot kill or imprison; it can only slander.

So much the greater your duty, my Lord Bishop, to defend on the open platform that which you are circulating through the press. When you were consecrated, you were bidden to be to the flock of Christ "a shepherd not a wolf". To me it is as a wolf that you are acting. You may retort that I am not of the "flock of Christ," and that therefore you may give me a wolfish bite. Dare you say that I am not one of those "other sheep" of whom the Christ spoke, who hear His voice though not of your narrow fold? If you refuse my challenge here, I appeal to Him as Judge between us, and in His presence, my Lord Bishop, you will be compelled to answer whatever you may do here.

ANNIE BESANT

ADYAR,
13th December, 1913.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE great event for us in the closing days of the last year was the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of the Theosophical Society, held in Benares. The sacred city of Hindūism—often as we have met there during the last twenty years on Theosophy intent—had never before seen such a Theosophical gathering, and the universal testimony of the visitors was that never before had they had been so comfortable. This was partly due to the fact that, in default of the C. H. C., the leading house-owners in Benares lent their comfortable bangalows, so that the accommodation was more home-like in character. The Mahārājas of Benares and Vizianagram lent their palaces; Rājā Madho Lal, the Hon. Mr. Moti Chand, Bābu Govinda Das Sāhab, and many others, offered either whole houses or accommodation in their own residences. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown. The other fact was the splendid organising faculty of the General Secretary, and his tact and genial ways. We owed to Dr. Tarporewalla, the Headmaster of the C. H. C. School, the admirable lecture arrangements,

the great shamiana, sheltering 2,000 people, beautifully decorated with flowers, and seated with chairs and benches which flowed in from all quarters. Benares is not usually a place for great and enthusiastic meetings—apart from the Theosophists, thronging thereto from all parts—but this year it seemed determined to show its feeling towards one of its citizens of twenty years' standing, so cruelly treated in the capital of 'the benighted Presidency,' which in this has certainly deserved its name. The invitation to me to preside at the All-India Jain Conference, and to preside also at a town's meeting on behalf of the persecuted Indians in S. Africa, with the passionately warm welcome given at each, was Kāshī's rebuke to those who tried to injure the Theosophical Society's Convention by bringing contempt proceedings against its President, so as to prevent her from going to Benares. There are some *ways* of fighting which, whatever their opinion on the merits of any case, all gentlemen condemn. To try to cause quite unnecessary public and private inconvenience is one of these; and though the utterly unchivalrous attempt was partially frustrated by a journey of six days for a visit lasting from midday on the 25th December to midnight on the 29th, it was none the less condemned. But the intensity of the work done made up to some extent for the brevity of the stay, and the outpoured love and sympathy more than repaid the outlay of health and strength on the hurried journey. Where the life of the Masters is freely sent to one pledged to Their service, even a woman's body in its sixty-seventh year can bear strains which would wreck that of a strong man. It is this with which the enemies of the T. S. have not reckoned; they are dashing themselves against the rock of

the Will of the Hierarchy, not against one feeble woman. "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, and on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." The grinding process has begun in Madras.

* * *

The chief characteristic of our Convention was a sober triumphant joy, only clouded now and again for a moment when the danger of imprisonment for the leader made the quick tears rise. But even in face of that, there was the feeling that all was very well, since the divine Ones guide the destinies of man. What matters it, if a few soldiers fall in the great struggle, since there are plenty to fill the gaps, and the final victory is sure?

* * *

The reports from many countries told the happy tale of growing harmony within and of influence without. Scandinavia and Holland had lost heavily by the Steiner secession, but the general increase was so large that it almost wiped out that heavy loss. There was general satisfaction that the insidious attempt to limit liberty of opinion within a National Society—so as to exclude all who did not accept the Christo-Theosophy of Dr. Steiner, with the primacy of Christianity—had been so completely foiled, and that perfect freedom within the Society had been vindicated and preserved. But the bad generalship of Dr. Steiner aroused much wonder, and the attempts to cover it by Mr. Lévy's misrepresentations caused some quiet amusement. Why had the German Section pronounced itself extinct of its own accord, and subsided into the oddly-named Anthroposophical Society? Why had it not retraced its

false step of expelling members for their beliefs, when the opportunity was offered to it by the President, and so preserved its voting power for use against that President's re-election? The only answer seemed to be : *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*

* * *

The appearance of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa in the Convention shamiana was greeted with warmest welcome, for this highly cultured and richly endowed Indian gentleman is respected and loved by all who know him, or have read his exquisite writings. It is one of the great injuries inflicted on my late wards by the Madras suit, that they have been deprived of a companionship of quite unrivalled value.

* * *

As the Bishop of Madras declined either to withdraw his slander on me or to debate the question he raised, I decided to give three lectures, dealing with the matters alleged. These, while originating in the Bishop's unwarrantable personal attack, will deal with principles only, and will be constructive, recognising fully the value to the West of the Higher Christianity. I do not propose to descend to personal attacks on the Christian clergy—following the bad episcopal example in his attack on Mr. Leadbeater and myself. Even were we as wicked as he pretends we are, no argument against Theosophy would lie on such grounds. Wicked Popes and priests are not arguments against Christianity. The lectures are on 'Theosophy and Christianity,' 'Theosophy and Morality,' 'Occultism in the Great Religions'. The lectures will be published under the title: *Theosophy and the Bishop of Madras.*

* * *

Mr. Johan van Manen, F. T. S., the Assistant Director of the Adyar Library, has written an admirable answer to the missionary attack. His wide reading and scholarly culture make him a too formidable opponent for the feeble missionaries, and he reminds one of a knight in armour slaying a peasant, or—to use a more appropriate metaphor—of a steam-hammer descending on a mosquito, I cannot say on a butterfly, for a butterfly is a fairy creature of joy and beauty. The pamphlet, of one hundred and twenty large pages, is published at the absurd price of six annas, and numbers are being distributed gratuitously. A whispering murmur is heard from missionary circles: “Sorry I spoke.”

* * *

There is a strangely pathetic idea in the wireless cry for help from within the Arctic circle, a cry from a Norwegian ship which had gone ashore in the far north, 600 miles from the mainland. It was only a whisper, a whisper out of the long night which surrounds the Pole. “Keep off your key. S. O. S. about.” So rang round a warning from station to station in Europe, for the whisper of distress was so faint that only through completest silence could it be heard at all. Ship after ship answered the appeal, but what could they do? 600 miles away from Bergen, the nearest station, a ship lay ashore, amid ice and darkness, in the terrible Arctic cold. Did it bring some faint warmth of human companionship to the mariners, that they could hear, however faintly, a human whisper across the ice-floes, and know that human hearts were sympathising, even though no help could come from human hands.

* * *

The New Year has witnessed the birth of a new literary child—*The Commonweal*, with its motto: 'For God, Crown and Country'. It is a 'Journal of National Reform,' and is intended to serve the movement for social amelioration and political progress within the Empire. I have said in an article on its policy:

One thing that lies very near to our heart is to draw Great Britain and India nearer to each other, by making known in Great Britain something of Indian movements and of the men who will influence from here the destinies of the Empire. England will listen eagerly to the views of the coming men of India, of whom, at present, she knows scarcely anything. The views of the English-educated men, who are the voice of India in the present as they are her hope in the future, are but little known to the people of Great Britain. Yet for the sake of both nations it is vital that these should be as well known there as the leading men of England are known here. A few of the Bengal leaders are known—through misrepresentations. How complete these are is shown by the escapades of the *Times*. Mr. Gokhale is known by leading politicians, but to the ordinary man he is little more than a name. The ignorance of the real India is abysmal, and therefore the interest in her is sluggish. We would fain present a living picture of the true India, the India panting for liberty, aspiring to Self-Government, and yet so patient and so hopeful, that England may understand and—sympathise.

The greater part of the above policy is intended to serve Indian reform, but we shall advocate the spirit of these reforms everywhere, and shall seek to draw together men and women of good-will in every land.

I would ask English Theosophists to read the articles in the *Commonweal* with care. Some of them are written by men with special knowledge of Indian thought and feeling, and they deserve careful consideration. The writers, belong, of course, to the "educated minority," so hateful to the *Times*, but England's future depends on her being able to understand and to sympathise with these public-spirited and noble Indians. I am sending the paper to some of our members who "are in Kings' houses," and to others who have influence in the political world. Changes must come, but whether,

in all civilised countries, they come in peace or in tumult, largely depends on the men and women of goodwill, of whom we have so many in European countries.

* * *

I would like to draw attention to the article in the *Commonweal* of January 16th entitled 'A Promising Departure'. It is an attempt by the Hindūs and Muhamadans of Madras to place the amenities of social life, accompanied by opportunities of intellectual and physical devolpment, within the reach of the younger generation, by free association between elders and youngers, and the cultivation of mutually useful and helpful relations. An exceedingly strong body has been formed, consisting of the leading citizens of Madras, and the Association has been registered under the name of the 'Young Men's Indian Association'. It is earnestly hoped that the young men who join this Association will become fired with the spirit of Service, which glowed so warmly in the hearts of the students of the Central Hindū College.

* * *

The *Christian Commonwealth* had the interesting idea of asking a large number of people by what faith they lived; naturally, the answers offered a remarkable variety of opinions. One of the most striking was the reply of Charles Bradlaugh's [daughter, Hypatia Bradlaugh-Bonner, who declined to label her life-basis as either faith or intuition, and affirmed that she built her life on the sense of duty to the world, the duty of leaving it a little better than she found it. Her noble father also felt in this thought all the inspiration he needed for his splendid and heroic life. Such selfless workers are of the salt of the earth. My own contribution ran as follows:

I believe that man is a spiritual intelligence, sharing in God's Eternity and unfolding the divine powers of his Father through countless ages of progress. To me, thus believing, joy and sorrow are equally welcome, personally, as forces for evolution, as sunshine and rain to the growing plant. Power, Wisdom, and Love guide the worlds, so all is very well. As all men partake in the Divine Nature, all are unfolding towards happiness, knowledge, and power. The less unfolded they are—*i.e.*, the more ignorant—the more are they to be pitied and helped. Sin is only ignorance, and ignorance lessens as we gain experience. Everyone is travelling towards perfection, and our differences are differences of age, not of nature. Theosophy has taught me how to *know*, and life in other worlds, continuous and ever widening, is to me a matter of knowledge, not of faith. Where, then, is there room for sorrow, since God is everywhere, and He is bliss?

If this be true, perchance it adds a note of joy to the view of my old friends. For ineffably sad is it, if the experience of the slum and the gaol is *all* that life has to offer to some of its embodiments.

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The special funds that need helping over here are those which go to the increase of the Adyar Library, and to the strengthening of our centre. The Library is becoming a splendid one, and all members may well be proud of it. Among our magazines, I should like to press THE THEOSOPHIST itself; could not each reader find us one new subscriber? It suffers, to some extent, from the very numerous journals which have sprung up around it; yet these are signs of vitality, and the increase should not be regretted. *The Young Citizen* would also be glad of a helping hand, as it seeks to win the younger generation to the great ideals of the future.



MEMORIES OF PAST LIVES

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 494.)

MAY we not regard instincts as memories buried in the sub-conscious, influencing our actions, determining our 'choices'? Is not the moral instinct, Conscience, a mass of interwoven memories of past experiences, speaking with the authoritative utterance of all instincts, and deciding on 'right' and 'wrong' without argument, without reasoning? It speaks clearly when we are walking on well-trodden ways, warning us of dangers oft experienced in the past, and we shun them at sight as the chicken shuns the downrush of the hawk hovering above it. But as that same chicken

has no instinct as regards the rush of a motor car, so have we no 'voice of Conscience' to warn us of the pitfalls in ways hitherto unknown.

Again, innate faculty—what is it but an unconscious memory of subjects mastered in the past? A subject, literary, scientific, artistic, what we will, is taken up by one person and mastered with extraordinary ease; he seizes at sight the main points in the study, taking it up as new, apparently, but so rapidly grasping it that it is obviously an old subject remembered, not a new subject mastered. A second person, by no means intellectually inferior, is observed to be quite dense along this particular line of study; reads a book on it, but keeps little trace of it in his mind; addresses himself to its understanding, but it evades his grasp. He stumbles along feebly, where the other ran unshackled and at ease. To what can such difference be due save to the unconscious memory which science is beginning to recognise? One student has known the subject and is merely remembering it; the other takes it up for the first time, and finds it difficult and obscure.

As an example, we may take H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, a difficult book; it is said to be obscure, diffuse, the style to be often unattractive, the matter very difficult to follow. I have known some of my friends take up these volumes and study them year after year, men and women, intelligent, quite alert in mind; yet after years of study they cannot grasp its main points nor very often follow its obscure arguments. Let me put against that, my own experience of that book. I had not read anything of the subject with which it deals from the standpoint of the Theosophist; it was the first Theosophical book I had read—except the *Occult World*—

and it came into my hands, apparently by chance, given to me to review by Mr. Stead, then Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When I began to read that book, I read it right through day after day, and the whole of it was so familiar as I read, that I sat down and wrote a review which any one may read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of, I think, February or March, 1889; and any one who reads that review will find that I had taken the heart out of the book and presented it intelligently to the ordinary newspaper reader. That certainly was not from any special genius on my part. If I had been given a book of some other kind, I might have stumbled over it and made nothing of it at all; but as I read I *remembered*, and the whole philosophy fell into order before me, although to this brain and in this body it came before me for the first time. I allege that in cases like that we have a proof of the accuracy of Plato's idea, mentioned already, that all knowledge is reminiscence; where we have known before we do really remember, and so master without any effort that which another, without a similar experience, may find abstruse, difficult and obscure. We may apply this to any new subject that any one may take up. If he has learned it before, he will remember and master the subject easily; if not, taken as a new thing, he must learn step by step, and gradually understand the relation between the phenomena studied, working it out laboriously because unknown.

Let us now apply that same idea of memory to genius, say to musical genius. How can we explain, except by previous knowledge existing as memory, the mystery of a little child who sits down to a piano and with little teaching, or with none, outstrips many who have given years of labour to the art? It is not only

that we marvel over children like the child Mozart in the past, but in our own day we have seen a number of these infant prodigies, the limit of whose power was the smallness of the child hand, and, even with that deficient instrument, they showed a mastery of the instrument that left behind those who had studied music for many years. Do we not see in such child genius the mark of past knowledge, of past power of memory, rather than of learning?

Or let us take the Cherniavsky family; three brothers in it have been before the public for eleven years, drawing huge audiences by their wonderful music; the youngest is now only eighteen, the eldest twenty-two; they have not been taught, but have taught themselves—*i.e.*, they have unconsciously remembered. A little sister of theirs, now five years old, already plays the violin, and since she was a baby the violin has been the one instrument she has loved. Why, if she has no memory?

This precocious genius, this faculty which accomplishes with ease that which others perform with toil and difficulty, is found not only in music. We recall the boy Giotto, on the hill-side with his sheep. Nor is it found only in art. Let us take that marvellous genius, Dr. Brown, who, as a little child, when he was only five or six years old, had been able to master dead languages; who, as he grew older, picked up science after science, as other children pick up toys with which they are amused; who carried an ever-increasing burden of knowledge "lightly as a flower," and became one of the most splendid of scientific geniuses, dealing with problems that baffled others but that he easily solved, and standing as a monument of vast constructive

scientific power. We find him, according to his father's account, learning at the age when others are but babies, and using those extraordinary powers—memories of the past persisting into the present.

But let us take an altogether other class of memory. We meet some one for the first time. We feel strongly attracted. There is no outward reason for the attraction; we know nothing of his character, of his past; nothing of his ability, of his worth; but an overpowering attraction draws us together, and a life-long intimate friendship dates from the first meeting, an instantaneous attraction, a recognition of one supremely worthy to be a friend. Many of us have had experiences of that kind. Whence come they? We may have had an equally strong repulsion, perhaps, quite as much outside reason, quite as much apart from experience. One attracts and we love; the other repels and we shrink away. We have no reason for either love or repulsion. Whence comes it save as a memory from the past?

A moment's thought shows how such cases are explained from the standpoint of reincarnation. We have met before, have known each other before. In the case of a sudden attraction it is the soul recognising an ancient friend and comrade across the veil of flesh, the veil of the new body. In the case of repulsion it is the same soul recognising an ancient enemy, one who wronged us bitterly, or whom we have wronged; the soul warns us of danger, the soul warns us of peril, in contact with that ancient foe, and tries to drag away the unconscious body that does not recognise its enemy, the one whom the soul knows from past experience to be a peril in the present. 'Instinct' we say; yes, for, as we have seen,

instinct is unconscious, or sub-conscious, memory. A wise man obeys such attractions and such repulsions; he does not laugh at them as irrational, nor cast them aside as superstition, as folly; he realises that it is far better for him to keep out of the way of the man concerning whom the inner warning has arisen, to obey the repulsion that drives him away from him. For that repulsion indicates the memory of an ancient wrong, and he is safer out of touch of that man against whom he feels the repulsion.

Do we want to eradicate the past wrong, to get rid of the danger? We can do it better apart than together. If to that man against whom we feel repulsion we send day after day thoughts of pardon and of good-will; if deliberately, consciously, we send messages of love to the ancient enemy, wishing him good, wishing him well, in spite of the repulsion that we feel, slowly and gradually the pardon and love of the present will erase the memory of the ancient wrong, and later we may meet with indifference, or even may become friends, when, by using the power of thought, we have wiped out the ancient injury and have made instead a bond of brotherhood by thoughts and wishes of good. That is one of the ways we may utilise the unconscious memories coming to us out of our past.

Again, sometimes we find in such a first meeting with an ancient friend that we talk more intimately to the stranger of an hour ago than we talk to brothers or sisters with whom we have been brought up during all our life.

There must be some explanation of those strange psychological happenings, traces—I put it no more strongly than that—worthy of our observation, worthy

of our study ; for it is these small things in psychology that point the way to discoveries of the problems that confront us in that science. Many of us might add to psychological science by carefully observing, carefully recording, carefully working out, all these instinctive impulses, trying to trace out afterwards the results in the present and in the future, and thus gather together a mass of evidence which may help us to a great extent to understand ourselves.

What is the real explanation of the law of memory of events, and this persistence in consciousness of attraction or repulsion ? The explanation lies in that fact of our constitution ; the bodies are new, and can only act in conformity with past experiences by receiving an impulse from the indwelling soul in which the memory of those experiences resides. Just as our children are born with a certain developed conscience, which is a moral instinct, just as the child of the savage has not the conscience that our children possess previous to experience in this life, previous to moral instruction, so is it with these instincts, or memories, of the intelligence, which, like the innate moral instinct that we call conscience, are based on experience in the past, and hence are different in people at different stages of evolution.

A conscience with a long past behind it is far more evolved, far more ready to understand moral differences, than the conscience of a less well evolved neighbour. Conscience is not a miraculous implanting ; it is the slow growth of moral instinct, growing out of experience, builded by experience, and becoming more and more highly evolved as more and more experience lies behind. And on this all true theories of education must be based. We

often deal with children as though they came into our hands to be moulded at our will. Our lack of realisation of the fact that the intelligence of the child, the consciousness of the child, is bringing with it the results of past knowledge, both along intellectual and moral lines, is a fatal blunder in the education of to-day. It is not a 'drawing out,' as the name implies—for the name was given by the wiser people of the past. Education in these modern days is entirely a pouring in, and therefore it largely fails in its object. When our teachers realise the fact of reincarnation, when they see in a child an entity with memories to be aroused and faculties to be drawn out, then we shall deal with the child as an individual, and not as though children were turned out by the dozen or the score from some mould into which they are supposed to have been poured. Then our education will begin to be individual; we shall study the child before we begin to educate it, instead of educating it without any study of its faculties. It is only by the recognition of its past that we shall realise that we have in the child a soul full of experience, travelling along his own line. Only when we recognise that, and instead of the class of thirty or forty, we have the small class, where each child is treated individually, only then will education become a reality among us, and the men of the future will grow out of the wiser education thus given to the children. For the subject is profoundly practical when you realise the potencies of daily life.

Much light may be thrown on the question of unconscious memories by the study of memory under trance conditions. All people remember something of their childhood, but all do not know that in the mesmeric trance

a person remembers much more than he does in the waking consciousness. Memories of events have sunk below the threshold of the waking consciousness, but they have not been annihilated; when the consciousness of the external world is stilled, that of the internal world can assert itself, as low music drowned in the rattle of the streets becomes audible in the stillness of the night. In the depths of our consciousness, the music of the past is ever playing, and when surface agitations are smoothed away the notes reach our ears. And so in trance we know that which escapes us when awake. But with regard to childhood there is a thread of memory sufficient to enable anyone to feel that he, the mature individual, is identical with the playing and studying child. That thread is lacking where past lives are concerned, and the feeling of identity, which depends on memory, does not arise.

Colonel de Rochas once told me how he had succeeded, with mesmerised patients, in recovering the memory of babyhood, and gave me a number of instances in which he had thus pursued memory back into infantile recesses. Nor is the memory only that of events, for a mesmerised woman, thrown back in memory into childhood and asked to write, wrote her old childish hand. Interested in this investigation, I asked Colonel de Rochas to see if he could pass backward through birth to the previous death, and evoke memory across the gulf which separates life-period from life-period. Some months later he sent me a number of experiments, since published by him, which had convinced him of the fact of reincarnation. It seems possible that, along this line, proofs may be gradually accumulated, but much testing and repetition will be

needed, and a careful shutting out of all external influences.

There are also cases in which, without the inducing of trance, memories of the past survive, and these are found in the cases of children more often than among grown-up people. The brain of the child, being more plastic and impressionable, is more easily affected by the soul than when it is mature. Let us take a few cases of such memories. There was a little lad who showed considerable talent in drawing and modelling, though otherwise a somewhat dull child. He was taken one day by his mother to the Crystal Palace, and saw the statues ranged along the central avenue. He looked at them very earnestly for a while, and then said to his mother: "O mother, those are the things I used to make." She laughed at him, of course, as foolish people laugh at children, not realising that the unusual should be studied and not ridiculed. "I do not mean when you were my mother," he answered. "It was when I had another mother." This was but a sudden flash of memory, awakened by an outside stimulus; but still it has its value.

We may take an instance from India, where memories of the past are more frequently found than in the West, probably because there is not the same predisposition to regard them as ridiculous. This, like the preceding, came to me from the elder person concerned. He had a little nephew, some five or six years of age, and one day, sitting on his uncle's knee, the child began to prattle about his mother in the village, and told of a little stream at the end of his garden, and how, one day when he had been playing and made himself dirty, his mother sent him to wash in the stream; he went in too far and—woke up elsewhere. The uncle's curiosity

was aroused, and he coaxed details about the village from the child, and thought he recognised it. One day he drove with the child through this village, not telling the child anything, but the little boy jumped up excitedly and cried out: "Oh! this is my village where I lived, and where I tumbled into the water, and where my mother lived." He told his uncle where to drive to his cottage, and running in, cried to a woman therein as his mother. The woman naturally knew nothing of the child, but asked by the uncle if she had lost a child, she told him that her little son had been drowned in the stream running by the garden. There we have a more definite memory, verified by the elder people concerned.

Not long ago, one of the members of the Theosophical Society, Minister in an Indian State, and a mature man of ability and good judgment, set to work to collect and investigate cases of memory of the past in persons living in his own neighbourhood. He found and recorded several cases, investigating each carefully, and satisfying himself that the memories were real memories which could be tested. One of them I will mention here because it was curious, and came into a court of law. It was a case of a man who had been killed by a neighbour who was still living in the village. The accusation of murder was brought by the murdered man in his new body! It actually went to trial, and so the thing was investigated, and finally the murder was proved to the satisfaction of the judge. But judgment was reserved on the ground that the man could not bring an action for being murdered as he was still alive, and the case depended upon his testimony alone; so the whole thing fell through.

Memory of the past can be evolved by gradually sinking down into the depths of consciousness by a process deliberately and patiently practised. Our mind working in our physical brain is constantly active, and is engaged in observing the world outside the body. On these observations it reflects and reasons, and the whole of our normal mental processes have to do with these daily activities which fill our lives. It is not in this busy region that the memories of the past can be evoked. Anyone who would unveil these must learn so to control his mind as to be able, at will, to withdraw it from outer objects and from thoughts connected with them, so as to be able to hold the mind still and empty. It must be wide awake, alert, and yet utterly quiet and unoccupied. Then, slowly and gradually, within that mind, emptied of present thought, there arises a fuller, stronger, deeper consciousness, more vivid, more intensely alive, and this is realised as oneself; the mind is seen to be only an instrument of this, a tool to be used at will. When the mind is thus mastered, when it is made subservient to the higher consciousness, then we feel that this new consciousness is the permanent one, in which our past remains as a memory of events and not only as results in faculty. We find that being quiet in the presence of that higher consciousness, asking it of its past, it will gradually unroll before us the panorama through which it has itself passed, life after life, and thus enable us to review that past and to realise it as our own. We find ourselves to be that consciousness; we rise out of the passing into the permanent, and look back upon our own long past, as before upon the memory of our childhood. We do not keep its memories always in mind,

but can recover them at will. It is not an ever-present memory, but on turning our attention to it we can always find it, and we find in that past others who are the friends of to-day. If we find, as people invariably do find, that the people most closely knit to us to-day have been most closely knit to us in the far-off past also, then one after another we may gather our memories, we may compare them side by side, we may test them by each other's rememberings, as men of mature age remember their school-fellows and the incidents of their boyhood and compare those memories which are common to them both; in that way we gradually learn how we built up our character, how we have moulded the later lives through which we have passed. That is within the reach of any one of us who will take the trouble. I grant that it takes years, but it can be done. There is, so far as I know, no other way to the definite recovery of memory. A person may have flashes of memory from time to time, like the boy with the statues; he may get significant dreams occasionally, in which some trace of the past may emerge; but to have it under control, to be able to turn attention to the past at will and to remember, that needs effort, long, prolonged, patient, persevering; but inasmuch as everyone is a living soul, that memory is within everyone, and it is within our power to awaken it.

No one need fear that the above practice will weaken the mind, or cause the student to become dreamy or less useful in the 'practical world'. On the contrary, such mastery of the mind much strengthens mental grasp and mental power, and makes one more effective in the ordinary life of the world. It is not

only that strength is gained, but that waste of strength is prevented. The mind does not 'race,' as does a machine which continues to go without the resistance of the material on which it should work; for when it has nothing useful to do it stops its activity. Worry is to the mind what racing is to the machine, and it wears the mind out where work does not. To control the mind is to have a keen instrument in good condition, always ready for work. Note how slow many people are in grasping an idea, how confused, how uncertain. An average man who has trained his mind to obedience is more effective than a comparatively clever one who knows naught of such control.

Further, the conviction, that will gradually arise in the student who studies these memories of the past, of the truth of his permanent Self will revolutionise the whole life, both individual and social. If we know ourselves to be permanent living beings, we become strong where now we are weak, wise where now we are foolish, patient where now we are discontented. Not only does it make us strong as individuals, but when we come to deal with social problems we find ourselves able to solve them. We know how to deal with our criminals, who are only young souls, and instead of degrading them when they come into the grasp of the law, we treat them as children needing education, needing training—not needing the liberty they do not know how to use, but as children to be patiently educated, helping them to evolve more rapidly because they have come into our hands. We shall treat them with sympathy and not with anger, with gentleness and not with harshness. I do not mean with a foolish sentimentality which would give them a liberty they would only abuse

to the harming of Society ; I mean a steady discipline which will evolve and strengthen, but has in it nothing brutal, nothing needlessly painful, an education for the child souls which will help them to grow. I have said how this knowledge would affect the education of children. It would also change our politics and sociology, by giving us time to build on a foundation so that the building will be secure. There is nothing which so changes our view of life as a knowledge of the past of which the present is the outcome, a knowledge how to build so that the building may endure in the future. Because things are dark around us and the prospects of Society are gloomy ; because there is war where social prosperity demands peace, and hatred where mutual assistance ought to be found ; because Society is a chaos and not an organism ; I find the necessity for pressing this truth of past lives on the attention of the thoughtful, of those willing to study, willing to investigate. Realising reincarnation as a fact, we can work for brotherhood, work for improvement. We realise that every living human being has a right to an environment where he can develop his abilities and grow to the utmost of the faculties he has brought with him. We understand that Society as a whole should be as a father and a mother to all those whom it embraces as its children ; that the most advanced have duties, have responsibilities, which to a great extent they are neglecting today ; and that only by understanding, by brotherly love, by willing self-sacrifice, can we emerge from struggle into peace, from poverty into well-being, from misery and hatred into love and prosperity.

Annie Besant

HEIRS OF PROMETHEUS

AUGUSTE RODIN, ÆSTHETE

AN APPRECIATION

By LILY NIGHTINGALE, F. T. S.

AUGUSTE RODIN is an apocalyptic realist. He is also a fearless idealist. Like many other great artists, he has a simple character, a direct outlook on life and art; which simplicity is the result of a titanic mind turned in the direction of the synthesis and unification of life and the arts, rather than of analysis and dissection.

M. Paul Gsell has done a great service to all lovers and students of the genius of Rodin, in the collection of this series of *Discourses on Art* (in duologue form) by the master-sculptor, published by M. Grasset, Paris.

Some of the ideas and opinions expressed therein are of to-morrow, rather than to-day; which is to say, that, like all the finest art work (be it in stone, song, or words), it is universal rather than periodic. Indeed, the book is of vast prophetic value. It is one of the Herald-series of works of genius, of which posterity is the true parent.

The book is, emphatically, one to buy—to possess, rather than to mutilate and disintegrate by quotation. Still, as we cannot present the reader with a complete translation of the three hundred odd pages (without incurring something more severe than wrath on the part of the publisher, and even mild editorial perturbation), there is nothing for it but to discuss, as briefly as possible, a few of the leading ideas of the most truly catholic artist of our day. The writer feels neither

timidity nor reservation in thus naming and hailing Rodin as at once catholic and protestant, poetic and of marvellous technical skill. To his deep-gazing contemplative eye all life is beautiful, nothing is excluded from the arena of art. It is for the artist to unveil the beauty of holiness, and also to reveal the lightning-grandeur and titanic splendour of that "one flash of It within the tavern caught".

It is for this reason that we call Rodin an apocalyptic artist. He is at once a seer and a slayer of illusion, votive-priest of Beauty, implacable enemy of all that is false, sickly-sentimental, and mincingly 'pretty'. To him life is a glorious panoramic vision of the work of the World-Creative Artist. Rodin works upon the kingdom of cosmic beauty, sees it with backward prophetic gaze ever-fresh from the Hand of its Maker, and exclaims: "Behold, it is very good." Perhaps only a truly great artist could say that to-day; for illumined eyes alone can pierce the thick curtain of squalor, sordid misery, and gross materiality which hides so much of life from our poor stunted lives of to-day.

Though Rodin deplores, with vivid Gallic bitterness of expression, that the immediate epoch is that of the Engineer Triumphant, and indulges in mild raillery at the expense of M. Gsell, telling him that an artist to-day is a strange monster, belonging perchance to 'megatherium' and 'diplodocian' ancestry, yet the master contends that neither 'glory' nor 'loveliness' have 'passed away'; it is only that our eyes have become blinded, our senses stultified; and he declares that there are those moving among us to-day (in spite of the hideous twin vices of cloaking and distorting the human form divine), as lovely and fair as in the days

of Phidias. There is a foolish superstition among a certain artistic (?) clique that Rodin worships ugliness rather than beauty ; the chapter on Phidias and Michael Angelo should show them the error of their ways.

Rodin is eloquent on the artificiality of that which is technically known as the purely academic school—the ‘clinique’ of the solemn stereotyped academic attitude, the fixed artificial pose, the unnaturally-retained rigidity of figure and muscular system : in fact the entire paraphernalia of the orthodox ‘Life School’ is anathema to him. He insists upon the poetry of motion, the free, unstudied grace of volitional movement and natural pose. His mode of work therefore, consistently, consists in, as it were “going to and fro” in his atelier and “walking up and down in it,” observing the free, un-ordered, unrestrained movements and gestures of his models ; as they roam at will about the atelier, Rodin watches, observes, admires, criticises, (be it noted that discriminative appreciation is the first function of true, æsthetic criticism), and, in short, becomes habituated to the sight of unclothed humanity, moving freely before his eyes, where he can study the grace and the technique of the subjects of his ‘airy visions’ and the science of the chiselling of the human body, respectively. This constant panorama of the nude, in the natural actions of daily life, was, the artist is convinced, at once the joy and power of the sculptors of ancient Greece. The grammar of the language of form was ever open to their studious and reverent gaze. They knew that it is not only the human face which is the mirror of the soul, but that every muscle, each gesture, is a tone in the harmony of human expression. Among these ‘unheard

melodies' the master moves, silently marking the fleeting grace of gesture and momentary action, the energy of muscle, the flowing curve of outlined limb. Swiftly he 'marks' various expressions which either specially appeal to his sense of beauty, or illustrate some particular subject on which he is at work. He then makes a lightning-sketch in clay, and will pass from one to another with extraordinary rapidity and sureness of touch. This is the secret of the marvellous 'life' pulsating throughout Rodin's creations. Whether we 'like' them or not, is another matter altogether—as we stand before them, the 'Balzac,' the 'Vieille Heaulmerie,' the 'Baiser,' to take three typical and widely-differing subjects, we see that they "live and move and have their being," that they are *creations* first, and sculptures afterwards.

When we turn to the philosophy of life expressed in the terse and supple language of one who is an artist in thought, as well as in feeling, we see how the whole trend and make-up of the man follow naturally from his gospel of the catholicity of Beauty—verily and indeed "Le style, c'est *l'homme*."

In the three chapters 'Reality in Art,' 'For the Artist all Nature is beautiful,' and 'Thought in Art,' the same theme runs, connecting them together with a golden thread of poetic truth and philosophic fearlessness. He 'blinks' at nothing. Sorrow, shame, the ravages of disease and vice, the treachery of a friend, the loss of the Beloved—each and all are chords and notes in the Chorale of Beauty. The discords must enter—they are necessary for the transmutation and sublimation into harmony. It is of profound significance, from the point of view of 'the higher æstheticism,' this spiritualisation and

consecration of *everything that is* in the service of Beauty. 'Optimist' does not define Rodin's attitude to life. It is something more. For Optimism speaks of hope eternal, whereas we feel, as we read the sculptor's *credo*, that he *knows* "all's love, yet all's law". In his own words: "To him [the artist] all is beautiful, because for ever on his path [he walks ever therein] shines the light of spiritual truth. . . . His ecstasy [of joy and pain] is terrific in its intensity, yet it is but a rite in his ceaseless adoration of truth. . . . When he sees, face to face, the *will* that has decreed all these mysterious laws [of human destiny], then, more than ever, he rejoices in the knowledge . . . formidable is the happiness of one who lives thus, upheld by truth." A great faith, a huge force, in this day of small things.

The description of Rodin's personal appearance, gives us the clue to the dual force inherent in his nature. "The eyes of a mystic dreamer. The hands of an inspired workman." The eyes, dreamy, often half-closed, yet sometimes wide-gazing, displaying irises of deep, clear, blue; large hands, short fingers, strong and supple. One the personification of deep spirituality and keen observance; the other the expression of strength and passion. In the chapter on 'Thought in Art,' the sculptor defends himself against another charge frequently brought against him by the clique of 'little critics' and voiced by M. Gsell—*viz.*, that his works make an undue appeal to writers, and the 'faculty of letters' generally; that in the vaulting ambition of literary aspiration he o'erreaches art itself, which does not concern itself unduly with the world of philosophy. To this Rodin replies that, if his technique were unskilful, or if he failed to give life to

his marble creations, his critics would have good cause to complain; but, if the execution be correct, if the subject embody and express the idea, why complain because the artist offers them an embodied thought, an ideal, rather than a clever monument of mere uninspired technique? True artists, says Rodin, are not content with being or remaining merely clever workmen, they are *thinkers*, their thoughts taking substantial form in marble, music, colour, words, or whatever be their medium. He explains how, in sculpture, the worker must make the hand obey the brain, must ceaselessly visualise in the mental world the finished 'image' which daily grows toward its prototype, by the work of hand, obedient to eye and soul alike; and he points out that this ceaseless mental visualisation is not possible save by hard, concentrated and persistent, mental effort. Gsell then puts the age-long question round which the critics still "furiously rage together," as to whether there is not a boundary line of impassable rigidity between the worlds of art and literature? Rodin replies, characteristically, that he is not careful to answer him in this matter, and that, if there is one, he, for one, is not particular to keep on this side of it. He then publicly declares himself a believer in the unity, and therefore the harmony, of the arts, seeing in them all only so many ways of expressing the Inexpressible, and an attempt to give "a local habitation and a name" to that which is of Eternity, beyond space and time, and yet the germ of which is in the heart of every true artist. (We paraphrase and condense, but the faithful meaning is rendered.) The sculptor gives as an example of this basic unity of art, the 'critique' bestowed on his statue of Victor Hugo—that the critic felt it not so

much sculpture, as music—that it had the effect on him of a Beethoven symphony. “I thank Heaven for that,” adds Rodin! Yet the master pleads strenuously for the utmost skill of finished and powerful technique, and is no upholder of the sloppy ‘formless aspirational school’. (That is why we call him ‘Seer and Workman’.) At the conclusion of a dissertation on ‘Mystery in Art’, from which it is almost sacrilegious to quote, as the chapter is a prose poem, a *credo* and dithyrambic expression of poetry in art, after having declared that art is a religion, and that all the greatest artists were and are among the most *truly* religious men, he gives as a parting shot: “It must be remembered that the first commandment in this religion for those who would practise it, is to know the science of modelling an arm, torso, thigh.” A characteristic ending to a chapter headed ‘Mystery in Art’.

In the discourse on the genius of Greece, as exemplified in Phidias, and the spirit of the Renaissance in Michael Angelo, in whom also he sees the *sturm und drang* of the Gothic period, wherein entered the rites of the worship of sorrow, Rodin remarks, in passing, that the popular idea of the Renaissance as the resurrection of Paganism and its victory over Gothic mysticism is incorrect. He points out that Donatello, Ghirlandajo and Michael Angelo, three of the greatest names of that period, were certainly inspired as much by Christian as by Pagan ideals, for in these three we see the storm-wrought beauty of pain and grief, notably of course in Michael Angelo.

After pointing to the exquisite play and distribution of light and shade, the beautiful balance and proportion of the body as a whole, and every member separately,

shown in the representative period of Greek art, the master points the artistic moral, and shows how the antique spirit stands for serenity, joy of life, grace, equilibrium, for a life balanced and perfectly poised. The technical side of Greek art he sums up in one valuable phrase: "The science of planning". Then turning to Michael Angelo and his school, he shows how this is Night and Shadow in art, as the Ancients revelled in Morning and Light. In Michael Angelo we see the unquiet Spirit, bound in heavy trammels of flesh, seeking to escape the bondage. We hear the very groans of weariness and despair as we stand before the creations of the Titan of Effort—we are veritable witnesses and beholders of the martyrdom of God imprisoned in mortality. Yet over all broods the sad yet sacrificial willingness of the victim. Agony is ennobled by the spirit in which it is endured. Here again we draw near to that sacred land on whose borders all great thoughts meet, for therein were they born. We stand with Dante in the regions of despair, listening to the cries of sinners paying toll of their sin, yet hearing far off the songs of those who have finished their atonement and won the white robes of celestial hue, 'garments of light'. Michael Angelo has much of the stern tenderness of the Florentine poet, and we see his 'range' of expression, too, when we turn from the tortured soul of 'A Captive,' to the marvellous lineaments of the Delphic 'Sibyl'. And we know the life-history of Angelo and how, before physical death came to him, his mighty soul learnt the lesson that even art only brings man to the *brink* of the Infinite, and leaves him there, shivering and unsatisfied. This is perhaps the most precious gift of art, that it speaks as nothing else

speaks of that which is beyond words, and on the further side of music. Rodin confesses that the mystery in things and beyond things haunts him. Nature herself is but a glorious veil, concealing—what? We know not. Fitley, the artist concludes, in the penultimate chapter, with a confession that he himself has “oscillated throughout his life, between the two great Schools of Sculpture, those of Phidias and Michael Angelo”. M. Gsell tells us with what mastery of skill Rodin made, moulded before his eyes as he watched, two clay figures, respective illustrations and exemplars of the Greek and Italian masters. The sculptor’s philosophy of inclusion is typical of his mind, and his great and sane view of life as the storehouse of all—the expressed, the unexpressed, and that which must remain for ever inexpressible—because it begins where humanity casts off its robe-garment of flesh.

To conclude an all too brief sketch of the trend of this book, grateful as sunlight in spring to the mind arid with twentieth century machine-made objects, wounding the eyes and sensibilities of those who still believe in the ‘Use of Artists’ (the title of the last chapter of Rodin’s discourses), the two themes that reverberate ceaselessly in the sculptor’s thoughts and tones are—the Catholicity of Art, the ceaseless Labour of the Artist—for what? “Art speaks to man of the purpose for which he was created. It reveals to him the meaning of life, illuminates the destiny of man, is for him the *orientation* of existence.” Thus saith a twentieth century Titan.

Who can doubt the source of the inspiration of Rodin? It is the *Wisdom of the Gods*—Theosophy.

Lily Nightingale

EDUCATION FROM THE AMERICAN STANDPOINT¹

By S. E. PALMER, B. SC., F. T. S.

Principal of the Theosophical Girls' School, Benares

IF you were to ask a citizen of the United States the question: "Of what institution of your country are you most proud?" the reply almost invariably would be: "Of our public school system." Indeed in this field they recognise only one rival, Germany. People in the highest positions—governors of States, judges, congressmen, millionaires, usually send their children to the public school, at least through the lower grades. Knowledge of human nature and ability to stand on one's own feet are lessons learned in the public school, and it is deemed that they cannot be learned too early. A child that needs to be coddled, or one who cannot keep up with his class, is sent to a private school. Those wishing some variety of religious instruction send their children to a denominational school, of which there are many sorts. A few for social reasons prefer a private school. Two privately endowed institutions, Harvard and Yale, stand at the very head of all our

¹ A paper read at the Theosophical Educational Conference held in connection with the Thirty-Eighth Convention of the T. S. at Benares on 31st December 1913.

colleges and universities. Vassar, Wellesley Smith and Bryn Mawr, also privately endowed, are the leading colleges for women.

In large cities one finds the greatest extremes of wealth and poverty; but there is practically little mingling of these two classes in the public schools, for this reason: the city is divided into wards, each provided with its own schools. Residence determines the school. Poor people live where rents are cheapest, hence slum children attend slum schools; good schools they are, with well-qualified teachers. If a child of the slums struggles on until he reaches high school or university, he usually has something in him which commands the respect of his associates, and there is generous recognition of his worth. The spirit of fair play works out on the playground and in the class-room, and no child is ostracised merely for his poverty. A boy who puts on airs and looks down upon his fellow-pupils, because of his father's wealth, will soon be taught a few lessons not in the curriculum. There is now in the United States Senate a man who was not only born poor but has been blind since childhood. Every schoolboy likes to feel that, if he studies well, there is a possibility that he himself may attain to the highest office in the gift of the nation. The history of our country justifies such hopes. It is believed that nature's hall-mark is not always according to dollars and cents. The land of Abraham Lincoln must have a higher standard of value.

In order to comprehend our public school system it is necessary to know the source of the funds employed; and here a few statistics will try your patience. It is needless to say the schools are well supported. Private institutions have no better buildings or equipment.

Federal aid, that is, aid from the general Government, is given at present to 87 universities, colleges and schools to encourage special departments. Agriculture is most frequently so favoured. The chief support however of these Government aided schools comes from the State in which the school is located.

When the territories were admitted to Statehood certain unoccupied lands were set apart for the benefit of schools. By the sale of such lands to settlers, or their rental for agricultural, mining or other purposes, a State fund was established, the interest of which is devoted to schools, and for the maintenance of charitable and penal institutions. To illustrate the plan and show the secure foundation of our school system, let me take Minnesota, a State which stands high educationally among her sister States. Minnesota ranks second financially, having a State education permanent fund of 29 million dollars, that is, 870 lakhs of rupees. Officials estimate that present contracts on timber lands and iron ore districts will increase the State fund in the next generation to 150 million dollars, or 4,500 lakhs of rupees. It must be said, however, that the chief support of public schools comes not from this State fund, but from county, district and municipal taxation. These taxes are of course voted by the people themselves. Occasionally a heavy tax-payer of the old sort grumbles a little and demands that education be confined to the "three R's"; but his protest falls on deaf ears. The majority rules in America.

The university of Minnesota received last year over 80 lakhs of rupees as its current income. The universities of Illinois and Wisconsin each expended over two million dollars, that is, 60 lakhs of rupees each.

Tuition in the State university is absolutely free. It may be of interest to Indian friends to know that a few poor but ambitious students earn their board and lodging by performing certain duties within the institution. Four boys in my own class thus paid their way. Three swept the floors of the main building after the day's session, five days in the week. The fourth knew the use of tools and made little repairs when needed. Of the sweepers, one is now a very successful business-man, with a large warehouse of his own, well stocked with goods. One is a popular Presbyterian minister. The third is high up in the educational hierarchy of the State. The mender of broken benches became an attorney for the Northern Pacific Railway. On that side of the world one hears the phrase 'the dignity of labour'.

It is only another way of saying: "A man's a man for a' that."

Many years ago a State High School Board was established under the direction of the president of the State university. Any high school in the State willing to conform to the requirements of the board receives annually one thousand two hundred rupees, a sum usually expended on library, museum and laboratory. Most of the high schools outside of the large cities came under the board's control. The requirements are rigid as regards equipment, sanitation and staff efficiency. University professors in twos and threes are detailed to make the circuit of these schools once or twice a year, and report to the board. Written examinations under strict conditions are held at the close of the school year. Papers are re-examined and checked by examiners appointed by the board and not living in the vicinity.

The pass mark is 65 per cent. In each subject a certificate is given to the successful pupil who, on entering the State university, presents his or her certificates and is exempted from examination in those subjects. I doubt if the pass mark is less than 65 per cent in any school in the State. In the Minneapolis High School the minimum mark was 80 per cent during several years when I was acquainted with the school.

Each year the high schools are re-arranged in the list according to number of pass marks and general efficiency. There is a great rivalry in attaining high places. One school by heroic efforts of superintendent, staff and pupils leaped from No. 19 to No. 1 in one year, and then there was great rejoicing. As the examination approaches the strain becomes great. A single typical illustration will show the earnestness of these high school pupils. A girl in one of the higher classes was fond of society and neglected her work. Several members of her class went to her of their own accord and begged her to work harder or she would certainly fail. They said: "If you will not study for the credit of the school, then study for the honour of our class." Their efforts had the desired effect.

If the visiting agents of the State High School Board commend the class-work of a teacher for several consecutive years, that teacher is given a certificate entitling him or her to act as principal in any high school under the direction of the board, without the usual examination. It represents professional skill in teaching, and in this respect ranks above any college diploma.

It is well known that co-education is the rule in public schools throughout the whole country. Naturally

to all of us the best way is the way to which we have been accustomed from childhood. It is difficult therefore to judge this matter impartially. That the custom continues is a proof of its popularity. Separate play-grounds are used, and boys and girls are generally seated on opposite sides of the room, but often sit together in the class during recitation periods. It is believed that early association of the sexes checks the tendency to sentimentality. Continuous proximity rids the mind of foolish ideas. Distance lends enchantment and glamour and mystery. There is keener rivalry to stand well in the class; neither sex wishes to be outdone by the other. This is but human nature. It is like taking sides on the football field.

The vast majority of teachers in the grades are women. It is sometimes called 'woman's monopoly'. In the kindergarten, now a permanent feature of city schools, women teachers have undisputed sway. In India we often hear it said: "They are little children; anybody can teach them." At home the qualifications of a primary teacher are most carefully considered. The lowest infant room is thought to be the most important of all, and good salaries are paid to the teacher endowed by nature with love, patience and gentleness, and the ability to make simple things interesting to a child.

The most marked tendency at present is the consolidation of rural schools in all States where there are thinly populated districts. There is but one real objection to the plan and that is the distance the children must go. I wrote for information regarding these innovations. My informant visited a typical consolidated school, several neighbouring districts having joined forces. The site chosen was in a village of 300 or 400

inhabitants. There is not another school within a radius of six miles. The sixty-thousand-dollar-building contains fourteen school-rooms with all modern conveniences. It has bubbling drinking fountains and the most approved sanitation. Teamsters are hired just as the teachers are, and transport pupils to and from school. Sometimes, instead of paying the teamsters, the districts concerned grant Rs. 90 a year to each family living more than two and a half miles from the school, to pay for the use of a horse. In these rural schools well-qualified teachers receive from Rs. 135 to 165 per month.

There has been of late a great awakening in what is called vocational training. The idea is roughly expressed in the saying: "No more educated fools going about looking for a job." Manual training and domestic science courses are given in the high schools.

The agricultural course is offered in towns of a few thousand inhabitants. Some agricultural instruction is now given in nearly all schools of the United States. By a recent decision of the Supreme Court, industrial training is within the reach of every child in the State of Minnesota. If it is not available in the locality the pupil may go to any other school, and the home district must pay the tuition fees of such a non-resident pupil.

The health of school children now receives much attention. Defective children are given special treatment. "The extent to which an American child is educated in matters of hygiene appears from a recent episode in a Boston school," says a home paper. "The class had visited the art museum and the teacher wished to learn what the children had observed and how they were impressed. The subject at the moment was the exquisite

head of Aphrodite, one of the chief treasures of the museum. A little boy who frantically waved his hand was called upon. He announced triumphantly: "I noticed she had adenoids."

"Why, Peter," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "what do you mean?" "She keeps her mouth open all the time," was the reply.

In methods the United States, like Germany, is ever ready to discard the old when a better way is found. Love of nature is cultivated by a graded series of object-lessons in the natural sciences continued from kindergarten to high school. Direct observation of nature is required, though excellent guides for the use of teachers are published. Child study is a definite department of nature study, the teacher here being the seeker after knowledge. In this, one does not study text-books but the working of the child's mind, and the evolution of its faculties and powers. Professor Earl Barnes of Leland Stanford University, was a pioneer in this work. Scores of teachers with thousands of school children co-operated with him in his endeavour to arrive at general principles of child growth and mental development. Numerous charts were the result of his observation and experiments. He measured school children at regular intervals and weighed them. This was continued for a long time. On examining his material, he found that every boy and girl, during about one year of his or her life, does not grow at all or increase in weight. A boy reaches the stage a year later than the girl. During this stationary period the child is more or less languid, nervous and irritable, and inclined to melancholy. Parents are asked not to dose such children with medicine but give them pleasant exercise in the open air. A plain but nutritious

diet is recommended. Above all, teachers as well as parents are advised to give such a boy or girl kindness and sympathy even though the varying and often perverse moods may be trying. Growth is resumed in about a year.

In the normal schools, effects of colours on young and sensitive children are observed. For example the professor brings a group of teachers into the room of the infant class. Red screens are rolled down covering all the walls. Red paper is given to the children to cut. There is perfect quiet. The children are accustomed to daily inspection. Soon the pupils show signs of nerve excitability. They are quick in their movements and impatient of control. Presently the red screens are gently removed and blue is substituted in the environment and work. The excited nerves quiet down, and the flushed cheeks regain their usual tint and all is again quiet and serene.

An American primary teacher is careful in choosing the colour of the dress she is to wear in school. Soft pretty tints pleasing to the eyes of a child are selected.

Professor Barnes, through his assistants, asked some thousands of children what colour they liked best. Red was the general favourite, a clear bright red. Blue comes next. Strangely enough more boys than girls like blue best of all. The returns from one section puzzled Professor Barnes not a little. They upset his averages. Enquiry was made as to the cause of this anomaly. It was found that in a recent local election, distinguishing colours of banners and badges had been adopted by the two rival parties. These colours were the ones chosen. During the first four years of a child's life, neither red nor blue is the favourite colour.

Yellow is the colour of the cover of the book the babe reaches its hand to grasp, even though red and blue books are placed beside it. A packet of plain coloured cards was given to little children to sort according to shades and harmonies. The discovery was made that tiny children whose home surroundings were in good taste, had a distinct feeling for harmony.

We teach only five days in the week, and no home work is required in any of the lower grades. In an average well-regulated school the pupils are as busy as a parson preparing his sermon. We have a summer vacation of from two and a half to three months, one or two weeks for Christmas holidays, and one week at Easter at the close of the winter term. During the rest of the year there are few holidays. There is one day each for Washington and Lincoln. Arbour day is given up to tree-planting, with appropriate songs and recitations. A national Thanksgiving Day is a time for family reunions. On Memorial Day honour is paid to the memory of those who fell in the Civil War. The blue and the grey are now impartially eulogised, whether the place be North or South.

Patriotism is cultivated by pretty and impressive ceremonies, when the national flag is unfurled and saluted by school children.

It is not the custom to grant a holiday in honour of the visit of any noted personage.

These observations may give some idea of our public schools as a system, but their spirit is difficult to indicate in words. It may be said that progress is the aim, and fossilisation and stagnation the condition to be avoided at all costs, in American schools.

S. E. Palmer

A GREAT MYSTIC AND WORKER ¹

By MISS C. S. BREMNER

SECTION I

“THE Nightingales are ducks ; they have produced a wild swan,” said the mother of the subject of Sir Edward Cook’s deeply interesting biography. Florence was born in 1820, the second of William Shore Nightingale’s two daughters, his only children. The fact that she had a most sympathetic father and no brothers was important in her career. Her father held those views on the Education of Women that are usually ascribed to pioneers. Both girls had admirable abilities, they read Latin and Greek with him with ease and studied history and philosophy. “One should be wise in the choice of one’s parents,” a German proverb tells us, and there is no doubt that Miss Nightingale showed this exceptional wisdom. From her father she obtained a mental grasp, a concentration and a thoroughness which were to make her a power in England. Very early in life she felt a certainty that she was called to some great vocation. She spent at least ten years of her life trying to discover what it could be ; nor was she a ‘comfortable’ woman to live with until the point was settled. Young, rich, handsome, a linguist and a musician, even a thinker, so brilliant a conversationalist

¹ *Life of Florence Nightingale*, by Sir Edward T. Cook.

that she could play well her part in distinguished society, nothing seemed to satisfy her. Life without high purpose seemed to her a dismal mockery, and often she repeated tragically: "My God, what is to become of me? I see nothing desirable but death." There was absolutely no outlet in the forties for a gifted young Englishwoman.

I have said that she was an admirable linguist, a thinker, an observer. When the Nightingales travelled on the continent, Florence was busy taking systematic notes on the social conditions of the people, their laws, and land tenure, showing deep interest in their politics and especially in the state of agriculture. Wherever the Nightingales travelled, they had letters of introduction to the best people of the place, so that their tours were far more instructive than what is styled a continental tour to-day. Brilliant and truly educational as much of it was, she insisted, when she was thirty, that she should be left behind at Pastor Fliedner's Institution at Kaisersworth to study nursing (1850), and repeated her visit in 1851. Then she inspected all the important nursing sisterhoods in France; it was almost as if she had foreseen the exact lines of her vocation. At this time a friend wrote a few stanzas in honour of this earnest and purposeful young woman; they are not only a tribute to Florence Nightingale, but may be cited as an instance of women's wonderful intuitive powers:

In future years, in distant climes,
Should war's dread strife its victims claim,
Should pestilence, unchecked betimes,
Strike more than sword, than cannon maim,
He who then reads these truthful rhymes
Will trace her progress to undying fame.

This prophecy was published in 1852.

SECTION II

The following year Miss Nightingale spent as Superintendent of a small hospital for sick gentlewomen in Harley Street ; here this able, clear-eyed, determined young woman learnt something about the puerile and unbusiness-like nature of Committees. There were two of these to manage her ; but ere long, she managed *them* and evolved order out of chaos. There sat on one of them Mrs. Sidney Herbert, wife of Sidney Herbert, now Secretary *at War* ; the pair had met Miss Nightingale on her foreign travels and been deeply impressed by her great powers. When it dawned on the English people during the Crimean War, that men's lives were being poured out like water, that the sick and wounded were shamefully neglected, there was a terrible outcry in the press. As a result, two letters crossed each other in mid October, 1854, one from Sidney Herbert begging his friend to go out to Scutari and organise the nursing of the sick, the other from Miss Nightingale offering her services. She sailed in less than a week, provided with all necessary powers from the War Office and accompanied by 38 nurses. "I wish those who may afterwards complain about our nurses could have seen the lot we had to choose from," said Miss Stanley. In all, Miss Nightingale only had 125 nurses in this war ; during the Boer War there were at least 800 in S. Africa.

It is of little avail to go over all that terrible story of neglect, incapacity, futility, self-satisfied conceit. There lay before these courageous women the damning fact that 42·2 per cent of the men admitted to Scutari hospital died in it ; Miss Nightingale and her staff

brought the figure down to 2·2. There were four miles of beds, or what ought to have been bedsteads. Of these there were plenty locked up in the stores, but unobtainable, because it needed some official or board to distribute them, and neither could be found! At 3 or 4 in the afternoon, the stores' department was still busy weighing out raw rations in twos and fours, that ought to have been cooked and served for the noon dinner. Miss Nightingale was a born organiser and administrator, a woman with a massive brain and unconquerable will. Her first order was for 300 scrubbing brushes and all the paraphernalia needed for cleaning. She caustically remarked of the vermin in the Scutari hospital that, with organisation and co-operation, they could have dragged the sick to London and left them in front of the Horse Guards! Every man who wanted things straightening, who wanted the sick to be nursed and fed, welcomed Miss Nightingale and her faithful band. But she had two great lions in the path, military prejudice and medical jealousy. She was a born diplomatist and walked warily. Yet emerge these two bare, bald facts from the long tale of disaster, incapacity, and muddle, that some men cared more for their reputations than for soldiers' lives, and that meanness and jealousy are, or were then, rampant in the Army. As the sick soldiers saw order, cleanliness, well-cooked food, and care for their wounds and enfeebled health, emerge from the chaos at Scutari, they were heard telling each other that if only Miss Nightingale were at the front, Sebastopol would have fallen long ago! That may or may not be, but her biographer holds that a very great commanding genius was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a woman. Presumably the

English could not rise to the level of the French, the most military nation of Europe, who in the fifteenth century found only a woman General with enough capacity to rid their land of the foreign invader. It may be well to quote here the dictum of Augustus Stafford, M. P., who afterwards described on the floor of the House of Commons the state of the hospitals before Miss Nightingale's arrival. He said he had "only met two men in the East, Omar Pacha and Florence Nightingale". When all her terrible task was finished, and its details can only be glanced at here, Her Majesty placed a man-of-war at Miss Nightingale's disposal to convey her home. The offer was gratefully declined. The heroine of the Crimea travelled home incognita as Miss Smith, and reached London after an absence of twenty-one months. As she had declined a warship, so she declined triumphal arches, addresses from mayors and corporations, three regimental (and very famous) bands to meet her in London to sound the loud timbrel, numerous proposals of marriage from men who had never seen her. Nearly all the lives of Florence Nightingale, all those written by the sentimental, close at this point. In reality, the Crimea was a brief episode, mere child's play, in her extraordinary career; its real starting-point dates from her return to England.

SECTION III

Miss Nightingale was suffering from neurasthenia and overstrain; she needed a year's absolute rest, perhaps three, *ni lire, ni écrire, ni réfléchir*. But with her nature, this was impossible; she continued to wear herself out, so that she, a young woman of thirty-six,

became almost an invalid, and did not recover her health until her old age. Whilst baby girls, streets, race-horses, wings of hospitals, had her name bestowed on them, Miss Nightingale was burning for her campaign, preparing her great battle for health in the British Army. Her character was based on order and method; its most salient points were deep emotionalism, a firm grasp of general principles, a complete command of detail. She was the heroine of the hour, Kings and Princes were prepared to bow down before her. Probably no one has cared so much or so long for the British soldier as Florence Nightingale; his officers often spoke of him as a drunken brute, and for this reason perhaps afforded him more opportunities of drinking injurious spirits than of rational recreation and education. She returned home filled with a passion of resentment because 9,000 of "her children" had died of preventable disease, caused and aggravated by mismanagement. No one could possibly have been a greater enemy of the muddle-through-anyhow policy than Florence Nightingale. "I stand here at the altar of the murdered men," she wrote in her diary in 1856. When she "took on the War Office business," as she jestingly phrased it, there is little doubt that she merely intended to reform military hospitals, to get them placed during peace on such a footing that they could be of some use during war. From this, she gradually extended her aims so as to include the barracks, their sanitary condition, and the whole life of the soldier. No health could be possible without including everything. From this it was but a step to the War Office itself; Miss Nightingale came very near to reforming that august body. Had it not been for the death of her 'master' and great

collaborator, Sidney Herbert, in 1861, most likely the impossible would have been achieved.

When she saw how thick were the honours destined for her, including a command visit to Balmoral, the friendship of the Queen and Prince Consort, devotion and honour on every hand, she considered that if anything were 'due' to her, it should be paid in the form of something good for the troops. She was supposed to be dying in 1857, and proposed that any money she might be entitled to on the death of her parents should be applied to a model Barracks. She entered into details of day-rooms for the men, gymnasium, reading-rooms, lavatories, and a sort of model dwelling for the married men. A strange ambition for a woman. Sir John McNeil, who had been sent to the Crimea by Lord Palmerston to report on the Commissariat system, and who had also seen the details of the Gigantic Muddle, wrote her, after their return home: "To you more than to any other man or woman alive will henceforth be due the welfare and efficiency of the British Army." I know not whether the reviewers of this able book have not properly read the *Life* in these days of hustle; or whether they do not like to give honour to whom it is due. But so far as I know, scarcely a review credits this great woman with the real work to which she devoted all her long life, a task to which she returned again and again and for which she possessed unrivalled powers. "She is the most gifted of God's creatures," said Dr. John Sutherland, one of the leading sanitarians of the last century. None but she could do it. Her biographer has justly assigned the honour to her; our press, whose main characteristic is lack of courage, has failed to tell its readers what was the great task

Miss Nightingale set herself and how far she achieved success. One of the chief military papers in this country in a long review of the *Life* never so much as alludes to Miss Nightingale's work at the War Office and in India.

SECTION IV

Mr. Herbert was no longer at the War Office on Miss Nightingale's return from the Crimea. There began between them one of those long close friendships based on common interest in a great public work which did infinite honour to both. She herself said that she had never known patriotism so pure as Sidney Herbert's. She had a caustic wit, and commenting once on what wives and mothers pretend to feel, declared that she could mount three widows' caps on her head, one for Herbert, one for A. J. Clough, and a third for her aunt.

There was to be a Royal Commission on the Health of the Army, to inquire into the condition of barracks, hospitals and the Medical Department. Mr. Herbert was President and his collaborator had a great deal to say on the appointment of the Commissioners, on the terms of reference, on minimising delay, on preparing telling questions for those who were to be examined. There were also four Sub-Commissions that required a terrible amount of taskmaster's energy and zeal. Together Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale wrote the Report, and then, most difficult of all, *they started to enforce it*. Almost from girlhood, Miss Nightingale had been interested in statistics. She not only gathered them, but made terrifying inductions and comparisons from them. The state of the barracks was too often

highly insanitary, and justified Miss Nightingale's dictum that there is death in the barracks.

Mortality Rates

St. Pancras civil rate	...	2·2	(per mille)
„ „ Life Guards	...	10·4	„
Kensington, civil rate	...	3·3	„
Knightsbridge barracks	...	17·5	„

They had to meet the danger of all the proposed reforms being shelved along with the Blue books in which they were recommended. They worked the press industriously. In 1859 Mr. Herbert himself was made Secretary for War under Lord Palmerston; things began to hum. The Sub-Commissions were working hard to reform barracks and hospitals, reorganise army medical statistics, reform cookery—all the time Miss Nightingale was in the Crimea the great Soyer worked hand in hand with her in the kitchens; much needed instruction in hygiene was henceforth to be given to young army doctors, fresh regulations were made for the purveyor's and other departments. "You cannot improvise an army," said Lord Roberts. "You cannot improvise the Army Medical Service," added Miss Nightingale. But in the midst of their arduous labour for hygiene and sanitation in general, she and Mr. Herbert arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the War Office too needed reorganising! The task was so to organise during peace, that *the machinery should stand the test of war*. It is probably near the truth to say that very much was done towards this great aim when Lord Herbert died in 1861. The mainspring however had not been put in, and thus it

seemed as if all were lost, and as if those in power would not advance a step, but rather undo Herbert's work. She wrote to a colleague : " The reign of intelligence at the War Office is over ; the reign of muffs has begun." Herbert's death was the greatest grief of her life.

But Miss Nightingale was never more of a General than in the hour of defeat. Lord de Grey (Lord Ripon), a follower of Herbert's, was Under-Secretary of War ; she moved heaven and earth to get him appointed Secretary and succeeded. The work of reform went on ; but complete reorganisation was not achieved then, nor has it been yet.

SECTION V

Miss Nightingale had already proved by her comparison of barrack mortality with that of ordinary civil life that aggregations of individuals demand special attention to sanitary conditions. By the great work that she did for hospitals and nursing between 1855-1861 she proved from statistics that diseases treated in hospitals have a higher mortality than those treated outside hospitals. In other words, the aggregation of the sick produces special diseases. She wrote a noted work, *Notes on Hospitals*, in which she enumerated sixteen sanitary defects in the construction of hospital wards, which thereby deprive the patients of the air, space and light which are necessary elements in their recovery. She was the foremost sanitarian of her day and carried on the battle for health from her bedroom, having Kings, Princes, and Rulers among her visitors and correspondents, not to mention mere Members of Parliament,

Councillors, Sanitary Engineers, and others. Her advice about infirmaries was almost always to rebuild and not "patch-up their pest-houses". S. Thomas' Hospital with its seven pavilions is an instance of what Miss Nightingale desired. Netley Hospital is on the old plan she condemned; she twice, before it was erected, put up a gallant fight to have pavilions there also. It was during this period of her life that she wrote *Notes on Nursing*, which had an immense circulation and was translated into many languages. It should here be said that the nation had presented Miss Nightingale with £44,000 on her return from the Crimea, a sum to which very few doctors contributed. It was used as a fund for the training of nurses, and a Training School was begun in connection with S. Thomas' Hospital; its supervision, the programme of study, the fitting up of a wing of the hospital for their accommodation, the sending of the nurses out in that capacity, or as matrons and heads of institutions, all took up a great deal of the founder's time and involved her in an immense amount of correspondence. Sir Edward Cook considers that three persons in the nineteenth century did more than their contemporaries to relieve human suffering, Simpson, Lister and Florence Nightingale. It cannot be too often repeated that scientific nursing was merely one facet of her manifold kinds of usefulness. She was the sanitarian of the day; at everyone's beck; a species of consultant whose terms were gratis, the consultation often ending in her subscribing to the needs of individuals and institutions. In the publication of the Blue book on the health of the Army, Miss Nightingale spent £700, scattering it right and left royally, seeing that copies were placed where she and Mr. Herbert wanted

them, before Jupiter at the War Office had even nodded his head.

"They expect me," she was once heard to murmur, "to manage Liverpool Infirmary from my bedroom." When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, the French immediately consulted her as to the best plan of field hospital; the Germans went straight to her for advice. The only up-to-date Prussian hospitals were those of the Crown Princess, a pupil of Miss Nightingale. Both the belligerents decorated her for her services. Shortly afterwards, Dunant founded the Red Cross Society, and stated that he owed the idea to her. She was the "passionate statistician" of her time, and more than once bowled the War Office over with statistics and their meaning; Sir Edward insists that with Miss Nightingale statistics were a religious exercise. During her time, those of the British Army were the best in the world. It was due to her that a medical school was established in connection with the hospitals at Scutari, the opportunity being an unequalled one.

Miss Nightingale had a deep affection for the British soldier, and after reading these two solid volumes, I think I have discovered the reason. Whilst at Scutari, she paid three visits "to the front" (Crimea), those very visits from which the soldiers in hospital expected the immediate fall of Sebastopol would result. In the trenches she saw dying men who refused to fling up their job, because it would throw too much work on their comrades and crowd still further the overcrowded hospitals. She remembered their heroism for ever, hated war, militarism, and a Forward Policy on the Frontier with a perfect hatred.

SECTION VI

Miss Nightingale worked at her great, self-appointed task by the feminine weapon of influence. She had an extraordinary power over men and women. It seems as if no one with a spark of reforming zeal, energy, conscience and devotion to duty could look on her without throwing himself at her feet, and begging her to use him for ever. The Queen wrote in her diary: "I wish we had her at the War Office" (the Prince Consort was still living). A small Russian boy, Peter, expressed this immediate sense of power Miss Nightingale had over others. He was a poor little heathen aged twelve, and a nurse was instructing him in theological mysteries. "Where will you go when you die, if you are a good boy?" "To Miss Nightingale," he answered. Lord Napier, Governor of Madras, expressed the same absolute devotion to her will in dignified terms: "*You* shall have the little labour that is left in me."

Whether it was that she really convinced all the great men of her day that health is the statesman's first duty, as Lord Beaconsfield declared; or whether she possessed some wonderful power over the souls and brains of men, as did the Pied Piper over the ears of Hamelin's children; or both, I cannot decide. But there remains an immense list of War Secretaries, Prime Ministers, of Viceroys of India (no less than five), of Governors like Sir Bartle Frere, of Commanders-in-Chief from Sir Hugh Rose to Lord Roberts, of Secretaries for India, who, when they signed themselves the devoted and obedient servants of Florence Nightingale, were using a good deal more than a polite form.

The impelling power in her was tremendous ; she lived in absolute seclusion, but in imagination always stood at " the altar of the murdered men ". She was a relentless task-master, exacting, thorough, determined, and yet with a charm that could not be withstood. The half-jest about widows' caps for Herbert and A. J. Clough had a great deal of truth in it, for both were men sadly overworked. It looks as if three years at Liverpool Infirmary, with Miss Nightingale as the Lady-in-Chief, had done for the incomparable Agnes Jones, the greatest of all the Nightingale nurses. Her health too seems occasionally to have been an excuse for not seeing people, keeping them dangling, sending down notes to fetch them back at another time. Good Dr. Sutherland was able to stand it for thirty or forty years ; probably he was the greatest sanitarian of the day after herself. But he had to rebel, take trips up the Mediterranean, and absent himself for other reasons connected with his work. It is wonderful to see so able a man, and one whose time was very limited, making himself her drudge. They had many tiffs, but he always returned to his duty. Afterwards he was succeeded by Sir Douglas Gatton, a Royal Engineer, who had become a kind of relative by marrying her cousin. We all know that relatives are less amenable to charm than outsiders, and the gallant Captain, though devoted to Miss Nightingale, passively resisted after he had been refused admittance. She grasped the state of things and wrote him : " Your dog will see you immediately." Her service somewhat resembled the trenches at Badajos : others stepped on the dead bodies of those who preceded them and fought in the great Cause of Health. She lived to a great age, dying in 1910. Her

executors refused the offer of burial in Westminster Abbey.

All that she achieved was done by influence, nor could she bear during her life-time that people should know of her work for the Army. Will another woman be able to achieve so much, and is there any adequate reason why she should work behind the scenes, like the mover of some great show of puppets? It seems as if our civilisation were landing itself in a strange *impasse*, when the meanness and vanity of men will not let them admit that transcendent ability must have acknowledgment open and above-board, and that the tools must be to her as well as to him that can use them. Already there is some indication in the spiritual world that the wind of the Spirit can blow where it listeth, since four great religious women teachers have, since 1870, obtained the world's recognition of their services to humanity: Catherine Booth, Mme. Blavatsky, Mary B. G. Eddy, and Annie Besant. It is conceivable that they are "the first-fruits of them that have slept" during long centuries, and are only now awaking to the trumpet-call of duty, of social reconstruction.

C. S. Bremner

(To be concluded)

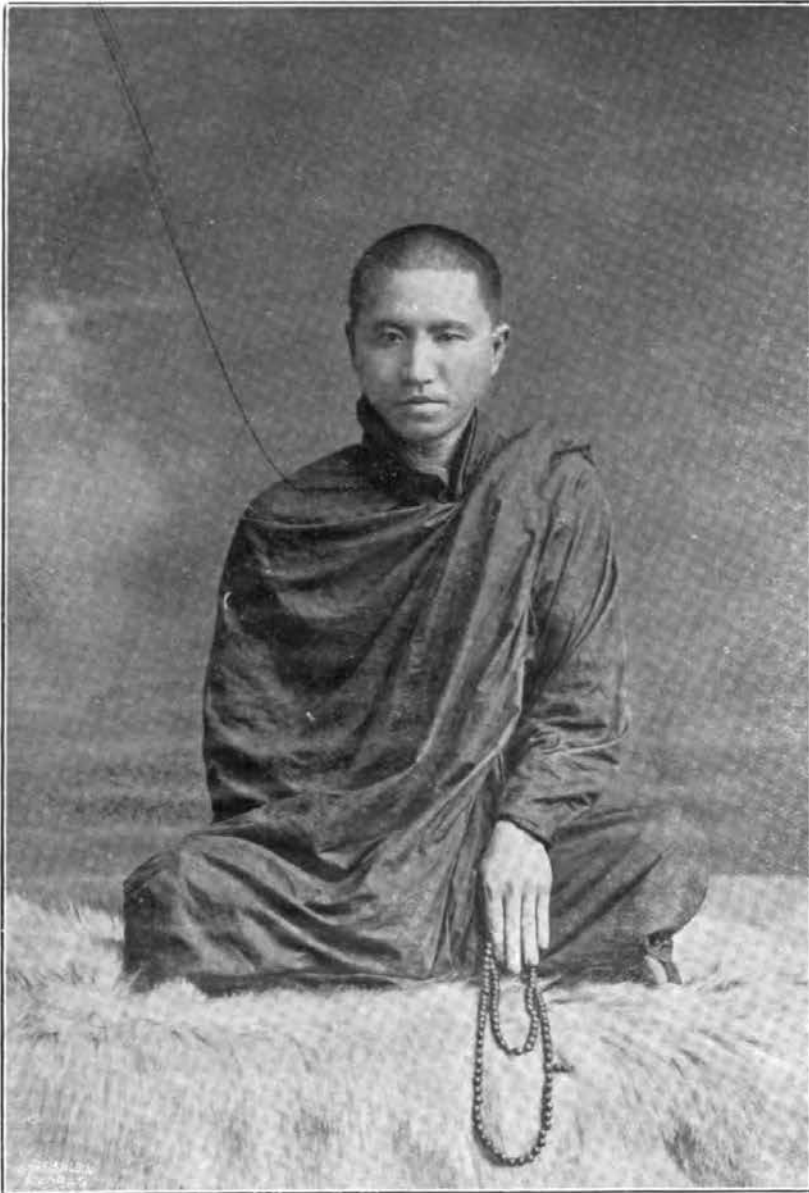
A REMARKABLE PRIEST

THE Burmese Bhikkhu and High Priest, whose portrait we present to our readers, is leading a great movement in Burma which is of much interest to ourselves.

En Magyi Sayadaw U Zaw Tika is but thirty-nine years of age; he resides at Thain Daung Hill, near Wundwin, in the Meiktila District, Burma, and has organised fourteen groups of monasteries, with ninety priests and some seven hundred people, following the rule of life he has laid down. He proclaims the near coming of the Lord Maitreya, the Boḍhisattva, and there are nearly fifty thousand people in Burma who have accepted his message, and who are preparing, by meditation and the leading of a pure life, to welcome the coming Lord.

At the age of twelve, the future High Priest meditated deeply over his future work in the world, and there came to him, as an illumination, the idea that he should consecrate himself to an ascetic and solitary life. So he took the yellow robe, and has devoted himself to meditation for the last twenty-seven years. The outcome of this is the message he is now engaged in spreading, with the astounding success which he has so rapidly attained.

This account was taken from his own lips. It is profoundly interesting to learn of this wholly independent movement of preparation in a Buddhist country, where the Lord, when He comes, will evidently find so warm a welcome.



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THE BROTHERHOOD OF ARTS

Paper read at a Meeting

By MABEL BESANT-SCOTT, F. T. S.

THERE are many means of revelation, many ways of finding the Truth, of realising the Divine. To some It comes through meditation, to some through study of and close communion with Nature, to some through service to humanity, to others through Theosophy, and to others again through Art in one or other of its branches. And it is with this last source of inspiration and of uplifting that we are concerned this afternoon.

Art is one, but, like Truth, it shows itself in many aspects—the exquisite colours of the painter, the beautiful forms of the sculptor, the rhythm and balance of carefully chosen phrases and words of the writer, the portrayal in acts and words of the inspiration of the dramatist, the wonderful harmonies and cadences of the musician. To me music is the highest of the arts; and yet what one says of music applies almost equally to the other branches of art. Music appeals first to the senses, then rises through the emotions and the intellect to the sources of our being where it concentrates, striving to get into touch with the Divine Reality, and then to bring it down again through the intellect and the emotions to be expressed on this plane in wondrous harmonies of sound. And that is why we speak of the great composers as being inspired. They have known that Divine Reality, that Divine Inspiration, and so their compositions have been inspired by that greater Power which is the revelation received by them, and transmitted to us in melodious sound. They have used the physical, the emotional, the intellectual, the spiritual, and so have produced that harmony in our different bodies which alone can make us perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect. And so this new body—the Brotherhood of Arts—has been formed, aiming to extend this revelation by means of that art which is to us the expression of the Divine. Each individual member strives to attain perfection in the technique of his particular branch—the love of his art, great though it may be, is not sufficient by itself; the expression must be made perfect or we shall fail in attaining complete harmony.

Mr. Sinnett has a theory why music is perhaps the most popular and the easiest of the arts: it is that music

is carried on into the higher sub-planes, and therefore when the Ego descends again into incarnation it is the *nearest* experience of the ego and consequently the one most easily remembered. If this theory be correct, then surely those of us to whom music is our inspiration should have less difficulty in forging this link which will unite us to the Divine, which will put us in touch with our causal body, the vehicle of the Monad which is our true Self.

There are many other things of which one would like to speak—of the translation of music into colour, of the translation of music into form, or into the melody of poetry. One would like to talk of the spiritual harmonies of Wagner, of the intellectual conceptions of Brahms, the melodious fancies of Mendelssohn, the tenderness and playfulness of Mozart, the newer and more modern school of music into which our composers are translating the more psychic spirit of the age. But time is short, and I can only return to that with which I began, that to the branch of art which I have for the moment the honour to represent, music is the form of revelation which carries us up towards that ideal which we as Theosophists must surely have before us—that perfection of harmony from which the perfect man is evolved.

M. Besant-Scott

RṢHI GĀRGYĀYAṆA'S PRAṆAVA-VĀḌA

Translated by Babu Bhagavan Das

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K. C. I. E., LL. D.

(Continued from p. 542)

SECTION III *(Continued)*

IN the next chapter, entitled 'The Components of the Vedas,' the relation between the Gāyaṭrī, the Mahā-Vākyas, the Vedas and Aṅgas and their Upāṅgas are pointed out. Mahā-Viṣṇu, who is the ruler of our Samsāra, and who corresponds in it to the totality of Brahman, first ideates all the laws, methods, means and ends of its procession and then commences actual work instructing the Ṛimūrṭis, who in their turn instruct their subordinates in the matter. Gāyaṭrī is the "word which embodies the proper time and season of the avaḍhāraṇa, ideation, which embodies the knowledge that this-and-this fact arises from such-and-such a principle, or seed, or source, and that this is the appropriate method of bringing about this result and for this reason". A Mahā-Vākya embodies the thought of Mahā-Viṣṇu as to each principal method or law of the world-system. Hence is it said that the "Gāyaṭrī is

Gāyaṭrī and Mahā-Vākyas the ideation of Mahā-Viṣṇu.

Mahā-Vākyas, the Vedas and Aṅgas and their Upāṅgas are pointed out.

Mahā-Viṣṇu, who is the ruler of

our Samsāra, and who corresponds in it to the totality of Brahman, first ideates all the laws, methods, means and ends of its procession and then commences actual work instructing the Ṛimūrṭis, who in their turn instruct their subordinates in the matter. Gāyaṭrī is the "word which embodies the proper time and season of the avaḍhāraṇa, ideation, which embodies the knowledge that this-and-this fact arises from such-and-such a principle, or seed, or source, and that this is the appropriate method of bringing about this result and for this reason". A Mahā-Vākya embodies the thought of Mahā-Viṣṇu as to each principal method or law of the world-system. Hence is it said that the "Gāyaṭrī is

the mother of the *Veᅆa*, the *Mahā-Vākyā* the father, and AUM, the root of all, the grandfather of the *Veᅆas*, wherein the Trinity dwells and whence succession flows forth". It is added that "finally, the student obtains the true knowledge of the *Mahā-Vākyas* and of the *Gāyaᅇrī*, only after having studied the *Aᅆgas* and the *Upāᅆgas*," the 'limbs' and the 'sub-limbs' which bring out the truths of the *Veᅆas*.

In the next chapter much detailed information regarding *Gāyaᅇrī* and *Vyāhᅇᅇᅇs*, as bearing upon the World-process, is given. Thereafter the author enters into a very full exposition of *Mahā-Vākyas*. The matter is so important as to justify the long quotation I make.

'I am Brahman,' *Aham-Brahma-asmi*, is the source of the *R̥g-Veᅆa*, corresponding to cognition. 'That I am thus—why is it so and what for?'—such is the significance of the logion connected with the *Yajur-Veᅆa* and action, *viz.*, *Bahuh-syām*, 'May I become many'. 'There is nothing here verily,' *Na-ēva-aᅇᅇi-ihā-iᅇi-kiᅆchana*, is the basis of the *Sāma-Veᅆa*, of the nature of the nexus, desire; its significance is 'How, in what manner, can I be?' Finally comes the logion of the *Aᅇharva-Veᅆa* and the totality, *viz.*, *Aham-Eᅇaᅇ-Na-ᅇuᅇᅇaram*, 'I-This-Not, the unpassable'; it unifies in itself the other three and explains what is their use, motive, or final cause.

These four logia give birth to the four *Veᅆas*. In them, *Aham*, I, is connected with cognition; *Eᅇaᅇ*, This, refers to *Kriyā*; and *Na*, Not, to desire as the nexus. This trinity is unpassable, uncrossable, not to be transcended and got beyond, being everywhere and all-inclusive. The conjunction of *Aham* with *Eᅇaᅇ* is the birth of *Samsāra*; and of *Eᅇaᅇ* with *Na* is its negation or destruction. Therefore *Aham-Eᅇaᅇ-asmi* 'I am this,' and *Eᅇaᅇ-Na-Aham-asmi*, 'I am not This,' are also two *Mahā-Vākyas*.

It is true that ordinarily *ᅇaᅇ-tvam-asi*, 'That art thou,' *Aham-Brahma-asmi*, 'I am Brahman,' *Sarvam-khalu-iᅇam-Brahma*, 'All this verily is Brahman,' and *Na-ihā-nānā-aᅇᅇi-kiᅆchana*, 'There is no many here,' are called the four great sentences. Yet they are such only as means to the primal Logion, I-This-Not. Of these, the first refers to *kriyā*, wherein is formed the multiplicity of 'thou' and 'I' and 'this' and

'another,' and it is included in the second word of the Logion. The second is the jñāna-mode, included in the first word thereof. The third corresponds to desire, wherein all is negated, and is comprehended in the third word. The fourth amounts to the summation.

So far we have had ten great sentences.

'I am This'—such only is Samsāra. Herein is the combination of cognition and action; desire also is there. Hence arises the eleventh logion: Saṭṭyam-jñānam-anantam Brahma, 'Brahman is truth, knowledge, endless'. Truth is Aham; knowledge is Eṭaṭ; endless is desire; and the three together are Brahman. By the conjunction of the Ātmā with the Eṭaṭ arises cognition; knowledge is not possible while there is no conjunction of the two; that conjunction itself, indeed, is knowledge.

That which is knowledge is the truth, and the truth is also the knowledge, and the two together are also the endless.

Again, in the combination of Aham, Eṭaṭ and Na, a singleness is super-imposed on the whole by the verb-action 'am'; the I is the This, the This is the Not, and the Not again is the I—such is the full significance of the combination. From this results the twelfth *Mahā-Vākya*, Ēkaḥ-Aham-Bahusyām, 'May the one I become many'. Here I corresponds with the one, This with the many; 'may become,' with the Negation. The real inner meaning of this is the logion 'May I not become this' (for I, the one, cannot really become the many) which only declares in another form the sense of 'I-This-Not-am'. These are the twelve *Mahā-Vākyas*. But the chief ones are the four above-mentioned; and even amongst them, the veriest root of all is 'I-This-Not'. (pp. 109, 110, 111, 112.)

In whom this knowledge of Aham-Eṭaṭ-Na arises, for him is the joy of mōkṣha. He who knoweth this, knoweth Brahman. He knoweth the essence of his own Self, he knoweth all as him-Self.

As regards the phrase 'Iṭi-ḍuṣṭaram,' the unpassable, in the logion Aham Eṭaṭ Na, the following pertinent comment is added by the Ṛṣhi :

That is impossible to pass, the permutations and combinations of which are beyond counting. On the other hand, from the point of view of the inner relativity and similarity or analogy, all is easy of comprehension; that is to say, if we realise that all this seemingly overpowering endlessness of the object-world is *relative* and *caused* by the endlessness of only our own consciousness, our Self, then

the whole of the World-process becomes simple and easy to grasp, in one act of consciousness, at once. In the supreme idea, I-This-Not, there is no relativity; it is the Absolute that transcends all, includes all, pervades all, while separate and distinct from everything at the same time. By means of and as comprehended in this Law of laws, this great Logion, should the whole of Samsāra be viewed, in order that it may be comprehended truly, for in each individual atom is present this trinity, and nothing else than this trinity, of the Self, the Not-Self, and the Negation (pp. 114-115).

Then follow four chapters respectively devoted to the four Vedas. In the chapter on

Rg.-Veda concerns cognition.

Rg.-Veda the author refers to the first manṭra, 'Agnim-īdē-purohiṭam,'

etc., of the first maṇḍala as showing that this Veda concerns cognition. He says:

In Agni, A means Aham, g is the Eṭaṭ, and ni the Negation. The form of that Agni is light, luminosity. It is true that light is not possible without darkness; but darkness is also inclusively declared here by the word light. Darkness is nothing different or apart from light. As between I and This so between light and darkness there is no separateness, nor any precedence and succedence. 'Agni whose nature is light, the Truth of Brahman, that we would know'—such is the meaning of the manṭra (p. 128).

The author further expatiates upon the subject thus:

. . . . the causes of the origins and destructions of all things: the proper place of each in the World-process; the spatial and temporal extents of all cycles; the growth of individuals out of species and genera, *i.e.*, differentiation; the gradual multiplication of objects by sub-divisions, or embodiment of archetypes and types into concrete individuals; the growth of the heterogeneous out of the homogeneous the constant unification of many-seeming things; briefly, the whole of 'becoming' wherein the Self appears to undergo transformations of all possible kinds, to become changed into its very opposite and then to return to its own primal form, to now follow the path of pursuit and now of renunciation—the whole of this is described in the Rg.-Veda, and the element of cognition is particularly traced and described in all its ramifications through all desires and actions (p. 130).

The chapter on Yajur-Veda is perhaps the longest in the book and consists of so many as seven

sub-sections. Of these, three to seven deal with sacraments prescribed by this Veda. I shall leave the reader to consult the very elaborate explanations thereof, contenting myself with the observation that very intelligible reasons will be found assigned to every one of the sixteen Samskāras in their dual aspect, namely conventional, unreal or formal, and real or metaphysical.

In the opening portion of the chapter under consideration the scope of the Yajur-Veda is thus pointed out:

Yajur-Veda concerns action.

The Yajur-Veda, promulgated by Brahma, is concerned with action. All the laws and methods of all actions whatsoever, from the origin to the dissolution of a world; the working of causes; the connection of cause and effect, of actor and cause; the relations of actor, cause, effect of and motive, with all of which every action is always conjoined; the necessity of all these—whatever, briefly, is included in U; the Etat-factor of the Logion, that makes the contents of the Yajuh (p. 134).

And the above statement is illustrated as follows:

Thus, we hear, 'From ākāsha was born vāyu, air; from vāyu, agni, fire; from agni, āpah, water; from āpah, pṛthvi, earth; from pṛthvi, oṣhadhi, herbs; from oṣhadhi, anna, food or corn; from anna, reṭas seed, germ-sperm; and from reṭas, all else.' Such is the course of the procession, samsaraṇā or evolution. (In other words, from the elemental and mineral kingdoms arose the vegetable, and out of the latter, the animal kingdom.) (p. 134).

The author then discusses the question of the relation of action to Mokṣha. The view propounded throughout the work as to Mokṣha is that it consists entirely of the Jīva attaining to universality, *i.e.*, its realising its own identity with the universal consciousness. Consequently the author concludes that even after Mokṣha "performance of paramārtha—work, the acts of duty—remains of necessity; and thus it comes about that jīvan-mukṣas become the regulators, guides and hierarchs of world-systems". He also adds:

Performance of duty necessary even on the part of the liberated.

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Thus, then, action, motion or movement, is a transcendental fact belonging to all time, and mokṣha is not something separate by itself which may be left behind after eliminating all other things. It is rather an all-pervading fact, immanent and included and concealed inseparably within the process of the world, stretching everywhere, in all ways and in all time (p. 137).

Then follow explanations of the well-known terms sālokya, sāyujya, sāmīpya and sārūpya, which reconcile the states connoted by these terms with the author's definition of liberation.

The next sub-section deals with the subject of the sacrifices prescribed by the Yajur-Veḍa. The views of the author as to the true meaning of the sacrifices known as Ashva-meḍha, etc., challenge attention. I give the author's explanation below, trusting that the length of some of the quotations will be excused, having regard to the necessity for removing the unmerited slur which the misconception casts upon the scriptures that enjoin these sacrifices. Firstly, as to Ashva-meḍha:

Ashva means that whereby the jīva approaches, ashyaṭē, comes up to, all beings, i. e., cognition; and meḍha is the act of cognising or knowing. The performance of an ashva-meḍha is therefore the making, the acquiring, of knowledge for the good of all beings. Hence too are ashvas offered up to the fire. Ashvas are objects, things, word-meanings, born of knowledge (*i. e.*, intellectual objects, ideas, or, generally, objects of cognition); the offering of them is the pouring of them into the fire of Brahman (*i. e.*, the assigning to them of their proper places in the Svabhāva of Brahman, the interpreting of them in terms of the Absolute). Hence the statements, as that such-and-such study brings the fruit of a hundred or a thousand ashva-meḍhas. And thus we see how the ashva-meḍha subserves mokṣha (pp. 150-151).

As to Go-meḍha:

Go-meḍha is the sacrifice of sound (the sanctification of speech); it signifies the giving or making intelligible of gā or

speech by the medha or intelligence ; it is the giving to all of the science of sounds or words. As said before, ashva-medha is the accumulation of all knowledge for the use of all. Even the 'deniers,' nāstikas, who believe the world to be without an Īshvara and without Ātmā, who think that whatever is is of itself, and neither was nor shall be, *i.e.*, who confine themselves to the present moment and refuse to trace any causes and motives for anything into the past or the future, even they actively endeavour to impart their opinions to others. For if all this Samsāra is self-accomplished and without any cause or motive, what is the use to them of entering into this advisory relation with others ? Indeed, they do not act up to their views and thereby prove the fallacy of the latter. They find themselves compelled to recognise relations between things ; otherwise all advice, counsel and conversation between human beings, such as they also recognise the validity of and themselves indulge in, would be impossible. It appears thus that ashva-medha ought always to be performed ; and, indeed, is necessarily and always being performed in greater or lesser degree by every one, even without special or conscious effort on his part.

The transcendental consciousness, inherent in everything, 'May I become many,' is always manifesting itself in the fact of the exposition and propagation by every one of his own views for the acceptance of others. Especially is it the duty of kings to perform this sacrifice ; for they are the guardians of dharma, indeed they exist only to guard it ; and their prime duty is to provide for the giving to all of such instruction as will enable each to perform his dharma (pp. 157-158).

As to the Nara-medha :

Nara-medha is the link between the preceding two. Nara is the name for that which is the support and substratum of all, and that is ichchhā which holds together all ; therefore the sacrifice which makes fruitful the mutual dependence of the two others is the nara-medha (p. 158).

And lastly to the remaining two :

The Go-medha corresponds to the A : the ashva-medha to the U ; the nara-medha to the M ; and the ajā-medha is the samāhāra. When there is born the consciousness that nothing is born and nothing dies then is the aja-medha performed ; aja means etymologically the unborn. Thereafter comes the fifth or mahiṣha-medha, which is ever performed by Brahmā and is ever connected with all things.

Brahmā, Viṣṇu, Rudra, Mahā-Viṣṇu and others perform these five yajñas and the world manifests in consequence. They correspond to cognition, desire, action and

summation, and, fifthly, the transcendental adhiṣṭhāna, substratum, known as the Pranava (pp. 158-159).

With reference to the question, as to how the slaying of animals at sacrifices came into vogue, see a valuable note at pp. 188 to 190, Vol. II, where a most interesting extract, from Bārḥāyaṇa's Veda Bhāṣhya, is quoted and cited as showing the true meaning of a much maligned Vaidic text. The cogent remarks of the learned translator with reference to the extract show most clearly that the practice of slaughter of animals at sacrifices had its origin in the black magic of the Atlanteans, and that the survival of the practice after the passing away of that race is ascribable to the corrupt state of the Society which tolerated it. See also *Ibid.*, pp. 142-146 where Gārgyāyaṇa, referring to the statements that Mīmamsa prescribes slaughter of animals at sacrifices and drinking of sacrificial wine, points out that the wine in this context is the nectar of immortality, and that the slaying of animals should not be taken in the literal sense, as such slaying is karma contrary to duty, while karma consistent with duty alone, according to all Shāstras, is conducive to Mokṣha. Mamsa, he explains to mean "the operations resulting from the moods or functionings of the mind (manasam) on which all achievements depend".

The next chapter deals with the Sāma-Veda and is

one of the most instructive and
 interesting in the whole work, con-
 taining as it does a luminous ex-
 position of the Shakṭi-Energy constituent of the Sva-
 bhāva of Brahman, operating as desire in the World-
 process. The author points out its nature thus :

Ichchhā is the energy of Shiva. It indeed is the energy, force, power, of all and everything that has any power; and

Sāma-Veda concerns
 desire, Shakṭi-Energy.

it is everywhere, omnipresent; without energy relation between two things is not possible. The being together of two things is their relation; and for such relation, such bringing and keeping and being together of two things, a third thing as connecting link is indispensable, a third which may hold the two together. Ichchhā is this third which brings together cognition and action; and this coming together of these is all work, all (the external, objective, real) World-process, the cognition-element being (the internal subjective, ideal) Veda, which is the ideation of Mahā-Viṣṇu. All the 'behaviour,' the 'operation,' of time, space, and motion becomes possible only by means of Shakti, and the World-process is but the proceeding forth of these three (pp. 288-289).

In a later passage it is pointed out that Shakti is supreme internal necessity, which is bound up with the three factors of the Self, Not-Self and the Negation, and it runs thus :

(The primal trinity has been repeatedly declared to consist of three factors, I, This, and Not. What is this Shakti, then; is it a fourth?) It would seem as if it was outside the three. Yet it is not so. It is only the Necessity of the three, and so included in them and not anything apart from them. That which is necessary to any one is included in that one, is part of his being (p. 300).

After describing as above the general nature of Shakti-Energy, the author proceeds to show the distinction between Shakti, Ichchhā and Māyā, and between Māyā and Brahman. He then explains the nature of Mahā-Māyā, and its sub-divisions Yoga-Māyā, Bhagavaṭī, and Yoga-nidrā.

In the next sub-section detailed explanation is given in regard to particular forms of Shakti-Energy, Sarasvaṭī, Lakṣhmī, Saṭī, their summation in Paramā and their sub-divisions. At the end of the first sub-section certain sources of confusion on the matter are noticed. It is pointed out that because different names occur in relation to Shakti, therefore it should not be taken that

Divisions and sub-divisions of Shakti-manifestation.

Differences of names due to differences of situation.

there are different Shaktis, there being but one Energy manifesting itself through individual rulers and hierarchs. It is also pointed out that one and the same name is sometimes applied to a particular aspect of Shakti (*i.e.*, when it is manifesting through an individual ruler), as also to it in its universal aspect—the term Mahā-Māyā being given as an example.

The question of differences of names just alluded to is glanced at again by the author in the chapter on Penultimates, where he says such differences arise out of differences of situation. The following few sentences will be found very instructive, particularly because the different names whose connotations are so clearly pointed out by the author constantly occur in Theosophical literature, such as *ᅆaivī-Prakᅆᅆi*, *Paramāᅆmā*, *Pratyagāᅆmā*, etc.

That by means of which illumination, irradiation, play, takes place, *Divyaᅆe anayā*, that is *ᅆaivī. Prakᅆᅆi* is *Sva-bhāva*; becoming, causing to be, *Bhavanam*, by one's own effort, *Sva-yaᅆnēna*—this is *Sva-bhāva*; it is doing or acting, *Pra-karaᅆam*, *naturans*, by one's self. And the action of all and everything is the action of the Self. That which lights up and throws into relief both I and this, and is inside of and immanent in both is *ᅆaivī-Prakᅆᅆi*. In its transcendent and universal aspect, it is *Māyā*. The energy of the conjunction or combination, *Yoga*, of I and this, is *Yoga-Māyā*. In a description of the World-process, as the necessity of the contradiction of the unity of I and this, it is *ᅆaivī-Prakᅆᅆi*. In one view *Mūla-Prakᅆᅆi* may be said to dwell within *ᅆaivī-Prakᅆᅆi* and *Pratyag-āᅆmā* within *Mūla-Prakᅆᅆi*. It is the energy of the necessity of both. The reason why *ᅆaivī* and *Mūla* are both called *Prakᅆᅆi* is that the former has the appearance of being nearer to the latter than to the Self. In one sense, indeed, it may be said that it is peculiarly the necessity of this; that the necessity of I is 'another,' *anyaᅆ*; *Prakᅆᅆi*, (*aparā?*); and that of Negation, still, 'another' *anyaᅆ* (*Parā?*). Both these *Prakᅆᅆis*, *ᅆaivī* and *Mūla*, belong to the *Āᅆmā*, which is 'ever Self-determined. In its transcendental aspect, *Mūla-Prakᅆᅆi* is *Anāᅆmā*; in a limited *Samsāra*, it is *Mūla-Prakᅆᅆi*; in a *Brahmāᅆda*, *Aparā-Prakᅆᅆi*.

So, the universal and transcendent aspect is Mâyâ ; that shown in a Samsâra, Daivi-Prakṛti; that in a Brahmânda, Parâ-Prakṛti. So, the all-transcendent aspect of the Self is called Ātmâ, pure and simple ; in contradistinction from and with a comparative reference to limitations, to Upâdhi-sheathed selves, it is the Paramâtmâ, or Supreme Self ; with reference to the network of laws, the warp and woof of regulation and administration, it is the Sūtrâtmâ ; as pervading all activity, it is Pratyag-âtmâ ; as experiencing that activity, it is Jivâtmâ ; and so on endlessly.

Turning to the third sub-section, the first observation to be made is that the author departs in the closing words from his usual practice in the rest of the work, where he habitually introduces a verse of his own to the effect that Brahman or Ātman is over and beyond all and every detail of the World-process treated of under the respective heads of the disquisition. But at the end of this sub-section he quotes from Ḍurgâ sapṭa saṭi, a hymn invoking the benediction and protection of Ḍevi. This is as it were by way of recognition of the fact that it is this Shakṭi-constituent of the Absolute that more than any other has called forth from great Sages and Bhakṭas at all times hymns of rare beauty expressive of their rapturous devotion—a fact which makes the *Laliṭa Sahasranâma* begin with the manṭra Shri Mâṭa, so strongly calculated to inspire in the mind of the Bhakṭa not only a personal relation between him and the Deity, but also in that form which will ever excite tenderest love, affection and reverence in the heart of the worshipper. As might be expected, the author enters in this part into a consideration of the subject of Bhakṭi and treats of it with peculiar felicity. He shows how Bhakṭi conduces to Mokṣha, even in the view taken by him of the latter, as will be seen from the following quotation :

Bhakṭi and hymns
means to true knowledge.

... the method of chanting hymns is taught in the Sāma: and such singing or chanting arises only out of Bhakti. A hymn is a description of the deeds, the life-work, of the ideal, and deeds are dependent on the desire, the power, of that ideal. It may be said that a hymn assumes a separateness between devotee and lord; but the conventional relations of greater and smaller do arise in the world by and of necessity, and in these circumstances a hymn is appropriate, (especially, as, though it begins with an assumption of separateness, it aims at union, equalisation). Every hymn signifies: Thou art so great and performest such wonders; teach me how I too may do them, and attain to thy estate. The rule of continuous instruction prevails everywhere in the World-process: 'I teach thee, thou another, that other a third,' etc., and a hymn is intended only to elicit such instruction; it does not create any new and real separateness in the Great Unity. Thus, then, hymns are also means to the true knowledge, for so long as one's desires, one's needs, are not expressed to another they cannot be fulfilled and satisfied by that other (pp. 327-328).

The next chapter is devoted to the Aᅇharva-Veᅇa, which the author speaks of as the summation of the three. Its scope is thus luminously explained:

In the summation we find at once the seeds which expand into the three [R̥k, Yajuh and Sāma] and the expression of their fundamental unity. In the Aᅇharva the World-process is seen as a whole, as a method, rather than as expressed in its separate characteristics. Its Mahā-Vākya is therefore that which sums up in a single phrase the whole World-process—I-This-Not. . . . It contains the workings of all activity, the marks of all knowledge, the repletion of all desire, the whole of life, the whole of Brahmavidyā, the inmost science of the Whole. To know the Aᅇharva is to know the essence of the World-process, and the essence of activity of the atom, the junctions, disjunctions, interjunctions and conjunctions which make up that World-process. The Aᅇharva is reflected in the ᅇanᅇra, the great science, by which worlds are built (pp. 331-332).

The term Saᅇ-Chiᅇ-Ānanda is considered in detail and the unity involved in the idea conveyed by the term is explained thus:

Saᅇ, Chiᅇ, Ānanda.

Kriyā, action, motion, involves the idea of space, in which actions begin and end; and space thus involves time; and time involves both motion and space. Thus all involves all. That one attribute is assigned to one, and another to another—as, Saṭ is Brahmā; Chiṭ Viṣṇu; Ānanda, Shiva—is due simply to the predominance of one attribute at a special time and in a special space and a special individual. It is important to note that the trinity reappears in each of its members. Thus in Saṭ, the *a* is the immortal (the creator), the *s* the mortal (the destroyer), while the *t* (Viṣṇu) protects. In Chiṭ the *i* is the Aham-shakti, the power of the Self (Viṣṇu); the *ch* is that which moves, *i.e.*, the samsāra, the world (and Brahmā); and the *t* is that which consumes (Shiva). In Ānanda, the *a* is the Ātmā, together with the Anātmā (Brahmā); the *nan* is the cognition or the conjunction of Anātmā and Ātmā (Viṣṇu); the *dam* is that which bestows all, necessity, desire (Shiva).

The knowledge of the permutations and combinations of these is the end and aim of all śāstras, of all teachings, and the practice thereof; the actual formation of spaces, time and movements corresponding therewith is the practice of the true Sanātana Vaidika Dharma, the Ancient Religion of Knowledge, is the performance of all yajñās, is the attainment of the nature of Brahman (pp. 343-344).

Before passing to the next subject it remains to add that the interpretation of the symbology of the Ṛimūrṭis begun by the author in an earlier part is here continued. That interpretation will show how information of highest significance regarding cosmic processes is compressed in the forms which find expression in stone or metal in thousands of shrines throughout the land. One cannot but feel what great service to the cause of true religion and philosophy can be rendered if temple trustees will but utilise a small fraction of the funds now lamentably wasted, in providing for learned and eloquent preachers explaining to the worshippers who throng to the shrines that the material object they adore artistically symbolises divine forces at work in the universe around them. The reader who may feel satiated with the metaphysic, so

prominent in the profuse quotations I have made, may perhaps find the following explanations somewhat of a pleasant change :

Saᅇ thus corresponds with kriyā, presided over by
 Symbology of Shiva explained. Brahmā. Chit, or Chaitanya, similarly corresponds with jñāna, presided over by Viᅇhnu, and ānanda belongs to Shiva, the lord of ichchhā, full of bliss, self-willed, turned inwards away from all outer things, and the cause of the dissolution of all things into the Self. Hence does the hymn sing of Shiva :

I bow to him, who sleeps within all beings :
 I bow to him, who re-absorbeth all ;
 Three-eyed, five-faced, bedecked with linked skulls,
 Wreathed round with serpents, lord of Pārvaᅇi.
 I bow to him, the source of all the worlds.

Ichchhā, desire, is hid in all things, hence is Shiva said to sleep in all beings. He re-absorbs all, as well as is the source of all, because of his nature, the Negation—the Negation which first affirms and then denies, ichchhā first coveting with greed and then rejecting with satiety. He is called the Three-eyed because he protects and carries out the triple Negation, triple because covering cognition, desire and action, and again because the Negation is not only itself, but is ever inseparably connected during the World-process with the Aham and the Eᅇaᅇ. For this reason also is Shiva, the feminine aspect of Shiva, said to be ᅇri-guᅇa, possessed of three attributes. There is no World-process possible without this trinity ; if there were no Aham and no Eᅇaᅇ the Negation could not apply to anything, and in their mutual annihilation the Negation vanishes.

Aham is the right eye of Shiva ; Eᅇaᅇ, the left ; the third eye above both is Na. By this third, Aham and Eᅇaᅇ are destroyed, and hence comes the tradition that the third eye of Shiva is and causes pralaya. In the Logion also the Na is placed after the Aham and the Eᅇaᅇ, and in the written symbol of the Praᅇava it is the dot placed above the A and U.

The 'five-faced' Shiva has a similar interpretation. In the creative thought, 'I am This—I am Brahman taking form,' the Aham is one aspect ; the desire to create is the second ; the shining forth is the third ; the performance of actions is the fourth ; the result of the actions is the fifth. So in the destructive thought, 'I am not This,' *i.e.*, 'I will destroy this,' the faces are: the Aham ; the consideration of the nexus between the Aham and the Eᅇaᅇ ; the desire to disunite the two ; the breaking of the link and the consequent disappearance of the Eᅇaᅇ ; and lastly, the disappearance also of the

Aham. Yet again may the faces be translated as jñāna, ichchhā, kriyā, and samāhāra, and their destruction.

The string of skulls, emblem of those changes which are summed up in death, signifies the pralaya-nature.

The wreath of serpents indicates the regulation of time-cycles. Everywhere the World-process proceeds by time-cycles, and the time of pralaya, the Negation, is called vyāla, a serpent.

Again Maṇḍa is the aspect of Māyā which destroys all things, and hence the name of Shiva as 'the Lord of Chāmūṇḍi'.

Hence, finally, by the destruction of all limitations and distinctions, the destruction of all separate things, is Shiva identified with ānanda, bliss, which is the absence of all separateness.

Time is triple, following the M, the A and the U. The first, of the nature of M, is the bringer of pralaya, and is called vyāla. These vyālas are represented by the sacred thread, the wrist-chaplets, the ear-rings, and the other ornaments of Shiva, and these ornaments, again, indicate the actions or functions (?). The wrath, the disintegrating energy, necessary for the work of destruction, for the bringing about of pralaya, is the hālāhala the deadly poison. When the ocean of Brahman is churned, of the gems that come forth, Viṣṇu takes those that are of the nature of Aham; those of the nature of Eṭaṭ are claimed by Brahma; that of the nature of Na, the hālāhala, is finally taken by Shiva, who, by drinking it, declares his readiness for the bringing about of pralaya. The epithet Chandra-shēkhara, the moon-crested, means he who delights, chaṇḍaṭē, or illuminates all (pp. 338, 339, 340, 341).

S. Subramania Iyer

(To be concluded)

THE ALLOPATHIC AND ĀYURVAIDĪK

SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE

By H. SUBBA RAO OF ĀYURVEDA KAVIRATNA (CAL.)

(Concluded from p. 558)

I HAVE already pointed out that Āyurveda is based upon the doctrine of three humours of the body, *viz.*, vāta, piṭṭa and śleshma—wind, bile and phlegm respectively—which doctrine the Allopaths had held in great esteem from the time of Hippocrates till the seventeenth century. According to Āyurveda these three humours prevail in the body during life, and the derangement of these humours gives rise to disease; and this is why our Ayurvedik physicians first find out which humour has been affected in any disease, and base their treatment on this humour. I give on pp. 710-711 a tabulated form of these humours, their actions in the body, etc.

The seats and actions of sub-divisions of the primary humours can be well understood by a reference to any Ayurvedik text-book, so I omit them here. Anyone who reads the annexed table carefully and compares it with the theories of the present day will not fail to give the palm to the above system, because our science is based upon actions that take place in the body when life is existent. The situation of liver, spleen, stomach, heart

Name of the humour	Its seat in the body	The time of their being in excess	Causes	Symptoms of derangement	Sub-divisions of the humours
1. Vāta	Between feet and umbilicus. Chiefly in small intestines, buttocks, thighs, ears, bones and skin.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Old age 2. Varsha Ritu (July and August) 3. After digestion 4. Evening and before sunrise 5. Cloudy days 	<p>Eating hot and excessive food, food that is devoid of all essence</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2. Exposure to cold 3. Exertion 4. Anxiety 5. Fear 6. Sleeplessness 7. Wounds from weapons 8. Swimming 9. Loss of semen 10. Fasting 11. Obstruction to natural calls 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Exhaustion 2. Heat of Body 3. Pricking sensation 4. Sleep 5. Anemia 6. Pain 7. Watering of eyes 8. Shivering 9. Dryness of skin 10. Twisting of the body 11. Astringent taste in the mouth 12. Body appearing black or red 	<p>Upa-vāyūs</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Prāṇa 2. Apāna 3. Vyāna 4. Uḍāna 5. Samāna 6. Nāga 7. Kūrma 8. Krukara 9. Devaḍaṭṭa 10. Dhanañjaya
2. Piṭṭa	Between umbilicus and heart. Chiefly in stomach, umbilicus, eyes, lymph, chyle and blood perspiration.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Middle age 2. Midnight and mid-day 3. During digestion 4. Sharaḍ Ritu (January & February) 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Eating saltish and pungent substances 2. Anger 3. Fasting 4. Exposure to sun 5. Drinking alcohol, kanji, curds, etc. 6. Profligacy 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Thirst 2. Indigestion 3. Perspiration 4. Exhaustion 5. Wakefulness 6. Anger 7. Coldness of the body 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Pāchaka 2. Rañjaka 3. Sādhaka 4. Alochaka 5. Bhrājaka

<p>3. Shleshma</p>	<p>Between heart and vertex of the brain, chiefly in heart, throat, head, brain, joints, pancreatic juice, fat, nose and epiglottis.</p>	<p>1. Vasanṭa (March and April) 2. Mornings and forepart of nights 3. Before meals</p>	<p>1. Eating heavy and oily food 2. Drinking sweet liquors, curds, milk and sugarcane juice 3. Sleeping during day time 4. Eating leafy vegetables</p>	<p>1. Shining of the body 2. Itching 3. Coldness and heaviness of the body 4. Dropsy 5. Sleepiness 6. Whiteness of the body 7. Feeling sweet and saltish taste in the mouth 8. Laziness, etc.</p>	<p>1. Kledana 2. Avalambana 3. Rasana 4. Snehana 5. Shleshmana</p>
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and lungs, and also their actions, were known to our ancients long before the birth of Christ. It is indeed a paradox to say that the ancient physicians, who could not approach a dead body on account of the fear of pollution, so clearly saw the causes of disease and found out a most appropriate method of treatment. Their anatomy, as given in Sushruta is ten times greater than that which we have now in Allopathy and their surgical instruments likewise exceed the number that modern surgeons have at the present day. Though I have said that it is a paradox to the Allopaths yet it is not such an enigma as is shown by the advice of some eminent Allopathic doctors, who send their patients abroad for what is commonly called "change of air," either conscientiously believing that their medical art is useless, or in ignorance of the laws of climate on health, when such patients are sent outside, leaving the quiet and comforts of home life to put up with the discomforts of foreign hotels and the noise, fatigue and risks of railroad travelling. There is reason to believe that the ancients knew anatomy without dissecting a single dead body, and without vivisection, so in opposition to the standard set up by some great philosophers and thinkers at the present day.

Look at what a scientific journal said a few years back :

Numerous abnormalities of sense organs are coming into manifestation. We read that a medical man, Dr. F. W. Brett, is the father of a son who possesses X-rays vision. The boy Leo, can see through a person's body, his bones, the inner organs, their colours, normal and abnormal, the blood coursing through the arteries and nerves. The boy is seventeen years of age and uses his wonderful powers to assist his father in his medical practice.

If Dr. Brett's son, Leo, aged seventeen years, can see a man's internal organs with his X-rays vision, it passes beyond my comprehension why we should deny the existence of such a sight to our ancients who lived in happier periods. The above example clearly proves that the present age has still to learn the manifestations of different sense organs that are beyond the reach of science now.

THE CHIEF FACTOR IN ĀYURVEDA

The whole of the Ayurvedik system is not only based upon the above-mentioned theories, but its chief significance consists in the knowledge of trees, shrubs and plants, as that is the main factor in the treatment of diseases. Hence I shall confine myself in the next paragraph to the elucidation of the subject of trees in India, the necessity of their preservation and their contribution to the development of the Āyurvedik system of medicine.

FORESTRY

An investigation into the subject of Indian Medical Botany (which I have specialised for my study) leads one to the knowledge of various indigenous trees. This naturally enables one to acquire knowledge of the amount, condition and value of our forests. When it is seen that hundreds of Indian trees are made use of in the manufacture of Āyurvedik medicines, which exercise miraculous effect in curing certain diseases; when it is known that a number of trees produce the best dyeing materials used for silk, cotton and woollen fabrics;

when it is noticed that almost every tree in India produces either a rich fibrous material or an oil of high commercial value; no true lover of India and the Government will rest quiet, until he gives the widest publicity to the vast resources that lie about him and thus exerts himself to save the Indian forestry from ruin and depredation.

The nations of the West are the first to learn the value of forests after bitter experiences. So long ago as 1669, France pointed with pride and gratitude to the time when the Monarch promulgated the celebrated ordinance of that year, and began a system of forest administration which, with some interruptions, has continued to the present time. When in the time of Louis XIV the woodlands were mercilessly wasted and ill-managed, the cry of Colbert, his great minister: "France périra faute des bois!"—the destruction of forests is the destruction of France—so much inspired the conviction of the value of forests that as a result a bureau of *Eaux et Forêts*, one of the most important bureaus, was established by the French Government even during the Franco-Prussian war; although a law of 1860 appropriating 1,000,000 francs annually for special forestry work expired by its own limitation, the work was continued with only a partial lessening of the expenditure. In 1888 France had 7,500,000 acres of forest belonging to the State. It has at Nancy the greatest Forest Schools in Europe.

The example of France is but an illustration of the general sentiment in European countries regarding forests.

The steps taken by the United States of America in enriching the country by forest products will make

interesting reading and a worthy example to follow. As late as 1880 or so, the United States of America issued circulars to all responsible officers of the States to submit answers to the following queries :

1. What kinds of trees grow successfully ?
2. What kinds of trees have been grown and proved unsuccessful ?
3. What injuries have been noticed to occur from insects and other causes ?
4. General remarks upon the collection and preservation of seeds or young plants, their planting and management, the kinds that promise to be most profitable for cultivation, the preparation of the soil, intervals between trees, and other subjects of interest.

Nearly two thousand replies were received, and no time was lost ere creating a big department whose duty it is to gather up the facts from the wide fields of experiment, and to publish them from time to time, thus extending the benefits of them throughout the States. The State appointed four special agents to report on forest matters, among whom were Dr. John A. Warder of Ohio and R. W. Furnas, both scientists of world-wide fame. Official statistics of those times prove conclusively that there were 248,496 acres of forest trees grown by the State. Mr. James T. Allan of Omaha says there were nearly forty-three millions of forest trees grown in Nebraska, where but a few years back not one tree could be seen on the prairies.

The following laws were passed by the Government of the United States relating to forests :

1. The increased value of lands by reason of live fences, fruit and forest trees grown and cultivated thereon shall not be taken into consideration in the assessment thereof.

2. The corporate authorities of cities and villages in the state shall cause shade trees to be planted along the streets thereof.

3. Any person who shall injure or destroy the shade trees or trees of another or permit his or her animals to do the same, shall be liable to a fine not less than \$ 5 nor more than \$ 50 for each tree injured.

The third procedure followed by the Government was the forestry experiment stations and the calling in of the aid of schools. Various modes of planting and cultivating trees, methods of gathering and storing seeds, the ascertaining of the value of different trees and climatic influences, all these were tried and experimented upon in these stations. The imposition on schools of the duty of teaching the history and science of planting, culture, and growth of trees was the next step. These, combined with the sympathetic activity of the people, have made the United States of America a country of vast natural resources and wealth.

Another way in which America encourages forestry is by the observance of Arbour Day. It is a day set apart in connection with the Public Schools. Students are encouraged to plant trees in memory of eminent authors. The State Board of Agriculture awards liberal remuneration for the greatest number of trees, cuttings, and seeds planted on that day. Thus millions of trees are planted annually.

This practice, now almost a general custom, not only exercises a very healthy influence amongst peasants but also inspires love towards trees.

Now there is hardly a European country that has not one or more forestry schools. Germany, Austria and Switzerland have each ten or twelve schools of forestry. Western nations have fully realised the value of forest-products, and that is why they are ahead of the eastern

nations. Their boot and shoe manufacture, their boxes for packing various commodities, their waggons and carriages, their cars and ships, and their thousand and one tools of handicrafts and machinery, are all of forest products only. Their chief sources of support and of industries are in forests, and they are quite alive to the fact. The emblem on the seal of one of the States of America is a wood-chopper with uplifted axe, and this signifies the care they bestow on forests.

Now look at our country. Should we not say with Americans of the sixties: "We have cut and burnt the forests with reckless wastefulness. We have consumed our patrimony with spendthrift prodigality. We have wasted and are wasting the richest heritage which nature ever bestowed on any people." We are gradually increasing the consumption of forest-products as only fit for fuel and timber. I am sure, at this present rate of consumption, India will be deprived of all trees.

Fortunately the British Government has come to save the vegetable kingdom, just as they have rescued the human from slavery and degradation. The labours of Dr. E. Balfour, Colonel H. Drury, Major R. H. Boddam, Dr. D. Brandis, Dr. Birdwood, Dr. J. T. Royle, Mr. Baden-Powell, and lastly of our pioneer naturalist, Mr. T. N. Mukerji, have been productive of much good in awakening the western nations to the depth and value of the resources which our country possesses in her forests. The exhibits sent to the Amsterdam World-Exhibition by Mr. Mukerji stunned the whole of Europe, and afforded a positive proof that we are the richest of all nations in the possession of sylvan products. The \$ 700,000,000 which the United States of America paid for creating a vegetable kingdom have been met for us by Nature,

and we are now capable of producing an equal amount. But we are still repeating in our history the blunder committed by earlier races, ignoring how they paid heavily for it, and we convert large tracts of land into deserts by the destruction of forests. Should we not now at least profit by the experience of others, and check the destructive influences at work? What we cannot do, we should effect through the Government; because the Government possesses almost all the area occupied by forests. Its agents are generally recruited from England; and though they are specialists in the botanical science of Europe, they have comparatively little knowledge of Indian trees and their uses. There are no doubt exceptions. But the days of Birdwood, Baden-Powell and others of that eminent class have gone, and now we only see men of the former class. A Superintendent of the Madras School of Arts, in a work on dyes and dyeing, frankly confesses that he began his experiments as they were dictated by an Indian student of his (a dyer), and, to his utmost surprise he produced finally the beautiful kirmanji, kapila colours, such as he never saw in all Europe. This is the class of experts which the Government has in some parts, and natural is it that they should fail to advise the Government correctly as to the utility of sylvan products. I cannot believe that the Government ignores the suggestions of private and public bodies. On representations by public bodies the Government may take care of its property for the general welfare; and to-day it has no other property so valuable as its forests. The whole of the income which the Government gets from lands is hardly comparable with this. The loss of income from excise, stamps, etc., will not

cause permanent injury to the nation, but the neglect of forests may threaten desolation and national decay. Hence it is the duty of every citizen and of public and private bodies to make proper representations to the Government as to the yield of forests and their maintenance. As a writer says regarding the most fertile regions of the Asiatic continent :

When well-wooded and watered, a terrestrial paradise ; but within the last twenty-five years a mania of clearing has seized upon the inhabitants and all the great forests have been cut away The water courses are dried up and the irrigating canals empty. The moving sands of the desert being no longer restrained by barriers of forests, are every day gaining upon the land and will finish by transforming it into a desert as desolate as the solitudes that separate it from Khiva.

This will be exactly the state of this country if the forests are all cleared away. The Government has already shown interest in the subject by the establishment of a State School at Dehra Dun for foresters. Such schools must be multiplied in the interest of both Government and subjects, and the education should be left open to the non-official class also. Prof. Macarel, a high authority, in his *Cours de Droit Administratif*, says :

The preservation of forests is one of the first interests of society and consequently one of the first duties of Government. It is not alone from the wealth which they offer that we may judge. Their existence is of itself of incalculable benefit, as well in the protection and feeding of the springs and rivers as in their prevention of the washing away of the soil from the mountains and in the beneficial influence which they exert upon the atmosphere. Large forests deaden and break the force of heavy winds that beat out the seeds and injure the growth of plants. They form reservoirs of moisture ; they shelter the growth of the fields ; and upon hill-sides, where the rain waters, checked in their descent by the thousand obstacles they present by their roots and by the trunks of trees, have time to filter into the soil, and only find their way by slow degrees to the rivers. They regulate in a certain degree the flow of the waters and the hydrometrical condition of the atmosphere, and their

destruction accordingly increases the duration of droughts, and gives rise to the injuries of inundations which denude the face of the mountains. Penetrated with these truths, legislators in all ages made the preservation of forests an object of special solicitude.

This is also the principle upon which the forest administration of all European countries is based and we recommend the same to our sympathetic Government. I cannot close the paragraph without quoting finally the pregnant words of Baron Ferdinand Von Muller. He says :

I regard the Forest as an heritage given us by nature not for spoil or to devastate, but to be wisely used, reverently honoured and carefully maintained. I regard the Forests as a gift, entrusted to any of us only for transient care during a short space of time, to be surrendered to posterity again, as an unimpaired property with increased riches and augmented blessings to pass a sacred patrimony from generation to generation.

H. Subba Rao

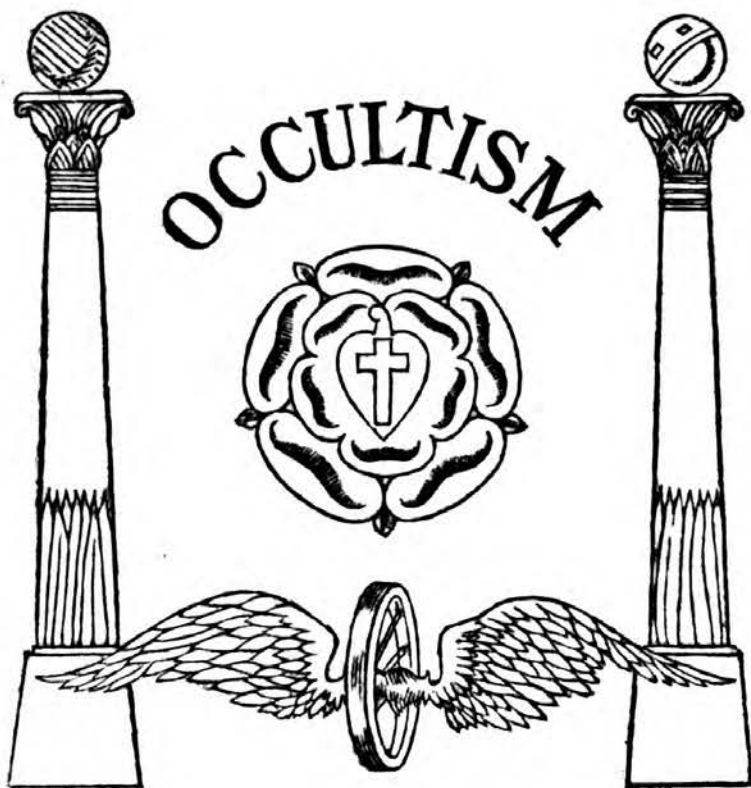
(To be concluded)

GOD'S WORDS

Far o'er the ever-hallowing streams of Time
 Full many a wingéd word has floated,
 For God hath spoken to men of every clime
 Who sought to hear, with lives devoted.
 Far o'er the seas of Time.

But God still speaks to men; and surely still
 His trusted messengers doth send:
 No man need doubt, if he but knows the thrill
 Of the word, of the grip, of the Love of a friend,
 That God *still* speaks to men.

F. Gordon Pearce



FAERY

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

THEOSOPHICAL students have long been familiar with the idea that our world has a vast population normally unseen by us—a population of angels and nature-spirits. The lower orders of the angels may be considered as corresponding to an advanced humanity, though their higher orders reach far beyond any level that the bulk of humanity has yet attained or even imagined. The nature-spirits stand in relation to the

angels just as the animal kingdom stands in relation to the human, and the dividing line between the two is individualisation, in the one case as in the other ; but a much higher development of intelligence and reasoning power is gained before individualisation in the case of the less material evolution, and thus it happens that we frequently encounter the phenomenon of etheric or astral entities fully equal to man in intelligence and resourcefulness, but without any special ethical feeling or sense of responsibility.

These more tenuous beings constitute a line of evolution parallel to our own, and consequently every stage with which we are familiar in physical life is represented among them, from the amorphous protozoon, in which consciousness is dawning, to the great archangel who directs a vast department of terrestrial activity. The number of types is all but infinite—a fact that accounts for the wide difference between the reports of casual observers. For the existence of these non-human entities is widely known in the world, and numbers of people have seen them ; indeed, it was only the ignorant scepticism of the last century that introduced disbelief in their reality. Signs are not wanting that the reign of obscurantism is passing, and that contemptuous denial is being replaced by intelligent enquiry ; and among such signs it seems to me that three recently-published books are specially noteworthy.

The first of these is *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, by Dr. W. Y. Evans Wentz. This is a remarkable and in many respects an epoch-making book, for it is the first attempt to treat rationally and worthily at least one section of the world-wide belief in nature-spirits. Just twenty years earlier Mr. Hartland

published his *Science of Fairy Tales*, but though he wrote sympathetically on the subject, and avowed his dissatisfaction with the theory then current that all fairy stories were traditions of the remnants of earlier races, he stopped short of any definite suggestion as to the real ground of a belief so universal. Dr. Wentz goes much further ; he has spent much time in personally collecting testimony as to the living fairy faith in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall and Brittany, and as a result of his investigations he proclaims that :

(1) Fairyland exists as a supernormal state of consciousness into which men and women may enter temporarily in dreams, trances, or in various ecstatic conditions : or for an indefinite period at death.

(2) Fairies exist, because in all essentials they appear to be the same as the intelligent forces now recognised by psychical researchers. (p. 490.)

The fact that Dr. Wentz is a man of science and learning is attested by the University degrees which he has taken in three countries ; and it is gratifying to find that a man of such standing has the courage to defy the cheap sneers of the ignorant, and to state so clearly the result of his investigations. He is to be congratulated alike on his patient industry, his perspicacity and his valour ; one cannot say to what extent he is prepared to accept clairvoyant testimony, but at least it may possibly interest him to hear that Theosophists are well acquainted with his fairyland under the name of the astral world, and that they know a good deal about some of the many nations of his fairies, though they more often call them nature-spirits.

There are some points on which he is not fully in accord with our own results, but Theosophists may venture to think that, if he continues his enquiries in the

same fearless spirit, he will approximate more and more nearly to our conclusions. He has not yet arrived at a clear distinction between the etheric and the astral ; and perhaps he (or more probably those whom he interrogated) may not always fully distinguish between the actions of nature-spirits and those of dead men. He regards the Tuatha-de-Danaan as fairies, whereas our researches show them to have been a race of men closely allied to the Greeks. But it is quite true that, because of their splendid appearance and greater knowledge, they were considered as semi-divine beings, and the traditions of them are now in the minds of the peasantry inextricably intermingled with those of the fairies.

He speaks quite plainly and with evident sympathy of the Celtic doctrines of rebirth and of the other world, which, as he expounds them, are simply reincarnation and the astral life, exactly as Theosophists hold them; and he declares that these ideas "accord thoroughly in their essentials with modern science". The following passage from p. 514 shows that he shares with us yet another of the most precious items of knowledge which Theosophy has brought to us :

An integral part of the Celtic esoteric theory of evolution is, that there have been human races like the present human race who in past æons of time have evolved completely out of the human plane of conscious existence into the divine plane of conscious existence. Hence the gods are beings which once were men, and the actual race of men will in time become gods. Man now stands related to the divine and invisible world in precisely the same manner that the brute stands related to the human race. To the gods, man is a being in a lower kingdom of evolution. According to the complete Celtic belief, the gods can and do enter the human world for the specific purposes of teaching men how to advance more rapidly toward the higher kingdom. In other words, all the Great Teachers, *e.g.*, Jesus, Buddha, Zoroaster, and many

others, in different ages and among various races, whose teachings are extant, are, according to a belief yet held by educated and mystical Celts, divine beings who in inconceivably past ages were men but who are now gods, able at will to incarnate into our world, in order to emphasise the need which exists in nature, by virtue of the working of evolutionary laws (to which they themselves are still subject), for man to look forward, and so strive to reach divinity, rather than to look backward in evolution and thereby fall into mere animalism.

All students of the occult will thank Dr. Wentz for the care with which he has made and recorded a most valuable series of investigations. His book should be in the library of every Theosophical Lodge.

It is to Dr. Wentz indirectly that we owe the second book of our trilogy, *Lore of Proserpine*, for its author (Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who is a novelist of repute) confesses that it was only after reading the work to which we have just referred that he was inspired to add his modicum of personal testimony to that which Dr. Wentz has so laboriously collected. The direct testimony confines itself to some five or six definite encounters, though the suggestion is conveyed that there have been many others entirely satisfactory to the author, but less capable of description.

He speaks of a fairy boy whom he saw in a wood, of a dryad, and of some other forms to which he gives the name of oreads. These seem all to have resembled humanity in size and general appearance, yet to have had about them some distinctively non-human quality. I have seen hundreds of nature-spirits to which his descriptions would apply, yet he seems to have had one experience that has never yet fallen to my lot, for he records that he saw a fairy behaving cruelly to an animal, whereas all those that I have encountered have appeared to be on the most friendly terms with the

wild denizens of the flood and field. Apart from the above instances, he gives some account of several cases in which he believes that nature-spirits inhabited human bodies—an event which sometimes occurs, though not very often. The most remarkable story in the book is called 'Quidnunc,' and perhaps one may be pardoned for feeling some uncertainty as to whether Mr. Hewlett wishes us to take it seriously; it describes what purports to be a very inappropriate incarnation of Mercury, the messenger of the Gods.

In a final chapter our author tries to formulate a theory which shall include all these experiences, and comes in some points very near the truth. He says:

There is a chain of Being of whose top alike and bottom we know nothing at all. What we do know is that our own is a link in it, and we cannot generally—can only fitfully and rarely—have intercourse with any other Of this chain of Being, then, of which our order is a member, the fairy world is another and more subtle member, subtler in the right sense of the word because it is not burdened with a material envelope. Like man, like the wind, like the rose, it has spirit; but unlike any of the lower orders (of which man is one) it has no sensible wrappings unless deliberately it consents to inhabit one.

With all that we can agree; but on some minor points we are less certain. Mr. Hewlett seems to hold that all fairies have sex, and reproduce their species as we do, while we should think that to be true only of a few of the lower etheric varieties. There are still other points upon which he speculates, probably rightly; but we have as yet no evidence about them. He evidently holds that the classical deities of ancient Greece still exist, and may be reached. He understands that a river, a hill, an oak-tree, a rose-bush may be under certain circumstances an actual entity, wherein we are fully with him; and he believes that such an entity may

sometimes materialise in human form, and actually enter into the closest relations with men and women. Well, there were plenty of instances in classical days; and it is unwise to decide that, because a thing does not happen in our crassly materialistic civilisation, it can never have occurred under more natural and picturesque conditions.

We know so little of the world in which we live that it is rash to generalise; and the record of any actual experience is always of interest. We know from observation that any great old tree possesses a strong temporary individuality, capable on occasion of exteriorising itself in human form; we know also that where a grove of such trees has been undisturbed for many years there is usually a much greater entity of a quite different type, who may be called the presiding angel or deity of the grove. In India such an entity would probably be described as a *kāmaḍeva*; it is of such that Mr. Hewlett speaks as 'The King of the Wood'. Such a being rules over the less developed tree-spirits (though usually without interfering with them in any way), and receives from them such worship as they are capable of giving. He is also quite willing to absorb any devotion offered to him by human beings; he even sometimes tries to appropriate what is not specially intended for him.

I remember a most interesting spectacle of which I was personally a witness in India. European readers may perhaps not be aware that in that country it is customary to have long performances of a character unknown to the West in modern days, though perhaps not entirely unparalleled in mediæval times—performances half musical, half conversational—distinctly

religious in their intention, yet not without homely touches of wit and quaint topical allusions. Some well-known religious story is recited, with rigid adherence to the traditional incidents, but with plenty of room for the talent of the performer to manifest itself in the dress in which he clothes it, in the local allusions and songs which he works into his entertainment. For it is half an entertainment and half a religious function; members of the audience are deeply affected, and indeed frequently pass into a condition of intense and half-abstracted devotion which is almost a trance, and seem for the time unimpressible by external affairs. Such a performance often lasts for four or five hours—sometimes even all night, I am told; and those who attend seem capable of enjoying a sort of orgy of devotion for quite an indefinite period.

Looked at by a clairvoyant, such a performance veils itself in rolling clouds of blue, intermingled sometimes with other unexpected colours; but it naturally differs completely from a definite act or offering of devotion aimed at a particular deity. Perhaps it is that very difference, that vagueness and lack of direction, which offers his opportunity to the local deity; for in the case to which I am referring there *was* in attendance a local deity of no mean power, who sat on the roof of the building and absorbed those clouds of devotion as a sponge sucks up water.

This deity was in human form, gigantic but well-proportioned, and rather feminine than masculine in appearance; his (or her) body was obviously normally astral, but had drawn into itself for the occasion so much of etheric matter that it was only just barely beyond the limit of ordinary physical sight; I think it

must have been perceptible to anyone even slightly sensitive. If the form was human, the expression assuredly was not; it was weird and incalculably strange; no single feature was noticeably unhuman, yet the effect of the whole was removed by unthinkable spaces from sane everyday life. One felt oneself rapt away from the twentieth century after Christ into the twentieth century before Him, into the unfamiliar and the uncanny, the incomprehensible—perhaps even the terrible. Not that the deity was ill-disposed; on the contrary, she wore an expression of almost fatuous satisfaction, which somehow irresistibly suggested the purring of a cat; yet she was remote with the remoteness of another dimension from the humanity whose emanations she absorbed with an enjoyment which seemed somehow glutinous. So far as was perceptible, she gave nothing in return for all that she absorbed, but more and more as the entertainment went on she overshadowed the performer, strengthening him yet possessing him, until even in outward appearance he grew strangely, awfully like her, and one wonders how it was that the audience did not notice the change that came over him and the unnatural tension in the atmosphere.

Another entity of similar type was present—an entity just as unmistakably but indefinably male as the other was female; a creature of less power than the lady, and apparently not on the best of terms with her—distinctly jealous of her at any rate, and desirous to deflect some or all of the devotion in his own direction. Without actually moving he contrived to give a strong impression of an endeavour to oust her—of trying to shoulder her away, just as one small boy might try to push another in some childish game. He

was entirely unsuccessful, for the lady had attached herself to the gathering like a limpet to a rock, and was not to be dispossessed.

It seems probable that these were entities of the same type as some of those described by Mr. Hewlett. However that may be, his book will have its use in familiarising a wide circle of readers with the idea of the reality of faery.

The third book of the set is *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, by Mr. Algernon Blackwood. When we open a book by that author we know that a treat lies before us, and if on inspection we find that children figure prominently among the characters, we know that it will be a *great* treat, for Mr. Blackwood's children are always charming creations. *A Prisoner in Fairyland* offers us children—delightful children; perhaps none quite so utterly lovable as Nixie in *The Education of Uncle Paul*, but still young people who soon bind themselves to us by cords of affection. Once more fairyland is the astral world, into which all the characters pass when they fall asleep—or nearly all, for some are so entangled in worldly cares that they cannot be pulled out of their physical bodies, but actually stick in the process and slip back again! But though this story deals with fairyland we hear nothing of the fairies, except a few who are personified dreams of childhood—the Dustman, the Tramp, the Woman of the Haystack; nor do we even encounter the hosts of the dead. We are invited to concentrate our attention entirely upon the living human inhabitants of the astral world, and the work which they do as invisible helpers.

For the stream of Divine Love pours down ever as the Starlight, and such of it as is not immediately used is

stored up in a Star-Cave, and all the helpers come flying there at night to fetch it and distribute it where it is needed, among the sick, the sorrowful, the suffering. The wholebook is a fantasia upon this theme—a delicate fantasy such as Mr. Blackwood so well knows how to weave, and all his characters are fantasts too. They live in a world which is and yet is not the world that we know—a world enwrapped in a web of starlight, palpitant with mystery and sympathy, with omnipresent life and love.

There is no story in the ordinary sense of the word—no plot, no climax; yet the book is permeated with the idea that thoughts are things, that because of the mighty power and wide-spreading influence of thought it is the duty of every one to think beauty and helpfulness, and to pour it out with clear intent upon those whom we know to need it. Some are so shut in by a shell of sordid care that it is hard to find a way into their hearts; yet such a shell may be penetrated if there is in it even one tiny channel of love. We read of one who was in the bondage of squalid anxieties, yet could be touched and helped through her love for her flowers.

This is by no means a book for all, yet to those who understand it will appeal very strongly. It takes its place with the books already mentioned—signs of the times, all three of them, showing that popular interest is turning towards the non-material side of life, and is gradually beginning to realise its transcendent importance.

C. W. Leadbeater

“THE COMING BUDDHA”

AMONG the many treasures collected by Sir Sven Hedin, K. C. I. E., during his explorations in little-known Central Asia, is a reproduction of an image of the Tibetan Byams-pa, the Hindū and Buddhist Maitreya, the present Boḍhisattva, or supreme Teacher of the World, and the next Buddha.

The Boḍhisattva is usually represented as standing, not sitting, as is mostly the case with other great Personages, and His colour is white. This colour is perhaps due to accurate traditional knowledge, or to the fact that it is believed that a great part of His Mission will be carried out in the West. There is also a tradition that, as Buddha, He will be born in the West. It may also be a recognition of the fact that He will be the “Fifth Race Buddha,” and that the Fifth Race was originally white, and is still white in some of its branches.

In our picture, it will be seen that the Lord is seated, not standing, but that instead of sitting cross-legged in the eastern posture so familiar to all in the statues of the Lord Gauṭama Buddha, He is seated in the ordinary European way. In this, the statue is said to be unique.

We have to thank the *Times of India* for the permission to reproduce.



“ THE COMING BUDDHA ”

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NOTES FROM A DIARY AT SEA AND ON LAND

By HESTIA

THE PATH OF SILVER

THE evening was one of calm beauty with a moon, one day past its full, gleaming across the waters and making a broad, silvery track from ship to sky—that track which, whether lit by sun or moon, always leads down from the heavens to the feet of each beholder wherever he may be, as if a personal invitation were offered and the ‘Path of the Eternal Wisdom’ revealed for a moment in its beauty and glory, as the shimmering welcome comes to each. Never is it seen but irresistibly those words flash to mind: “The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day,” and it comes as a call to tread that Path to the goal whence the radiance gleams. What may lie between matters little—depths, dizziness, danger, dolours, demons, despair, desolation—all may, nay will, assuredly be encountered, yet do they count as nothing beside the joy of the Way.

The path as now viewed is a wide stretch of lighted avenue, smooth and bright, with canopy of stars above and silver orb as goal which casts the brilliant track. But once set foot thereon, leaving the safe accustomed ways of men, and the feet will sink into nothingness,

and the waters go over the soul who so boldly dares. He must learn to tread water in place of earth, to guide his course by the stars instead of by the familiar lamps of man's little horizon, to walk with no man's hand in his, to look neither to right nor left but keep straight on towards that blinding goal, and find and keep the razor edge along its dizzy centre.

Shall we leave our safe and easier ways for this of peril great? What the inducement? Just then a song is heard, blown in from the lonely silver track below :

And only Heaven is sweeter than to walk
With Christ at midnight over moonlit seas.

Ah, if it be to meet the Christ there, if on that Path *His* radiance shine, if that be the Way *His* feet have hallowed, if the light is *His* which calls to us to follow, if we may serve *Him* there, then at once turn we towards that goal; for when our feet sink He will uphold, when our hearts fail His voice will strengthen, the rapture of His service shall be ours, and we shall count all things but loss that we may gain Christ.

THE PATH OF GOLD

A few months later in Normandy the same lit Path was seen, but this time from the parapet of a Lighthouse which looked across the waters to the western sun. It had been a day of wild storm and ceaseless rain clearing towards evening, but leaving sky and horizon still draped with misty veil which blended earth and heaven as one, while the sun showed as a pale wan moon—ghost-like and unreal through the mist which covered all. But there, in the centre of that sea of mist which wiped out Earth's horizons and merged as one

the upper and the lower, there again appeared the track, golden this time—although its sun was seen so white and pale—a track of golden shimmer running right down through the centre of the mist's wide ocean. Nothing else visible on either side, above or below, but the Path of Gold set in the sea of mist. Where it began, where it ended, none could say; whether it lay in earth or heaven none could tell; but one guessed it led straight to the very Heart of God from the edge of His world of men. What was it—that golden Path of Light in the mist?

Was it the beam down which the Knights of old watched steal the Holy Grail?

Was it the ladder let down to earth on which the patriarch of old saw Angels ascending and descending?

Was it the hand of God the Father stretched out to grasp and hold the hand of supine man, His child, as pictured in that glory of the Vatican roof?

Was it a chord let drop from the music of the Angels, or of the spheres, crystallising as it fell into that radiant form?

Was it the line of light between the Master and His pupil, along which He sends His thoughts—gliding as golden stars—to help His little child?

Or was it the smile of God, as is His bow in the sky, one showing near fall of night, the other coming midst the storm as His limning of promise?

Perchance it was mere Beauty to teach us Joy—the Joy of the Lord, and the Beauty of Holiness—ere He, the Beauty of all Beauty, shall shine upon us?

Or, mayhap, it was to tell us that the substratum of all is joy, that the love of God is Universal Love, and Beauty the soul of all?

Was it the flash-light from highest heaven of earth's Divine Lighthouse, mirrored midst mist of men?

Or was it indeed the promise of His Coming, the rehearsal of the heavens where the preparation grows apace for that supreme moment of earth's deliverance, and They let down the golden Pathway kept for the Feet of the Blessed One alone? Had we caught a glimpse of the practice of the Angels, a shadow in the heavens of the divine Event to be?

Or was it again that the presence of — on that Lighthouse parapet, made the instant connection, and the spark flashed out, nothing deterred by the drowning mist which hid all else, as it flew to its mark, Star calling unto star?

We cannot say which, for all is summed up as one to those who watch and love and wait for His appearing — all things point to HIM.

Hestia

But indeed conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct. Nay, properly conviction is not possible till then, inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true it is, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action". On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of incalculable service: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee," which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will have already become clearer.

CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus*

THE GARMENT OF WOMANHOOD

By SUSAN E. GAY, F. T. S.

THE Theosophist is, perhaps, the only person who is able sufficiently to detach himself from the special and powerful illusion of sex, to judge truly of what is becoming, in at least half the world, a burning question.

He it is who knows, as others do not, that our race in primitive times presented other aspects than those that prevail now—in other words, that it did not possess duality of sex, but was androgynous. The signs of that condition still exist physiologically. It does not therefore follow that this aspect betokened a high plane of being at that time, although there seems to have been a tradition of a race which had progressed further than those beings which once stood for humanity, and which, to put it in antique fashion, “fell” into dual generation, and also, unfortunately, into vice, and in a measure thereby “murdered the brother”—that is to say, followed selfish impulses, in the train of which arose complete differentiation of sex, and especial tribulation to that half of it which bore the form of womanhood.

This event, the most momentous of any that took place since human life appeared on our globe was, doubtless, one wrought out by Necessity, and has been,

and is, prolific of many evils, so-called, which otherwise could have had no existence, as well as the greater good which always overcomes that which we call evil. The form of man grew more condensed, more physical, subject to disease and also to the crisis of death—which would otherwise have been escaped, and would have assumed the aspect of some natural transition. The secret of death is in truth hidden within the physical birth. And from the nature of the case that portion of humanity which became ‘woman’ was greatly encumbered by her condition. As in the animal world, the form necessary for race reproduction was evolved within the body, producing disabilities and perils unknown to the early beings who multiplied by the simple process of division, or by the production of an egg which was no burden to its parent. It also followed that the form could not be evolved at all without the initial assistance of the other sex, which for many ages has acted, and to a large extent still acts, the part of despoiler rather than helper. Thereafter, for vast periods, the ‘woman aspect’ of Humanity became liable to a servitude which was very pronounced among savage tribes, since, in addition to bearing many children, the woman laboured in the field as a sort of slave, while the man roamed free to hunt or make war as seemed best to his inclinations. The girl born among such became a sort of prey, and the ceremony of marriage was a rough capture. In later ages, success in war produced many prisoners, the men of whom became slaves in labour, while the women encountered slavery of a worse kind—that of the primitive ‘harem,’ in which they were preserved as valuable instruments of physical pleasure.

There is small need to dwell on the facts which are still evident among savage tribes now living, and races which practise polygamy. The sort of life assigned to womanhood was such as to stultify all but one thing, and that was a certain altruism arising from the nature of this disabling condition of motherhood. It was the saving clause, the justification of the entire scheme of human life from this point of view. How could the sentiment of altruism be born amid conditions which in the first instance had so strongly accentuated the selfhood? They who produced their kind polyp-fashion, or through a kind of egg, must have lived for their own special individualities, such as they were, far more than for anything else. But the human being who became a parent, in the intimate sense of a mother, was able to hold in her arms a tiny *other self*, which appealed to her alike by its being a part of her own flesh and blood, and also by its helplessness. The strong mother-instinct to protect and cherish was born with the child, the first clear note of altruism was struck, proceeding only from a self-feeling at first but destined to expand through the growing family, and inspire, in lesser degree, the male parent. Many things conspired to destroy this early germ of future brotherhood, but it survived the demands made on the mother to suffer and endure, on the father to labour and provide. The family became a foundation-stone of limited fraternity, forced upon it by the nature of things, the necessity of being kept alive and of remaining in being. Success in arms followed strength in the family; it was cherished because it was useful, and afterwards because it was deeply related to the parents. Mother-love, above all, brought love into the world, and to

become a mother was counted, after a time and among certain peoples, to have achieved a somewhat honoured place, denied to the barren. Yet woman was sacrificed with rare and forgotten exceptions, and as civilisations arose of one kind and another, her sex-disabilities took other forms which still held her in the condition of servitude.

Though the woman was sometimes regarded as a prize to be fought for, and sometimes as a slave to be spurned, there yet grew and increased that which stood for the home, the natural resting-place of the family, which became the source of deep lessons in the evolution of man ; and when passion at last assumed a certain amount of sentiment and romance, it began to inspire and quicken the growth of the refining arts, of music, painting, and sculpture. Nor did the toil imposed on the father of a family fail to stimulate his brain as he encountered the competition of others, and the stress of obtaining the means of subsistence. Invention became necessary, natural, to him, as did the keen observation of physical nature, incidents, and phenomena. He had the best school for the quickening of his brain-power, even as his consort received the best training for the emotion of love and sympathy through the birth of new selves.

Hence, the so-called 'fall' became an ascent in evolution, and the lazy beings, half-fluidic, who lay about upon river-banks, needing little sustenance and without any tinge of sentiment for aught they reproduced, entered at last upon a training which meant evolution.

Of course, through the law of reincarnation, that condition inevitable for all humanity, a certain balancing power asserted itself through the alternations of sex in

the embodied ego, expressing itself finally in our day among the most advanced of the male sex in a sympathy for those who wear the garment of womanhood, a sympathy which is an unconscious memory. Also, by a natural law, the strength of mind and will acquired by one sex expressed itself in spite of obstacles in certain instances in the other, when conditions were not wholly unfavourable. We note this in ancient Egypt in certain warrior Queens, such as Hatshopsitu, over 3,000 years ago ; in ancient Babylonia, where the matriarchate existed ; in Deborah, the Jewish ruler ; among the specially cultured women of Greece, who were the chosen companions of her great men ; among such powerful personalities as Hypatia, who held Alexandria by the spell of her learning and philosophy ; the women confessors and martyrs of the Christian era ; Joan of Arc, in whom burned the passion for liberty ; and in the curious fighting instincts of the Amazons. Goddesses were, so to speak, in vogue, Priestesses, many Queens.

Extraordinary reactions occasionally took place, in which feminine humanity seemed to acquire an exceptional ascendancy from causes too remote to be clearly enquired into. It was as though a force proceeding from the process of reincarnation broke through for a space all outer form, all outer customs, and proclaimed : " Here also is Man." But the great multitude of women learned to be hedged in by outer conditions rather than to rend them, and occupied themselves with certain happy maternal cares, their attire, ornamentation, jewels, perfumes, and household matters, most of which did not tend to awaken brain or energy of any kind. Probably it was this condition which moved Plato to believe that incarnation in the form of woman was a

punishment. He did not consider them the worthy objects of his inspiring Platonic love.

Odd experiences sometimes overtook the other sex. The strange custom of the Couvade, in which, when a child is born, the father is secluded and dieted, has been traced in Western China, Corsica, Spain, and among widely separated tribes. In the West Indies, a far worse fate at such a time befalls the male parent, who is obliged to fast, is scraped with a sharp instrument and washed in strong pepper-water, and remains in bed like a sick person, though assuredly without the comforts of the latter.

When the time arrived in which women could not be seized without exciting the anger of other men, they were tempted by gifts, often lavish, to enter upon that sad trade, the bartering of their own persons—a condition of degradation which has had its effect, moral and physical, on the entire race. A lot more tragic, more humiliating, than prostitution, or even any equivalent to it in loveless and enslaved conditions in what is considered to be lawful marriage, can hardly be conceived for any being possessing a soul. Small wonder was it that man, already contaminated by his flesh-eating propensities, became the most diseased creature on the face of the earth. Yet all were not sunk in merely passionnal impulses. Sentiment, romance, reared its head even amid conditions still rude, still for the most part restricted in all we now regard as civilisation, so far as it has gone. No small difference was there between the years when a band of savage youths clubbed some poor maiden in the chase of capture, and those that beheld the erection of that mausoleum—pearl of buildings—to the memory of the beloved consort of

Shah Jehan ; which heard the songs of the troubadours in Italy and France, and welcomed the tournaments in which the knight of chivalry bore some lady's badge, and received her judgment of his prowess as his crowning prize.

During the Christian era the type of an ideal humanity in western lands has approached the feminine. In countless pictures the Christ is represented with long hair, sometimes in ringlets, and thus, also, the saints and angels ; while the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, so-called—however misapprehended in its true meaning—filled the popular imagination with an exalted idea of womanhood. This, no doubt, accomplished a useful end in periods when the average woman had little or no education, could not bear arms, and was lightly estimated unless she were a Princess or an Abbess. These ideals were reactions against the bigoted wails of early Christian writers, who saw in woman only the "temptress, the author of evil," a position which did no little harm in forming ecclesiastical law, and has been assumed in modern days by such men as Strindberg and others, in whose works a futile madness reigns concerning their conceptions of human life and its sex experiences, which are the necessary lot of all incarnating egos. So much, roughly given, for the past.

Again the long slow years have wrought a change, and that change is appearing very strongly now in the western continents. Here, within my recollection, a woman lost her property when married, unless it was tied up in the hands of trustees ; and not only so, she had not even the guardianship of her own children, one of the most beautiful expressions of mother-love, outraged by a barbarous law. These

things, through suffering and consequent rebellion, have been swept away, and mainly through the resistance of the women themselves, wives and mothers. They have arrived, almost all of them, at the point when they value the independence arising from ownership of property, and when they claim the child or children as especially their own, by the natural virtue of birthright.

Yet it took fifteen years to pass that Property Bill, and it has taken fifteen years to pass a 'White Slave' Bill, only accomplished last year.

Perceiving the slow progress of domestic reforms, and the continual procrastination of matters vital to the women and children of the country, a very large number of educated women have formed in England many societies for the purpose of obtaining the franchise; and the agitation, first begun some forty years ago, has been increasing. John Stuart Mill it was who not only advocated it, but used his philosophic pen in behalf of the freedom of womanhood, and in one passage he oddly enough denounced maternity as a clumsy contrivance of Nature. The movement—fight rather—went on, for medical education, for a university education (a training more complete than the old average girls' schools afforded), and at last with such success as regards education, the key of progress, that the studies of grown-up girls at their colleges are of the same quality as those for young men at the universities, with the rather unjust difference that Oxford and Cambridge still refuse to confer on them degrees, the hall-mark of success.

Then have followed the strikes of the working-women for higher wages, and a general demand to secure occupations which have been previously only open to men.

Now England differs from some other countries in this, that the women numerically greatly exceed the other sex. I do not think these things arise by chance; they bear results. It follows that marriage for all is an impossibility. What are they to do, these women who have sought and acquired cultivation, who possess ability, and who have no households of their own to occupy their attention? Clearly, they must obtain remunerative occupation. A large number of young women become nurses, the work extremely hard, and the pay as a rule small; some take up teaching in an overstocked market, the work again laborious, and the pay often inadequate; others become clerks, typists, secretaries, dispensers, lady-physicians, journalists, and in some instances work in religious sisterhoods, or seclude themselves in the restricted life of a convent. Among the working-women, where marriage is more common, the women occasionally compete with the men, and owing to their working for smaller wages, eject them. Various inventions now tend to abolish the drudgery of domestic life; carpet-sweepers and vacuum-cleaners, gas or electric heating and lighting, co-operative cooking or simultaneous cooking of dishes in a special apparatus, all contribute to this end. Only the working woman applies herself to the wash-tub, and even this is destined to give way, even in comparatively poor districts, to district laundries. Spinning and weaving have gone to the factories; the old still-room is a curiosity, its objects taken over by the chemist and the jam-manufacturer; and even the kitchen in large towns is likely to become an obsolete institution in view of co-operative cooking managed by *chefs* and hygienists, to suit the more delicate

palates and digestions of a coming race. Less food, and that more concentrated and of the best quality, will be the rule, and the wastefulness and the rubbish sold for consumption will be things of the past. The founding of a College of Hygiene and Sanitation would promote other useful methods and many reforms, and furnish occupation for women of ability fitted for public work. For work they must, outside the drawing-room and even a possible nursery, and take a part, even lead, in the great movement of reconstruction and reformation which has begun.

As legislation becomes necessarily more split into Councils, and deals more and more with domestic matters, the inclusion of women will be inevitable, and even the Central Council, or Parliament, will in the near future welcome women of experience and ability, and much desultory and partisan talk will be exchanged for practical work. There will be no more difficulty in a woman's occupying a seat in the Central Council than there is in her being a lady-guardian now, when she has to consider cases and matters not suited for the very youthful. The difficulty, in fact, really lies in her absence; for one point of view, the man's, is all too frequently prejudiced, cursory, and insufficient. And this only revives the ancient right of the women who possessed the cultivation of their day, and who sat in the Saxon Witenagemot, chiefly the Abbesses, in right of their abbeys.

A large number of women are employed in minor offices in the General Post Office, and they are now striking for the same remuneration as the men, who hold similar posts: equal wages for equal work. Some of them think that the highest and most responsible posts

in that department should be thrown open to women. As the Postmaster-General is always a Cabinet Minister, it is obvious that they think that the Council of the nation should not be entirely closed to women.

But the law, both as regards the practice of solicitors and pleading at the Bar, in which women of ability could do excellent work, is closed to them in this country, and I have known first-rate talent limited to conveyancing.

The great political associations formed by women have resulted in their admission to all elected bodies except the House of Commons, but there are certain regulations as to householding which tend to bar out married women, and reduce the number of office-holders. Also, the local town Councils are usually formed of business men, with practical knowledge of building, street-paving and lighting, town drainage and road-making, and matters which do not usually come under the notice of women or excite their special interest, and in consequence men are always in demand through their technical knowledge.

At the time I am now writing, women are taking a prominent part in the British Association, and Madame Curie, its honoured guest, is alluded to as "one of the most distinguished scientists in the world," while another woman is President of one of the Sections. It is also significant that the new section of Psychology has been dominated by women, and also that Sir Oliver Lodge, in his Presidential address, avowed his belief in the survival of man after death. In the course of it he said: "We are deaf and blind to the immanent grandeur around us unless we have insight enough to appreciate the whole, and to recognise in the woven fabric of existence,

flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God." Never before had observations on the continuity of the ether—a portion of the subject—been made with such force and power. "Madame Curie is an exceptional woman." Just so, but she stands for demonstrating that sex is no barrier to the possession of first-class scientific ability. If one woman can achieve this, others—in time all—can.

The question of the admission of women to the franchise has of late become a serious one, and the rise of the militant party among women suffragists has resulted from the continued blindness and blunders of certain so-called Liberal men, who believed that it was not worth while to consider the demand, that it might imperil pet schemes, and that it was quite in order physically to ill-treat women who interrupted them in meetings, and otherwise persisted in bringing forward a politically ignored subject. The ejection of Christabel Pankhurst and Annie Kenney from a public meeting for merely asking a question during its session, which they knew from experience would be ignored at its close, and their arrest for attempting to address a small crowd outside, under the pretext of 'disturbance,' followed by imprisonment, ushered in the special drama which is now being enacted in this country.

For the acts of violence which have followed, I have small sympathy, believing that to appeal to hearts and consciences must win a just cause sooner or later, and will win it for ever; while the aggressive method tends to lower a great movement to a plane unworthy of it—a condition of the past to which we would not return—

and excites in addition antagonism and prejudice where none would otherwise be. The deeds are, moreover, too desultory, through the small number engaging in them, too futile, to fulfil the desired end.

But, apart from this view, it is impossible for any thinking person to be insensible to the courage and undaunted persistence of that special party called 'suffragettes'. Note what they have encountered for no greater crime than interrupting a meeting, or forming a deputation to the House of Commons: violent ejections, blows, insults, injuries so serious as in one or two instances to cause death; and for the next act, glass-breaking, imprisonments, followed by 'hunger strikes,' and forcible feeding; in short, mental and bodily torture of a kind calculated to break down the strongest. Then, because on one day called 'Black Friday,' they were so shockingly insulted that they determined never again to send another deputation to the House, they proceeded to those militant deeds which are the despair of all who love peaceful methods and order.

At Llanstumdwy, in Wales, on the occasion of a meeting addressed by Mr. Lloyd George, a handful of women, for a few interruptions, were set upon by a brutal mob, again grossly insulted, their hair pulled out by handfuls, their garments almost torn from their bodies, and they were with difficulty rescued alive.

Then followed the tragic act of Emily Wilding Davison, B. A., her courage an embodied illustration of the motto emblazoned on the Suffragette banners, "Liberty or Death". It held the quality of the famous charge of the Light Brigade, heroic, mad in its determination, and like it, ending in death. But there stood in the London streets on the day of the funeral a

crowd so vast and silent, that none like it had ever been seen before. There was a silent sympathy for the moment with the woman, who, however mistakenly, had given her life for a cause. One can only regret that an act of such self-sacrifice was not of a nature to accomplish more than the wonder, pity, sympathy, or criticism, as it might be, of the hour.

What does all this really mean? For some of these 'militants' are good, philanthropic, noble, women.

It is a passionate expression of a feeling, long latent in womankind, that freedom is of more importance, more sacred, than any earthly thing, than peace, comfort, health, life itself.

Now when any class of persons arrives at this point, that they will face obloquy, torture, and death, for a liberty which they count more sacred than aught beside, you must grant them this—that the divine fire moves in them, and that you must deal with them by fraternal methods and meet them with far-sighted and perfect justice. They have made all sacrifices for their cause, sacrifices greater than any injury imposed on others. To them it is, at all events, no personal gain, but no self-sacrifice is ever made in vain. Some of these women, also, be it noted, especially among the leading section, are refined and cultured, and well provided with the means of enjoying the outer things of life, but nevertheless they have devoted all to their cause, and have exchanged ease and peace for utmost suffering. They have come into personal contact with the very poor of their own sex, worked amid the dens, witnessed the sweating, and experienced the extreme miseries. Not for themselves only, and from the natural feeling of self-respect which seeks for common human rights, do they ask to have a voice in

the election of those who make the laws of the land; but they desire to rescue their sisters from want and its consequence in degradation. Of the fifty or sixty thousand 'fallen women,' so-called, whose average lives in the terrible trade of prostitution only last about five years, sweating and misfortunes, low wages, sometimes betrayal by 'lovers,' all contribute to this great moral disease. The best men know this and are on the reforming side, such as George Lansbury, whose recent memorable denouncement in the House of Commons of the methods of its leading Minister was worthy of Lloyd Garrison.

Our brother men have to learn this: that we and they are alike when it comes to the great questions which stir the soul; that we hate oppression and love the just. Nothing can be more fatal to any section of women than to think and live as though they do not care, to look on and smile in servile acquiescence while others are crushed by the evil conditions—the shame of our social scheme.

The speeches from the dock of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence after the glass-breaking incident, and Mrs. Pankhurst's appeal on another occasion, were remarkable, unanswerable, and will make history. In the future they will be read with wonder, wonder at the indifference of the press, and the wrongs which provoked them, resulting from the legal and economical position of women in England to-day.

Well and wisely did our President speak at the Albert Hall on the persecution which followed, a persecution which has made every effort to crush the Lawrences and others: "When history in the future judges the struggle of the present; when women all

the world over, walk hand-in-hand with men in equal liberty, in mutual respect, in loving partnership; then posterity, looking back on the shameful story of to-day, will mark with shame not the sufferers, but those who have used strength against the women who are mocked at and imprisoned now."

Of Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Beatrice Harraden wrote in a letter to the *Daily Mail*, at the time of her sentence of three years' penal servitude, thus:

She represents to all women, even those who disapprove strongly of her methods, the idea of Freedom, imperishable, indestructible; and she stands for Courage, indomitable and unflinching. . . . If the Liberal Government had studied the woman's movement and the militant agitation from the beginning, instead of ignoring the one and attempting to suppress the other by tyranny and coercion, Mrs. Pankhurst would never have been standing in that dock, and militancy would have ceased long ago. They, and they only, are responsible for having made a great reformer into a great rebel.

There is much truth in this, so much truth, that one cannot but regret that a great leader did not point out the one way which would have made her martyrdom and that of her followers altogether worthy of the cause. I ask, has this great movement no better message to give than a resort to the old way of force and violence? Is it the only way? If women refused to pay the taxes which are forced upon them without representation, and were, failing the fines or goods exacted from them, then committed to prison, they would for all time rank as truest martyrs for the cause. They would follow the way of the early Christian women martyrs and confessors, who, unaggressive, but with heroic courage, stood for freedom to hold the Faith which was dear to their souls. This was an act of refusal, refusal to bend to persecution. A like refusal to acquiesce in a demand rendered to those who are denied citizenship in a land

where the wife-beater is let off with a fine, and the ruin of a girl-child is valued at a few shillings, would have won sympathy and respect from the entire world.

“Drunkards,” remarked an American writer, “petty thieves, dissolute spendthrifts, gamblers, swindlers [and, I may add, all the immoral who have escaped jails, a goodly number], possess rights which women of untainted character are deprived of.” It is the sting of this, combined with the ignorant coarseness of the opposition to any determined demand at public political meetings, which has produced ‘militancy’. In reply to a question as to this, Ella Wheeler Wilcox said: “I do not like their methods, but I have come to realise that their purpose is a part of the progress of the human race to-day.” Would that the crown of martyrdom could be won without the *physical* fighting!

Elsewhere the movement goes steadily forwards. In America, State after State is bestowing the franchise upon women. In Finland, Australia and New Zealand, they have possessed it for some years. In France and Italy the claim is strongly made. In Norway, Denmark, and even Iceland, citizenship is either won, or about to be won, and in Italy and Holland there is the same claim with every prospect of success. Even in the far East, the Chinese woman is throwing away the bindings of her feet.

It has been said, and said wisely, that the claim of women to citizenship should be made and granted *because* of their difference from men, and in order therefore that their point of view should receive attention. This is an unanswerable argument in the present, but the real and permanent foundation of change in custom and religious

institutions lies deeper than this. It lies in the fact that women form part of humanity. I, for one, do not claim the franchise, or any other right, for any reason less cogent than this—that I am a part of the human race, a soul, garbed in the flesh but made in the image of God ; and I take my stand as a soul and not as flesh ; as mind and not as body ; and because I am Man, with the Eternal before me, and need the evolution which comes from freedom and does not come from subserviency. I stand for Brotherhood, regardless of sex or any old-time creed, and I ask that Brotherhood may be extended to me that I may the better hold it forth to others.

The *Woman's Charter*, recently published by Lady Maclaren, makes this significant claim for the full rights of humanity in social, legal and religious aspects, and asks for perfect justice, the justice you give to an equal and refuse to an inferior.

And further, the marriage of the unfit, the diseased, mentally and physically, is at last attracting serious attention. Of children born in the English-speaking or prominent races, an enormous percentage die in infancy from various causes, among which are the insanitary conditions of the poor in the large cities, and the lack of health and vitality and knowledge in the parents. And of those who survive infancy, a large proportion dies prematurely, their short lives not giving scope enough for the development which might otherwise take place, and which has to be deferred to other incarnations. Long lives, in fact, enlightened by more knowledge, might tend to reduce the numerous incarnations, which occupy, owing to the long intervals usual between them, vast periods, the results in progress of each incarnation generally being very small.

The East presents, so far, a less hopeful spectacle. A recent author of a work on Egypt and Palestine said:

Notwithstanding all its fascination the East has a very sad side. One's heart aches for the tortured animals, for the ill-used women and children. It is dreadful to see little girls acting as scavengers and gathering the filth of the Cairo streets; women, old before their time, loaded like beasts of burden, and walking, while their husbands ride. Even among the upper classes the women are treated like inferior beings, almost soulless, and subject to shamefully easy divorce.

A friend wrote to me a few years ago: "In Burma you can buy a wife for a rupee or two, and the Buddhist monks regard woman as altogether an inferior sort of mortal."¹ Whatever exceptions there may be, these are the aspects which are the rule.

The ancient ideal of the woman's position in India was probably a comparatively high one, although hardly giving scope for the mental and physical energy of the women of the future. Nor could it be possible that the Guru should always be the husband, in view of the facts of exchange of sex in reincarnation, and the progress of women in occult training and knowledge. And again the gentle and unselfish character depicted was not entirely free from a certain servility which a more complete evolution would necessarily cast off.

The East has for the time forgotten some of its wisest counsels. Said Manu: "Where women are honoured, there the deities are pleased; but where they are dishonoured, there all religious rites become futile." And the equality of the sexes is distinctly laid down in the Zoroastrian Scriptures.

The burning of widows was never enjoined in the *R̥g-Veda*, and is due to changes introduced in the text.

¹ The Burman women are the freest in the world. They are also admissible to the Sangha in theory and ancient practice, at least. Ed.

Up to the date of less than twenty years ago the custom of saṭi was still popular, even though, through English interposition, it could no longer be practised, so strongly rooted had become the Oriental view that a woman's life is worthless for its own sake and without a male consort;¹ and it has been with difficulty among the depressed classes that the murder of girl-infants has been reduced. Yet in this country, continent, rather, are to be found women who are capable rulers, possessed of character and marked intelligence, and who have in a few instances obtained University degrees. We need only recall the names of the noble-hearted Ramabai, the ability of the Kenwar Rāṇi, Mrs. Chanramukti Bose, Dr. Anandibai Josher, Mrs. Ganguli, the Mahārāṇi of Kuch Behar, Cornelia Sorabji, and no doubt others of whom in England we may not have heard—to recognise that there are enlightened women in this land.

When we consider the obstacles and the rigid belief in customs that have been faced by such as these, it is not difficult to foresee that India will produce truly great women, in character, intellectual ability, and occult knowledge, the latter easier to acquire and hold in the case of a naturally intuitional and psychic race. At present there are still tens of thousands of Indian women, who, while possessing a good deal of domestic authority, suffer from a lack of the most elementary education, and, where ignorance is rife and approved, such authority can only deepen various evils. Happily Lady Dufferin's great scheme for giving medical aid to the secluded women of the Zenana has lessened

¹ Ram Mohan Roy, a Hindu, made it possible for Britain to forbid saṭi. In any case, the root-idea of saṭi was not as stated.—ED.

some, only some as yet, of the great physical suffering, and Christian medical missionaries have undoubtedly assisted in work which is still further to be enlarged.

Susan E. Gay

(To be concluded)

INTO THE NIGHT

I go out into the night,
None goeth with me.
Alone, when no moon is bright
And the stars are hid from sight
Softly, silently,
I leave the light.

I am hid from even the shades,
None goeth with me.
All the joy of living fades,
All the pangs of sorrow's raids,
Slowly, silently.
I have no aids.

I am alone in the dark,
None goeth with me.
I may not see the tiniest spark,
Or hear the song of the morning lark.
Coldly, silently,
Fear whispers: "Hark."

On my way I cease to plod,
None goeth with me.
The wine-press has been trod:
For my comfort I clasp the rod;
Gladly, silently,
At rest in God.

M. M. C. Pollard

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

SOUTH AFRICA

Miss Knudsen has bought a plot of land and is building a room for Yeoville Lodge, near Johannesburg. She hopes to establish a Vegetarian Boarding House a little later. May the Lodge prove a centre of light, and train workers for Brotherhood.

AUSTRALIA

The Secretary of the Adelaide Lodge, South Australia, reports that his Lodge has signed a contract for £3,560-11-0 for the building of Lodge premises. They are situated in the principal street of Adelaide, and include a Lodge Room, a bookshop, offices, E. S. room, and Committee Rooms. A Lecture Hall will be built later. The whole will be named Knox Buildings, in memory of the good lawyer whose self-sacrificing work founded and sustained the Lodge. Our hearty good wishes and congratulations go to the Adelaide Theosophists. A small Christian Mystic group has been formed into a Branch of the 'Guild of the Mysteries of God,' founded by the Rev. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff. Much useful work in spreading Theosophical ideas is done by the *Public Service Review*, edited by Mr. H. G. Olifent.

SCOTLAND

Mr. Graham Pole, our Scotch General Secretary, lately addressed a meeting of Episcopal clergy in the drawing-room of the Dean of Edinburgh on Theosophy. There was a discussion, in which one clergyman remarked that he did not regard the Brotherhood of Religions as in harmony with the spirit of Christ. He had said: "I come not to bring peace but a sword," and their attitude should be a militant one against all other religions. Mr. Graham Pole's lecture was

an answer to a discourse by a Church of England clergyman, on 'Theosophy as a substitute for Christianity'. At least it showed tolerance to offer to a Theosophist the opportunity of answering the statements made. Scotland is rejoicing much over the return of its General Secretary.

FRANCE

Some trouble is reported from the Anthroposophical camp, Dr. Steiner and Mr. Levy being attacked by a French member, who left the T. S. as one of Dr. Steiner's disciples. She finds herself disillusioned, and has now become an opponent.

INDIA

The Lahore Lodge has lost its building, the land and all on it being taken by the Government, under the Land Acquisition Act. To seize in this way a building belonging to a religious body, made sacred by many memories, and consecrated to the service of the Masters, is a very high-handed act, but there is no redress. The award made does not cover the expenses incurred, and the land itself is taken at a trifle over the price paid for it many years ago, although land has very much gone up in value. The T. S. is appealing to the Civil Court for a less unfair award, but we cannot, in any case, be compensated for the feeling of wrong and of disregard of that which to us is sacred. Further, it will be impossible to buy land now at anything like the price originally paid for that of which we are dispossessed.

The Jains always show a very friendly spirit towards Theosophists, and we note with pleasure that Paṇḍit Nand Kishore Jaini, Principal of the Syadvada Māhaviḍyālaya, Benares, lectured at the Kāshī Taṭṭva Sabhā, our original T. S. Lodge in Benares. The Lodge, under the vigorous Presidency of Miss A. J. Willson, is doing very well. The learned Paṇḍit remarked in opening that he was glad to lecture before a Theosophical Lodge, "because in your Indian Section of the Theosophical Society, I perceive an admirable and praiseworthy attempt to bridge the unfortunate and wholly unnecessary gulf, that seems to separate the two mighty factors of our noble British Empire, *viz.*, the Indian and the English Peoples". It is true that the T. S. brings peace, not a sword, and adopts the friendly attitude not the militant one.

FINLAND

Theosophy in Finland has been very active lately. Mr. Yrjo Kallinen, appointed as a lecturer by the Executive Committee, has travelled all through Finland, visiting all the Lodges, holding meetings, and giving public lectures. He had not, at the time of writing (December 16th) returned, and was still busy visiting Centres and some Lodges for the second time.

During the autumn Mr. Pekka Ervast has regularly lectured to members, giving a series on the 'The Future of Finland,' and one on 'The Inner Development of Man'. He has revived the Sunday evening public lectures which had been discontinued for two years, and from these great things are hoped.

The literary activities have been great. Mr. Pekka Ervast has published the *Finnish National Deva*, in which he "describes the august spiritual Being that governs our nation from occult, psychological, and historical standpoints". A second volume of a book series, "The Original Christian Doctrine about Life and Death," by V. H. V., has been issued under the title, *The Parable of the Other Side*. Most important of all is the completed translation into Finnish of Vol I of *The Secret Doctrine*. "It is the pride of our Publishing Firm, and was issued in four parts, one part a year. This year the first part of Vol. II will be completed," says Mr. Ervast.

REVIEWS

Superhuman Men in History and in Religion, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.).

This latest little volume from the pen of Mrs. Besant will find the usual hearty welcome amongst our readers. It contains five lectures delivered in 1913 in London and Stockholm, and ought to have included a sixth—on 'The Christ in History'—which unfortunately has fallen out because no short-hand writer was available to report it. The various lectures are on 'Manifestation of Superhuman Beings in our World'; on 'Saviours of the World, or World-Teachers'; on 'The Christ in Man'; on 'The Restoration of the Mysteries'; and on 'The Conditions of Intellectual and of Spiritual Growth'.

Much of the ground travelled over in the lectures is the same as that gone over in Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, and her recent volumes on *The Changing World* and *Initiation: The Perfecting of Man*. Nevertheless they repay study, even for those acquainted with the former books, as they work out many details in a new way, and supplement them in various manners by new handling of the important thoughts here presented. The lecture on 'The Christ in Man,' in particular, contains rich material for meditation and is exquisitely conceived. In the last lecture on 'The Condition of Intellectual Growth' there is a fine handling of the problem of intellectual liberty, the author being here decidedly on the side of the angels.

As an appendix, an exceedingly important extract is given from the 'President's opening speech at the Stockholm Congress'. It is a most valuable plea for tolerance within the Theosophical Society. We are sincerely grateful to our President for having spoken and published these inspiring words. May they find an echo everywhere in our Society.

In short, we have once more reason for genuine thankfulness towards Mrs. Besant, for having added again a valuable unit to the long series of volumes issued by her in the service of the great ideals to which she has so magnificently devoted her life.

J. v. M.

Life and Teachings of Giordano Bruno, by Coulson Turnbull.
(The Gnostic Press, San Diego, U. S. A.)

The history of Bruno and his teachings are ever of interest to the Theosophist. Mr. Turnbull here gives us a very useful little summary of the information to be derived from the chief authorities. The first half of the book deals with the historical aspect of the subject and the life of this great teacher is very carefully traced. The latter portion is devoted to the doctrines expounded in the various writings remaining to us, and among the many extracts are included six poems. The volume, which is of pocket size, is excellently printed and bound.

C. R. H.

Prentice Mulford's Story or Life by Land and Sea. A Personal Narrative. With a Preface to the English Edition by A. E. Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

The name of Prentice Mulford is too well-known to need an introduction. Many people will seize upon this book with avidity as soon as it is brought to their notice, in their interest to know more of the personal history of one who has opened up to hundreds new avenues of thought and interest and hope in life. To many of these it will be a disappointment that so little is revealed in it of the author's inner life. However, that fact also is of interest as throwing light on Mr. Mulford's character. Even apart from any biographical significance the book may have, it is amusing reading as a story of American life fifty years ago, chiefly in the wild West.

The present edition is an 'English Edition'. In it an attempt has been made to secure a larger and more sympathetic public for the book "by making verbal revisions wherever necessary, so that the obvious grammatical mistakes and imperfections of this kind may not offend the lovers of Prentice Mulford on this side of the Atlantic".

A. de L.

An Introduction to Yoga, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This book contains the famous Convention lectures delivered at Benares in 1907. We welcome the fact that it has now run into a second edition, and we note that it is enriched by the addition of a carefully compiled index. As its name suggests, *An Introduction to Yoga* is "intended to give an outline of Yoga, in order to prepare the student to take up, for practical purposes, the *Sūtras of Patañjali*," on which its teaching is based. In this masterly exposition of a most difficult and abstruse subject Mrs. Besant is at her best. 'The Nature of Yoga' is first dealt with, and then an illuminating distinction is drawn between the Sāṅkhya and Veḍānta systems of philosophy. The last chapter on 'Yoga as Practice' is one that every student of Theosophy should "mark, learn, and inwardly digest". Those who have already perused this book know its enormous value, while those into whose hands it falls for the first time have indeed a pleasure in store.

T. L. C.

Buddhist Stories, by Paul Dahlke, translated by the Bhikkhu Silacara. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

The book contains five well written stories setting forth in the form of fiction some of the fundamental ideas and doctrines of the great Buddhist faith. The necessity of solitude to develop the good in man, the true spiritual satisfaction that comes from the renunciation of all desires, even the desire for love, the calm that comes from leading a life of abstinence, the struggle to subdue the personality, such are the spiritual ideals underlying the motives and the acts of the *dramatis personae*. The story of the Christian convert, exhibits an interesting picture of the material impoverishment and spiritual disillusionment of a young Buddhist, and his final return to his ancestral faith. The character of the old father Revata, is particularly well drawn. The book might be recommended to our missionary friends as presenting some aspects of the religious problem in the East they—it seems—generally either overlook or ignore.

E. S.

James Allen's Book of Meditations for Every Day in the Year. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Foundation Stones to Happiness and Success, by James Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Mrs. Allen has brought together from her late husband's works such paragraphs as would help the quiet meditations of aspirants to the life of piety and virtue. Many of them "were written as he came down from the Cairn in the early morning, where he spent those precious hours alone with God while the world slept". Some of them are beautiful and most of them instructive and helpful. "James Allen may truly be called the Prophet of Meditation," says the Preface, and these Meditations, culled from his many popular books, may well be said to be proving the veracity of the statement.

The second volume comprises "one of the last MS. written by James Allen," also edited by the author's wife. It is a small book full of useful and practical suggestions like the other works of the author. It treats of 'Right Principles,' 'Sound Methods,' 'True Action,' 'True Speech,' 'Equal-Mindedness,' 'Good Results'.

B. P. W.

Wanted: A Ministry of Fine Arts, by Wynford Dewhurst. (Hugh Rees, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

In a few words Mr. Dewhurst shows us why and how much an Art Ministry is needed in England, and compares the indifference of the British Government and people towards the art life of their country with the paternal attitude of the French Government in such matters, which has resulted in an enormous artistic and commercial gain to France. There everything is a work of art from a culinary production to a masterpiece in the Salon. The author has made a strong plea for the protection of the national art treasures, the encouragement of artists by the Government, and the proper supervision of public buildings and municipal improvements—all vastly important if public taste is to be trained; but the people at large will never become thoroughly educated in art matters, or art itself become an expression of national life instead of an exotic growth, until the commonest domestic implements are made by machinery as graceful in shape and as charming in colour as they were in

those days when these articles were the result of human handiwork. In this we might learn from India, where the modern manufacturer is often forced to copy the ancient forms in order to sell his wares. Let us encourage the artist, but also let there be discrimination. Already too many artistic crimes have been perpetrated in deathless marble, because committees were composed of mere politicians or shop-keepers. We hope that this agitation will spread. We wish success to the book.

G. W.

The Way of Contentment. Translated from the Chinese of Kaibara Ekken by Ken Hoshino. THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. (John Murray, London. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

Kaibara Atsunobu, surnamed Ekken, born 1629, was a celebrated Japanese Confucian philosopher, scholar, author, teacher and social reformer. Ekken had the audacity to break through the tradition of classical characters, and wrote his books in Kana, mixed with easy Chinese characters. In his own words he wrote "plainly in plain letters," with the natural and beneficial result of promoting the education of the masses and of popularising Confucianism. His best known books are: *The Great Learning* for women, now superseded by modern influence, and *Ten Precepts of Ekken* still much read and esteemed. In philosophy he belonged to the Chu school of thought, which followed the precepts of the Sages, ancient tradition and ceremonial, and despised the way of the Intuition, followed by the opposing school of Wang Yang Ming. It is not therefore surprising to find in this little book no very original thought, though it is fragrant with a spirit of gentle benevolent kindness. It includes *The Philosophy of Pleasure*, *Precepts on Popular Morals*, and some *Miscellaneous Sayings*. Over the beauties of nature Ekken is enthusiastic. Sake, dancing and slow music and material things are, he teaches, legitimately pleasurable in moderation, while "the pleasure to be found in reading books is profound". A high standard of morality is insisted on. "Find your pleasure in doing good," is reiterated. In his *Precepts on Popular Morals* the teaching is very practical and elevating. The loving wisdom of the Sage conjoined with the tranquil spirit of the Japan of the past, rather than the spirit

of fiery activity shown by the Japan of to-day, makes the book both pleasant and profitable reading.

E. S.

A Wayfarer's Faith, by T. Edmund Harvey, M. P. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

This little book is full of good things. It is distinguished throughout by the spirit of charity which marks the broad-minded man. The author is a member of the Society of Friends, and is essentially a Christian, yet he extends to all faiths a wide tolerance. He seeks to find the unity underlying all, rather than to discover differences at which to cavil. In the first chapter, 'The Common Basis of Religious Life,' we read :

We need to feel, not the imperfections of all the varying creeds, religious and irreligious, but the inherent strength and power of each, and from a consciousness of this to rise to some dim realisation of the golden thread of truth which runs through all sincere faiths, however degraded or erroneous they may at first sight appear to be.

But later on we find that we must have definite conceptions of our own as to truth :

And so while we recognise the vision of truth that comes to men of different views from our own, we must not abandon our own vision, or our attempt to express it faithfully, because we know that we see a part and not the whole.

Among others there are chapters on 'The Inner Life of the Church,' 'Institutions and Inspiration,' and 'Sacraments of Life'. We cannot agree with the author that there is no "magical efficacy" in the two principal sacraments of the Church, but naturally this would be his point of view. A chapter on 'The Prophet in the Church' is extremely interesting :

The prophetic instinct is not dead indeed, but men find its highest manifestations rather outside the Church than within it. The leaders of the Church have been too often content to repeat the messages of the prophets of a former day rather than to seek a living voice in their midst.

We must forbear from further quotation. It has been a great pleasure for us to read *A Wayfarer's Faith*, and the best advice we can give is : "Go ye, and do likewise."

T. L. C.

The Growth of a Soul, by August Strindberg, translated by Claud Field. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

There is something awe-inspiring to the reader in the terrible composure with which this author presides over the dissection of his own living personality. Strindberg has been described as "the greatest subjectivist of all time"; if his other works are equal to this one, in point of being masterpieces of auto-vivisection, then there can be no exaggeration in the description. Here is a slight specimen of his scathing self-analysis; we all recognise John—and as a youth "John thought Pille's landscapes more beautiful than the reality, although he cherished great reverence for the works of the Creator". Strindberg's epithets are well chosen; doubtless some credit for this is due to the translator. Which of us has not met the "automatic pygmy"? Anyone needing a powerful mental stimulus will find it in Strindberg. Here is one paragraph among many which will give the reader 'furiously to think':

Social evolution was a very slow process. Consequently he must lie at anchor in the roadstead waiting for the tide. But this waiting was too long for him; he heard an inner voice bidding him speak, for if one does not spread what light one has, how can popular views be changed? Everything around him now seemed so old and out of date. . . no one thought of the future. His philosophical friend . . . calmed him . . . through a sentence of La Bruyere: "Don't be angry because men are bad and stupid, or you will have to be angry because a stone falls; both are subject to the same laws; one must be stupid and the other fall." "That is all very well," said John, "but . . . I cannot breathe or see . . . I suffocate." "Write!" answered his friend.

As an example of the acute observation and fearless outspokenness of Strindberg we quote:

People fear being regarded as uncultivated, a great deal more than they fear being regarded as godless. Everyone attacked Christ, for He was thought to have been overthrown by learned criticism, but they were afraid of attacking Shakespeare. John, however was not.

But here we must leave this literary Samson, with his giant strength, his human weakness, his many misfortunes, and his mighty arms girt about the cracking pillars of contemporary public opinion.

K. F. S.

Myths of the Hindūs and Buddhists, by Sister Nivedita.
(George G. Harrap & Co. London Price 15s. net.)

Here we have a most delightful volume presented to us. In it are related, in a manner as close to the originals as possible, but much more condensed, such of the Myths as are familiar to every educated Indian and which are commonly illustrated in Indian sculpture and painting. They include the stories from the *Rāmāyaṇa* and *Mahābhārata*, of Shiva, Kṛṣṇa, Shani, Dhruva, etc. The untimely death of Sister Nivedita in 1911 made it necessary that the work should be completed by the pen of another, and well has Dr. Coomaraswamy performed what is always a difficult and thankless task. People of the West are, as a rule, profoundly ignorant of, and indifferent to, the Mythology of the East; the ponderous form in which it presents itself in the numberless volumes of the Sacred Books, may in a degree be responsible for such a state of things; but gathered together in the attractive guise of these stories, it should prove of fascinating interest and certainly no longer is there any excuse for such ignorance. The book is illustrated by a number of Indian artists under the direction of Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore and their fantasies are miracles of charm and beauty—absolute revelations indeed of that of which Indian Art is capable in these modern times. Where all are delightful it seems invidious to select, and yet of a few it is impossible to omit special mention. The “Asceticism of Umā” and “Shiva drinking the World Poison,” by Lall Bose; the “Departure of Prince Siddhārtha” and “The Bodhisattva’s Tusks,” by A. Nath Tagore; and “Damayanti” by Nath Mayumdar, are simply unsurpassable for delicacy of colour and exquisite suggestion—the book is well worth buying for the sake of these five gems of art alone. One can only congratulate the writer on his choice of artists, and the artists themselves on the success with which they have treated their subjects. *Myths of the Hindūs and Buddhists* should appeal to a wide field of readers and find a place in every library.

K.

Au-dela du Capricorne, a novel by Marc Saunier. (E. Sansot & Co., Paris. Price frcs. 3' 50.)

This novel advocates strongly family life, temperance, self-denial. It cannot but have a good influence over readers not yet acquainted with Theosophical truths. In a style perhaps too modern, *i.e.*, exaggerating all images and sensations, the author, who evidently has read about karma and reincarnation, describes vividly the tortures suffered by a man who has just died after a life spent in seeking sexual pleasures almost exclusively. Mr. Marc Saunier, however, seems to know nothing of, or to disregard the distinction between, the astral, mental and causal bodies; he makes life on the astral and mental planes extremely short, about one year on each; and, what is worse, his hero, a man of a very low moral type, is shown to need only one reincarnation on earth before he passes on, "beyond the Capricorn," to a new existence of bliss on Jupiter. Perhaps, when the author has studied Theosophical literature a good deal more, he will give us another story in which love between man and woman will not be set up as the only principle of all human life, in which also faithfulness in love to one sister soul and body will not appear to be the unique lesson human beings have to learn on this earth.

L. P.

The Bases of Theosophy, by James H. Cousins. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

This little book contains much wisdom in small compass. It is "a study in fundamentals, philosophical, psychological, practical". The author considers that Theosophy meets the needs of the age. The purely intellectual philosophy of life is not enough. We require something more. He sees in Theosophy the religious and social reconciler, with its sane presentation of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood. The last chapter is devoted to 'Theosophy in Personal Practice' and may be summed up in the words: "We must practise what we preach." We congratulate Mr. Cousins in having given us a book which treats of Theosophy in an original way.

T. L. C.

The Evolution of Culture, by Henry Proctor. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

There is in this volume no attempt at discussing the nature of Culture and from the author's point of view there is no need to do so. He takes the word in the sense in which it is ordinarily used, *viz.*, conditions denoting a certain stage of civilisation, and treats the subject historically. The book is very interesting reading. Beginning with Quaternary man and briefly dealing with the Atlantean and Lemurian races, he conducts us through the Stone Age, the Biblical nations, Egyptian Culture and Chinese Culture. The last two parts (III and IV) deal respectively with the evolution of the art of writing and the evolution of religion, natural and revealed. There is a great amount of very valuable information, clearly and attractively set forth in this book of one hundred and twenty-four pages, and the Theosophist interested in the scientific presentment of things would do well to add the work to those already on his shelves.

J. S.

The Occult Arts, by J. W. Frings. (William Rider & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This is an examination of the claims made for the existence and practice of the super-normal powers, and an attempted justification of some of them by the conclusions of the researches of modern Science. This instructive little book should, in a time when so much interest is felt and shown in matters occult, prove both useful and attractive to the student of such things.

In a series of chapters dealing with Alchemy, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Omens, Oracles, Telepathy, etc., a brief history is given of the probable meaning and origin of each, an explanation in fact of their phenomena. It is shown how certain faculties, regarded as quite uncanny by many, are easily explainable in the light of modern science and its discoveries, and indeed are the logical outcome of conditions found to exist. The writer has the Theosophical view on the subject of the different planes of nature and of matter, and, from several explanations in the course of his work, one is led to infer that he, himself, has experienced in his own person some of the effects spoken of, and that he is susceptible to

those finer vibrations which enable one to cognise other states of consciousness than the mere physical. The book shows a considerable amount of painstaking research and is written in attractive style.

K.

The Return of Frank R. Stockton. Stories and Letters which cannot fail to convince the Reader that Frank R. Stockton still lives and writes through the instrumentality of Miss Etta de Camp. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London.)

The claim made for this collection of short stories is that they were automatically written through the instrumentality of Miss Etta de Camp, an amateur medium. Mr. Stockton was anxious in this way to convince the public that he is still able to write. His letters to Miss De Camp automatically written down and a chapter, 'Why I know that Frank R. Stockton writes through me,' give circumstantial evidence as to the truth of Mr. Stockton's claim and to Miss De Camp's *bona fides*, which latter seems indubitable. The Society for Psychic Research in America has investigated the case and taken possession of her original MSS. Mr. Floyd B. Wilson, an investigator of experience, in his summary which concludes the book, and after a thorough investigation, writes: "Stockton evidently wrote these stories." For having carefully compared them with Mr. Stockton's other work, he finds internal evidence, "the inexplicable something" which stamps an author's personality and output in this curiously produced book. The stories and their mode of production have naturally aroused a great deal of comment in America, but to the Theosophist who has learnt something of the after-death conditions, Miss De Camp's story, the part she personally plays, and Mr. Stockton's ability to work through her, and his continued literary interest and activity after death are no new things, but are valuable as adding to the gradually accumulating mass of first-hand and positive evidence that "at death not all of me shall die". The stories are of the humourous nature generally associated with Mr. Stockton's name, though two or three have a psychic interest, and the book is well worth reading by all who like a good story or are interested in psychic phenomena.

E. S.

Cosmic Art, by Charles Spencer. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 2s.)

This little volume contains a series of addresses delivered by the author in London. "They are to be considered," he tells us, "rather as fragmentary hints and suggestions than as an attempt to put forward a complete philosophical system." Even in these days we think that eighty-four pages of not closely printed matter would scarcely suffice to contain "a complete philosophical system". He justifies the publication of these papers because in the literature of to-day he finds "there is very little that devotes itself to the interpretation of Nature and experience *from the standpoint of the Absolute*". (Italics ours.) We are not surprised!

The essays are written nicely enough, and are mystic in character, but there is nothing to distinguish them in any way. There is very little in them that the reader can definitely take hold of. Still they may present, to those unacquainted with the author's line of thought, some new ideas, and we feel they must have sounded far better when delivered by him than when read in cold print.

T. L. C.

Life, Ideals and Death, by F. Grantham. (Grant Richards Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

In the Introduction the author tells us that from the age of ten to that of forty he has been thinking on the subjects embodied in this book, and that ten years have elapsed since he commenced to write it, after comparative study of the religions, philosophy and science of the East and West. The author's point of view is agnostic. For him, the real is the experience of the senses; all else is the Unknown; but within these limits he has penetrated to the simple root principles which are the foundation of our physical universe. He has tried to know himself and his surroundings, and his book clearly shows that he has taken as his watchword: "There is no religion, no science, no philosophy, greater than Truth." Surely, it would be better, especially in a movement like the Theosophical Society, in which new facts and opinions are constantly being propounded, if we set to work to classify our thoughts, if we winnowed out mere beliefs from knowledge, and

true belief from idle reflection of others' thoughts. We are setting out on a long journey, and it would seem fitting to examine our possessions, and to cast aside all that is not worth taking with us. The way is difficult enough without unnecessary encumbrances. With several of the details of the author's ideas we cannot agree, but the book is valuable, if we take it as a rough outline of what each of us should do for himself.

H. T. R.

For India's Uplift, by Annie Besant. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

This excellent compilation of Mrs. Besant's writings and lectures has special value for all who are interested in the possibilities of India's regeneration. Each lecture presents ideals to strive for as well as methods for their attainment. Their eloquence inspires, their logic convinces, and their intellectuality instructs. The principal trend is that practice should follow understanding. If the real public spirit, the true and enlightened patriotism Mrs. Besant tries to stimulate, could be aroused, the much desired change for India's future would be readily achieved. The cause, the growth and cessation of 'India's Unrest' are explained by an insight born of wide experience, knowledge and love of the country that has been of near and dear interest. The causes of the gradual decline of religion, intellect and prosperity are emphasised in order to provide remedial measures for their revival, and the necessity for moral and religious education is made obvious. Stress is laid upon the duty of the people to their ancestors who bequeathed ideals, so ancient and yet so new that they still have the power to inspire. The right relationship towards each other, and the ideal relationship that should exist between India and England are strongly recommended. Prominent social problems that beset the country at present will find a solution if this book has the wide circulation it deserves.

G. G.

The Parents' Book, by Rita Strauss. (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London. Price 3s. 6 d.)

The first things which strike the reviewer when he takes up this book, are the amount of information contained therein, and the low price at which such information may be obtained. A sense of horror then begins to steal over him that there are in the world children really existing who may ask the questions that the book provides for. We cannot think that there is any contingency left unprovided for, but if so, only a child will find it. The book is thoroughly up-to-date in its information, and has interesting illustrations as well as a useful index. It deals with every subject under the sun—Science, Toys, History, Furniture, etc., etc. Happy is the parent who possesses this book and is able to cope with the child's perpetual 'why'.

T. L. C.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c. net.)

Goethe, by Prof. C. H. Hereford, Litt. D.

The "hazardous enterprise" embarked upon by the author when he undertook to give an account of Goethe in so small a volume, has terminated successfully. It is hard to say to whom the reading of this little book will bring more profit and pleasure, the man who is to take his first real look at Goethe through the glasses provided by Prof. Hereford or the man to whom these short sketches are like snatches of familiar melody luring the memory far afield.

Kant's Philosophy, by A. D. Lindsay, M.A.

To the amateur philosopher 'Kant' is a fascinating horror—a most desirable "thing in itself," to a knowledge of which he cannot attain; all that he really knows of it being its phenomenal expression—to him a jumble of ponderous and

¹ *This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.*

incomprehensible phrases. To such a person this little book will be a revelation. The main principles of the Kantian view of things are here laid bare in a surprising and masterly way. This little book is a highly recommendable addition to this "adventurous series".

Shelley, by Sydney Waterlow, M. A.

The chief value of a small work like this lies not so much in the information given—though that is by no means inconsiderable—as in the fact that it whets the reader's appetite and makes him ask for more on the same subject. Where 'more' may be found is pointed out in a bibliographical note. The book contains three chapters—Shelley and his Age, Principal Writings, and The Poet of Rebellion, of Nature and Love.

Ethics, by Canon Rashdall, D. Litt., D. C. L.

This little book should be used as a sort of mental house-boat on the river of philosophy. As the author points out, ethics can hardly be studied satisfactorily without a knowledge of metaphysics; psychology is necessary too as furnishing the data for the consideration of ethics; again, the subject itself is complicated and branches out in unexpected ways. For all these reasons it is necessary for the reader, as he floats quietly down the stream of the author's argument, to stop often and make excursions inland, now on one bank, now on the other, and acquaint himself with the persons and places pointed out to him along the way. If he will do this, the book will indeed be to him what its author intended it should be, an introduction to the study of ethics.

A. de L.

An Introduction to the Experimental Psychology of Beauty, by C. W. Valentine, M. A.

This little book presents a summary of experiments dealing with the psychology of the appreciation of beauty. The result is an exceedingly interesting outline of the attempts of modern science to determine exactly what it is that gives a sense of pleasure in the observation of form, colour, balance and symmetry. A great number of experiments have been undertaken in the region of colour and it is remarkable that the character attributed to the same colour by independent observers, is so frequently similar.

Thus orange is generally considered mysterious, red violent and frank, blue soothing and reserved, yellow cheerful and frivolous. Blue purple was described as mystic and unfathomable, and by one subject as "a person with a past," while red purple was stated to combine the strength of red and the "thoughtfulness" of blue.

The investigations extend not only to pictures but to music, and it appears that certain discordant combinations of notes, at first displeasing, become with repetition distinctly pleasurable. It may be remembered in this connection that the major third, at one time inadmissible, is now the most popular interval. Asiatic music in which quarter tones are prominent, in the first instance much disliked, after several hearings appeared to many people very beautiful. The truth of this observation will be endorsed by those who have made any study of Indian music. The book is written in very readable style and many who are interested in self-knowledge will be glad to find here an indication of the direction in which to seek an answer, when such questions as: "Do I like this and if so why?" present themselves to the mind.

C. R. H.

England in the Making, by Prof. F. J. G. Hearnshaw, M. A., LL. D.

This book suffers from the defects of one of its qualities—brevity. The charm of the history of Britain before the Norman Conquest is almost altogether lost, and the inevitable compression which the author has exercised reduces his work to the record of a succession of facts. He begins with an account of Pre-Roman Britain, and describes the condition of the country in the old Stone Age, and the successive 'Ages,' and continues the history up to the coming of the Normans. The chapter on 'The Consolidation of the English' is an admirable summary. We venture to think that not enough space has been given to the early institutions of Britain, and we miss some of the fascinating legends which used to enchant our childhood.

A useful list of authorities is given at the end of the book, as well as a comprehensive index—but *why* no map? How can we follow the varying fortunes of the Heptarchy clearly without this aid?

But as a reliable history of the early times of our Island, this book must have its place. We cannot doubt that the author regrets as sincerely as we do the necessity of condensing his obviously wide knowledge into such a small space.

T. L. C.

The Crusades, by M. M. C. Calthrop.

The author gives us an opportunity of looking back upon an interesting and instructive bit of history during the Middle Ages, when a series of wars were waged by Europe for the possession of the Holy Land. The various factors that led to the pilgrimages and crusades—spiritual thirst, hopes of reward and redemption, dissatisfaction, ambitious motives—and the achievements thereof, represent the spirit of the times, and the strange ways in which a great force will find channels to expend itself. From the time of the first pilgrimage made in 333 A. D. to the end of the fourteenth century, many events are recorded which mark a peculiar stage our humanity passed through in clamouring for its rights of possessing Palestine. These events are put into a 'nutshell' form for ready reading, and a Bibliography and Index are furnished at the end of this valuable volume.

G. G.

Youth and Sex. Dangers and Safeguards for Girls and Boys, by Mary Scharlieb, M.D., M.S. and T. Arthur Sibly, M.A., LL. D.

This little booklet suffers from being a combination of two separate essays by two different writers. The subject, as given in the title, is approached from an altogether different standpoint by each. Dr. Scharlieb gives rather a sensible little treatise on hygiene and ethics with regard to young girls, whilst Dr. Sibly exclusively deals with the impurity problem amongst boys.

In both essays there is practical and good common sense, and especially in the second some astonishing and most important statements are made. A practical remedy, however, is not given, beyond that of hypnotic suggestions.

J. v. M.

PHENOMENA OF MATERIALISATION¹

Two books lie before us, bearing as date of publication 1914, so they may be regarded as the very latest contribution on the subject of which they treat. Both of them are devoted to a branch of spiritualistic enquiry, and both of them are called *Phenomena of Materialisation*, the one in French, the other in German. They contain independent reports of a long series of experimental seances held from February 1909, till August 1913, by a small group of experimenters of which the authors of these books were the most constant, while some of the others changed from time to time. Both of the books are sumptuously got up, and contain a profusion of very well reproduced photographs. The greater part of each of the works is filled with the exact and circumstantial reports of the meetings, giving in both cases a dispassionate, scientific and detailed description of conditions, happenings and experiences; several general chapters about the medium, an introduction, general historical factors, hypotheses and facts, conclusions, the theory of fraud and, in the case of the German book, a list of chemical analyses round off the work.

The reports of the seances give the impression of great exactitude, carefulness and scientific accuracy regarding observations, and the result of the whole seems to be of great importance in the development of the scientific study of psychic phenomena. In studying the books, and specially with regard to many of the photographs contained in them, the general impression is twofold. If the pictures had been given alone, I think scarcely any neutral observers could escape the strong impression that the whole thing is a fraud, and a clumsy fraud at that. Studying the text, however, we find such a careful description of what actually took place that, judging the text without photographs, one would be quite favourably impressed, and inclined to take a favourable view of the reality of the phenomena.

These phenomena are curious in many ways. To a large extent they consist in emanations proceeding from either the mouth, the navel or the womb of the medium. These emanations assume chiefly two forms, the one of pictures of materialisations of human figures, tolerably complete or only partial, the

¹ *Materialisations-Phaenomene*, by Dr. A. Von Schrenck-Notzing. *Les Phenomenes dits de materialisation*, by Juliette Alexandre-Bisson.

other of diffused and formless masses of matter of which sometimes parts take definite shape. One peculiarity of the materialisations of faces and figures *looks* very suspicious. They seem as a rule to be flat pictures, not appearances of three-dimensional forms. In many of them the photographs show creases and folds in these materialised surfaces which would seem to indicate that they had been carried about in a folded condition by the medium after she had cut them out from an illustrated paper; but then, in reading the description of the careful precautions against fraud taken by the investigators, both as to the clothing of the medium and the checking of her movements, the hypothesis of fraud becomes one excessively difficult to support.

The second class of phenomena, that of the production of curious and unappetising masses of matter from the mouth and elsewhere, is not a very pleasant one. The pictures in the book figuring these abortions of matter give one very often the same revolting impression as that produced on a layman by his first examination of the illustrations in an anatomical or embryological book.

Now as far as the first class of phenomena is concerned, they have already been 'unmasked' in the Paris daily paper *Le Matin* of December the 26th, 1913, which disposes of the genuineness of the manifestations in two and a half columns, setting at naught the 850 pages of minute analysis of Madame Bisson and Dr. Schrenck-Notzing. The paper makes out that several of the materialised forms are mere cuttings from illustrated newspapers, cleverly manipulated; but the acute journalist who wrote this criticism is not able satisfactorily to account for the manner in which the group of observers has been tricked for five years into an impression that no jugglery took place, and forgets at the same time an evident and interesting observation.

Most of the phenomena were, as so many others in this line, in themselves silly, meaningless, mysterious and commonplace. We have only to remember the famous gloo-gloo spook of ridiculous memory. Now it is clear that, if our researches are sufficiently authoritative to eliminate for the moment the fraud hypothesis, there is nothing to prevent us from adopting the theory that it was the spooks themselves (or, if we eliminate the spirit hypothesis, the psychic forces at work) who reproduced such cuttings, if cuttings they were. It may well be held that it may be easier for materialisation phenomena to take place when somewhere there is a physical basis. Anyhow, the problem should be put in quite another way than that in which the zealous unmaskers, who always follow in the wake of any publication of the results of psychic enquiry, have done it.

The problem before us is simply this. Here are a number of people, some of them with great scientific reputations, some of them with technical knowledge of various sorts, some of them experts in the matter of psychical research, all of whom have for five years observed their medium. They have observed certain phenomena, and they have not been able to detect fraud, though the results contain several elements which seem to indicate, or which lead one to suppose, fraud. Now the scientific position is not to say: "If such and such were done, could the hypothesis of fraud be explained or proven?" But rather: "Have indications of fraud really been found?" The latter has not been the case. Though, therefore, these books leave still very much to be desired and to be explained, they are in no sense valueless for our knowledge of psychic phenomena. Their results are fairly negative, but they make out a *prima facie* case which justifies further study, and if they do nothing else but this, their publication has been worthy of the painstaking care, the trouble and the expense bestowed upon their preparation and production.

Finally, considering the incipient stage in which psychic research in general still finds itself at the present day, it is, in our opinion, not so much of importance whether the phenomena described in these two books are genuine or not. The primary importance of the works is rather that they set forth methods and standards of research, thus showing how psychic problems should be scientifically approached. In this way they contribute towards the construction of a reliable and lasting basis upon which psychic knowledge may be erected. The future may then—in quite a later stage—bring fixed results which at present are wanting in so many respects.

INDIAN ART

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN INDIAN PAINTER

Out of a noisy narrow street in Calcutta we turn into a short lane, and at its end a courtyard opens, and suddenly we are far away from Calcutta. Round the three sides of the court are three residences, pillared, double-storied. There is an atmosphere of peace in the courtyard. For here reside the members of a great family, whose name now is known all over the world.

In one of these residences lives Abanindranath Tagore, artist and dreamer, great in his department of Art as is his uncle the poet in another. A friend goes first to see if the artist is at home. He is, and he comes to welcome me.

He does not look a dreamer at all, though his work is so full of dreams. Abanindranath Tagore is a tall, broad-shouldered man, just past forty perhaps, with a full clean-shaven face, and there is no resemblance between him and his famous uncle. He looks a prosperous business man, but he is an artist through and through. You note that from his dressing-gown and the way he wears it.

The artist takes me upstairs to a large room that is his reception-room and study. They say that "the style's the man"; perhaps also the room's the man. Certainly from one glance at this room you may know Abanindranath Tagore.

How shall I describe this room? It is India, Japan, China, the East, the true East where the sun rises and the soul is at peace. I wonder whether there is another room like it in all Calcutta. Probably not, for that is India's tragedy to-day. Indians go after "other gods"—made in Germany or England—and know not that the fount of beauty and inspiration is at our very doors, and not in the machine products of foreign lands.

Imagine a large room, beautifully proportioned, and on the floor an enclosure some fifteen feet by ten. I call it an enclosure, because it is the study, the sanctuary, separated off from the rest of the room by a wooden division an inch or two

high. Inside are soft mats, a low writing-table or two, and large roll-cushions to lean upon as you sit cross-legged. Outside the enclosure are low chairs of carved wood, if you should want to sit; and on the walls is—life. Life from Japan in kakemonas, and in panels by Indian artists; here too are portraits and scenes and incidents from old Mughal days, and elsewhere round the room are statuettes, paintings and carvings of all kinds. Yet they do not seem to take up the space of the room; they seem only as if peeping in upon the occupant.

There are very few of Mr. Tagore's pictures for me to see, for some two hundred of them have just been sent to Paris to be exhibited at the Luxembourg; yet there is a gem or two still left. First a miniature of his mother in such a wonderful setting as Da Vinci might have imagined; and then that picture so perfect in sentiment, the dying Shah Jehan, tended by his daughter Jahanara, looking out of a window at the Tāj. It is the original he shows me, and it is too precious to be sent away. And just one or two more, and that is all. There are several drawings of his pupils, but I am alive just now to Mr. Tagore's work only.

The artist tells me he has never been taught Art, and has never been to an art school. That I can well understand, for I was told a similar thing by Paul Troubetzkoy, the foremost of Russian sculptors. It is better so, sometimes; we poor seekers of life through Art have it given to us sometimes from a fresher fount by those uninstructed and untrained in the art schools. I ask him if he has been to Italy, and he says no. When he goes to Florence and sees Cimabue, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo, Perugino, will he recognise that he is of the brotherhood of the 'primitives'? I wonder! But one needs to have consorted with these 'primitives,' and then to have been thrown into the hurly-burly of modern art salons to appreciate the work of Tagore. It is not a thing you can explain, this charm of simplicity and innocence, and above all purity, through which divine intuitions play. I wonder to myself whether Tagore is not an Italian 'primitive' reincarnated. But this much is certain, that India has a genius whom the world will honour the more it comes to know him.

C. J.

INDIAN MUSIC

Mrs. William Mann—better known as the celebrated violinist, Maud MacCarthy—is arousing England to a sense of the value of Indian Music. While quite a girl, she achieved a

remarkable success as a violinist, so that the *Athenaeum* hailed her as seeming to be "destined to be the legitimate successor of Joachim," and the *Times* declared that "her deep insight into such works as she chooses to play is as surprising as her finished execution". *Music* remarked: "Her faultless technique is placed purely at the service of classical art. The result is a fineness and a purity of style which is possessed by no other player I know of." Under the influence of the Theosophical Society she resolved to dedicate her genius to the uplifting of the public rather than merely to its amusing, and during a temporary exhaustion of the nerves of the right arm, owing to over-practice, she came to Benares to live with Mrs. Besant, and later accompanied her to Adyar.

Her musical genius received a new inspiration under the influence of Indian music, and she rapidly learned to sing and play it with astonishing beauty and mastery of its difficult technique. She now sings twenty-four microtones to the notes of the western octave, in "a voice of exceptional flexibility and purity of tone" (*Times*), and is fascinating English musicians with her marvellous renderings of Indian music, accompanying herself on the *ṭambura*. Her examples of Indian classical music are used as illustrations in the lectures given at the London Academy of Music, and the veteran Felix Moschells declared that "she had made him feel that the East and West were one at heart". *Musical Opinion* says of a lecture lately given at Birmingham:

There was a low platform on which her slight figure, in its soft robes of drapery, crouched before a *vīṇā* and a native drum; and as she sang her strange Indian songs, with their intermingling of three rhythms (giving a wonderful lithe suppleness), the walls of the room seemed to melt away—we were sitting on the verandah of an Indian bungalow and in the compound was an Indian singer playing the *ṭambura* and the *vīṇā* and singing in the magical light of an Indian landscape. Mrs. Mann herself has at times a curiously Indian look, as if her sympathetic study of the music had brought her into such union with the Indian soul that it affected her form and looked out at her eyes. We do not know when we have heard a voice of such exquisite purity of tone—we have never heard such *sotto voce*—and the fineness of ear and breath-control which enables her to sing scales of twenty-four *srutis* (or micro-tones) to the octave is astounding. This eastern music has a marvellous subtlety and delicate quality which seem to make our western methods appear very coarse and clumsy.

Mrs. Mann has recently published a pamphlet on *Some Indian Conceptions of Music* (Theosophical Publishing Society, 6d.), in which is to be found a somewhat fuller account of the matter than can be given in an evening's lecture, and which we recommend to all who care to investigate the subject. We have given our impression in a somewhat pictorial way. We will however trust ourselves yet further to the sympathies of our readers and give a still more intimate experience that came to us on this occasion. A suggestion seemed to arise that by this charm the "gates of ivory" were slightly opened and through them there stole shadowy memories of some previous state of existence, some earlier incarnation, in which this music was our own familiar way of thought amid oriental scenes and ways of life.

Rabindranath Tagore speaks warmly of her work, and the Professor of Bengali Literature at Cambridge University, after her 'lecture' there, wrote to Mr. Mann of his delight, and remarks that he feels justified in having made a remark a year ago, for which he was "promptly snubbed," that "De Bussy was learning from India". The *Sussex Daily News* reports a lecture at Brighton, in which she prefaced her music with some remarks on the value of Theosophy in leading to the comparative study of religions, arts, and literature. Her lecture for the Annie Besant T. S. Lodge in the Birmingham Midland Institute, presided over by the Principal of the Birmingham School of Music, created such intense interest that another lecture is to be given on March 4th, under the presidency of Sir Oliver Lodge, in the Medical Theatre of the University of Birmingham.

Mrs. Mann hopes to form a choir for general music in the London T. S. Headquarters, and Indian music will find there a congenial home. All who love India will be grateful to her for placing her exquisite art at the feet of the Motherland, and will thank Theosophy for the inspiration which led to the offering.

[Reprinted from the *Commonweal* of January 16th and 23rd.]

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES?

THE VICAR OF S. JAMES', LONDON, AND MILITANCY

Issued by the Women's Social and Political Union

THIS is the question which excited journalists and still more excited letter-writers are trying to answer. And such answers! Now, of course, it is a very simple and natural question to ask. And you can take your choice of two answers, and two only. You must either kill them or give them the vote. There is no middle course with militant Suffragettes. Like the schoolboy's elephant: "When they are angry they won't do so." Promises, threats, arguments, attacks by hooligans, jingle-like vulgar witticisms, prisons, stripes, hunger, forcible feeding—these are of no avail. A woman like Mrs. Pankhurst, who is quite prepared, if need be, to die, is the master of the Government and the British Constitution. You can, of course, kill her. But dare you? And if you do, you will have such a lot of others to kill as well, and when you have killed them all, you will still have to give women votes. Jesus Christ was crucified and His Apostles martyred, but Christianity triumphed. You can't kill ideas. You can't kill truth and justice. That women, sooner or later, must have the vote is as sure as the rising and setting of the sun and the process of the seasons. The point at issue simply is: Will you kill a lot of women first and then give in, or will you do justice now, and avoid the killing? The women are not asking the British public to book the order; they are out for the immediate delivery of the goods.

Now, what I have just written is not argument; it is a simple statement of fact. If a man can't see it, it is because his mental vision is defective. But I want now to discuss the very interesting subject of militancy. I am told that some people—dear, timid, gentle, respectable people—are shocked that the Vicar of S. James

approves of militancy. Poor Mr. Jingle is quite upset about it. Well, Mr. Editor, I am very grateful to you for giving me permission, through the medium of your paper, to put my views before the public. First let me assure the virtuously-shocked people that I do not approve of militancy. It is a very ugly thing. I deplore it. I am a man of peace. I am an extremist even. I am a man of peace at any price, even the price of war. And I say, there will be no peace in this country till women get the vote.

There are two arguments urged against the militant tactics of the Suffragettes, one is that they are very sinful, the other is that they are alienating friends of the cause, and putting back the hands of the clock. Let me deal with the second objection first. My answer is that it is not true; and if it were true it wouldn't matter. What does it matter where the hands of a clock are, if the clock won't go? It is a plain sober fact of the modern history of the movement which nobody can deny, however much they would like to deny it, that the militant tactics of the last year or two have done more to bring the cause of women's suffrage to the certainty of a successful issue than all the fifty years' strenuous, heroic, constitutional agitation which preceded it. It is a lamentable fact, no doubt, and one not very creditable to human nature, but it is a fact, nevertheless. "Votes for Women" is the only live political issue to-day. As long as women said nicely and persuasively: "Don't you think we ought to have the vote?" the question was one of merely academic interest. When gentle women held out suppliant hands a few sympathised, and the crowd passed by on the other side, a little irritated and much amused. When the militants bared a strong right arm and said: "We mean to have the vote, and we mean to hold the Government up and the public, till we get it," they brought the subject so to the front that every other public question has to take a back seat till this is settled for good and all. Mind, I am not at this point arguing that militant tactics are right; I am merely reminding you of the simple, indisputable

fact that they have proved themselves superlatively successful. But you say they have made the public very angry. For the present, yes; but an angry opponent to a just and righteous cause is a better asset than an indifferent friend, because it is indifference that kills great causes and not opposition.

And now let us come to the question of the rights and wrongs of militancy. Is it wrong to break windows? Of course it is. Is it wrong to spoil letters? Of course it is. Is it wrong to blow up nice, kind Mr. Lloyd George's house? Yes, even that is wrong. But the thing isn't quite as simple as all that. Some of the militant Suffragettes have been to Sunday School, and they know what is wrong as well as you. The question we have to face is this: Why do gentle, educated, refined, philanthropic women do these things? It is much better to sit down and try to think it out quietly, than to get angry and to adopt militant tactics ourselves, in order to show to the whole world how we hate militancy. Physical force is physical force, and militancy is militancy, whether they come from a Suffragette or a brutal steward at Mr. Lloyd George's meeting, or from a Barrow Labour-man or from a hooligan mob of anti-suffragists, or a policeman, or a prison doctor.

Let us turn away from abstract theories of right and wrong, and try to see things as they actually are. You say that women ought to adopt constitutional methods. But for over fifty years they have adopted every constitutional method that the wit of woman could devise, and what has it brought them? One member of the Government tells them they are not in earnest. Men burnt down old historical castles when they wanted the vote; and then, when in a very, very mild form they take his advice, there is another member of the Government—Mr. McKenna—to put them in prison, and in order to break their unbreakable spirits, he introduces into English prisons Russian methods of physical torture. Men are in the Constitution; they have the right to vote. Women under a Liberal Government, which has tricked and duped them time after time, are shut, bolted and

barred out of the Constitution, and then calmly told to be very constitutional.

And what a lot we hear about law and order. Now, law and order are sacred things, and all lawlessness and disorder are harmful to the common life. But there is a spurious reverence for law and order, which is only another name for a selfish love of ease and comfort—a desire to play golf quietly, to have your letters promptly and cleanly delivered, and your plate-glass properly preserved, in total disregard of all the suffering human beings who are on the wrong side of the security and comfort which law and order ought to guarantee, and for the comforting and uplifting of whom women are seeking the vote. There is, you must agree, a certain logic in the law-breakers' methods. They want to disturb you, and they have succeeded. My dear anti-suffragist and anti-suffragette, it is not a question of law and order; it is a question of what law and what order. The women have outgrown the present man-made law and the present man-ordered order. They are out for a better law and a better order, and some of them have been made so desperate that they are prepared to dare any deed, and suffer any penalty, and even to die any death you may inflict upon them in our glorious prisons, which are one of the proud possessions of our present system of law and order. It is well to understand, even if you don't agree. Again I say: you must either kill them or give them the vote. Law and order are good things, but greater even than these are justice and life.

And I would like also to urge in this connection that there is a great amount of unconscious cant, humbug and hypocrisy in the fervid public outcry against the militant women. Unfortunately, as things are, we live in a militant world. We are told that European peace is to be secured only by an ever-increasing display of militant force in vast and bloated armies and navies. We are told that Ulster Irishmen are arming and drilling, and if the Home Rule Bill becomes law, they are going to be militant with powder and shot; and leading statesmen say they will be

doing a praiseworthy thing, and Mr. McKenna dare not arrest them. Not long ago the miners adopted militant tactics, and Barrow steel-workers starved and suffered. At the present moment the railwaymen are contemplating a gigantic act of militancy, which, if it comes off, will cause terrible suffering to millions of inoffensive people. Quite recently the whole Tory party adopted militant tactics in the House, and made debate impossible, and compelled the Prime Minister to climb down. As the rag-time ditty says: "Every-body's doing it, doing it." But I must be just. There is a bright and shining exception—the Labour party in the House of Commons. Of course at meetings and elections they let off a lot of stage thunder, but, bless your life, you needn't be afraid; it means nothing. They are very non-militant, and they are in the Constitution, and they each draw a salary of £400 a year, and are very respectful to Mr. Asquith. But to leave this virtuous exception and go back to the otherwise wicked militant world. Is it fair to look benignantly upon the militant relations in which nations and classes and individuals stand to-day, and to single out a group of militant women, and grossly assail them with the bitterest invective and abuse? I, for one, refuse to join in the hue and cry. Condemn all militancy by all means and I am with you. Christian England ought to have discovered a more excellent way; but I have no intellectual respect for the men and women who can swallow camels so easily that the very hump doesn't even scrape their throats, and who strain at the gnat of militant suffragism.

I hope I have explained my attitude. I know it is not a popular one. It suits no special political party, and that looks as if I am somewhere near the truth. One thing I will say, that whether I am alive or dead, I am prepared to put these words to the judgment of men and women in ten years' time. And, by the way, the Tory party has got the chance of its life. I wonder if they have leaders with vision to see and courage to lead. I wonder, and I doubt.

Edwin A. Mould

SVĀMI VIVEKĀNANDA AND THEOSOPHY

A writer in a newspaper quotes Svāmi Vivekānanda to show that the Theosophical Society was unfriendly to him. But in the very quotation given the following occurs :

Vol. 3. Page 605:—First of all, I have to say a few words about the Theosophical Society ; it goes without saying that a certain amount of good work has been done to India by the Society ; as such, every Hindu is grateful to it, and especially to Mrs. Besant, for, though I know very little of her, yet what little I know has impressed me with the idea that she is a sincere well-wisher of this motherland of ours, and that she is doing the best in her power to raise our country. For that, the eternal gratitude of every true-born Indian is hers, and all blessings be on her and hers for ever. But that is one thing—and joining the Society of the Theosophists is another. Regard and estimation and love are one thing, and swallowing everything any one has to say without reasoning, without criticising, without analysing, is quite another.

Again he writes :

I reached America, as you know, through the help of a few friends of Madras. Most of them are present here ; only one is absent, Mr. Justice Subramania Iyer, to whom my deepest gratitude is due. He has the insight of genius, and is one of the staunchest friends I have in this life, a true friend indeed, a true child of India.

This is his testimony to two prominent Theosophists. Against this is his statement that Colonel Olcott refused to give him a letter of introduction to friends in America. Whatever may have been the reason for the President-Founder's refusal, it need not outweigh the help of " Mr. Justice Subramania Aiyar ". An unnamed Theosophist is mentioned as making a brutal remark ; that can hardly brand the Society. The Svāmi further writes harshly of Theosophy and Theosophists generally. Yet, in London, Mr. Sturdy, then an earnest Theosophist, was his host and worked for his lectures ; it was he who brought the Svāmi to see me in most friendly fashion. But I was not in my remark speaking of personal friendliness. I was speaking of the effect of Theosophy on western thought, of the way in which it had widened Christianity ; and it was in this connection that I said it had made the Svāmi's work possible.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ONE of the most faithful of the Old Guard of the Theosophical Society has passed over, M. le Commandant D. A. Courmes. He was the doyen of the Society in France, and it was he who brought Theosophy to Dr. Pascal, who preceded him to the other side. Faithful to H. P. Blavatsky, he was equally faithful to her successor, and his chivalrous nature made him cling the closer to his leader when that leader was attacked. He had long been ailing, and on January 15th he was struck down suddenly, passing away two days later without recovering consciousness. He was cremated at the Père Lachaise cemetery. M. le Capitaine Géry, his nephew, being the chief mourner, and M. Charles Blech, the General Secretary, giving a short address. He was followed by M. Chévrier, who spoke on behalf of the E. S. in France, M. le Commandant Duboc, M. J. Morand and M. Gaston Revel.

Thus speeded by affectionate gratitude, he left our earth. He will be much missed in France, for he was Vice-President of the Executive Council, and editor of

Le Lotus Bleu, the French organ, as well as President of his Branch. The *Bulletin Théosophique* truly says of him: "The distinctive characteristics of his soldier-soul were uprightness, constancy and fidelity, and he was proud of belonging to the band of Servers." On him, as on all such loyal and faithful souls, whether in life or death, shines the Eternal Light.

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Another member who has passed on, one who was very helpful from time to time in public life, was General Sir Stuart Beatson. When he was over here with the Prince of Wales in 1905-6, he told me that he was anxious to form a League in India the members of which should be pledged to abstain from the eating of beef. The present Regent of Jodhpur was much interested in the project, but other matters pushed it on one side, and it never materialised. The General thought that many Army Officers would be willing to join such a League, for the sake of promoting good feeling.

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The Gifford Lectures by Mr. Arthur Balfour are opening up lines of thought which are most suggestive in themselves, and, carried on by others, may lead to a new line of defence for Religion. It is a far cry from these profoundly thoughtful lectures to the French thinker quoted in F. W. Myers' *Human Personality*, who regarded religion, and art as "bye-products" in the evolution of humanity towards a golden age—an age, we may suppose, of motor-cars, aeroplanes, and torpedoes. Mr. Balfour not only saw in the æsthetic emotions an indication of a Supreme Artist, but he sought also for their source, for any proof of their place in the general process of natural evolution. They do not lead to

action, in the ordinary sense, but find their exercise in contemplation. Their manifestation is creative, and through them Spirit speaks to Spirit. Many emotions can be traced as evolving in the struggle for existence, but the æsthetic emotions have no such pedigree. In a remarkable passage he ascribed the splendour of natural beauty to a Supreme Spirit manifesting Himself thereby, recalling the profound truth that Beauty is the Law of Manifestation, of Creative Activity. Those who are versed alike in religious and masonic symbolism will understand why Beauty is the third of certain symbols, as the Spirit who moved on the face of the waters, or the Brahmā of the Hindūs, is the third Person in Trinities, and why it is Beauty which "makes manifest" all right work, work which is planned by wisdom and founded by strength.

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The line of argument as to ethical ideas was not so original as that on æsthetics, but is none the less profoundly true. Mr. Balfour pointed out, as many have done, that the higher ethical emotions were a disadvantage, not an advantage, in the struggle for existence :

Nobody could maintain that in that brute struggle the virtues of mercy, charity, and loving-kindness are to the advantage of the race from the point of view of a biologist, who studies what it is that enables one organism to oust another.

Hence Mr. Balfour by no means endorses the modern cry of a "return to nature".

If the simple teaching of nature is that the higher virtues are useless and noxious, is not the teaching of Nietzsche an inevitable conclusion? Men will argue that if development and the course of progress must always be the result of constant internecine warfare, then they must pin their faith on the untrammelled licence of that struggle, and the return to nature would mean the abandonment of all the higher and tenderer virtues in which the value of life entirely depends

for us. If we are to keep the highest of all values in the scale where religion has placed them, and where we instinctively feel they ought to be, we cannot tear away that religious framework and suppose that the ideas will remain.

On these lines Mr. Balfour will find himself logically landed in that continuity of consciousness which is the only alternative in evolution for the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Without continuity of consciousness no growth in the social, the pre-eminently human, virtues, and continuity of consciousness spells reincarnation.

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Two proposals lately made are quite Theosophical in spirit. Sir Francis Younghusband seeks "an Imperial Religion," which, by representing the common religious beliefs of the religions of the world and the identity of their ethical basis, should bind together the component parts of Britain's Empire. Miss Elisabeth Knoff, in New York City, takes the practical step of opening a "Daily Temple," to which all who seek to lead the higher life may come, without distinction of creeds. Both are straws which show the set of the current. Ere long Theosophy will have reached the position that there is nothing new in it, and that, of course, everybody knows that it is true. And there is nothing new in it, as a matter of fact. Modern Theosophy is only a new way of putting old and universal truths.

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Some Christians of the narrower and less educated type are very anxious to prove that Christians cannot be Theosophists. The simple answer is that they *are*, and that there is therefore no use in saying that they cannot be. There are many earnest Theosophists who are devoted Christians, as there are others who are devoted

Hindūs, Buddhists, Muhammadans and Zoroastrians. And the remarkable thing about them is that their respective religions are vitalised by their Theosophy. Forms become pregnant with meaning, ceremonies become potent as forces, obscurities become illumined and instructive. All the great religions have felt the vitalising energy of Theosophy.

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The only people who really defame and hate us are the missionaries, the Pharisees of our day, and the thoughtful and cultured world thinks little of these "blind leaders of the blind". They rather remind one of the two Giants in Bunyan's famous allegory, who sit, aged and half paralysed, gnashing their toothless jaws at the passers-by. The last favourite libel is that I "announced that morals had nothing to do with Theosophy," and, to make the untruth more effective, this is connected with my supposed reinstatement of Mr. Leadbeater "in his official position". (The facts that Mr. Leadbeater had no official position, and that he only rejoined the Society three years and nine months later than my misquoted pamphlet are mere trifles.) The pamphlet, as is well known, was not connected with Mr. Leadbeater's resignation, with which I was not concerned, not being an official, and so far from saying that morals had nothing to do with Theosophy, I said that "we hold up lofty ideals, and we trust to these for the compelling power to lift our members to a high moral level, but we have no code with penalties for the infringement of its provisions". The obvious statement that, as a matter of fact, the T. S. had no moral code enforced by penalties is distorted into Theosophy having nothing to do with morals!

The moral stage, at which people require a law with physical or superphysical penalties attached to its breach, is a very low one, and though such codes are necessary for the unevolved, people who follow high ideals do not need them. The missionary spirit is very demoralising in any communities which have outgrown savagery. It has its value as a civilising agency among savage tribes, but in a cultivated community it is an offence. It breeds a spirit of self-righteousness on the one side and of resentment on the other, while the more educated people of the Christian part of the community regard it with a half-tolerant and good-natured contempt, save where it causes civil trouble.

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The Secretary of the Hague Lodge sends a letter saying that the Lodge is about to erect a large building in the garden attached to its present residence, which it has outgrown, and it has constituted a legal body for the holding of its property, under the name of the Board of the Theosophic Institution. A sympathetic non-member has made a large donation to this Board, in Trust, to be called the Annie Besant Fund, and the interest is to be used for founding and maintaining a Theosophical Academy. The object of the Academy is to advance, wider and deepen philosophy, art, science and religion by bringing them into contact with Occultism.

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The following articles have been arranged for, and will appear in the forthcoming issues of the *Theosophist*. We earnestly ask our members and friends to help our magazine by recommending it to their friends. 'Ghosts among Greeks and Romans,' by Lacy Collison-Morley. 'A Prophet of Persia,' by Eric Hammond.

The 'Quest in Persia,' and 'Mystical Poetry of Persia,' by F. Hadland Davies. 'Dhammapāda and Its Message to Modern India,' by Kenneth-Saunders. 'The Worship of Isis,' by J. T. Dennis. 'Buddhism in the North and East,' and 'The Origin of the Alphabet,' by Herbert Baynes. 'Ancient Jewish Proverbs,' by A. Cohen. 'The Smile,' by Miss C. M. Mew. 'Is Reincarnation True?' by Ernest Wood. 'From the Diary of a Travelling Philosopher,' by Count Hermann Keyserling. 'The Study of History as a Mental Equipment,' by Professor R. K. Kulkarni. 'Consciousness as conditioned by the Body,' by Dr. Charles J. Whitby.

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We are very glad to place on record the founding of our first Lodge in Persia. It is in Shiraz, and is called the Anjuman-i-Sufieh. The President is Sheikh Muhammad Rahim, and the Secretary is Amba Prasad Sufi.

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Mr. Van Manen writes: A magnificent gift has enriched the Adyar Library from the Italian Section of the Theosophical Society, through its General Secretary, Professor O. Penzig. On the occasion of the Genoa Congress of the Federation of the European Sections, the Italian Section had planned a brilliant and original attraction for the gathering. It collected together an exceedingly well-chosen and very representative collection of some thousand large photographic reproductions of all that is best in old Italian art in the way of representations of religious and symbolic subjects. The unique collection of photographs thus got together was carefully, neatly and uniformly mounted on card-board and arranged

in albums containing about forty reproductions each. As the Genoa Congress was not officially held, an informal gathering taking its place, this collection was subsequently exhibited at the Stockholm Congress and there evoked universal admiration. After this the Italian Section magnanimously decided to present the Adyar Library with it. It has now safely arrived and is in process of arrangement. Careful consideration will have to determine the way in which this art-treasure can most practically and profitably be made accessible to the public. The collection fills, all by itself and all at once, a large gap formerly existing in the Library possessions, and by it the Art Section has leapt suddenly forward towards occupying an important place of its own. The Italian Section and its Officers cannot be sufficiently thanked for their enlightened liberality, and the Adyar Library is proud to have been chosen as the trustee for this veritable treasure. Gifts like these raise high hopes for the future of the Library in the hearts of those responsible for its welfare, upkeep and growth, and each such gift marks a decided step forward taken by the Library in its long march towards its ideal of becoming a true world-library, the repository of all learning, art, and mental or spiritual endeavour recorded in the history of humanity during its entire career.



THE THEOSOPHICAL ATTITUDE

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

IT has more than once been stated that the Theosophical attitude towards life is of greater importance than Theosophical knowledge; and students frequently ask how this attitude is to be obtained. It is in truth the very first thing which the student needs, yet it is usually the last which he gains; for it is not to be acquired by reading about it, not to be learnt like a lesson; it is something into which a man slowly grows as a result of his study, and still more of his efforts to put that study into practice.

It is our custom to say that Theosophy is not a religion, but rather the philosophy which underlies all religions. This is quite true; yet it is surely also true

that our Theosophy supplies to us a great deal of the stimulus which the devotees of religion are supposed to obtain from it. I have pointed out elsewhere that it is in reality a philosophy, a religion and a science; a philosophy, because it gives us an intelligible and satisfactory theory of the constitution and reason of the universe; a religion, because it speaks to us of God, of His relation to man, and of His will with regard to our progress; a science, because it propounds its teachings not as mere abstract theories, but as deductions drawn from facts which have been repeatedly observed.

Though it is to this extent a religion, it affects its votaries very differently from other faiths. We of the West are used to a religion which is absolutely divorced from practice—which has no connection with daily life; for with the exception, perhaps, of a small number of people belonging to monastic orders, no one makes any attempt really to carry out the teachings of the Christ. It is the custom to consider that any one who goes to Church regularly, who gives a certain amount in charity, and lives on the whole a kindly and helpful life, is actuated by religious motives, and is doing all that can be expected of a follower of the Teacher of Palestine. Yet if we face facts instead of hiding ourselves behind conventions, it will be found that the people who do these things do them chiefly because of their own kindness of disposition, and not with special reference to any religious commands; and, furthermore, they are by no means prepared to follow out the real instructions attributed to the Christ. He says:

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Judge not, that ye be not

judged. Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also, and if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor; and come and follow me. If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, he cannot be my disciple.

Christians will tell you that such commands are unsuited to the spirit of the present day, and are not intended to be followed literally; it has even been said that if they were followed literally they would be provocative of harm rather than good. Perhaps in our present highly artificial condition of society that may be true; but that does not alter the fact that it is useless for men to pretend to be followers of the Christ, if they are not prepared to put into practice the instructions which He is said to have given. Not even those who profess to follow Him make any sort of attempt to bring these instructions down into daily life; it would obviously be extremely inconvenient for them to do so.

The same thing is true of the other religions. All the great faiths of the world give the same ethical teaching to their devotees; and if only each man would really follow the teaching of his religion, no matter what that religion may be, we should have something like a millennium at once and without further trouble. There are fortunately many good people in the world—many people of average goodness, that is—but only very few who really obey to the full their own religious teachings. It may be asked why this is so. The reason seems to be that none of these people really believe what they profess to believe. They think of these religious statements as something to which they are expected to give a formal assent on Sundays, but not at all as actual rules of life to be put into practice every

day and all day long. In this it will be perceived that religious belief stands in an absolutely different category from what may be called scientific belief, or belief which is based upon actual knowledge. A man who has a scientific fact before him knows that he can depend upon that fact, and therefore he acts accordingly; if he has dealt with a thing experimentally he knows exactly what to do with it, and no one can persuade him to act against the experience which he has thus gained. A man knows that fire will burn him; he is always careful to remember that fact. He knows that water will always run downhill; therefore he will never act as though he expected it to run up. Yet a man will hold the most exalted religious sentiments, and act in daily life in direct contradiction to them. Obviously this can only be because the sentiments are merely superficial, and he does not really believe in them at all.

Now there is this great difference between the way in which a Theosophist takes his Theosophy and the way in which the ordinary religionist takes his religion—that the Theosophist cannot but really believe the teachings given to him, and therefore he obviously acts accordingly. If it be found that he does *not* act accordingly, then the same remorseless logic applies—he is not truly a Theosophist at all. This then is the secret of the Theosophical attitude towards life; it is the attitude of one who really believes what other people only profess to believe—believes it so thoroughly that in daily life he acts as though it were true. There are men who have joined the Theosophical Society, and have afterwards fallen away from it again; but those can never have been true Theosophists.

One may take up a series of rules, live according to them for a time, and then get tired of them and decide to abandon them; but that is possible only when they are not laws of nature, but only arbitrary rules voluntarily accepted. So a man may accept a religion, and presently drop it again; but to accept Theosophy really and fully is to open one's eyes to a set of new truths, to acquire an amount of additional information which it is impossible afterwards to ignore. A man who has known and grasped these truths can never unlearn them—can never fall back into the position of one who does not know them; it is just as impossible as it would be for the man to grow back into the child again. Therefore one who has once attained the Theosophical attitude cannot lose it again; he may frequently fail to live up to its standard, but he will always know that he has so failed, and will perpetually strive after a more perfect success. When once we have seen the Sun we can never thereafter deny that it exists, even though for the time it may be veiled from us; and in the same way a man who has once realised the truth of Theosophy, and has had all his life expanded and coloured by it, can never fall back into orthodoxy or materialism.

How is this attitude to be obtained? There is no way but to make Theosophy real in our lives, to become permeated by the Theosophical feeling and way of looking at everything. Take the three great basic truths given in *The Idyll of the White Lotus*—that God is good, that man is immortal, and that as he sows, so shall he reap. Merely to hold these as a pious belief would mean little; but the man who is quite sure about them, who feels deep down within him that they are true,

knows by means of them that he has an absolutely secure basis, that through them he can obtain all good things if only he works steadily to get them.

See how many other facts at once follow from this certainty ; I have worked out some corollaries in *An Outline of Theosophy*. If God is good, then all things are tending towards an end which is good for all ; therefore any person who allows himself to be made miserable by any events that happen does not yet grasp the reality of this truth. A man who allows himself to be distressed or depressed does not really believe that God is good ; the evanescent sorrow or suffering is more real to him than the great truth which lies behind. I know quite well that it is not always easy to see that all things are working together for good, but that is because we see them only partially, and do not understand how they fit into the great Plan. We do not deny the existence of evil ; but we assert that all which is really evil is man-made, and arises directly as the result of the breaking of the divine law. Therefore the Theosophical attitude includes perfect calm ; for a man who knows that all must be well cannot worry.

Though all is tending towards a glorious end, it is by no means yet attained, and therefore, when we see manifold wrong and suffering around us, we must do all we can to make things right—to let the underlying right manifest itself ; but if, in spite of all our efforts, things cannot be brought to go well, that is at least not our fault. The Deity leaves a certain amount of free-will to man and therefore man can misuse it, and a certain proportion of men always do so. If things will not go as well as they should, there is sure to be some good reason why for the present that is so, for we

know with absolute certainty that they must finally come right. Why therefore should we worry about it? One who worries is not a true Theosophist, for this habit sends out evil vibrations which do much harm to others, and no Theosophist would willingly harm any living thing. Also he could not but feel that the man who worries is distrusting God—showing a want of faith in His power and in His love. His attitude must be one of the uttermost confidence.

Again it follows that if God is good and is the loving Father of humanity, men must also be brothers—as indeed all Theosophists already hold, since the promotion of brotherhood is the first of the three objects of the Society. But if we hold this truth of the brotherhood of man it is impossible for us to continue to act selfishly, for if a man realises that he is no longer a separated being, he can no longer be selfish. Some of our members say with regard to these matters :

“Intellectually we believe all this to be so, because the Theosophical teaching seems to us to be far the most satisfactory hypothesis to account for all that we see in the world ; but we have not the absolute certainty in these matters which can come only from actual knowledge ; and so sometimes our feelings overpower us, and we seem to lose hold for a time of the fundamental truths.”

I sympathise entirely with those who have these feelings ; I have acknowledged that some of us have a great advantage, those who have had direct experience, who by the use of higher faculties have seen overwhelming proof of the truth of these great statements. I know very well how great is the difference between our absolute certainty and even the strongest conviction

arrived at by mere reason. But if a man will start with the Theosophical theory as a hypothesis, he will find that all that happens fits into it and is explained by it, and he will encounter a number of corroborative circumstances—each is perhaps small in itself, but cumulatively they are of very great force—until his conviction gradually expands and deepens into certainty.

A man who declines to accept some such theory as this will constantly find facts which to him are inexplicable—facts which will not fit into his scheme. If, for example, a man denies the existence of the astral world and of the life after death, he finds himself without any rational explanation of a great number of well-authenticated phenomena and of all sorts of small happenings in every-day life; he has to ignore these things or to attribute them (against all reason and common-sense) to hallucination; while a man who understands the facts of the case can fit them in quite easily into the outline already in his mind; he may not understand in every detail how the results are produced, but he sees at once that they are in agreement with what he already knows, and they are not in any way unnatural to him. Thus, without being himself clairvoyant, he may accumulate a great deal of evidence of the existence of higher planes. Indeed, his position in comparison with that of the sceptic is like that of the first believers in the heliocentric theory as opposed to those who believed in the flat and stationary earth. Those who held to the latter idea became more and more confused as they acquired additional information; the more they learned of the movements of the different planets and stars, the more hopeless the confusion became; whereas when once the fundamental fact of the earth's movements had

been realised, everything straightway fell into its place and was seen to be part of a coherent and comprehensible whole. Every additional fragment of evidence is not merely an addition to the strength of the proof as a whole, but actually a multiplication of it.

All the theories of man about the Deity may be classified under three heads ; either He is indifferent to us, or He is actively hostile to us, and needs to be propitiated, or He is full of love and goodwill towards us. If God be indifferent to us, if He has brought us into existence for a mere whim, or if we have grown fortuitously as the result of the blind working of natural laws, it is to us to all intents and purposes as though there were no God at all.

This belief has obviously no coherent theory of the universe to offer us—no plan, and consequently no hope of any final end which shall justify or account for our existence. There have been many in the past who have held this comfortless belief, and it is even possible that there are some who hold it now. It seems inconceivable that anyone could *desire* to hold it, but some may imagine themselves forced to do so by what they consider the lack of sufficient evidence to the contrary. The Theosophical student knows that such evidence to the contrary exists, and exists in overwhelming quantity ; but as much of it depends upon clairvoyant evidence, the man who wishes to examine it must satisfy himself as to the possibility of clairvoyance.

The second theory—that God is capricious or hostile to man—has been very widely held. Man images God as the highest that he can conceive ; but the highest that he can conceive is often only a glorified and intensified edition of himself. Consequently when nations

are in the rough and boisterous and fighting stage which accompanies the earlier steps of their development, they usually provide themselves with a god who is a man of war and will fight for them against their enemies. Such a god is commonly regarded as capable of anger and of great cruelty, and therefore he needs propitiation to prevent him from letting his angry passions loose upon his unfortunate devotees. All religions which offer any type of sacrifice to God belong to this category, because in all cases the idea underlying the sacrifice is either that by this offering the deity may be pleased and induced to do in return for it some kindness which he would not otherwise have done, or else that by this offering he is bought off from doing some evil which he otherwise would do. The Jewish Yahweh was obviously a deity of this type, and the pernicious influence of this idea of propitiation has been allowed to extend itself into Christianity, and is responsible for the amazing and indeed blasphemous distortion of the beautiful and inspiring story of the descent of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity into matter.

Thus those who do not understand the real meaning of their Creed are driven to the untenable position that God in one form sacrifices Himself to propitiate God in another form, in order to prevent Him from the perpetration of incredible cruelties upon His creatures; and even this tremendous and incredible sacrifice is represented to be so far from effective that only an inappreciable fraction of humanity is after all rescued by it. The utter impossibility of so monstrous a theory escapes the notice of those who think they believe it, only because they have never ventured really to face it, but take its statement for granted as part of a

theological system which is supposed to lie absolutely outside of the region of ordinary reason and common-sense. This second form of belief usually involves a theory of the universe as existing for a certain end, but as constructed in a manner so faulty that it fails almost entirely in its original intention, and secures the lasting happiness of only a small proportion of its inhabitants—and even that on the remarkable assumption that they are somehow enabled to forget the appalling fate which overtakes the great mass of humanity.

The third theory—that God is love, and that the whole of His mighty universe is moving steadily onward to an appointed end of conscious unity with Him—is the only one which can be accepted by the Theosophical student. The boundless love of the Deity is the very foundation of Theosophical belief. No sacrifices, no offerings, no prayers, can be necessary to the God who is the loving Father of all His people, and is already doing for them far more than they could ask, far more than they can conceive. All that we can offer Him in return is our love and our service; and our love is the very manifestation of God within us, so that the only action on our part which can be thought of as pleasing to Him is that which more and more allows the indwelling God to manifest Himself through us. This seems to me the greatest of all the truths—the truth upon which all else depends.

When a man is thoroughly permeated with the utter certainty of eternal love and absolute justice, from that, as the basic fact, he will find all the other facts in nature gradually coming into line and taking their proper place. Trouble of some sort comes to every man, and because of that, man is sometimes tempted to believe

that all cannot be well—that there must be a failure somewhere and somehow in the working of the divine scheme. Such an error is natural; but it is an error nevertheless, and the man who makes it is in the position of the African chief who refused to believe that water could ever become solid, because he had never seen an example of that phenomenon.

To the average student this certainty comes only as the result of the intellectual conviction that it must be so—that the evidence in its favour is stronger than that which is offered against it; the clairvoyant has the enormous advantage of being able to see on higher planes much more definite evidence of the trend of the great forces which are playing through and round humanity. Seeing physical life only, a man obtains a distorted view, and if he is by nature hypochondriacal he may contrive to take and to maintain a pessimistic view of life; but one who can see beyond the physical plane is thereby enabled to estimate things more nearly at their real value, to get them into perspective, and to see their relative proportions. So in the strength of that higher knowledge he is able to say with certainty that he *knows* that the great forces which surround us are tending finally to good. Much which is temporarily evil arises, and must necessarily arise, from the giving of even a small amount of free-will to man. But all evil is only partial and temporary, and its effects are all swept along in the mighty stream of evolution, just as the little eddies and whirlpools on the surface of a roaring torrent are nevertheless swept onward in its course towards the sea.

When a man is thoroughly convinced that this is the universal law, he is able to estimate at their true value the small apparent divergences from it with

which he meets in daily life. His own troubles and difficulties loom large to him because of their proximity, but the Theosophical knowledge enables him to rise above them and to look down upon them from the higher standpoint, so that he can see their true proportion. He in no way fails to sympathise with an individual who is temporarily suffering; yet he cannot be overwhelmed by sorrow, because he sees beyond the suffering to its result, beyond the sorrow to the goal of eternal joy. All troubles are to him necessarily evanescent, like the discomforts of a journey. They are no doubt real and annoying while they last, but the man faces them precisely because he desires to reach the end of the journey. For the true Theosophist therefore depression is an impossibility; he regards it not only as a weakness, but as a crime, because (as we said before) he knows that it infects those around him, and holds them back in their progress on the upward path.

He knows it to be both inutile and foolish to grumble at what happens to him, however unpleasant it may be. It could not happen to him unless he had deserved it, and consequently he regards it as the paying of a debt which must be cleared out of the way before further progress can be made. He does not grumble at the deficiencies and weaknesses which he finds within himself, because he knows that it is he and none other who has made himself what he is, and that it is he and none other who can change himself to what he would be. He knows that he has all eternity in front of him in which to conquer his difficulties, and therefore he knows with absolute certainty that these difficulties *will* be conquered, however insurmountable they may appear from his present point of view.

He knows that any evil which he has done in the past must after all have been finite in its extent, and consequently its results must be finite also; whereas he himself is a living force of infinite possibility, able to draw without stint from the Divinity of which he is an expression. The attitude of the Theosophist is then one of perfect trust and of perfect philosophy, and the object of his life is to become to the fullest extent of his capacity a co-worker with the Deity. In playing that part he cannot but be a happy man, because he feels himself at one with the Deity, who is happiness. If he can but realise that all nature is the garment of God, he will be able to see in it His hidden beauty and glory. All this may be his, but only on condition that he really lives his Theosophy, that he allows it to permeate him and to inspire him. You know how we have been told that he who wishes to tread the Path must become that Path himself, which means that the treading of it must become so absolutely natural to him that he can do no other. A man may be intellectually convinced of the truth of Theosophical teaching although he knows that in many ways he falls short of its full realisation; but the man who is able to live it obtains far more than the intellectual conviction; by his own experience there grows up within him a living certainty and knowledge of its truth which can never be shaken. They that do the will of the Father which is in Heaven, they shall know of the doctrine, whether it be true; only by living the Theosophic life is the true Theosophic attitude attained.

C. W. Leadbeater

A GREAT MYSTIC AND WORKER

By MISS C. S. BREMNER

(*Concluded from p. 689*)

SECTION VII

MISS NIGHTINGALE became an ardent lover of India without ever having seen it. In 1857, when her health was quite broken, she offered her services during the Indian Mutiny; but the case of scattered outbreaks hardly could have afforded the same field as Scutari for her unrivalled organising capacity. Her devotion to India and its sanitation occupies the major part of the second volume of Sir Edward Cook's important, fascinating biography; indeed her services to the British Army were hardly greater than those rendered to India. The really glorious aim of our mighty conquest, she considered, was to render India healthy and sanitary. She put the goal squarely before England in her 'How People may Live and not Die in India' (1863). When she had seen somewhat of the travail of her soul and been moderately satisfied (she was never quite so), when she had for many years been stirring up the Government of India, the War Office, and the India Office to a right comprehension of their duty to India and to a partial fulfilment of the same, she wrote another paper in 1873, 'How some People have Lived and not Died in India,' a summary of ten years'

progress, in which of course she claimed nothing for herself, but gave credit to zealous officials whom she had inspired to action. She doubled up that old myth that caste prejudice militates against Reform, she analysed the result of sanitary improvements, and brought once more into the field her terrible shillelagh of statistics. Not only had sanitation been cheap at any price, but the Indian Army mortality had fallen from 69 to 18 per 1000. Only 18 men died where 69 had done so before; thus the money saved in one year on recruits was £285,000. It is admitted on all sides that the progress of India during those ten years is without parallel in the world.

The task was one of extraordinary difficulty. There is an India Office, which exists to attest and enforce the suzerainty of Great Britain; there is a Government of India at Calcutta whose common attitude is pique and resentment if hustled by the first-named body; there is a War Office whose relations with both strike even an outsider as peculiarly difficult and delicate. There is also that "incurable old Indian bias" which seems to possess so many officials and which often resembles a cancer feeding on a patient's vitality. And there was Miss Nightingale, the self-constituted High Priestess of Indian Sanitation, the Lady of the Lamp, who wielded enormous influence, a born diplomatist, eager, determined, masterful. I imagine that her interest in India sprang originally from her interest in the Army and her unbounded admiration for Lord Lawrence. She wanted sanitary barracks, a wholesome healthy life for 'her children' in these, games, recreation, libraries, baths. Gradually she extended her claim to reforming the villages, whose inhabitants often carried disease and

death to her barracks. Long before she had finished, hospitals, jails, asylums, municipalities, native Indian rulers, Governors and Viceroys, fairs and pilgrimages, waterworks, schemes of main drainage, irrigation and agriculture were all passed in review in that Mayfair bedroom. During the campaign, a very long one, she wrote a paper to Village Elders, she who had never seen India, telling what sanitary rules they could and must enforce. Even Viceroys called to inquire what her will might be, before sailing to assume the Viceroyalty. When one omitted to do so, she considered that her influence must be waning. Lord Dufferin knew better than to omit a duty so obvious. He called in November 1884 and said in effect: "Give me your instructions and I will obey them. I will study them on the way out. Supply the powder, and I will fire the shot." His voyage out was a strenuous one, for the Nightingale supply of powder was dry and liberal. But on the voyage he wrote her: "One of the pleasantest sweets of office I have yet tasted has been the privilege of paying you that little visit."

SECTION VIII

The beginning of the Indian campaign was the Indian Sanitary Commission of 1859 begun by Mr. Herbert and Miss Nightingale; the Report was published in 1863. It was the same tale as of the former Commission on the British Army, except that its authors were better prepared, knew what they wanted and how to get it. Before it was appointed, the "Sanitary Servant to the Army and Peoples of India" had drafted a circular of inquiry to be sent to all the stations in India.

It is creditable to her spirit of thoroughness and sound common-sense that she consulted with all whose opinion was worth taking to draft the circular, so as to reach the marrow of India's needs. The replies are condensed into some 2028 pages of small print, and it was a murmur of the 'Sanitary Servant' that, whenever she 'flitted,' there were so many van-loads of replies that they cost £4-10s. to remove each time. The collaborators packed the Commission for Hygeia's sake, they selected and coached the witnesses; she and Lord Stanley, who had succeeded Mr. Herbert as President, wrote the Report; then they attended carefully to its distribution, to its due notice in the press, and ended the prescription, as before, by enforcing its recommendations. Whenever there was a hitch, and there were many, Miss Nightingale discovered exactly who was waiting and why; she removed the obstacle and drove full speed ahead. There occurred an official 'mistake' by which the Report would have been squelched, its utility minimised. . . she rectified it; wrote a more handy précis of the Report herself, embodying her 'observations,' and distributed it very freely at her own cost. She had great friends in India and narrowly watched their education and progress in health and sanitation. She undoubtedly obtained the appointment of Lord Lawrence as Viceroy. She hated the system of Party Government with its shams and deceptions; after narrowly watching the Party men at home she wrote: "All the ministers are rats and weasels by his side." He was one of the rare statesmen for whose shortcomings she apologised, blaming his Council, with which he was known to be out of sympathy, and declared that he had set India on a new track. It is extraordinary how many friends

Miss Nightingale made for herself, co-adjutors in the most remote places ; to those in power, it almost seemed as if she had an army of spies at work, men who were proud to co-operate and wanted her to know exactly how matters stood. A good instance of her accuracy, almost of her infallibility, where statistics were concerned, occurred in 1879. Mr. Gladstone had published an article in which he gave the deaths from a recent Indian famine as 1,400,000 ; the figure of the India Office was the modest one of 1,250,000 ; Miss Nightingale's between 5 and 6 millions. There is little doubt that her figure was very near the truth. She was perhaps able to do less with Mr. Gladstone than with any other politician. His fixed and faithless idea with regard to the army was that it could not be made a moral institution, just as he had no faith in women and refused to enfranchise them in 1884 when constitutional rights were extended to agricultural labourers.

Miss Nightingale was possessed of a boundless belief in the soldier's moral possibilities. The two were united however in opposition to militarism and to a forward policy on the frontier. It is significant that she could do nothing during Lord Lytton's Viceroyalty : advance in Afghanistan spelt retreat in Reform. Men who wanted ' little wars ' on the frontier, or elsewhere, had minds warped by perversity ; the Lady-in-Chief never wavered in this opinion.

SECTION IX

The arch-enemy and detective of official procrastination was able to achieve several very important results. Warm friends like Sir Charles Trevelyan

tried to console her by commenting on how honest and able is the Indian administration; *ultimately* measures for the public advantage do get taken in hand; Lord Salisbury jestingly remarked that the growth of reform projects "in point of length, savours much of the periods of Indian cosmogony". But delay was the one unforgivable sin in the eyes of the High Priestess. It almost seemed as if she kept relays of smaller dogs to attack and impel bigger ones to action. She wrote to Captain Galton: "Please devote the first day of every week, until further notice, in driving nails into Jack Bonham Carter, M. P., about the Winchester Infirmary." It was done, and the result was that the 'pest-house' was rebuilt on a higher, healthier site.

In Indian Sanitation, great advance was made the very year the Report was published. In each of the Presidencies an important permanent Sanitary Commission was established. The 'Sanitary Servant' was at this time hand-in-glove with Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay; their close friendship, and the Viceroyalty of Lord Lawrence were of infinite importance in getting things done. A Sanitary Committee had been established at the War Office as a result of the British Army Commission of 1857; it was necessary to have one appointed in connection with the India Office. She alluded to this second one as a "little Department all to myself". There resulted from it the appointment of Health Officers all over India. At first they were only advisory, but of recent years, just as with British Medical Officers of Health, there has been a good deal of the sting of compulsion in the tail of the advice given. Finally, she obtained that these Health Officials must furnish annual reports, show

what they were doing to justify their existence. Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Richard Strachey agreed that three-fourths of the sanitary advance in India was due to Miss Nightingale.

Now the rest of her acts, all that she did for the British Army, for India, for the nursing of the sick in their homes, in hospitals, infirmaries, lying-in hospitals, and institutions of every kind, are they not written in Sir Edward Cook's admirable chronicle? It is good to note how human and lovable was Miss Nightingale, along with her exceptional abilities, her wonderful talent in defeating procrastination, her passion and enthusiasm for achieving her ends. She was able to achieve, because in the first place she wanted no promotion, had no ends of her own to serve, and also because she had a great emotional power by which she attracted the most able men of the day, and inspired them with the zeal that animated herself. When little cabals were formed against her and her 'beautiful nonsense,' when well-doing ministers were 'got-at' by the enemy, she immediately broke up their machinations, scattered the Machiavellian plotters, even as Cromwell scattered the Scottish host at Dunbar. They were poor babes and sucklings at the business compared with her, for her experience was unequalled, her memory unfailing, her powers of intuition caused her to see right into the hearts of men; and always she had a tried friend in or near their cabals, a man who cared more for Reform, and perhaps for her, than he cared for them and their anti-policy and antics generally.

When her Nightingale nurses went to take up their duties at foreign stations when war was on the horizon, they invariably found flowers in their cabins with

“Godspeed from Florence Nightingale”. She was an admirable housekeeper, remembered the tastes and peculiarities of her visitors, taking every care to make visits to her enjoyable, but carefully informing them the exact hour at which she could be seen and how long the interview would last.

SECTION X

Miss Nightingale was deeply religious. She dated her call to religion at the age of seventeen. At thirty-two, shortly before she went to the Crimea, she tells us she had remodelled her whole religious belief. It is certain that she relied on an unseen power that sustained and helped her in her great battle for Reform. To the whole world, especially to those who knew her intimately, Florence Nightingale was a very tower of strength, of self-possession, of all the orderly and methodical qualities that are the gifts of a born administrator and organiser; to herself she was “a weak vessel, praying continually for support, and conscious with bitter intensity of shortcoming, of faithlessness, of rebellion to the will of God. . . She was tortured and agonised, often to the verge of despair, in the solitude of her chamber.” In sleepless hours, she wrote reams of self-communings which have only recently seen the light. She was also a great student of the Mystics, and one of them herself. Her long friendship with Benjamin Jowett proves this in their correspondence; so thoroughly versed was she in their writings that he entreated her to make and publish a selection of the Mystics of the Middle Ages. She pointed out to him the close connection between Plato and the Mystics. But dreamer, devotee and religious enthusiast

as she was, all her Mysticism meant the drawing of fresh supplies of the water of life to help her in advancing her great causes; a Mysticism that would save her own soul was of no more importance than the assimilation of a dinner. Many of these notes show loneliness, craving for sympathy, much remorse and self-reproach. She had however learned the great lesson, despite all her melancholia, morbidity and self-abasement, of casting all her cares on the great Burden-bearer. In one of her notes is written: "O Lord, I offer him to thee. He is so heavy. Do thou take care of him. I can't." One cannot help calling to mind those officials of "incurable old Anglo-Indian bias," the opponents of Reform, whom she thus casts on the Lord. It is certain that her innumerable disappointments, vexations and worries weighed heavy on her soul, and she blamed herself not a little for censoriousness, rebellion, impatience. Some of her observations show profound acumen, as when she declares that God sends us light in the hard, good sense of others. Patience and resignation were indeed hard for her, *puisqu'elle avait les défauts de ses qualités*. Even when she had read Thomas à Kempis, the old Adam would assert himself. "O Lord," said she, "Even now I am trying to snatch the management of Thy world out of Thy hands"; a dictum in which many of the officials whom she perturbed and harassed would have concurred. "The way to live with God," she wrote in a Preface showing the use of the Mystics, "is to live with Ideas—not merely to think about ideals, but to do and suffer for them. Those who have to work on men and women must above all things have their Spiritual Ideal, their purpose, ever present. The 'Mystical' State is the essence of Common-Sense."

Her spiritual life was thus, as Sir Edward Cook truly says, "the complement and the sustaining source of her outward life; she followed, as she was fond of writing, the way of the Cross".

SECTION XI

In this sketch, perhaps unreasonably long, of one of the greatest women of all time, very little space has been given to her high literary ability; her lucidity, acumen, conciseness, are always in evidence. To her, the idea was everything; its form, nothing. In this she only faintly resembled some of our great toilers at style. In 1860, when she was already overworked with her labours for the Army and for India, she wrote *Suggestions for Thought*, a remarkable work in the opinion of two important authorities, Mr. Mill and Mr. Jowett. It is a presentment of her religious and philosophical views in three volumes, and, indirectly, a revelation of her own mind in its search after truth. It had been privately printed and Mill annotated it carefully. He was greatly impressed as by a new mind and hoped *Suggestions* would see the light. Mr. Jowett also admired it in many ways but considered that it required recasting. Miss Nightingale herself could not re-read it, perceiving its repetitions and digressions. Her biographer holds the opinion that, if she had consented to recast it, she would have taken a place amongst the thinkers of her century.

Mrs. Fawcett alludes to Florence Nightingale as a road-maker. This great biography, not less entrancing than Boswell's 'Johnson,' places before us a new type of woman, one that we must look for, and that we shall

find more frequently, when we have ceased to make the wrong suggestions to our girls, of weakness, silliness, reliance on others. It is the great lesson of the new psychology, one to which our civilisation has begun to pay heed, and to which more and more must be given. Miss Nightingale herself summed it up: "Health is the product of civilisation . . . I always feel as if God had said: Mankind is to create Mankind."

SECTION XII

Miss Nightingale had a delightful, if keen and caustic sense of humour. To a relative acting as secretary she wrote of a woman who 'loved and honoured' her and would fain make her acquaintance: "Dear Uncle Sam, please choke off this woman and tell her I shall *never* be well enough to see her, either here or hereafter."

And she called forth humour in others, perhaps one of the secrets of the 'Nightingale power'. She wanted windows in barrack-stables, because the outlook cheered the horses and improved their health. "There are windows in these stables," replied the trusty Sutherland, "and any horse can look out of them by standing on his hind legs and putting his forelegs on the wall. If the matter is as important as you say, no doubt he will be glad to exert himself so much."

There was, too, the nurse probationer who was compelled to write a report of her day's work in the ward for Miss Nightingale's inspection. "8-15 A. M., tooth-combed seven heads, grand sport, mixed bag." Another probationer was to go to South Street and have tea and a talk with the Lady-in-Chief. She was dressed in her best for so momentous an occasion. "What a pity!"

said another nurse: "Miss Nightingale always gives a cake to the nurse who visits her, and the size varies according to the poverty or otherwise of the nurse's dress." The nurse immediately changed into an old costume that had done much service, and the result was a fine big cake which allowed of a handsome slice to every one of the thirty-six probationers. The incident was related to Miss Nightingale who enjoyed the joke hugely and wrote off to the culprit: "You rascal! *I knowed yer!*"

C. S. Bremner

LOVE DIVINE

If My friendship lies in your desire,
 If, in some blind glowing hour, you seek
 For the dewdrop that can quench the fire,
 For the whisper that can drown the shriek,
 Think—how, though the paths My Hand has made
 Lead die-straight across Eternity,
 From My own tracks *I* have sometimes strayed—
 You may wander, if you follow Me.

Some could never reach Me, save through sin,
 Some were crazed, ere I would touch their hand
 Some believed Me dumb, in their life's din,
 And ignored Me—at My own command.
 Would you, truly, hold Me, lip to lip
 From my fellowship be never free? . . .
 All the hope in other Gods I strip—
 Aye! And often, too, the hope in Me.

When the torches kindled in My Name
 Lead my chosen liegemen on to fight,
I may be the smoke that follows flame,
I may be the shadow cast by light.
 And when those I bade you crush shall reel
 To the fate of blasphemy and lust,
 In the dust, beneath your righteous heel,
 Sudden you may see—and kiss the dust.

In the foulest depths of shame and fear,
 Where your dearest could not hear you groan,
 You may just perceive that I am near,
 By the sense of being more alone.
 Many there have hailed My succour sweet—
 Comrade I—Who bade the friends begone . . .
 Do you ask how I with *you* will meet? . . .
 Hear the Voice that cheers the demons on!

Branded, blinded, thwarted, scourged and sick—
 Even so, the wound might miss the core!
 Even then, the sword might spare the quick!
 Further on—to crown the vow we swore;
 Where into the Gulf the path is spilled,
 Where the Darkness thunders like a sea,
 If our Love has been but half I willed,
 'Twill be haven, to be lost with Me.

G. M. H.

EDUCATION

By PROFESSOR B. SANJIVA RAO, B. A. (CANTAB.)

THE period of adolescence is by far the most critical and the most difficult period in the life of a man or woman. There is no time in a man's life when he needs more sympathy, more serious attention on the part of the elders, than the age when the ego begins to take complete possession of his vehicle, when there is a sudden downpouring of energy from the plane on which the ego is dwelling, manifesting itself as a sudden expansion of consciousness in relation both to thought and to emotion. Every one of us can remember the period of our life when the world was suddenly transformed before our eyes, and we ceased to be mere passive spectators of life's drama and began to be active agents in a living and moving world.

Terrible often is the amount of unnecessary suffering which young men go through when they are suddenly thrown into a condition of mind and body about which they know nothing. The average parent is not in a position to deal with this complex problem, and therefore it falls to the duty of the teachers in the school or the college to study carefully the lives of the young men who are placed in their charge.

Much of a young man's success in after life depends upon the way in which this particular psychological moment is utilised, upon the kind of surroundings in which he is placed, upon the friendships he forms, upon the books he reads, upon the way in which his imagination is trained and developed. In other words, the character of a man will, to a certain extent, be modified by the way in which the sudden influx of energy from above is controlled and directed. For it may run downwards into passion and lead to degradation ; or it may be turned upwards and stimulate intellect and intuition.

All young men, at this psycho-physical moment of their lives, are inspired by a hidden longing to see the divine made manifest in human flesh ; and the average person generally finds his divinity embodied in some older friend or, in many cases, in some young woman upon whom he bestows his affection. Now much depends upon this first glimpse that is afforded to the vision of youth. If the vision be of a great and noble soul who inspires him to the highest and the most strenuous aspirations, then indeed is his life made blessed. But too often the light is dim and flickering and soon leaves the beholder in darkness. Here it is that the teacher can very effectively help the pupil. In ancient times the Guru himself was the ideal. He embodied in himself the aspirations and longings of the pupil. Living in the midst of the purest influences of Nature, with his mind fixed on the Eternal, he was able to bring into the lower worlds the glory and the splendour of the divine vision of the Spirit ; and the pupil saw, in his teacher, God revealed in human form. Contact with such a spiritual teacher is indeed a rare

privilege and blessing. For it means that, under such influences, the whole of the lower nature is gently and gradually transformed into the higher, and the pupil passes through the critical period of youth with an enormous accession of intellect and compassion.

Unfortunately, in modern times, the teacher in the schools and colleges hardly fulfils the duties that are required of him. It is not the rule, but the exception, for the teacher to be an object of reverence and devotion for his pupils. It is no exaggeration to say that the entire value of an educational institution depends upon the extent to which the teachers in the school can satisfy the hero-worshipping instinct in the minds of their pupils. The teacher must ray out upon them a continual stream of gentleness and love and purity. Where the teacher is one who realises his duties, the lesson becomes a very real spiritual ceremony. Love and compassion will continually radiate from him, and reverence and gratitude will converge upon him from every side. It is thus that the character is builded and the higher nature stimulated. In such an atmosphere there is no room for coarse and impure thoughts, and as sunlight chases away darkness, so does the warm spiritual light from the teacher destroy all the foul results of impure imaginations.

One of the commonest experiences of teachers is that students sometimes become, all of a sudden, dull and stupid. Loss of brightness, of memory, always accompany such a change. This is the psychological moment when the teacher can help very much through tact and sympathy. There is nothing that the student is so thankful for as a wise and sympathetic friend who can understand him.

Students can be more or less divided into three classes according to their temperaments. It is not difficult to note the type to which a student belongs. Some students are of a distinctly domineering type. They love to rule and, even when comparatively young, succeed in being leaders in their own way in the small circle of their friends. They often display great physical vigour and activity. Strong, self-willed and assertive, they will probably be found impetuous in their passions. But such natures are not the most difficult to deal with. For all that the teacher has to do is to send these boys into the playing-field. Plenty of exercise and physical work is the best kind of training for boys whose powers express themselves most naturally on the physical plane. Tom Brown, the idol of all school-boys, is the type; and Dr. Arnold wisely chose for him the positions which he filled with so much advantage to himself and others, that of protector of a boy younger than himself and finally that of captain of the school eleven. The brain also must be kept continually active, planning and organising, and boys of this type are most effectually helped by giving them some position of authority in school matters as prefects, as representatives of the boys in the school. The ideal which the teacher should place before them is that of leadership in the future. Let them think of themselves as the future leaders of the nation, the future organisers of the nation's affairs. Discipline, obedience, loyalty, these are the virtues to be placed before them. The teacher should make them read the lives of great leaders of thought and action, of men of heroic natures, making large sacrifices, preferring martyrdom to a lie.

We next come to the type which suffers most during adolescence, the type which, during the lower stages, is characterised by an excess of emotion, of sentimentality. They are strong in their personal affections; they love deeply. Boys of this nature require very careful treatment—for more than anything else they need the love of the teacher. They are repelled by harshness; but they attach themselves to any one who is kind and gentle to them. They tend to idealise any one who stands a little above them, and the hero-worship instinct finds the most perfect expression in such types. The teacher must make use of this quality in the development of such boys. Abstract perfection has little attraction for them. They love to do well for the sake of the kind look or word they hope to receive from the teacher. Like sunshine the teacher's love has the power of opening their souls to all that is higher and more beautiful. There is nothing so stimulating, so inspiring for temperaments such as these as the feeling that the teacher has a great regard for them, and the most successful way of dealing with students of this type is to keep before them a glorious and beautiful personal ideal. Poetry, literature, and the lives of Saints form the natural food upon which such natures should be nourished.

The third type is rarely to be found well marked in its earlier stages—the type of the intellectual student—and even in those cases where the desire to know dominates the character, the temperament is generally so cold and unemotional that special difficulties scarcely arise during adolescence. Encouragement of keen intellectual interests will carry them through.

Most modern education is a failure because no appeal is made to the higher side of our nature. This

defect can be remedied only by spiritualising all knowledge, by approaching every study with reverence and humility. For verily the student is seeking to enter the sanctuary where the Goddess of Truth sits veiled, and none can obtain a vision of her who does not come with a pure and reverent heart. It is this lack of the spiritual side of knowledge that is so apparent in all colleges and schools; and the absence of it is responsible for much of the intellectual apathy and indifference among students; and surely it is natural and just that it is so. For the divine in us scorns all that is of the earth and justly despises all study which has no higher object than the passing of an examination. We cannot rouse intellectual enthusiasm in the student, unless we touch his soul. Young men at this critical period of life come to us, longing for the fuller vision which they have dimly seen in their hearts; and what do we give them? Too often the teacher crushes all his aspirations by his lack of ideals, by the miserable commercial standard by which he judges of all things. Some of the noblest books in the world are passed contemptuously because they do not 'pay' in an examination. How is it possible to enjoy noble poetry or a great play, with the terrors of an examination hanging over the unfortunate students? In most schools the intellectual and spiritual nature of the student is starved; and, unable to find in the outer world any embodiment of the innermost longings of his heart, he takes refuge in emotions of a distinctly lower kind. It is practically certain that where the natural longings for the higher find no satisfaction in the outer world, either the nature becomes stern, cynical and cold, or, in the case of emotional people, it tends to run into all kind of sexual excesses.

We know that one of the commonest phenomena in the psychology of youth is the phenomenon known as "falling in love". Older men do not understand what it is, take a very cynical view of it, and often call it the foolishness of youth ; and there is not a more familiar commonplace than that love is blind and that youth is full of illusions. What is far truer is that youth sees more clearly than age, and that love far from being blind is a momentary glimpse into the divine depths of the soul of the beloved. Foolish and extravagant the lover may appear to those who sneer ; but, nevertheless, love is the desire of the Divine Self on the physical plane to feel its unity with all other selves. Whatever aberrations such an instinct may display, we must not forget that the underlying nature of the force is divine in essence. It is not realised by those perhaps who have only passed a very little beyond the coarser manifestations of this instinct, that it is its gradual purification and transformation that constitutes the difference between the saint and the sensualist. In the earlier stages of the savage life it manifests itself as lust. But as man gradually evolves, the feeling becomes more and more refined and pure, and is displayed as affection between man and woman, between husband and wife. Transformed more fully it becomes the devotion and the love of the saint, and, finally, we have the most beautiful expression of its last stage in the infinite tenderness and compassion of the Christ and the Buddha.

B. Sanjiva Rao



THE ALLOPATHIC AND ĀYURVAIDIK

SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE

By H. SUBBA RAO, KAVIRATNA (CAL.)

(Concluded from p. 720)

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF INDIAN FORESTS

HAVING shown how western countries regard their forests, I shall now take a brief survey of the state of forests in India. The first public expression on the forest policy of the Government of India appeared as far back as 1894, after repeated remonstrance on the part of the public. Since 1906 the attention of the Government

of India has often been drawn to the subject of preservation of forests by *The Indian Forester*, *The Civil and Military Gazette*, *Indian Engineering*, *The Times of India*, and other journals of note. All of them mainly treat of the value of forests as "Hydraulic Motive Powers" and nothing else, i.e., they treat of the influence of trees on rain, water-supply and climate. Every Indian should appreciate the noble zeal with which Mr. Eardley Wilmot supports the cause of the preservation of forests. The chief reason for dis-afforestation which we see in some quarters is, "that the land is required for agriculture, or that valuable timber is absent from the area and that therefore the forest has no value". With this view we have committed a great blunder in recklessly cutting down the forests in order that a rapid pecuniary return might be obtained from this source, with the result that :

Owing to the reckless felling of large trees, and their digging up by the roots, not only had the arrest and dispersion of waterfalls by the trees, branches, and leaves been put a stop to, but the barrier which the roots had opposed to the soil wash had been removed, and not only was that soil being impoverished, but its wash which might be conserved had been actually wasted in tons.

This is the cry which an experienced tea-planter of Eastern Bengal raised a few years ago. The Hon. Tikka Sāhab of Nabha in the course of a speech in the Viceroy's Council in 1908, said :

I am not well acquainted with the results of the activities of the forest department, but I think it is obvious that some more tree-planting could be effected in India. If enquiries were made, I believe there could be found waste tracts and hillslopes in various parts of the country which might be made to bear rain-attracting trees. Since the introduction of railways into India, and also on account of the gradually increasing population of the country and the wants and restless activities of large communities, there has necessarily been great destruction not only of isolated trees in village tracts but of whole

forests, and I am not aware that re-afforestation has kept pace with destruction. Should the Government feel itself unequal to the task of increasing the activities of the forest department, much could be done by encouraging Agriculturists to plant trees as boundaries, or when opening new wells, on spaces which are not deemed suitable for other forms of cultivation.

The Hon. Mr. Miller struck the same note when he said :

It is not merely the total rainfall that we have to consider, but its distribution and retention of moisture in the soil, the prevention of floods and of the erosion of mountain slopes, the maintenance, as far as possible, of a continuous and of an equable flow of water in our rivers and streams. The benefits of forestry in these respects cannot be easily measured.

By the pressure brought to bear on it, the Government of India became once again inclined to look into forest matters, and sent circulars to all provincial officers with a series of questions, quite unlike those that were distributed by the United States of America. The matter seems to have been put in this form. (1) De-forestation, or the reckless denudation of forests which had increased precipitation ; (2) Defective conservation which, while embracing some ground over which de-forestation laps, also includes failure to reinvigorate old forests, and it may start entirely new forests for the purpose of super-inducing rainfall where it has been non-existent or insufficient. This is something of a play with nature. Can the mightiest Governments or individuals on earth understand nature's plans and purposes? If, under a delusion, anybody recklessly shaves all trees off the earth to procure timber, or fuel, or on account of some exigencies of time, is it possible to recreate forests with the unerring instinct that Nature has to select sites on which forests would be of any use, and endow her with their natural

richness and beauty? It is simply foolish to make any such attempt. As a great writer once said: "It will always be easier to retain advantages than to reclaim them after they are once lost." And it will be good to bear in mind that some valuable advantages become absolutely irrecoverable when they are once lost.

We shall now see how Indian Rulers, whose interest in the welfare of their kingdoms is proverbial, regard their forests. While going through the mass of records pertaining to the forests of Hyderabad State, a certain criticism penned in 1889 comes to light :

For the last ten years the denudation of forests has been carried on in His Highness the Nizam's territories, and notably in the forests of the great Jahaghirs: these are still being encroached upon in a manner which is highly injurious to the most vital interests of the country. For the purposes of present gain, immense tracts of forests have been sold to rapacious contractors, who have cut down indiscriminately all descriptions of trees. Grand old Banyans and Peepul trees, the growth of hundreds of years, have been destroyed to furnish fuel for the railway, the cotton mills, and rafters for the houses of village communities. With such recklessness has denudation progressed that on some tracts not a seed-bearing tree has been left standing for the purpose of natural re-forestation.

We shall see if matters have improved since this cutting indictment was written. The report of the forest department for 1895-96, which was the first report since conservancy began, has a very sad tale to tell. In its report for 1896-97, it says :

But we read "that these forests are annually diminishing in area and deteriorating in quality," also though "most of the valuable forest tracts are still in open forest, that no establishment is kept up by the revenue authorities."

In a review of the report for 1897-98 the reviewer says :

The Board, when asked to introduce restrictions, replies that bamboos are a necessity, and the people must have them ; but the Board does not go on to explain where the people are

to get them from in the immediate future, and how they will manage about their "must have them," when there are none left in the forests.

The conservator winds up his report for that year thus :

I much regret to state that the forest law, which was originally submitted to the Government some six years ago, is still unsanctioned.

Coming to the report for 1900-01 a reviewer says :

His Highness the Nizam cannot be congratulated on the progress made in the forest department within his dominions. Matters seem to be at a standstill, and forest growth is fast disappearing, or at any rate deteriorating.

Even the report for 1904-05 does not disclose a better state of affairs. The reviewer says :

With 83 per cent of the forest area open to goat-grazing and with heavy fellings of young poles allowed in valuable forests, there seem to be the most grave reasons for fearing that Hyderabad will have to face in the future yet more serious disasters than the one which has lately visited it.

The reviewer here refers, I think, to the floods of the Musi in 1903. This Musi, an insignificant river, crossed often dry-shod, has been doing great havoc to life and property since 1748. Again we hear of its destructive activities in 1871, 1895, and the last time we notice it is in September, 1908. The cause of its doing so much havoc during floods is now clear, and serves as a fitting example to other kingdoms to realise the value of forests. By what is said before it will be understood that, in an area covered with forest, the water falling during a heavy shower drains off from the area at a far slower rate than that falling on an area of similar extent, out in the open country. Hence if you remove the forest over a large area adjacent to the course of a river and round its head-waters, the river during heavy falls of rain will fill much more rapidly

than would be the case were its head-waters and banks sufficiently afforested. This tale has been told many times over, and I only mention it to bring it again to the mind of readers.

Up till now I have confined myself to one aspect of forests, viz., their influence on climate, irrigation and water-supply, etc. Any journal that deals with forest matters touches upon these aspects alone, and even the experts of the Government find no other use of forests than those above mentioned. My object in mentioning this subject is not to tread upon the same ground, but to judge of forests in relation to their productive powers and economic value. I cannot, like the Hon. Mr. Miller, believe that "they represent only a small part of the benefits to the country"; but I shall show by a few examples that every tree in India is capable of yielding much, and the yield of those trees alone represents the main source of income to the State. The reason why the experts cannot go beyond the pale of their one aspect of forests, as detailed above, is that they do not understand the inherent economic worth of some Indian trees; not because it is impossible to know, but they either exclude from the curriculum of studies the nature of Indian trees, or do not utilise the knowledge of ancient Hindūs, in whose works the nature and properties of each tree, shrub and plant are dealt with elaborately.

I have read some schemes to establish vernacular schools in forestry in the Madras Presidency. Here is a scheme of the Board of Revenue to establish a vernacular training school of forestry. I shall detail the course of instruction briefly: Instructions in fire protection, selecting of lines for clearing, patrolling, erecting cairns and numbering them, utility of forests (in general), and their

relation to climate, artificial formation of forests, methods of sowing and planting ; regeneration of forests by shoots and suckers, and pollarding, cleaning, pruning and thinning ; next, survey of forests, instruction in prismatic compass, tracing and measuring ; law relating to forests and methods of detecting offences, and lastly drill. Oh ! how wide is the range of subjects for foresters and forest guards, and how truly scientific ! Indeed the framers of modern schemes do everything, construct the frame, the organs, etc., also give shape and form. But where is the vitality ? Is there one word in the above scheme of instruction as to what trees grow in the forests, what properties they have, and what property of the tree it is that is useful to man, what portion of the tree—seeds, bark, root or flowers—is marketable, and what references there are in the ancient works pertaining to trees ? Any one who impartially compares this scheme with the one framed by experts will at once understand where the life of instruction is, and how futile is the instruction without the latter forming the primary part of the curriculum.

I shall try to illustrate how trees pecuniarily benefit man by a few examples.

1. *Rubia cordifolia* or *madder* :

(a) Its use in medicine : The bark of the tree is used to colour scented oils, and a ghr̥ṭa of it is used internally in skin diseases, ulcers and chronic wounds.

(b) Its use in commerce : The root bark of the tree is used to colour silk and yarn. Every dyer in India uses not less than one rupee's worth of root bark every day in his house. Edwin Holder, a Principal of the School of Arts, Madras, writes thus : " Madder is a valuable tree. In the Exhibition report for 1857 its root bark was said to be very useful in imparting a deep red colour to silk and yarn. The root bark mixed in water gives a golden colour to the mixture. When lime is added a deep red colour will result. A few drops of diluted sulphuric acid will turn it yellow. "

(c) Its use in silk-manufacture: It has been found that Tassar silk-worms feed upon this tree, and thousands of rupees' worth of Tassar silk is produced by feeding the worms on the leaves of this tree in Assam and other places.

2. *Rottlera Tinctoria* (Kapila):

(a) Its use in medicine: For the bites of rabid animals and poisonous insects its leaves and fruits are mixed in honey and taken internally. The power obtained from the capsules is used to expel intestinal worms. An oil is also extracted from its seeds for medicinal use.

(b) Its use in commerce: Dr. Bodie writes in the *Madras Quarterly Journal of Science*, thus: "There is no product so largely used by dyers to produce yellow colour as the powder obtained from the fruits of this tree. The powder gives a yellow colour when mixed in water. If soda is added to the mixture, an orange-red colour is produced, and when any mineral acid is poured on to the solution a beautiful yellow will result. Cloths or yarn dyed in this will retain their colour permanently."

3. *Nyctanthes Arbor Tristis*:

(a) Its use in medicine: The leaves are used in medicine. They are regarded as useful in fever and rheumatism. The fresh juice of the leaves is given with honey in chronic fever, as per prescription in Chakraḍṭṭa Saṅgraha. Some preparation of iron is generally given along with it. A decoction of the leaves prepared over a gentle fire is recommended by several writers as a specific for obstinate sciatica.

(b) Its use in commerce: Dr. Buck writes on the use of its flowers thus: "The flowers are dried and preserved; when dyeing silk or yarn they are put in water and the cloths dyed in this mixture will get a yellowish-red colour. The flowers are largely used mixed with Turmeric or Kusuma flowers. Two lbs. of flowers may be used to dye a cloth of ten yds. long. Its price will be about As. 4 or 5 per lb."

4. *Batia frondosa*: Dr. Hooker says: "When in full flower the Dha'k tree is a gorgeous sight, the masses of flowers resembling sheets of flame; their orange-red petals contrasting brilliantly against the jet-black velvety calyx."

(a) Its use in medicine: The seeds of *Batia frondosa* are said to be laxative and anthelmintic, and are used, both alone and in combination with other medicines, for expelling intestinal worms. The gum of the tree is used for dysentery,

diarrhoea, as a gargle in stomatitis and internally in hæmoptysis. Its seeds are beaten to a paste and used for ringworm and itch, etc. European druggists sell the gum at Rs. 4 per lb.

(b) Its use in commerce: Dr. Roxburgh, referring to its flowers, writes thus: "The flowers yield a yellow colour when put in alum water. If soda is added it turns yellow. On the addition of an acid a beautiful lime colour is produced. When dyeing the powdered Lodhra bark is generally added to it. Cloths or yarn dyed in it will retain their colour permanently."

Its root bark is now largely used in the paper-manufacturing industry. It is said that its fruits are eaten in times of famine. Its annual yield, apart from the wood, will be about Rs. 30 or 40.

These few examples I only mention to show that there are thousands of such useful trees of high economic value whose importance we have not as yet known. As I am not intending to write a *Materia Medica* or a botanical work I confine myself to only four examples.

My main object in this is to show the value of our forests in their several aspects, and to make a strong plea for their protection, considering their usefulness to man. I shall later on show that our negligence in this respect is one of the chief causes for the Āyurvedik downfall.

THE PRESENT STATE OF ĀYURVEDA

Like the Allopathic system, this noble science of Āyurveda has degenerated in the present age, not by going astray from the path shown by the ancient founders, but by some remediable causes that are ignored by the majority of Āyurvedik physicians. The chief reasons are:

1. Absence of Royal Patronage: It is a well-known fact that no art or science can flourish without royal patronage. Happily, we are under the rule of a Government—the mightiest of all the Governments of the

world—under whose sway are flourishing millions of arts and sciences. But the one reason why this branch of ancient learning is still lying dormant is that our people are neither sufficiently advanced to make proper representations to the Government regarding the superiority of our system of medicine, nor have they shown by their scholastic attainments and conduct that they deserve royal patronage, as the apostles of other systems of medicine are attempting to do. Our art is still lingering by the patronage extended to us by enlightened Indian Princes and States; but this help alone will not be sufficient. Unless the Imperial Government condescends to patronise this art and recognise its value, our science will have no status in public life. Hence, if we direct our energies to the correcting of our weaknesses and organise ourselves to show to the Government our present needs in the development of Āyurvaidik learning, I see no reason why our Government should not extend the aid that it is capable of giving. So, we are alone responsible if our system is suffering by the lack of royal patronage.

2. Among the Āyurvaidik physicians of our present day, we see many who are either too poor, too low in morals and birth, or too illiterate to command confidence. Here I do not despise their caste or occupation. To whatever caste or occupation a physician may belong, he must lead the life of a true physician as described in our Shāstras, if he desires to secure public confidence. Our system is held in low repute only on account of the low morality of some of our physicians, and it is a matter for regret to remark how rarely any educated Indian of character and wealth studies the art. It is to the educated, the wealthy, and the good, that we appeal to

study this most ancient system of medicine and extricate it from the deep oblivion into which it has now fallen.

3. There is much useless secrecy as to medical preparations, and this discredits the profession. For want of a better term, I use this word secrecy to indicate the practice of some physicians who prepare their medicines in closed cells and stock them in such a way, that none may understand the contents, nor the measure of the containers; for they fear that if their formulæ are known, they may lose their extensive practice. There is no formula revealed to the present-day generation that has not been included in our Shāstras. Even if a physician has found out a drug or remedy that is not mentioned in our works, he is only a traitor if he does not help his comrades with his knowledge. But physicians who make original research are very rare; and the few that have any new information are jealous of their knowledge. Let us contrast with this the practices of the famous London manufacturers, Parke, Davis & Co. Take any of their bottles and look at their labels. They not only give the ingredients of their medicines and the measures used, but also make known how much physiological unit action some of their preparations give. Take the preparation *Trifolium Co.*

Each fluid ounce represents :

Trifolium pratense	...	32	grs.
Stillingia	...	16	"
Berberis Agnifolium	...	16	"
Cascara Amarga	...	16	"
Arctium Lappa	...	16	"
Phytolacca	...	16	"
Pot. Iodioi	...	8	"
Xanthoxylum	...	4	"
Bottles of 4 fluid ounces	Rs. 0-14-0,		
" 16 "	Rs. 2-13-0		
Dose : 2 fluid drachms well diluted with water.			

This is a most useful combination of alteratives meeting many important indications in secondary syphilis, and it aids in excreting the products of tissue metamorphosis undergoing fatty degeneration. Though every physician knows the ingredients, yet this combination is largely indented for by many Allopaths in the largest clinical centres. Most of our doctors may wonder how the Company can profit if they give out their prescriptions and deal so plainly. The reason is that, if we ourselves attempt to prepare the medicines manufactured by Parke, Davis & Co., the cost will be decidedly greater. They prepare the medicines by the aid of machinery and they employ a highly qualified staff to supervise their preparations. Another staff of physiologists test their preparations, and not until they are perfectly convinced of their therapeutic value by a systematic record, do they allow any of their drugs to leave their laboratory. Is it any wonder, therefore, that such methods are highly admired and the preparations are largely asked for? Another objection our paṇḍiṭs raise against such plain dealing is that many of their patients are quite ignorant of the nature of the ingredients used, and hence it does not serve any useful purpose if they give out their prescriptions and the measures adopted. My reply to this is summed up thus: supposing a patient accidentally dies after taking an Āyurvaidīk preparation, if the methods of Parke, Davis & Co. are adopted, it will save Āyurvaidīk paṇḍiṭs from the ignominy they have to face in case of threatened trouble.

4. Absence of standardised names for trees, etc. Each plant, herb or tree, has several synonyms in Samskṛṭ and the name of one is oftentimes the name

of some other totally different tree, herb or plant.
For instance:

गोलिढो झटलो घण्टा पाटलिः मोक्षमुष्कौ

These are the synonyms for a tree called *Moccapu Chettu* in Telugu.

पाटलिः पाटला मोचाकाचस्थालीफलेरुहा

These are again the synonyms for another totally different kind of tree called *Kaligottu Chettu* or *Stereospermum-Suaveolaus*.

Again :

पिङ्गिला पूरणी मोचा स्थिरायुः शात्मलिङ्गयोः ।

These are names for *Bombyx Malabaricum* or *Booraga Chettu* in Telugu.

पिङ्गिला तुरुशिशापाः Synonyms for *Dalbergia Sissoo* or *Irugadu Chettu* in Telugu. Whenever we get a reference to *Pātala* or *Pichila* in a prescription we are quite at a loss to know which tree is particularly meant.

Then, again, the compilers and publishers of some of our Āyurvedik works have committed numerous blunders which are misleading. In a recent edition of *Amarakosha* certain names are said to be synonyms for the Coral tree, or *Pārijāta Chettu* in Telugu. But the real botanical name of *Pārijāta Chettu* is said to be *Nyctanthes Arbor Tristis*, or *Sephalika* in the Samskr̥t *Materia Medica* of Uddychand Dutt; and the other synonyms for *Sephalika*, according to *Amarakosha*, are evidently the synonyms for *Vitex Negundo*, and have no connection with *Harsinghar*, or *Pārijātamū Chettu*.

At such times of great perplexity no paṇḍit̥ or literature comes to our aid and, unless the names of plants given in our standard works are standardised in all languages by free discussions in open gatherings,

there is absolutely no prospect of our recognising what is actually meant in our Shāstras.

There is yet another desideratum. At present a class of ignorant and illiterate merchants act as Indian druggists, and we often find that we are deceived. Supposing we ask the druggist to give the root of *Solanum Nigrum*, we very often get either the roots of *Indian Colocynth* or anything that resembles it, such as *Sphæranthus Hirtus*; or he may give the roots of *Nerium Odorum*, which are poisonous; for in his ignorance of the nature and properties of those roots, he cannot distinguish them. A physician at such times cannot examine the root microscopically and determine what they are. He has to trust the druggists, and use the articles that he purchases in the bazaar in the preparation of his medicines—of course with drastic results. Further, these Indian druggists, in their avarice for money, adulterate their drugs to such an extent that most injurious results are sometimes produced by the use of them. Such dealings are within the experience of everyone and so I need not dwell upon them.

5. The next reason is the absence of facilities for the gathering of Āyurvedik paṇḍits, from different parts of India, for free discussions on all doubtful points. To people who are so covetous of their learning, ideas of associations, gatherings and conferences are indeed quite foreign, with the result that the progress of our glorious system of medicine is much impeded.

These are some of the most important causes for the downfall of the Āyurvedik System of Medicine, and unless we institute reform immediately we shall leave a clear field for other systems that are encroaching on our ground.

H. Subba Rao

RṢHI GĀRGYĀYAṆA'S PRANAVA-VĀDA

Translated by Babu Bhagavan Das

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K. C. I. E., LL. D.

(Concluded from p. 708)

SECTION III *(Continued)*

THE next chapter deals with the first of the two parts making up Shruṭi, namely Brāhmaṇas, which are expansions of the Mantra, or the Samhitā, or the Veda proper. They are called Brāhmaṇas because they impart and reveal the knowledge of Brahman. The authors of these Brāhmaṇas are the sub-hierarchs of the Ṭrimūrtis. By way of showing the detailed teaching contained in the Brāhmaṇas, the author takes up each set of Brāhmaṇas and gives instances thereof. One example will suffice to show his method. In regard to Rg-Veda Brāhmaṇa, he writes :

Purpose of the Brāhmaṇas explained.

For instance, it is shown there that there is a triplicity in ākāsha, the cognition-element being called chiḍ-ākāsha, the action-element mahā-kāsha, the desire-element ākāsha proper; the summation being par-ākāsha. Further, each sub-division has its own corresponding sub-division of the property of sound which belongs to this element, viz., parā, pashyanti, madhyamā and vaikhari. The element of cognition in this triad of ākāshas and their summation, what the use or purpose and application of cognition is in this aspect of ākāsha, by what law it is cognition—all this is determined and made clear by the Rg-Veda-Brāhmaṇa. The

other elements, two preceding and four succeeding ākāsha, are similarly treated The cognitive element in each of these [the Mahat and Buddhi Taṭṭvas] in its subtle as well as gross aspects is described in the Brāhmaṇa; what is the work of chiḍ-ākāsha in the element of vāyu, what is chiḍ-vāyu, what is the relation between the three vāyus, what effects are produced on or in ṭejas by chiḍ-vāyu and chiḍ-ākāsha, what is chiṭ-ṭejas, what is the relation between its three sub-divisions, and so on with regard to the other successive elements. (p. 361-362.)

A long dissertation as to the way in which Mahā-Viṣṇu and his subordinates begin and carry on the World-process is wound up thus :

Without the Brāhmaṇas it is impossible to understand the Vedas. They have been specially formulated for the separate enunciation of all the main laws of the World-process. And so long as the convergence and divergence, the separate effects as well as the interworking of these laws is not understood, so long will the formation of new worlds remain impossible.

Those dissertations clearly go to show that the sub-hierarchs and their subordinates undergo practical training in the art of world-building, much as, I presume, the true Initiates on lower levels do, before they receive the key of knowledge and the word of power appropriate to each Initiation.

The author next proceeds to deal with the remaining part of Shruṭi, the Upaniṣhats, which he says are in the nature of comments on the Vedas, composed by the sub-hierarchs of the Ṭrimūrṭis. He describes the difference between the three parts of the Shruṭi thus :

In the Vedas proper, the original Samhitā, such extremely general and comparatively abstract facts are dealt with as prakṛti, the essential nature of the penultimates and especially the Not-Self; vikṛti; change or transformation; Saṭṭva, being; svabhāva, Self-nature, Self-being, the constitution (so-to-say) of the Absolute; āvashyakaṭā, necessity; the birth of ākāsha, and so on. In the Brāhmaṇas, the sṭhūla taṭṭvas or 'large, gross,' concrete, homogeneous, (so-to-say, pre-atomic) elements, ākāsha, vāyu, etc., are described, generally. In the Upaniṣhats the differentiation of atoms and their activities is

Purpose of the Upaniṣhat explained.

treated of, in accordance with each Veda, in pursuance of the general principles enunciated there, and with special reference to cognition, action, desire and summation in the various permutations in which they occur. (Vol. II, pp. 1, 2.)

He then proceeds to point out that as the manifest doer in world-building is the atom, the Upaniᅇhaᅇs describe at length the whole work of the seven ᅇaᅇvas from Mahaᅇ downwards. His derivation of the word Upaniᅇhaᅇ is in conformity with his explanation of the purpose of the Upaniᅇhaᅇs. That derivation is :

Upa is near, and niᅇhaᅇ is doing, making, bringing ; that which brings the World-process near, brings it home, to every one.

Almost at the conclusion of the chapter it is pointed out :

The one purpose of all the Upaniᅇhaᅇs is to make clear this fact that in all this samsāra every paramāᅇu rises steadily to the status of Mahā-Viᅇᅇu by evolution. They establish clearly that even as the many sons of one father themselves attain in turn to the condition of paternity, so every atom formed by Mahā-Viᅇᅇu ought to attain to his estate. And as subservient to this general purpose of evolution which they describe, the Upaniᅇhaᅇs also teach the dharma, the ethical duties which are the means thereto. (pp. 24, 25.)

After short notes of what is spoken of as the Upaniᅇhaᅇs, the author takes up the Vedāᅇgas, or subsidiary sciences which expound the order and arrangements of the whole Veda and so help the understanding thereof. They are, as is well-known, six—Shikᅇhā, Kalpa, Vyākaraᅇa, Nirukᅇa, Chhandah, and Jyōᅇiᅇha.

In a paper like this the time of the reader cannot properly be taken up by even a cursory reference to the contents of the chapters relating to these subsidiary sciences. I must content myself with a few words on points not, perhaps, wanting in interest. First,

Upāᅇgas or the six subsidiary sciences, Shikᅇhā, etc.

Samsāraparā—Universal language.

it is in this part of the book that the author adverts to and explains the nature of the universal language, the Samsāraparā alluded to by me in my prefatory remarks. He points out that this is the foundation of all languages, in this Solar system. He speaks of it as the consecrated language, Samskr̥t, the Mahābhāṣhā, the Devabhāṣhā or the language of the Ṛṣhis, Mahārṣhis, Brāhmaṇās, Ishvaras, Parameshvaras, Mahāviṣṇu, etc.

Next, defining language as modes of manifestation of consciousness in terms of sound, the author points out that out of the three main divisions of Samskr̥t known as Vaiḍika or scriptural, Laukika or secular, and Dhvani or musical resonance or inarticulate sound, there arise seven languages corresponding to the seven states of consciousness, namely: (1) Sampraṭika connected with mahā-nirvāṇa, the great peace; (2) Chakṣhikī, with para-nirvāṇa, the 'superior peace or liberation'; (3) Samvarṭikā with nirvāṇa, 'peace, deliverance, extinction'; these three being known to Yogīs only; (4) Parā, with ṭurīya; (5) Pashyanṭī with suṣhupṭi; (6) Maḍhyamā, with svapna; (7) and Vaikharī with Jāgraṭ, within the experience of all. He adds that at the time of the utterance of speech, action takes place in the body in the order of the seven; only after successively passing through the stages or conditions of the first, second and third does it appear in the seventh or Vaikharī, uttered human speech.

The second point is this: While explaining the physiology of the voice, he assigns a very curious reason for the difference generally observable between the voice of men and that of women. This is accounted

Seven Languages corresponding to seven States of Consciousness.

Physiology of the difference between the voices of men and women.

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While explaining the physiology of the voice, he assigns a very curious reason for the difference generally observable between the voice of men and that of women. This is accounted

for by the difference in the constitution and the position of the two kamalas (plexus) or nerve-ganglia situated in the region of the navel, one on the left side, and one on the right; while a peculiar combination of Māruṭa, Agni and Ākāsha exists and takes on activity in accordance with the will or intention of the speaker. When these ganglia are small and finely grained the voice will be low and sweet; while on the other hand if they are large and coarsely formed it will be loud and harsh. For this reason not only the voices of children but also of women are soft. The formation of these kamalas is of course not arbitrary but in consonance with the karma of the individual, so that one's voice is sweet or harsh according to his karma, like everything else.

Next the six Upāṅgas or Ḍarshanas are dealt with.

Ḍarshanas unified.

They are spoken of as Upāṅgas, because they synthesise and co-ordinate the details connected with the Vedā. In the chapter thereon, the author neatly shows that they are not expositions of conflicting systems of thought, but integral parts of a consistent whole. He writes :

They all, it should be borne in mind, are based on only one Final Truth, the Logion. It is true that the conclusions, each one immediately and directly expounds, differ from those dealt with by the others; but the difference is that of supplementary parts, limbs or organs, and not that of hostile opponents. One common Universal Being underlies all; the prime object of all is to declare the I-This-Not; they name Brahman by six different names as indicating six different aspects of the same thing; the different limbs have all one common heart. (Vol. II, pp. 134-135.)

The position thus taken up by the author is established by a close examination of the purport and scope of each of the Ḍarshanas—an examination which is worthy of the most careful consideration at the hands of the reader.

The next chapter is entitled 'Studies and Science'.

Other Sciences and
their authors—Archīṭa
and Ārṣha.

Referring to these sciences, the author points out that their genesis naturally corresponds to, and is as multifarious as, the departments of the World-process. Poetry and Rhetoric; Music; the whole group of the Fine and Industrial Arts; Medicine, Handicrafts, Purāṇas, History, Law, etc.; all these arise according to the development of cognition, desire and action. With reference to their authorship he says they may be classified either as Archīṭa or Ārṣha; the former being the work of Mahā-Viṣṇu and His subordinates and hierarchs under them; the latter that of Ṛṣhis and Brāhmaṇas who, having learnt the nature of each atom of the World-process, teach it to others, so that the knowledge and work of Brahman may spread and continue for ever and ever.

Then follow several chapters devoted to the explanation of the nature of Paramātmā, Praṭyagātmā, Sūtrātmā and Jīvātmā, terms of paramount importance in philosophy. The comments in respect of Sūtrātmā are copious because of the very significant part it plays in the World-process.

In these chapters much information regarding Jīvātmā is brought together, that term being defined as a "mixture of portions of the 'I' and the 'This'." That wherein, the Ātmā, the Self, plays, Jīvaṭi, Krīḍaṭi—that is the Jīvātmā." He points out that it follows from this that a Jīvātmā in the strictest sense must be always Alpajña 'little-knowing,' but that so far as it realises itself as Paramātmā, which in essence it is, it takes on the potential omniscience belonging to the latter.

Short Definition of
Jīvātmā.

ātmā is brought together, that term being defined as a "mixture of portions of the 'I' and the 'This'.

The remaining eleven chapters down to the thirtieth, which completes the third section, deal with an immense variety of topics, the mere enumeration of which would swell this paper unduly. Though every one of them is brimful of valuable matter, I must refrain from any attempt whatsoever to touch upon any part of it. With a view however to stimulate, as it were, in the minds of my readers a desire to acquaint themselves with the instructive and extremely interesting contents thereof, I shall, by way of showing how a well-worn topic has been treated in a rather more fresh and telling fashion, add a few remarks with reference to the seven *ᅇaᅇvas*, *Āᅇi*, *Anupāᅇaka*, etc., as propounded by him in this part of the work.

The second volume of the translation closes with a chapter headed 'Light and Shade'. Continuing this light and shade aspect of things, the author observes in the opening chapter of the third volume "new facts and names arise out of this conjunction of light and shade; light is *Parā-prakᅇᅇi*; shadow is *Aparā-prakᅇᅇi*; the picture born of the two is *Jivāᅇmā*". He then points out the arising from the same point of view of many triplets, such as *saᅇᅇva*, *rajas* and *ᅇamas*; *manas*, *buddhi* and *ahaᅇkāra*; and *chiᅇᅇa*, *mahaᅇᅇva* and *mamaᅇva*; all which triplets are reflected in the *pᅇᅇhvī* stage in our world-system. After saying that there are numberless *ᅇaᅇvas* in similar triplets beyond *pᅇᅇhvī* also, he refers to the seven *ᅇaᅇvas*, *Mahaᅇ*, *Buddhi* and the well-known five, *Ākāsha*, etc. He adds that the explanation of the common statement as to five *Mahābhūᅇas* is that *Ākāsha* is regarded as summing up in itself the two preceding elements; that *Buddhi-ᅇaᅇva* is also called *Āᅇi-ᅇaᅇva*. It is the first; when it is complete and

perfectly manifest, then evolution is complete. The Mahat-*taṭṭva* he says is called the Anupāḍaka-*taṭṭva* because as yet it has no Upāḍaka, no 'receiver,' and so cannot be cognised, though existent. He continues and says that the existence of these two can only be realised by Yoga. That even for purposes of Yoga at the present stage those two *taṭṭvas* are as it were unknown, and therefore only the well-known five *taṭṭvas* are taken into account. Hence he points out that the niroḍha, restraint of only five *vṛttis* or moods of the mind, is spoken of in current Yoga science. That we now can think about the other yet unknown two *taṭṭvas* is due to the fact that divine ideation of Mahā-Viṣṇu as to them is latent in us. He goes on to say that the organs as yet undeveloped are respectively 'hṛṣṭ' for the Anupāḍaka, and Bṛhan-mānasa for the Āḍi, and that corresponding motor organs or karmendriyas will arise in course of time; but that the names and functions of these organs should not now be disclosed as it would be improper to do so, and that the development of those organs will take place in the next two manvanṭaras, except in the case of those who, by appropriate Yoga practice, develop them prematurely as it were. He further mentions that Yoga is recommended because only by its perception of atoms and exact knowledge of vibrations become possible, and such knowledge leads on to the successful performance of the work of the hierarchs.

Having thus dealt with the third and the largest section at a length which I trust is not disproportionate to its importance, I proceed to indicate the contents of the remaining three which however require but little space.

SECTION IV

Turning now to the fourth section *Sṛṣṭy-aikodde-shika-Prakaraṇa* it is sufficient to quote Gārgyāyaṇa's own words as to its scope and purpose.

It briefly mentions the broad outlines of the evolution of our own particular world-system, our *brahmāṇḍa*, in the mineral, the vegetable, the animal with their *chītras* (pictures, shadows, or astral duplicates), the *chandrāṭma* (lunar ?) and two other intervening kingdoms, and finally the human kingdom. It touches upon the constitution of the human organism also. The subtler or elemental evolutions preceding the mineral are only passingly alluded to. (Vol. I, pp. 5-6.)

Here the reader will find great agreement between the author's views and the Theosophical teachings on the subject so far as they go.

SECTION V

The fifth section is entitled the *Maṅṭavya-Amāṅṭavya-Prakaraṇa*, the thinkable and the unthinkable, or the believable and the unbelievable. Borrowing the words of the author :

It discusses the nature of existence and non-existence, transcendence (of the experiential or empirical, the concrete, the limited, the particular and successive), and non-transcendence, necessity and non-necessity, i. e., chance or accidentality or contingency, etc., and explains what to believe and do, also how (from the standpoint of the whole) there is nothing unbelievable or undo-able. It points out how everything whatsoever has its own proper place in the Universal Nature of Brahman, the Absolute, and how separateness is included in the non-separate. (Vol. I. p. 6.)

Among the topics discussed in the present section are such highly important and interesting ones as the following: Subservience to the evolutionary ideal, the one test of right conduct—The 'example' of the hierarchs—Can a *Jīva* that has attained the knowledge of *Brahman* do wrong?—Mutual love and service the one law for all.

SECTION VI

The sixth and the last section is entitled Mukṭi-Sādhanam, and contains a rapid survey of the various means to liberation; its practical utility cannot be overrated. Summarising as it were the learning on the subject, the author opens the section thus :

What is the fruit of all this immense mental industry, this labour and travail of thought? The thought itself is ample answer to this question. There is no fruit, indeed, from the universal or transcendental standpoint (from which there is no labour either); and, or but, from the limited or empirical point of view (that of the individual *jīva*) this knowledge itself, namely, that there is no fruit, is the fruit. The realisation that the *jīva* never had any want to fulfil is the fulfilment of whatever inmost want it suffered from. This is the essential nature of Mokṣha, as must be abundantly clear to whomsoever has undergone that labour and travail of thought.

Mokṣha is the fruit of this whole science, and of all the sciences subsidiary to and comprehended within it, metaphysical, physical and practical or *yogic*. To know and feel and show in act that 'separateness is not' is Mokṣha. (Vol. III, pp. 242-243.)

At the end of the section the marks of the growth of the knowledge of non-separateness, just mentioned, is pointed out as follows :

But above and beyond and around all these endless details is the infinity and eternity and motionless calm of Mokṣha, which, from time's standpoint, is always being realised in part by the feeling of universal love, and in the remaining parts by corresponding thought and action. The more fully the three main appetites of the *Jīva* fall away from him, the *lōk-ēṣhāṇa*, the appetite for the world, for life amidst our fellow-beings and for recognition by them, the *Vitt-ēṣhāṇa*, the appetite for wealth, for enhanced bodily and material life, and the *puṭr-ēṣhāṇa*, the appetite for multiplication, for the perpetuation of individual life in and by progeny; corresponding to cognition, desire and action;—so more and more fully does the consciousness of peace and of emancipation grow towards perfection, till all separateness is negated and the Self alone is seen, always and everywhere, to reign supreme. (Vol. III, p. 271.)

Marks of the growth of non-separateness.

beyond and around all these endless details is the infinity and eternity and motionless calm of Mokṣha, which, from time's standpoint, is always being realised in part by the feeling of universal love, and in the remaining parts by corresponding thought and action. The more fully the three main appetites of the *Jīva* fall away from him, the *lōk-ēṣhāṇa*, the appetite for the world, for life amidst our fellow-beings and for recognition by them, the *Vitt-ēṣhāṇa*, the appetite for wealth, for enhanced bodily and material life, and the *puṭr-ēṣhāṇa*, the appetite for multiplication, for the perpetuation of individual life in and by progeny; corresponding to cognition, desire and action;—so more and more fully does the consciousness of peace and of emancipation grow towards perfection, till all separateness is negated and the Self alone is seen, always and everywhere, to reign supreme. (Vol. III, p. 271.)

Having thus indicated the substance of the main contents of the various sections of the book, I trust it will not be out of place to supplement the quotations made from the last section of the book with a few remarks suggested by other passages in the earlier parts of the book bearing on the question of Mokᅆha. In the first place it should be pointed out that the notion now so largely prevalent that, though Nirvāᅇa has a beginning, yet, once attained, it will never end, is totally erroneous. The illogical character and the fallacy of this notion are pointed out by the learned translator in the note in Vol. I, p. 54, by way of comment upon certain statements in the text which clearly involve the unsustainability of the notion in question. The Theosophical teachings on the subject thus receive one more corroboration from the treatise under review. What is also necessary to bear in mind is that the term Mokᅆha has a primary and a secondary sense. Mokᅆha in the former sense is in the words of the R̥shi quoted above: "To know and feel and show in act that 'separateness is not'." This is essential Mokᅆha. Mokᅆha in the secondary sense is only technically such. The well-known terms sālokya, sāyujya, sāmīpya, sārūpya, are used in relation to Mokᅆha only in this secondary sense. The proper explanation of these terms will be found in Vol. I, p. 143, and, according to the author's view, sāmīpya stands in the order of superiority as the highest, for the cogent reasons adduced by him in the course of his explanation of the terms.

Now as to the highly cherished popular notion of such complete absorption in Parabrahm as never to return to samsāra—it necessarily follows that this is impossible,

from the teaching here given, of the nature of the Absolute on the one hand, and of samsāra on the other, in the primary and the widest sense of the term. The said observation applies not only to men, but also to the Ṛimūrṭis, Mahā-Viṣṇu Himself, and to the still higher Gods in endless gradation. For all of them are themselves Jīvas in the true acceptance of the word, notwithstanding the glorious character of their superhuman consciousness and the grandeur and splendour of the Upādhis in which such consciousness manifests and works. In common with everything else in nature, those Gods upon Gods too, without exception, are, by the simple force of Shakti, Energy—the all-compelling necessity—an aspect of the Svabhāva of Brahman, ever subject to the law of action and reaction, expansion and contraction; though, in the result, the change is one of illimitable progression on an ascending scale. Such being the case, it was but natural that the author takes notice of a well-known verse, in which the harassed human Spirit is supposed to send up a pathetic prayer for deliverance from the travail of samsāra, consisting of the recurring round of births and deaths. Gārgyāyaṇa's explanation, in substance, is that the reference to samsāra in the context is not to samsāra in its universal sense, and that the deliverance prayed for in the verse consists in the jīva, that is now man, attaining to the state of Mahā-Viṣṇu (Ṭaṭ-Viṣṇoḥ Paramam Paḍam), the same being the goal of his evolution.

Unattainable as the goal may seem to be, our duty lies in the constant striving towards it by the practice, neither, of course, of *Svārṭha*, selfishness, nor even of *Parārṭha*, altruism, but by the practice of

Universalism—the road to our goal.

Paramārtha, universalism, ever intent upon the thought conveyed by the benedictory phrases, which, more than once, occur in the course of the priceless teachings, that I have been endeavouring, though inadequately, to commend to your consideration, namely :

Shubhamas̥tu Sarva Jagaṭām,
Sarvo Bhaḍrāṇi Pashyaṭu,
Lōkāḥ Samaṣṭāḥ Sukhinō Bhavaṅtu.

S. Subramania Iyer

THEN AND NOW

SOME REFLECTIONS ON TWO TRIALS

Herod and Pontius Pilate

They made them friends that day,
When they sought the Light of the World to quench,
The Life of the World to slay :

And Pharisees and Sadducees,
Once mutually abhorred,
In amity and peace combined
To crucify the Lord.

Now this is no mere story
Of happenings past and sped ;
But the everlasting tragedy—
The strife of quick and dead—

For ever re-enacted,
As age succeeds to age,
By the same players, or their like,
On the same darkened stage.

The same, or men like-minded,
The ancient parts repeat ;
Gather the Lord to crucify,
Gather the Lord to greet.

Again the wise, with eager hearts
Beholding, haste from far,
To where, above the Holy Child,
There shines the Morning Star.

New Herods seek to smite Him
With slander, as once with sword:
The faithful, chosen guardians keep
A Temple for the Lord.

As then they slew John Baptist
Proclaiming "Christ is nigh":
So now against His messengers
Men fling lie after lie ;

Distort, suppress, suggest, defame,
Shout "Blasphemy!" or jeer ;
No words find harsh enough for those
Who gently bid them hear.

Like creatures trapped, and too distraught
Their hope of life to see,
They tear the hands of those that come
In love to set them free.

For the players are but puppets,
In a world of shadowy things :
Above the scenes the Powers of Light
And of Darkness move the strings.

As war resounds in heaven,
Re-echoes war on earth.
So clash the hosts of Night and Day,
When the Holiest comes to birth.

Fierce, shaking creeds and freezing doubts,
 In strange alliance met,
 Against the heralds of the Light
 The camp of Darkness set :

And sceptic and fanatic
 Agree surpassing well,
 Yet are but tools in the iron hands
 Of the merciless Lords of hell.

And a high-priest of the Lord of Love
 Their work of hate lets pass ;
 Nay, blesses with the blessing
 Of the high-priest—Caiaphas.

O Preacher of the Gospel,
 Hast thou no skill to read
 The message clear that Gospel brings
 In this, thine hour of need,

The hour for parting of the ways,
 Christ to forsake or meet,
 The hour when triumph means for thee
 Thy Spirit's dark defeat ?

Yet hear the word of thy Master,
 Ah ! hear it even to-day :—
 " *Why call ye Me, Lord, Lord,*" He says,
And do not the things I say ?

" Count these My messengers, or not ;
 Their hope a dream, or true—
 Can hate, can slander, be the work
 I set thee here to do ?

" Art still so deaf to the Truth I taught,
 So blind to the Love I showed ?
 Hast thou forgot who spake to Saul,
 On the Damascus road ?

" If I uphold them not, they fall,
 Without a blow from thee :
 But, if their word and work be Mine,
 Thou persecutest—Me."

Brothers, believe, we hate not you,
Who have with scorn reviled ;
And all our highest, holiest hopes
With foolish tongues defiled.

We look to Him who prayed—" Forgive :
They know not what they do."
And, as to us He offers Life,
He offers Life to you.

If words from us ye still must scorn,
And hope of ours despise,
Yet may the Lord Himself, who comes,
Open your blinded eyes ;

Set free your souls from prisons dark
Of doubts and bigot hate ;
Show you, show us, that they alone
Who live to love are great.

Though creeds and systems melt and change,
And all men's thoughts grow new,
Unchanged, through all Eternity,
The Creed of Love is true.

The barriers men's vain minds have reared
Before the Spirit fall.
Christ lives and works, in every faith,
Till Love be all, in all.

Bethink you, He who soon shall speak
Peace to each warring creed,
Calling one flock from many a fold—
He must be Christ indeed.

Bethink you, all who speak and live
Such peace, prepare His way :
And these, His chosen messengers,
Ye cannot turn nor stay.

Dead creeds, old barriers, crumble ;
Awake, for night departs :
See living men with clearer eyes,
And love with larger hearts.

X.



OCCULTISM

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

H. P. BLAVATSKY defined Occultism as "the study of the divine Mind in Nature," and it would be difficult to find a nobler definition. All life, all energies, are hidden, and only their effects are patent. The forces by which a jewel is crystallised in the womb of the earth, by which a plant develops from a seed, by which an animal is evolved from a germ, by which a man feels and thinks—all these are occult, hidden from the eyes of men, to be studied by scientists only in the

phenomena of growth, of evolution, as these present themselves, while the impelling forces, the nature of 'vitality,' the invisible, intangible, secret springs of all activities, these remain ever hidden.

Moreover, this admirable definition posits Mind behind all the manifestations which we totalise as 'Nature'. It is these manifestations which are woven into that garment by which we see God ("and weave for God the garment thou see'st Him by"). His Mind is revealed in natural phenomena, and by the visible "the invisible things . . . are clearly seen". Bruno spoke of natural objects as the divine language; they are the Self-expressions of God. In the divine Mind exist the Ideas which are to be embodied in a future universe; the world of mind, the "Intelligible World," precedes the material world. So taught the Hebrews; so taught the Greeks; and the teaching is confirmed by our everyday experience. We think, before we embody our thought in an action. Ere a man creates a great picture, he must have the idea of the picture in his mind; he "thinks it out" before he paints it on the canvas. It is the world of Ideas, the Intelligible World, which is the realm explored by the Occultist.

He seeks to understand this hidden world whence flow all outer manifestations; to grasp the Ideas which embody themselves in varied forms; to seek the hidden sources of life and to trace their outflow, as the physical scientist seeks and traces physical types and their evolution. He is the scientist of the invisible, as the ordinary scientist is the scientist of the visible, and his methods are scientific; he observes, he experiments, he verifies, he compares, and he is continually enlarging the boundaries of the known.

The Occultist and the Mystic differ in their methods as well as in their object. The Occultist seeks knowledge of God; the Mystic seeks union with God. The Occultist uses Intellect; the Mystic Emotion. The Occultist watches Ideas embodying themselves in phenomena; the Mystic unfolds the Divine within him that it may expand into the Divinity whose Body is a universe. These sharp-cut definitions are, of course, true only of abstract types; the concrete individuals shade off into each other, and the perfected Occultist finally includes the Mystic, the perfected Mystic finally includes the Occultist. But on the way to perfection, the Occultist, must evolve, *pari passu*, his consciousness and the successive vehicles in which that consciousness works; while the Mystic sinks into the depths of his consciousness, and cares naught for the bodies which he disregards and abandons. To borrow two well-known terms: the Occultist tends to become the Jīvanmukṭa, the liberated Spirit residing in material bodies; the Mystic tends to become the Videhamukṭa, the liberated Bodiless One. The Occultists rise, grade by grade, through the Hierarchy; the Mystics become the Nirmāṇakāyas, the Reservoir of Spirituality, from which are drawn the streams which irrigate the worlds. Blessed, holy and necessary are both types, the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe.

Bearing in mind H. P. Blavatsky's definition, we can readily see how the more ordinary view of Occultism, that it merely means the study of the hidden—without defining the hidden—inevitably grows up. The Occultist is to study the divine Mind *in Nature*; then he must not only expand his consciousness, so as to enter into the divine Mind, but must also evolve his

subtle bodies and their senses, in order to contact Nature in all the grades of subtlety of her manifestations. This evolution of the subtle senses and the knowledge gained through them of the phenomena of the subtle, or superphysical, worlds of matter—knowledge which is essentially of the nature of the scientific knowledge of the physical world—loom large in the eyes of the superficial observer, and he comes to identify Occultism with clairvoyance, clairaudience, travelling in the subtle bodies, and the like. It would be as sensible if this same good gentleman identified physical science with its apparatus—its microscopes, telescopes, spectroscopes. The subtle senses are merely the apparatus of the Occultist, they are not Occultism. They are the instruments by which he observes the objects which escape the normal physical eye. As the ordinary instruments of science may have flaws in them, and so may distort the physical objects observed, so may the superphysical instruments have flaws in them, and distort the superphysical objects observed. Mal-observation with a defective instrument does not vitiate the scientific method, though it may for the moment vitiate particular scientific conclusions. The same is true as regards mal-observations with ill-evolved superphysical senses; the occult method is scientific and sound, but for the moment the particular conclusions drawn by the Occultist are erroneous. Where then is safety? In repeated observations by many observers—just as in physical science.

Let us examine this a little more closely. A scientific observer finds his observations through his microscope yield him a certain picture; he draws what he sees. Then he puts a higher power on his

microscope, and again observes the object; he obtains another picture. He compares the two. He finds that certain parts of the object that he thought were isolated from each other are connected with threads so fine that they were invisible under the lower power. His first observations were accurate, but incomplete. One result of such incompleteness is that every scientific man, in giving pictures of objects as seen through the microscope, notes on them the power of the lens through which he observed them. Again, if a young observer, on comparing his drawings with those made by experts and inserted in the text-books, finds that he has inserted something not seen in the others, he will test his lens and repeat his observation, taking another object, identical with the first, lest some dust, or hair, or other accidental intruder should have presented itself unbidden for his inspection. Let us apply this to the student of Occultism. He has evolved a power of sight beyond the normal; he observes some etheric object, and puts down his observations; a few years later, having evolved a higher power of sight, he observes the object again, and finds that the two parts of it he thought successive are divided by some intermediate process. I will take an exact instance. Mr. Leadbeater and myself in 1895 observed that the ultimate physical atom, being disintegrated, broke up into the coarsest form of astral matter. In 1908, observing the same process again, with a higher power of sight evolved during the intervening years, we saw that the physical atom, on disintegration, ran through a series of further disintegrations, and re-integrated finally into the coarsest form of astral matter. The parallel with the lower and higher powers of the microscope is complete.

Once more ; a young observer sees some astral form ; he compares it, if he is wise—he is not always wise—with previous observations of older observers, or with statements by great seers in world-scriptures. He finds his observation unlike theirs. If he is a serious student he tries again, making repeated and careful observations, and finds out his mistake. If he is foolish, he proclaims his mal-observation as a new discovery.

But, it may be said, people respect the physical scientist, and accept his observations, while they mock at those of the Occultist. All the discoveries of new facts were mocked at before the public was ready for them ; was not Bruno burned and Galileo imprisoned for declaring that the earth moved round the sun ? Was not Galvani called “the frogs’ dancing-master” when he laid his finger on the hidden force now called by his name ? What matters the mockery of ignorant men to those whose steadfast eyes are seeking to pierce through the veils in which Nature shrouds her secrets ?

So far as the methods of observation of the material side of Nature are concerned, observations carried on by means of improved apparatus—externally manufactured or internally evolved—the methods of physical and of superphysical science are identical. Knowledge is gained by study of the results obtained by predecessors in the same field, and by observations directed to similar phenomena, with a view to verifying or correcting the results.

The evolution of the consciousness which observes through the senses is another matter, and this plays a greater part in occult than in physical science ; for consciousness must unfold as higher senses evolve, else would the better tools be useless in the hands of the

inefficient workman. But the object of physical and superphysical science alike is the extension of the boundaries of knowledge.

Is this extension desirable or not? If the knowledge be turned to human service, yes; if to the increase of human misery, no. The application of physical science to the destruction of human life is most evil; yet not for that can we seek to block the advance of chemistry. The Occultist who knows how to liberate the forces imprisoned in the atom will not place within the hands of the competing nations of the world this means of wholesale destruction. Yet he knows that chemistry is advancing in this direction, and that it must not be hindered in its advance.

As regards the Occultists themselves they are useful or dangerous according to their motives. If they are devoted to the welfare of the worlds, then their rapid evolution is beneficial. If they seek power for their own aggrandisement, then they are dangerous. The evolution of consciousness is all to the good, for, as that unfolds, the wider view brings the man gradually more and more into unison with the divine Will in evolution, and, at a certain point in this expansion, he inevitably recognises the all-compelling claims of the larger Self. But in the lower stages, in the astral and mental worlds, while his self-discipline must be rigid as regards his bodies, pride and selfishness may make him a danger to his fellow-men. The discipline of the senses and the control of the mind are equally necessary, whether the man is aiming at development for service or for individual aggrandisement. He must lead a life of rigid temperance in all things, and he must become master of his thoughts. But if personal ambition rule him, if he seek to gain in

order that he may hold, not in order that he may give, then every added power becomes a menace to the world, and he enters the ranks of the Adversary. The Occultist must evolve into a Christ or into a Satan—to borrow the Christian terms. For him there is no half-way house. Safer are the green pastures where the flock may feed at peace than the arid heights, with their crevasses and their precipices, with their shrouding mists and their crashing avalanches. None who has trodden part of the rugged way would seek to induce others to enter on it. But there are some whom an imperious inner force compels; some who cannot rest by the still waters, but must seek to climb the heights. For such the way is open, and for them there is no other way which is possible. Only, that they may not add their shattered lives to the “wrecks which strew the path of Occultism,” let them gird their loins with strength, let them don the armour of purity and the helmet of unselfishness, and then let them go forward, in the Name of the World’s Redeemers, with their eyes fixed on the Star which shines above them, careless of the stones which gash their bleeding feet.

Annie Besant

THE FRENCH CURVE

By FRITZ KUNZ, F. T. S.

[Being a more or less moral parable concerning higher plane consciousness; of which the application, if any, is: "Solids do not always cast shadows according to Plane rules."]

A CIRCLE, a Triangle and a Square once met upon a Drawing-Board. The Circle was very proud of his symmetrical shape and the even and uniform way in which he looked out upon the world of the Drawing-Board. On account of this he considered himself very tolerant. He even went so far as to talk to the irregular French Curve, who was made of celluloid, and was therefore yellow and translucent, and yet cast a shadow. Now by his irregular curves and his lack of angles it was clear to the Triangle and the Square that the French Curve was immoral. And when they added to this the fact that he claimed to be translucent and yet cast a shadow (as if he had a third Spiritual Dimension, when if translucent, he could not really have one, they argued), they were quite sure that, in addition to being irregular and immoral, he was still more iniquitous in that he was a fraud and a deceiver.

Now the Triangle, who was an Equilateral, as he proudly explained to every figure the Draughtsman ever drew on the Board, was inordinately proud of his regular angles and sides, and his graceful, delicate points, and was quite convinced that he was the most advanced of the company. He consorted with the Circle even though he was considered doubtful by the best society because he had no angles. Of course it

took one a long time and many journeys around the Circle to discover this, and so he was accepted in certain classes of society in spite of the fact that he was seen with such doubtful people as the immoral French Curve. And the Triangle also talked to the Square, although, as he was fond of explaining to the world at large, he found him very dull.

The Square, on his part, was a plodding individual, who had his good points (four of them at least). His advantage was that he was perfectly regular. He claimed descent from a certain Mrs. Grundy.

But one day the Draughtsman, for some reason unknown to the little group I have just described (for who can fathom the reason of the Draughtsman, or even guess that of the Architect in any universe?), set down upon the Board three Solids.

Now it happened that one of these was a Cube, the other a Tetrahedron, and the third a Sphere. Of course the French Curve, being himself a Solid, immediately saw that these were people of note, and passed the word on to the Circle, thinking that his tolerant friend would be interested in so great a being as the Sphere, since the Circle himself was of that spiritual class. The Circle immediately passed the word along and hurried over to where the Solids were lying under a light directly above them. The Circle looked at the Shadow cast by the Sphere, and saw that it was circular, like himself, except that it was only a Shadow (which is Plane indication of greatness of a spiritual kind in a Drawing-Board world). And he saw the point where the Sphere contacted the Board; but sometimes he failed to see it and sometimes again he saw it. Therefore he was in doubt, for this was something beyond his

experience. In the meantime, however, the Square and the Triangle had hurried up. Each naturally went to the Solid of his own nature, and after a brief inspection they retired to a Corner of the Board, which, being an angle, was a select and exclusive place. The Circle was interested in this new phenomenon, but he followed his friends to see what they would say.

“Well,” said the Triangle, “that’s another of those wild stories by that disreputable French Curve. Why, that fellow is only a Triangle, and, while he is an Equilateral, yet he is much smaller than I am, and besides, one of his angles is imperfect, and shows evidently that he was not very virtuous in his earlier days. Not that I hold that against him,” he finished with a superior and yet piously forgiving air.

“I think that you must be right,” rejoined the Square, “although I must say that I thought I saw faint suggestions of a shadow about my new friend . . .”

“Shadow!” interrupted the Triangle, “shading lines, you mean! Don’t I know what kind of shadows a cube casts? Why, it’s all nonsense, and just another tale of that Frenchman”: and he glowered so fiercely that he nearly bent one of his fine straight edges.

At this the Circle was in serious doubt, and did not venture to raise his voice about what he had seen, for he knew that sometimes with excessive rolling he did get to see strange things. And besides, there was the fact that sometimes he had seen a point and sometimes he had not. So he cautiously held his peace, but went back with his friends to strike up a conversation with the strangers. These spoke with such understanding of the world that it was evident to the Circle that there was at least something curious about these new people, and he

secretly returned to his belief that they were Solids, despite the loud assertion of the Triangle that it was obvious from the imperfect angle of his new Equilateral friend that he had seen something of the world, and that this explained his wider knowledge. This theory would have held sway despite the unusual nature of the wisdom, power and love of the Sphere, the Cube, and the Tetrahedron, except that, at this moment, the Draughtsman arrived and disturbed the light overhead, so that the Cube and the Tetrahedron each began to cast shadows, and the shadow of the Sphere began to take on elliptical and other weird shapes. The Plane Figures bade them a hurried good-bye and retreated once more to the corner of the Board, very much perturbed; for while their scriptures told about shadows cast by Solids, it was against all the laws of nature that one Solid could cast so many different kinds of shadows; and no Solid, just because he *was* a Solid, could have a changeable shadow. The argument lasted well on into the afternoon, because the French Curve happened along and helped the Circle out; and, because he was a Solid, his arguments were often extraordinary and super-Plane in their nature, and seemed without foundation and "up in the air," as the Square said. But it was finally ended when the Draughtsman suddenly put out the light.

The next day, the French Curve having departed in the night, the three friends resumed their discussion, but could come to no understanding. Finally they parted company, each concluding that the other was a little bit mad. For the Circle was convinced that he had seen a Sphere, and the Square thought he might have seen a Cube (he said he was "willing to admit the possibility"), and the Triangle angrily thought that he had been

duped and his friends deceived or hypnotised by that worthless Frenchman.

Now it happened that when the Draughtsman came to take up the day's work, He came to that part in the Plan of the Architect for whom He worked, where it was necessary to sketch in shadow lines which would give the Circle the appearance of being a Sphere, and corresponding additions to the Triangle and the Square to make them look like a Tetrahedron and a Cube. So He worked away at them all the morning, and then went to lunch. When He was gone the friends were silent, for each was doubtful whether the others would understand the subtle change that had been going on inside him. But at last the Circle, who was really a good fellow, could stand it no longer, and so he said quite plainly that he felt that, since the Sphere and the other Solid Figures had come into his world, he was much benefitted inside; and that the Draughtsman seemed to be able to improve him very much more readily. At this the Triangle and the Square each confessed to a similar experience. But immediately the old arrogance of the Triangle returned, and he asserted that the others, by their very different natures, could not possibly feel what *he* had felt. But there was no inclination on the part of the other two to dispute what he said; for, be it known, the Draughtsman had proceeded farther with his work with them, and they really were far more nearly finished, and so could understand the Triangle, even if he could not realise their experiences to be like his own. And then the Draughtsman arrived from lunch, and the conversation was interrupted.

All the afternoon they played their various rôles, meanwhile each growing more and more like his Solid

Archetype. At last the Draughtsman leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction, and began to remove the drawing-pins which held down the sheet. The three friends had not seen the Solids since the day before, and whispered excitedly to each other that when the sheet was lifted into the third dimension (for that surely was going to happen to them after all the wonderful experiences they had gone through), they would be able to settle that question at last, especially with the wider consciousness each had acquired. So they watched carefully when the sheet was lifted from the Board. The new angle of the light to which they were unaccustomed, and the sensation of being curved, and all the wonders of living in a new dimension, made it difficult to see at first; but finally they did perceive there on the board, the Cube, the Sphere and the Tetrahedron, and they saw finally and conclusively that those were Solids; this their new consciousness enabled the plane figures to understand, even though they themselves were not yet Solids.

But there was one thing that disturbed the Triangle (for the Draughtsman had left him unfinished in his effort to make a Tetrahedron of him), and he carried the trouble away with him when the Draughtsman rolled up the sheet and stood it away in the corner for a time. This disturbing thing was that when he had looked at the Board from above as the sheet was lifted off, he saw there, beside the splendid Solid rectitude of the Tetrahedron, the Cube and the Sphere, the thoroughly irregular and supposedly immoral French Curve.

Fritz Kunz

THE GARMENT OF WOMANHOOD

By SUSAN E. GAY, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 757)

CONFUCIUS, Mencius, and certain ancient Sages revered in China and Japan, distinctly taught the inferiority of womanhood, which naturally has promoted selfishness in the male sex. The aim of any education of women was submission, not the cultivation and development of mind; they were in fact to be the servants of men. The humiliation of their women through this miscalled religious teaching has been complete. In India, a few years ago, attention was called to a prize-book in the Government Girls' Schools in the Bombay Presidency, which contained the following exhortation: "If the husband of a *virtuous* woman be ugly, of good or *bad* disposition, *diseased*, *fiendish*, irascible, or a *drunkard*, old, stupid, dumb, blind, deaf, hot-tempered, poor, extremely covetous, a *slanderer*, cowardly, *perfidious*, and *immoral*, nevertheless she ought to worship him as *God*, with mind, speech and *person*." (The italics are mine.)

One wonders in the above catalogue of qualities what remained to 'worship' in this godly being,

except that which he possessed in common with the animal creation! And the not infrequent use of the word 'lord,' in reference to a husband, even in Theosophical articles referring to the East, is a remnant of this idea of the subserviency of one sex and endorses it. We need neither 'gods' nor 'lords,' but that recognition on the part of the man, Oriental or European, that he must regard the woman as his sister, his equal, her being as sacred as his, her soul reflecting the divine image equally with his own.

One can only wonder that a race which held the knowledge of reincarnation and karma could ever have fallen to such a barbarous level of prejudice with regard to womanhood. A real understanding of its nature, of its worth in sacrifice for the human race—for where there is sacrifice there also arises the heart that loves—of that which it represents, now in sex, in the future in power, should inspire the man to love the woman in utmost brotherliness and gratitude.

He that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime.

India will one day bless that messenger who breaks her chains of custom and of creed, and who uplifts her womanhood by loftiest teachings from all servility into self-reverence and self-knowledge. And where should that message come so clearly and so beautifully as in Theosophy—which upholds all religions, the highest service of humanity in its breadth and brotherhood?

The religions of the world have suffered not a little in relation to this subject, owing to the interpolations in sacred books, and the misinterpretations and teachings of the later priesthoods. The result has been to

greatly accentuate sex-differentiation, and minimise the realisation of the higher Self, which is common to both. The net conclusion of a recent scientific paper read at the British Association on the differences of the sexes was that: "The higher up the scale of intellect we go, the nearer do the powers of the two sexes coincide." And beyond this we recognise that divine gift of the deific principle, which is the same in all, though hidden in some, and shining forth radiantly in others.

In the Christian religion, the writings of S. Paul contain passages obviously interpolated to suit the prejudices of an age that was apprehensive that Christianity was about to assign too high a place to womanhood. The great Initiate had truly written: "In Christ Jesus [or the spiritual plane which he sought to unfold] there is neither male nor female." On women as well as on men had fallen the Pentecostal power of the Spirit. In the little Christian gatherings women prayed and prophesied, only wearing at the time a covering, customary to Oriental ideas of the veiling of women from the eyes of men. And to his active women converts and helpers S. Paul sent, at the close of his letters, many affectionate greetings. In very truth they helped to keep Christianity alive.

In one misunderstood passage which avers that "woman was created for man," the real meaning is that womanhood was evolved for *humanity*, and not humanity for womanhood; which, expressed in other words, declares only that the *condition* of womanhood was produced for the perpetuation of *the race*, being exterior and impermanent in that aspect, and this harmonises with the ancient tradition of its inception. It is a condition experienced by all, and not a species. It is difficult

to realise the perfection of being which will be expressed in a spiritual race, to which the experiences of the present will be entirely alien, and which will regard such as the imperfections of a partially developed humanity.

To comment on other passages of the Christian Scriptures is not my purpose ; some are obviously puerile ; some misunderstood ; but there is no question that the portions least worthy of acceptance have been those which have most affected the status of women ; for some of us can remember how certain texts were hurled at those who sought to remedy unjust laws and to alleviate the unnatural sufferings of child-birth, until the strong common sense of humanity and science rendered such arguments futile. In the Protestant marriage-service, derived from the old Sarum office, the servitude assigned to the bride is now likely to be changed in accord with the Roman and Greek usages, in which such a vow is absent. Most of the Nonconformist services are satisfactory in this respect, and the Society of Friends has long been conspicuous for taking the ground of religious equality between the sexes.

The East has suffered from an overplus of religious belief. The peculiar danger attached to sacred writings is always this—that, originally given or inspired by great Teachers, they yet contain some things adapted to the period in which they were written, but not to the times as they now are. In consequence of this, and owing also to the gradual succession of inferior priestly interpreters and teachers who become unqualified for the task, superstitions arise, and finally tend, not to the helping and enlightenment of a race, but to contribute to its miseries

and degradation, especially through the views held of its womanhood.

There has existed for many a century in the East a sort of worship of the male, a species of sex-worship, producing lamentable results in unfit unions, child-marriages which might be characterised as murder rather than marriage, the ignorance and segregation of women, and a rooted belief in the inferiority of womanhood common to nearly all Oriental races at the present time.

In this connection it may be interesting to note the views which some of the leading ministers of the Christian faith are now taking on the subject of womanhood in the West. In America, where certain denominations (there called churches) ordain women to the ministry and admit them to the pulpit, the day of adverse criticism has passed. But in England, where the Anglican Church from long associations holds a certain sway among the influential and educated classes, the change which is taking place among the more thoughtful clergy is marked. The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Chaplain of the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, recently published his views on the marriage-service. He said that he knew from personal experience that the teaching of the present service was a source of tyranny on the part of numbers of husbands of the working class, some of whom are very brutal to women. And there is no doubt that the idea that a wife should pledge herself to servitude strikes an absolutely wrong note for one who contemplates motherhood, which demands long periods in which the wife, as an expectant mother, should be free from all physical encroachment, and live in fraternal relation only with her husband. Would that this were followed! But, in truth, the idea that

any human being should hold sexual rights over another is revolting.

Mr. Chapman remarked in a letter to the Editor of *Votes for Women* :

When . . . a great wave of pity sweeps over the enlightened of a sex on account of its innate tendency to enslavement and enslaving, from which the exceptions have broken free, let alone the manifest injustice of the cruel degradation of that same sex by man for his own carnal ends, then the benediction of the Church might surely be claimed by the pioneers of a movement destined to bring about its salvation, though possibly through pain.

At one of the large meetings held at the Queen's Hall in London last year, Mrs. Creighton, wife of the late Bishop of London, who presided, read a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he said :

Beyond question, the changes which have, by common consent, come about respecting the place of woman and of womanhood in our country's life, call for a far-reaching re-consideration or re-statement of certain old-world phrases and formulas which have become, perforce, inapplicable to the facts of to-day.

In the evening, the Bishop of Oxford who presided, spoke as follows :

I am quite sure that the right ethical view is that every human being, separately and equally, is an end, to realise itself, and in no case to be made a means to another man's end merely. Christ dealt with women, exactly equally with men, as being human persons.

Referring to certain things with which he disagreed in the woman's movement, he said :

But it does not affect my feeling towards the movement, if I believe it to be fundamentally just. I confess that S. Paul's specific attitude towards this question has been to me a stumbling-block; but, looking at the whole Christian movement, I am not prepared to say that civilisation at any particular moment, whether in S. Paul's day or in my own Church to-day, represents Christian finality. I conceive, indeed, that the Church of England legislation with regard to women, so far as our nascent Christian assemblies are concerned, is something in the nature of a scandal. I am quite sure that the woman's movement is needed. It must enter into politics, and must make the woman's voice and the woman's point of view heard in moulding the legislation of the country.

A number of the clergy recently signed a memorial to our modern Pharaoh, for granting the franchise to women, and among the signatories was the Bishop of Lincoln, who sent a strong letter to the *Times* :

The memorandum addressed by the clergy I cheerfully signed, for I agreed with every word of it . . . I am aware that John Bright and his Free-Trade friends made a raid upon Peel at Downing Street, but I prefer to out-Quaker Bright's Quakerism. I am a man of peace. At the same time I decline to waste my time in deprecating the methods of the militants. I do not share or approve those methods ; but I am not disposed to turn my remonstrance in that direction. I reserve them all for those who are so blind to the signs of the times, and so deaf to the logic of facts, as to refuse the franchise to women. Is it not the deliberate disregard of constitutional agitation, the cynical silence and contempt shown by most of the party Press, and the discovery that only the exploits of militancy provoke any official interest, that are the real causes of the present disorders ?

What means have women for making known and pressing home their demands? They have no votes. The Press is almost closed to them ; they are only a worry and a peril to the party politician. Both parties want to make believe that the women's movement is weak, or is weakening, or can be ignored, at least for a time, without danger. But in reality the demand of women for the vote has come to be one of the greatest moral and social movements of our time. It gathers strength and volume daily ; all the forces of progress are working in its favour ; it cannot be set aside. It only awaits the handling of a sympathetic, courageous, and constructive statesman, who has imagination to conceive of the England that is to be.

Methods of repression and expedients like the *Cat and Mouse Act*¹ would deserve only ridicule, were it not for the sufferings they involve. The only sane and lasting remedy for the present discontent is truly Liberal legislation ; that is, the extension of liberty through the franchise.

¹ The *Cat and Mouse Act* is this ; various imprisoned militants commenced hunger-strikes, refusing food, and in consequence were forcibly fed, a dangerous proceeding, to save the Government the disgrace of their death through collapse by starvation. When it appeared that life became endangered by this method, an Act was passed decreeing the liberation of such women as showed serious symptoms, under the condition that they were to report themselves while out of prison like 'ticket of leave' criminals, and were to be re-arrested as soon as their health improved. In its power to torture mind and body this Act is certainly worthy of the Middle Ages, and has been widely condemned. All this because a few obstinate men, for party and selfish objects, opposed conferring citizenship on the women of their country.

The Rev. F. L. Donaldson, of Leicester, sent to the *Standard* a letter which contained the following earnest paragraphs :

The Cat and Mouse Act . . . is the old persecuting spirit in modern dress. It is the apotheosis of physical force as against the spiritual power of a righteous cause . . . The taunt is perpetual that at every moral crisis in the nation's life, the clergy are found upon the side of worldly power and conventional tyranny, the custom of the time. The taunt is often undeserved, but there is enough truth in it to make us careful lest we, in our day, fail at critical moments.

The appeal in this letter was a very strong one, and contained a vigorous protest against the Act in question.

All honour to those who thus speak while still bound by ecclesiastical law to read out, from time to time, passages from Scripture which contain anything but wise teaching on the relation of the sexes, and others which are unexplained. Their attitude points to a happier day when *Prayer-book* revision will introduce services for the people which will elevate their ideals to a more spiritual plane, and furnish a key-note of Christian life in fraternal love and purity. It is fatal for religion to be associated with anthropomorphic ideas of the Creator, which give rise to the barbarous sacrificial practices of a past age, and the subordination of one half of the human family, and which have much to say on war and conquest, and little or nothing on peace and co-operation.

Let us note also the remarkable message which that veteran philanthropist, General Booth, sent shortly before his decease to be read in every Salvation Army place of worship on an appointed Sunday morning, the officer responsible to read it through without making any comment. It was a message, much needed, that reached the working-classes. This, from Booth, a man

far broader than the simple and somewhat crude creed of his Society, although that has been practically neutralised by its splendid work of brotherhood in which men and women stand on an equal platform :

My feelings and opinions with respect to woman generally are known throughout the world. My standard on this subject is ever before you, and I want the entire Army to embrace it. First and foremost, I insist on woman's equality. Every officer and soldier should hold to it that woman is as important, as valuable, as capable and as necessary to the progress and happiness of the world as man. Unfortunately a large number of people of every class think otherwise. They still cling to the notion of bygone ages, that as a being woman is inferior to man. To many she is little more than a plaything for their leisure hours. To others she is like a piece of property, slave in everything but name. Ofttimes she is treated with less consideration for health and comfort than the horses that run in omnibuses or beasts that are fattening for slaughter.

Now the Salvation Army has done, and is doing, something to combat these hideous and heathen notions. To begin with, the Army has maintained that the sexes are alike equal in birth ; alike equal in the value of the soul and the capacity for joy and sorrow ; alike equal before God, and in the love of the Heavenly Father ; alike equal in their share of the redemption ; alike equal in responsibility for spreading salvation and extending the kingdom of God ; alike equal in accountability at the judgment day ; alike equal as citizens of the celestial city ; and alike equal in capacity for the employments and enjoyments of the eternity to come.

I do not say that every individual faculty in woman is equal to the corresponding faculty in man, any more than I would say that each particular capacity possessed by man is equal to the same in woman. They differ both in character and degree, but where one is weak, the other is stronger. For example, in the power of will and of the possession of physical strength the man will be often found to excel the woman. On the other hand, in quickness of perception, in powers of endurance, and in strength of love (the quality in us which is most God-like), woman is generally the superior of man. Taken as a whole, therefore, I declare that woman is equal to man in the value of her gifts, and the extent of her influence, and I maintain that if she be given a fair chance she will prove it to be so.

Now I want you to think over and accept this truth. Nay, more, I would have us all stand by it, and show it forth

to the world by our own treatment of our woman comrades. Above all, let us teach it, both in theory and in practice, to the young people around us.

Let the boy be taught from his earliest infancy that his sister is as good as he is in all that is important to life, except perhaps, in the physical force, which he possesses in common with the brute beast. Let the girl be made to feel that her value to God and man is as high as it would have been had she been a boy. Let the grown-up people set before the children and the young people, a constant and living example of that gentleness and kindness towards woman which was ever manifested by our Lord Jesus Christ.

Whether married or single, let every man treat the women with whom he is acquainted with respect, with patience and with care. Every man to whom has been entrusted a wife must and will, if he has any proper sense of manliness in him, champion her interests, fight her battles, watch over her soul, and even die, if need be, as Christ died, on her behalf.

Let us, then, determine to pay woman regard, in the position assigned her by the providence of God, as a wife, as a mother, as a daughter, and as a comrade in the salvation war.

Noble words these, true, wise, just. And this was the advice of a man who knew nothing of reincarnation and karma, and was certain to have believed that sex was not a temporary expression of the embodied ego, but a permanent condition; humanity ever destined to present two halves, one masculine, the other feminine. But somehow his strong, self-sacrificing soul had taught him that the man and the woman were joint children of the divine Father, a very great step, even in the Christian faith, and an endorsement of the example of that great Messenger, an Oriental, who, among the rigid Jews of His day was the friend and teacher of woman, whether saint or sinner.

The condition of womanhood, expressed as it is in physical form, because of racial necessity, and more strongly marked in sex than in the 'man,' has forced a long and terrible sacrifice upon the entire race of humanity, since none could escape the experience of that

condition. And the impulse of re-adjustment and change must come from within that circle of necessity with its apparently iron laws. Nature bends to the inward force; matter to Spirit; the change comes through the growing power of the ever-evolving life, the breaking of the bonds through the groans of the awakening captive.

Certain perceptible physiological changes dimly foretell—even as the volcanic action in the Pacific Ocean proclaims a coming continent—a new type of womanhood which will be a greater approximation to the non-sexual or bi-sexual form. This appears at present most strongly in the Anglo-Saxon races, in the increasing height of the younger women, due to the greater length of the lower limbs, the smaller size of the hips, the stronger arms and larger torso, which indicate a form in which possible maternity is by no means the special aspect. The function by which infants are nursed also frequently tends, especially in America, to disappear, not from custom, but by some natural process of atrophy. The old, helpless, delicate, and nervous phase of femininity will gradually vanish. Among the men of the approaching race may be seen the strong, clear-cut hairless face, expressive of self-control and gentleness of heart.

Following these changes, another age will produce at last beings in outward harmony with the necessities of a more spiritual humanity. Parthenogenesis (the only word that can be used for the moment) is by no means an impossible event, and the womanhood of the future will manifest those occult powers which will completely deliver it from the present method of race-production. In short, the quality which woman

represents will always be essential, while its outward expression will tend to change and disappear, being imperfect. Forms for the incarnating egos will be wrought by processes of an occult nature, in which the helpless state of mere infancy, involving as it now does a waste of time for the child, will no longer be necessary. The advent of the egos will be welcomed as no physical birth could ever be, and their training in youth regarded as the highest and most important occupation of the world. The large-headed, beautifully-formed, psychic race of the great future will begin in its youth where we, perforce, must now leave off, even amid our best and farthest endeavours. Its culture will be an effort of memory of the past, its knowledge, perception, its language far more perfect, subtle and expressive than any now used by man; its once divorced sex condition blended into powers. The animal will have passed out of the man, and a divine humanity of surpassing strength and beauty will appear.

Meanwhile, whatever is founded in the way of scientific religion, which must ultimately be the religion of the future, must take into consideration the fact that moral freedom and responsibility are essential for the evolution of both sexes, for progress to the great end. Nothing in the form of sex must constitute a chain which retards, and exceptional ability, aptitude, talent, must be welcomed for the common good, regardless of sex, or caste, or any external distinction. For this, the Theosophical Society should ever be the pioneer. That the fact of sex could be the means of compelling the ego who wears the garment of womanhood to forego all rights and liberties, all personal expansion, will be understood to bar out progress for the race. No truer words

on this were ever penned than those of our seer-poet who, years ago, wrote that

The woman's cause is man's ; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.

We are on the threshold of a great change, one involving reform of our social systems, of our religious institutions, of our international relations, of the education of the young, and of the moral, social, and legal status of womanhood. That last-named change will influence all the rest. What says even that cautious paper, the *English Times*? It discerns that the "woman's movement is a desire for service," and remarks that, "the pursuit of liberty goes on without ceasing ; it is one of the keys to the interpretation of history. The woman's movement undoubtedly belongs to this age-long aspiration, and thence its strength."

The chosen priestesses of that New Era which awaits us wear the outer form of womanhood for our uplifting, and the Word, as foretold, is being spoken by Woman, "interpreter between the Gods and men". It is the presentation of a new ideal, as though some mighty voice had vibrated and proclaimed : "The outer must bend to the inner ; the external garment to the power of the Soul." You may exclude her, if you will, from your pulpits, but she, ordained of the Spirit, will teach truths the pulpits never reveal in halls for the people—and while your churches may be empty, your halls, filled with earnest and upturned faces, will be full.

Not so far distant is the day when the Yoshiwara of Japan shall be rased to the ground, and the door of the Zenana shall be flung open, and she of the East who has so long borne the burden of sacrifice, of the life of renunciation, shall reap the fruits thereof. Not

only by the law of action and reaction, but by that great law of sacrifice—the selflessness, the poverty of the outer life—shall come the riches of the Spirit; for humility is greater than pride, the yielding than the ruling, and the suffering than the selfish grasp of enjoyment at another's cost. "The woman" has drawn nearer to the Christ, even in that land where she is a reproach. Despise not, therefore, the women who have endured and suffered there; but help them, all ye who know what yet shall be, with your thought, your sympathy, your aspiration, for she shall ere long arise in sweet and noble guise and be as a light in her native land.

What Power is this approaching us, filling men's minds with thoughts of justice, brotherhood, peace? Does it not herald the Christ Spirit? the coming of One who is Love? Thought precedes action; action but carries out the promptings of the mind, the desire of the heart. The fact that we are thinking of these things foreshadows their realisation in that better day in which fraternal love will include all beings in its mighty embrace.

And further? An ancient tradition records that when one enquired of the Lord Christ of the coming of His Kingdom, He replied: "When the two shall become one, and that which is without as that which is within and the male with the female, neither male nor female."

Nor will there be any lack of avenues for incarnation, and the work destined to be accomplished on this outward plane for the will-born will fill the earth with gladness.

Susan E. Gay

THE OASIS

By BARONESS M. D'ASBECK, F. T. S.

I

EVERY day, whilst the sunlight fades away in the tropical sky, a neophyte on his way to heaven comes and sits under the palm trees and sings his song.

Song of the past—song of the present—song of ages to be.

Whilst he sings, all the hours of the Universe gather around him in the evening light. They come from the unfathomed past that lies around us like the dust of graves, those days that live in no man's mind. They come from distant lands where they record at this moment millions of different events. They come full of the early light of unborn days, clad in white, with eyes serene. And they hearken to the song of all ages.

Is the neophyte a child of eastern climes, with dark eyes full of dreams, or a child of frosty lands, whose blue eyes shine forth as morning light? Is he clad in the garb of christian monk, or in a yellow robe, or in white raiment, as a priest of the sun? Whatever be his form as a child of man, he is ever the same as the child of light.

He is the neophyte who appears through all ages. He is clad in wonder. His eyes wait and watch. Silent and peaceful, like mountain lakes, they reflect a new glory, never seen before.

The neophyte is in the spring time of his soul's life, in the dawn of his first day of love. And, because the spring is eternal and this first day ever lasts, all the past and all the present and all days to be hover round him born into the youth of ages.

They say unto him: "Welcome, thou who hast found the spring. Come unto us who are ever young and ever new. Mysterious moments like sunbeams flashing, with the fullness of life within our breast, we dart forward and then return to the bosom of Eternity. And thou, who hast learnt to drink the fullness of our life, thou shalt thirst and wither no more. Welcome—thou who hast found the spring."

The ancient hours of antiquity wreath him round with fresh scented blossoms; and unborn days, clad in white, whisper to him: "We were with you, ever, dancing round your cradles and round your graves, whilst you passed by, seeking us."

The magic circle twines and untwines its wreaths, the long procession of ages dances round the neophyte. The eternal circle of life hearkens to the song of everlasting spring.

II

The voice of the neophyte arises, singing to the land of life into which he is born:

Every day, whilst the sunlight fades in the tropical sky, I will speak of Thee, Oasis in the wilderness of my life.

I have found Thee during the hour of sunset, the vesper hour, and to Thee I say, "Ave," bowing down in silence before Thy beauty.

The day was dying, when Thy glory appeared to me, immortal, filled with an eternal freshness of youth. The earth was sinking into slumber and all was growing still, when Thy voice spoke to me in tones that thrilled my whole being into life. As darkness spread and the death of one more day was around us, life eternal awoke in me, never to leave me again, and in the midst of mortal things, Thou and I alone arose indestructible, above the ruins of time.

My prayer of the sunset hour had been answered :
 "O Lord of light and life, whilst Thy divine symbol is hidden from mine eyes and the earth abides in darkness, abide Thou in the darkness of my heart, that I may know the light that never fades away."

* * * * *

Can I say aught of Thee, but that Thou art a land of light and peace into which my soul is now lifted ?

Slowly Thou hast dawned upon me.

Thou hast come to me for the first time as a state of pure bliss, in which all in me seemed living.

I had not known before, I had not loved before.

But in this heaven in which for the first time I lived, I was as a new-born child. I did not know what all this glory meant, I did not know where it was leading me, nor where I had to go in this garden of life. I was blinded and intoxicated.

Land of the dreamers! Thou hast dawned.

My soul has stood still.

As the sound of a mighty organ in a cathedral at night, thy harmony, breathed from sources unknown, has filled me.

I cannot deny Thee.

Thou art with me by day and by night.

Awake, Thou art more real to me than all around ;
asleep, I seem awake for the first time.

And I know that death alone, this sleep that so
many dread, is the only slumber that will be the real
awakening into Thy life.

Now, blinded soul, I grope in Thy gardens, gather-
ing here and there flowers that grow alone in Thy sun,
and I drink stray drops of Thy clear waters.

Yet, this scattered beauty is enough to fill me here
below with the knowledge of Thine existence. Thou
art real, for Thou hast made all things real to me.

Land of the dreamers ! life was a colourless dream
before I knew of Thee. Now all has sprung into life.

* * * * *

Land of the dreamers, Oasis of mine, some have
told me that in Thee I should walk as in a wilderness.
That there I should hear no voice but my own and see
naught but my solitary figure.

Yet it is not so. Nowhere before have I heard
so many unknown voices and seen so much beauty
undreamt-of.

Thou art a land where my self is a dream, where
my life consists in gathering into me the infinity around.
Bliss in that world is life in what is not myself, and
how could that bliss be, if there other lives were not ?

Those who love may understand.

Those who, in contemplation of the beloved, forgot
themselves until they became a pure state of love living
in the presence of the beloved.

Those who denied their very life, whose love gave
them wings with which they flew far away from them-
selves, in their beloved to live and move and have their
being.

Those who thus winged, felt a new life within them ; who having lost themselves found themselves again as a centre of bliss, opening itself out to gather in all the life of the world.

Those who have thus loved can know the life of the land of the dreamers, the life that, because it is life, cannot be solitude.

And love alone will lead to this land where knowledge and love and life are one.

* * * * *

Land of the dreamers ! some have told me that Thou art a shadow-land.

They have said that Thy beauties were but phantoms of my mind and that, as phantoms, they would fade away as I tried to hold them.

Phantoms eternal amidst the dying world !

Ye who, whilst ages dawned and faded away, whilst races grew and died, and creeds arose and were forgotten, have lived and outlived all !

Ye who gaze above the flight of time !

Ye who, through the procession of centuries, have remained unchanged, inspiring the human soul with ever the same ideals.

Ye who shaped the dust of worlds into realities, and have become more manifest as time rolled on, do you fade away when men try to hold you ?

Or is it not more true to say that whilst all fades away, you remain ?

* * * * *

Oasis fair ! It has been whispered to me that Thy beauties are lifeless.

Yet Thou art all the life of man.

Thou art the Future.

Thou art the Present, for our present is not what we see, but the dream through which we gaze on the world.

Thou art the Past, the dead resurrected in human souls.

Thou art Art, dreams incarnated into matter.

Thou art Religion, the dream whose sunlight leads us through the hours we spend on earth.

Thou art Science, the thirst for the yet unseen that will explain the seen, with its hypotheses. Hypotheses! daring dreams! daring as those of the ecstasies, soaring through the empty wastes betwixt the worlds they go, they, eagles of the mind, poising universes on the tip of their wings.

* * * * *

Land of the dreamers! Thou art all that ought to be and will be. Thou art the eternal craving that doth urge humanity to travel, persistent, through nights and days. Thine is the voice that ever whispers the word of hope "To-morrow." Thine the figure that, visible and immortal, leads man through the dusk, telling him: "There."

III

The neophyte paused.

The sun was sinking. The dance of the ages continued as aforetime. And the evening light, Nature, the Divine Woman, enfolded again all beings as she did before the dawn of days. Silently, blue mists crept round the trees; silently, the mountain peaks and the deep valleys gathered together; the tall palm trees gazed at faint silver stars and the sunset blaze merged into the depths of night.

Night and day, dream and reality, were once more one.

The neophyte sang: "Here the whole Universe is gathered together, and I am its lover."

The dance of the ages ceased, the dancers stood still, the neophyte gazed into their eyes.

The neophyte whispered: "Flowers of eternity, roses divine, mirrors of the Loved One! I had seen ye fleeting past and did not know ye. Now ye stand still. Ye are alike! Alike as the drops of a waterfall, as the rays of the sun. Stay and let me drink in the look of your eyes. It is the gaze of eternity."

M. d'Asbeck

FROM *THE COMMONWEAL*

A 'girls' school is working successfully in the Adyar T. S. Headquarters, for the benefit of the Indian residents; we put 'girls' in inverted commas because the pupils range from 3 years old to 47. A school for the servants and others employed on the estate is also to be opened. The teachers in both come from the residents.

The National High School, Proddatur, lately taken up by the Theosophical Educational Trust, has just been accorded permanent recognition as a Secondary School by the Madras Educational Department.

AN OPPORTUNITY

To the Editor of *The Commonweal*

A friend of mine has offered to pay the cost of translating *Wake Up, India* in readable Tamil and of printing 5,000 copies to be distributed free, especially among the Tamil-speaking women. He thinks that this would facilitate the successful carrying out of the suggestions therein contained. You might publicly call for translations if you approve of the proposal; the best will receive a prize.

Bangoon

M. SUBRAMANIA IYER

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

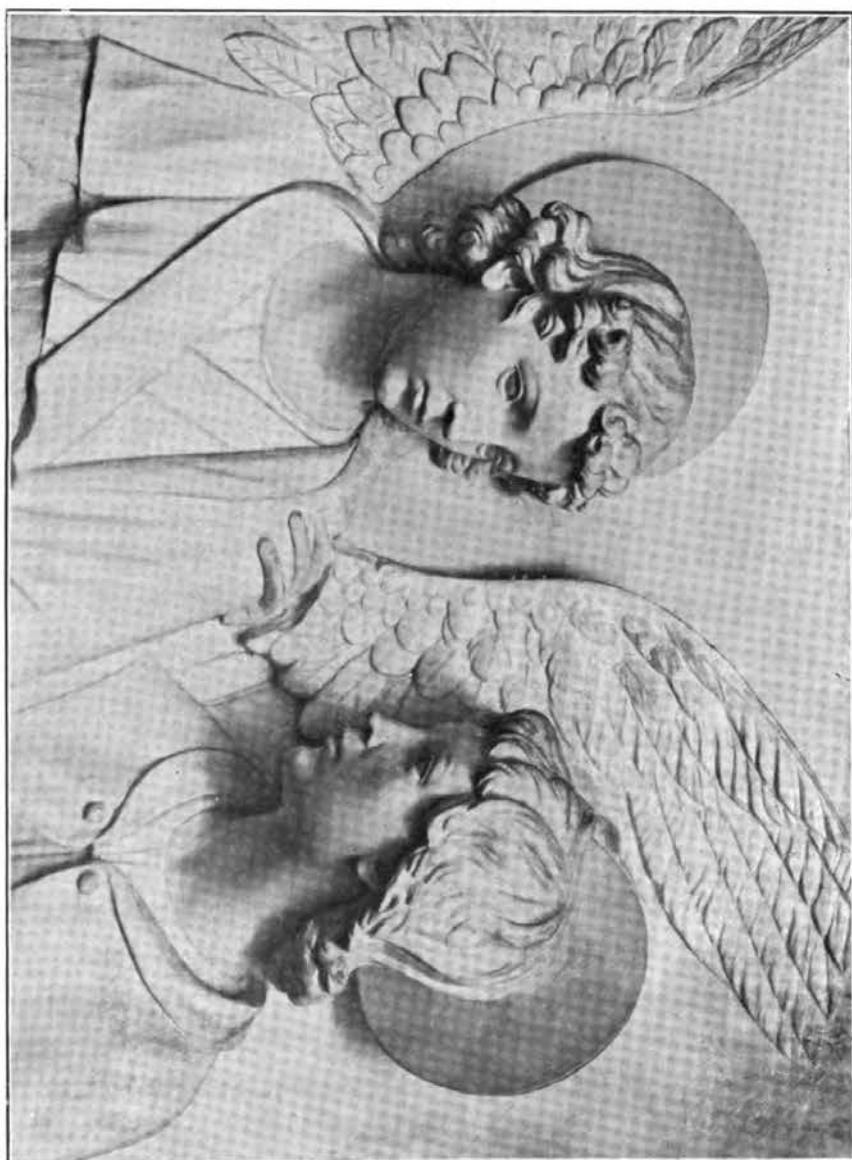
By ANNIE BESANT, F. T. S.

THESE clean-faced lads look like two brothers, with their pure outlines and quaint plate-haloes, as imaged by Luca della Robbia. But one is of mortal, the other of immortal race, for the left-hand figure is an Angel, and the right-hand one is a young man.

If the enquiring reader will turn to the Scriptures not accounted canonical, and find the book entitled *Tobit*, he may therein read the full story of Tobit and of Tobias his son; the youth in our picture is Tobias, and the Angel is the Angel Raphael.

Now Tobit was a very pious and honourable gentleman, who speaks well of himself in the book which he wrote and called by his name. He walked all his days "in the way of truth and justice," he kept himself from eating "the bread of the Gentiles," he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and gave alms to the poor.

But he fell under royal wrath in that he buried the dead bodies of his countrymen, when the King Sennacherib slew them, and for some not obvious reason sought for the corpses later on. The corpses being buried by the pious care of Tobit, the King found them not, whereupon he waxed exceeding wroth, and tried to add Tobit to their number. "However," says Tobit, "I withdrew myself for fear," but he returned when



THE ANGEL AND TOBIAS

Sennacherib was murdered, and Tobit's own nephew became the cup-bearer of the new King. Alas! one day Tobit, sitting down to a good dinner, and sending out Tobias to look for a poor and hungry man who might share it, was told by his son that a Hebrew had been strangled and thrown out into the market-place. And Tobit went out and brought home the corpse, and, at sunset, he buried it, and was so much hurt because his neighbours mocked him, that he lay down and slept in the open air with his face uncovered, and lost his sight by an accident, and thereon prayed earnestly for death.

Meanwhile a young lady, named Sara, was re-proached in another city by her father's maids, because she had been married to seven husbands, each of whom had been straightway killed by an evil spirit, yclept Asmodeus, who jealously slew them on the evening of each wedding-day. The maids suggested that she should go after her husbands, instead of beating them, and she, in sorrow of heart, also prayed for death, and "the prayers of them both were heard before the majesty of the great God". Then God commanded Raphael the Angel to go down to the earth to heal Tobit's blindness, and to give the much-married Sara to Tobias as wife, binding Asmodeus, the interferer with wedded bliss.

In order to bring the young people together, Tobit was made to remember that a man in the city where Sara lived owed him some money, and he innocently determined to send his son to recover it. Thereupon Tobias looked for a man to travel with him, and behold! the convenient Angel. This seems to be the moment chosen by the artist, as Tobias puts his hand on the Angel's shoulder, and invites him to accompany

him. As Tobias, a little later, goes to bathe in the Tigris, "a fish leaped out of the river and would have devoured him". So unusual a proceeding on the part of a fish suggests a crocodile. The fish was slain by Tobias, and, at the Angel's wish, Tobias cut out the heart, the liver and the gall, and "put them up safely," roasting and eating the remainder of the fish. As they approached the city, Raphael advised Tobias to marry Sara; the youth raised the not unnatural objection that seven bridegrooms had already been slain, and that he was an only son. Raphael, however, told him to burn the heart and liver of the fish, with the ashes of perfumes, when he went into the marriage chamber, and Asmodeus would "smell it and flee away". And so it befell, and though the father of Sara thoughtfully dug a grave ready for the eighth husband on the wedding-night, he "bade his servants to fill the grave" the next morning, and said naught of his cheerful preparations. Finally, Tobias and his wife and Raphael all went home, and by Raphael's order Tobias rubbed the fish-gall on his father's eyes, and Tobit recovered his sight. Then Raphael revealed himself as "one of the seven holy Angels," and thereupon vanished. And Tobit saw his son's sons, and died and was buried honourably, and all was well with his children after him.

Annie Besant

HORBEHUTET¹

By NINA DE GERNET, F. T. S.

FORTY-TWO years ago a little child with long black curls was sitting wistfully on the verandah stairs of a Caucasian "hacienda" house. The sun was high, the horizon in a purple haze of heat. In the flowering shrub near by two yellow birds of strange beauty appeared and—as the child gazed on them and then on the distant range—memory awoke: "I have seen this. I have lived before."

Forty-two years have gone by. Once more the black door of Death has opened, and another grave is added in the family ground where fierce Cossacks and brave women sleep. The woman gone was brave and pure, and strong was her childlike soul. And on that new grave, when the sun was high, amidst dying flowers and yellow grass, the yellow Bird² has appeared to the eyes which are no longer the ignorant eyes of a little child. The yellow Bird with the striped tail and the golden feather-crown with the same dark stripes; these colours of sand and brown earth that were the colours of Egypt and of Hettea and—darkening to gold and blood—became the banner of Spain through Euscarra.³

¹ The Winged Circle, Egypt.

² Oredod, comes seldom close to habitations.

³ The Basque tribe; the Eusque were possibly Etruscan.

The Bird fluttered about the freshly dug grave like a vivid symbol of life and sunshine. The memory of life unending has become a fact, the beads on the string of Eternity have become more and more apparent. Of what was that winged creature a herald from on high?

* * * * *

As these lines were drawn up, the thunder was rolling in the Range and a heavy scent was coming forth from a deep cave in the mountain, on the slope of which the house stands, whence one sees the whole of the main Chain. The Mount is a Devī's seat, the Mashuk. In the cave is a sulphur lake sinking into an unfathomed depth. In some such lakes, in the Caucasus, dragons are still reported to live, and an image of S. George is shining over the blue waters.

There are wonders still, in truth, in that land of unknown creeds and hidden temples, the land that has been Northern Hettea. From the Black Sea to the Caspian are three marks of the Eternal on Earth, three holy steps to Godhead's realm: The site of S'ntna's Church, where a chasm yawns at the altar.

The site of Mestia, where, deep in the mother-womb of Earth, lies the Black Stone Hettea.

The site at the Mount Ghimari, where the temple rises to which leads no earthly path.

But high over the Chain, facing Mount Kaybek, where legend binds the first seeker from our humanity—Prometheus—there, over a convent, shines the Cross triumphant. The goal found, Godhead realised.

A veil from a city founded in historical Hettean times, from Koretaïs, white and black, protects me from the glare, and on it, over the antique pattern of

broken lines and over the crescent of the last Prophet, shines a *five-pointed Star*!

Æons of humanity pass—and a sign, a pattern, stays. Hettea has been dug from its grave of thousands on thousands of years—how long? But a few years ago—yet here, behind these summits, almost eternal, lies, ignored, a living city which keeps the form of ancient Hittite life, the buildings, the glyphs on the walls: Seerta, capital of the wild Kurdistan—and already an echo of the Balkan and Armenian troubles has led thither some European wanderers.

There is more in sound, in the sound of names, than humanity dreams of. Why is the name of the Yukon in frozen North America an echo of the Yukon-yu in Africa near the mysterious Rouwenzori, and why was the Rouwenzori to the Ancients the Moon-Chain?

Why was the Hittite name of Hettea, Hati-Mat, “Mat” the Mother of all who speak or know a language of Slavia, Slavia born from Hettea and India?

And Seerta sounds like Seertze—the Heart—and Mestia like Mesto—the Place.

For this land was, above all lands, the place dedicated to Hea, the Heart of the World, the Mother of all Eternities.

The story of the world is written with letters of light over the face of the earth. The earth speaks and the veiled Gods answer with the flames of lightning, with the voices of the deep. For Hea is the unknown Deep, the one Mystery which is outside our worlds, though of them—Eternal Mother, Eternal Virgin, the Circle of Isis with the wings, *ever receding*, “Horbehutet,” the third symbol that Egypt gave us.

* * * * *

The haze that wraps the vast horizon deepens ; it turns to gold ; as the sun sinks, to rose. And all at once the Moon rises—and lo ! for a second, clouds stretch from it like dark wings.

A star blazes out in the East and an awed silence is on the Range. The summits hear the steps of the Lord.

Nina de Gernet

“ IS GOODNESS INTERESTING ? ”

Commenting on the fact that it is generally assumed that the genuinely moral and religious man cannot give the impression of force and mastery and so cannot be interesting, Dr. King in one of his recent books says: “ Well : Goodness knows that goodness is not interesting if goodness is simply negative—cutting certain things off and emptying certain things out ; though even those processes are by no means easy. But if goodness means the taking on of mighty indignations and mighty enthusiasms ; enlistment, heart and soul, in the great causes ; throwing oneself with conquering faith into the triumphant purposes of God Himself in the progress of His Kingdom ;—then, nothing on earth is so interesting as goodness. And this, one judges, is Christ’s conception of goodness.

“ The self-surrender for which he calls is not that of simple passive yielding, or of mere negation, but demands that commitment of self to the will of God, that involves the highest self-assertion, and the positive taking on of the mighty on-going purposes of God Himself. *There* is scope for the exhibition of all possible force and mastery, and there is no danger that such goodness will be uninteresting, soft, flabby, sentimental.”

A. E. A.

THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE

By JYOTISCHANDRA BHATTACHARYA

M. A., B. L., M. R. A. S., F. T. S.

ACCORDING to Schopenhauer no being wonders at its own existence and surroundings, save man alone. To the brute, if destitute of self-consciousness, the world and its own life are *felt*—naturally and un-enquiringly felt—as a matter of course. But with man at least life becomes a thought, in which the most degraded may be moved to feel an interest. Men show themselves dimly conscious of this thought in the rudest forms of religion. A sense of the ever-abiding presence of the enigma of existence—shown in the forms of wonder as to what we are ourselves, what our surroundings mean, why we are, what we are, why we are so surrounded, and what we are destined to become—all this is consciously the motive of intellectual philosophy in the minds of the thinking few. But it is the awe involved in the vague sense of man's final dependence amidst the Immensities and Eternities, and the more precise sense of moral responsibility for the way we conduct our lives, that give rise to religion; so that religion, more readily than purely intellectual curiosity, finds a response in human sentiment.

Man, with all his power and pomp, with his numerous sycophants and supporters, with all his riches

and wealth, with all the comforts that loving hearts can bring and friendly feelings can commend, is restricted on all hands. He feels amidst his glory that he is utterly helpless ; he cries to himself amongst his multitude of friends that he is friendless ; and there is always an ever-pressing question : Whence came I ? What is after this ? He despondently questions, but he cannot answer. The chief problem of life perplexes even the most intelligent and the most thoughtful. We learn to bow down the head in deep reverence, and say in the language of the sacred *Gītā* :

कार्पण्यदोषोपहतस्वभावः पृच्छामि त्वां धर्मसंमूढचेताः ।

यच्छ्रेयः स्यान्नश्चितं ब्रूहि तन्मे शिष्यस्तेऽहं शाधि मां त्वां प्रपन्नम् ॥

My heart is weighed down with the vice of faintness ; my mind is confused as to duty. I ask Thee which may be the better—that tell me decisively. I am Thy disciple, suppliant to Thee ; teach me.

Dr. Campbell Fraser truly observes :

The presence of evil and of death in the universe excites painful wonder and excites also a sense of absolute dependence. Evil and death are chief difficulties moreover in the solution of the final problem. If this conscious life of ours—in which we become individually, for a time at least, part of the actual reality, without being able to avoid our fate—if this were an endless and perfect life, the interest man could take in the ultimate problem of things would be merely speculative. The gaunt spectre of evil could not then disturb the harmony of experience and of our ideals. Neither should we be confronted by the mystery of our own prospective disappearance from this visible scene :

“ To die—to sleep :—

To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.”

This terrible idea of a life after death—the untravelled country “from whose bourne no traveller returns”—has made even the most superficial devoutly thoughtful, and the idle vauntings of the non-believers

have met with the scorn they deserve. In the felicitous words of Bacon: "Atheism is rather in the life than in the heart of man." Are we to conceive of this universe, with all its beauty and love, with its running streams, and its autumn skies, as self-created, as without a creator? This is not the place to enter into a historical treatment of Theism and of the forces which worked against it. But to me it seems that it is rather the gravity of the question than any wilful perversity that led astray so many thinking souls, and gave rise to feelings which rose even against the Supreme Being, in whom "we live and move and have our being". One can hardly wonder at Mr. Harrison's travesty of the Agnostic's prayer to his unknown God: "X^{nth}, love us, help us, make us one with thee." But the keynote to the whole thing is a craving to find out the unknown who reveals Himself only to the beloved few who hanker after Him.

But I do not propose to meet the question on sentiment alone—sentiment not based on reason is superstition. It is quite easy even for one of limited knowledge to show that the three principal anti-theological theories, viz.—Agnosticism, Positivism and Atheism—are founded on false premises. The typical idea of an Agnostic is that "he sends us to an unknown and unknowable Absolute for the inspiration of our moral life," whereas a typical Positivist bids us see in that never-ceasing human procession, of which we ourselves form part, the object of reverent adoration, and draw from the sight moral inspiration which we need. In other words, to solve the problem of life the Agnostic would refer us to the unknowable Absolute, and the Positivist to the *Grand Être* of Humanity itself.

But is the problem solved by either? According to an Agnostic we cannot decipher the meaning of things, and we are to look at them with an expressionless face, which is rather an apology for life and not a life at all. For the satisfaction of our soul an unknown quantity can hardly be the fountain of our inspiration.

Professor Seth refutes, in language inimitable, the theory of the Positivist, which possesses an attractive and superficial subtlety :

What is this but to set up on the throne vacated by the fictitious deity of metaphysical abstraction a new fiction, the latest product of hypo-satisfaction, the last relic of scholastic Realism, a great being which derives its greatness and worshipfulness from the elimination of those characteristics which alone make it real and actual. The race consists of men and women, of moral individuals, and the moral individual is never worthy of our worship. 'Humanity' is only a collective or generic term ; it describes the common nature of its individual members, it does not denote a separate being, or the existence of its common nature apart from the individuals who share it. A touch of logic or at any rate of that of metaphysics, which we are supposed to have outgrown but which we cannot afford to outgrow, is enough to reveal the unreality and ghostliness of the Positivists' 'Grand Etre'.

The anti-theological spirit which underlies the above two leading theories subsequently grew into Materialism, or Atheism. The greatest exponent of this extreme view is Professor Haeckel in the West and Sāṅkhya in the East. Both of them accept the Dualism of nature and morality. But the problem raised by this Dualism is a world-old one :

Streams, will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To give his virtues room :
Nor is that wind less rough which blows a good man's
barge.

Nature with equal mind
Sees all her sons at play :
Sees man control the wind
The wind sweep man away,
Allows the proudly riding and the foundering bark.

Does not the non-moral character of nature urge a moral government of man's life higher than the government of nature?

The finest product of the school of Materialism was John Stuart Mill, who, however, was a victim of circumstances. There is only a half-hearted Atheism in the exposition of the utilitarianism of J. S. Mill. His father, James Mill, was an uncompromising atheist, with a narrow view of utilitarianism as the goal of human life. In his *Autobiography*, John Stuart Mill almost pathetically describes how he was trained by his father with a screen fixed between him and his Supreme Creator. The magnificence of his intellectual excellence did not, however, soothe and pacify the greatest of modern thinkers, and in the prime of his life he felt a vacuum in his heart which the philosopher could not explain. The Philosopher exclaimed, but could not see the unknown hand. Intellectually we might find ourselves at home with nature, for her order seems the reflection of our own intelligence. But morally she answers not to the human spirit's questionings and cravings. She knows her own children and answers their cry. But man she knows not and disclaims; for in his deepest being he is no child of hers. As his certificate of birth is higher, so is his true life and citizenship found in a higher world. So there comes inevitably to the human spirit the demand for God, to untie the knot of human fate, to superintend the issues of the moral life, to right the wrongs of the natural order, to watch the spiritual fortunes of His children, to be Himself the home of their spirits. Nature is morally blind, indifferent, capricious; force is unethical. Hence the call for a supreme Power akin to the Spirit of man, conscious of his struggle, sympathetic with his life,

guiding it to a perfect issue—the call for a supremely righteous will. This belief in moral order is necessary if we are to be delivered from pessimism; the only escape is to see God: without such a vision the mystery of our human life and destiny is entirely dark, the riddle of the painful Earth is absolutely inexplicable. Unless our human nature and life are, in Professor Huxley's phrase, "akin to that which pervades the universe," unless God is on our side and we are in a real sense not alone but co-workers with him, our life is, as Hume described it: "a riddle, an enigma, an inexplicable mystery".

Once we approach the problem of life in a true spirit of recognition of the great Power who presides over the destinies of all created beings; once we conceive of Him as the fountain of love undefiled, as the ever-existing love which by its divine manifestation enters into the essence of the universe; once we feel that we are atoms of water in the great ocean which never dries up; the gaunt spectre of Death, the shocks of adversity, the lamentable failures in material life, become a thin veil which we can penetrate. Death and life become only the natural changes with a moral purpose, and we can calmly face death. In whatever persuasion we might have been brought up, by whatever nomenclature we may have named the King of our universe, there is no real difference. The religions of the whole world, from the crudest to the most refined, aim at one purpose, follow and obey in reverence and love one Being, who is both Love and Truth. A Christian, a Muhammadan, a Jew, a Pārsi, and a Hindū, all contribute one great truth to the storehouse of the world's knowledge and they draw their inspiration from one Eternal Source.

Addison writes in his well-known allegory of the golden scales:

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides, and upon my applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written 'in the dialect of men' and underneath it "Calamities," on the other side was written in the language of God and underneath "Blessings". I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered health, wealth, good fortune and many other weights which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

The solution of the problem of life is therefore in the realisation of God, and all difficult questions of life find an irrefutable answer from Him only. The domain of argument is too circumscribed to answer this question. Go deeply into your soul, and you will find all the riddles of life transparent. Principal Caird rightly says:

Any other than an immediate or intuitive knowledge of God is self-contradictory, as implying that we can prove or attain to the knowledge by something that is higher than God or, at any rate, something that is regarded as having an independent truth or reality. We can conceive, it is said, a higher nature revealing itself to a lower, we can conceive an immediate revelation of God to, or in, the finite consciousness; but a mediate or a reasoned knowledge, i. e., a knowledge which concludes to God by the mediation of some other idea or some other object, is impossible.

Our most exalted spiritual experiences are these which are least capable of being expressed by precise scientific formulæ; in such access of mind, in such high hour of visitation from the living God, thought was not; in enjoyment it expired, rapt into still communion that transcends the imperfect offices of prayer and praise. His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power that made him; it was blessedness and love.

The questions which we have attempted to formulate and answer from the wisdom of the West were the subjects of lifelong study in the East, as embodied in the sacred Upaniṣhats, which tell us:

Under whose leading does the understanding reach its object? Under whose leading does the vital power, the chief

of internal organs, do its work? And what God leads the eyes and ears to their objects?

This He, who is the ear of the ears, the understanding of the understanding, the speech of speech. He is the life of life, the eye of the eye. The wise, giving up the error that these organs are the Self, become immortal after their departure from this world.

The eye does not go there [i.e., to Brahman], the speech does not go there, neither does the understanding; we do not know it; we do not know how to impart instructions about it. It is distinct from, and higher than, all known and unknown things. We have heard it from former teachers who have explained it to us.

Then again the Upaniṣhaṭs ask us to give up all pride in the idea that we have realised the Highest; for to feel that we are still ignorant is to appreciate Him. To understand that a higher Power than our own will regulates events is to know Him. To be ignorant is bliss, and to be wise is folly, for human wisdom is, after all, based on inferences and generalisations; and doubts arise when we cannot understand a thing, forgetting how small we are, how poor our knowledge, and how the wisdom of one age is considered folly in the next. Popular applause only denotes the intellectual superiority of the teacher, but it gives an imperfect answer to the question:

If you think you have known Brahman well, then surely you have known little of Brahman's nature; what you have seen of Brahman in the Gods is also little. So Brahman should be enquired into by you.

I do not think I know Brahman well. I neither do not know it nor know it; whoever amongst us understands the proposition, "I neither do not know it, nor know it," does know it.

We cannot refuse to acknowledge the multifarious graces we receive at the hands of Brahman, or God, because there are evils—the metaphysical evil of created existence, the physical evil of suffering, and the

moral evil of sin, which the thinkers of the East call ignorance. Falkenberg, Professor of Philosophy, in the University of Erlangen, masterfully deals with the subject and I may be pardoned if I quote from his notable book, *The History of Modern Philosophy*:

Metaphysical evil is absolutely unavoidable, if a world is to exist at all; created being without imperfection, finiteness, limitation, is entirely inconceivable—something besides good must exist. The physical evil of misery finds its justification in that it makes for good. First of all the amount of suffering is not so great as it appears to be to discontented spirits. Life is usually quite tolerable and vouchsafes more joy and pleasure than grief and hardship . . . Most evils serve to secure us a much greater good or to ward off a still greater evil . . . Other troubles must be regarded as punishment for sins and as means of reformation; the man who is resigned to God's will may be certain that the suffering which comes to him will turn out for his good.

One who can regulate his life in this spirit of communion with God—this communion in which God is man and man is God—is incapable of committing a sin. The life of such a man is serene and calm, and the fears of death and the suffering of this world do not disturb his tranquillity of mind. It does not matter what his creed is, for salvation is not denied to the heathen, as moral purity is sufficient to make one partake of the grace of God.

We have thus found out an answer to the problem of life. From where have we come? From God. Whither are we going?—To God. Who am I?—A particle of God. What are our surroundings?—The manifestation of God.

The grand conception found in the Upaniṣhats of the essence of truth makes any sectarian quarrel impossible, and allows the worshippers of every religion to embrace each other and sing the glory of their common Father in one voice of harmony. If I have understood the true spirit of Theosophy, it is this unification,

this universal brotherhood which it teaches us. In this sense every one of us is a Theosophist; and at least it is an ideal which we can realise in our lives with innate joy and unbounded pleasure. The truth of *Al Quran* is not different from that which is contained in the Vedas or Upaniṣhaṭs, or in the Bible. As long as the world is inhabited by men of different types, of different breeding, of different surroundings and habits, there is bound to be difference in details. But ritualism is not religion, nor are social rules synonyms of faith. A nation grows amidst traditions and ideas which we cannot out-grow—we cannot lightly throw them aside. They serve as solace to our hearts and oftentimes are sources of our inspiration. But it is a sin, a sacrilege and an unpardonable blunder to speak of other people and their religion in terms of contempt; for, after all, they represent the same truth which we strive after.

It is the substance, not the shadow, that satisfies. If we have realised a brotherly feeling of tolerance and reverence for the religion of others; if we could forget the accidental distributions of the human races in different parts of the world, with their different tongues and habits of thought; if we could really embrace each other as beloved brothers with hearts united and souls pure, the grand mission of Theosophy would have accomplished its object.

Jyotischandra Bhattacharya

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE T. S.

FRIENDS :

It is my duty to give you a brief account of the work of the six and a half years during which I have held the office to which you elected me in 1907.

First, as regards material progress : We began with 11 National Societies, 567 Lodges and 14,863 active members ; we end with 23 National Societies, 952 Lodges and 22,744 active members. Our Headquarters' receipts were Rs. 18,715 in 1907 ; Rs. 68,331 in 1913. In 1908, we abolished the 25 per cent. on Entrance Fees due to Headquarters, and reduced the annual contribution to a capitation fee of 8d. ; the large rise is despite the sacrifice. We had in land at Adyar 27 acres in 1907 ; in 1913, 273 acres. Our General Statement showed total property of Rs. 227,760 in 1907, and of Rs. 696,998 in 1913. At Ootacamund, an estate of over 100 acres of good land, with a large bungalow, has been bought. On the Headquarters' Estate an immense amount of planting has been done, an electric installation has been set up, a steam laundry, a bakery, a dairy ; a printing establishment is working, and will be handed over to the T. S. when clear of debt. The publishing business is now very large. Headquarters received in 1913 as rent, interest and proceeds of garden, Rs. 25,431.

For all this, no credit is due to me personally ; I have merely the good fortune of being the means whereby the elect souls who give themselves to the T. S. are drawn together and held.

The only serious losses we have undergone were, at the very beginning, of some 500 members of the British Section, who disapproved of my election ; and of the German Section, under the following circumstances, as given in my presidential speech of 1913 :

“ The German Executive Committee had issued a notice, signed by the General Secretary and the Secretary, containing the following :

'The Committee of the German Section of the Theosophical Society considers membership of the Order of the Star in the East to be incompatible with membership of the Theosophical Society, and requests members of the Star in the East to withdraw from the Theosophical Society.

The Committee of the German Section will feel obliged to exclude members who do not comply with this request from the German Section.' (*Mitteilungen*, March 1913, No. I, Part I. Translated from the German, and published officially.)

This was confirmed at the 11th General Convention on February 2nd, 1913, with five dissentients. This outrageous act of aggression struck at the very root of the Theosophical Society, which admits into its membership people of all beliefs. And, in addition to this, charters were refused to Lodges whose Theosophy was of the old type instead of the Steinerian. I consequently asked Dr. Steiner to explain why charters were refused to Lodges whose members represented Theosophy in a way opposed to the views of the Section, and why members of the Order of the Star in the East were deprived of their rights as Fellows, all in flagrant opposition to the Constitution and fundamental principles of the T. S.; the Executive of the Section declared it had nothing to repudiate or retract, and Dr. Steiner, at the General Meeting on February 2nd, 1913, declared that 'the exclusion of the German Section from the Theosophical Society,' was considered by the Committee 'as an accomplished fact'—an obviously misleading statement—and he declared that they regarded the German Section 'as no longer existing'. The meeting further resolved itself into one of the Anthroposophical Society, thus committing suicide as the German Section of the T. S. More than a month later, on March 7th, I accordingly declared that its charter had lapsed and become forfeited, and I transferred it to fourteen independent German Lodges, which thereupon became the German National Society, with Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden as General Secretary, *pro tem*. The Section held a meeting a little later, established its Headquarters at Berlin, and elected Herr Lauwericks as its General Secretary. So quietly failed the attempt to set up within the T. S. a sectarian National Society. Preparation had long been made by Dr. Steiner for his revolutionary action. Disregarding the courtesy always shown to Brother Secretaries, he had visited their Sections without any communications with them, and had formed therein groups of his own followers. These were ready for withdrawal from the T. S., and the Anthroposophical Society was founded for their reception. Hence, when the *mot d'ordre* went out, his followers in other countries deserted *en masse* from the T. S., and the reports show the losses thus sustained. It is most surprising that despite this carefully

prepared concerted movement of secession and all the other attacks made on us, our numbers are very little smaller than they were last year."

In every country Theosophy is spreading, and the energy, harmony, and good work of the members speak for themselves. To be privileged to be the channel of this inspiration is by far a greater thing to me than aught else.

You all know the attacks made upon me. Your verdict is now to be pronounced.

You know that while I have steadily disagreed with the advice given in 1900-1904 to three boys by Mr. Leadbeater, and obtained from him a promise—honourably observed—never to repeat it, I honour him as a man and value his immense services to the T. S. I will not change my attitude to him in the face of the present most undeserved attacks. Would that his slanderers emulated his purity of life and limitless charity.

If you bid me go, I shall continue to work for the T. S. out of office. If you bid me stay, I will equally accept your bidding, and continue to work in office. If you know of any one, man or woman, who will, you think, serve you better than I can, then, I pray you, reject me, and so leave the way open to a better choice; I will in that case do my best to aid the new candidate. You may find many who will raise less opposition than is directed against me; you will find none who loves the T. S. more.

May the Masters guide you to a right decision, and send to all of us the blessing of peace.

ANNIE BESANT,

President of the Theosophical Society

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

AN OPEN LETTER

To the Editor of the *Theosophist*

Under Item 16 of the Minutes of the General Council as published in this year's General Report of the thirty-Eight Anniversary and Convention of the Theosophical Society we are informed that the Recording Secretary had "received a very large number of petitions and resolutions from different T. S. Lodges of nearly all the National Societies conveying their entire confidence in the leadership of Mrs. Annie Besant and asking the General Council to confirm her as President of the T. S. for life". We are further told "that these petitions and resolutions were all simply recorded and filed, as showing the widespread desire of the members of the T. S. to re-elect her as President for life. The Council was desirous to pass a resolution to that effect, but the President objected to its being passed just then, as she thought the whole question of the Presidentship for life should be thoroughly and openly discussed in the General Body of the T. S. Hence the resolution to nominate her as President for life was suspended."

I at once avail myself of this opportunity afforded by the direct invitation to "thoroughly and openly discuss the matter in the General Body of the T. S." because at the meeting of the General Council in question at Benares I was one of the two, if not three, members present who—though only as a delegate—spoke decidedly against the advisability of a life election of our President on grounds of policy and precedent.

As far as I know, beginning with the American Section, many—indeed the majority—of the General Council, as represented by its General Secretaries, have favoured the idea of conferring on our President, when re-elected, the confirmation of the title for life. It is a very proper impulse that prompts this; and it is an adequate and well-earned compliment that is intended towards her who has given her all to the Society and its work. But is it—sentiment apart and when the matter is soberly considered—wise? I venture to say, quite definitely, no; and I say so quite irrespectively of any thoughts as to whether or no Mrs. Besant is or is not the foremost Theosophist amongst us, or the most competent, or the most suitable, or the most capable, or the most deserving of the honourable and exceptional distinction.

The personal factor seems to me not to come in at all. I oppose the idea, as I have said, on grounds of policy and on grounds of precedent.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

Rule 9 says quite clearly : “ *The term of office of the President shall be seven years.* ” That is the whole of the Rule 9 and it says no more and no less. Therefore to vary this in any way would require a special addition or new Rule, and it is always bad policy to tinker at the fundamental Rules of any Society. Assuming, however, for the moment that Rule 9 must be modified in order to create the possibility of a Life-Presidency for Mrs. Besant, recourse must be had to Rule 49 which deals with Revision of the Rules and says : “ The General Council, after at least three months, notice has been given to each member of said Council, may, by a three-fourths vote, of their whole number, in person, in writing, or by proxy, make alter or repeal the Rules and Regulations of the Society, in such manner as it may deem expedient. ”

Therefore, to provide for this Life-Presidency idea the Council must be advised three months before and must then formally modify Rule 9 in Mrs. Besant’s favour.

I believe Mrs. Besant herself would not desire this proposal to be pressed in any case until after her re-election has been ratified by the Society at large in the usual way, and the extract from the Minutes I have quoted above would seem to indicate that this is so.¹

But, I repeat, is it good policy to alter so important and fundamental a Rule and tie the Society’s hands indefinitely into the future which is unknown to us all ? A large and growing international Society, so heterogeneous in its composition, covering so many shades of opinion and thought, should be very jealously conservative of its fundamental statutes and Rules ; should be very slow to propose or accept impulsive changes. Moreover, it affords a dangerous precedent. But, it will be replied, the precedent exists in the case of Colonel Olcott, our President-Founder, whose tenure of office was converted into a life one. True ; but the case was rather different. First of all, the fact remains that Colonel Olcott *was* the President-Founder, and if he contravened his own Rules—whether by his own will or by that of others—there is no reason this should be repeated by his successors. Secondly, the Society was in a very different condition from what it is now. The activities and life of the Society were largely in the West, while Adyar was more of a principally official centre whence the Colonel very ably and wisely controlled the purely administrative side of things. In confirming Colonel Olcott in the Presidency for life was involved the idea that the President-Founder, as long as he lived, would be likely to be the most conservative and jealous custodian of the statutes of the Society he had been instrumental in forming.

¹ The proposal *cannot* be pressed. It is against the Constitution, as, at my own request, the change in the Rule was not made.—A. B.

Meantime the exception in the President-Founder's case seems to have brought no addition or qualifying clause to Rule 9, and neither he nor his General Councils appear to have, therefore, considered the possibility advisable. To alter it now would thus be both impolitic and dangerous, from my point of view. Leaving all thought of our present President out of the question for the moment, at what point, may I ask, would a General Council be able definitely to decide that the time had come to deliver over the Society's freedom into the hands of its actual President by conferring on the latter the life tenure? Supposing the recipient of this honour, directly after, goes off his or her head; supposing he or she develops some quite unexpected views and carries on all sorts of activities, all sorts of lines of thought and action distasteful to, or in disagreement with, the Society's views in general; or that some far more suitable person, subsequently, emerges from its ranks; what redress, what repeal, can the Society obtain once it has parted with all control on the considerable powers its President possesses during and for that President's life-time? The answer is "None"; and the position would be intolerable; seven-year tenure of office is amply long enough, I should think, for so great a burden as that of being a conscientious and worthy President of so widely-scattered and so unwieldy and many-sided a Society as ours. It is also sufficient to allow of the normal development of special views or lines of policy, and admits of fair trial on both sides. If a President is a success and is liked, he or she will most assuredly be re-elected at the end of his tenure of office, and will be asked by the required majority to take up the burden once more and carry on the business of the Society for a further period of seven years. If, on the other hand, the President has not met with the Society's general approval, the septennial periodical election is a safeguard, and affords Sections, Lodges and Members at large to express freely their opinions and grievances or the reverse.

In any case, while an interval of seven years is not too much to allow a Society to grow in peace and develop between one electioneering period and another, with the inevitable clashing at such times of varying opinions and thoughts, it is probably distinctly healthy for members and for the Society, as a whole, to ventilate freely those opinions and thoughts and to have the opportunity of speaking out frankly on all subjects dealing with the conduct of the Society's affairs, and the pursuance of the objects for which it exists. I am therefore, as a mere member, definitely against the proposal of a life Presidency for anyone—however worthy of honour—for the above reasons, and shall, if called upon, certainly vote against it.

Adyar, 10th Feb. 1914

W. H. KIRBY

REVIEWS

A New Dutch Translation of the Gitā. Het Heilandslied. Eene metrische vertaling van Sjriemad Bhagawad-Gietaa naar het Sanskrta-origineel, door D. Van Hinloopen Labberton. Buitenzorg, no year (1913).

There is a good Dutch prose translation of the *Bhagavad-Gitā* by Mr. J. W. Boissevain (Amsterdam, 1903, second ed. 1909), but no metrical translation of the same, from the original, has been attempted before the appearance of the books under review.

We are glad to say that Mr. Labberton's attempt is undoubtedly a great success, at least from the æsthetic point of view. The two Sanskrit metres have been imitated so far as possible, i.e., with regard to the number of syllables, and the iambic Sloka resulting in this way reads very well, indeed, whereas the Triṣṭubh, which is fortunately but rare in the *Gitā*, has inevitably suffered a good deal. The language strikes one as very beautiful, and it is, on the whole, well adapted to the original. The most remarkable one, out of the many fortunate renderings, is that of the title of the work by *Heilandslied*. Heiland means Saviour, Redeemer, Messiah, but the Dutch (and German) word stands nearer to the Sanskrit one, because *heil* is exactly the same as *bhaga*, the difference being merely in the ending which is possessive in Sanskrit, while in Dutch it characterises the present participle of the active, meaning in our case something like "bringing". To what extent Mr. Labberton has himself become a poet by his translation may be gathered from the fact that a whole page of his preface, though apparently in prose, is in reality written in the iambic Anuṣṭubh.

Not so conspicuous as the artistic is the philological value of the translation, but evidently a merit of this kind was not at all in the mind of the translator, for otherwise he would have informed us, in the preface (which he ought to have done in

any case), of his opinion and attitude as to previous translations, and also, which Sanskrit commentaries he has used, or, for what reason he has not made use of any of them (as appears to be the case). Another defect of the preface is that a certain melody (in musical notation) has been given for each of the two metres employed, as though this were the only one, or the only recognised one used in India by *Gitā* reciters. The fact is that it is almost impossible to find any two people even in the same province of the Indian Empire who recite the *Gitā* with exactly the same melody. How great the difference becomes if you take people of different provinces may be learned by a comparison of the *Gitā* samples reproduced from phonograms in the *Sitzungs-berichte der Kais. Akademie der Wissenschaften in Wien, Philosophisch-Historische Klasse, Band 170, Abteilung 7*, pages 77 fl. and 110 fl. Moreover, as is well known, our system of musical notation is not sufficient to reproduce Indian music. Mr. Labberton's translation will certainly increase the number of *Gitā* admirers.

F. O. S.

Evolution by Co-operation, by Hermann Reinheimer. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

As the author of *Nutrition and Evolution* and *Survival and Reproduction*, Mr. Reinheimer is already well known to the more earnest of our readers; and has won a deservedly high place in the small group of *original* thinkers and writers within the ranks of the Theosophical Society. The volume under review is in the main a refutation of the Darwinian theory of 'natural selection' as the 'principle' of evolution. Mr. Reinheimer would replace the idea of the 'law of battle' by that of the 'other-regarding' law—Co-operation. Of the former theory he says:

The Darwinian theory of Natural Selection, therefore, possesses no more than a general advantage in vaguely pointing to necessity as a factor in evolution.

And in another place:

Darwin, according to an eminent German writer, "has discovered death as a factor of evolution". The factor that I would proclaim as more important is that of 'work'.

Thus, whether in the organic or the human world, to work is to live and to co-operate is to evolve, to gain the impetus of the forward push. Nature's economy demands that all organisms, all creatures, shall produce something in

exchange for nutrition and those that will not work, or that live at the expense of others (as in all forms of parasitism except 'mutualism'), must eventually perish. The author finds in this theory the answer to the 'puzzle' of the Darwinists—the dying out of the huge types of animals—for parasitism is usually associated with monstrous or abnormal growth.

A promiscuous and waste-producing physiological activity must favour an abnormal morphology, monstrosity, or unstable developments generally.

Parasitism "results in rank pathology and in the end provides its own punishment"; and this is "as true of human relations as in the lower worlds of life". So he disposes of the theory of evolution by parasitism. Some other ideas that are taken up and elaborated are: the close affinity existing between biological and political economy; the theory of 'cross-feeding,' as the true weft in the life web which underlies and unites all the kingdoms of nature—mineral, plant, animal; the connection existing between the processes of nutrition and reproduction; the thought-provocative theory of the evolution of sex; and the solidarity of organic life. It is impossible in a short review to do more than hint at the amount of intellectual food contained in this small volume; for it is full of matter which at the same time satisfies and stimulates the mind. Among the 'by-products' is the 'case' for vegetarianism that our author presents. It is the soundest we have met and all advocates of this science should acquaint themselves with what he has to say upon the subject, for he gives a thoroughly scientific basis to the arguments in its favour. It is to us a matter of regret that an almost exaggerated use of technical terms and an unnecessary imperspicuity should limit the sphere of usefulness of such a valuable work as this book is. We hope that later Mr. Reinheimer will write a similar volume in more popular style, for we feel that it would meet with a wide and instant success.

A. E. A.

A Far Cry, by Frank Desmond. (Mrs. H. Scott-Smith.)
(John Long Ltd., London.)

This is another of those novels making reincarnation a central feature of the plot which seem to be appearing with some frequency. The hero and heroine first claim our sympathy as a Roman warrior and a British princess and pupil of the Druid

priests. A prior engagement prevents their marriage but, fate-driven, the wife forsakes her husband and the two are drowned while endeavouring to escape to Gaul. We next meet them as children in India and later the man—in whom war is a passion—is in the Indian army and the girl again fettered by a previous marriage engagement. Yet they are irresistibly attracted towards each other, and Daphne, on the very night of her engagement, before she had met her old-time lover, dreamt of the Roman warrior, and he too has stray glimpses of the past. Pride keeps them asunder—a pride that an earthquake at a ball, in which, imprisoned in a narrow arch, remembrance of the past visits them simultaneously at last sweeps away; we leave them secure of an ideally happy future. An interesting and well written book, with its scenes of old British life and Druidical belief giving place to a modern Anglo-Indian environment. And perhaps one which will help to bring home to the doubting modern mind the fact that “at death not all of me shall die”—but live, aye, even on this our earth, and recognise and love again the beloved of former lives—is a great truth.

E. S.

With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem, by Stephen Graham. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Of the adventure recorded in this book the author speaks as follows: “Whatever happens to me on my wanderings over the world in the coming years, I have little doubt that even when I am old and gray I shall look back to it as the most wonderful thing I ever found on the road, the most extraordinary procession I ever stepped into.” No wonder, for it must have been a unique experience. Disguised as one of their number, Mr. Graham joined a band of pilgrims from Russia bound for Jerusalem and journeyed with them to the Holy Land. His life with these people on the voyage and during their sojourn in the sacred places was a revelation. Instead of the commercialised and sordid place which the Jerusalem of the tourist has become, he, through contact with his peasant friends, was enabled to see the Holy City as a veritable shrine, a place of true pilgrimage. The fervour of their faith and expectation shows these simple folk the road to a Jerusalem not made with hands, hid in the heart of that place of disillusionment which bears its name. From many

beautiful passages it is evident that the author's insight into the mystic meaning of all he experienced is deep and far-reaching. But his sense of humour is also well developed and vigorous. There are many delightful anecdotes and descriptions of the peasants, showing that he saw their weak points as well as their strength. The writer's point of view is sane and most refreshing, and his book well worth reading.

A. de L.

Charmides and Other Poems, by Oscar Wilde. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

The publishers of this useful little edition of the second selection from Wilde's poems, first published in 1881, point out that there are few authors whose youthful poems will bear the test of thirty years and twelve editions, as these have done. From 'Charmides' we take this fragment of an exquisite passage descriptive of the ocean-floor :

. . . . In some cavern of the sea
We two will sit upon a throne of pearl,
And a blue wave will be our canopy,
And at our feet the water-snakes will curl
In all their amethystine panoply.

In 'Humanitad' we find the author in quite a different mood ; no longer as child of Greece but as son of Italy he writes of how

. . . no trump of war
Can wake to passionate voice the silent dust which was Mazzini once !

And yet :

He is not dead, the immemorial Fates
Forbid it, and the closing shears refrain.

In a powerful passage he describes how

. . . . Poverty
Creeps through our sunless lanes and with sharp knives
Cuts the warm throats of children stealthily,
And no word said :—Oh, we are wretched men,
Unworthy of our great inheritance ! Where is the pen
Of austere Milton ? Where the mighty sword
Which slew its master righteously ?

It will be long before such lines die out of the memory of the English-speaking peoples.

K. F. S.

The Mines of Isaiah Re-explored. The Veil of Hebrew History, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D. Litt. (Adam and Charles Black, London.)

The name of the author of these two contributions to Higher Criticism is sufficient guarantee of their value in this regard. In the first volume he explains his attitude towards Biblical study, an attitude which was the result of his work as editor of the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*. Firstly, he was persuaded "that a very great change must come over Biblical study," and, secondly, that he must throw himself into the revolutionary stream and do all in his power to effect its purpose and at the same time guard against disastrous results. Dr. Cheyne deserves the sympathy and support of all earnest students of the Christian Scriptures in his difficult and somewhat thankless task. He says :

I hold myself bound to claim to be something more than a pioneer, for I have solved thus early, either wholly or in part, many problems which have baffled my friends on the other side as well as many others which were not the less real because they were ignored If I have not arrived at the goal, I have at least led the way, and set an example of that hopeful travelling which R. L. Stevenson pronounces to be better than arriving.

The questions discussed relate to the captivity and 'liberation' of the Jews and to the history of the 'two religions' of Israel. From 'internal' evidence Mr. Cheyne endeavours to prove that the captivity was not Babylonian nor was the 'liberator' Cyrus of Persia, but 'a successful N. Arabian adventurer'. He says in regard to the first question:

The next generation after the author of the Prophecy, or Consolation, did not know anything of a general release of the Jews in Babel or consider themselves bound by a debt of gratitude to Cyrus.

The 'finding' concerning the second is :

That the Israelites and the kindred peoples were monarchical polytheists, and that the names of the Gods of the Israelites show that the cults of these Gods were borrowed from the N. Arabians. The question before the Israelites was whether the director of the Divine Company was Yahweh (Yaho) or Yerahme'el The Jewish colonists there [N. Arabia], beyond question, worshipped several Gods, though the Supreme God was Yaho.

And he adds that papyri discovered at Elephantine confirm this theory of his, gathered from 'internal' evidence. The line of argument through both books is to prove the strong influence of N. Arabia over Jewish life and thought.

To the tremendous import of higher criticism Dr. Cheyne is widely awake, but of the final result he is sure. Witness the following paragraph :

Verily, when criticism hath had its perfect work, we shall see—as never before—how indifferent are critical results to spiritual kingship.

We heartily wish for the author that well-merited "fair, intelligent and generous reception" for which he asks from "all free-minded and young-hearted scholars of the heavily burdened but greatly honoured twentieth century".

A. E. A.

The Christian Science of Life, Letters to a Friend. (H. R. Allenson Ltd., London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

These letters, published anonymously, attempt to convey some of the help and guidance gained by the author through practical experience. They explain the points at which the Christian Science methods are at variance with other religious teachings. The New Thought is condemned for regarding God as a storehouse of power upon which one may draw, and the Christ as a gifted Teacher who indicated the way to cultivate our faculties so as utilise the Divine power at will; whereas the Christian Scientist looks upon Him as a loving Father to whom we may bind ourselves by surrendering to Christ the guidance of our lives. The one is the independent employment of a Power, and the other an absolute dependence upon a Person. The New Thought disciple who seeks to learn what he can through his own reason is regarded as diverging from the true way of the Christian Science student, who throws himself with absolute confidence upon a living Lord. No doubt the distinctive feature and aim of the Christian Scientist, to "make the most of life through linking it at every point with a living and loving Lord," produces vast benefits, but one would like to see a more rational and less dogmatic view expressed by the adherents of that faith. The confidence one feels in the power of his own inherent divinity, appears to confer no lesser benefits; and self-reliance and self-effort appear to be necessary and legitimate means of attaining unto that full stature promised to all earnest seekers of the One Truth.

G. G.

Ancient Eugenics, by Allen G. Roper, B. A., late scholar of Keble College. (B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford, 1913. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This, the Arnold Prize Essay for 1913, gives a short and scholarly review of existing traces in ancient western literature of efforts to improve the race. Aristotle, Plato, Quintilian, Plutarch, and many others are freely quoted, yet one is obliged to admit that the passages given do not show that those "grave and reverend seigneurs" gave any very satisfactory solution of life's difficulties.

"For all practical purposes," writes the author, on p. 6, "our knowledge is as infinitesimal as in the days of Plato." Yet surely we have come to realise that though it is quite possible, by eliminating the sickly infants and the old, to produce splendid physical bodies, a race thus deprived of all reasons for cultivating tenderness and unselfish action, could only become the habitat of cold, calculating demons. The magnificent figure of Satan himself looms forth from the night of Time as a warning against the results of development minus the virtue of humility. On p. 14, would not Pliny's boast that "for 600 years Rome had known no doctors" also bear the interpretation that schemes of hygiene and social reform were too good for doctors to be required? We must not forget that nations, like men, have their cycles of growth and decay, and no nation rapidly improving and increasing during the upward rush of a cyclic period would trouble itself about eugenics. It is only when the push of advanced egos to take birth is withdrawn, and less instructed egos permit the splendid bodies they inherit to fall into bad habits, that decadence begins, and those who mourn the decay of the race then turn to various devices to arrest the downward rush of the cycle.

"Full experimental control is not possible with man as it is with animals and plants. The analogy literally accepted, would require a race of supermen . . ." (p. 16). "From orientalism they learnt to profess complete detachment from an ephemeral world of sordid corporeal change, to condemn women and offspring, to throw aside costume, cleanliness and all the customary decencies of life" (p. 74). From what we consider a better teaching of orientalism, we in these days have learned how evolution stretches from the lowest kingdom of Nature up to Divinity, "which guides our ends, rough-hew them how

we will," and in the *Manu* of each Root-Race we find the Superman, who with perfect knowledge of the interplay of forces, on the spiritual and emotional as well as on the physical planes, guides each sub-race to the perfection of its service; a laboratory wherein matter is ever being played upon by higher forces to mould it into finer and more subtle forms for human egos to use and transmute as they evolve. For a race is only a means to an end; it is not an end in itself.

Books on Eugenics are always thought-breeders, and we thank the author for this one. We feel at one with him in the conviction that no man can err in providing the best physical and moral conditions for the parents and children of the race. We are not quite sure how far he would advocate the application of those drastic regulations of private life, which we consider would sound the death-note of the race as far as evolved mankind is concerned.

A. J. W.

The Tree of Knowledge, by Sybil Smith. (Humphrey Milford, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Aylmer Maude in his preface tells us that the authoress is "a typical representative of the best womanhood of our country and our time," and that her book is the result of her own lessons to her own children and had stood the test of use. She herself tells us the work is meant to act as a sort of link between religious and secular education, but is not to replace either. Sir Oliver Lodge's views on science are adopted, and a feature in the book are the notes for teachers which amplify and elucidate the children's simpler instruction. Some introductory lessons on such subjects as the various ideals man has formed about God and religion pave the way to lessons on *Genesis*, in which the attempt is made to reconcile—or perhaps the better word would be to interpret—*Genesis* in accord with modern scientific and religious knowledge, an attempt meeting with some success though in some cases obvious difficulties have been ignored. A sign of the times is the sympathetic use made of the teachings, the allegories, the Scriptures of other religions, and eastern and Indian religious stories are often laid under requisition. It is certainly a book which many people might find very useful as a help in their children's religious education—a problem of much difficulty to many conscientious parents.

E. S.

NOTICES

All Mysteries, by Arthur Crane (Sun Publishing Co., San Diego, Cal., U. S. A.), is one of the many books issued now-a-days on the central thought of the oneness of the Self. People are too apt, in the first glimpse of this, to ignore the relativity of manifestations, and so to turn a glorious truth into a moral soporific. Hence it was required of old that he who learnt the final truth of the Vedānta should have trodden the path of Purification, should have attained to Discrimination, Dispassion, the six mental Jewels, and the highest form of Love. Those who pronounce the word without knowing its letters oft pronounce it amiss, and, among many true statements in this little book there are also mischievous misstatements. *The Missing Goddess and Other Legends*, by Minnie B. Theobald. (G. Bell and Sons, London), is a book of "allegorical stories," written automatically, and to some extent in despite of the nominal author, who by aspiration and practice is a musician, disinclined to favour this intrusion into her devotion to her beloved art. But the reader need not share the regret of the author, for the legends are worth reading; they contain glimpses of profound truths, shown through a telescope of fable—half-truths, as we see one side only of the moon. "Little Mary in Heaven" is perhaps the best of them, but all are worth reading. *Reincarnation, A Study of Forgotten Truth* (Rider), by E. D. Walker, is a reprint of a most useful compilation and the volume is cheap at 3s. 6d. Methuens have issued the third edition of *Death*, by Maurice Maeterlinck. *Vers l'Initiation* is the French translation of Mrs. Besant's *Initiation, the Perfecting of Man*.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th August to 10th September, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	RS.	A.	P.
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhashkar			
Aiyar, for September, 1913	10	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	1	0	0
Mrs. Annie Besant to Handicraft Scholarship	75	0	0
	Rs. 86	0	0

J. R. ARIA,

Ag. Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th September, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Kelowna, Brit. Columbia.	Kelowna Lodge, T. S. ...	21-1-13
Soderkoping, Sweden ...	Soderkoping „ „ ...	10-6-13
Fort Worth, Texas ...	Fort Worth „ „ ...	28-6-13
Tirupanni-Vattaram, Madanam, Tanjore ...	Sree Maitreya Lodge, T. S.	20-8-13
Kollegal, S. India. ...	Kollegal „ „ ...	22-8-13

ADYAR,
9th September, 1913.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

A NEW NATIONAL SOCIETY

A Charter for a National Society to be called "The Theosophical Society in Norway" was issued on September 8th, 1913, to seven Norwegian Lodges, which pass over to the new National Society from the Scandinavian Section, carrying with them the hearty goodwill of Mr. Arvid Kños, General Secretary for Scandinavia. The Scandinavian Section originally consisted of Sweden, Norway, Finland and Denmark. Finland and Norway have both formed their own Societies, Sweden and Denmark alone remaining as 'Scandinavia'. Norway is our twenty-third National Society. Miss Eva Blytt has been elected General Secretary. The administrative centre is in Kristiania, Norway.

ADYAR,
9th September, 1913.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

T. S. ORDER OF SERVICE

A League has been formed in New Zealand for the purpose of visiting hospitals and the aged poor and of circulating Theosophical literature whenever an opportunity may offer itself during these visits.

The League is called "the Sunbeam Club," and Miss Mary Charlotte Penniford, Ballance Street, Wellington, is its Honorary Secretary.

HELEN LUBKE,
Hon. Secretary, Central Council, Adyar.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

T. S. CONVENTION AT BENARES

PROGRAMME

December 26th to 31st, 1913

Friday, December 26th

- 9 A. M. General Council Meeting
4 P. M. Questions and Answers with Mrs. Besant

Saturday, December 27th

- 8 A. M. E. S. (General) In the Section Hall
12 Noon. Convention of the T. S.
(i) Presidential Address
(ii) Reports from National Societies and
Unsectionalised Countries
(iii) Reports of Subsidiary Activities
4-30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
I. "The Past of the Caste System"

Sunday, December 28th

- 8 A. M. E. S. (Section) In the Shrine Room
12 Noon. Convention of the Indian Section
4-30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
II. "The Present of the Caste System"

Monday, December 29th

- 8 A. M. E. S. (General) In the Section Hall
12 Noon. Convention of the Indian Section
4-30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
III. "The Place of Theosophy in India"

Tuesday, December 30th

- 8 A. M. E. S. (Section) In the Shrine Room
12 Noon. Open Discussion for Members
4 P. M. Anniversary Meeting

Wednesday, December 31st

- 8 A. M. T. S. Members' Meeting for Admission of New Members
12 Noon. Open Discussion for Members
4-30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
IV. "United India"
and
Closing of the Convention by the President
Other General Council and Indian Section Council Meetings
will be arranged as convenient.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

(Membership in the T.S. is not necessary for working in these)

Saturday, December 27th

- 6-30 P. M. T. S. Order of Service

Sunday, December 28th

- 6-30 P. M. Order of the Star in the East
Mr. P. K. Telang

Monday, December 29th

- 6-30 P. M. Brothers of Service
Professor C. S. Trilokekar

Tuesday, December 30th

- 6-30 P. M. Sons of India
Professor Sanjiva Rao

Wednesday, December 31st

- 9 A. M. Educational Conference
-

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th September to 10th October, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss N. Weekes, Chicago, dues for 1913 ...	15	3	0
Mr. F. L. Hurt, 12s., dues for 1913 ...	9	1	0
General Secretary T. S., Rangoon, dues for 1913...	75	0	0
Mr. Hereman Hellner, Sokaren Lodge, dues for 1913, £5-10-0 ...	81	7	8
Mr. Haji Mirza Abdul-ul Hussain of Persia, dues for 1913 and 1914 ...	3	0	0

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

Presidential Agent from South American Lodges, £20-0-0 ...	296	7	4
Donation from Mlle. Cruz ...	20	0	0

DONATIONS

Donations under Rs. 5 ...	2	12	0
	<hr/>		
	Rs.	502	15 0

A. SCHWARZ,
Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10th October, 1913.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th September to 10th October, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. M. H. Master, Nanderbar, Khandesh ...	5	0	0
Mr. N. Chandrasekara Iyer, (Food Fund) ...	10	0	0
Mr. Marius Blanc (through Mr. Charles Blech, France), £7-18-1 ...	118	9	0

			Rs.	A.	P.
A Friend of Col. Olcott, £100-0-0	1,482	9	0
Donations under Rs. 5	2	2	0
			<hr/>		
			Rs. 1,618	4	0

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th October, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Wilmington, Delaware, U. S. A. ...	Wilmington Lodge, T.S. ...	21-6-13
Albany, New York, U. S. A. ...	Harmony " " ...	25-6-13
Reading, England ...	Reading " " ...	5-7-13
Newport, Monmouth ...	Newport, Mon. " " ...	7-7-13
Minneapolis, Minnesota U. S. A. ...	Star of the North " ...	24-7-13
Wallace, Idaho, U. S. A.	Wallace " " ...	24-7-13
Chetla, Calcutta, India ...	Chetla " " ...	11-9-13
Hissar, Punjab, India ...	Hissar " " ...	20-9-13

ADYAR,
9th October, 1913.J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

Printer: Annie Besant: Vasantā Press, Adyar, Madras.
Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

A NEW WEEKLY PAPER

The futile efforts made by a small knot of people, using *The Hindu* as their organ, to drive me out of the public work in India to which I have devoted my life, money and work since 1893, have led to the intensification of that work in Madras, and to my greatly increased popularity in Southern India, where I have hitherto been less known than in the North.

This gives rise to the necessity for a readier means of communication with the public than is afforded by the monthly Theosophical magazines; I have been urged to start a daily paper, but that is impossible; I have neither the necessary money nor the time. But I have, in consequence of this demand, resolved to issue a weekly paper, which shall deal with current events and questions of public interest, advocate the measures of social reform, sketched in the programme of the Stalwarts and in my recent lectures, in conjunction with other reforming activities, partially outlined in my article 'United India,' that appeared in the October issue of the *Indian Review*.

There will be a weekly letter reviewing books, articles on religion, morals, science, art, etc., noting any important new departures in any country and the general trend of opinion here and abroad. News of any progressive movement will be

welcomed, as will be correspondence on topics of interest. A healthier tone in any personal criticism of public workers will be enforced by requiring that such criticism shall be signed. Other letters and articles, depending for their value on the thoughts expressed in them, may be anonymous or signed at their writers' pleasure.

It is hoped that the paper will be largely read by the student population, on whom the hopes of the future depend; and to this end a free copy will be sent to any Indian College society—union, club, debating society, and the like. To reach the heads and the hearts of Indian students is to build the Indian nation of to-morrow.

Any contributions sent in should be short and crisp in style, and should deal with live topics. The free expression of views contrary to the editorial policy will be welcomed, provided the articles or letters are well-written and courteous. The editor is, of course, legally responsible for all that appears, but may be in entire disagreement with many of the views expressed. Discussion of important questions from all points of view is necessary to progress, for how else can opinions be soundly formed and truly held? And "who knew Truth ever put to the worse in a fair encounter?" In the long run "Truth conquers, not falsehood."

The name of the new weekly will be *The Commonweal*, for it is the Common Good that it will seek to serve, its motto "For God, Crown, and Country".

ANNIE BESANT,

Editor

The first number of *The Commonweal* will be published on Friday, January 2nd, 1914. Friday will thereafter be the regular date of publication. Advertisements may be sent in each week up to 5 p.m. on Wednesday. Rates may be had on application. Subscriptions may be paid quarterly (13 issues), half-yearly, or yearly—Rs. 2; Rs. 3-8; Rs. 6, post free in India. Foreign subscriptions will be 10s. 6d. a year, post free.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th October to 10th November, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Scottish Section T. S., Annual dues for 1913, £13-16-0	207	0	0
Austrian Section T. S., Annual dues for 1913, £3-7-4	50	8	0
German Section T. S., Annual dues for 1913, £8-9-1	126	13	0
Belgian Section T. S., Annual dues for 1913, £5-18-4	88	12	0
Italian Section T. S., Annual dues for 1913, £9-19-4	147	11	2
England and Wales T. S., Annual dues for 1913, £64-10-8	956	11	5
Netherlands Indies T. S., Annual dues for 1913...	281	0	0
Scandinavian Section T. S., Annual dues for 1913, £25-0-8	371	2	5
Russian Section T. S., Annual dues for 1913, £12-1-0	180	12	0
Australian Section T. S., Annual dues for 1913, £10-6-8	155	0	0
Mrs. Beatrice Wells, Annual dues for 1912, £1-1-0..	15	8	0
Mr. M. Manuk, Hongkong, for 1913, £1-0-0 ...	15	0	0
Mrs. Kate M. Cammel, for 1913	15	4	0
PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND			
Mr. T. Bertinchamp, Belgium	15	14	0
Australian Section T. S., £0-10-6	7	14	0
	Rs.	2,634	14 0

A. SCHWARZ,

Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10th November, 1913.

x SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST DECEMBER
OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th October to 10th November, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, for October and November 1913	...	20	0 0
"A Friend," Food account	...	400	0 0
"A Friend," Donation	...	1,100	0 0
	<u>Rs.</u>	<u>1,520</u>	<u>0 0</u>

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th November, 1913.

Printer : Annie Besant : Vasantā Press, Adyar, Madras.
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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

		Rs.	A.	P.
Hungarian Section T. S., for 1913, £5-8-10	...	81	10	0
South African Section T. S., for 1913	119	8	0
Dutch Section T. S., for 1913, £37-18-6	562	3	6
Finland Section T. S., for 1913, £17-5-4	255	14	10
American Section T. S., for 1913, £136-9-3	2,023	2	6
Spanish Section T. S., for 1913, £13-6-9	200	0	0

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

Miss J. Petersen-Stenus, Denmark, £1-10-0	...	22	8	0
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DONATIONS

Mr. C. R. Harvey, balance for Besant gardens	2,587	9	7
Mr. A. Ostermann, Colmar, £39-1-5 to Adyar Library	579	4	3
		Rs. 6,431	12	8

ADYAR, 10th December, 1913.

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer,

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th November to 10th December, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Lotus Circle, Brisbane, £2-12-6	39	6	0
Sidney Lodge T. S., 25s.	18	12	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, for December 1913	10	0	0
In Memory of Col. Olcott, £2-0-0	30	0	0
Mrs. Forsyth	50	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	6	8	0
	Rs.	154	10 0

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th December, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Amerstfoort, Holland	Amerstfoort Lodge, T. S.	28-9-13
Charters Towers, Queens- land	Charters Towers Lodge, T. S.	30-9-13
Fuinicu, Cuba	Jesus de Nazareth Lodge, T. S.	2-10-13
Mauzanillo, Cuba	Pitagoras Lodge, T. S.	22-10-13
Brussels, Belgium	Lodge Adyar of Belgium, directly attached to Adyar Headquarters	30-10-13
Neuchatel, Switzerland	Neocomia "	30-10-13
Vittekaranpadur, S. India.	Bhakta Balasamajam Lodge, T. S.	10-11-13
Bally, Howrah, India	Bally Lodge, T. S.	10-11-13
Nugambal, Chingleput	Sanat Kumar Lodge, T. S.	13-11-13
Tonuaducheur, Chingleput	Brahma Vichar, "	13-11-13

ADYAR,
10th December, 1913.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Lagos Lodge T.S., W. Africa, for 1913-1914, £4-14-9	71	1	0
Lieut.-Col. A. G. B. Turner, for 1914	15	0	0
Major E. B. Peacock, for 1914... ..	15	0	0
Bohemian Section T. S., for 1913, £4-0-0	60	0	0
Mr. Frank Wade, Cairo, for 1914	15	0	0
Mlle. N. Archinard, Lausanne, for 1914, £1-0-0	14	13	0
Mr. Felix A. Belcher, Toronto, W. End Lodge T.S., Canada, for 1914, £2-14-9	41	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. L. Peelon, Pres. Agent, Ireland, for 1913, 10s.	} £1-0-6		
Mrs. M. Callender, Dublin, for 1914, 10s. 6d.			
Miss Graham, for 1913-1914	15	0	0
Mr. V. R. Menon, Secretary, Gautama Lodge, Singapore, for 1914, 5s.	3	12	0
Australian Section T.S., balance due for 1913, £1-12-5	24	4	0
Mr. J. Arnold, Hankow, for 1914	15	0	0

DONATIONS

				Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. Emily Hay, £10	148	3	2
Mr. Mazel, for Adyar Library...	10	0	0
Mr. Vreede, Do.	15	0	0
Mr. McConkey, Do.	26	0	0
Mr. R. Van Marle, Do.	150	0	0
				<hr/>		
				Rs.	654	4 3
				<hr/>		

A. SCHWARZ,

ADYAR, 10th January, 1914.

Hon. Treasurer.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th December 1913 to 10th January 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

				Rs.	A.	P.
Lotus Circle, Canterbury, Melbourne, £1-5-0	18	12	0
Mangalamba Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker						
Aiyar, for January 1914	10	0	0
Teachers & School-children in Zurich	7	4	0
Little Cecile	30	0	0
				<hr/>		
				Rs.	66	0 0
				<hr/>		

A. SCHWARZ,

ADYAR, 10th January, 1914.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

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Mr. S. Anandaya, Singapore, for 1914, 5s.	...	3	12	0
Indian Section T. S., part payment for 1914	...	102	0	0
New Zealand Section T. S., for 1913, £28-0-8	...	420	0	0

DONATIONS

“A friend” for the erection of a building for the benefit of the Adyar Library...	...	6,000	0	0
		Rs. 6,525	12	0

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer.

ADYAR, 10th February, 1914.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th January, 1914, to 10th February 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. V. Ramachandra Naidu, Enangudi	12	0	0
Miss Francesca Arundale (Food Fund)	10	4	0
Donations under Rs. 5	2	13	0
"A friend"	1,000	0	0
	Rs. 1,025	1	0

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th February, 1914.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Kristiania, Norway ...	Lotus Lodge, T. S. ...	1-8-13
New Haven, U. S. A. ...	New Haven Lodge, T.S....	1-11-13
Gloucester, England ...	Gloucester Lodge, T. S. ...	8-11-13
Calgary, Canada, ...	Millenium Lodge, T. S. ...	10-11-13
Calgary, Canada, ...	Calgary Lodge, T. S. ...	10-11-13
Giffnock, Scotland ...	Giffnock Lodge, T. S. ...	29-11-13
Hastings, New Zealand ...	Hastings Lodge, T. S. ...	30-11-13
Attungal, S. Travancore, India ...	Yagna Lodge, T. S. ...	23-1-14
Kurupam, Vizagapatam, India ...	Gnana Vilas Lodge, T.S....	23-1-14

ADYAR,

1st February, 1914

J. R. ARIA,

Recording Secretary, T. S.

**THE SOUTH INDIA T. S. CONVENTION
AND E. S. CONFERENCE**

The first Annual Convention of all South Indian Lodges of the T. S. will meet at Adyar during the next Easter Holidays (April 10th to 12th). The usually yearly E. S. Conference will also take place at the same time. The many Theosophical Conferences and Federations which have been doing excellent work, in all parts of the Presidency, for some years past are now being brought together. It is arranged to make the S. I. Convention an annual function, like the E. S. Conference, and the convenient Easter Holidays are to be utilised for the purpose.

All S. Indian Theosophists are invited to take part in this Convention. Members who intend to come should notify Mr. J. Sreenivasa Row not later than 15th March. Meals will be supplied at the usual rates and all special arrangements of housing, etc., must be previously made with Mr. Sreenivasa Row. All that can be done for accommodating the members will be done, but an early notice is essential.

Friday, April 10th, 1914

4 to 5	P. M.	E. S. (Section)	C. Jinarajadasa
7-15 to 8-15	P. M.	T. S. Members	C. Jinarajadasa

Saturday, April 11th, 1914

8 to 9	A. M.	E. S. (General)	C. Jinarajadasa
9 to 10	A. M.	Business Meeting of the S. I. Convention	
2 to 3	P. M.	Questions, E. S.	C. Jinarajadasa
5 to 6	P. M.	Public Lecture: "The Philosophy of Plato,"	C. Jinarajadasa
7-15 to 8-15	P. M.	Order of the Star in the East (Public),	C. Jinarajadasa

Sunday, April 12th, 1914

9 to 10	A. M.	E. S. (Section)	Mrs. Annie Besant
10 to 11	A. M.	Questions, E. S.	Mrs. Annie Besant

xviii SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST MARCH

1-30 to 2-30	P. M.	Questions, T.S. C. Jinarajadasa
2-30 to 3-30	P. M.	Business Meeting
5 to 6	P. M.	Public Lecture: "Spirituality and Activity," Mrs. Annie Besant
7-15 to 8-15	P. M.	Questions, T.S. Mrs. Annie Besant
Monday, April 13th, 1914		
8 to 9	A. M.	E.S.(General) Mrs. Annie Besant
9 to 10	A. M.	Address to T. S. Members, Mrs. Annie Besant.

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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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Supplement to this Issue

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CIRCULAR, MARCH 1914

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(MARCH)

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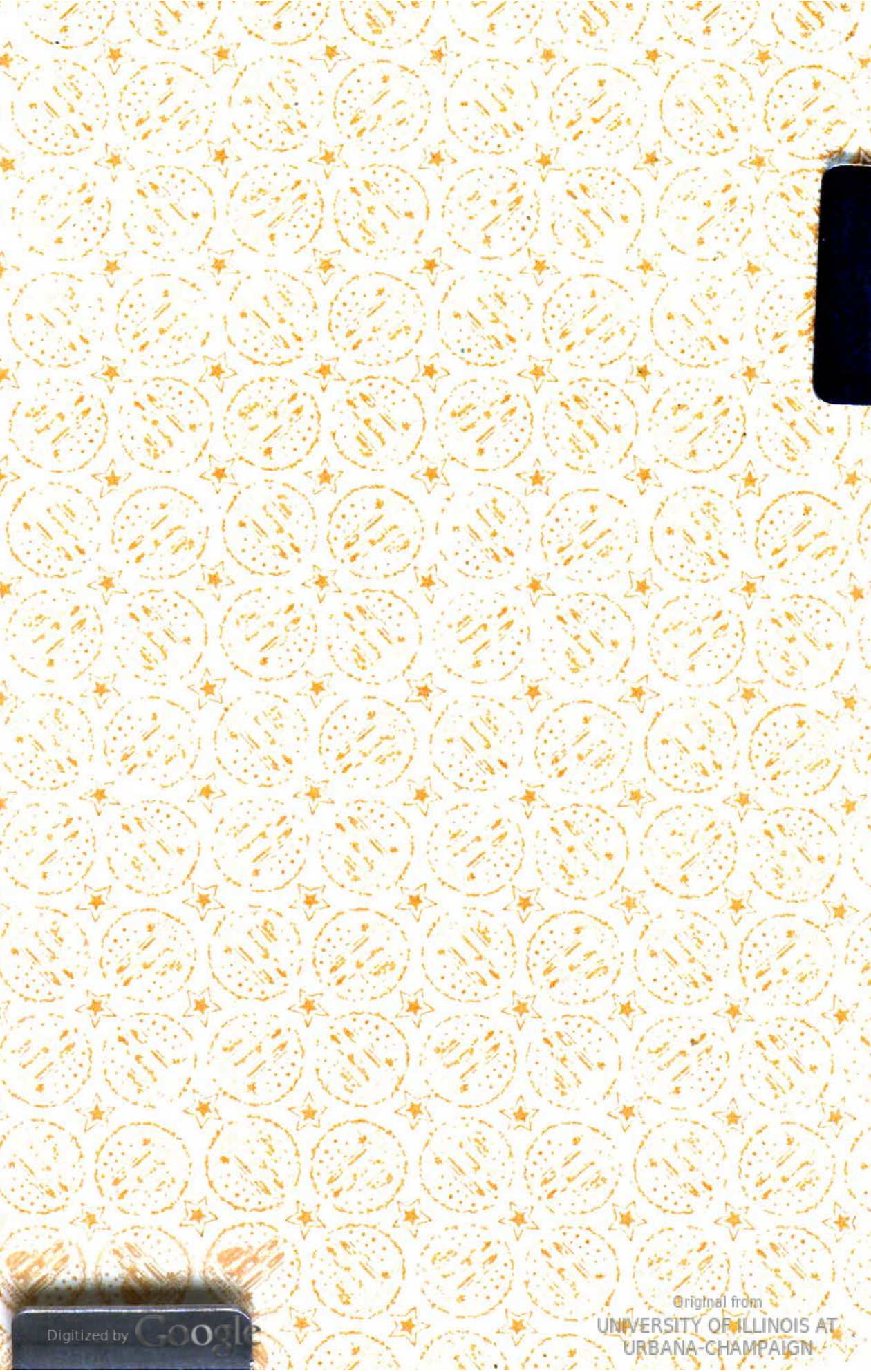
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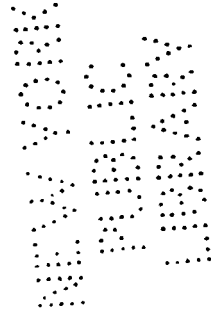
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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ONE of our good and strong workers has passed away from a world in which she suffered much—Isabel Cooper-Oakley. There was no one in the Society who showed a stronger and more one-pointed devotion ; no one whose will was more steadily set to the Service of the Masters. She was ever thinking of, planning out, new ways of reaching those who had not heard of Theosophy, of teaching the new-comer, of helping the older student to advance. In any struggle within the Society—and she went through them all ; the Coulomb conspiracy, the Judge split, the Leadbeater shaking—she stood firmly for the original Society, founded by H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel H. S. Olcott under the direction of the Masters, and to that her allegiance was ever given, steady as the needle to the Pole. No ties of family or of friendship—passionately affectionate as was her nature—could hold her as against this supreme love. She would let everything break, rather than falter in her fidelity. With a sickly body upheld by a will of steel, she worked indefatigably ; assailed by calumny, she

suffered, but remained undaunted. She often chose her friends badly, trusted them wholly, and found herself basely betrayed. But through all she went on, brave and steadfast, ready to blame herself, and learning to forgive. To myself she gave a deep, unchanging love, an unswerving loyalty, an unfaltering trust. I lay on her grave a tribute of affection and respect. That she has a period, however short, of rest and refreshment, is a thing to rejoice over, not to regret. May she come back for a life less shadowed by suffering ; a life more utterly devoted it cannot be.

* * *

We printed on p. 494 of THE THEOSOPHIST for January, 1914, 'A Carol,' author unknown. On this Mr. Baillie-Weaver, F. T. S., writes that the author is Sidney Lanier, who died in 1881. The poem was entitled, 'A Ballad of Trees and the Master,' and it is not quite correctly given. It runs :

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last :
'T was on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

It is always a service to enable a man to be repeated in the exact form in which he wrote.

* * *

As all the world knows, there is to be an Exhibition next year in San Francisco, U. S. A., to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. It has been arranged that an 'International Congress of Religious Philosophies' shall be held there, to which representatives of the great religious philosophies of the world shall be invited, and the Congress is to be held under the auspices of the Theosophical Society. All facilities are given to the Congresses thus welcomed by the Exhibition, halls are provided, advertising is done. Mr. Warrington, the American General Secretary has sent the following letter, in reply to the telegram approving of the proposed International Congress.

JAS. A. BARR, ESQ., Manager,

Bureau of Conventions and Societies,

Panama-Pacific International Exposition,

San Francisco, California.

MY DEAR MR. BARR,

I am happy to have your telegram and to know that the Exposition will welcome an International Congress of Religious Philosophies under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, and that it will provide facilities given to congresses.

I will at once set the machinery in motion to bring about the end desired, and will bear in mind that it is your understanding that this Congress will be based on the philosophy of the leading world-religions.

Thanking you for your prompt attention to the matter, and hoping that this undertaking will be of such nature as to add to the importance and fame of your great Exposition, I am,

Heartily yours,

A. P. WARRINGTON,

General Secretary

The Congress will give a magnificent opportunity to men and women of different faiths to meet and learn from each other, and it will aid in spreading the peace and goodwill which are the fruit of mutual understanding.

* * *

An interesting account has been published in London of the discoveries of a party of explorers, led by Captain Besley, who penetrated into one of the untrodden spots of South America. Captain Besley states that they went first to Mollendi, and

..... struck the wonderful high way built by the Incas of ancient days to Quito. This highway is fifteen hundred miles long, and sections of it are almost as perfect to-day as when it was built thousands of years ago. On our arrival at Cuzco we fell in with a guide who said that he would show us ruins older than the oldest ruins generally known. He it was who led us to three cities, which for centuries past have lain buried in the luxuriant tropical undergrowth. The like of them, I should say, has not been before in any continent. Among the dense masses of the undergrowth we at first could see nothing, but the spade and the hatchet cleared a way for us and revealed portions of extraordinary buildings equal in conception and execution to anything that is to be seen at present in the world of civilisation. Their architecture was more impressive than that of our British Houses of Parliament. There were Inca palaces that we saw containing meeting-rooms larger than the rooms in our biggest modern hotels. We found among these remains of a "lost world" some wonderful specimens of "champi," which is a mixture of gold and silver, some silver chisels, a number of semi-circular knives and vessels of all sorts and descriptions. Many of the vessels were richly ornamented. We were the first white men to set foot within these cities. It is clear that the Incas in their time possessed methods of their own by which enormous stones might be moved from one place to another. We found one stone weighing 300 tons, which had obviously been brought from a great distance. It had been partially cut with some instrument of the saw type. The cities are guarded by huge fortified gates of stone. The adjacent river was banked up with stone walls by these bold engineers for a distance of 45 miles in order to prevent disaster by flood or invasion.

* * *

Everyone knows that there are traditions of the ancient splendour of the great Toltec civilisation both in Mexico and Peru, and that among the American Indians it is maintained that vast stores of treasure were concealed when the destroying hosts of Spaniards swept over the land. The hiding-places of these trea-

tures, however, are not likely to be revealed, but it is possible that some of the ancient cities might be shown, although it would have seemed unlikely. That such ruined cities exist is certainly a fact, and clairvoyants who have seen some of the ancient cities in their splendour will not be surprised at any marvels which may be uncovered by the indefatigable explorers of the twentieth century.

* * *

The movement for building hostels for women workers in memory of Mr. W. T. Stead—perhaps the bravest champion that women have ever had—is going on well in England. Bath held a most successful inaugural meeting lately, over which the Duchess of Beaufort presided, and a very strong committee has been formed, in which we see that the Bath Theosophists are well represented. Forty hostels have already been established; H. M. the Queen sent 100 guineas to the fund, and Queen Alexandra had shown her sympathy by opening the latest hostel founded. The Mayor of Bath, however, was hostile, for he said: “I cannot support a movement which is to take the form of a Stead memorial, and is under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, of which I strongly disapprove.” Both the movements may, perhaps, survive the disapproval of the Mayor of Bath, since the first is carrying on a noble work for women in the name of one of the best and bravest of men, while the second—well, it is not worth while to defend the T. S. against a Mayor of Bath.

* * *

Our Netherlands General Secretary, Mr. Cnoop-Koopmans, has been nominated the President of the Council for Navigation in Holland, the former occupant

of this post having become Minister of the Colonies. It is always pleasant when those who have been found worthy of office in the Theosophical Society are recognised in their own countries as useful to the State.

* * *

The progress of our Headquarters' Building in London has been interfered with by the building lock-out, a labour-dispute in which, from what I have heard, the fault is on the side of the employers, not of the men. We are only having personal proof of what we have so often pointed out—the industrial anarchy which prevails, in which the supposed advantages of modern civilisation become non-existent. When all is said and done as regards the merits of any particular dispute, the broad fact remains that the men who make the wealth do not obtain an adequate share thereof, and that, until they do, industrial unrest must continue. Mr. Ford, the American millionaire, who shares the profits of his industry with his 20,000 workmen, and is now paying them, by this principle, £1 a day, says that profit-sharing pays, for he has now “20,000 partners” in his business, every one of whom is anxious for its prosperity and stability. He cannot, of course, under this system, amass a fortune for himself out of the work of others, but, being a just man, he does not desire to do so; the wealth made by the men should go back to the men, he quietly says—*and gives it back*. It is another step towards the true organisation of industry, for which the American Trusts are preparing the way; presently the Mr. Fords of industry—men who have not only the genius to organise labour to the greatest productive advantage, but have also evolved the social conscience which makes it criminal to plunder, even under legal

sanction—will be recognised by the community as its agents, and will use their brains for the good of the community, and not, as the mediæval baron used his muscles, for their own personal gain. We may repeat once more that in the coming civilisation, which will be based on the principles which will be laid down by the coming World-Teacher, co-operation will take the place of competition, and we shall have in the State the mutual love and service of the members of a family, and not the wild strife of the beasts of the jungle. With our eyes on that coming, and labouring patiently to prepare the way of the Blessed One, we may work on with hopeful instead of despairing energy, and while we suffer with those who suffer, our hearts need not break.

* * *

The new Indian paper, *The Commonweal*, is steadily making its way and we hear nothing but praise of it from the educated class of Indians. This will suffice to condemn it in the eyes of the *Times*, but we venture to hope that more reasonable English politicians, who understand that the one hope of maintaining the Empire in India is for the Government to draw nearer to the educated Indians and to draw them nearer to it, will read a paper that expresses their ideas, and that is largely written by them. Indian papers do not circulate much in England, and I am, to speak quite frankly, trying to utilise the popularity of my own writings in England to draw attention to the grievances under which our Indian fellow-subjects suffer over here. This could not be done constantly in a Theosophical magazine, so this new weekly has been established for the purpose.

* * *

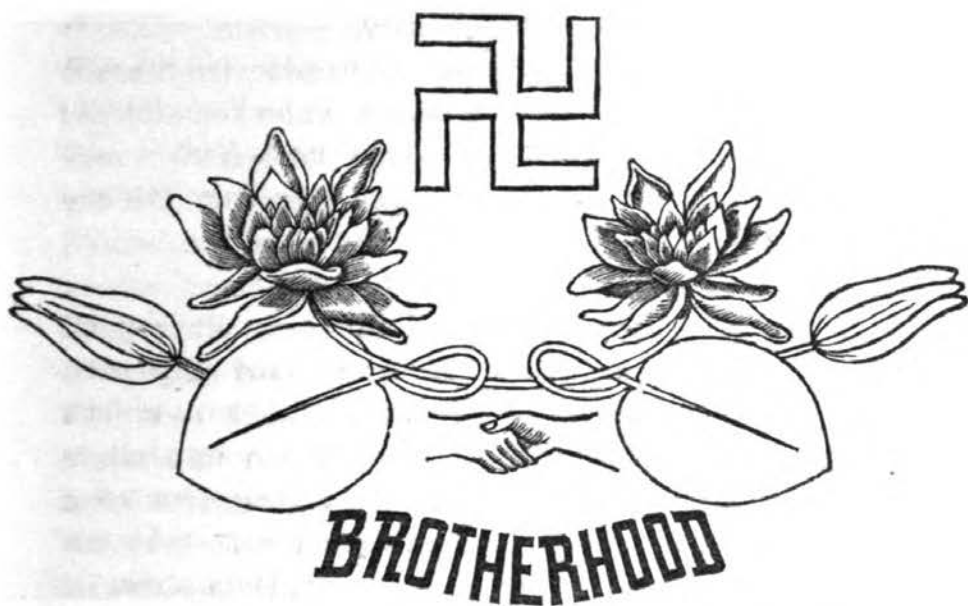
Mr. Leadbeater's stay in Burma has proved to be a very successful one. He spoke on 'The Noble Eight-fold Path' in the famous Shwé Dagon Pagoda, on the invitation of Buddhist monks and laymen, and, with the permission of the chief monk, he gave Pañcha Sīla to the audience, to its great enthusiasm. The lecturer has now gone to Java, where he remains until the middle of April.

* * *

A German Professor, belonging to a well-known and much honoured family of Vienna, has become the Rev. Sono Samenero, a Buddhist monk, and has been addressing the Young Men's Buddhist Association, at the Royal College, Colombo, Ceylon. The lecture was presided over by Mrs. Musæus-Higgins, the devoted Theosophist who has done so much for the education of Buddhist girls in Ceylon, and whose self-sacrificing work has not only aroused the profound gratitude of the Buddhists themselves, but has also brought to her keen appreciation from the Crown Princess of Sweden, and others who have visited her school.

* * *

A most absurd type-written document, with post-mark Bombay, has been sent to so many members of the T. S. here—and may have been sent to many abroad—that I think I ought to say that it does not come from the source from which it claims to emanate. It urges members to vote for me as President for life. Apart from everything else, the fact that the writer does not even know that such voting would be futile, being unconstitutional, is enough to discredit it.



THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL¹

By ANNIE BESANT

ONE of the difficulties which ever pursue the serious student is that he can never take up a subject of study without finding that its beginning is no beginning, and its end no end. There is always a something before, of which some knowledge seems to be needed; and then there is always a something after, which seems to demand further pursuit. No important question of human life and human growth, especially, can be isolated, set apart, taken by itself. Any of the deeper questions which we take up is linked with other depths,

¹ This is written on, and expanded from, some very old notes of some talks to the Kāshi Ṭaṭṭva Sabhā, Benares, which I had kept, intending to use them as a basis for a study.

and the moment we try to solve one problem we find that we are only dealing with one aspect of a larger problem, and so on and on endlessly.

But in this there is naught to surprise, for there is but One Life, flowing on in a hidden, unbroken stream ; every jet, every spring, that comes forth from it may seem unrelated to the others, but all arise from the one continuous river underground. Hence is the world, which is the manifestation of that life, an integral whole, and any part thereof is related to every other part. How then can we hope to understand any part, unless we see it as a portion of the whole ? A child's puzzle, cut into many pieces, conveys no idea while disconnected ; an incongruous eye, a fragment of a cheek, a fold of a gown, a drift of a cloud—who can say what each indicates, much less what is its place, its value, in the whole ? In truth, we can only learn relative values by seeing wholes, wholes which extend far beyond the fragments we are studying, so that, to all intents and purposes, we see our unit in its proportion to the greater unit into which it is integrated. If we see only fragments, we can have no sense of proportion. Things loom large, which are seen to be but small when their surroundings are within our ken, and the value of of a thing apparently small may be enormously enhanced when it lights up or lends colour to its whole environment.

In these papers I propose that we should study the Individual ; but if we only begin at the point where he technically begins, we shall never succeed in understanding his nature, his evolution, his transcending of the limits which render him possible, and which fall away, like the scaffolding of a completed building, when

he has found himself, and needs no outer stay for self-preservation. Only by such study can we understand that the essence of Individuality no more depends on the temporary limits than the house depends on the temporary scaffolding, albeit the limits be necessary to the evolution as the scaffolding is necessary to the building of the house. Only thus can we learn that the Individual, as we know him, is but a necessary phase in the expression of the profound Individuality of the Spirit. When he, the Inner Ruler Immortal, assumes the royal robes and takes to himself his eternal kingdom, then the limits vanish ; for that kingdom has no end in the heights above, nor in the depths below, nor in the infinite expanse stretching on every side.

Individuality, with the limitations which now hem it in, is but a passing phase in the age-long development of the portion of Divinity that we call the human Spirit—labelling it by an adjective which belongs to the temporary stage in which we now happen to find ourselves. Individuality is an essential attribute of this divine fragment, and the ' Individual ' is a temporary specialisation through matter and is the characteristic of human life throughout its evolution. The ' Individual ' is a form of manifestation which belongs to the Spirit in the human stage of evolution, so that man, as man, begins with the beginning of the individual. But it is an indication of a profound reality in the Spirit himself, his Selfhood in the divine worlds, and it is to establish this externally, as it exists in eternity internally, that he descends into matter. He cannot show it forth, so long as matter has power to blind and to thwart him ; he must conquer matter, in order that it may not hinder him, but may become only a vehicle

for the manifestation of his eternal Selfhood. Man may be defined as the being in whom matter and Spirit are battling for the mastery, and when Spirit has finally triumphed by so permeating matter with himself that it becomes his self-expression only, serving wholly his purposes, man becomes Superman, and enters on a new and superhuman course of development.

To understand the nature of the Individual, then, we must go behind his appearance in this world as an individual, as man, and rise to his source in the LOGOS, God the Word, or God manifest. We must see him as part of the Eternal, possessing in himself in potentiality, as a seed within that Eternal, all the characteristics and powers of that Father of Spirits, as the acorn has within it all the characteristics and powers of its father-oak. As the hydra buds off portions of itself containing all its characteristics, as the fern develops on itself its spores and then scatters them abroad, as the flower evolves within itself its pollen and its ovules, as the fish and the mammal evolve their ova, as the fertilised ovum, thrown off, develops in the womb of the soil, or of the water, or of the mammal, so is the Monad, the Spirit, specialised within the Eternal and develops within the womb of matter into his Parent's likeness, eternal Son of the Eternal Father. "This day—the day of manifestation—have I begotten thee"; such is the Word. That which is generated in Eternity comes forth in time. The Son is made flesh, and dwells in the manifested worlds, that he may become perfect as his "Father in Heaven" is perfect. It is this true Sonship, one with the Father, for which the Church Catholic unconsciously battled against the heresy of Arius, which postulated a duality of *nature* between the Father and

the Son. The Church thought that she was fighting for the supremacy of one person—Jesus Christ; but the Spirit within her, guiding her into truth, led her to trample upon the heresy of separateness, and unknowingly to cling to, to vindicate, the eternal Sonship of Humanity: “God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father; By whom all things were made, who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary,” the sea of matter; therefore is ‘Mary’ ‘Stella Maris,’ the “Star of the Sea,” as are her congeners in older faiths. That we, as men, might be, did the Monad come down from the divine worlds, from the bosom of the Father, and was incarnated as Spirit in the womb of matter by the divine Activity, “the Holy Ghost,” or Shakti. The Church thought of one historical Christ; she knew not that the historical was the symbol of Man and the pledge of Man’s Eternity. She builded better than she knew under the impulsion of the divine Architect; she spoke historically an eternal truth which Mysticism reveals in its spiritual reality, and so preserved to Europe during the ages of ignorance a truth too mighty for the ignorant to understand. Dogma was the vessel in which the water of Truth was preserved, until the enlightened thirsted for the water, and the eternal Sonship of Humanity was seen to be the reality within the words. Therefore have Mystics ever proclaimed: “As above, so below.” The reproduction of itself, which is the characteristic of the ‘organic’ living thing throughout nature, is but the many-faced reduplication of the eternal generation of Spirits from SPIRIT. “Look at the things of the flesh with the eyes of the Spirit, not at

the things of the Spirit with the eyes of the flesh," so warned a Master. "As above, so below," not "as below so above". The below is the many-mirrored reflection of the above: the above is not the copy of the below. Man is in "the image of God," not God in the "image of Man". Anthropomorphism is the view of a great truth upside down; Theomorphism is the same truth right side up, the truth about man and the universe as related to God.

The true 'I' is the Self, whether the 'I' of the Universe, or the 'I' of Man. In the long unfolding, one aspect of this Self is manifested in the form of the 'I' usually so called, the Spirit in the causal body, the Ego, the Intellect in man. This we speak of as 'the Individual,' the relatively permanent manifestation, as contrasted with the Personality, which lasts only through a life-period. But, in truth, the whole Spirit is in process of manifestation, and individualises himself as a whole though manifesting successively his three aspects, as Will, as Intuition, and as Intellect. The Spirit is the Immortal Individuality manifesting in the five worlds of matter, as the embodied divine Seed, or Monad, whose elements are Will, Wisdom and Activity, or Power, Knowledge-Love, and Creative Intelligence. This Monad puts himself forth in His three-faced unity to manifest as an embodied Spirit, appropriating matter for each aspect—a different density of matter. He, the very essence of Selfhood, one with the Self of the universe in his nature, Individuality supernal, indestructible, unchangeable, unfolds first that aspect of the creative activity, the Intellect, which is the separative energy in nature. It is the very function of Intellect to cognise all that is *external* to itself, "its nature is

knowledge," and its field of exercise is the knowable. This it cannot do without sharp distinguishment between "Myself and others," and hence the ego-attribute must be emphasised, and to that end a wall which includes "myself" and excludes "others" must be built and strengthened. This is the causal body, the "body of manas," the storehouse of all experiences, the record-keeper of the Spirit, that passes from birth through death to birth. The Immortal Individuality must here find its contact with matter, and become self-conscious by differences. But the Individuality is the essence of the Self, of the Monad, and is not dependent for its existence on any sheath of matter it may endue. The human Individual is one of its expressions, but it did not begin with him nor can it end with him, for it is the eternal attribute of the eternal Self.

This view of the Self as the supreme ego, and of the individual as a form of manifestation of this Self, has so permeated the thought of the East, that the transcending of the limits of human Individuality has never connoted the annihilation of aught save of the limitations necessary for the earlier stages of evolution. In the West, the human ego was the only form of Individuality which was recognised, and the disappearance of this was not seen as transcendence but as annihilation. To break the limiting shell of the individual was not to come forth as a liberated creature into a new and fuller life, but to vanish utterly, to perish. And so if a Westerner found in an eastern religion an expression which implied the cessation of the Individual, he thought of it as the perishing of life instead of as its liberation into fuller and richer splendour. Nirvāṇa, the blowing out of the transitory, was seen as the annihilation

of the eternal, as the extinction of life instead of as the destruction of death. What is the use of all the toil and the strife, he exclaimed, if final extinction is to be the end? How can the living seek as goal the dread nothingness of annihilation? Yet the word of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* stands as witness to the true teaching: "The unreal has no being: the Real never ceaseth to be." That which *is* in Eternity can never perish; it is beyond all birth and death, all beginning and all ending. It may begin a life in matter, and end a life in matter. Such beginnings and such endings are innumerable. But the Self, the Real, always is, can never either begin nor cease to be. He is ever in the Eternal, and though he may manifest in Time, time has no power over him, that he should be holden of it.

Let us, then, thus think of Individuality, as the eternal attribute of the eternal Self, as in truth the very essence of Selfhood, without which it would be but an empty name, a void, a nothingness. And let us see in the human Individual but an expression of that Selfhood, before whom many less perfect expressions have come and gone, after whom many more perfect expressions shall come and go, while that Selfhood becomes ever fuller, ever richer, in this content of experiences, and is ever more conscious of himself, reaching to ever greater heights of glorious Being. Fearlessly may we tread the onward way, for infinite Power is within us, and we are living in Eternity. What fear can there be for him who thus knows?

Another mistake, which we must avoid in studying the unfolding of the Self, is the dividing of the living consciousness into different selves, if the phrase may be permitted. There is but a single unit of consciousness,

the Monad, the eternal Spirit, who is the life of the man. He is sheathed in matter, and the student is rather apt to fail to see the unity of the Self in the various workings of consciousness in these sheaths. Consciousness working in one sheath seems different from consciousness working in another, and we sometimes forget that mind, emotion and will are but aspects of a single Spirit, and are impartite.

One evolutionary fact that may, to some extent, blur our clearness of sight, is that in man there meet three great streams of divine life—two upwelling, as it were, from below, one downpouring, as it were, from above. These mingle in him, and each has its own appropriate effect, and the function of each needs to be understood, if ‘the human Individual’ is to be clearly comprehended. This subject has been very fully dealt with in our Theosophical literature, and need only be briefly outlined here, sufficiently to indicate the function of each stream, and the way of working upon each by the human Individual, when he is himself sufficiently unfolded to take the further evolution of his sheaths into his own hands.

Annie Besant

(To be continued)

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

Kandy

THIS is the third day that I have spent almost exclusively within the atmosphere of the Buddhist Church. I have attended many services and talked much with priests and monks. I have spent many an hour in the cool and quiet library, perched high up in the cupola of the building, with its fine view over the lake. There I sat, studying the Pāli texts, while from the halls below rose the subdued noise of ceremonial chants, mingled with the roll of tom-toms and shrill cadence of the clarinet which calls the pious to their devotions; and I realised once more that it is far from sufficient merely to know the intellectual value of any doctrine. Its outer manifestation has always surprises in store. Whether or not a Church represents the 'pure' doctrine, it is a living expression of its spirit. Even in those instances where it has obviously perverted

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

the teaching, its spirit yet asserts itself more clearly within the Church than within the best preserved text ; just as life itself is always better expressed by a cripple than by the best theory of life.

Here I must say that the Buddhist priest surprises me by the high level that he reaches ; I mean his human, not spiritual, level. His type is one superior to that of the Christian priest. He possesses a gentleness, a wide comprehension, a sympathy and unworldliness, of which it cannot be said, even by the prejudiced, that they belong to the average Christian clergyman. This is probably due to the supreme indifference which Buddhism breeds in its adherents. The idea of living entirely for others may appear very beautiful ; yet, taking man as he is, active love of his neighbour does not tend to make him broad ; it tends, on the contrary, to make him narrow. It is an exception, not the rule, if love of one's neighbour does not degenerate into importunity and inordinate ambition to domineer. How tactless are all reformers ! How narrow-minded are all missionaries ! However broad a man may be by temperament, however universal in character the faith which he professes, the mere craving to convert makes him narrow. It cannot be otherwise, for psychologically this craving means nought else but the wish to force one's own belief on another. He who does this is *ipso facto* narrow-minded, and he who does it repeatedly, nay, he who makes it his profession, must needs become more and more so. It is for this reason that narrow-mindedness, aggressiveness, domineering ways, lack of tact and understanding, belong to the typical traits of the Christian and especially of the Protestant clergy.

Now such phenomena cannot be matured by a religion like Buddhism, which sees the only reason for existence in man's striving after his own perfection. True, such a doctrine, exclusively followed, might lead to the crudest egoism; yet Buddhism does not do so, for two reasons. Firstly, because it does not mean by self-perfection the eternal bliss of the individual Self, but the freeing of the Self from the limits of individuality; that is to say, selfish desires are a misunderstanding. Secondly, because Buddhism considers benevolence and compassion as exactly those virtues by the exercise of which the attainment of liberation is most hastened.

This fusion, then, of the ideals of indifference and altruistic love, has produced a mood to which, more than to anything else, Buddhism owes its superiority; *viz.*, the specific Buddhist charity, as understood by Christians, means "wishing to do good"; as understood by Buddhists, it means "to take each man for what he is worth". Not to accept him thus out of sheer indifference to another's state, but out of that cordial feeling which understands the positive side of every state. According to the general Indian view every one stands exactly on that rung of the ladder whereto he has ascended or descended by his own merits or demerits; consequently, every state is intrinsically necessary. Of course, it would be desirable that every one could reach to the highest, but none can leap thereto at one bound. The ascent to the highest is ever slow and gradual, and every step has its own views and ideals.

Thus, while Christianity, as long as it was ascetically minded, considered life in the world as objectionable when compared with the monastic life, and would

tain have put the whole of mankind into a cloister, Buddhism, the views of which would be consistently still more unworldly, and which distinctly regards the state of the monk as the highest—Buddhism has, on the other hand, ever refrained from condemning the inferior for the sake of the superior. Every stage is necessary and therefore every stage is good. The blossom does not refuse the leaf, nor the leaf the stem or root. Love of mankind does not imply the wish forcibly to transmute every leaf into a blossom; it rather means to let every leaf pass for what it is worth, and lovingly to understand its ways.

This wonderfully superior charity is impressed on the face of every Buddhist priest, however insignificant it may otherwise be. And now I do not wonder any more at the unexampled devotion of the people for their clergy. Though it may appear paradoxical at first sight that he who is disinterested should enjoy more reverence than he who actively promotes the welfare of his fellow-men, yet, on mature consideration, one realises that it must be so, and cannot be otherwise. People will not be kept in leading-strings. He, who intends to convince, convinces with far greater difficulty than he who simply does what seems right to him without deep design or ulterior motive. The life of non-attachment, of unselfishness and of purity, which the Buddhist Bhikkhu leads is, according to Buddhistic ideas, the highest which man can live on earth. He who serves the monk, therefore, exactly serves his own ideal.

The atmosphere of this Church suits me wonderfully well. Never yet did I live amid so great a peace. Despite this, I realise to-day more keenly than ever before that Buddhism is not possible for western people.

In order to act as it has done amongst the Sinhalese, forming and training souls, the soul-material must correspond; and it is different, quite different, from the one we could provide. With us, who absolutely affirm the phenomenal, who cannot rest, whose whole energy is kinetic, to live for one's perfection would mean at once to become utterly selfish; our compassion and benevolence would degenerate into the flat 'protection of animals' type, and our aspirations for Nirvāṇa would ripen all the evils which inevitably follow a lack of truth towards oneself.

Buddha-Gayā

This thrice-holy place of Buddhism is permeated by a wonderfully spiritual atmosphere. It is not the atmosphere of Buddhism, as such, nor that of devotion in general, as on the Gaṅgā and at Rāmeshvaram; nor is it that spirit of consecration which sanctifies every great memorial. It is the peculiar spirit of a place where a person of unique grandeur found Himself. Many things may have contributed to preserve it at once so powerful and so pure, that it arises afresh in all its power and purity in every sensitive soul. Primarily, this is of course due to the fact that the Buddha attained illumination here on this very spot, beneath the shadow of the Bodhi tree, which blossoms still to-day, an illumination of such intensity that it still has power over millions of souls. Secondly, Buddha-Gayā represents a historical unit, such as but very few other places do. I can only instance Delhi in this respect. An artificial valley, and enclosed therein the shrine, a world in itself, where every single thing speaks of the great days of old. This

temple, these stone fences, these dāgobas, are still preserved from the days of King Ashoka. Lastly, the pilgrims contribute their share to revive again and again the expiring vibrations of the place.

Buddha-Gayā lies remote from all the countries where Buddhism flourishes at present. There are not many who come here on pilgrimage, but those who do not fear the long journey are in earnest. Mere curiosity does not travel so far. To-day only a few Chinese, some Japanese and about a dozen Tibetans are staying here, all deeply penetrated by the meaning of Buddha-Gayā for mankind: consequently their souls vibrate in harmony with the vibrations of the place itself. A profound and most holy peace reigns here: speech becomes a whisper, and the old trees gently murmur to each other their grand memories.

To my mind, Buddha-Gayā is the most sacred place on earth. The teaching of Jesus was deeper than that of Gauṭama, but so lofty a being as the Buddha the Christ was not. The Christ was one of those Sun-natures such as are born now and then on our gloomy planet, on whom the Spirit had descended as a free gift of heaven, and who, to our human mind, could not help being as He was, nor what He was. He verily stands out a God among men. Only the born God means less to us than the man who, by His own efforts, raised Himself to Godhead—and such a one the Buddha was.

A Buddhist legend relates that the Gods worshipped the Buddha, the man: and the Brāhmaṇas do not consider this legend incredible. Unlike ourselves, the Indians have always rightly understood and explained the relation between grace and merit. No doubt, the

utmost is given to man by grace alone ; but this does not imply that grace comes ever undeserved. Rather is it to be regarded as the naturally necessary crowning of the utmost merit. What is called in mystic parlance "the experiencing of the inflow of grace" is, in fact, that passing through a critical state, that seeming "*solution de continuité*" which is found everywhere in nature between two states of different qualities. Just as, after prolonged raising of the temperature, water will suddenly turn into vapour, or else, after prolonged lowering of it, will freeze into ice—just so the state of grace follows on merit.

The bulk of humanity moves slowly on from merit to merit, now more despairingly, now more grudgingly ; but on the whole it drifts along the current of the times. Men dimly realise that there must be some ascent, but they know it not definitely and dare not believe it. If there appear on their horizon Sons of the Sun like the Christ, they worship indeed, but do not feel encouraged, as the distance is too great and the way to reach Them not clearly seen. If, on the contrary, there arises in their midst one who, though born as a man like themselves, yet transcends humanity, they feel uplifted and inspired, and start again at once on their upward climb towards the highest. It has always been so. Western mankind would never have been incited to this ascent by the mere example of Christ: He was too incommensurable. Nor is He the father of Christianity. Were it not for Paul—a man, a child of the world, intelligible to all, who grew into a saint at last—we should know nothing more of Christ. Again, the fact that Christianity grew into a world-religion, grew to be the glad tidings to the whole of

mankind—this fact is due to S. Augustine, that most powerful of all ethical natures that the West has ever produced. He gave the human example owing to which the Christ could ever become an example for mankind. He was so rich, that no one could ever feel a stranger to him: he was so deep, that every one feels kinship with him; and thus his example holds true for every man.

But the Buddha was still greater than Augustine. He sprang from a greater humanity and His experiences were wider and more manifold. The Buddha reached towards the end a height of superiority which the Christ never knew. He was so great that His impulse sufficed to keep in motion to this day the Wheel of the Good Law. Buddhism has had no Augustine and no Paul. Sambuddha was, and is, all in all.

Theologians often wonder, with that ingenuousness which is their divine right, why it is that the Christ and the Buddha signify so much more to mankind than all the great souls before and after them, as the Christ did not teach anything which had not already been proclaimed, and as the Buddha was doubtless inferior, in the depth of His knowledge, to His predecessors. The reason of this greater significance is that, with both of Them, the Word did not remain Word, but became flesh, which is the acme of attainment. In order to appear wise, one only needs to be something of an actor: in order to be wise in the ordinary sense, only a superior intelligence is required; but in order to become a Buddha, one's highest knowledge must have become the central motive power of his whole life. How easy it is to move mental matter! How easy to shape it into the grandest forms! It is not so easy to

mould one's whole life in such a way that every single instinct acts as an organ of the ideal. This presupposes an energy which seems superhuman. True, this very energy is latent in every man, just as the tiniest molecule has condensed in itself sufficient energy to blow up a city, were this energy set free; but man cannot dispose of this treasure; only the Superman can do so. A man, in whom a specific knowledge, though not in itself perhaps so deep as that of a Yājñavalkya, has become the creative centre of His being, proves thereby that He has transcended humanity.

The reason why Goethe appears more and more as a higher being than other poets equally gifted, is just because in him, of all western heroes of the mind, insight into the nature of things began to transmute itself into creative power. It began indeed—not definitely became transmuted. The Buddha still remains the unique example of what man can attain if he be in earnest.

Hermann Keyserling

IS THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL SUPPRESSION OR EXPRESSION ?

NOTES OF A SERMON

By M. M.

And if thy hand or thy foot causeth thee to stumble cut it off and cast it from thee ; it is good for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into the eternal fire.—*S. Matthew*, xviii, 8.

He that believeth on me as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water.—*S. John*, vii, 38.

CHRIST'S torso of a possibly saved man is quite terrible. A man entering into life without hands, feet, or eyes, were surely only part of a man saved ; and having no grace which could triumph over the wicked members and their vile ways, it is very doubtful if any of the man was saved. We know this is figurative language, and implies taking extreme measures with one's enslaving sins ; but it is very different from the type of man indicated by the second text, a man in whom the spiritual forces were superabundant. Religious history is full of the two types : the meditative, struggling with his thoughts and sins, such as Thomas A Kempis, to whom life was one long fight for purity and grace ; and the practical man of modern times, like a Gladstone or General Booth, to whom the full life of effort for others left small room for any temptation. To

put it differently : Is the end of life to be character or action ? We know, it is true, that the right kind of action will result in character ; but the right kind of action is impossible apart from character. Shall we begin with action or character ?

We are face to face with two kinds of ideals, if not civilisations : the Oriental and the Western, the mediæval and the modern. The first includes Buddhism, Hindūism, Theosophy, and all Mystics, including the modern. The latter comprises the practical aggressive modern Christian, philanthropist and reformer. The one is all for character, the other for action. The one is for self-suppression, until the highest Self only shall survive, till God is all and in all. The other ignores self or submerges it in the struggle for a better world, the coming of God's kingdom of light and love among men, when Jesus reigns over all. The one thinks and prays ; the other works and gives. The one lives in the inner world of the soul ; the other in the outer world of deeds.

Was Jesus mistaken about this contrast, or are the records confused ? We are not prejudiced about the matter, but we demand certain proof. For one thing, Jesus was not careful to make it always easy for people to understand Him, but would rather provoke thought than give information, as witness His beatitudes. But it is a great unfairness to Jesus, as often to Bible authors, not to observe the whole of His teaching or speech, and to take one verse for a complete utterance. In the first text, speaking of stumbling-blocks and the man who should cut off the unruly members, it is said he should do this rather than stumble or cause others to stumble. The radical or resolute suppression of self was not

wholly for self or heaven, but also for God's children. And in the second text, it is the believer that has the practical power, the large service is caused by great grace.

1. *Self-Suppression*: Col. Younghusband in the *Hibbert Journal* of October, 1913, has a very keen criticism of Christianity because it seeks to dismember humanity instead of training and ennobling it. The end of life, he properly says, is not to limit, restrain, and crush, but to fulfil and perfect. Similarly Mr. Churchill in *The Inside of the Cup*, makes Miss Parr demand the right to live out her own life, and not to cripple or limit it. There is danger of confusion here. There is a difference between self-discipline and self-mutilation, just as there is between liberty and licence. While Jesus' words indicate self-mutilation, if taken literally, it would be unjust to the poetic method, the prophetic mood of Jesus, to affirm the literal is His meaning. Interpreted by His own actions and those of His apostles, we know that thorough self-discipline, unflinching and resolute, is the full scope of His intent. He evidently considered this one of the providential ends or goals of life. He Himself suffered being tempted: He offered up prayers with strong cryings and tears unto Him that is mighty to save; He cried: "Father, not my will, but Thine," after asking for His own will. So he speaks of the Father pruning the vine that it might bring forth more fruit, etc., etc. Now one of the greatest mistakes of to-day is the prurient optimism that refuses all self-discipline, and substitutes a kind of moony Pickwickian good-nature. Of course, morbid self-introspection is a very serious fault; but not to look in at all is even worse. We all have wrong inheritances, educations, and plenti-

ful other defects, and it is well to know and understand them; great needs, and it is well to have them supplied. Let us not be willing to be shut off from any true side of life and experience by any well sounding theory of thought. The cosmopolitan is the complete man. Let us remind ourselves what the great Ascetics and Mystics have done, and let them contribute to the fullness of our lives. Buddhism, with its strong quiet ways and moods, has reached and held some of the greatest races and intellects of the world. And is it not a grievous weakness of the modern practical man to-day that he is often blind and dead to the wonderful Christian experience of God? To know the mystic reality of union and communion with the Divine is beyond him; to see God with the heart in everything, to find the strength immortal poured forth into his Spirit, effusions of love, joy, peace, life consciously received, are experiences unknown. The great spiritual Mystics would be a queer phenomenon unless supported by the facts of life and reality. We may, with Tennyson, ridicule Simon Stylites and such men, but there are many others quite different. Recall S. Anthony, S. Francis, S. Bernard, and many more, who by strenuous sufferings strove to break through the walls of the spiritual world, and gain revelations of the highest. Out of them still flow rivers of living water. And it came by faith, by the culture of the inner life, by prayer, trust, love, and by thought and patience. Jesus would deal, they concluded, with the self-destroying senses ruthlessly, fight, sacrifice, suffer, for truth and holiness. A limited life is better than none, for the reign of evil is death. It is a Gospel applicable to-day to many conditions of life: no quarter to wrong, no parleying, no half-measures.

Strike down the wrong in yourself ; arise, and go to your Father ; look not back.

2. *Self-Expression*: The failure of the merely suppressive was never more clearly shown than in the history of the monks of the Middle Ages and in the community houses of to-day. Their ideal of holiness, as personal purity of thought and desire, to be secured by constant spiritual culture, prayer, meditation, penance, charity, etc., has often signally failed. Often, too, we are sorry to say, their success has been a mere caricature of genuine Christianity. They have set themselves to defeat and suppress nature, and nature has had her revenge in illness, morbidity, and gross reactions. Inhibiting thought on things of the flesh has fixed the thoughts on such things, and made them more mighty than in the normal man. Time hanging heavily on the hands of the pious has led them to all sorts of mawkishness. These are the very antipodes of Jesus' standards. In His own life, which is the greater side of His Gospel, greater than His words because more surely understood, action took the larger place. He had his own difficulties with Himself and circumstances, and the need of times of prayer and thought, but He wore Himself out in the service of men. The men who follow Jesus here have no time for morbidity. They are healthy of thought and desire. The things of the flesh, the mere animal man with his lawless passions, have no chance with such men. They are full of bigger interests, the burdens and sorrows of others, and these crowd out the mean and vile. They live in the liberty of Christ, the liberty of the sons of God.

A Christian according to Christ is a man who has received a great power, a heavenly fullness of life, so

that he cannot contain it. The life is love, and demands expression, opportunity to give itself, for only so can it be itself. This is far too little known and understood. Religion is deemed to be the merely doing right, instead of a passion for right, an irrepressible joy in it. This is the splendid conception of Christ: a man overfilled with God, from whom the grace flows forth in copious streams of life. Here is the man's proper Self-expression, for he has come to his fullest Self in God and from God, for service and sacrifice expression. Man, like Jesus, is a Word of God, and that Word is the light and life of men. He is God's and his own, as he gives himself forth to bless others. This is salvation through expression. And as Carlyle says in *Sartor Resartus*: "Nay, if you consider it, what is man himself and his whole terrestrial life but an emblem, a clothing or visible garment for that Divine Me of his, cast hither, like a light particle, down from heaven." Every life, then, is a message from the Infinite and for it; and as we can only speak by speaking, think by thinking, walk by walking, that is, as we do them we do them better, so only by true living we live in larger and larger measure. Every thing we do should therefore make us, improve us, liberate us. "Every deed, however simple, sets the soul that does it free." All our work, then, of whatever kind, in church, home, school, business, should be creative, help to bring to expression that fuller Self we are designed to be. So sorrow, trouble, burdens of all kinds, even faults and failures, should be used for the attainment of that real Self, the Word of God. But let us not overlook the Christian view here. Self is not self apart from God, the true life of its life, and its expression must be, in its limitation, to utter

God, in business, pleasure, thought, in conduct, temper, character. We must believe that all creations are the effort of God to utter Himself, and that is the true significance of men, communities, nations, changing ideals, etc. We must feel too that God is best expressed in men through service to men, brotherhood, friendship, love, and that God is to be identified with all good, beauty, joy, love, holiness, truth, grace. It is well to recall George Eliot's words through Stradivarius: "While God gives them skill, I give them instruments to play upon, God choosing me to help Him." "What, were God at fault for violins, thou absent?" "Yes, He were at fault for Stradivarius' work."

Every life is an artist, a musician, an orator. We think of Michelangelo, Shakspeare, Beethoven, etc., and regard their works as revelations. But it is true of all lives that are true to their high calling, and every one is really called from above. In this faith and its services there is freedom from all littlenesses, meanness, insignificance. All life leaps up to a great worth.

We conclude that all men are entitled to all the resources of their natures and the purposes and grace of God. The Christ way is so to live as to be a message of God, so to work as to have no time for the base things of life, so to set the glory of goodness before us as to have no taste for the unworthy and ignoble. But then we may also realise the whole of life's opportunity is ours. We should add to our faith and works and ideals intense self-culture, self-discipline, self-sacrifice. All are yours, and you are Christ's.

M. M.

NATURE'S MUSIC

The world is full of Music : mortal mind
Discerns not half the vital harmonies
Of subtle sound in Nature's depths enshrined.

The air thrills through with Music : tiny cries
And pulsing throbs of daisy-waking morn
Touch the responsive heart to glad surprise.

All growing life makes Music : ripening corn
Scatters quaint chimes of haunting melody,
Of glistening, bowing ears and leaf-blades born.

Nature resounds with Music : the strong sea
Is one vast instrument of wondrous range,
Which pours abroad its music ceaselessly.

Everywhere Music : endless interchange
Of manifested song ; each season's round
Accompanied by cadence new and strange.

Rhythmic, magnetic Music : the low sound
Of rippling streamlet falls in sweet refrain ;
And quivering pine-trees lead a fugue profound.

Mysterious, magic Music : rustling rain
Sobs symphonies ; the hidden pipes of Pan
From all points echo their invoking strain.

God's thought flows down in Music. His vast plan
Of life called out of chaos by His Word
Forms forth in music : nebula to man,

And man to God. On angel-heights is heard
The song of songs, set free from earthly heaven,
The mighty song of triumph, rapture-stirred.

Cosmical Music through the mystic Seven
Vibrates eternally from star and clod,
Reflecting here the harmonies of heaven.

From grain of dust to the last symbolic ' Yod,'
Creation chants evolving hymns of praise—
Ladder of sound up which men climb to GOD.

Margaret Theodora Griffith

IS REINCARNATION TRUE ?

By ERNEST WOOD

THERE is a curious tendency, which springs up now and again in our ranks, to criticise occasionally the early writings of Madame Blavatsky, and to take a delight in finding therein a certain amount of what might be called error. And yet the last few decades have taught us, again and again, that where Madame Blavatsky seemed wrong it was not really so, but that we were wrong in misunderstanding what she wrote. Our present leaders have cleared up one by one many of the obscurities of her writings and doctrine, and now present them to us in pre-digested form in simple terminology since invented and perfected. We are beginning to learn that Madame Blavatsky was face to face, in her attempt to launch, as gently as possible, the Ancient Wisdom once more upon the world, with the stupendous difficulty of conveying accurately to other minds, in a language almost unknown to her, many unfamiliar things which she knew to be true. That she could have been less in error than many suppose is evident from her words in a little article 'My Books,' which she wrote in *Lucifer* shortly before her passing from the body. There she says, with reference to *Isis Unveiled* :

Save quotations and misprints, every word of information found in this work comes from our eastern Masters, and many a passage in it has been written by me under Their dictation.

And speaking of the proof 'corrections' that were often made in her absence, she adds :

Witness the word 'planet' for 'cycle' as originally written, corrected by some unknown hand (i, 347), a 'correction' which shows Buddha teaching *that there is no rebirth on this planet (!!)* when the contrary is asserted on page 346, and the Lord Buddha is said to teach how to 'avoid' reincarnation ; the use of the word 'planet' for *plane*, of 'monas' for *manas* ; and the sense of the ideas sacrificed to grammatical form, and changed by the substitution of wrong words and erroneous punctuation, etc.

Sir Thomas More and the Nilgiri Master, who are spoken of in *Man : Whence, How and Whither* as Adepts, are both said to have taken part in the writing of *Isis Unveiled*, and They certainly understood what They were about, and most surely knew what They were attempting to describe. And without deification on the one hand or irreverence on the other, we may say that Madame Blavatsky was at least this much advanced, that she could not deliberately pretend to knowledge where she had none. Yet sometimes smaller minds, unable to leap the obstacles of terminology which her unusual difficulties of exposition involved, and unable to intuit the meaning behind her words, strike their heads against the barriers, and blame her for the carelessness, ignorance or pretension with which they have hurt themselves. Let us rather find what foothold we can in the heap of rubbish that our imperfect language has raised in our path, so that presently we may reach the top and, peeping over, obtain a glimpse of the realms of truth that she had explored.

Perhaps in no subject more than that of Reincarnation has Madame Blavatsky been so misunderstood. Again and again we hear it said that Madame Blavatsky denied the truth of reincarnation when she wrote *Isis*

Unveiled, or at least that she did not know it to be a fact. We venture to affirm that she would not have categorically stated: It is not true, unless she had known herself to be speaking truth. That she, a true Messenger of the great Masters, could have pretended to knowledge which she did not possess, or could have blankly denied what she did not know to be false, is absurd; and to say that she did not know of the Indian beliefs on the subject is ridiculous, when she speaks of them so definitely in the same work. But did she say that reincarnation was not a fact? If so, then in the sense in which she was using the word, she spoke truly. Let us see what she has to say on the subject in *Isis Unveiled*. In the first volume, on page 351, Madame Blavatsky writes:

We now present a few fragments of this mysterious doctrine of reincarnation—as distinct from metempsychosis—which we have from an authority. Reincarnation, *i.e.*, the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same planet [plane], is not a rule in nature; it is an exception, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant.

Here she indicates that the doctrine of reincarnation is a mysterious one, that it is not the same thing as metempsychosis, that she has it from an authority, and that she is prepared to give only a few fragments of it. What does she mean here by reincarnation? The appearance of the same astral monad, that is to say, of the same ego working in the same astral body; and this, twice on the same plane, is not a rule in nature.

Does this disagree with the highly philosophical conception of reincarnation that we have at the present day? First of all we have the man living in what we call the causal body, on the higher mental plane. When he is ready for birth he puts forth a ray (a

minute fragment of himself) into the lower mental world. That ray draws round itself the matter of that world or plane until it has gathered enough to form the mental auric egg for its new earth-life. After the short stay necessary for this purpose, the ray of consciousness, not the whole ego, descends still further into the astral world, and again stays long enough to draw round itself enough matter of that plane to form its astral auric egg. Once more the ray of consciousness descends on to the earth-plane, as it attaches itself to a body which is being prepared for birth, so that presently this centre of consciousness, this 'I' within the body, is born and it looks forth and says: "This am I," and it identifies itself with the body in which it sees and feels and thinks and moves. Then, as it grows in experience, it builds a new personality round the 'I,' and, as its body grows, its counterpart also appears in the middle of the astral and the mental auric eggs. This personality, when complete, manifests in its life its triple capacity of acting, feeling and thinking, all three of which *ought* to be developed in the course of the life, and to be to some extent harmonised as the personality grows to old age.

Then the man dies. He loses his physical body. But the counterpart remains on the astral plane, and on that he finds himself living, feeling and thinking just as before, though he can no longer move the dense physical objects of the world that he has left. In other words, such part of him as is fitted to exist in the astral world as a conscious being survives, and he lives on for some time according to his desires. Then comes the death of the astral body, and the person now lives on the mental plane, in the devachanic state. There

he has all that is the outcome of the higher emotions and thoughts that he had during earth-life, and he has lost only the power to move the objects of the lower planes and the ability to be swayed by lower feelings and emotions. And, once more, he loses his mental body on the mental plane, and all that is left of him is with the ray of the man which was put forth at the beginning of this cycle of necessity. Just as a swimmer, diving from a high bank into a lake with cliffs on one side and a sandy beach on the other, must swim to the low shore on the opposite side or be drowned; so must the soul, the ego, the man, having plunged a ray of himself into birth, permit that ray to pass through the cycle of necessity of that birth, through the mental to the astral and then to the physical; through the physical to the astral and then to the mental, and through that back to its true parent—or else lose that birth altogether.

Then, when the personality has finished this cycle of necessity, and the ray is thus indrawn again, then the personality, having left to it only such part of itself as is pure enough to live in that high state—all that is noble and true and wise, and is fit to be immortal—will enter into that immortal life of the true man, and will *never come forth again, but enjoy for ever the immortality of the spiritual life.* Yet the same man, thus enriched, will again put forth a ray to enrich himself with still further experience; but it will be another ray, not the same one, for that is joined with its parent and can never be reincarnated again. The immortal man thus does not reincarnate; the personal man does not reincarnate; but the immortal man puts forth from time to time a slender ray from himself, until he no

more needs or seeks further experience or traffic with the earth. He is then free from any desire for worldly objects, having fully realised the greater value of the things of his spiritual life; he no longer needs successive births; he is an Arhaṭ and, as Madame Blavatsky says: "At his death the Arhaṭ is never reincarnated"—unless, of course, he chooses to descend.

So then, was not Madame Blavatsky right in saying that reincarnation, in the sense in which she used the word, is not the rule, but the exception? Let us see how this bears out the rest of her statement on the subject:

It [reincarnation] is preceded by a violation of the laws of harmony of nature, and happens only when the latter, seeking to restore its disturbed equilibrium, violently throws back into earth-life the astral monad which had been tossed out of the circle of necessity by crime or accident. Thus, in cases of abortion, of infants dying before a certain age, and of congenital and incurable idiocy, nature's original design to produce a perfect human being has been interrupted. Therefore, while the gross matter of each of these several entities is suffered to disperse itself at death through the vast realm of being, the immortal spirit and astral monad of the individual—the latter having been set apart to animate a frame and the former to shed its divine light on the corporeal organisation—must try a second time to carry out the purpose of the creative intelligence.

It is perfectly clear that the writer is here referring to the reincarnation of the man in the same astral body. She gives some of the reasons for what she here calls reincarnation—what we usually now call rebirth from the astral plane. We can easily see that unless there is in the personality at least some fragment of experience which is good enough for immortality, for union with the immortal man, the whole birth will be a failure, and that this something can only be gained when the three principles of bodily experience, feeling

and thought work together, or are to some extent harmonised. If the earthly body is injured or destroyed before the intelligence has thus harmonised itself with the lower principles, a new attempt must be made to reincarnate with the same astral body, so that the ray may come back enriched. Madame Blavatsky interprets the words of the Christ as given in the Gospel-story in exactly the same manner, emphasising the divine man within as a worker through bodies on earth, and denying any recurrent incarnations of the personal man, the illusive and essentially decaying personal self. In *The Secret Doctrine*, iii, 66, she writes :

The most suggestive of Christ's parables and "dark sayings" is found in the explanation given by Him to His apostles about the blind man: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Jesus answered: "Neither hath this [blind, physical] man sinned nor his parents; but that the works of [his] God should be made manifest in him." Man is the 'tabernacle,' the 'building' only, of his God; and of course it is not the temple but its inmate—the vehicle of 'God' (the conscious Ego, or Fifth Principle, Manas, the vehicle of the divine Monad or 'God')—that had sinned in a previous incarnation, and had thus brought the karma of cecity upon the new building. Thus Jesus spoke truly; but to this day His followers have refused to understand the words of wisdom spoken. The Saviour is shown by His followers as though he were paving, by his words and explanation, the way to a preconceived programme that had to lead to an intended miracle. For such is the true sense of the words "that the works of God should be made manifest in him," in the light of theological interpretation, and a very undignified one it is, if the Esoteric explanation is rejected.

Returning once more to the text of *Isis Unveiled*, we find that the passage continues :

If reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative, there is no reincarnation on this earth, for the three parts of the triune man have been united together, and he is capable of running the race.

To the words "there is no reincarnation on this earth," we must add "for this personality". Now,

what is this race of which she speaks? For a clue to this we may turn to pages 345 and 346 of the same volume :

This philosophy teaches that nature never leaves her work unfinished ; if baffled at the first attempt, she tries again. When she evolves a human embryo, the intention is that a man shall be perfected—physically, intellectually, and spiritually. His body is to grow mature, wear out, and die ; his mind to unfold, ripen, and be harmoniously balanced ; his divine spirit to illuminate and blend easily with the *inner* man. No human being completes its grand cycle, or the ‘circle of necessity,’ until all these are accomplished. As the laggards in a race struggle and plod in their first quarter while the victor darts past the goal, so, in the race of immortality, some souls out-speed all the rest and reach the end, while their myriad competitors are toiling under the load of matter, close to the starting-point. Some unfortunates fall out entirely, and lose all chance of the prize ; some retrace their steps and begin again. This is what the Hindū dreads above all things—*transmigration* and *reincarnation* ; only on other and inferior planets [planes], never on this one.

That he is capable of running the race means that he is capable of entering the immortal life and sharing in that effort of the man within, who is at once his father and himself, to gain that immortality which is called Arhaṭship. The average Hindū greatly fears the opposite possibility, his sinking back into a lower condition of life, or becoming a Bhūta or Spook, an unwholesome class of entities left severely alone by self-respecting believers ; whereas the human birth is regarded as giving an opportunity to reach mokṣha or liberation (truly, Arhaṭship), and thus to cease reincarnating.

Our author does not say that when a man has united his three parts and has perfected or completed his human or personal nature, he has *finished* the race and become an Arhaṭ, but that he is capable of running the race for the achievement of perfect immortality. There is a vast field of growth between the imperfection

of an idiot and the perfection of an Arhat, as we may see by her further explanation :

But when the new being has not passed beyond the condition of Monad, or when, as in the idiot, the trinity has not been completed, the immortal spark which illuminates it has to re-enter on the earthly plane as it was frustrated in its first attempt. Otherwise, the mortal or astral, and the immortal or divine, souls, could not progress in unison and pass onward to the sphere [plane] above.

The Monad which was imprisoned in the elementary being—the rudimentary or lowest astral form of the future man—after having passed through and quitted the *highest* physical shape of a dumb animal—say an orang-outang, or again an elephant, one of the most intellectual of brutes—that Monad, we say, cannot skip over the physical and intellectual sphere of the terrestrial man, and be suddenly ushered into the spiritual sphere above.

Does the writer not here show that the Monad which passes through the animal kingdom must incarnate in the human kingdom, and that before that which is now in the lower animals can do so, it must pass into and through the highest order of animals, such as the orang-outang or the elephant, and is this not what we now mean by reincarnation ? And does she not mean that the essence of which the personality is built in the astral and lower mental planes cannot enter into the spiritual sphere above (the higher mental, the plane of immortality) then or at any other time, without passing through the development of the intellect in the human kingdom ? And she winds up with a strong statement in favour of reincarnation :

No need to remark that even if [regarded as] hypothetical, this theory is no more ridiculous than many others considered as strictly orthodox.

One more passage and we have done. On page 347, we read :

This *former life* believed in by the Buddhists, is not a *life on this planet [cycle]*, for, more than any other people, the

Buddhistical philosopher appreciated the great doctrine of cycles.

It is on this paragraph that Madame Blavatsky comments in the note to 'My Books':

Witness the word 'planet' for 'cycle' as originally written, corrected by an unknown hand, a 'correction' which shows Buddha teaching that *there is no rebirth on this planet (!)*, when the contrary is asserted on page 346, and the Lord Buddha is said to teach how to 'avoid' reincarnation.

And the cycle that is here mentioned is again the cycle of necessity, which the ray must go through in the course of one birth.

There is thus more than enough to show that Madame Blavatsky, at the time of writing *Isis Unveiled*, had nothing to say against the great truth of reincarnation as we hold it to-day, and she certainly did know a great deal about the cycle of birth. Is it not clear that the writer desired most emphatically to deny the doctrine of metempsychosis, but yet not launch suddenly upon an unprepared world the full and staggering truth? Even more is this evident when we are told, in the midst of a mass of misunderstanding, by Colonel Olcott, that the passages relating to the subject were approved, if not actually written, by one of the Mahātmās. He writes in *Old Diary Leaves*, i, 288 :

Why she and I were permitted to put the misstatement into *Isis*, and, especially, why it was made to me by the Mahātmā, I cannot explain They certainly did not teach us what we now accept as the truth about Reincarnation; nor bid us keep silent about it; nor resort to any vague generalities capable of being now twisted into an apparent agreement with our present views; nor interpose to prevent us from writing and teaching the heretical and unscientific idea that, save in certain few cases, the human entity was not, and could not be, reincarnated on one and the same planet.

Madame Blavatsky was not a tyro, and surely the Mahātmā was not ignorant, for we read in Mr. Leadbeater's *Invisible Helpers* that an Initiate of even the

first degree is required to learn, not theoretically but of his own certain and direct knowledge, of the truth of reincarnation. The conclusion is obvious; Madame Blavatsky was neither deceiving nor deceived; but she was misunderstood in this, as in many other of the teachings that she offered to an unprepared world.

Ernest Wood

NEAR BISKRA

The sun withdrawing from the barren lands,
A lonely Arab bows above the sands
And prays unto the Prophet, head on hands.
His murmured words, within the desert spell,
Are like the ocean echoes in a shell,
Commingling with the camel's fitful bell.

Beyond, where lies the city like a flower,
A mosque upshoots its slender jewelled tower
And there the Muezzin cries the sacred hour,
His voice floats forth from earth to evening star,
Intoning to the Faithful near and far:
"La Allah il'Allah Akbar
La Allah il'Allah Alahu Akbar
Alahu Akbar."

G. W.

THE RIGHT OF CRITICISM

By A. J. WILLSON

WE are often told not to criticise, but it does not seem to have been explained to people why criticism does harm. They have merely had it insisted upon very strongly that they must not criticise, and that it is impertinent to criticise their neighbours. This is so diametrically opposed to the civic virtue of responsibility and seems so in a line with the remark of the first murderer: "Am I my brother's keeper?" that many excellent members of the T. S. rebel strongly against the teaching. Quite naturally and rightly rebel, as it seems to me. Also many criticisms appear in the T. S. organs and other papers, and if the anathemas against criticism were effective in putting a stop to discrimination between right and wrong action, speakers and editors would both stop tongue and pen.

A little explanation, which will easily be understood by those who have read *Thought Power : Its Control and Culture*, may help us to understand better what is meant by not criticising. It is a hard saying for members of the T. S. who have not yet determined to sacrifice every little sin however dear, and to pare down every virtue that threatens from its excess to turn into a vice, and yet strongly desire to help forward evolution. It is for these we wish to explain. It is not for the

determined souls who have made up their minds to go onward and who find in such an imperative *dictum* something of interest to be examined, and the valuable qualities in it used as "stepping stones to higher things". It is his knowledge of the power of thought and of the workings of human nature that makes the teacher declare: "Judge not. . . . that ye be not judged." Experience shows us how often we are wrong in our criticism of conduct. Half the man's actions and half his reasons for acting are alike hidden from us, and when a corner of the veil lifts, we may sometimes have to hail as a hero one whom we have looked down upon as a scamp.

But apart from this there is, in the power of thought itself, a very grave reason against ordinary criticism, which means fixing on the bad points and thinking and talking them over.

Those of us who believe in the power of thought realise vividly that we increase the power for good or ill of that about which we think.

As the guņas revolve and the panorama of life unrolls before us, it is our duty to look with wide-eyed attention on all, and if we confuse right and wrong we mix things up and the truth is not in us. In order to find the way to truth, we have to test all things and learn by our mistakes. So we properly decide: "This is right," "That is wrong," on every action that comes before us. But having decided we must take care. Here comes the "razor edge," discrimination of the Path. We have already made up our mind that we will throw the whole force of our nature on the side of good, and we have to guard against wasting any force on evil. So while we must put out enough force to make up

our mind as to the good or evil tendency of each act or word that comes before us, we must at once shut off all force from that which we judge to be evil, otherwise we make ourselves in part responsible for it. Most of us go on examining the evil, thinking about it, talking about it, drawn by the terrible attraction of dislike, and it is this that our teachers warn us against so constantly. They do not warn us against discrimination; they merely charge us not to use our power of thought to increase the evil in the world. We can think about and talk about the good, morning, noon and night; but let us beware of talking of evil things "lest they gain dominion" over the man in whom we see them, as over ourselves.

In cases where it is our public or private duty to interfere, the skilled use of thought becomes like a rapier in the hand of a master of fence. Enough force is put forth to turn the evil aside and, where possible, transmute it into good; but, as also in Japanese jujitsu, the destructive force must come from the other side. Our force is consecrated to the service of good only.

The ideas involved are somewhat subtle; but if followed a little way they may enable us to understand the constant reiteration of the dangers of criticism, and to learn to avoid them, lest our "thoughts become an army and bear [us] off" as captive slaves.

A. J. Willson



CONSCIOUSNESS AS CONDITIONED BY THE BODY

By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M. D.

MANY books have been written on the subject of the relations of Soul or Mind to Body, and, doubtless, many more will be written before the difficult problem is definitively solved. But, of late, considerable progress has been made towards an intelligible standpoint; at any rate, this much may be said, that the nineteenth century formula, "psychology without the soul," is now obsolete. There can be no relations between an entity and a non-entity; modern psychologists find the assumption of the soul's real existence indispensable to

explain the facts they have to deal with ; it is therefore an assumption as legitimate as that of the ether or the electron is to the physicist. McDougall defines the soul—a wider term than mind, by the way—“as a being that possesses, or is the sum of, enduring capacities for thoughts, feelings, and efforts of determinate kinds, or of definite capacities for psychical activity and psychophysical interaction”. But Consciousness must not be identified with the soul, nor even with mind, in neither of which is it met with in its pure form. Pure consciousness, or simple awareness, is not a fact of experience but an abstract conception ; we know nothing of consciousness otherwise than as a strictly conditioned activity. As such I shall accordingly deal with it, and the first point that is to be noted about it is that it is of real value to its possessor. This may safely be inferred from the fact that the higher we rise in the evolutionary scale of species, the higher the degree of consciousness we find organised and manifested. If consciousness were not a real power, if it made no difference to its possessor, it would have no “survival value,” and its long slow evolution would never have taken place. On the contrary, it is hardly too much to say that the provision of means for the deepening and widening of consciousness, and for the consequent extension of its power, seems to be a paramount result of organic, if not of cosmic evolution.

Here, on the threshold of our subject, we are met by a question of the very first importance. What precisely do we mean by the evolution of consciousness ? Is consciousness a mere product of the material organism ? I have already indicated my belief that it is not. Consciousness is, so far as our everyday experience

is concerned, a product of the conjoint activity of the body and the soul. Except under very rare and special circumstances, we have, during our earthly lives, no consciousness in which the co-operation of soul and body is not necessarily involved, although, probably, the proportion in which the two factors contribute to a given act of consciousness varies considerably according to its nature. Some states of consciousness are predominantly physical in origin, others almost purely psychological. Mc Dougall even suggests that there may be states of consciousness to which the physical organism contributes merely their point of departure, but this problem need not detain us here. Not much need be said in favour of the conclusion that ordinary consciousness is conditioned by bodily changes. To quote Bain:

We have such facts as the dependence of our feelings and moods upon hunger, repletion, the state of the stomach, fatigue and rest, pure and impure air, cold and warmth, stimulants and drugs, bodily injuries, disease, sleep, advancing years. These influences extend not merely to the grosser modes of feeling, and to such familiar exhibitions as after-dinner oratory, but also to the highest emotions of the mind—love, anger, æsthetic feeling, and moral sensibility. . . . The association of brain-derangement with mind-derangement is all but a perfectly established induction.

Conversely, to quote the same authority:

The influence of mental changes upon the body is supported by an equal weight of testimony. Sudden outbursts of emotion derange the bodily functions. Fear paralyses the digestion. Great mental depression enfeebles all the organs. Protracted and severe mental labour brings on disease of the bodily organs. On the other hand, happy outward circumstances are favourable to health and longevity.

In short, the interaction and mutual dependence of body and soul, so long as their partnership continues, is a fact from which there seems to be no escaping.

It is far from easy, however, to form even a provisional conception of the mode in which this interaction takes place. The first thing we have to realise is that, as Bradley puts it, "mere body will never act upon bare mind," nor bare mind upon mere body. But both mere body and bare mind are not realities but abstractions. Whether they exist at all is more than doubtful; at all events they are not met with in our actual experience. The living human body (and presumably all living bodies, human and sub-human, too) has, in virtue of the fact that it lives, a psychic as well as a physical existence. And, similarly, the human soul has a substantial as well as a psychic existence. The body has a mind of its own, distinct from the personal consciousness, although no doubt it contributes to that consciousness. And the mind has, I believe, a body of its own, distinct from the body that is visible and tangible. To say that the mind has a body is, after all, merely to recognise thought as a form of energy, since there is an unmistakable tendency in modern physics to identify substance and energy. The body and the mind, or, to use a wider and vaguer term, the body and the soul, are therefore, although doubtless of widely diverse nature and function, by no means devoid of any common factor. Action and reaction between them, however difficult to conceive, is not unthinkable. But the gulf between them seems to me, nevertheless, too wide to be spanned without a bridge of some sort. I therefore incline to the belief that between body and soul there may be a connecting link of intermediate nature. The material atom, inconceivably small as it is, is no longer regarded as a solid and inert particle, but as a system of infinitesimal negatively

charged electrical corpuscles revolving at a speed of sixty to one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second around a central positively charged electron. Under certain conditions these corpuscles, which in size are a thousand times less than that of an atom of Hydrogen, escape from their atomic orbits by radiation. Countless myriads of them undoubtedly permeate the interstices of the material environment, and Henry Frank, in a work on *Psychic Phenomena*, adduces many reasons for the belief that our physical bodies are duplicated by a finer ethereal organism built up of these radio-active corpuscles.

A body of this kind would of course be quite imperceptible to our ordinary senses; it would occupy the interstices of the coarse-grained physical organism with the utmost facility; and, finally, if it served as a medium between the soul and the body, it would place at the disposal of the will an inconceivable amount of energy. For it has been estimated by Lord Kelvin that the amount of energy locked up in a single grain of Hydrogen would suffice to lift a weight of a million tons more than three hundred feet, the bulk of this energy being accounted for, presumably, by the movements of its constituent corpuscles. In his essay on 'Animal Magnetism and Magic,' Schopenhauer adduces two well-authenticated cases, in one of which a certain woman produced deviation of the needle of a compass by simply looking at it, while, in the second, another woman caused similar movements by turning her head. It seems quite incredible that the will could produce any perceptible effect by direct action upon an inert material object, but not beyond the bounds of possibility that it might do so through the medium of an ethereal

body. And many of the familiar phenomena of spiritist séances might, as Henry Frank suggests, prove more intelligible in the light of this hypothesis.

The next point to which I wish to call attention is also of a speculative nature. In speaking of the body I suggested that it has probably a consciousness of its own, a consciousness which may be regarded as the fusion of those of the myriads of separate living cells of which it is made up. I cannot go into the evidence favouring this supposition, but such evidence nevertheless abounds. The phenomena of heredity, growth, functional activity, and the repair of damaged tissues and organs, irresistibly suggest a psychic basis and a purposive control. "If we knew half as much chemistry as the liver has known these five million years past," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, "the secrets of the universe would lie before us like an open book." Of course a statement like that is not meant to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, but it is a picturesque illustration of what I am trying to convey, namely, that the body has a mind of its own distinct from the personal mind, generally lying below the threshold of the personal consciousness, but sometimes invading its sphere. Similarly, I suggest, the soul has presumably a consciousness of its own, generally above the threshold of the personal consciousness, but occasionally contributing to its contents, or even merging momentarily therewith. Thus, as I conceive it, the problem of human consciousness involves the co-operation of three main factors, first the body, mainly physical but not exclusively so; second the soul, mainly but not exclusively psychical; and, as the connecting link or intermediary between these extremes, the supra-physical, ethereal or dynamic

replica of the body, whose existence I venture to assume. Of this last, however, I shall not on this occasion have much more to say, as we know so little about it. That it is or may be concerned in the production of consciousness is however suggested by the phenomenon of exteriorised sensitivity, experimentally produced by de Rochas. This observer found that in certain states of deep hypnosis a luminous mist, visible to clairvoyants, appears around the body of the subject, and that cutaneous sensation is transferred to its surface, so that when it is touched the subject feels as if the corresponding spot on his body had been touched. It was also found that a glass of water introduced within this luminous mist may become temporarily sensitive, a fact strikingly reminiscent of certain recorded feats of magic and witchcraft. The ethereal body may also be perhaps the seat of those mental images which Baraduc of Paris claims to have reproduced by photography, although I am not in a position to vouch for the authenticity of the claim in question.

Turning now to the consideration of the physical aspect of our problem, the first point to note is that consciousness is evoked by processes culminating in that thin layer of grey matter which forms the surface of the two hemispheres of the brain. Rather, I should say, in right-handed persons, processes culminating in the grey matter of the left half of the brain, and in left-handed persons, culminating in the right half of the brain. For it is a curious and, from the materialistic standpoint, inexplicable fact, that we only think with one side of our brains, with one of our two brains, that is to say. A normal right-handed person may have the whole of his right hemisphere destroyed by disease, and his

mental faculties may remain unimpaired, although he will of course lose all power and feeling in his left arm and leg. There is no appreciable difference between the grey matter on the left and right hemispheres; yet we think with the one and not with the other.

The mere existence of living and healthy grey matter is not, then, sufficient to produce consciousness; the co-operation of some other factor is essential to that result. It certainly looks as though the soul were this factor, as if the soul entered into some intimate relation with the grey matter on one side, and left the other unused and inert. If it were true that the grey matter of the brain "secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," then we should expect the amount of thought manifested by a man to be reduced by fifty per cent when half of the grey matter had been destroyed by disease, whereas it may not be reduced at all. We should expect intellectual power to vary directly as the size of the brain, but this is not the case. On the contrary, Karl Pearson, as the result of the analysis of 2,100 male and 1,034 female brain weights, concludes that there is no evidence that brain weight is sensibly correlated with intellectual ability.

The fact seems to be that we all have more grey matter than we make use of. Meyners calculates that the central nervous system contains 3,000 millions of nerve cells, 1,200 million of these being situated in the large and 10 million in the small brain, or cerebellum, while the remainder are distributed in the spinal cord and elsewhere. Microscopic examination of the grey matter which covers the surface of the brain shows that it consists mainly of layers of such cells, which may be described as minute masses of living protoplasm giving off numerous fibrils which interlace with one another. Some

of these fibrils are continuous with the nerves which come from or go towards the skin, muscles, and other parts of the body through the brain and spinal cord. And the mass of the brain's bulk is made up of such nerve fibres. A typical nerve cell, or *neurone*, consists of a nucleated mass of protoplasm with one main process continuous with a nerve tract and other branching filaments interlacing with those of its neighbours. Waves of disturbance, set by external stimuli of various kinds, are constantly travelling up the nerves of sensation from the surface and interior of the body to the cells of the grey matter of the brain. The great majority of these nerve impulses affect only imperceptibly our state of consciousness: it is only those which cause a considerable or sudden change in the normal course of events to which we attend and respond by action, immediate or deferred as the case may be.

The neurones, or nerve cells, are of two main kinds, the sensory neurones which receive impressions from without through the nerves of sensation, and the motor neurones which transmit them through the motor nerves to the muscles. And it is now believed that those nerve impulses which evoke consciousness do so *after* they have emerged from the sensory neurones which receive them, and *before* entering the motor neurones which pass them on to the muscles if action is to ensue. This point is of the utmost interest and importance, as it was, until recently, supposed that the *body* of the neurone or nerve cell was the seat of consciousness. In describing the neurone, I said that it consists of a central body with a number of branching processes which are really prolongations

of its living protoplasm. Some of these branches end in a brush-like structure of fine twigs, each terminating in a tiny knob. These brush-like bundles of terminal filaments sometimes touch the body-surface of another neurone; in other cases they approximate to or interlace with similar filaments terminating one of the branches of another cell. In either case the result is a linking up of two separate neurones, and the point of junction is called a *synapse*. Between the opposed parts of two neurones constituting such a synapse there is probably a thin layer of highly-specialised cementing substance, the so-called "psycho-physical substance," and it is believed that the passage of the nerve-impulse through this layer, from one neurone to another, is the physical concomitant of consciousness. The nerve impulse in traversing a synapse encounters a resistance, and in the overcoming of this resistance consciousness is 'generated,' as light is generated by the passage of an electric current through the filament of an incandescent lamp. That is the modern theory, and an extremely pretty theory, too; but by no means favourable to any materialistic view of the origin of mind. For since the synapses are scattered through the grey matter at the points of junction of innumerable neurones, if it is at these scattered points and not at any single point that the sparks of consciousness are generated, where but in the soul do they come together, as we know that they do, so as to constitute a single personality that remembers, feels, wills, and builds up its life-experience into an ordered whole?

Some further points must be mentioned with reference to these highly-interesting structures. When a nerve-impulse traverses a synapse which has never

been crossed before, it encounters a considerable degree of resistance, and has to force its path, so to speak. The next impulse that comes that way will get through somewhat more easily, and the degree of consciousness accompanying the transit will be proportionally less acute. After frequent repetition of such transits, the resistance of the synapse will be reduced to a minimum: the nerve-impulse will flow through smoothly and uninterruptedly: no consciousness will be evoked. The psychological aspect of this physiological change is, of course, the oft-cited fact that, whereas familiar mental processes can be carried on almost automatically, new and untried ones monopolise attention while they are going on. This gradual diminution of the resisting power of the junctions between nerve-cells gives us a rough idea of the way in which the nerve-impulses find their way through the labyrinthine maze of the brain. A weak impulse will on arrival, naturally flow smoothly through the comparatively narrow channel of nerve tracts that have so often been traversed before. It will result in some familiar thought or action, if it have any immediately perceptible result. A stronger impulse will find this smooth road too narrow, and will spread into less familiar pathways, overcoming the moderate resistance of the synapses barring its way. A very strong impulse will spread yet farther, will open up untried paths like a veritable pioneer, evoking a degree of consciousness that will be even painfully intense, ideas that come in the light of a revelation, and actions perhaps of revolutionary significance in the life of the person concerned. Not that I wish to imply that the process is adequately described in terms of this kind. Possibly this is only one half,

and not the more important half. There are reasons for suspecting that the direction of the flow of nerve impulses through the brain may to some extent be modified by the intervention of the will.

The simplest and most obvious manifestation of will is what we call attention; and it seems that by means of attention the waves of nerve energy may be drawn from the path of least, to one of greater, resistance, be made to flow *uphill*, so to speak. This fact is closely related to the exclusive nature of attention; everybody knows that it is impossible to attend closely to more than one thing at a time. If one is listening intently for the approach of a certain foot-step, one will not *see* much of what happens around one. Soldiers in the firing line are so engrossed by the excitement of battle, that they may be severely wounded without feeling anything at the time. Consequently, so long as the attention is kept fixed upon a given mental or perceptual object, only that portion of the brain which is directly or indirectly involved can function at all. All the other parts of the brain are inhibited; all the free energy of the brain will be drained out of them into that system of nerve tracts to which the ideas or sensations under the focus of attention pertain. So long, for example, as the attention is concentrated upon a sound, say a waltz tune, all the available energy in the brain will flow towards the auditory centre, and spread thence by the path of least resistance through the channels diverging therefrom. An impulse to get up and dance may result, which may or may not be carried into effect.

Now, it is wellnigh impossible to conceive that the direction of attention is determined by purely physical

conditions or can be explained in mechanical terms. Here, surely, if anywhere, the psychic factor comes in, and manifests its indispensability and power. If, therefore, as I have suggested above, the direction of the flow of the free energy in the brain follows the lead of attention, it appears that the psychic factor takes the lead in determining the activity of the brain. But it does far more than this in all probability: it also takes the lead in determining the organisation and growth of the brain. Professor Stout calls the attention, "the growing point of the mind". It is a fact whose importance cannot be overestimated, that we do all of us, in great measure, make our own brains. But, before dealing with this important matter, I should like to explain further my view as to the mode in which, through the partial control of attention, the soul manifests its power over the body. I say its partial control, because it is evident that, in the case of most people, attention is largely determined through their sensations by the objects and events of the outside world. But so long as, and to the extent that, this is the case, that the attention is at the mercy of the sensations and emotions evoked by this, that, and the other, the life of the person concerned will be lacking in purpose and unity. If the person is ever to become a real individual with power over his environment, the soul must take the helm. For the soul has its own aims and ends; and only in so far as these are expressed in the life of the body, will that life be truly human and significant. Let us take as an example the case of a boy who is destined to become a great composer. His father was, we will suppose, like the father of Mozart, a musician of considerable talent, and his mother a woman of charm and temperament. He inherits, therefore,

an organism exquisitely adapted to become the instrument of his musical soul, his genius, when that shall once have been awakened. Let us suppose that such a boy is taken to a concert, where he hears for the first time a magnificent performance of Beethoven's ninth Symphony. His brain, like all other human brains, may be likened to a house fitted with electric lamps and with its own dynamo, so arranged that when one room is illuminated all the others are gradually and automatically switched off until the full power of the available current is concentrated upon that one room. As the light in that one room rises, that in all the others grows dim, because the current is drained into the wires that supply the former. Now, while such a boy is listening to the strains of the symphony, that part of his brain which, being congenitally the strongest and best developed, may be compared to the largest and handsomest room in the house—we will call it the *music room*—will be irradiated by its own intense activity, drawing to itself all the free energy streaming up through the sensory nerves into the brain. Not only so, but there will be a correspondingly vivid and intense emotional and intellectual consciousness of the beauty and significance of the music; the attention will be absorbed in the contemplation, and the soul in the enjoyment of these. It will be as if the soul, suddenly awakened, were whispering from the silence where it lurks to the personal consciousness of the future composer: "Yes, listen carefully, greedily: do not let a single note escape you. *This* is what you were born for, what you can do better than anything, what alone will make life worth living for you—to create such beauty and harmony as this, like it in these

respects, yet different, because you are not Beethoven but yourself, you and I, or, rather, I and you, I the soul and you my destined instrument. *Attend! attend! attend!*" Thus fancifully, no doubt, yet, I believe, accurately enough, we may picture to ourselves that *reinforcement* of attention by a purely psychical output of will, which, by frequent repetition, ends, in favourable cases, in the full realisation of the highest innate capacity, and in the subjection of body to mind.

Now, if it be once admitted, as no believer in the existence and superiority of the soul will care to deny, that attention is at least in part a manifestation of psychic as distinct from merely cerebral activity, it inevitably follows that the soul as such takes an active part in determining the lines followed by the structural development of the brain. For, to quote a medical writer, "the personal will is a specific brain stimulus more potent than all the afferent (or sensory) stimuli together in producing changes in brain matter by which the brain acquires new powers". Under the stimulus of the will the nerve cells actuated thereby send out through their branched processes new filaments towards other hitherto unconnected nerve centres, thus linking them up and binding them into co-ordinate systems. Thus, as the writer just quoted (Dr. W. H. Thomson) puts it: "As the child by practice learns to use its hands and feet, new nerve fibres by the thousand grow down and make connections with the motor centres in the spinal cord." It is also a fact familiar to physiologists that "the brains of highly cultivated men show much greater complexity in the convolutions with much greater depth of the fissures" than those of average individuals. This is no doubt attributable to the extra

growth produced in the grey matter of such brains by the stimulus of the will, acting through a disciplined habit of attention. For it is a fact well worth remembering that the structure of the brain is not fixed or predetermined at birth. Especially is this true as regards that part of it which comprises the arcs of the highest or association level, that which combines and organises the lower congenital centres into systems which work together, constituting new dispositions to modes of action peculiar to the individual.

It is in learning to do things which require severe and concentrated effort that these changes in the higher portions of the grey matter are brought about. "Conation is essentially the putting forth of psychical power to modify the course of physical events"; and the first event so modified is the actual growth of the brain. For, says Mc Dougall: "Clear consciousness and conation are invariable concomitants of processes that occur in nervous elements not yet organised in fixed systems; and whenever a new path has to be forced through the untrodden jungle of nerve cells, there and there only is conscious effort, true mental activity involved." It is therefore not claiming too much for the soul to say that, by its reinforcement of attention, it takes a leading part in the building up of the brain, or at least of that highest and most plastic region of the brain upon which are largely based those powers and characteristics which distinguish one individual from another.

I should like now to describe very briefly the idea I have gleaned of the mode in which perception takes place. For, of course, perception is the basis of all thought; one might call it the food of the mind. And

sensations are its raw material. When a sensory nerve is stimulated, say by a touch on the skin, a molecular change is produced in the nerve filaments which end there, and a wave or impulse travels up through the core of the nerve towards the brain. Such waves travel somewhat slowly, at the rate of 160 to 180 feet per second, and cannot therefore be of an electrical nature. One must think of the brain as receiving a constant stream of sensory impulses, derived from myriad sources, most of which pass unnoticed, no doubt. Their main function may be to pass on through the brain and the motor nerves to the muscles, keeping these toned up for action when required. But when an impulse of exceptional intensity is sent up, it demands and receives attention at once.

Imagine for example a man standing in a road on a dark night, who suddenly sees the light of an approaching car. The light impinging on his retina produces changes there whose effects are transmitted through the optic nerves to the centre of vision at the back of the brain. A sudden change is in fact produced in the nerve impulses reaching this area and traversing the synapses therein. It is this change that attracts the attention of the mind, so awakened; the mind is, in Binet's expressive term, a 'dialyser' of the nerve undulation, rejecting the constant element which conveys nothing to it, and laying bare the new element which corresponds to the object. "The object to be perceived is," Binet explains, "contained in the nerve current. It is as it were rolled up in it; and it must be made to go forth from the wave to be seen." This last is the work of the mind.

I wish now to deal with a still more obscure problem, namely, what is generally called the subconscious

mind or self. I have already called attention to the fact that owing to our inability to attend to more than one subject at a time, only a small minority of the innumerable impressions which are constantly pouring into the brain from the outside world, as well as from the various internal organs, come within the focus of consciousness. It must not, however, be supposed that only those impressions to which we consciously attend achieve entrance to the mind or produce any effect thereon. On the contrary, the evidence points rather to the conclusion that every vague sensation of touch, taste, odour, sound, pleasure, discomfort, whether heeded or not, attains its goal in the mind and leaves its permanent impress behind. The subconscious mind, or transliminal self, is fed and energised by these innumerable unheeded sense-waves from without and within, and possibly by influences from other sources of a subtler and more mysterious kind. Thus there is in every human being a duality: on the one hand, the waking life, consisting of that thin central stream of events and actions to which we "give our minds"; and, on the other, a much more massive subconscious life, always growing in volume and power, and always apparently awaiting the chance to assert itself as against its favoured rival. For it seems that there is a constant antagonism between the waking and the transliminal self; each strives to get or keep the upper hand; as the one increases the other is diminished. The waking self has aptly been compared by Sidis to a warm gulf-stream flowing through the ocean, continuous therewith, yet in a measure distinct. In certain abnormal states, the transliminal self not merely encroaches upon the waking self, but even ousts it altogether for a time, taking

on a sort of spurious personality of its own. Such are the strange cases of alternating personality, of which so much has been heard of late.

It is worth mentioning, also, that the most powerful and lasting impressions upon the subconsciousness appear to be those produced through the medium of those senses—for example, that of smell—which are of comparatively little importance from the point of view of the waking self. Everybody knows how the scent of some particular flower may call up vivid recollections of childhood which for years have been buried in oblivion. For the transliminal self never sleeps nor forgets; and childhood is one of the periods—adolescence, the grand climacteric, and old age are others—in which its impressionability or activity is at a higher than the normal level. Moreover, it seems to well up from the depths in hypnosis, when the waking self is in abeyance; and the more we study it, the vaster and stranger its potentialities appear. The facts observed suggest that through it we are in unconscious touch not only with our own past but with that of the race, with all parts of the universe, and even with the future.

The difference between the waking and the transliminal self may be roughly defined as that between character and temperament, between mind and soul. And in view of the fact that we possess in the transliminal self an apparently inexhaustible reservoir of emotional power and (under ordinary conditions, inaccessible) knowledge, I think that its further study may furnish a key to the mystery of genius. I am inclined to commit myself to the axiom that the man of genius is just the man who can draw upon this reservoir in a way that is impossible to ordinary

people. It is a dangerous gift, for there is always the possibility that an uprush of the unconscious into consciousness, coming at a time when the power of control is weakened by disease or emotion, may swamp the latter altogether, and that insanity may be the result. As to the question of the possible seat of the unconscious mind or self in the body, I have unfortunately little to say. No doubt the sense-waves which flow towards it from the surface and interior of the body reach the corresponding sense-organs in the brain; and the prevailing view is that they are in some, at present inexplicable, way permanently registered therein. On the other hand—and it is for this reason that I prefer the term *transliminal* to *subconscious*—there are good reasons for suspecting that some impressions reach and enter the soul otherwise than through the channel of the ordinary senses—telepathically. If this be so, it seems to me very questionable whether the *transliminal* self can have a basis exclusively physical in the ordinary sense of the word. For telepathy from soul to soul is, to my mind, a more natural hypothesis than telepathy from soul to brain. But, here again, the assumption of the existence of an ethereal body, intermediate between body and mind, seems to provide a way out of many of our difficulties. But, even if we regard the brain as the head quarters or physical terminus of the *transliminal* mind, we must surely admit that it is also more deeply based in the organism. Its ultimate physical basis may be, as Henry Frank suggests, that clear semi-fluid gelatinoid plasm, which, forming the vital core of the constituent cells of the body, permeates like a living network those portions of the organism which have, so to speak, died into structure

and frame work. It is there, perhaps, that the ancestral memories reside by which our personalities are in psychical continuity with past ages inconceivably remote.

The unity of personality depends primarily upon that of memory. This is clear from the fact that, in cases of alternating personality, the subject manifests a dual memory, one for each condition of consciousness, each remembering exclusively the events which occur during that condition. The problem of cure consists mainly in bringing about by suggestion a fusion of these two memories, whereby the ruptured unity of the self may be re-established. Since, then, the *rôle* of memory is of such fundamental import, let us consider to what extent it admits of a merely physiological explanation. When we remember an object which we have once seen but which is no longer before us, we do so in virtue of the fact that the same part of the centre of sight at the back of the brain as was concerned in the original perception has been aroused in some way other than actual vision, perhaps by some one mentioning the object, to similar activity. In other words, the physical basis of a memory-image is the re-excitement of the central portion of a perceptual arc or system.

Now, as to association—the trump-card of those who would explain mental life on mechanical principles. When two objects A and B are perceived for the first time simultaneously or in immediate succession, the perception or recollection of A will on future occasions tend to evoke a memory-image of B. This is because the withdrawal of the attention from A to B has opened a path of lowered resistance from the brain-centre A to the brain-centre B, and, consequently, a nerve impulse which reaches

and excites A will always tend to flow thence towards B. This is the process of memory by association, and but for the fact that a movement of attention is a necessary part of its initiation, and that attention is mainly a psychical function, it might be regarded as an instance of passive habit-formation. But there is a great deal more in memory than admits of so mechanical an explanation. Consider the difference between learning a string of nonsense words and learning the same number of words connected by a definite meaning. Experiment proves that in every act of memory these two factors, habit and meaning, co-operate in various proportions, and that the vividness and permanence of a given memory are in proportion to the predominance of the latter. For purposes of memory, an ounce of meaning is worth a ton of habit. Now meaning is a purely psychical phenomenon—you cannot even conceive it as in any sense or degree physical. Consequently, memory, the nexus of personal consciousness, has its basis in the soul rather than in the body—a most important generalisation.

Take, now, the case of abstract thought, and let us consider whether it lends itself to a materialistic explanation. The raw material of thought consists, of course, of perceptions and the memory-images of perceptions ; and, if that were all, it might seem that the course of thought was mechanically determined by the flow of nerve impulses from one part of the brain to another along the paths of lowered resistance determined by habit. But there is little doubt that a trained thinker learns to dispense largely with actual imagery, and to think in terms of imageless meaning. If this be admitted, and Mc Dougall claims that the conclusion has been justified

by introspective studies made under test conditions, it follows that thought may in a measure be emancipated from the brain-process, and that conduct may be affected by purely psychical activities. For thought which is an interplay of imageless meanings is the very antithesis of any mechanical process. It may be worth while to remind you that Henri Bergson, whose philosophy is at present so greatly in vogue, rejects the supposition that, either as regards memory or thought, the cerebral functions are the equivalent of the mental activities.

Similarly, in the case of æsthetic enjoyment, there is, in the full appreciation of any great work of art, a something over and above the pleasure derived from the sensuous element. Edgar Allan Poe defined poetry as the art of awakening the soul. What the soul does, when so awakened, is to seize and apprehend the harmonious relation of the parts to one another and to the whole; to see the one in the many and the many in the one; and to realise the beauty and significance of the conception and its expression in the work before it. The sensuous factor may no doubt be more or less indispensable in the evoking of such a synthetic psychical activity, but, once evoked, it can have, Mc Dougall asserts, no immediate correlate in the brain.

Starting, then, from the current assumption that the waking consciousness is a product of the co-operation of body and mind, we have found reason to believe that the mind is, at least potentially, the more important partner; that it not only takes the lead in determining conduct and brain-organisation, but also tends to emancipate itself in various ways and in increasing degree from the hindrance involved by the term of the

partnership. If, as I believe, the soul has a life and at least a potential consciousness of its own, distinct from and superior to the everyday waking consciousness, it would seem that the great problem for all is to assimilate the one to the other ; and that those will be least disgruntled by the shedding of their bodies who have been most successful in the achievement of this primary aim.

Charles J. Whitby

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ON PARTING FROM DEARLY LOVED COMRADES

INFINITE LOVER of all Thy human children, Uniter of men, Spirit of perfect and ineffable peace, we give Thee thanks that, abiding in Thee, we can never be separated at any time. The sweet physical presence of these our loved ones shall indeed go from us in this outer world of limitation and parting and strife, but in the inner Home of Peace, where the lotus blooms in its white beauty and purity, in the Temple of Love where all tears are dried and all sorrow is turned into joy, we know that we shall walk together continually as friends, in intimate and perfect communion for ever. We know that we can never lose what is our own and that all things are ours in Thee. Great One, we are infinitely rich. Thou hast clothed us in the sunshine of Thy Presence and hast made us heirs of a land of inexhaustible treasure. We thank Thee especially for the love of these our comrades who are now apparently to leave us, and grieve not at their going; for we know that, though the work whereunto we are called may set us as far as the East is from the West, we shall carry with us in our hearts perpetually the assurance of complete at-one-ment with them in the spiritual kingdom of the great Ideal.

Lord, what have we in heaven but Thee and what is there in earth in comparison of Thee? We have learnt to know Thee, dear One, under all forms; therefore is our satisfaction infinite and the fullness of our joy can never end.

X.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY AS A MENTAL EQUIPMENT¹

By PROFESSOR R. K. KULKARNI, M.A., LL.B.

THE study of any subject in order that it may serve as a mental equipment must be conducted on such lines as will make it supply proper food to the mind.

Mental nourishment and growth on definite lines are facts in human nature capable of being accomplished by regular and well-directed effort, though as yet imperfectly recognised by western psychology.

Just as regulated doses of food or medicine bring about a change in the physical body, so does the study of subjects like Mathematics, Classics, History, and Logic, exercise and develop the assimilative and reasoning powers of the mind.

The critical and—at a later stage—the intuitive faculties of the ego are brought into play by contact with pursuits which are scientific in their nature, i.e., those dealing with the why and how of things material and spiritual; those that seek to establish causal relations between the sequences or co-existences of phenomena. The spirit of enquiry and search after truth arouses the soul to its latent possibilities. Its refusal to take things blindly or on authority, and its assertion of the right to know and to feel for itself, combined with an intense and selfless longing for truth,

¹ A paper read at the Theosophical Educational Conference, December 31st, 1913.

gradually build into it the powers of discrimination, poise and judgment, until finally its eyes are opened to the vision of Truth, immediate, and unhampered by the slow and circuitous processes of ratiocination.

Let us now see whether historical study is as scientific as it is humanistic, and whether it is capable of broadening and deepening the mind and endowing it with prophetic vision and decision of judgment.

Like natural science, history has passed through the mythical and heroic stages. The chronicle, however charming, is often nothing but poetry taken literally and translated into prose. The chronicler is uncritical. He takes unsuspectingly the materials that he finds ready to his hand. He is still under the influence of fancy. During the progress of history from the legendary stage to the heroic, and from the heroic to the chronicling, facts are coloured by imagination only.

With intellectual expansion and the advance of social and political life, the imaginative elements which had converted history into romance dissolve before the more violent emotions with which the mind of mankind is disturbed.

Now history becomes the favourite weapon with which contending religious and political parties make war upon each other. So wide is the contrast, so different the aspect of the same facts as seen from opposite sides, that, even at the present hour, it is enough to know that any particular writer belongs to a particular party, Catholic or Protestant, Tory or Whig, to be assured beforehand of the view which he will take of any one of the prominent characters or incidents of the period.

One after another, partisans of religious and political factions made history their pulpit, and preached their

sermons from it on the respective values of authority and liberty, faith and reason, religion and science, protection and free trade. The next manipulators of historical facts are the philosophers, giving us views of history corresponding to their theories, purporting to explain the origin and destiny of humanity. The idealist attributes everything to divine providence or communication, while the materialist reduces everything to the influence of the environment.

History, in short, suffered in succession from superstition, blind hero-worship, ignorance of the laws of probability, and religious, political or speculative prejudices.

The dawn of the scientific study of history—the first widening of the general horizon, the awakening of the true historical sense and spirit, the commencement of historical research and a clear and correct view of the relation of one part of history to another—dates from the publication of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in 1776, a year which ushered in that last quarter of the eighteenth century, which is associated in the memory of scholars, historians, economists, politicians and occultists with the inauguration of an era of undreamt-of development and progress in almost every department of life. "Gibbon's design," as Professor Freeman remarks, "is encyclopædic and his execution so accurate, so broad, so free of the distortions of prejudice, founded upon so vast a knowledge of documents, that it can never become antiquated." "He remains the one historian of the eighteenth century," the same authority continues, "whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside."

But in his "history repeats itself," Gibbon saw nothing deeper than the rise and fall of nations. He says

that human passions at play are the same everywhere, and therefore history will again and again repeat the same story of birth, development, decay and death, whether the stage for action is a city State in Greece or a country State in the modern world of the growth of the representative idea; whether the struggle is a nation's birth-throes in the West or a despot's attempt at reconciling to his yoke a docile people in the East. Gibbon's genius did not penetrate beyond the haze of passions, prejudices, ideas or conditions of men in the mass to the "increasing purpose" running "through the ages," that law of spiral progress which carries the mounting entity, at the first turn of the spiral, to a point exactly above its starting point, but one turn higher up—a law of universal application, and as true of the growth of individuals, nations, and humanity at large as of the octaves of colour and sound, the arrangement of chemical elements according to their atomic weights, the setting of leaves on the stem of a plant, and the weeks and months and years in their ceaseless revolutions in the everlasting round of Time.

Perhaps we may have to wait another century or more before the operation of this law is recognised by historians. As it was, Gibbon's great work gave rise in the nineteenth century to two eminent schools of history, which held sway over civilised minds till the growth of the critical and comparative study of human sciences, chiefly initiated by the Germans.

1. The first school, headed by Hallam, Macaulay, and Green, may be called the *literary* school. The 19th century is a century of the most active historical investigations. Hallam and Macaulay like Grote and Thirlwall, Milman and Lingard, are the most painfully laborious researchers

in the field. Macaulay actually visited the places he had to describe. In the diffusion of the historic spirit, he brilliantly follows the example set by Gibbon. But his Whig bias, and the inborn inclination to *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, makes him by no means a trustworthy standard-bearer of the historical truth. The popularity of this school was very great, but the reaction against it is now as violent. "History is poisoned by the literary effort," says Principal F. W. Bain of Poona. "Neither economic profundity, nor political insight, nor social sympathy, nor knowledge of human nature, but style, and style only, is the qualification for a classic."

2. The next school, I may be allowed to call the *positivist* school, represented by Buckle and Draper, and influenced by the philosophy of the French thinker, M. Comte. The peculiarity of this school is its recognition of the grandeur of the doctrine that the world is governed by law; social advancement is as completely under the control of natural law as is bodily growth. Individual man is an emblem of communities, nations and universal humanity. These exhibit epochs of life like his ages of credulity, enquiry, faith, reason, retrospection, or decrepitude and death; and like him are under the control of physical conditions and therefore of law. But the 'law' of this school is merely the environment, the physical or physiological law. To quote Principal Bain once more:

Buckle's theory begets a vicious mechanical notion of historical progress, for the necessity which obtains in history is not an absolute, but a conditional, necessity. Society develops not according to a fixed, unalterable, pre-determined law, runs not along an inexorable predestined iron line, but proceeds by constant self-adjustment in conformity with ever-changing conditions. The element of personal character and

the play of living passions and motives of men in action are as essential and decisive as the other component natural causes.

3. The third school, of *historical criticism*, which revolutionises the whole aspect of the study, is a continental school having the German Van Ranke as its master, preceded in his comprehensive work by giants of criticism like Niebuhr, Mommsen, Guizot, and Michelet. Ranke's mind was eminently fitted for both minute researches and large speculations. His example of close observation, careful analysis, sustained and sceptical scrutiny, equitable interpretation and impartial judgment gave an altogether new turn to historical investigation, which became international as much as national. Bryce and Lecky, Freeman and Seeley, who thought and wrote under the ægis of this school, have taken great pains to sift truth from falsehood and appreciate the bearing on historical progress of the international relations of the States of Europe. Dr. Cunningham proved in his great work, *The Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, the interdependence of political, economical and social activities, though historically epochs are marked out by political changes. Darwin's conception of evolution and the growth of the science of biology further transformed history, as they transformed every other branch of human knowledge. History and sociology came to be regarded as having a biological basis; the attention of scholars was turned to the organic growth of every institution they had to examine. Max Müller's labours on 'The Sacred Books of the East' revealed to the western world the existence of solid philosophies, religions and literatures in the East, the relics of great civilisations that had risen, and gone down in the incalculable past. Communication

between different parts of the world, closer contact between the West and the East by the growth of the British Empire and the rise of the eastern power of Japan, the spread of the Theosophical idea of human unity and the consequent necessity of better mutual feeling and understanding between the inhabitants of the two hemispheres of the globe, the most startling scientific discoveries of the last twenty-five years—all these are pointing to the rise of a new historical school, the motto of which has already been given by Emerson in the middle of the last century, viz., “the genius of humanity is the right point of view of history”.

This new school can be appropriately called the *synthetic* school. Its master is yet to come. The archæological excavations in India and elsewhere might perhaps lend an impetus to it. Fresh materials and sources of information may come to light to aid some master-mind, imbued with the spirit of continuity, and fixing its gaze on the infinity of progress lying stretched before the ever-varying gradations of race succeeding race, and civilisation following upon civilisation, on the face of this globe. Such a master-mind will prove to the Philistine world that the different races and civilisations in the East and the West are but recurring phases of one continuous evolution of life, improving and progressing at each successive incarnation. Such a view of history will be unitarian and universal, subordinating to its single purpose the multifarious manifestations of human races, propagandas and ideals.

A remarkable beginning of this prospective era was made by Lord Acton in Cambridge in 1898. His death, three years later, nipped the attempt in the bud. Lord Acton's mind was concerned with the greatness of

human affairs, with the moral aspects of political and ecclesiastical achievements; above all, with the final supremacy of the soul over circumstance, and with the sacredness of Truth and inalienable glory of Liberty.

Acton, by his birth, his career and his studies, above all, by his detachment, was driven to regard History from a standpoint neither English nor German, but Universal. As he told the contributors to the *Cambridge Modern History*: "The recent past contains the key to the present time Our Waterloo must be one that satisfies French and English, Germans and Dutch alike." By Universal History I understand that which is distinct from the combined history of all countries, which is not a rope of sand but a continuous development, not a burden on the memory but an illumination of the soul. It moves in a succession to which the nations are subsidiary. Their story will be told not for their own sake, but in reference and subordination to a higher series, according to the time and the degree in which "they contribute to the common fortunes of mankind".

I have taxed the readers' patience so long with a rather detailed account of the growth of historical science and historical criticism in the past and in the present, just to show how the growth of history and the progress of the world are closely interdependent, how it is impossible to be a real student of history without a proper appreciation of the relation of the present moment to its predecessor, i.e., "History making" and "History made"; how history is but politics in the past, and how politics is but history in the present; how criticism is a constructive faculty of the mind whose function it is to separate truth from falsehood,

for no other object than a clearer and brighter apprehension of Truth; how, when thus exercised, the critical faculty is a step from reason to intuition; and how the abuse of this divine quality in picking faults, and making "the worse appear the better reason," leads to the coarsening and degradation of human nature. We are endowed with faculties in order that we may use them for the discovery of Truth. Their abuse not only impairs the faculties at present possessed, but puts the acquisition of new faculties beyond our power.

Besides the right and temperate use of the critical faculty, the study of history ought to teach us to control affirmation, to do the best we can for the other side, and to avoid partiality or emphasis on our own. Both sides to a controversy contend for the affirmation of Truth, and they are both but partially true. Ideas in politics and religion are not only truths but also forces. They must be respected; they must not be affirmed. Let us therefore avoid dogmatising, and think and work in such a way that our opinion may grow towards the ideal rather than restrict the ideal to the opinion.

It is said that societies are not made, but grow; revolutions are but moments in evolution; similarly history is a course of action depositing knowledge like grains of gold in the sand of a river. Let us therefore follow the advice of Dr. Arnold in consenting to act together, though we may not consent to believe together. The study of history according to Ranke is meant for the awakening of national self-consciousness, and when that is aroused it is possible to create the bond of a common object and common action. Action, action, is the thing most emphasised, whether it be by the *Bhagavad-Gītā* or the lay

scripture of history. We are induced to unity of action by any number of motives, and right action in the right spirit does lead us on to right belief. We, Indians, make haste to believe and rest contented in an idle and inoperative belief. Let history, I mean living history, teach us to appreciate the beauty of action preceding belief, and the force and vividness of the belief that is induced by action. It is thus that we can make error minister to truth, and failures to success.

The study of history in our schools and colleges is not conducted along the proper lines. It ought to promote the growth of what may be called historical-mindedness, to produce a historical frame of mind, to help forward the cause of truly historical thinking and action. History lectures should suggest rather than diminish the need of reading. They should not only inform or instruct, but also inspire. Students must shake off their flip-pant cynicism towards study and reflection, and approach history as a Goddess whose gift is a true grasp of the whole as a container of parts, and a sense of proportionate value and relation of the parts to each other, straightening the mind to the point of clear and unprejudiced receptivity; for history, as Mrs. Besant has so often declared from the Theosophic platform,

... is not a mere mass of dates and names utterly uninteresting, a matter of memory as distinct from thought; nor is it even the realising of the movements of peoples, understanding the great forces by which nations rise, rule and fall, and so play their part in the theatre of the world. You only begin to understand the fascination, the enthralling interest of history, when you see the events on earth as the projections thrown down on to the earth of spiritual realities in higher and mightier worlds. When you begin to see in the events of history the working of a mighty Plan; the shaping of a great purpose; the carrying out down here of the thoughts conceived in the spiritual world; then history rises up before you, and you realise that the outer events are but the shadow of realities, and that

the realities that cast the shadows are the spiritual truths of the universe. And as that thought begins to show itself, history becomes illuminated, and the outlines of the Plan shine through the tangle of events.

Let us, therefore, impress on our minds the supreme duty of growing more and more reverent as our knowledge of Reality makes us profound and far-sighted in action. In the words of Tennyson :

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But deeper.

R. K. Kulkarni

The Hell of Priests—A thing for scorn of men,
And for the hearts of little children, fear.
A lure obscene to bait the traps of Faith,
Where bloody reek of dead men done to death
Cries yet to man for vengeance, drawing near—
When Truth shall cleanse the world of creeds again,
And all their impious calumnies that sere
The unctuous lips of priests with lying breath,
Grown slanderous professing to revere.
A God whose love is half a hatred fell—
This is the burden of an earthly Hell.

John Helston

JUDAS—HIS EXULTANT DEATH

INTERPRETED IN THE LIGHT OF THE "MYSTERIES"

By GWENDOLEN BISHOP

" Master, to Thee is this sacrifice
Offered ; this of my body. Lo !
I, Betrayer of Man, to the Godhead bow.
Blood-spillers handle the sacred dice,¹
As I sow myself for sesame seed,²
In that same field where the barren tree
Was cursed ; since it bore no fruit for thee.
Ah, Little Ones!³ Hasten ! Bid me God-speed !
I pass, to rejoin Him in Paradise !

" Yea, Comrade, yea ; Thou art slain indeed !
Elect was I to hand⁴ Thee to shame.

¹ The "sacred dice" were among the seven sacred "playthings" of Bacchus, and used to instruct the mystae in the evolution of matter and form ; they represent the five planes of being ; the five Platonic solids.

² "Sesame seed." Fragments of a cake made from sesame seed were eaten by the mystae at the Orphic ritual. To this day it is strown upon little cakes sold in Greece at Easter time. In Turkey and Arabia a white sweet-meat largely composed of sesame and honey and called "manna"—the symbolic "bread of heaven"—is also made and eaten at that season.

³ "Little Ones" are the neophytes, or mystae. "The Little Child" was the ordinary name for a candidate just initiated, *i.e.*, one who had just been "re-born" ; in India called the "twice-born". Christ is reported to have said that "unless a man be born again" he cannot partake of eternal life.

⁴ The Greek word translated in the Gospels as "betrayed," or the "betrayed" is the same as one used in the Mysteries of Dionysus, and having the peculiar significance of "handing over". This "handing over" denoted the passing of the sacred foods, etc., from the hands of the epoptai to the hands of the mystae ; they might symbolise their recognition of their true significance by kissing them ; in this manner Judas "handed over" Jesus, and signalled his recognition with a kiss.

—God! It consumes; this dazzling flame!—
 Their laughter rose when they saw Thee bleed
 On the trunk of the cross-tree's bitter wood,
 And the whole of the mystery was told
 As the Graft from the Apple of Shining Gold¹
 Blossomed and fell in a shower of blood,
 To nourish the root of the lowliest weed.

“This be Thy praise—that the dark-eyed brood
 For ever shall offer me up to scorn:
 —I, who have kissed the lips of the Dawn!—²
 At my grave they will stumble and shuddering, hood
 Their eye³ from the auriole Light; from the Sun
 Stripping my bones of corporeal blame;
 From the winged soul perched on their cairn of
 shame.
 Behold now, ye mockers! The last coin is spun!
 Jesus slain—the Law—Christ, Christ Himself
 understood!”

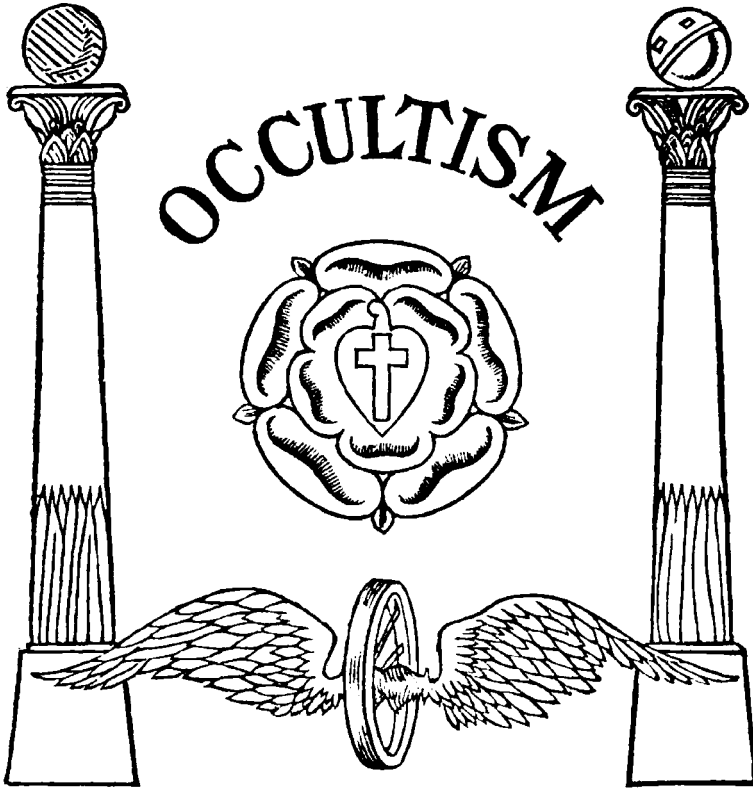
For information contained in notes 4, 6, I am indebted to an article by Slade-Butler on “The Greek Mysteries and the Gospels” *Nineteenth Cent.*, Mag, 1905.

Gwendolen Bishop

¹ The Golden Apple was one of the sacred playthings of Bacchus which denoted the inner knowledge—pure gold.

² “I who have kissed the Lips of the Dawn”—the Greek word used in the Gospels to denote the kiss of Judas is not the word used ordinarily for a kiss, but an one that describes the most tender, intimate kiss of the lover; the word used to describe the salutation of sacred things in the Dionysic ritual.

³ “Their eye,” alludes to the third eye; the eye of higher and occult vision, supposed to be placed in the crown of the head, and always looking upward.



GHOSTS AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS

By LACY COLLISON-MORLEY

Author of *Greek and Roman Ghost Stories*

It has been maintained that no man in his senses ever saw a ghost; that these are the delusive visions of women and children, or of men whose intellects are impaired by some physical infirmity, and who believe that their diseased imaginations are of divine origin. But if Dion and Brutus, men of strong and philosophic minds, whose understandings were not affected by any constitutional infirmity—if such men could place so much faith in the appearance of spectres as to give accounts of them to their friends, I see no reason why we should depart from the opinion of the ancients that men had their evil genii who disturbed them with fears and distressed their virtues.

So wrote Plutarch.

It is true that the ghost-story has never occupied the important position in the clear atmosphere of the Mediterranean which it has held in the vague and more mystical North. Even to-day ghost-stories are not

common in Italy, as compared with tales of the were-wolf. But though they are rare in classical literature, even after the invasion of the West by the cults of the East, there are more of them than is generally supposed. For one thing, the dead in antiquity were never regarded as entirely cut off from the living. Outside every Latin town a hole was dug before the walls were traced, which was regarded as the entrance to the Lower World for the dead of the town in question, and was opened on three days during the year to give them access to their old homes. Moreover the souls of those who had died violent deaths were condemned to haunt the spots where they had been slain, for the span of their natural life. They were malignant spirits and were therefore propitiated at a special festival, the Lemuria, besides being entrusted with the carrying out of curses.

Hence, as we should expect, necromancy was frequently practised, particularly during the later days of the Republic and the early Empire. Nero called up the shade of his mother, whom he had murdered, and endeavoured to appease it, and we are told that not even the charms of his own acting and singing gave him such delight as the raising of the dead. Caracalla, a later Emperor, indulged in similar practices, and a Greek philosopher even succeeded in raising the shade of Achilles. Throughout the ancient world there were a number of soul-oracles at places where the presence of mephitic vapours gave rise to the belief that they were entrances to the Lower World. Here the dead were regularly consulted by sensible men of the world, like Cicero's friend, Atticus.

Warning apparitions, often gigantic women, are recorded on several important occasions. Shakspeare

has made the vision which appeared to Brutus on the eve of Philippi known to everyone, but few people are aware that a man of heroic size and beauty, according to Suetonius, was suddenly seen in Cæsar's camp while he was still hesitating whether to cross the Rubicon or not. Seizing a trumpet from one of the men who had run up to listen, he blew a loud blast and began to cross the river. Cæsar hesitated no longer, and his men followed him with great enthusiasm.

Lucian is among the scoffers, and his delightfully amusing dialogue, the *Philopseudos*, ridicules the superstitions of his contemporaries. But it is none the less a mine of information and contains instances of almost every kind of supernatural belief held in his day, and with its aid we can find instances of most modern ghost-stories scattered up and down the classics. We read of haunted baths in Chæronea, and of a haunted house at Athens let at a ridiculously low rent, because no one else would live in it but a philosopher. He refused to move from the table where he was working late at night till the ghost actually clanked its chains over his head; then rose and followed it till it vanished. He marked the spot with leaves and had the ground dug up, when some bones and some rusty chains were discovered. These were duly buried and the ghost was laid to rest for ever. Sounds of fighting were heard at Marathon, as on other battle-fields, and Philostratus has left a beautiful description of the activities of the Homeric heroes revisiting the glimpses of the moon round Troy. The worst of the Emperors, Caligula and Nero especially, appeared after their death, and a church was actually built by a mediæval Pope in Rome to lay the latter's restless

shade. The spirit of the wife of Periander, the famous tyrant of Corinth, refused to answer his questions till he had given her all the clothes she needed, and in order to satisfy her he made all the women of the city strip off their clothes and ornaments at a great festival and burnt them in her honour. Lucian also tells us of a wife returning to upbraid her husband because he had omitted to burn one of her slippers on her funeral pyre. She vanished when a little dog barked under the bed. Then there is the well-known story of the poet Simonides being warned in a dream not to sail upon the ship he had selected, by the spirit of an unknown sailor, to whom he had given peace by throwing the obligatory three handfuls of earth upon his unburied bones by the sea-shore.

But there is only one instance of the commonest and best-authenticated kind of modern ghost-story, the apparition of a person at or near the moment of death, generally to some one to whom he has been peculiarly attached or to whom he has promised to appear after death, if such a thing be possible. A traveller put up at an inn at Megara with a quantity of gold upon him, which he carried, as was then usual, concealed in his belt. The host discovered this and murdered him during the night, arranging to take the body outside the walls in a cart-load of dung on the following morning. Meanwhile, however, the ghost of the murdered man appeared to a citizen of the town and told him what had happened, though we are not informed whether the two men had previously been acquainted. But the citizen of Megara was so impressed by his vision that he immediately caused a search to be made, and the murderer was caught exactly at the spot indicated, with the body in the cart.

It cannot be said that this is a very remarkable or a very interesting case, and the general impression left upon us by the majority of the stories that have come down to us is much the same. Their very simplicity makes us realise that we are face to face with the phenomenon in its infancy. They are wholly uncritical, and would be quite useless to a scientific investigator. The only tale which in any way approaches the standard required by a good modern ghost-story is that of Charito and Demonstratus, told by Phlegon of Tralles, which supplied Goethe with the material for his *Braut von Korinth*. It is, however, too long to quote here. But Apuleius' account of the bride who is warned in her sleep by the wraith of her husband that he has been murdered by his treacherous friend, Thrasyllus, might have been taken from the plot of a modern novel. Thrasyllus is courting the widow, for love of whom he has committed the crime, and she pretends to encourage his suit, inviting him to visit her by night, and then she blinds him. As soon as she has accomplished her vengeance, she rushes to her husband's tomb and slays herself. Thither Thrasyllus follows her, filled with remorse, shuts the gates and starves himself to death. Very interesting, too, is the speech of Quintilian, supposed to be delivered on behalf of a mother, whose son had appeared to her every night after his death. She told her husband, meaning him to come and share her joy at the interview. But he was afraid, and sent for a diviner to mew up the boy securely in his tomb with spells. So powerful were these that he had not appeared again and the mother is suing the father to have them removed.

Quintilian's speech at least shows the strength of the belief in apparitions of the dead which prevailed in some

quarters, and is noteworthy because the apparition is of a comforting character. This is quite the exception in the ancient world. To the Greek or the Roman the future life was at best a vague shadowy copy of the life upon earth. All his joys were centred round this world, beneath which his spirit would one day be forced to dwell. Christianity first taught men to take refuge from the miseries of life in the contemplation of future bliss. Hence the marked change in the purport of the modern ghost-story.

Ghosts formed a regular part of the theatrical machinery in the Roman comedies; in Plautus they are frequently found. But, as we have seen, the phenomenon is regarded differently by different writers. Lucian laughs, but the Younger Pliny is ready to discuss the subject seriously with a friend, while his uncle, the Elder Pliny, and Suetonius are also believers. God-fearing men like Aelian or Plutarch regard ghosts as the result of the direct intervention of Providence, and it was commonly believed that no spirit could return to the world above except by Pluto's permission and under the conduct of Mercury. Obviously there was a popular idea abroad, shared by a number of educated persons, even after the decay of the old religions and the founding of the various philosophic schools, that death did not cut off the dead man entirely from the world he had left, and that his wraith could, under certain circumstances, return to it. But it is not possible to arrive at very definite conclusions about the character of the beliefs held by the ancients upon the subject from the information at our disposal.

Lacy Collison-Morley

THE BAND OF SERVERS

By C. JINARAJADASA, M. A.

FOR a large number of Theosophists the idea of reincarnation has revolutionised their lives. Reincarnation has been an integral part of Hindūism and Buddhism for centuries, and its proclamation by Theosophy as a part of the evolutionary process cannot therefore be said to be entirely new in the history of thought; nevertheless the way in which that idea has been applied by Theosophists to the living problems of life is undoubtedly new. So far as the Western world is concerned, reincarnation may be said to have come to it, some day to become an integral part of its philosophy, by means of the Theosophical Society.

Much as reincarnation is bound to be for most merely a splendid hypothesis, yet, when that hypothesis is shown to be an inexhaustible reservoir of solutions to problems of life that occur every day, the hypothesis may be said to have passed beyond the stage of a mere theory, and to have become a great living reality. To those who have moulded their lives in the light of reincarnation, and who find their lives therefore more purposeful and dynamic, the supreme proof of reincarnation perhaps lies in the fact that they cannot any more consider a mode of life for themselves wherein the thought of reincarnation has no part. It has been truly said by Herbert Spencer that the inconceivability of the negation of a scientific truth is the last criterion of its validity to an individual. This same general statement is absolutely true concerning the idea of reincarnation.

One powerful element that has made reincarnation a more living truth is the recognition that the past history of individuals in previous lives can be deciphered. Whether this comes to an individual by dreams or visions, or by the direct reading of the records of the past in the memory of the LOGOS, the fact that the past is not unrecoverable is a most inspiring solace to those who desire to understand life. To many Theosophists such brief glimpses into the past lives of certain individuals as have been published have been most illuminating; they have given hints and clues as to those unseen guiding Intelligences, who out of men's circumstances and capabilities weave the tapestry of life.

The first definite series of investigations into past lives was begun in May, 1893; these form the lives of Erato published in THE THEOSOPHIST in April 1912. Since then several series have been investigated, and some of them recorded. The most important of all series recorded are the *Lives of Alcyone*.

When permission was given by the Masters to investigate the past lives of Erato, it was then mentioned that we would gain from them instructive ideas as to the general working of the laws of reincarnation and karma. This has proved to be the case with each series investigated; we have clearer ideas now than we had twenty years ago concerning both these laws of evolution as they apply to re-birth in Root-races and sub-races, and as to the necessary adjustment of karma to give the experiences needed for each soul to make the best out of a given situation.

With the investigations into the past of Alcyone, however, new light has come to us concerning the evolution of men *en masse*. We see now something of a plan

of evolution formulated by a Hierarchy that governs the world, and carried out by its agents who found races and religions. And the later investigations recorded in *Man : Whence, How and Whither* have given us a vast ground-plan of evolution, wherein we may duly place the facts we have so far gathered from our Theosophical studies, and erect that magnificent structure of the Divine Wisdom that is a never-ending source of inspiration. In the light of these latest researches, we begin to see that one aim achieved by reincarnation is the training of souls to work in groups, under leaders and guides, all bent on a common beneficent work, yet co-operating with a willing obedience to carry out the orders of those wiser and greater than themselves.

One such band of Servers have been instrumental in ushering in the Theosophical movement to-day. Under the leadership of the Masters of Wisdom, two great Servers, H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, founded the Theosophical Society, the nucleus of that future World-Empire of the Spirit, under whose fostering care men shall realise in daily life something of the Divinity within them. Since then, many a Server has entered the ranks to take his part in the Great Work, and year by year new Servers are joining to give of their best to the proclamation of Theosophy.

There are now in the Society hundreds of these Servers, who for many lives in the past have worked under one or other of the Masters. They congregate round some elder soul, like one of the Masters, or round one of Their pupils; and in recording the past lives of some of these pupils, a few have been recognised. The following list gives the "star-names" given to them in the book *The Lives of Alcyone*, now in the press and soon to be published.

Names of Characters in the Lives of Alcyone

A	Bootes Boreas BRIHAT (BRIHASPATI) Bruce (Brunhilda)
Achilles Adrona Aglaia * Ajax Alastor * Alba Albireo Alces (Alcestis) * Alma (Alcmene) Alcyone Aldeb (Aldebaran) Aletheia Alex (Alexandros) Algol Altair Amal (Amalthea) Andro (Andromeda) Ant (Antares) Apis Apollo Aqua (Aquarius) Aquila Ara Arcor Arthur (Arcturus) Argus Aries Atlas (Atalanta) * ATHENA Aulus Auriga Aurora * Auson (Ausonia) Abel (Avelledo)	C
	Callio (Calliope) Calyx (Calypso) * Cancer Canopus Capella Capri (Capricorn) Cassio (Cassiopeia) Castor Cento (Centaurus) Cetus Camel (Chameleon) Chanda Chrys (Chrysos) Circe Clare (Clarion) Clio * Colos (Colossus) Concord (Concordia) Corona * Crux * Cygnus Cyr (Cyrene)
	D
B	Dactyl * Daleth Daphne Demeter Deneb * Dharma DHRUVA Diana Dido (Daedalus) Dolphin Dome (Diomede) Dora (Dorado) Draco
Baldur Bee (Beatrix) Beatus Bella (Bellatrix) Beren (Berenice) Betel (Betelgeuse) Beth	

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

	E		Iris
Echo			Ivan
Egeria			Ivy (Iphigenia)
Elektra			Ixion (Centurion)*
Elsa			
Epsilon			J
Erato			Jason
Eros			Jerome
Eta			Joan
Eudox (Eudoxia)*			Judex
Euphra (Euphrosyne)			Juno
	F		JUPITER
Fabius			
Fides			K
Flora			Kamu
Flos			Kappa
Fomal (Fomalhaut)			Karu
Fons			Kepos
Forma (Formator)			Kim
Fort (Fortuna)			Koli (Philippa)
	G		Kös
Gamma			Kratos
Gaspar			Kudos
Gem (Gemini)			
Gimel			L
Gluck (Glaucus)			Lacey (Lacerta)
Gnostic			Laxa (Lachesis)*
	H		Leo
Hebe			Leopard (Leopardus)
Hector			Leto
Helios			Libra
Herakles			Lignus
Hermin (Herminius)			Lili*
Hesper (Hesperia)			Liovtai
Hestia			Lobelia
Holly			Lomia
Horus			Lotus
Hygeia			Lutea (Lutetia)*
	I		Lyra
Ida			
Inca			M
Iota			Madhu*
Irene*			Magnus
			MAHAGURU

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

MANU
Markab
MARS
Math (Mathematicus)
Maya
Melete
Melpo (Melpomene)
MERCURY
Mira *
Mizar
Mona †
Muni
Myna (Minerva)

N

Naga
Naiad
Nanda
NEPTUNE
Nestor *
Nicos (Nicosia)
Nimrod
Nita (Nitocris)
Noel
Norma
Nu

O

Oak
Obra
Odos
Olaf (Olympia)
Onyx
Ophis (Ophiuchus)
Orca (Minorca)
Orion
Orpheus
OSIRIS

P

Pallas
Parthe (Parthenope)
Pavo
Pax (Pegasus)

Pearl (Proserpina)
Pepin
Percy (Perseus)
Philæ
Phocea *
Phoenix
Phra
Pindar
Pisces
Polaris
Pollux
Pomo (Pomona)
Priam
Proteus
Psyche
Pyx (Procyon)

Q

Quies

R

Radius
Rama
Rao
Rector
Regu (Regulus)
Rex
Rhea
Rigel
Ronald
Rosa
Roxana

S

Sagitta (Sagittarius)
Sappho
SATURN
Scotus
Selene
Sextans
Sif
Sigma
Sirius

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

† Passed over but returned to incarnation immediately.

Sirona		V
Sita		
Siwa †		Vajra †
Soma		Vale (Velleda)
Spes		Vega
Spica		VENUS
Stella		Vesta *
SURYA		Viola
Sylla		VIRAJ
	(644373)	Virgo
		Vizier
	T	VULCAN
		W
Taurus *		
Telema (Telemachus)		Walter
Theo (Theodoros)		Wences (Wenceslas)
Theseus		
Thetis		
Tiphys		X
Thor		
Tolosa †		Xanthos
Tripes (Trapezium)		Xulon
Trefoil		
Tulsi		Y
	U	
		Yajna
		Yati
		Yodha
		Z
Uchcha		
Udor		
Ullin		
Ulysses †		Zama
Una		Zarathushtra
Upaka		Zeno
URANUS		Zephyr
Ursa		Zeta
Ushas		Zoe

It must be clearly understood that these are not all the Servers ; they are but a fraction of the number that compose a particular band. The fact that a person is not "in the Lives" merely means that a given

* Passed over and out of incarnation.

† Passed over but returned to incarnation immediately.

(644373)

investigator has not so far noted that person, or has not looked for that person ; for often we have changed considerably as causal bodies during long periods of time, and it does not at all follow that the investigator knowing us now would recognise us at first sight as we were then. Every earnest Theosophical worker is "in the Lives," grouped around one or another of the present and past leaders of the Theosophical movement ; if he is not in the list published above, it merely means he has not yet been definitely traced. In reality, to be found in the Lives does not necessarily signify much ; there are many who have not yet been "found," who are far nearer to the heart of the movement and nearer to Discipleship than some recorded in this list.

The names given above are only names to serve as mnemonics to designate the egos concerned ; they have no occult significance whatsoever. As an ego takes incarnations as man and as woman, it is unsatisfactory to use the name of his present incarnation, if the investigator is describing an incarnation of the ego when the sex was different. Hence it was found more convenient to use some other symbol than the actual name of the present personality. At first, the names of stars and constellations were used ; and for easier recognition, the names of the planets were used for those Egos who are now on the Adept level. Later, as more and more Servers were recognised, designations other than names of planets and stars were used ; hence the curious jumble of names from many tongues in the present list.

During the earlier investigations, certain egos were noted as repeatedly appearing in a particular series of lives, but they were not recognised through their

present personalities; to these were given names of the Greek and Hebrew alphabets—Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Aleph, Beth, etc. Some of these were later recognised, and their alphabet names, in some cases, were changed, as Alpha to Alastor, Beta to Cancer, Aleph to Aquila; in other cases the alphabet names were retained, even though the egos were recognised—as Gamma, Beth, Gimel, etc. There are some who are still not recognised.

In the list given it will be noted that some names are followed by names in brackets. This shows that the name in the brackets was that used in such series of lives as have been published in THE THEOSOPHIST, but that they have been changed for use in the series of charts appearing in the book *The Lives of Alcyone*. The changes are chiefly due to the need of curtailing the length of names so as to get them to fit into several parallel columns on a narrow page. The names of those who are Masters of Wisdom to-day are printed in capitals. As mentioned in the foot-notes, the asterisk denotes an ego who has passed out of incarnation, since the founding of the Theosophical Society; the names of those egos who have passed out, but have almost immediately returned to incarnation, are followed by a dagger. No doubt several more of the former type of egos will return quickly to incarnation, without the period in the heaven-world, as suitable opportunities for re-birth are provided for them by the Masters.

Hitherto in the past lives of the great band of Servers, they have mostly lived in one country, or fairly close to each other, so as to permit of intercourse with such means of locomotion as existed in the past. For the

first time, the Servers have now been scattered into many nations, as will be seen from the following chart:

Distribution of the Characters

Country.	Male.	Female.	Total.
India	55	4	59
British Isles... ..	44	42	86
United States	22	21	43
Australia and New Zealand	10	4	14
Holland and Dutch East Indies	9	4	13
France	5	8	13
Italy	4	4	8
Russia	2	3	5
Austria	3	1	4
Germany	2	...	2
Parsi	2	...	2
Spain	1	...	1
Switzerland	1	...	1
Burma	1	...	1

Unrecognised : 9

In the analysis of the characters, none of the Adepts have been counted, nor Proteus, who is now in a Tibetan form. One difficulty in the analysis lies in the fact that a character may belong to a given race, as for example, the English, and yet be settled down for life in a foreign land and make that his home, and find there too his part of the great Theosophical empire which is his heritage. In such cases, disregarding nationality of birth, we have counted as an ego's present country that in which his chief Theosophical activities lie. A vast amount of information concerning all these matters of the past will be at the disposal of students when *The Lives of Alcyone*, now in the press, is finally issued. Preceding the first life of Alcyone, 22,662 B. C.,

published in THE THEOSOPHIST, eighteen new lives are given, two dating as far back as 70,000 B. C. In two of the lives we meet again the great "Mahāguru," during His ministry as Thoth in Egypt 40,000 B. C. and as Zoroaster in Persia 29,700 B. C. A detailed chart of the relationships between the various characters is given after each life. A novel element (furthermore will be some dozen pictures of Alcyone as he looked in some of his past lives.

Whether we are in these charts or not, we who are Servers can gain this lesson from the past—that in spite of our weaknesses and lack of ability along certain lines, we do possess to some extent the supreme ability to serve. In service there is neither small nor great; the spirit of our service makes us one with God, who as He is the Master of us all is yet the Servant of us all too. Follows then the lesson for the future, that lesson so significantly expressed in the verse of the Talmud :

The day is short and the work is great.

It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work, but thou must not therefore cease from it.

C. Jinarajadasa

A TRUE GHOST STORY

By ARTHUR E. A. M. TURNER,

[Before presenting the following true story to my readers, I would like to describe the circumstances under which it came into my possession. Being a somewhat technical student of Occult and psychic affairs, I was tempted to comment in a lengthy manner on a review of a work by a sensational ghost-monger in a weekly paper with a considerable circulation, explaining several different kinds of ghosts and the reasons for seeing them. This letter drew me into correspondence with readers almost all over the world, and among their communications I received the following story from a business man in the Argentine Capital.]

THE paragraphs under the subheading 'Haunted localities and houses,' in your letter on 'Ghosts,' which appeared in *T. P's Weekly*, of February 28th, interested me greatly for the reasons stated hereunder.

Let me state, by way of preamble, that I am a commonplace, somewhat unimaginative business-man. The Occult holds no attractions for me, and I have never dived into the depths of psychical research.

On Monday morning, January 13th last, I arrived at my home—a department-house, situated in the Calle Jujuy in this city—after spending the week-end in the country. I noticed a *vigilante* standing on guard a few yards from the door, and asked the porter, who chanced to be in the courtyard, what had happened. He told me that a man had been murdered in the street the previous night, about half-past 11 o'clock. The *vigilante*, hearing our conversation, came forward and explained to me how the police had 'reconstructed' the crime. Here, where a few drops of blood bespattered the pavement, the fatal shot had been fired; there, in the kennel on the opposite side of the roadway, the larger pool and smears as of blood-stained hands showed the victim had

fallen and struggled to his feet; yonder, beneath the bracket gas-lamp, where the flags and kerb bore ample traces of the tragedy, he had collapsed and died. The body was removed by the police, who had been attracted by the sound of the shot.

The recital did not impress me greatly, as, unfortunately, such scenes are only too common in this cosmopolitan city, and soon the occurrence faded from my recollection.

Some weeks later I arrived home on a Sunday night about 11-30, and, just after passing the corner of the block in which my house is situated, a young fellow, dressed in a brown suit, passed me in the roadway. He crossed in front of me on to the pavement, and looked back, not at me but, apparently, at something beyond me. I had not heard his approach, and I remember idly speculating as to whether he had rubber heels on his shoes. I saw his face distinctly when he turned round, and noticed that he looked pale and agitated. He crossed to the bracket-lamp I have before mentioned, and although I was feeling no particular interest in his doings, and certainly was not keeping my eyes fixed upon him, I saw, as I placed my key in the lock, that he was no longer in sight. I wondered vaguely where he had disappeared to, as the whole of the opposite side of the block is bordered by the high wall of an orphanage playground. No other person besides our two selves was passing through the block at the time.

Not the slightest idea of anything supernatural had occurred to me in connection with the incident, but, while shaving at the open window of my flat the following morning, I heard two women in the courtyard

volubly discussing the appearances of the *Espiritu* of the murdered man. Not, I confess, without a tremor which placed my epidermis in serious jeopardy, did it suddenly strike me that the man I had seen the previous night must have been the apparition of which they talked. I spoke to the porter later, and he assured me that it was the common talk in the neighbourhood that the ghost appeared every Sunday night at the same time, although he could name no one who had actually seen it. The following Sunday I was at a biograph-exhibition, when the shooting of a man on the screen reminded me of my experience. I looked at my watch; it was twenty minutes past 11. By walking quickly, I reached my block a couple of minutes after the half-hour. I wheeled sharply round the corner and, almost under the bracket-lamp, I saw the same figure I had seen the previous Sunday. This time I stood still and watched intently. Beneath each bracket-lamp there is naturally a small patch of shade, and although I cannot say I saw the figure actually disappear, I saw it pass into the shade from which it never emerged. When I reached my door, a few yards from the lamp, there was nothing to be seen.

Now follows the most extraordinary part of the story. A few nights after, I was sitting with a group of friends in a neighbouring café, when somebody jestingly mentioned the reported appearances, and when I said I had seen the apparition, the laughter was general and unrestrained. The *cafetero* asked if I could recognise a photograph of the face I had seen, and on my replying that I thought I could, he beckoned a gentleman over from another table, and introduced him to me as the Secretary of the sectional comissaria, Senor

Duportal. When the latter heard my tale, he requested me to accompany him to his office, and there produced from a pigeon-hole a stack of photographs. With a sweep of his hand he spread them over his desk and said: "Now, see if he is among that lot." All the photographs were of dead bodies. I ran my eye along the line and, without hesitation, pointed to one and cried: "That's the man." Duportal picked up the one I indicated and, turning it over, referred to some typed particulars pasted on the back. "Dios mio!" he exclaimed, "You are right. That is the photograph of the body of an unknown man, who was shot in the Calle Jujuy on the night of January 12th."

Up to date, the murdered man has not been identified, and no arrest has been made in connection with the crime. Both Duportal and myself tried to find others who had seen the shade, but without success. I have since left the neighbourhood, but on several Sunday nights before doing so I passed through the block at the same hour without again seeing the figure.

As you are evidently much interested in such matters I thought I would send this report to you, and should be much obliged if you will let me know if you consider it a case of thought-projection on the part of the criminal?

Arthur E. A. M. Turner

[The appearance, in this case, would be of the man himself, *minus* his dense physical body. It may be noted that the man was not seen later on. This would indicate that he had shaken off the etheric, but still physical, matter which remains in contact with the subtler bodies for a short time after death. He would be more easily seen while this remained, as etheric vision is but an extension of the normal physical vision. When the 'etheric double' had dissipated itself, the man would not be visible to any sight lower than astral vision.—ED].

SOME INDIAN EXPERIENCES

By ELISABETH SEVERS

THIS particular series of Indian experiences began on Saturday, December 13th, 1913, at 12 P.M., at which time Mrs. Stead, Miss Noble and myself arrived at Bhuvaneshwar to be met and hospitably housed by Dr. Harrison.

Next morning we drove to Bhuvaneshwar proper, a village some two miles distant, to see the celebrated Orissa Temples. Dr. Schrader was responsible for our visit; he himself had been there lately, and had assured us that it was one of the most interesting districts of India. It is said that Bhuvaneshwar was intended to be a second Benares, and that at one time 7,000 Temples fringed the sacred lake; but now only about 100 remain, nearly all in various stages of ruin. The Temples are dedicated to Shiva, the place was a centre of Shaivism, and are mostly in the liṅgam form with much outer fluting or convolutions. The Great Temple, walled securely all round, which being Mlechhas we could not enter, is according to Mr. Fergusson, "perhaps the finest example of a purely Hindū temple in India". We mounted a small stone platform which commanded a view of the interior of the Temple, which certainly looked a most imposing structure. Like many of the

other smaller Temples, it consists of a Vimanah and porch and Nat and Bhog Mandirs, Hall of Offerings, and Dancing-hall. It was originally built 617-657, and is still in use. It is most elaborately carved, every individual stone, it is said, having a pattern carved upon it. The trident, the symbol of Shiva, crowns the spire, and lions, the symbol of the Kesari or Lion dynasty of Orissa, are everywhere. We explored the ruins of some of the smaller Temples, and then, having picked up the old chief priest of the place, started on a walk down a village street to another Temple. In the village were many pilgrims resting on verandas, Sādhus telling their beads, and the inevitable leper holding out maimed hands for alms. I wish the Indian mind and the official world would rise to the necessity of segregating all lepers. Madras seems trying to do so, but lepers are much in evidence in India, and each is a potential cause of suffering and danger to the community. By favour of the old priest we were allowed to enter a very elaborately carved Temple and spent some time inspecting its carving, and outside admiring the view over the large tank. We ourselves were the centre of a certain amount of interest. In one very narrow street leading to the Post Office, all the women and children came to the doors to see us, and I was also interested in them, for they were laden with jewellery, while the walls of their houses, instead of the threshold as is more customary, were decorated with intricate patterns of white lines making a dado; palaces in ruins we also saw. Big carved lions guarded the principal entrance to the Temple, and priests suggested we should give them alms and they would see the Temple for us, a sort of vicarious pilgrimage I suppose. The old priest,

astrologer, and Samskr̥t scholar, proceeded to try and tell our fortunes by palmistry but was not very successful.

Next day quite a little cavalcade left to see the Jain and Buddhist rock-caves at Udayagiri, a dog-cart, two little ekkas, three dogs and several servants. At the Dak Bungalow at Udayagiri we breakfasted, and then explored the Buddhist caves on the Udayagiri Hill. There were several of them at different levels, each cave with its own name and adorned with elaborate carvings, small low recesses in which pious Buddhists meditated and tried to escape from the thraldom of the I. They had good taste in choosing their retreat; unlike the Christian monks who generally built their monasteries in a hollow, the Eastern solitary chose the heights, and these caves possessed a beautiful view over the distant country with its celebrated groves of mango trees. The different Buddhas were sculptured round some of the caves, figures purposely defaced and desecrated in a later era of fighting and persecution. Round a row of the largest caves, a place also spoken of as a fort or palace, in ancient India often interchangeable terms, were sculptured a long series of incidents of some forgotten history. Pāli inscriptions were also to be seen. The figures of two small carved elephants guarded the entrance to one cave. We climbed to the top of the hill which ended in a wide plateau, and sat down to rest though the tropical sun blazed down. Another route revealed caves fashioned externally into supposed animal shapes. The Elephant Cave is a natural cave with a long inscription, supposed to date from 300 B. C. The Serpent Cave was decorated with a three-headed cobra, and close by was the Tiger Cave, said to resemble

a tiger with open jaws, and with an inscription of the Ashoka character.

The monkeys, whom our appearance interested very much, came leaping from bough to bough to follow our proceedings. They lent a pleasant "younger brother" touch to our ramblings. As a rule I do not like monkeys with their grotesque resemblance to the human kingdom, but these wild monkeys with their long fluffy tails, black faces and white beards were quite nice animals—from a distance at any rate.

Tea and a rest were both welcome; then we explored the Khandagiri Hill with its Jain remains—a much steeper climb. The Jain religion seems to be of unknown date; many authorities state it appeared about the same time as Buddhism, but Mrs. Besant in her *Four Great Religions* states it was coeval with Hindūism. However that may be, the Jain caves were decorated with elaborate carvings of Lakṣhmi and of Dhyāni Buddhas. Here and there were marigolds on shrines, showing pūjā was still performed. In one cave was an inscription no one, we were told, could decipher. The very summit of the hill was crowned with a modern Temple to Parasmath, built in the eighteenth century. Then we visited a tank cut out of the rock (a tank in India means an artificial piece of water and may be of any size), called the Heavenly Gaṅgā, and an old burial ground with cairns, to which we added stones. These two hills must be a happy hunting ground for archæologists.

On our way home we had—just to complete the day—an adventure. We were held up by a tiger! The sun had set, the moon had not yet risen, a long stretch of jungly road faced our little cavalcade. Suddenly the

dog-cart stopped, the mare rearing and refusing to advance, the bullocks drawing our ekka sidled across the road, while the horns of the following bullocks seemed pushing into our cart. The dogs barked, the servants all began talking at the top of their voices. Bedlam seemed to have suddenly broken out. "What is the matter?" we demanded. "Tiger, tiger on the road," was the decidedly unexpected reply. Until now every afternoon during our expeditions on the hills we had been accompanied by an individual whose dress was mainly a large red turban-cap fringed with quite official-looking gold fringe, and armed with a truly formidable double-headed axe. When we enquired why he and the axe came with us we were told: "Because of the wild beasts." I must say in this adventure, knowing we had no defensive weapon at hand and only Indian servants and one small lamp—the dog-cart lights had been forgotten—I regretted the absence of the axe. However there was no time for regrets. At the first alarm, Dr. Harrison had jumped from the cart and run to the rear to see to the dogs, thrusting the reins into Mrs. Stead's hands though, as she remonstrated, she knew nothing about driving; but the syce stood at the horse's head (afterwards he went into raptures over the behaviour of the horse, to which he was devoted). I heard Dr. Harrison calling to me from the back. "What is it?" I called back. "Will you take a dog?" she answered. Now I am fond of dogs, but I did not at that moment particularly covet a dog's company. It did cross my mind that dogs are regarded as precious tit-bits by hungry wild beasts in India, and that a dog might attract this wild beast to further undesirable proximity. However a servant came running up holding a fox-terrier and a cushion. He thrust both

upon me, saying, "Take the dog, hold it tight, cover it up with a cushion," and then returned with another dog and cushion for Miss Noble. So there we sat on the floor of the ekka cross-legged, it is the most comfortable position, each holding a struggling whimpering dog, trying to conceal his person and silence his whimperings. Miss Noble picked up her sun-umbrella, and suggested we should receive the tiger with that rather ineffectual weapon. The dog however was taking most of my energy; he kicked so vehemently that it required both my hands to hold him and cover him at the same time. However, after what seemed like a long delay, nothing more happened. I should imagine the tiger—it is much more likely I think to have been a panther, the road we were on was known to be a panther-haunted road—was quite frightened by the commotion. We moved off, the dog-cart in the rear and our ekka leading the way, and when we came to the village of Bhuvaneshwar with some difficulty borrowed a man with a large lantern to see us home. But our adventures for the evening were not yet over. When we were quite near our destination, the dog-cart suddenly gave a lurch, and we beheld Mrs. Stead flying through the air and falling on the road. Mercifully she fell on a heap of soft sand, and was not hurt beyond the inevitable shock. The wheel of the dog-cart had come right off. The horse was unharnessed, Mrs. Stead transferred to an ekka, and we were, after these excitements, able to catch the midnight train for Calcutta.

But Bhuvaneshwar is a very wild beast place. A tiger had been seen on the very veranda of the bungalow in which we slept. Some wild animal had, one night, come into the bathroom and drunk water.

We were exhorted to be careful in consequence in shutting all our doors at night. Dr. Harrison's mine manager is always seen home every night by a band of his coolies, because of the animal-haunted roads. I had no idea, until I found myself in India, that so many wild beasts still roamed close to civilisation, as represented by a railway station which was only a few hundred yards from our bungalow. Mrs. Stead was extremely plucky about her accident, never complained, was quite ready to go on that night, and spent a very fatiguing day in Calcutta next day without injury, though her pallor betrayed a discomfort she would not own.

A friendly voice had greeted us when we boarded the Calcutta train, and we discovered Mrs. John and Mrs. Forsyth, like ourselves on their way to Benares and sight-seeing. We hoisted ourselves to our top-berths—it was the first time I had ever inhabited one—and slept the sleep of fatigue.

I had been rather struck with Miss Noble's presence of mind *re* the umbrella, so I remarked to her while jogging home that I was not used to this sort of thing, as my life had been spent practically between Bath and London, but that I supposed she was more so, having lived ten years in South Africa. But Miss Noble, jealous for South Africa's good fame, declared she had never been so near to a wild beast before, except in a Zoo, and was highly amused by my supposition that wild beasts roamed quite freely in South Africa. I must say that next day I contemplated a fine tiger at the Calcutta Zoological Gardens with distinct satisfaction that substantial iron bars were between us. But in the fracas on the road, it really seemed to me such an extraordinary and story-book sort of thing that a wild beast was

actually menacing us, that there was no time to feel frightened—one just wondered what would happen next.

In Calcutta we did the usual things during the hours one has perforce to spend waiting for the evening train. We shopped, we visited the Zoological Gardens, we had a meal at Peleti's, we drove about; the many motor-cars, the high-storied buildings of Calcutta are slightly reminiscent of the West.

But next morning found us at Gayā, *en route* for Buddha Gayā, distant seven miles. First of all we visited the Hindū Temple of Viṣṇu Paḍ or the Footstep of Viṣṇu, because in it is the God's Footstep, though how it got there our questioning did not reveal. The Footstep is thirteen inches long and six inches broad. It is of silver and is set into a silver vessel inserted into the pavement. We had to leave the gharri to get to the Temple; the streets were so narrow. A good many of the inmates of the narrow high houses accompanied us, and a guide who announced he always took all Europeans. As it was certain some one had to take us, as we did not know the way, he took us also. We were of course not allowed to enter the recess where the Footstep is preserved, but looked at it from the doorway. The Temple itself was interesting with its courts and carving and picturesque view over a river below, and a ghat with pilgrims and devotees bathing, and almost naked fakirs, lining the steps of the ghat, with their matted hair and ash-covered bodies clamouring for alms. After a rest and a meal at the Dak Bungalow—there are no hotels at Gayā—we drove to Buddha Gayā, a long slow dusty drive, diversified by the little bands of pilgrims, who looked at us with a kindly interest, recognising we were doing—with a difference of method—what they too had done.

The great pagoda-like structure of Buddha Gayā towers up from a hollow depression. Before we descended the very steep flight of steps which took us into the grounds, we looked at some carved figures of the Buddha behind a railing on the other side of the road. The largest was a decidedly impressive representation, sitting in meditation, adorned with a jewelled ornament on the hair, yellow marigolds on shoulders, neck, and head. The long pendulous ears, the Mongolian eyes, could not deprive the figure of a certain dignity, an impressive serenity.

A crowd of would-be guides fell upon us at the bottom of the steps. It was a slight drawback that no one at Buddha Gayā could speak a word of English. However, the man who took us round was quite persuaded that if he talked sufficiently we should understand him. At least he acted on that principle, and we got on tolerably well. He struck the big gongs or bells outside the Temple, which, rather to our astonishment, used to the exclusiveness of Hindūism, we were allowed to go all over.

The chief object of worship—it practically amounts to that—was the huge gilt figure of the Buddha in the largest shrine on the ground-floor. It was carefully sheeted, but our guide tucked up a corner—rather a sacrilegious proceeding I thought—to show us the figure was all gilt. Marigolds were of course everywhere; little butter figures with a flag stuck into them were prepared outside in the porch and bought by pilgrims and presented at the shrine (I wanted to buy a flag for a memento, but was not allowed to do so, they were only for pūjā I was told). Buddha Gayā struck me as very un-Indian both in feeling and to sight, but as

extraordinarily interesting. It is of course the chief place of pilgrimage in India for Buddhists, but Hindūs pilgrimage there also. A good deal about the Temple itself struck me as meretricious, gaudy and in bad taste. What did impress me was the devotion shown by the pilgrims. Devotees of many nationalities seemed present in the gardens and in the different shrines; it was the pilgrim season. There were many there of a distinctly Mongolian type, with women wearing full trousers. They prostrated, some of them, at the entrance to the Temple; they made offerings at the different shrines; they burst into vocal prayer; they circumambulated round the Bo-Tree with clasped hands and lowered eyes; they seemed very full of religious zeal. We visited all the shrines, seeing many different gilt Buddhas, and saw 42 little butter-lamps being lighted before one shrine. The effect was pretty, like a sea of pale yellow flame, the smell horrible. In the marigold garden outside, the place was ablaze with marigolds, we saw the celebrated Ashoka railing (Murray says it is of later date than King Ashoka) of which Fergusson says: "it is the most ancient sculptured monument in India". One is surprised to see it decorated with western mythological mermaids and centaurs. Perhaps however this shows the solidarity of mythology, or did the West borrow these conceptions from the East, one wonders.

Finally we halted under the Bo-Tree, which has a small gilt Buddha in the wall, making part of the great square platform on which the shrine stands. A small stone platform stands in front of the tree which itself is adorned with gilt splotches, while overhead shreds of cloth flutter in its top branches—a Tibetan offering

perhaps. The men who were following us about—we were the only Europeans there—sat down also. But frankly I did not find my surroundings conducive to meditation. All around me were people performing some sort of pūjā, mostly vocal. On my left was a small band of pilgrims sitting round a fire. One, a priest I supposed, was chanting manṭrams or prayers, the others responded at intervals by a simultaneous exclamation, at the same time throwing some grain from a heap by them into the fire. On the other hand, was another set of pilgrims sitting, praying, or talking. In the rear close at hand was a large tree and a large platform, on which many people were resting, eating, praying. Different persons kept walking round the tree. One was evidently an elderly Hindū of some position, and his demeanour was very reverent; he finished by saluting the Tree with a deep bow and clasped hands. Then came a trousered woman followed by a servant, who seemed to treat the pilgrimage as something of a joke; she had a decidedly roguish look upon her face. Yet despite all these external phenomena, the vicinity of the Bo-Tree imposed its own deep feeling of peace, of its conviction of an inner certainty. The voices, the figures of the passing pilgrims, were as finite ripples of vanishing sound under which sounded the note of lasting serenity. Personally instead of the gorgeous many-storied, pagoda-fashioned Temple Shrine, I should have preferred to have seen only the quiet country scene on which the eyes of the Lord Buddha Himself must have rested when He sat in the hallowed country-spot under the sheltering tree, and found for Himself Deliverance and for others the noble Eight-fold Path. I left the precincts of the Temple with regret.

We then went to the Post Office, from which thirty beggars saw us off. I counted them carefully. The East has a mania for begging; it begs when quite well off, apparently.

The next afternoon found us at Benares, and after a few hours spent at the T. S. we went on to Lucknow. There we devoted ourselves to the usual sight-seeing with ardour. Lucknow is a beautiful town, the city of parks, as it is called, as it is full of large open places. But I should myself have described it as the city of palaces. For the Kings of Oudh had a perfect passion for building, and in consequence their capital is full of their palaces. Wherever you look or drive, most imposing buildings externally meet your eyes; I say imposing externally, for internally they are most disappointing, full of huge chandeliers in the worst of early Victorian taste, and of tawdry representations of Muhammadan shrines or tombs. First of all, of course, we went to see the Residency, now a beautiful well-kept garden, or rather park, for it covers a good deal of ground. Its green turf was a delightful treat to English eyes. We saw all the Mutiny sights; the ruins of Dr. Fayerer's house where Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded while lying ill, the Gate of the Bailey Guard, the Water Gate, the Banqueting Hall, the ruined Residency, with the flag flying over it which during the siege was never lowered, immortalised by Tennyson:

Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow,
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised
thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our Banner of England
flew.

We saw the dark underground rooms in which the ladies and children were sheltered, and the room where

Jessie had her celebrated dream of the coming relief. We walked round the cemetery, ringing the ruined Church in which nearly two thousand are buried, and where lie General Neill and Sir Henry Lawrence.

Here lies

HENRY LAWRENCE,

who tried to do his duty.

May the Lord have mercy on his soul!

Born 28th of June 1806

Died 4th of July 1857

So runs the well-known simple inscription.

But personally I was very glad to leave the Residency; for directly I got there an extraordinarily deep sense of depression—it was more acute than depression, it was like an active keen sorrow—fell upon me, until I felt it would have been a relief to have wept aloud. None of the other Mutiny places affected me, I am thankful to say, in the same way. Why Lucknow did I don't know; it was a purely psychic influence of course and a very trying one. The scene itself was beautiful and peaceful in appearance, but the dreadful scenes of suspense, suffering and death experienced here have evidently still left abiding and deep traces on the atmosphere.

We next went over some of Lucknow's many palaces, so many; one is now used as a club (where, in the afternoon, we saw European Society disporting itself at tennis), and another as a Museum. We took a great deal of exercise in the great Imambarah, climbing up to many roofs for views and over the building itself, to see where the Haren sat; through curious narrow little winding passages and very steep flights of steps we

toiled. It is most imposing outside, this Imambarah with its huge Court within; its large inner Hall is said to be one of the largest rooms in the world, boasting the peculiarity of an arched roof without supports, and built by the Nawab Asaf-ud-Dowlah in 1874 to afford relief to the famine-stricken people.

The Mosque, which they would not let us enter even if we took off our shoes, is at a curious angle to the main block of buildings. We saw palaces, with intervals for rest and refreshment all day, and I am very confused as to their details. One palace was interesting, the Talukdars' Barahdarri, as it contained the portraits of the Kings of Oudh with the background of the palaces each built. The deposition of the Kings of Oudh by Lord Dalhousie contributed to the breaking out of the Mutiny. Near this Picture Palace was a beautiful tank, differing from all other tanks I have yet seen, in that its sides, instead of being square, were curved into double bays. Some of the tombs in the Palaces and Imambarahs were fine; one had a silver tomb; but their general effect was lost by the gaudy rubbish which crowded their vicinity. Beautiful chrysanthemums were also everywhere to be seen in the gardens, parks, and adorning the Palaces.

At Cawnpore our next halting place, we were met by two Theosophical friends and a motor, which soon took us to the Memorial Church, built on the much disputed position of General Wheeler's lines and full of memorials to Mutiny victims. Then we went to the Massacre or Sati, Chaura Ghat, where the British survivors of the siege embarked on Nāna's safeguard, to be fired on and massacred, while the women and children who were so unfortunate as to escape that death,

were massacred later in the Well tragedy. In the present country-scene, a quiet and deserted spot, it was difficult to picture the historical scene of treachery and slaughter. A half-ruined Hindū temple dedicated to Shiva stands by the Ghat, and near it an old Sati ground.

In the afternoon we motored out to see the Government Agricultural College, where we found a few young men going to dissect dead frogs after a lecture on the heart, though what that employment had to do with agriculture I wondered. A kindly Professor showed us some microscopic slides. The College was an imposing looking place; at the present moment, owing to a change in the rules, it is much in need of more students.

Later in the afternoon we visited the famous Memorial Gardens, containing the well of tragic memory, now situated in spacious and well-kept gardens. Over the former well itself stands now the figure of the Angel of the Resurrection, with arms crossed and hands holding palms. I had been told that the Angel's face was supposed to be dual in expression, that one side bore a look of sorrow and the other an expression of almost joy, but I was unable to detect this subtle difference. A carved screen wall, octagonal in shape surrounds the well with the inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nāna Dhundu Pant of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below on the XV of July, MDCCCLVII." Round the arch is written: "These are they which came out of great tribulation." A memorial cross also marks the site of the Massacre House where Nāna's butchers, —his soldiers declined the work—spent the night

butchering the helpless victims. These horrors one really cannot trust oneself to dwell on, on the actual spot where they occurred ; they are much better forgotten or ignored.

But the neighbouring cemetery struck me as much more emotion-provoking than the actual Memorial. The rows of neat green unnamed mounds, each with a little rose bush planted at its head, had a strangely pathetic look, though I must say the soldier who accompanied us (no Indian is allowed to enter the Memorial Garden), did his best to vulgarise the scene by his gabbled version of events, in a tone void of any expression, and with adjectives demanding a good deal. But doves were cooing in the Memorial Garden, birds were sitting happily on the Memorial screen, gardeners were mowing the grass, a monkey was running over the ground, carrying its young one ; the whole scene was a beautiful and peaceful one. For rest always follows after labour and joy succeeds on sorrow. The victims of many years ago, whom the Memorial commemorated, *had* come out of great tribulation and won to rest.

Elisabeth Severs

A VISION

By Z.

THE following narrative seemed a dream, yet so clear and vivid in all the details were the happenings, that it was as though I lived the experience. What it may have portended, I cannot tell—perhaps nothing—yet it came so distinctly, just before my awakening, that it bears telling.

It was approaching the evening; the sun was setting, and I, with many others, stood in the large upper hall of a huge, new building, standing on an eminence, looking out toward the West. We all seemed to be intent on watching the sun set and all were silent. Suddenly, the sky in the West was covered with a huge cloud, black and threatening, which reached from northern to southern horizon. At the base of the storm was a large, copper-coloured area. Some one among the people spoke about that copper-coloured cloud, fearing it meant a great wind-storm and suggested that we hurry to the basement of the building for protection. The people began to go below, while I hurried about warning others who did not know of the storm. I was the last to go below, and just before descending the stairs I took a hurried look through the huge windows and saw that the storm had risen rapidly.

My memory recalls nothing more until I found myself in the large basement, which was partitioned off

into many rooms, with brick walls, floors, and beamed ceilings, but all new, smelling of fresh lime. No human being was in sight. I could hear my father's voice in conversation with another man, but was unable to find him. So I went about from room to room, looking for the others, but found no one. At last I arrived at an outside room containing windows in the walls. The wind was terrific and I could see the trees bending and rocking, and feel the earth vibrating with its force, but strangely enough, the building in which I stood remained perfectly still. I stood looking through one of the small basement windows, watching the storm, and as I watched, the copper-coloured cloud suddenly parted, leaving a bright blue patch of sky, in the centre of which was a brilliant star. As I gazed, pondering the strangeness of it, a slight wisp of cloud floated across the star, but still it could be clearly seen. I asked myself, "What does that mean, what does it portend?" and out of the stillness above me a voice answered: "Why! do you not understand? This storm ushers in the Coming of the Great Teacher and the Star is His sign"; and I replied: "Of course? How stupid of me not to understand." Then I awoke, still with the feeling of wonder and awe inspired by that strange vision.

Z

CORRESPONDENCE

As the author of *The Bible and Christian Science* reviewed in your December number, will you kindly allow me to correct what is likely to give a wrong impression of Christian Science teaching. I refer to the last lines of the said review in regard to the educational value of suffering.

I am the more anxious to do this because I know a number of Theosophical students hold such view of the teaching—that it does not appreciate the value of suffering and that its only object is to get rid of it regardless of the lesson to be taught. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Mrs. Eddy states that we must all come to a knowledge of the Truth by suffering or by Science. All discordant conditions are due to wrong thinking and doing, and that it is not until people learn to obey The Master's injunction: "Go and sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee," that permanent healing takes place.

Christian Scientists from experience feel that it is a pity that "seekers after Truth" are sent searching through human wisdom set forth in theological, philosophical, theosophical or occult works to find it; or through the study of food values, hygiene, eugenics, and all the rest of it. The less we think of our bodies the less they trouble us; a truth anyone can test for himself. The laws of nature are instinctive with everyone. "Take no thought for the life," were the words of the Master. Those who disobey are governed by the body and lose power spiritually. Misery is the result on which doctors thrive.

The wisdom or "knowledge of God" comes from above to the receptive mind, to those who live the life. There seems to be a sad confusion of this divine wisdom (spirituality) with Occultism and all its subtleties of the human mind.

The Master was an illiterate, and yet He overcame all the physical laws, but by spiritual means alone, and many are finding to-day His teaching to be demonstrable in proportion to their understanding of the Truth, the infallibility of the laws of Spirit. Those who have gauged the difference between the pure and unadulterated teaching of The Master Jesus Christ, and that of Sectarianism with its 401 sects (which have proved a failure), will understand what is meant in the line drawn from its context in the review, *viz.*, that Mrs. Besant will return whence she started but free of Sectarianism.

ERNEST J. WELLMAN

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Wake Up, India: A Plea for Social Reform, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

To any student of the social conditions now prevailing in Indian Society, there is nothing inexplicable in the great popularity of the series of lectures which are embodied in this volume. The crowded audience that cheered every noble sentiment she expressed was, at first at least, largely composed of a number of people who were drawn to it by a curiosity, often malign, to know something of the strange personality who had been held up to ridicule in some influential quarters, and was in strong contrast with the sparse attendance which Madras Social Reform lecturers do generally attract. The key to this apparently inexplicable phenomenon is to be sought for, not so much in the lecturer herself, as in the line of argument she took up from the very outset. Indian Society requires a good deal of stirring up, but the day of denunciatory orations is happily past. The young men who form the strongest and the most impressive element in the audience at any lecture are as good denounciators as any of the Social Reform heroes themselves and thus find no charm in their ordinary tactics. They require more of constructive proposals, coming forward from any person who realises the necessity that reforms should grow out of the past, and who sympathises with their own feelings on any question. Such a one they found in Mrs. Besant. They felt that they were being advised by one who knew them and their past, and whose business it was not to gather cheap fame by reckless talk. She said in her very first lecture :

I am going to take the line with which you are familiar, of trying to persuade rather than to denounce, of trying to link on the present proposals to the history of the past in India ; because I hold that the greatness of its nation and its sequential growth can only be reached when one generation is linked to another, and when slowly and gradually, out of the growth of one time the growth of another succeeds.

This promise she has kept in her whole course of lectures, and that is why the audience lost its hostile character as one by one the lectures came to a close.

The constructive ideals which she preached in those lectures were strengthened by the sympathetic attitude she took up towards most of the intolerable social evils of the Indians. Though there is much which one can and should borrow to-day from English ideals, she referred her hearers constantly to their own past, thus assuring them that she was not there to put forward any exotic revolutionary proposals; and when the subject of her lecture happened to be very painful, she would cheer up the spirits of the audience by another stroke of sympathy. She would ask them to remember that the evil they were suffering from was not peculiar to their own society. She prefaced her stirring lecture on the depressed classes with the significant remark that "there is not a single nation which calls itself civilised which is not faced with this problem". In fact, throughout this series of lectures, she made the people of Madras feel that the ills they were suffering from were neither so desperate nor permanent, and that if they would accept the call of duty to the Motherland, they could expect to banish them without putting any undue strain on the nation.

The lectures are of as much interest to Englishmen as to Indians, though I cannot say how far they will be appreciated by Theosophists as such. I believe Mrs. Besant intended them primarily for people in general, but even Theosophists will, I think, be the wiser for studying the lectures. The questions therein dealt with are of general importance to the Indians and other readers; especially the citizens of the British Empire should read at least a few of its chapters. The lecture on the Colour Bar cannot fail to open their eyes to one of the most momentous dangers to the integrity of the Empire, and all its well-wishers will profit greatly by knowing the Indian point of view which Mrs. Besant explains. Englishmen should never forget "it is not possible that Indians shall remain for ever as they are to-day, shut out from so much of right, so much of good, and shut out on that most flimsy of pretences, the fact that because of their climate, the colour of their skin is dark". It is this simple fact which the people of South Africa, Canada and Australia refuse to believe. They perhaps believe that one-fifth of the human race is destined to remain eternally submerged, and that the day will never come when the Colonies will be asked, and asked successfully, to give up their selfish policy.

Though the primary object of the lectures was to encourage Social Reform, yet they are so full of references to ancient Indian life that their perusal cannot fail to create in us a pride in our past. The nobility of some of the social customs that prevailed in the Vaidik period is scarcely to be met with even in the most enlightened society of to-day. Women were the equals of men and wielded power far stronger than they do in countries where they enjoy the vote. One other feature that distinguishes these lectures from those we hear from our so-called Social Reformers is the copiousness of short and relevant disquisitions on knotty religious points. The argument that the child-widows owe their bereavement to their karma occasioned one of these. She said:

Karma is the result that grows out of causes in the past and is modified by causes in the present. You see a child fall down. The child has fallen down in obedience to the law of gravitation. Does that prevent you from picking it up again? It ought to do so, according to your view of Karma. you might as well think you cannot walk upstairs, because the law of gravitation tends to draw all things towards the centre of the earth. Karma can be conquered, as every one of you would know if you read your own writings instead of talking nonsense about them. What did Bhishma, the great master of of Dharma say? "Exertion is greater than Destiny."

A NON-THEOSOPHIST

The Magicians of Charno, by Geoffrey Williams. (John Murray, London.)

Dedicated to "the boys at Elstree School, interested listeners to my tales of Wildest Africa, told to them by the fireside on many a pleasant evening at Elstree," this stirring tale of adventure will, it is safe to prophesy, interest many besides boys. The author's personal familiarity with Africa gives his work a vivid setting. He has himself witnessed the very barbaric dance of cannibals here pictured. The Magicians of Charno are two individuals who play the part of principal advisers and witch-doctors to a very bloodthirsty and ancient potentate of Central Africa. The plot of the story rests very largely on the machinations and rivalries of these two individuals, respectively the White and the Black Lorio. The hero and his *fidus Achates* have many narrow escapes from peculiarly unpleasant forms of death—the magic of the white practitioner prevailing over that of his black *confrere* in effecting this result, it is pleasant to note. Several illustrations add to the interest of the book.

E. S.

The Present Relations of Science and Religion, by the Rev. Prof. P. G. Bonney, Sc. D., F. R. S. (Robert Scott, London. Price 5s. net.)

This book is valuable, both as a record of its title-subjects, and also because it speaks quite plainly about the difficulties on points of doctrine of the devout Christian of our day. In the make-up of the author, the Professor seems to keep such careful watch over the Priest that the latter sometimes appears to be put almost to comical shifts to obtain a scientific formula for each of his cherished beliefs. But until the tide of evolution has swept man beyond the limitations of humanity there will of necessity remain a debatable land where faith is not yet lost in sight.

The volume runs swiftly and clearly over the advances of science and of the Christian religion from early days up to the present time, and it should be read by all men who lack the time or opportunity to investigate for themselves. We only glance at one or two of the points whereon we think it possible that the expression of Christianity can be reinforced by up-to-date ideas.

Unless we hypnotise ourselves by mutterings of Arius, Nestorius, Eutychus, and such 'unorthodox' thinkers, the "Virgin birth" (pp. 158-164), that stumbling block between science and theology, needs no confirmation from the researches of Loeb into the birth of the sea-urchin, but rather requires a little more examination into the translation of the Nicene Creed. It is said that in the latest Greek form of that creed there is but one preposition for the two nouns, and that incarnation in finer intangible matter and into the coarser visible matter is the idea conveyed by "was incarnate *of* the Holy Ghost *and* the Virgin Mother (or matter)"; instead of "was incarnate *by* the Holy Ghost *of* the Virgin Mary". The question as to the confusion of Maria, Mary, with Maia, Mother, and any connexion of this latter with the Samskr̥t Māyā and its connotations in the light of the latest science well repays study, though we have here no space to do more than draw attention to it.

Pages 175-6 scientifically demolish the doctrine of transubstantiation. "An hypostasis of that sort, which can divest itself of its accidents and transfer them to another hypostasis,

like a man taking off his clothes, may or may not be good in metaphysics, but it is bad in science, the students of which have a right to criticise whenever the theologian begins to deal with the phenomenal universe." Does it not cease to be bad in science if the theologian has grasped the fact of gradations of matter from the coarsest up to the most subtle? The argument on page 95 that the process of becoming and changing goes on all the time fits in with the "isomeric compounds" of modern Chemistry, and they should be studied to show how the arrangement of similar atoms under different ideas gives different bodies. The new idea is that of the Christ nature and life, fitted for the building up of the spiritual nature and life of man; the object remains unchanged in its "accidents," its physical material, but in addition it can now affect the subtle bodies of those participants whose own subtle bodies are attuned to vibrate at the same rate. To take up the illustration of the Reverend Professor on page 176; H₂O continues to the uninstructed to be mere water, even after a power of healing has been so strongly impressed upon it by a good magnetiser that the sick who drink it become whole. But science is only beginning to investigate the subtle ethers, and the hopeless materialist has still a little time in which to explain magnetic healing by declaring the patient to have been in good health all the time.

While very outspoken in condemnation of those who, "themselves ignorant of science, or with no more knowledge of it than an elementary text-book could impart," have flouted and denounced some of its most earnest and able students, not a few of whom were Christians not less sincere than themselves (page 206), the author is no less vigorous in condemnation of "the bald and rather blatant atheism," such as is proclaimed in Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, "which now finds its advocates chiefly among the smatterers and the ignorant".

Some of the ancient investigations into the regions, which in our modern days are occupied by blind faith, crude disbelief, or weary agnosticism, have been repeated during the last decades by members of the Theosophical Society with such illuminative results that we feel sure some of their publications would appeal to both sides of the author. *The Christian Creed, Esoteric Christianity, The Ancient Wisdom, and Occult Chemistry*

indicate lines of thought complementary to his own, and we have freely used them in our present remarks. We should rejoice to read another volume from the same learned pen—after a study of those books we have mentioned in the unbiassed frame of mind of the man who is ready to sacrifice all in order to know something more of the Real.

A. J. W.

The Philosophy of the Present in Germany, by Oswald Kulpe. Translated from the fifth German Edition by Maud Lyall Patrick and G. T. W. Patrick. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

There was a time, says Professor Kulpe, when philosophy stood in the foreground of the general interest. In all the exigencies of life men looked to it for guidance. "The impulse towards knowledge and science, the longing for happiness and peace, the hope for immortality and blessedness, the need of rules and regulations for conduct and action, all turned to philosophy, and were satisfied." Not so at present. In our own day philosophy has forfeited the claim to the proud position it once held and has become either a mere pastime or one among the many sciences of limited scope. Its scientific caution on the one hand, and on the other its pandering to the popular desire for happy modes of expression which make strenuous thought unnecessary, have dragged it down from the high place it once occupied in the estimation of the race. This change Professor Kulpe deplures, and in the present volume he intends to show that modern philosophy has not "renounced the task of constructing a comprehensive view of the world and of life," that its claim to supremacy is not an empty one.

The main currents of modern philosophic thought in Germany to-day are four, our author says : Positivism, Materialism, Naturalism and Idealism. Each of these, as embodied in the works of its chief exponents, is analysed and discussed in turn, Positivism and Idealism being treated at greater length than the other two. In conclusion Professor Kulpe sketches roughly the type of philosophic thinking that will satisfy the needs of the future.

A. de L.

Korean Folk Tales: Imps, Ghosts and Fairies, translated by James S. Gale. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net).

This charming little book contains translations from the writings of Im Bang and Yi Ryuk, who lived in the eighteenth and sixteenth centuries respectively. Three anonymous stories are also included. Mr. Gale says in the Preface:

To anyone who would like to look somewhat into the inner soul of the Oriental and see the peculiar existences among which he lives, the following stories will serve as true interpreters, born as they are of the three great religions of the Far East, Taoism, Buddhism and Confucianism.

The translator has done his work well. One feels the difference in style in the work of the two authors he presents to us. Im Bang is the more interesting story-teller, but in some ways Yi Ryuk is a more finished artist.

The stories themselves are quaint, at times a little crude. Throughout there runs a genuine belief in imps, ghosts and fairies, and we find a curious superstition in the power of the fox to assume human form. The opening story of the book is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most human. It is a tale of love and self-sacrifice, showing how deeply these qualities are implanted in the Oriental. It is significant, in view of the western popularly accepted ideas of the position of women in the East, that these should be exhibited by a woman, who is the central character in the story. Women, however, play quite a leading part in the tales. Reverence for spiritual greatness is a marked characteristic of the stories. In some of the descriptions we are pleasantly reminded of the *Arabian Nights*, although the present volume lacks the prodigality of imagination of that favourite book of our childhood.

It is delightful to be brought into touch with the life and thought of a people so far distant from, and so little known to, us, and Mr. Gale has written notes, wherever necessary, which are an invaluable aid to the proper understanding of these stories of Korea.

T. L. C.

Shivajñāna Siddhiyār of Aruṇandi Sivāchārya. Translated with Introduction, Notes, Glossary, etc., by J. M. Nallasvāmi Pillai, B.A., B.L. (Meykaṇḍan Press, Madras.)

This is another fruit of the endeavours of Mr. Nallasvāmi Pillai, that indefatigable expounder of the Shaiva Philosophy of South India. This translation from the Tamil original appeared during the years 1897 to 1902 in the *Siddhānta Dipikā*, and it has now been republished in book form, enriched by many Notes and a most valuable Introduction as well as a useful Glossary and Index.

Shivajñāna Siddhiyār is the second of the fourteen basic works of the Shaiva Siddhānta, the first being the well-known *Shivajñānabodham* of Meykaṇḍadeva who appears to have flourished in about the 12th century. The thoroughly philosophical character of the work is evident from its very arrangement, the first Book (called Alavai or Logic) dealing with the means of knowledge recognised by the author, while the remaining chapters fall into a controversial and a constructive part called, respectively, *Parapakṣha* or Foreign Standpoints and *Supakṣha* or The Correct Standpoint. The controversial part, again, deals successively with the Materialists, the four schools of Buddhism, two sects of the Jains, three forms of the Pūrva-Mīmāṃsā, Māyāvāda, Bhāskarāchārya's Pariṇāmavāda, the Atheistic Sāṃkhya, and, finally, the doctrine of the Pāñcarātras, each chapter containing first a concise statement and then the refutation of the view in question. Then there follows the third Book on the 'Correct Standpoint,' i.e., an exposition of the Shaiva Siddhānta, consisting of twelve 'Sūtras' with several Adhikaraṇas (paragraphs) each: definition of God (*pati*), of the kind of monism (*advaita*) to be recognised, of the individual (*passu*) (two Sūtras), of the relation of God, Soul, and Body, of the nature of the Supreme, of Ātma Darshana, of the way *jñāna* is imparted to the soul, of the purification of the soul, of *pāshakṣhaya* (the vanishing of bondage), of the recognition of God and the nature of *bhakti*, and of the nature of the sanctified.

From the Introduction we notice the rejection of Dr. Barnett's view, viz., that the Tamil *Shaiva Siddhāntam* was derived from the Pratyabhijñā school of Kashmir in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Mr. Nallasvāmi Pillai is of opinion, and his arguments are weighty indeed, that "the

development in the North and South and West were independent of each other, though the authorities (the Shaivāgamas) they followed were the same”.

The long ‘Note on Nirvāṇa’ (pp. 57 ff.) contains some good remarks, e.g., that “there is always a danger in proclaiming and emphasising a half truth, however wholesome it may be at times,” but misses altogether the meaning of the Buddhist idea by comparing the Buddhist who has obtained Nirvāṇa with the blind man successfully operated on in a dark room but unable to leave the latter. The man operated on from the Samsāra has reached a condition so utterly different from anything intelligible to us that none of our categories (existence, etc.), can be applied to it; he does see the Light, but it is a something of which ordinary mortals can have no positive idea, but only the negative one that the three characteristics of what we call existence, viz., *anicca*, *dukkha*, *anattā* (transitoriness, sorrow, not-self) have nothing to do with it.

We ought to say much more on this book, of which every page is interesting, but our space and time are unfortunately limited. So we add only the hearty wish that the book may find the large number of readers it deserves.

F. O. S.

The Life of the Blessed Henry Suso, by himself. Translated from the original German by Thomas Francis Knox, Priest of the Oratory. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This new edition of the *Life of Suso* will probably meet with a hearty welcome, owing to the general present, keen interest in Mysticism and Mystics—in all varieties of religious experience. Dr. Inge’s introduction gives the work an additional value. He describes Suso as “one of the most lovable of God’s Saints,” and he sees “the mysticism of the fourteenth century with its fresh spiritual beauty and courageous speculative freedom as the first stage in the process by which the nations of Northern Europe came to self-consciousness, and evolved a form of Christianity more suited to the Teutonic genius than Latin Catholicism ever had been or could be”.

For Suso’s own books were condemned as unorthodox. His philosophy, as expounded to his spiritual daughter Elisabeth Staglin, a nun, in the concluding chapters of his life, is scholastic

in terms, a mixture of Aristotle's and Eckhart's teaching—Eckhart whose orthodoxy Suso stoutly upheld, and whose pupil he had been.

The frightful austerities Suso inflicted on himself (one wonders he survived; his nervous organisation must have been very different from that of the twentieth century) mark him out as a very mediæval Christian indeed. But each man must follow his own path, and when Suso was forty a direct command from God finally put an end to his self-inflicted tortures, though other outer troubles quickly took their place. 'The Servior,' as Suso designates himself in his autobiography, wrote the book to give information "respecting the proper way in which a beginner should order his outer and inner man so as to be in harmony with God's all-lovely will".

Suso was emphatically one of those whom William James designated "sick souls," who find inward peace only through suffering.

Mystical and superphysical experiences were a prominent and almost daily feature of Suso's religious life. Suso seems to have been of an amiable and even affectionate nature, and many disciples clustered round him when his character had been cleared from all charges and his reputation for holiness was well established. To his spiritual daughter Suso was kinder than he had been to himself, and stopped the austerities she was beginning to inflict on her body. "Such austerities suit not the weakness of thy sex nor thy well ordered frame," he wrote to her.

Elisabeth Staglin died some five years before her spiritual father, to whom, after her death, she appeared in a vision clad in snow-white garments, shining with a dazzling brightness and full of heavenly joy.

She drew nigh to him and showed him in what noble fashion she had passed away into the pure Godhead. He saw and heard this with delight, and the vision filled his soul with heavenly consolation. When he came to himself again, he sighed deeply and thought within himself: "Ah God! how blessed is the man who strives after Thee alone. He may well be content to suffer, whose sufferings Thou rewardest thus. God help us to rejoice in this maiden and in all His dear friends, and to enjoy His Divine countenance eternally. Amen."

Words which very fitly conclude the spiritual experiences of the Blessed Henry Suso, as he himself has given them to us.

E. S.

Symbolism and Astrology, by Alan Leo. ("Modern Astrology" Office, London. Price 1s.)

This manual is useful and serviceable, as an introduction to the Esoteric Astrology of Mr. Leo. The author has divided the subject into 14 Chapters, dealing in short with the explanations of the symbols used in Astrology, and has made the so-called dry subject exceedingly interesting and easy for those who want to study Astrology. Its notable feature is the tables of correspondences. They throw light on the hidden side of Astrology, and give quite a different standpoint from which to judge a horoscope. The Chapters on the nature of the zodiacal signs and the planets give some explanation of the fact that everything in nature is directly or indirectly affected by the vibrations of the planetary spheres, and of the possibility of man's response to those vibrations.

The Chapter on 'Individuality and Personality' is interesting to study, especially with regard to how the motto of the Ancients: "The Wise Man rules his Stars, the Fool obeys Them," is justified by the application of the real knowledge of Astrology, and how the really wise man will absorb all the discordant planetary vibrations into himself, and by the application of his knowledge will bring about that harmony and accord which will enable him to sound a higher note, and thus be the maker of his own destiny rather than be a slave to mere outward circumstances. In conclusion, the author tries to explain that Astrology does not lead to fatalism, but rather explains the natures of fate and free-will, that it demonstrates the idea that Character is Destiny, and that it shows the tendencies of the soul, and how the Spirit may be unfolded along the lines of least resistance. We strongly recommend this manual to all who are interested in Astrology, as a valuable introduction to the further study of the esoteric side of Astrology.

J. R. A.

Bergson for Beginners: A Summary of his Philosophy, by Darcy B. Kitchin, M. A. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London.)

The philosophy of Bergson is so much before the public of the present day that this book is sure to attract many readers. It being 'the thing' to know somewhat of the man and his philosophy, even the most unphilosophically minded are endeavouring to wrestle with the deep problems Bergson presents, in order to be up-to-date. The superficial enquirer will be disappointed in the book before us, for it is not easy reading. Mr. Kitchin writes:

The aim of this book is to give the reader a general sketch of the philosophy of Professor Henri Bergson, in the order of its development and in the simplest manner that is consistent with accuracy.

Still we cannot help feeling that the book might in some ways have been simpler. The Introduction, which runs over briefly the systems of thought of the great philosophers, is very useful and is well done, but it presupposes some former knowledge on the subject. Mr. Kitchin has summarised the main works of Bergson, with notes on them. He has tried to condense the philosophy of Bergson into a handy form, so that the reader of this book will really know something about it, and be able to compare it intelligently with other philosophies. A major portion of the book is devoted to a consideration of Time and Free-will, "since it gives an exposition of the ideas which underlie the whole of Bergson's philosophy".

It is not our province to enter into a consideration of that philosophy—but we may, at least, congratulate the author on the way he has accomplished the task he set himself, namely to trace the development of the Bergsonian philosophy, to give it its rightful place among the philosophies of the world. He is singularly sympathetic to Bergson, and endeavours to interpret his philosophy as the master would have it, but of course an interpretation, however good, ought not to make one forget to seek the original—that is the last thing Mr. Kitchin would desire. Finally, we cannot help thinking that the author might have chosen his title more happily, for it leads one to expect what one does not find—an elementary text-book on Bergson.

T. L. C.

The Secret of Shiva.

Perusing Dr. Burnell's admirable Catalogue of Sanskrit manuscripts preserved in the Tanjore Palace Library, we come across, on page 206, the following entry :

" *Shivarahasya*, a huge *tantra* containing 100,000 *granthas*, full of Shaiva legends, which appear to be collected from various sources, but as this *tantra* is mentioned in *Sāyana's Sankaravilāsa*, it must be earlier, at least, than 1300 A. D."

The publication of this gigantic work has now been taken in hand by Mr. K. Sadasiva Chettiar, B. A., with the help of Paṇḍits Gaṇeṣha Shāstri and Sundareshvara Shāstri, of Maruvūr and Varahūr respectively, and the first volume, neatly printed by the Vāṇinileya Press of Madras, lies before us for review. This volume contains, in 238 pages, the first of the twelve *Amshas* or parts of which the work consists.

The editors have not taken their task too easily : they have consulted, for this first part, six manuscripts, two in the Devanāgarī character (*i. e.*, probably coming from the North of India) and four in the Grantha character, and they have given in foot-notes the more important readings of these MSS. It appears from the limited number of these readings that the text is, on the whole, well preserved.

The proof-reading has been done with care, though a little more attention might be paid to it in the coming volumes, in which also the paragraphs should be more clearly demarcated ; for it is illogical, if, *e. g.*, on p. 15, the second half of the first Shloka appears before and not after the word *Nāradaḥ* (second line), and if, on the same page, the eighth line (*sa Nāradasya vachasā*, etc.), is not separated from the preceding ones by a blank line.

The prospectus and preface give a somewhat misleading and exaggerated idea of the character of the work by calling it an *itihāsa*, and comparing it with the *Mahābhārata*. An *itihāsa*, or epic, must have an *action* extending more or less through the whole of the poem and not merely confined to the frame-work. *Shivarahasya* is not an *itihāsa*, nor perhaps a *tantra*, but a *samhitā* of the *shaivāgama*. Nor is it "written in verses of exquisite beauty not excelled by any other work in the Sanskrit Language," though many of the verses are, indeed, very beautiful.

The poem is a dialogue between Shiva and his wife Pārvaṭī, which is related by their son Skanda to the great Yogin Jaigīṣhavya as a reward for his stupendous penance. This Jaigīṣhavya is, of course, the same as the one in that suggestive story of the Shalya Parvan, though we may be sure that the Guru of Asita Devala would be not a little astonished to find himself transformed into a Liṅga worshipper.

The transformation of the ancient unsectarian Vedānta into Shaivism seems, indeed, to be the most prominent feature of *Shivarahasya*. The following example may give an idea of the method. The seventh stanza of the second Valli of Kāṭhaka Upaniṣhad runs as follows : " He of whom many never come to hear ; whom many, though hearing of Him, cannot comprehend—a wonder the clever man who finds and explains Him ; a wonder he [too] who, taught by a clever one, understands Him." *Shivarahasya* makes of it (59, 84) : " O Shivā (Durgā) ! it is the lot of many not even to hear of that Liṅga ; though hearing of it, O Shivā, many cannot comprehend that Liṅga," etc.

The Upaniṣhads from which *Shivarahasya*, at least this first Aṁsha of it, seems to draw principally, are Shvetāshvātara, Bṛhājābāla (called Jābāla), and Atharvashiras. But besides, the "essence" of the ten older Upaniṣhads is given again and over again.

The contents of this Aṁsha consist mainly of hymns in praise of Shiva and descriptions of heavenly Liṅgas, and cannot, consequently, be very edifying or interesting to anyone except a Shivabhakta, the less so as "calamities and most frightful hells" are promised in it to all who do not worship Shiva, nor recite the Shatarudriya, nor wear the sacred ashes, etc., etc. (46th Adhyāya).

But since this is only one-twelfth part of the whole work, we may justly hope that the rest will be more interesting for the general reader.

This much is certain, that *Shivarahasya* as a document of the Shiva religion deserves to be published, and that, therefore, our thanks are due to Mr. Sadasiva Chettiar who has courageously undertaken to carry the work through the press.

F. O. S.

The Quest of the Holy Grail, by Jessie L. Weston. (THE QUEST SERIES. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Miss Weston has given us in this volume a concise and scholarly precis on a subject of perennial interest, the Grail Legend, while also propounding an original solution of its origin and interpretation. As she points out, the prevailing tendency has been to deal with the Grail story in pieces, sections, rather as a connected whole, taking into consideration every item of an admittedly complex problem—a method of treatment which it is hardly surprising to find has not produced very satisfactory results.

The various theories already in the field in connection with the Grail literature and legend: that it was a purely Christian ecclesiastical legend, the work of monkish compilers; that it was simply the automatic food-providing talisman of popular tradition and, as such, of purely Folklore, preferably Keltic, origin; and the latest theory, fathered by Professor Burdach, “that what Perceval sees is the Byzantine Mass,” are discussed, and reasons are adduced for their dismissal. The legends connecting the Grail with S. Joseph of Arimathea and with the Abbey of Glastonbury are, the present reviewer is sorry to find, regarded as untenable, and some mediæval writers were aware of the fact that the Church knew nothing of the Grail legend. The author’s own conclusion is that the Grail legend is of ritual imagery connected with the origin and propagation of life, which ritual later developed into a mystery. This hypothesis she works out in detail, bringing forward some very convincing reasons for her belief. She discovers a striking resemblance between the ritual of the Adonis cult and “both in incident and intention” with the *mise-en-scene* of the Grail story. Miss Weston clearly recognises that there was an esoteric side to the Grail story, and that esoteric side she connects very rightly in our opinion with Initiation, with regeneration and spiritual life.

A book to be heartily recommended to all—and there are many—who are interested in this famous and fascinating legend and symbol of the eternal verities.

E. S.

The Great Mother, A Gospel of The Eternal Feminine, by C. H. A. Bjerregaard. (The Inner Life Publishing Co., New York.)

The author writes :

In this book I mean by the Eternal Mother the personal realisation of the Deity as Mother. The Eternal Mother is not a god or goddess, but the power and ultimate foundation of all gods, goddesses, nature and man: The Deity, both cause and effect. The Eternal Mother is not the feminine side of the manifested Deity or God.

This mystic conception is illustrated, under three aspects, Nature-Mystery, Beauty and Art-Mystery, and Religious Mystery, by ideas drawn from many of the books in the Main Reading Room of the New York Public Library, of which Mr. Bjerregaard is Chief. To try to go behind the dual manifestations to the "ultimate foundation," and still to present us with one—the Mother-Side of a pair of opposites—is confusing.

"Woman is the soul of man. Man without his soul (—woman—) is but a mere animal. . . ." does not sound very mystic to students of reincarnation, who realise that the Immortal is neither man nor woman, but that He clothes Himself in either form at will.

Mother-Nature draws our love in all her gracious aspects, and as the author wisely remarks on the last page (325) : " To tell the whole story about the Great Mother is impossible."

A. J. W.

The Twelve Major Upaniṣhats, rendered into Tamil, by N. P. Subramania Aiyar. (S. Vaidya & Co., Madras. Price Rs.2-8.)

The late N. P. Subramania Aiyar, who was a member of the Theosophical Society and a practising pleader at Negapatam, had been studying, in the midst of his professional business, the 12 Upaniṣhats in the light of Shri Shaṅkara's *Commentary*. For the benefit of the public he translated them into Tamil, and died without publishing them. After his death his son, N. S. Rajaram Aiyar, had them revised and has now published them all in book form. *The Twelve Major Upaniṣhats* leave out *Kaushīṭaki* and include instead *Nṛsimhaṭāpani* (earlier portion). The translation is well done and the book is nicely brought out. It will, I hope, be a boon to the Tamil-knowing public.

K. N.

Studies in Shaiva-Siddhanta, by J. M. Nallasvami Pillai, B. A., B. L. With an Introduction by V. V. Ramana Shastrin, Ph. D. (Meykaṇḍān Press, Madras.)

Mr. Nallasvami Pillai has long been known to readers of the *Agamic Review* called *The Light of Truth or the Siddhanta Dipika*. He has laboured for many years to make the Shaiva-Siddhānta known to the world; and that at last western scholars have turned their attention to this mystic-philosophical system of the South of India is no doubt due, to a great extent, to his endeavours.

The volume before us contains twenty-four papers which appeared first in the *Siddhānta Dipikā* and several other magazines. They embrace almost the whole field of the Shaiva Siddhānta, so that one who goes through them will get a fairly complete idea of this system. And nobody, we are sure, who peruses this book with some attention will be able to put it aside without confessing to himself that he has learned a good deal.

Nallasvami Pillai is a sympathetic and thoughtful writer: there is no tinge of sectarianism in his papers, and the wealth of ideas they contain is astonishing. Moreover, his style is free from that tedious prolixity so common in India, contrasting favourably in this respect even with *Der Caiva-Siddhānta* by the Rev. H. W. Schomerus, who, by the way, has not sufficiently acknowledged his indebtedness to Nallasvami Pillai.

The following articles may be specially mentioned: 'Flower and Fragrance' (No. 1), a contribution to the science of metaphors; 'The Light of Truth or Uṇmai Vilakkam' (No. 2), a translation of 54 stanzas forming one of the Fourteen Siddhānta Shāstras; 'Another Side' (No. 4), with pertinent remarks on Sāmkhya and Vedānta; 'The Tattvas and Beyond' (No. 5), being an explanation of the 36 Tattvas and the Tattvātita; 'The Nature of the Divine Personality' (No. 6), being a criticism of the equation *nirguna* = impersonal; 'Vowels and Consonants' (No. 7), on a simile used in Shaiva Siddhānta to explain the *advaita* relation of mind and body; 'Some Aspects of the Godhead' (No. 10); 'The Shvetashvatara Upaniṣat' (No. 13); 'The Union of Indian Philosophies' (No. 16); 'The Personality of God according to the Shaiva Siddhānta' No. 19; 'Advaita according to Shaiva Siddhānta' (No. 20); 'Shaivism in its Relation to

other Systems' (No. 24). We have also read with pleasure the description of 'Shri Parvatam' (No. 23), the most sacred hill for the Shaiva pilgrim.

Among the things with which we cannot quite agree is the criticism, on pages 160 ff., of Prof. Deussen's "false analogy". Similes like that of the stream entering the ocean are never meant to be taken literally.

F. O. S.

Christ and His Age, by Douglas G. Browne. (Methuen & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

In this book the author has tried to free himself both from the conventions of orthodoxy and from the conventions of scepticism; to shake off the accumulated theological dogmas of nineteen centuries, as well as the no less dogmatic prejudices of modern critics, and to try to conceive the Christ as He actually was, and to trace the life He led among His fellow-men. Putting aside the alleged miraculous birth and 'supernatural' powers, which many orthodox Christians seem to feel necessary to the greatness of their Ideal, the author endeavours to portray the Christ as Perfect Man, as the apex of the pyramid of religious teachers, embodying every human virtue, but raised to a higher power, an absolute perfection. We think that he has succeeded. In reading the book, we seem to feel the Christ as a mighty Hero, not the embodiment of passive or negative goodness suggested by many paintings of Him, but the embodiment of perfect Energy and all-knowing, active Love. To put it briefly—the Christ, imagined by the author—is the Christ of the paintings in Mount Athos, which were reproduced in the *Theosophist* a few months back. Theosophists may find the book useful to lend to Christian friends. It recognises the brotherhood of religions and of the great Teachers, but regards Christianity and the Christ as greatest among them.

H. T. R.

The Pharaoh and the Priest, by Alexander Glovatski, translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This is an Egyptian historical novel of much interest, by the author of the celebrated *Quo Vadis*. The prefatory remarks tell us that Alexander Glovatski is "a true man of letters, a real philosopher, retiring, industrious and modest . . . who has written seventeen books which contain great and vivid pictures of life at the end of the recent century".

The Pharaoh and the Priest concerns the struggle of a young and progressive ruler, first as heir to the throne and then as Pharaoh, with the rich and powerful priesthood. "The ruin of a Pharaoh and the fall of his dynasty with the rise of a self-chosen sovereign and a new line of rulers are the double consummation in this novel." The plot is interesting and its action presents a vivid picture of the civilisation of ancient Egypt in the eleventh century before Christ.

The explanation given by a priest to the Pharaoh of the reason for embalming the mummy, that much disputed point, is: "When a man dies his shade, the ka, separates from his body as does the divine spark. If we burn the body the shade has nothing but ashes with which to gain strength. But if we embalm the body, or preserve it for thousands of years the shade ka is always healthy and strong; it passes the time of purification in calmness and even agreeably." The priest goes on to explain that "there are men who possess the uncommon gift that during life they can separate their own shades from their bodies. Our secret books are filled with the most credible narratives touching this subject." He relates how magicians have sent out their shades against men whom they hated and damaged their effects; instances of repercussion are also related, and the fact that when a man dies his shade lives and shows itself to people. A footnote remarks: "It is curious that the theory of shades, on which very likely the uncommon care of the Egyptians for the dead was built, has revived in our times in Europe." Adolf d'Assier explains it minutely in a pamphlet *Essai sur l'humanite posthume et le spiritisme, par un Positiviste* the pamphlet Colonel Olcott translated. For truth persists, and the theory of shades, or to give them their modern name, astral bodies, being true, Europe is likely

to hear a good deal more about these shades than when the truth was confined to an ambitious priesthood who used their secret knowledge, as is so often the way with priesthoods, chiefly to terrorise an ignorant populace. To any who are interested in ancient Khem—one surely of the most fascinating of all countries—this novel can be heartily recommended.

E. S.

A Handbook of Mystical Theology, by D. H. S. Nicholson. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 2s.)

This is an abridgment of Scaramelli's *Il Direttorio Mistico*, to which Mr. Nicholson contributes a most thoughtful preface, stating the fact that the most vital element in Mysticism cannot be taught in books or communicated in any rite or ceremony, it being an experience to be undergone by each individual. The purpose of the abridgment is to give concisely the position held by the Church on the larger questions of mystical life, as expounded by one of its authoritative writers. It describes the successive stages the soul encounters in its progress from earthly struggles to its ultimate glory and union with the Divine. The use of meditation and the grades of contemplation are described, and stress is laid on the necessity of having a spiritual director. There seems to be no mystical experience of which the book does not treat, and although we cannot find ourselves in agreement with many conclusions of the author, we feel that it is impossible to dogmatise on a subject like Mysticism. The book can be recommended to those who are interested in these questions.

G. G.

The Vampire, by Reginald Hodder. (William Rider & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

When Mr. Bram Stoker wrote *Dracula* we felt that the vampire-story had reached its zenith, and apparently we were not mistaken, for even to-day it stands unrivalled. One must therefore attempt to put *Dracula* out of one's mind while considering the book under review. *The Vampire* tells of a Mrs. Valtudor, of whose origin nothing is known, who suddenly descends on a peaceful country-place in England. Everyone who comes into close contact with her soon becomes ghastly pale. By the third or fourth chapters, not

only the astute reader, but most of the characters even—including of course the hero, a young doctor—suspect her to be a vampire. But her method of vampirism is more subtle than that of Count Dracula. It would be unfair, however, to give away the secret of this. Suffice to say that the story is full of, one might say crammed with, incident. We have mummies, talismans, secret societies, new scientific theories, black magicians, etc.; indeed everything one can think of to provide sensations. The trouble is that the book can be read in the dark without a thrill. The characters are not convincing, nor are they the sort of people one would care to meet.

T. L. C.

King Desire and His Knights, by Edith F. A. U. Painton.
(R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price \$1 net.)

A book for children, in which under a slight form of fiction the basic ideas of New Thought are put forth in a manner suitable for the youthful mind. Two large families of children had worn their American mothers to almost breaking-point in the effort to provide for their material wants. One mother confesses—and from the Theosophical educational standpoint the confession appals :

I have scolded till I was hoarse; I have whipped till my arms ached for hours after; I have cried till my eyes were sore; yes, I have even prayed till my very faith was dead. Now I just let them go at their own sweet will, till my nerve and patience are utterly worn to shreds; then I get Ben to step in and give them a good sound thrashing all round, and after the noise of their wailing and yelling has died away, I have a sort of peace for another week or two.

How a New Thought Aunt Susie tames these unruly children by her spirited teaching on the power of thought, the law of suggestion, the Spirit of universal love and unity, etc., bringing "real miracles to pass" the reader will learn for himself. With the exception of the appalling doggerel figuring as "little poems" at the close of each chapter the New Thought teaching is very cleverly adapted to its purpose, and the book may be found very helpful in the education of their children by other than New Thought parents, for the New Thought—so called—is in reality the oldest of all old thought.

E. S.

Rearing an Imperial Race, edited by Charles E. Hecht. (The St. Catherine Press, London.)

This well-produced volume of over 500 pages is a report of the second Guildhall School Conference on Diet, Cookery and Hygiene; with special reports from H. M. Ambassadors Abroad. It consists of a series of exceedingly interesting papers, followed by discussions by experts thoroughly acquainted with every aspect of the subject. They deal with questions of hygiene and diet, from the practical point of view, as applied to schools for the poorest classes.

Representatives of various cities, such as London, Glasgow, Bradford, etc., give the benefit of their experience and tell us the outcome of their experiments, and of their efforts to deal with local conditions. A useful feature is that minute details are given, such as complete dietaries for meals at one penny per head, methods of cooking, cost, quality, finance, open air versus other schools, sleep, the effect of free or assisted meals upon the children and upon the parents. Reports are included of the work done in this direction by France, Germany, Switzerland and the United States. The volume is well illustrated with photographs. We know of no more useful book either for those who are in charge of schools for the lowest classes, or for the practical philanthropist.

The Conference by its deliberations and the publication of its reports is doing work of the utmost value to the nation, and we trust the National Food Reform Association, at whose instance the Conference was held, will meet with that measure of support from the public, to which the importance of its work entitles it.

C. R. H.

Gipsy Girl, by Beatrice Wrey. (Published by the Author, 59, Bank Chambers, 329, High Holborn, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

A little book of delicious child-play with sympathetic parents who understand the wordless emotions of the child-mind, and can leave room for it to expand itself without undue interference, while they guide the little ones along the best path.

A. J. W.

Customs of the World, Vol. I, edited by Walter Hutchinson B. A., F. R. G. S., F. R. A. I. (Hutchinson & Co., London.)

This book aims at giving "a popular account of the manners, rites and ceremonies of men and women in all countries". With this intent it is copiously illustrated, there being no fewer than 721 reproductions in black and white, in addition to 16 coloured plates. Mr. A. C. Haddon contributes a most interesting introductory chapter, in which he advises the world in general, and the Anglo-Saxon race, in particular, not to despise the manners and customs of other nations, but rather "to look for the wheat among the tares and not to condemn the good along with the bad".

The contributions on the various countries are written by eminent authorities whose names are sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of their information.

Three maps are included as a guide to the reader. The value of the illustrations cannot be over-estimated. They give a vividness and reality to the text which it would otherwise miss, and the reproductions from those countries which are personally known to us are faithful and accurate.

Such a book ought to find a place in every library, for there is no excuse now-a-days for ignorance concerning the manners and customs of our fellow-men. We observe the book under review to be but the first volume, presumably of a series. Like *Oliver Twist*, we "ask for more".

T. L. C.

The Crescent Moon, by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

The collection of prose-poems, which are presented to us under this title, deal entirely with child life. Each poem has for its theme the child and its view of life, or the sentiments of the mother. In many of them, such as 'The Champa Flower,' the author has wonderfully well caught the real spirit of the child's point of view. 'Vocation' also sympathetically expresses the longings of a child, while in 'Authorship' we have delicate imagination and a gentle tender humour.

There are several illustrations by Indian artists, but they tend to mar the book. All of them are done by members of that small group of artists, emanating from Calcutta, who instead of developing upon Indian lines, have set themselves slavishly to copy Japanese models. Lacking the hereditary artistic sensibility of that race the results are, as might be expected, most unsatisfactory. 'The Merchant' for example might well pass for one of the crude efforts of a young Japanese art student. In 'Fairyland' the artist has even gone so far as to imitate the square red seal and signature of a Japanese artist. Such misguided efforts are deplorable, and greatly hinder the work of those who have at heart the revival of art in India.

C. R. H.

*The People's Books.*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Pond Life, by E. C. Ash, M. R. A. C.

This book tells us in a simple and vivid fashion much detail of the teeming, but generally unknown, life inhabiting our ponds and streams. Among other of life's odd freaks it describes plants resembling animals, in that they are able to move at will. The microscope reveals to us the mysteries and beauties of the many lowly forms of life that water nourishes—tiny organisms with curious modes of reproduction, and convenient power of changing form. It shows us also some of nature's protective devices—for much struggle for life and food is waged in this watery element and many battles to the death are fought. Most people will derive both pleasure and profit from a perusal of this fascinating study of pond life, while to the young with a turn for natural science and natural history, the book will probably prove an inspiration and a revelation leading perchance to that most valuable of all possessions—a hobby of vivid and persistent interest.

E. S.

¹ This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Principles of Logic, by Stanley Williams, B. A.

In speaking of his subject in the Introduction the author says: "If we can only master its names and phraseology, we shall find in it a subject of great practical value and interest, and shall cease to regard it as the useless mental gymnastics of effete pedagogism." An opportunity for such mastery is certainly given in this little book: it fairly bristles with the "names" referred to, and the concise explanations are well illustrated by diagrams and examples. It is a handy little volume for reference as well as a useful one to study by way of preparation for the consideration at greater length of the more vitally interesting problems of logic.

Schopenhauer, by Margrieta Beer, M. A.

For the general reader it is valuable, in starting upon the study of the works of a great philosopher, to acquaint himself beforehand with the main points of that philosopher's teachings. It is encouraging in the mass of new information to come upon a familiar fact here and there. Such little guide-posts in his future wanderings through the writings of Schopenhauer are furnished to the reader in this little book. Besides the Introduction the volume contains four Chapters: 'Schopenhauer's Life,' 'Pessimism,' 'Art,' and 'Virtue'. In these are sketched the general tendency and chief teachings of Schopenhauer's philosophy. The author has succeeded in making the subject very interesting, and has fitted her book admirably to the function it should perform as a very short treatise on a large subject, namely that of stimulating the reader's desire for more on the same subject. A bibliography is included in the volume.

Charles Lamb, by Flora Masson.

A book on Charles Lamb never comes amiss to those who have once fallen under the spell of the "most universally beloved of English writers". Those who have not yet so fallen should read Miss Masson's charming sketch. It is written with sympathy and understanding and presents a very vivid picture of Lamb and his surroundings.

A. de L.

A History of Rome, by A. F. Giles, M. A.

This excellent little book deserves all praise. We have presented to us in a terse and clear way a review, rather than a history, of the growth of the Roman Empire. As the volume is necessarily small, the author does not trouble us with a list of historical events, strung together. He cannot, in the limited number of pages at his command, possibly give an ordered and sequential history, nor does he attempt to do so. He, therefore, works with a broad brush, giving the causes of, and tracing the lines of development of a people who, first under the rule of Kings, formed themselves into a Republic, and later became the makers of one of the greatest Empires the world has ever seen. Two useful maps are included in the volume, and also a chronological synopsis. This little history should lead the reader to seek for the larger histories, and should prove an excellent handbook and aid to their study.

Spiritualism and Psychical Research, by J. Arthur Hill.

The author's name is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of this little book. He states at the outset his own views on Spiritualism. He is not a spiritualist, but is "convinced that things do really happen which orthodox science cannot explain and which certainly seem to point to the continued activity of minds no longer functioning through their old fleshly body". Mr. Hill comes to the subject with an unbiassed mind, and argues for and against Spiritualism impartially. We are given its history, and then we have chapters on the 'Society for Psychical Research,' 'Automatic Writing,' 'Telepathy,' and the 'Subliminal Self'. We cannot sufficiently recommend this book to one who is desirous of knowing something of scientific researches into the unseen. There is not a dull page, and the history and results of investigations narrated are most happily chosen. The author takes nothing on faith, yet he is broad-minded enough not to deny a thing, simply because he doesn't see it. In short he has performed his task most excellently, and we have nothing but praise for this little handbook.

T. L. C.

Biology, by Prof. W. D. Henderson, M. A.

We have here, within 81 small pages of good clear type, a concise account of modern scientific conclusions about Life, its origin and the forms it uses. It is written so well that many a casual reader will be enticed to study further; and for that there is a well arranged bibliography at the end. We might perhaps wish that Dr. J. Beard's valuable researches into the morphological continuity of germ-cells from generation to generation had been referred to on page 83, as they seem to give the best scientific basis for heredity and fit in with the theory of the permanent atom.

A. J. W.

The God Which Is Man, by R. B. Stocker. (Griffiths, London. Price 5s. net.)

Earnest Theosophists must ever welcome any attempt to explain the riddle of the universe; and it should even be possible for them to be in sympathy with any honest attempt to explain it away, as is done in the latest volume by Mr. R. D. Stocker, entitled *The God Which Is Man*. Had one little word, by the way, been added to the title, so that it read: "The God which is *in* man," the book would probably make a wider appeal, even outside the Theosophical Society—but then it would no longer be rationalistic in aim and manner, as are all the later works from the pen of this versatile author.

It is, nevertheless, a useful book for Theosophists to read, as it is ever useful to read the works of those who look at the world from an angle quite different from our own; and as we are all apt to imagine, as we progress along a certain mental route, that the whole of thinking humanity is progressing side by side with us, it is helpful to be confronted, from time to time, with some of the views prevalent half a century ago, and to realise that there are still earnest students among us who accept Huxley's and Herbert Spencer's views as the last word in Philosophy and Science.

It is certainly a little startling to be informed that "it is no longer possible to look for purpose and design of any sort in the world. . .," one of those dogmatic assertions of nescience with which the various materialistic schools of the past century have already made us familiar, but surprising from the pen of one

not unacquainted with the 'Divine Wisdom' in East and West.

"To anyone who is abreast of modern thought," we read elsewhere, "to presume to place the universe under the guidance of a providential will must seem the very highest pitch of audacity and folly . . ." A curious statement, this, in view of the fact that it is precisely those who are abreast of modern thought who have discarded, or are rapidly discarding, the conception of a universe ruled by chance! Might one not retort that it is "the very highest pitch of audacity and folly" for any serious thinker to deny an intelligent direction to the world-scheme, for no better reason than that he has so far failed to discover it?

With the chapter entitled 'Modern Thought and the Soul,' most Theosophists will find themselves a good deal in sympathy; for it is free from the somewhat aggressive rationalism of the earlier chapters, and contains some beautiful and suggestive ideas; for instance the following, which has quite a Bergsonian flavour: "Thought, in one sense, must always be ahead of life. But while this is so, the function of thought must always be subordinate to the claims of life. And for that to be so, life must be spontaneous and instinctive. When we come to live aright, we shall not think much about it . . ."

In the very interesting chapter on 'Man, Morality and the Cosmos,' the author attempts to solve the problem of the origin of man's moral instinct, in the face of a non-moral nature—the old problem of a being evolved, according to Rationalists, by purely mechanical processes, yet attaining to moral conceptions and ideals totally at variance with the iron laws ruling the world of which he is a part—a problem which the genius of neither Huxley nor Tyndal could solve; nor indeed can it be solved by any theory of evolution which sees man from the form-side of things only, and totally ignores the divine life within the form.

The last chapter in the book is devoted to a brief resume of Socialism, which the author hails as the bringer of universal content, peace, and happiness to all the children of men. So mote it be!

JEAN DELAIRE.

Concentration. A Practical Course, by Ernest Wood. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Mr. Ernest Wood's many friends and pupils will all be glad to have their attention called to the fact that he has just published an excellent hand-book, embodying the results of 15 years' study and practice in the teachings of yoga. Mr. Ernest Wood not only passes on the great truths he has received from others, he has original, scientific and systematic methods of his own. On page 39 we find him advising the student to bring forward his 'visitors' or wandering thoughts for review. Here they are:

"... I wish it wasn't so hot or so cold; I wonder if I shall gain such a such a thing; how can I let my superior officer become aware of my many virtues; I wish my wife or my child were not ailing; O, when shall I succeed; I wonder if I am making progress or, in short why did God make things as they are, and why doesn't He carry out the improvements I have to suggest?" Says Mr. Wood: "Say to each: 'For the next hour I am otherwise engaged Good morning.' Treated thus politely the visitors will feel constrained to bow themselves out in silence."

We cordially wish this capital little handbook every success. K. F. S.

Allegorical Visions, by Katharine Harrow. (The New-Way Publishing Co., New York. Price \$ 1. 25.)

The author contributes an interesting preface as to how the visions came to be written. She had them presented to her in the form of pictures, which came at no particular time. Often while walking, she would lose all sense of present surroundings, and be transported in thought to other worlds. The writer is very much affected by nature, evidently, as most of the visions recorded describe with some minuteness the environment in which she finds herself. We have no doubt that these allegorical visions mean much to the author, and she is wise in letting us draw our own interpretation from them. They are nicely written, and have a rhythmic sense about them which is very pleasing. T. L. C.

NOTICES

Messrs. Elias Gewurz and L. A. Bosman are bringing out a little series of 'Esoteric Studies,' of which one entitled *The Cosmic Wisdom* (Dharma Press, 16, Oakfield Road, Clapton, London, N. E.) is before us. It deals with the 'Hieroglyphical Interpretation of the Hebrew Alphabet,' and gives on this information which students will find useful. The booklet contains teachings drawn from the Qabala. Two other pamphlets come from the same press, *The Teachings of Theosophy Scientifically Proved*, by Mr. Bosman, and *The Reason for the Hope that is in Us*, by Mr. Gewurz. The title of the first explains its contents, and the second relates to the Order of the Star in the East.

The Adyar Bulletin. The new volume of this little magazine, which began on January last, seems to point to the fact that it is going to improve even the standard it set itself last year. It has now become a 'Theosophical Journal for East and West,' and the first three numbers are very good. The series 'From Twilight to Dawn,' is still continued, as also 'Students in Council'. 'From my Scrap-book' has been renewed. Best of all, there is still every month an article from the pen of Mrs. Besant, and she continues writing the pages: 'From the Editor.' In the last number one of her last Convention lectures is published, and Mr. Leadbeater contributes a most practical article on 'Theosophy for Children'.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE Watch-Tower is being transplanted to Europe while these lines are passing through the press, and will be fixed in London for a short time, whence the outlook will be taken. There is so much work going on just now in India, that it is a little difficult to go away, but as all work has but the one Worker behind it, it does not really specially need any particular person for the mere outer execution. We are all inclined to think too much of our own importance in the work, and transplanting is as good for us as for seedlings.

* * *

Conferences, here in India, are the order of the day, and April has had three of them, so far as I am personally concerned. And here is a telegram from a fourth, in distant Sindh, where our General Secretary is presiding, bringing loving greetings. An interesting point, in this relation, is the growing inclination of the workers on different lines of national reform to draw together, and while each department—Theosophical, social, political—remains entirely autonomous, the

workers seek a friendly co-operation, so that the separate activities may serve the common end of India's progress. And that is natural, since many of the leading workers in the political and social fields are also earnest Theosophists, inspired by the oft-expressed wish of the Masters that India should rise to her rightful place among the nations, and be respected and honoured by all.

* * *

It will be remembered that the National Congress was born in Madras at the time of the T. S. Convention there, and that its preliminary Committee included leading Theosophists, men like the then Mr. S. Subramania Iyer and Mr. Norendranath Sen, to say nothing of Mr. Hume himself, whose love for India drew on him the attention of the Masters, and the correspondence he valued so highly. Colonel Olcott was ever an inspirer of efforts for Social Reform, and did much in that for the sake of India's progress, justifying every member of the T. S. in working energetically for all good causes, while bidding them not entangle the T. S. "as such" in outside activities. That is our distinctive note: complete neutrality as a Society, so that workers of every type may come within our borders and find spiritual inspiration, and earnest self-sacrificing work as individuals, choosing the lines of service which, to us, best subserve the ideal of Brotherhood. It is good to read of "the number of men and women" who are members of the T. S., and who "are in the forefront of the social movements of the day". And it is also good to know that some of our members are working conscientiously on opposing lines, as in Woman Suffrage, for we have prominent Suffragettes

among our Fellows, who have suffered in prison—as Mrs. Despard, Miss Annie Kenney and Dr. Alice Ker—while we have also others who absolutely dislike the idea that women should vote at all. And the common membership on the spiritual basis is good for all of us.

* * *

Religion owes much to Sir Oliver Lodge in these days. He has been lecturing on the Unseen Universe, and asserting that we have other channels of communication with the universe than our bodies and our senses. “We have minds; we have spirits.” “We belong also to a higher, super-sensuous, unseen universe, with which we are more akin, after all, than the other.” Sir Oliver has seen a possibility that all students of yoga know as a fact :

Nearly all the important things are done in that way automatically. The object of training is to make actions automatic so that we may liberate our consciousness to do new things. The more cultivated a man, I presume, the more things can go on automatically without his conscious attention. I think that is what happens in cases of genius. The person goes into a brown study. His conscious mind is relieved from the conscious things of life, and his brain is able to get in contact with a higher order of things than ordinarily appeals to the senses. His senses are lulled to sleep, and he gets what is called an inspiration.

It is profoundly interesting to see how science is climbing upwards to the facts discovered by the different method of yoga.

* * *

A woman, cursed with a sense of logic, caustically remarks in a letter from England: “Public interest this week is divided between the cutting of the Rokeby Venus and the signing of the Ulster Covenant. The absurdity of inveighing against the militant Suffragettes and swearing to support the militant Ulsteriacs, all in

the same breath, does not appear to strike the average man." The average man would probably reply to my "fair correspondent," that it is very unfeminine to be logical.

* * *

Our first Lodge in Greece itself—there was once one in the Ionian Isles—has been formed in Athens, and has taken the name 'Hermes'. Its organisation is due to the energy and devotion of Mlle. Nina de Gernet, who unites an indomitable zeal to an ailing body—a body sorely exhausted by noble work as a nurse in the Russo-Japanese War.

* * *

A rather curious book has been sent to me, entitled, *Der grosse Advent*; it was published in 1866 by the 'Neu Theosophischer Verlag,' and the mystical society which published it is, I am informed, still in existence. It is stated therein that the Christ will incarnate in 1920—an interesting forecast.

* * *

Miss Ware writes of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new T.S. buildings in Adelaide, South Australia. Our older readers will remember the name of Mr. Knox, the solicitor whose steady perseverance and devotion created and sustained the Adelaide Lodge. It is very pleasant to hear that the grateful love of those who have profited by his labours has given his name to the building. Miss Ware says :

Yesterday, February 23rd, at 4-30, P.M. the foundation-stone of our new T.S. premises was laid in King Wm. Street by Mrs. Knox. A service was held in our present T. S. rooms; then we all walked round to witness the ceremony at the new building. There Mr. Olifent, our President, read a beautiful dedicatory address. The stone has an inscription to the memory of Mr. Knox; the building and Hall will also bear

his name. There was a good attendance at the ceremony. Gifts of money were placed on the stone, to the amount of £42, with promises of more to follow. Later we returned to our T.S. rooms for tea. The weather was perfect throughout the function.

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We printed last month a corrected edition of Sidney Lamier's 'Ballad of Trees and the Master'. An American member sends me another poem of his, written in 1867, entitled 'Barnacles'; it has something of the same quaint old-world touch :

My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me,
The Past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-smells
About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing !

Old Past let go, and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee !
For I am living but thou art dead ;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.
Thy shells unbind ! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

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Federation of Lodges is spreading in the United States as in India. Mr. Unger, the head of the Northern Division, has federated the Lodges in his charge into 'The Great Lakes' Federation,' and it will hold its Conference in the summer. Five of the Divisions are holding Summer Conferences, arranging them so that the General Secretary shall visit each in turn. The plan is an admirable one, and is sure to bring about greater solidarity and effectiveness.

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Once more at the 'Gate of India,' the splendid city of Bombay, with its wide roads and avenues of over-arching trees, and its strenuous capable population. An arrival at Bombay Station is always a thing to be remembered, the friendly faces, the wealth of flowers, the number of ladies—for Hindū Bombay has largely thrown off the purda, and the Pārsīs never had it, apparently. From the station to Mr. Narottam M. Goculdas's beautiful house, with its lovely view of sea and over-arching sky—to Narottamji himself, looking no whit the worse for the storm that has been raging round him for his 'crime' in going abroad. His quiet steadfastness in the right to travel, joined with his sincere Hindūism, have struck the right note, the note of dignified adherence to essentials and liberal indifference to non-essentials. He has taken from the West what the West has to give of useful and pleasant, but has used it to enrich his Indian life not to anglicise it.

* * *

The Gaiety Theatre was crowded for a lecture on 'National Education,' Mr. Jehangir Sorabji, the late General Secretary of the Indian Section in the chair. Two valuable gifts to the Adyar Library were a pleasant preliminary to the lecture, one from a Brāhmaṇa, the other from a Pārsī. Bombay Theosophists had two other meetings, one for E. S. students and one for the Lodges—the latter being held in the Shrī Kṛṣṇa Lodge, of which my host is President. Mr. P. K. Telang and Paṇḍiṭ Iqbal Narain Gurtu came down from Benares to talk over the educational work there, and gave a good report on the Boys' School, which is doing excellently well. The Girls' School is less satisfactory, for want of accommodation and for want of the lower classes. It

seems impracticable to have only the higher classes, as the girls in Benares who wish for higher education are but few, while many seek the elementary stages. There is talk of the old C. H. C. School being moved into the town, and, if that be done, we may open the lower classes, if we can raise money sufficient for building and upkeep.

We propose to increase the number of boarders, as we have fortunately found a Hindū widow who can take charge of the girls—an absolutely necessary condition, if the girls confided to us are to be brought up in the gracious Hindū ways and to pass out of the school into happy Hindū homes through the gate of marriage. More harm than good would be done at present by education if it brought up girls in a way which rendered them unfit to be the “Goddess of the home”. Well-meaning foreigners quite unconsciously do a large amount of mischief by leading Hindū girls into ways which, harmless in themselves and natural in the West, are alien to India and repellent to the cultured English-educated and the old-fashioned Indian alike.

* * *

In a few hours I step on board the good steamer *Mantua*, and say good-bye for a short time to India, “the Motherland of my Master,” sacred and beloved. Then, for a space, to dwell among the many dear and loving friends whom good karma has linked me with under other skies and among other scenes. How good it is to know that, in all lands, we who are the servants of the Holy Ones form but one family, whatever may be our outer differences of birth and colour—fair augury of that happier day for earth when brotherhood shall transcend all differences, and when mutual love and

mutual respect shall bind into unity the many varying types of the children of men.

An interesting article, showing the trend of the times, appears in the *Contemporary Review* for April. Mysticism has undoubtedly "arrived" in the West. In the East it has always held a prominent place as Mr. Udney points out in 'Dante's Mysticism'.

Mr. Udney attributes, as the mainspring of Dante's activities, "a conviction of human nature's capacity to attain Divine illumination through self-mastery and self-devotion". Now that the poets are being read with a discerning eye, some of the true purport of their message may be at last unveiled.

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There has lately been published *The Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope*. So little is definitely known of her life that this book will be very welcome. Up to the present, she has been a name rather than a reality. The London *Observer* comments thus :

A strange woman she assuredly was : Mr. Thomson, who conducted her funeral service, was justified in describing her as "wholly and magnificently unique." She was the great Pitt's niece ; she became "Queen of Palmyra"; and she spent the last years of her life on a hill-top in the Lebanon, studying the stars, waiting for the coming of the new Messiah, the beautiful boy without a father, whose coming should be heralded by a woman from a far country.

This last sentence is very significant. The words speak for themselves, and are especially interesting at the present time.



THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By ANNIE BESANT P. T. S.

(Continued from p. 17)

THE Supreme Self, manifesting as the Lord of a Universe, as the Ishvara of the Hindū, the Allah of the Muslim, the God of the Christian, the Logos of the Theosophist, manifests Himself in a Universe in three primary aspects of consciousness—Power, Wisdom, Activity, all-pervading and ever-present. These are the three aspects which, looked at separately, as seen from below, have given rise to the Trinities found in ancient and modern faiths, though no more separate in the supreme Unit of Consciousness, the Universe-Consciousness, than in the human Unit of Consciousness which we call Man. They are aspects, attributes, faces, persons (*persona*—a

mask) of the ever-indivisible One, of the Supreme Self in His relation to a Universe, as seen from the standpoint of the limited consciousnesses in that Universe. Verily have these aspects 'masked' the Unity, the 'persons' in the Trinity, having become well-nigh separate entities, arithmetical conundrums, taking the place of the *Saguṇa Brahman*, the 'Brahman-with-attributes,' or the manifested God. Hence the difficulties of the Athanasian Creed, due to a complete misunderstanding of the truth underlying the phrases, the original meaning of the word 'Person' having changed from a mask, veiling a Reality by an attribute, to an entity, a limited being.

Controversy has also arisen, due to the paucity of English metaphysical language, connoting a corresponding indistinctness of ideas, round the word 'God'. It is forgotten that any manifestation of the ETERNAL in a temporary phenomenal Universe can only be partial, and that the use of the same word for the Eternal Universal Reality and the partial manifestation of that Reality in any phenomenal Universe—our present Universe or any other in the ranges of everlasting Time and unlimited Space—must lead to confusion. Hindūism has avoided this by confining the term 'Brahman' to universal essential Being—bare Being, or Be-ness, the essence of Being, as H. P. Blavatsky preferred to say—whether manifested or unmanifested, distinguishing these by prefixing an epithet only. Unmanifested Being, abstract Being, the Absolute of western metaphysics, out of all relation, out of Space and Time, is '*Nirguṇa Brahman*,' 'Brahman-without-attributes,' and of THAT there is naught to say, save the acknowledgment: "THAT IS." The same essential Being manifested

—there is but the One, without a second—is ‘Saguṇa Brahman,’ ‘Brahman-with-attributes’. This is the Supreme Self, God, Allah, Supreme LOGOS, of whom every Universe, past, present, and to come, is a partial and passing manifestation: “I established this Universe with a *fragment of Myself*, and I remain,” it is written. “Myself,” “I,” is ‘Brahman-with-attributes’.

The attributes of Brahman are, as said, three: Sacchidānanda, Saṭ, Existence; Chiṭ, Consciousness; Ānanda, Bliss. This is the universal statement of the nature of Universal Being, as seen from the view-point of human consciousness—God in relation to any Universe, *i.e.*, in relation to any manifestation, so far as human consciousness, in its highest stage of achievement on our earth, can cognise the Reality. For this, this Saguṇa Brahman, as for the Absolute, there is no name but ‘God,’ for the Christian; ‘Allah,’ for the Muslim. The Theosophist uses the term Supreme SELF, or Supreme ‘LOGOS’.

The “fragment of Myself,” who establishes a Universe, is never named Brahman by the Hindū, but Ishvara, ‘the Lord’; although of the nature of Brahman, not another, He is but a portion of the One, and hence with the three attributes of the One, as a cupful of water has the attributes of water. For the Christian, again, there is no name but ‘God’ for this “fragment of Myself,” God in relation (to a Universe), and therefore not the Absolute; and the confusion between God as the Absolute, out of relation, God in manifestation and therefore in potential relation, and God as the Father of Spirits, in actual relation to a particular Universe, gives rise to the inextricable atheist-creating tangles of such books as Dean Mansel’s

on the nature of God. The solution of the difficulty is in the conceptions of the Brahman-with-attributes and His partial manifestation in and to a Universe, the partial, the fragment, showing the inner triplicity of the whole. For the Muslim, equally, the one name of Allah has to serve for the Absolute and for niversal and the partial manifestations, and popular Islām feels no difficulty, merely asserting the Unity, while the keen intellects of the great doctors of Islām faced and mastered the metaphysical difficulties in a way identical with the Hindū Vedānta. The Theosophist, wholly at one with these, uses the term 'Supreme LOGOS' to connote the universal Brahman-with-attributes, and a qualifying adjective or descriptive phrase, 'Logos of a Universe,' 'of a system,' etc., to distinguish the "fragment of Myself".

We have seen that the Brahman-with-attributes is qualified as Existence-Consciousness-Bliss, the widest terms that human wit has so far found. When a Universe is established by Him with a fragment of Himself the universal becomes limited as regards that fragment—though "I remain," transcendent—the fragment of the universal Being becoming the all-pervading life of the Universe thus brought into manifestation from the inexhaustible Source, Brahman. So might a fragment of human consciousness embody itself temporarily in a song. This limitation affects the form under which each attribute is seen. *Bliss* expresses itself in relation to a Universe as universal Power, for this alone gives full security, impregnable peace, absence of all that can disturb. *Consciousness* expresses itself in this relation as Wisdom, a dual quality: Awareness or Knowledge, which is Consciousness outward-turned, cognising the Not-Self, and Love, which is Consciousness inward-turned,

cognising the Self as one in numberless forms, and therefore attracting each to each and all to their source. *Existence* expresses itself in this relation as Activity, *i.e.*, Creativeness, the acting outwards, emanating the without, embodying itself by continued self-limitations in endless forms. At once we recognise the characteristics of the 'Persons' in the Lord of a Universe: the First Person is ever characterised by Power, as the Shiva of the Hindū Trinity, the 'Father' of the Christian; the Second by Wisdom, the Viṣṇu, or the Son; the Third by Activity, the creator Brahmā, or the creative Spirit, floating on, or moving upon the face of, the waters.

"The waters" are the symbol, in all religions, of the matter of space, the omnipresent ākāsha, or ether of space. This the Lord of a Universe affects in His third, or creative, aspect. The Theosophist speaks of this either as the 'third aspect of the LOGOS,' or as 'the third LOGOS'; the first is the more accurate, the second the more popularly understood because the more anthropomorphic, and as paralleling the Holy Spirit of the Christian and the Brahmā of the Hindū. Whichever is the more easily grasped by those addressed is the better epithet to use. In the omnipresent ether all Universes are floating, as fishes in a sea, and from this vast ocean of ether the Lord of a Universe draws His material, adapting it to His purposes.¹ All that we here need to note is that the three qualities of the Lord have as correspondences three qualities in matter, each connected with each: Power is answered by *ṭamas*, stability, or inertia; Wisdom by *saṭṭva*, rhythm, or vibration; Activity by *rajas*, mobility.

¹ The process is described in the Appendix on the Aether of Space in *Occult Chemistry*, and in Mr. Leadbeater's *Textbook of Theosophy*.

From these wider horizons, we turn to human consciousness, and we at once see the meaning of the ancient phrase that man was made "in the image of God," the human Self as miniature of the divine. Once more the Hindū epithet of a fragment recurs: "A portion of Myself, a living self" (Jīvātma). As a Universe is established by a fragment of the ever-existing Brahman, so is each life in that Universe a portion of that fragment; inevitably, therefore, the constituents are identical.

This "image of God" is said to abide ever in the divine Presence, and to descend but partially into the worlds of evolution as a human 'Spirit'; this name denotes the Monad, the living Self, when working under and conditioned by narrower limitations than those which surrounded him in his own native world. Bliss, which manifested as Power, becomes Will in the human Spirit; Power may be said to denote the static, Will the kinetic, condition of the same quality; Power rests, divinely stable, in unchanging serenity, while Will is a latent preparedness for manifestation; or Power may be regarded as the sum of the energies of the Monad, and Will as their arrangement into a one-pointed readiness to stimulate Activity. Wisdom appears as Intuition—spiritual Intuition—in the human Spirit, the quality that discriminates between the Real and the unreal, and with inward-directed vision reaches the inner realisation of the identity of the universal and the limited Self—Self-Realisation. Activity is manifested as Intellect, the creative attribute, which, looking outwards, cognises the worlds around it, is the Knower of the Knowable in the Not-Self.

This Spirit is the Individuality, the Self, the true 'I,' and the process of self-conscious individualisation

is human Evolution; this process begins with the junction of the descending Spirit and the upward-climbing life from below; it continues with the unfolding powers of the Intellect, ever intensifying the sense of separateness by memory of the evolutionary past; then, having acquired Knowledge through Intellect, the Spirit blends his third aspect with the second, the Knowledge of the Without with the realisation of the Within, and thus individualises himself in the next higher world as a centre, not, as below, as a circumference, including not excluding, realising himself as Life and transcending forms. Finally, he blends these merged twins into a Unity, individualising himself in the highest human world of Will, liberating himself from the bondage of matter, not by annihilating life but by transcending death, the power of death being broken when his noose of matter has lost the power to bind, matter having become the pure vehicle of Spirit, responding with instant obedience to the slightest indication of its lord. Individualisation, which has proceeded step by step throughout the ages of evolution, is completed, not annihilated, by the final step of the Spirit individualising himself in the self-conscious realisation of himself as Will, and the unifying of the three attributes of Life, of Brahman, in himself. He is now the fully individualised Self who has realised his own Eternity, and rests calmly within his own realised Self-existence, but all limiting sheaths have fallen away, their artificial help to Self-realisation being no longer necessary. His Self-consciousness lives from within, and no longer requires any supporting divisions without. The death of the false individuality, dependent on bodies, is the triumph of the true Individuality, depending on its own inner divine life; "the house eternal in the heavens"

has been builded, and the scaffolding, now useless, has been for ever cast aside.

Perhaps the understanding of this may be rendered easier by tracing the "three great streams of divine life" before alluded to, as it will then be seen that the casting aside by the life of an outgrown limitation does not mean a loss, but an expansion, of consciousness. As the subject is fairly familiar, it will be sufficient, as before said, to outline it briefly.

From the third, the Activity aspect of the Lord of a system, come the atoms of matter which are aggregated into the bodies which form part of the scaffolding for the building of the House of Individuality. These are aggregated together into the complex bodies called chemical elements, and the evolution of these is still proceeding, so that they offer ever-improving materials for the bodies of men. This is one of the upward-welling streams of divine life, providing materials for all bodies, the basis of the material worlds in all their stages of denser or finer matter.

From the second, the Wisdom aspect of the same Lord—the 'second LOGOS'—comes the stream of life which informs with qualities the aggregations of matter—making the Elemental Kingdoms—and then shapes the matter thus formed into bodies, climbing from the elemental to the mineral, from the mineral to the vegetable, from the vegetable to the animal, from animal to the verge of the human, rendering the material ever more ductile, more responsive; these bodies all live and grow within the life of the LOGOS, and are nourished by it, as the mother-life nourishes the embryo within the womb. Within these bodies the life is developing, and one atom—called the permanent atom,

attached to the sheaths of the Spirit in the higher worlds and to the group-soul of the group to which the bodies aggregated round it belong—is the minute but unbreakable link between the true owner and the embryonic LOGOS-nourished life within the bodies. The life is almost wholly that of the Second LOGOS, preparing the bodies, the embryonic passional nature, the embryonic mind, for the coming downrush of the Spirit, pouring himself into the vessel prepared for him. The Spirit broods over the dwelling which is preparing for him; he does not yet tenant it; it is not ready for his abiding.

When the verge of humanity is reached, much progress has been made; a personality, a bundle of qualities has been builded, faint reflection of the Individual, a shadowy outline which will condition his early lives as man. The hour strikes, when the growing life-qualities demand better form for expression, and the upward-climbing life sends out a vague appeal to the over-brooding Spirit, aspiring upwards, and the life of the Spirit flashes downward in answer, the causal body is formed, and “a man is born into the world”. Such is the preparation for, the birth into, Individuality.

The new Individual, a savage, identifies himself with his body; that to him is ‘I,’ and with that is his life bound up: “I am hungry; I am thirsty.” Later, as his passions and his emotions dominate him, and he identifies himself with them: “I am happy; I am miserable.” Then evolves the life of thought, and he identifies himself with the mind: “I think; I imagine.” These three are illusory ‘I’s, and his consciousness widens and deepens as he drops each as being himself. He is more, not less, alive, when strong emotion

transcends the body, and he is unconscious of its needs. He is more, not less, alive when thought has so uplifted him that he is unconscious of hunger and thirst, of joy and sorrow. Still more does he realise this, if he learns to leave the physical body consciously, and to know the freedom of the astral world, to leave the astral body and know the yet wider liberty of the mental world. Then, by the help of meditation, he slays the 'I's of these three lower worlds, and rises consciously beyond them into higher regions. More life, more life, not less, is his ever-reiterated experience. Onward still he climbs, until intensity of life floods over the barriers of intellectual limitations, and the ever-widening 'I' bounds into the unfettered "liberty of the sons of God," and rejoices in his illimitable freedom. Is more life possible? is fuller security available? One more step he may take rejoicing, to the verge where man passes into Super-man. Where is Individuality? it has the Universe for content. Where is identity? it embraces all. Where is death? it lies drowned in limitless life. Annihilation, void, nothingness? The immortal laughter of a God triumphant rings down the avenues of Time transcended. "If the Eternal, the Self-existent were not, then the transitory and the dependent could not be."

Annie Besant

(To be continued)

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING
PHILOSOPHER¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

II

Canton

IN most of the temples the soldiers have broken the idols and the people do not seem to consider this a sacrilege. From the point of view of the Church, the Chinese are decidedly irreligious. They are addicted entirely to this world, being practical-minded people, utilitarians and rationalists. The canonical eschatologies are regarded by them either with scepticism or indifference. The general mood is either of the type of Montaigne's "*que sais-je?*" or more frequently that of Confucius, that it is superfluous and harmful to occupy oneself with transcendental problems. Now, that the Chinese are in a deeper sense irreligious is certainly not true, and to this subject I shall return later on in greater detail.

One thing is beyond all doubt, however, namely that for them divine service has nothing to do with religion. What is seen here is nothing but superstition and magic. What surprised me in this country, where public opinion is so free with regard to ecclesiastical matters, is the fact that even the educated classes participate in no small degree in the temple rites and religious observances. I did my best to get behind the meaning of this fact and have thereby brought to light

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

something most curious. To the Chinese the temples seem to mean much the same as, for instance, to us do our advisory boards. The priests are to them mechanics, mere engineers ; that is they are the professionals whose duty it is to regulate the intercourse with the world of ghosts.

This idea does not seem superficial to me but profound, though clothed in a grotesque form as, according to our ideas, so often happens in China. To the Indians, also, their 'Gods,' are not transcendental beings in the sense of the Christian God, but natural phenomena, and the rites only exist in order to propitiate this side of Nature. But the Indian has such a religio-ecclesiastical temperament that he involuntarily concedes to his Gods more than is in accordance with his strict presentation of them ; for which reason even the cult of Kalī does not essentially differ from a Christian service. Now the Chinese, practical and sober as they are, have drawn all possible conclusions from the given premises ; if there be ghosts, and if it be possible to change their unwelcome activities into friendly ones, this must be done by all means, and there must exist institutions and people professionally engaged in this business. This, then, is supposed to be the meaning of the Church.

It is incredible how busy are the mechanics who have to propitiate the devils. China is replete with ghosts to such a degree that the comfort of life suffers seriously from the disturbances which the constant recognition of the devils entails. A man can neither be buried nor marry when he likes, nor where nor whom he chooses ; everything depends on things for which we have no standard of judging. Once a missionary, who wished to dissuade a mandarin from his belief in ghosts,

asked him how it was that there were no ghosts in Europe. He received this strange answer: "If nobody believes in ghosts, there are of course none there. Personally," the mandarin continued, "I should be glad if they would depart from China also, but this is hardly probable, as the belief in them is too general to be eradicated very soon." His idea was that the ghosts were objective realities in China because of the people's belief in them; and this seems indeed to be so; whatever might be attributed to the influence of ghosts, such as obsession, being bewitched, and the like, happens oftener in China than anywhere else in the world. What a deep thinker this mandarin was! He was worthy to be ranked with that Indian priest who, on being asked what was the use of prayers to the Gods, as they were but natural phenomena, perishable, and in many respects inferior to man, made the reply: "Prayers are useful in order to strengthen the Gods." He probably meant thereby that in any case, be they objective or merely subjective realities, devout prayers would create a wire of communication, by means of which the idea could re-act on the praying person. Ghosts are real for the reason that people believe in them, and they can literally be killed, or at least be made ineffective, by the cessation of belief in them.

This interpretation is undoubtedly correct, and for my own part I am convinced that psychical realities, which ordinarily exist only for one person, and which owe their being to his thought, can be condensed into objective realities if a sufficient number of people believe sufficiently in them. They would then really correspond to what mythology teaches of its gods and devils. I am well aware that it is still considered heretical to profess

such views, but it will be proven ere long that I am right, since earnest students have of late taken up the investigation of materialisations and kindred subjects.

Summing up, I cannot regard as superficial those traits of character which travellers and residents usually blame in the Chinese. On the contrary, the Chinese have a deeper insight into the nature of things than has, for instance, the modern French Government, whose persecution of Christians can only be stamped as an act of stupidity. Chinese superstition is profounder than modern unbelief, yet there might be drawn from this depth of insight better and more serviceable results than the Chinese have learnt to do.

Peking

How Nature mocks at all illusion ! I fancied I had exhausted in my mind every possible type of the literatus, and here I met a man whose existence gives the lie to all my generalisations, a literatus with an ardent soul and of the most ethereal spirituality. In China to-day, as everywhere else, many fantastic persons are busy manufacturing a new world-religion : and here, as everywhere else, it is in most cases not worth while to know these prophets. Being of a scholarly nature and intoxicated by the (supposed) knowledge of the one Spirit which underlies all higher religions, instead of writing harmless text-books on comparative religion, they step forth as reformers.

The man whom I met this afternoon is of a genuine religious nature : in many ways he reminds me of Calvin, only softened by many a Franciscan feature. He sees the main defect of China in the very fact (which is the first to strike every thoughtful traveller) that the spirit has perished in the letter, and his one object is to infuse

new spirit into the letter. The spirit he means is closely allied to the Johannine Christian spirit. But, what is most remarkable indeed, Confucianism is to him the form in which this spirit can best be realised. One must not forget that he is a Chinaman and a highly educated one as well. Did he think otherwise he would not be a true Chinaman. To such a one, neither the looseness of Taoism, nor the excessive meekness of Buddhism can be congenial. With regard to Christianity, my friend was of opinion that its inviolable truths were expressed in a language altogether alien to the Chinese, and the attempt to translate these truths into his language produced Confucianism pure and simple: not perhaps the traditional Confucianism, but such as he understood it. Considering this, he deemed it unnecessary to introduce Christianity.

While listening to him and watching the ever-moving play of his wonderfully refined features, the language of which I could immediately follow, I could not help thinking with shame of the missionaries who dare convert such "heathen". If only they would learn before they teach! True, my friend was not altogether right: the essence of Christianity is not contained in Confucianism. But it is exactly this essence which the Chinese will never grasp, in the same way as no Christian Europeans will ever grasp the essence of Indian religion. We have here biological barriers. Yet these barriers do not narrow one's religious experience. They narrow merely the intellectual field of vision. Thus, a follower of Confucius may be as near divinity and express the divinity within himself as truly as the most enlightened Indians. And he can do this exactly by remaining within the bounds of his own nature.

How beautiful indeed is a typical Chinese head! In it the utmost of expression appears to be attained, and by how much simpler means than in our own case. In order to look strikingly picturesque a European needs to have an imposing air, that is, his features must be rugged, his hair ruffled, and his skull covered with prominent bumps. The Chinaman has, so to speak, outgrown the stage of looking impressive. Here the highest mobility is found condensed in the simplest of curves with relaxed and unrestrained features. However strange it may sound, a good Chinese head, compared with an equally good European one, strikes one as the more classical.

Tokyo

Some of the leaders of Japanese Buddhism happen to be staying at Tokyo. I availed myself of the opportunity to amend and enlarge, as best I could, the views I had gained from the study of their holy writ. One thing is certain; whatever may be the historical relation between the two, Japanese Buddhism, far from being a degenerate product of original Buddhism, represents, in its philosophical as well as its religious aspects, a very much higher stage. According to my personal opinion, Higher Buddhism is the highest religion yet evolved. As to the meaning of its fundamental principles, I am unable to say anything whatever against it, however much of its development in detail may be historically conditioned and antiquated. The teachings of Ashvaghosa stand in the same relation to those of ancient India, as the teachings of Hegel stand to those of Parmenides, or the teachings of Bergson to those of Spinoza: that is to say, abstract statism is replaced therein by living dynamism, which means a decided progress in cognition.

The ancient Indians probably meant the same as the founder of the Mahāyāna, only they did not know how to express themselves according to it. Turning their thoughts towards the ultimate meaning of happenings, they turned away from the latter themselves, and thus arrived at a theory of the Eternal which existed in contradistinction to the flow of phenomena. Ashvaghosa, then, achieved the same feat in the school of method, the achievement of which later on stamped, each on his own historical level, Hegel and Bergson as pioneers; that is to say, he restored the connection between Being and Becoming, a connection which less careful thought had violently torn asunder.

Ashvaghosa cognised that Being and Becoming were but different aspects of one identical reality: that is to say, that metaphysical Being coincides with Becoming and Perishing, and that duration in time is an absolute reality. In this way, then, he arrived at the same critical result as that to which, in our own days, a similar fundamental conception has led Bergson: that a metaphysical meaning should not be sought for outside concrete Becoming.

Bergson has not, so far, gone beyond this. He has not yet approached the realm of "must". If once he does so, he will probably say the same as did Ashvaghosa seventeen hundred years ago: namely that, since the metaphysical meaning must not be looked for outside concrete Becoming, all ideal progress must also be realised therein. Speaking thus, Bergson will not proclaim anything new, this very idea being the *leit-motif* of the Christian view of life. However logical was the development which led Ashvaghosa to this point, he executed, with regard to the old Indian view, a regular

volte face: the mood of negation of life changed into one of affirmation of life.

If the highest is to be realised within the realm of Becoming (not in that of Being), no matter on how many higher stages, as Arhaṭ, as Boḍhisattva, as Buddha, then the ideals of a yogī, all of which originate from the desire to emancipate oneself from the phenomenal, have lost their *raison d'être*. At once the colouring of *samsāra* looks no longer gloomy, and there is sense again in history—nay, history obtains a new and higher meaning than it ever had before. According to the views of Ancient India, history had no importance, evolution being only understood as liberation from phenomena, no empirical state as such being ranked above another. Not so the Mahāyāna. Its followers set themselves tasks of historical importance. And now began an evolution which, down to the minutest details, runs parallel to the evolution of Christianity. Northern Buddhism irresistibly conquered the world. It considered it its mission to convert mankind; while Southern Buddhism, like Hindūism, never adjudged to itself this task. Accordingly, Northern Buddhism adapted its teachings and methods to given circumstances, and the spirit of knowledge of human nature and of politics united itself to that of religiosity. This necessarily led towards denominational organisation, and, further on, towards the formation of sects. As the pragmatism view-point predominated more and more over the striving after cognition, the occasional dogmatism of the time in question became more and more similar to that of Christianity.

Indeed the doctrines of Christianity and of Higher Buddhism are so much alike that leading missionaries

(Timothy Richards, Arthur Lloyd and Mrs. Gordon) are inclined to regard Buddhism as actually Christianity, that is, as a continuation of Christ's, not Gauṭama's, teachings. Considering the great part which Nestorians played in China during the first centuries A. D., such a thing is in no way impossible, though it is not probable. But this startling convergence within the evolution of dogmas may have happened without historical interdependence: the spirit of the Mahāyāna and of Christianity being alike, similar circumstances naturally led to similar empirical formations. The dogma of salvation by faith will everywhere replace that of salvation by knowledge as soon as a religion thought out by philosophers takes root amongst men of practical life. In the same way, the more complicated belief in endless progress towards the highest will be replaced by the simpler and more quieting belief in a final beatitude in paradise. Despite all similarity, of course, the differences are still preserved and these latter are very characteristic.

The spirit of Northern Buddhism, too, is by no means as practical and as active as the Christian spirit, nor does it prove itself nearly so good a modeller of life and transmuter of the soul of a people. It is after all too much of an understanding spirit, and it is only a blind and unscrupulous spirit which is quite consistent in its actions. On the other hand, it is much more intelligent and of deeper insight; for which reason I consider Higher Buddhism as the highest of all living religions. It contains all the depth of Christianity *plus* the wealth of Indian Philosophy and Psychology. Of all transmitted religions the Mahāyāna Buddhism approaches nearest to that religion which modern seekers after God invoke as the religion of the future. It is essentially

undogmatic. It has a deep understanding of the value of cults; it excludes no mood of thought; it gives something to everyone. It is wide and broad like Brāhmaṇism, while at the same time, like Christianity, it is energetic and knows the ways of the world.

But for this very reason, because of Higher Buddhism representing perhaps the ideal of a religion of the future, for this very reason it is only conditionally adapted to present conditions. I realise this ever more clearly the more I see representatives of this Faith. Like Theosophy, the best and lasting ideas of which coincide with the Mahāyāna teachings, this latter is too wide and too loose to be able to mould average men; it is no fit vessel for a limited spirituality, especially not for one so little intellectually natured as Japanese spirituality is. I hardly think that any Japanese, either of the present or of the past, ever rightly valued and rightly understood the philosophical contents of the Mahāyāna: among those of to-day certainly no one does. The Japanese once imported this religion, just as to-day they are importing our technical arts. They always recognised at a glance what was best and tried to take advantage of it. But man can only assimilate what is akin to his own nature. Indian Mysticism never was in conformity with the Japanese mind; for which reason the emotional and the practical sides only of the Mahāyāna religion have become living forces in Japan. All Buddhist sects which are typically Japanese are essentially unphilosophical. Again, those of the Japanese priests of to-day who concern themselves with the speculative elements of the Mahāyāna doctrine, do so as mere scholars: they cannot grasp its living aspect.

Despite all this, I must contradict the reproach that the Japanese as a nation are irreligious. The cultured

amongst them do not, as a rule, believe in any distinct creed, nor do most of the Europeans, but that is altogether a different thing. In contradistinction to the Indians, we too generally turn agnostics the moment our thinking emancipates itself, because the way to God by cognition does not seem conformable to our racial aptitudes, and because, at the beginning, thought impairs the directness of the experience. Again, like the Japanese, our religious leaders belonged to the type of the emotional and practical person, and were only mediocre thinkers and knowers. But in Japan these two points, characteristic of both worlds, are far more extreme in their appearance. Amongst ourselves, we have perhaps only once witnessed, in the person of S. Francis of Assisi, the incarnation of a perfect *bhaktā*. Among the Japanese such incarnations have been many. Their delicate womanly emotionalism has offered a unique opportunity for love to express itself. Again, our religious leaders were rarely so extremely practical as not a few of the Japanese are.

I had the good luck to-day to meet the most important representative of this latter kind, namely, the Abbot Soyen Shaku of Kamakura, the head of a branch of the Zen sect. This sect of Zen is the most philosophical of Higher Buddhism. It teaches direct withdrawal into the Godhead, independently of all book-lore and all cult. Its theory is almost identical with that of the Rāja Yoga system: it is the most originally Indian sect of all. But, just because of its teaching inwardness and naught but inwardness, this sect has given rise to very different manifestations among different natures. In China it brought about an unparalleled revival of the love of nature; all the greatest masters of landscape-painting being adepts of the Zen school. In Japan it became the principal school of heroism. The Japanese

do not care much for philosophical cognition; rather have they been quick to grasp the fact that nothing increases and steels will-power so much as the practice of yoga. Therefore, the most active-minded among them underwent with preference the training given by the monks of the Zen sect. Hōjō Tokimune, the hero who repelled the hordes of Kublai-Khan, used to spend hours in meditation under the guidance of the head of the Zen sect. Again, many of the leading men of modern Japan have been disciples of Soyen Shaku. I visited this latter at his temple in Kamakura. Never before have I had the impression of such inwardness and at the same time of such martial vigour. This frail-built monk is of a thoroughly soldier-like appearance. How he must have inspired the troops whom he accompanied through Manchuria. His way of teaching meditation is rather harsh. The pupils sit together like Buddha-images in a large empty room. Stick in hand, the Abbot walks up and down amongst them, and if one of them falls asleep he gets a good thrashing. As these exercises are fatiguing, the pupils easily become tired: in which case, though they are not allowed to stop before the fixed time, they may rise and walk about the room two or three times with folded hands and in deep silence. After meditation they undergo a merciless cross-examination in order to see if they have really mastered their subject.

I talked with the reverend Abbot about the meaning and use of this training. He himself has a philosophical mind, which fully understands the spiritual side of his doctrine, but his views are those of a practical man. "The goal," said he, "is not to remain within the light, but rather to steel one's ability for the search after it, so as to become fit for every ideal task of this life."

Hermann Keyserling

THEOSOPHY AND THE CHILD

By L. HADEN GUEST, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

THE relation of the nation to its children, and our responsibility as a nation to children, is a subject that has come in for a great deal of attention during the last few years. The main conceptions of Theosophy put these relations in quite a new light, and give us an entirely new view-point.

The physical life with which I am chiefly concerned here, is, in the long life of the evolving individual, a short period only, but it is the most important period. Physical life is the period during which all the experiences are gained which in the interval between any two lives are worked up into faculty; without physical experience there could be no evolution of Spirit, and consequently we are told that in the early stage of man's evolutionary development, when the simplest life-lessons are to be learned, the period of physical life is much longer than the period of life on the astral and on the mental plane, because man at an early stage has but very little material which can be worked up into faculty in the worlds of emotion and of thought. This means that for man at an early stage of growth, the physical-plane life is even more important than it is for the average man, and that the lower any person may be in evolution, the more important is the physical life, and the more attention should be paid to everything

which concerns that life. That has, I think, a direct bearing on our views on any social changes we may think necessary and any social reconstruction we may desire to bring about ; because it is very important how the body of a savage or a lowly-developed man is made up, for on the quality of that body and the responses of that body to his environment practically the whole of his experience depends.

There is one way especially, in which this point of view of man as an evolving individual must greatly modify our conception of our relations to children, and that is with regard to the relationship of parent and child.

The Theosophical conception means that those who are born to us as children are souls of, practically speaking, the same grade of development as ourselves. A child is not an inferior person, not inferior to us in any way, but only a person who has temporarily not got control over his vehicles, his thought-body, his emotion-body, and his physical body. The age of the soul of any of my readers and the soul-age of a child which may be born to them next year are practically, with the reservation I am about to make, the same. Therefore the duty of the one soul who happens to be born as a parent, and the duty of the other soul that happens to be born as a child, are different from those we sometimes think of traditionally. First of all, that means that we should not force up, or compel to grow up according to a certain pattern any person who may come to us as a child ; it is not our business to cause them to be educated along any special line, but to see that they have the utmost possible freedom in order that they themselves may gain control of their vehicles, and have the best opportunities for the

training of those vehicles. What we have to realise about any child—and I am speaking now with reference to the children of any one of those who may be reading these words—is that we are dealing not with a soul that is undeveloped, but with a soul that is a good deal developed, and one of our chief functions is to help that soul to gain control of its physical body, and to gain control of its astral and of its mental body. Anything which helps that is good; anything which hinders that is not good. Now this may seem very much a platitude, but it is certain that until a few years ago any such ideas would have appeared altogether preposterous, and you have only to go back to, let us say, a book like Butler's *Way of all Flesh* to realise the extraordinary relation between parent and child which frequently existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

There Butler suggests that all children hate their parents because their parents treat them in such an abominable way, and it has often been said that children naturally hate their parents, that children should get away from their parents, and that the parents are the worst possible people to bring up a child. Ideas such as these are simply the reaction against the idea that the business of a parent was in some way or another to force his child to grow up according to a pattern which he had preconceived, and when the unfortunate child did not want to grow that way there was trouble.

There is at the present time a very important addendum to make to this, because of the period in which we live, because of the great changes in the world which are immediately impending, because the World-Teacher is shortly again to manifest on this earth. It is probable that the children who come to us

are not of the same grade of evolution as ourselves, but are of a higher grade. The great World-Teacher, we have been told by Mrs. Besant, is coming again to this earth in a few years' time, ten, fifteen, twenty, how many exactly is not known, but the children who are now being born will be living in His time; some will be round and about Him, His servants and disciples, and therefore they will be people who will have some kin with Him, some touch with Him, who are drawn to Him by some kârmic link; thus they are people older, if anything, in evolution than ourselves, and those for whom we should be particularly anxious to provide the best possible surroundings.

Now what are the necessary surroundings for children? I am dealing here with the physical and medical aspects of the question, and these are of the utmost importance. For one thing, children ought to have parents who are well-constituted themselves; that is to say, who have no very serious physical or other defects which are likely to affect their offspring. That is the first consideration.

The responsibility of parentage which has been urged so strongly of late years by various schools of eugenists is a responsibility we ought to bear very much in mind, and the first duty to the child is to see that it is born of parents who are capable of bearing children suitably equipped physically.

Secondly, the surroundings of the child ought to be very carefully looked to, and it is necessary to recognise that some of the most important surroundings of the child are those of the time before its birth into the physical world. By the time the child is born into the physical world its brain is equipped with the number of

brain-cells which it is going to have for the rest of its life, and the main lines of its bodily structure are laid down. If therefore, in that period, there is any malnutrition, if the child does not get sufficient nourishment, the brain-cells and the foundations of the body may be seriously affected. And as the physical brain and body mark the limit of our capacity for expression upon this physical earth, it is very important that they should be of the best possible calibre and made of the best materials. In order that this may be the case the mother should be well nourished and her surroundings should otherwise be as good as they can be made. Nor is it physical surroundings alone which should be considered; the soul clothed in its new emotion and thought bodies is joined to the embryo for a long time before birth. Violent or undesirable emotion, low or objectionable thought, should all be excluded from the neighbourhood of an expectant mother; for these things act on the child and stimulate to growth any germs of similar qualities which may be sleeping within it. And the same is true of fine emotions, of noble desires, and of lofty thoughts; these too have their influence and should be encouraged.

After birth the surroundings of a child should be very carefully thought out. Particularly is it necessary for us to realise that a child ought to have clean food, and *enough*. Many children, even children belonging to well-circumstanced people, do not get a sufficiency of the right kind of food. At some of the large public schools, for instance, children are not always given enough food for the work they are doing, while undergoing such a stress of physical and mental activity as school-work implies. It is very important to see that

no child with whom any of us comes into contact, lacks those elementary necessities of life, sufficiency of food, and above all, clean food. By that I mean it should not be impure food ; that is, it should not be food of flesh of animals, or fish, or in any other way food which is likely to build up a body less than the purest and the best-balanced body that our knowledge now enables us to build up. And then important too—and very important from the point of view of town-dwellers—is it that the surroundings of the child should be those in which clean air is possible. London and every large town is full of very dirty air ; therefore I am afraid we must say that, apart from other considerations, London and large towns are not good places for a child to be brought up in.

Another important matter is that of cleanliness. It is the habit of English people to consider that they are a clean nation. That is one of our errors. We are only a few of us clean, and a great many people are not clean because they have never been taught how to be clean, they have never been taught how to wash themselves.

Washing is an acquired art. The natural child is extremely dirty, as you can see if you go into any slum where a child is allowed to follow its natural propensities. Most people's bodies like to be dirty, and they have to be taught how to be clean. I need not perhaps tell stories of the well-known type about little boys who brag that when they go into the bathroom they make a lot of noise with the water but never have a bath. But that kind of story shows how very necessary it is to teach children to be clean, and to make them learn how to be clean, how to wash themselves properly, especially, by

the way, how to clean their teeth—a matter very often much neglected and one of great importance.

The question of clothing must also be thought of. The clothing of a child should all be quite loose; there should be no restraint and no restriction anywhere, either for a girl or a boy. To many people it is hardly necessary to say that, but multitudes of people habitually bind up their children, especially quite little ones, in such a way that they cannot move easily and cannot develop their bodies. A point in connection with clothing that is often overlooked concerns the shape and make of boots and shoes. If the feet are to be healthily developed and able properly to support the body, the toes must be free to move, the whole foot able to bend easily inside the shoe, and the shape be such as in no way to cramp the growth of the toes. This will prevent foot deformity and promote health. A child should not only be able to move inside its clothes, but it should have plenty of space to move around in, outside. It is not enough to take a child to Battersea Park, or Kensington Gardens, or to any other great Park we are fortunate enough to be near, but a child should have free space to move over some country-side, if it is to be properly brought up. The only places near London where that can be had are in various suburbs where children can roam over the fields, but other places are more fortunate in this respect.

This brings me to the consideration of the training of children's senses. The first sense I want to deal with is that of vision. In order that the sense of sight may be properly developed, it is necessary that there should be long distances for a child to see. Vision cannot be properly developed in a crowded-up city area.

As you know well, North American Indians and other people who, like them, led an unfettered life in the open air, were famed for extraordinary keenness of vision; many people in India have it now; and in order that keen vision should be developed, it is necessary that people should have long ranges of open space to look over. One of the reasons why so many children of the present day suffer from defective vision is because they are brought up in towns, and because they do not have these long stretches to look over. The importance of this consideration is recognised in the 1913 Report of the Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education in England, in which it is recommended that school-room windows should always be low enough for children to look out and so rest their eyes from the strain of near vision.

The sense of hearing comes next in importance, and in order that this may be properly developed the surroundings should be free from too much jarring noise. London and other large towns again do not provide an environment in which the sense of hearing can be properly developed. The noise of a modern town is so jarring that if people were left to the unfettered action of the law of the survival of the fittest, I rather imagine that in a few hundred years the people surviving in London would all be a little bit deaf; not deaf enough to get run over by motor-busses, but deaf enough not to have their nerves shattered by the constant noise. It is quite certain that the noise of the streets of London is seriously deteriorating people's health, and is also preventing a proper development of the sense of hearing. On the senses of taste and smell I need not pause. The development of them is also

dependent on the purity and serenity of surroundings, and on the purity of food taken into the body. The body accustomed to eating various kinds of food of high flavour and highly seasoned, meat, fish, and alcohol, and so on, cannot have the same delicacy and refinement of taste and smell as bodies otherwise nourished. The sense of touch, a very important sense indeed, needs for its development great care for personal hygiene, and the education of sensibility by calling out the necessity for touching, with the hands and other parts of the body, all kinds of objects.

There is a very important psychological law with regard to experiences and with regard to development which has a serious bearing on our problem. It is a fact, according to orthodox psychologists, that we are not able to distinguish a thing as separate from another when it comes to us along with a bundle of sensations, unless we know it and have previously experienced it as a separate thing. That is to say, if we are to be able at the appropriate moment to distinguish parts of a bundle of sensations as coming from separate things, we must have a large number of experiences of those things on which our memory can fall back, experiences, that is, of all kinds of combinations of things out of which we can dissect or abstract special individual components. If we interpret this, it means that, until you have seen or felt something as separate, you do not make a separate mental image of that something felt or seen, and unless you have a mental image of that something, you cannot recognise it separately when you see it for the first time with others. If, for instance, cold things were always wet, we should not distinguish wetness and coldness as we are now

able to do, because we have experienced these things in various combinations. That is an almost impossible thing as stated in that form, but it indicates how important it is that a child should have a large number of sense experiences, so that it shall have a large store of mental impressions which it can subsequently build up into ideas, into concepts.

Now, that has a very serious bearing on the question of nourishment. You may sometimes see children in the country who look very healthy and with ruddy cheeks, who are stodgy, heavy, with chests well-covered with flesh and who are fat ; but those children are stolid and move about slowly and heavily. You know, as a matter of fact, that when they grow up they will be farm labourers or follow some similar occupation ; they will be people leading a very restricted life. And you may see living quite near to them the children of a lawyer or of a doctor, who may not be so ruddy-cheeked, not so heavy, not so well-covered on the chest, but who are constantly moving about. And the difference in those two kinds of life is this : that the agricultural labourer's children who appear so healthy and so well-nourished, are having few experiences, are not storing their minds with mental images, are not making raw material out of which later on they can build up thought ; whereas the other child is having multitudinous experiences and storing its mind fully. What is the chief reason ? What is the difference ? Partly, no doubt, it is a difference of grade of development of spiritual evolution, but very largely indeed it is a question of nutrition.

Sometimes in London County Council Schools one gets children who are very stolid and lethargic, although they appear healthy ; they do not move about very

much and do not get on very quickly with work. But when you feed them up and give them really good food, they become bright and alert, constantly moving, touching, seeing, and hearing things, and thus are constantly storing up experiences. The thing is very simple if you think it out. The human organism can have just enough food to keep it going in rather a slow way, or it can have sufficient to give it a surplus of energy. If it has a surplus of energy, it is moving about constantly, and having all kinds of experiences which are subsequently built up into thoughts and later into faculties.

It is therefore well to realise that on the differences of nutrition in childhood depends the possibility or impossibility of the subsequent development of a brain capable of responding to fine ideas and complicated thoughts.

Then, of course, an extremely important thing we should do is that we should avoid the constant checking of children, the saying "Don't," continually. It is necessary that we should adapt our life to the child's life, and not expect the child entirely to adapt itself to ours. Children are just as important as we are, and perhaps those born at the present time are a great deal more important; and therefore, if, for instance, we do not want them to smash the drawing-room ornaments, we must not have them in the drawing-room, or, if you have them in the drawing-room, don't have anything there they can smash. I do not suggest that you should let them smash the ornaments; but I do suggest that you should so arrange your life that wherever children are, they should be allowed a reasonable amount of free play, and unless they are going to injure themselves

and do something obviously beyond bounds—and that is a matter which requires very careful consideration—they should not be checked.

Then we ought very carefully indeed to guard our children against diseases. The longer a child can avoid epidemic disease, the better equipped will that child be to fight the disease if, and when, it comes. There was once a tradition that it was necessary for a child to have measles. It is no more necessary to have measles, than it is to have plague. If one can avoid it, so much the better, and the longer one can avoid it, the better. One reason of the greater relative physical efficiency of the upper and middle classes in England as compared with the working classes is that they are able, by making their surroundings hygienic, to put off the age at which their children contract epidemic diseases, and the working classes are not: so that the working classes get these diseases at a time when the children are least able to resist them. Working-class children have the greatest number of complications following these diseases and they suffer in a most severe way in mortality. Measles with its complications is a very fatal disease among the working-classes; it is only rarely fatal with better circumstanced people.

Apart from acute disease, people do not even yet realise the importance of dealing with slight mal-developments, slight troubles of the eyes, slight troubles of the throat, obstructions of the nose, and so on. These defects should always be attended to, and, very important indeed, any trouble with the teeth should be dealt with at once. But there is an even more important matter: any trouble with the digestion or slight nervousness needs, practically speaking, instant attention. A child's digestion

should be as perfect as it can be made. It is one of the unfortunate facts of modern town civilisation that the digestion of a very large number of children is very poor, so that they become flabby and rather pale-looking. A special name has been invented for this disease, "mucous disease," which is a disease of well-circumstanced and not only of poorly circumstanced children, and that particular illness is one which undermines the vitality of a child and takes a very great deal out of it.

Small things like these may not seem to be worth while a Theosophical reader's attention, but the physical body is every whit as important as the astral, if not more so, and we ought just as carefully to attend to all the details connected with the vitality and the upkeep of the physical body, as we should to those connected with finer bodies had we the capacity to do so. All these small defects mentioned have great effects; a throat, obstructed by enlarged tonsils or adenoids, will cause trouble of the chest, trouble with the digestion, with the breathing, with the brain, or perhaps more truly with the nerves. But I have mentioned these diseases not only because they are important in themselves but also because of their probable effect on the emotions. Anyone who has had any experience of the emotion of irritability will have noticed, no doubt, that he is more likely to be irritable when not quite well, and that is because there is a perfectly definite connection between this particular emotion of irritability and the state of your health. Now with a young child, whenever it is very, very cross and very angry, excepting in the most ignorant circles, that child is not supposed to be suffering from temper merely, but from something physical which causes it to behave in that way; it may be some

kind of illness, or it may be a pin sticking into it, but it is not supposed to be inherent and native wickedness, so to speak. It is exactly the same with older people ; irritability, bad temper, loss of control in all kinds of ways, are very often indeed due to slight physical illnesses which throw an unnecessary strain on the organism—by which I mean the organism of the physical, astral and mental bodies—so that it is rendered unable to resist disturbing impacts coming from the outside.

We are always accustomed with regard to thought, pure and simple, to realise that it has a physical basis, but I do not know that we are all accustomed to realise that emotion has a physical basis, or that emotions are expressed in the changes in the physical body just as thoughts are expressed in changes in the physical body.

Professor James, in his *Psychology*, explains emotions as our consciousness of certain bodily changes. Every emotion to Professor James is first and foremost a series of changes in the body, which are perceived in consciousness as the emotion, and that corresponds very closely to the Theosophical idea. It is undoubtedly true that every emotion has a certain definite relation to changes in the physical body which can be excited by, or in their turn excite, corresponding changes in the astral body, which again can be excited by, or in their turn excite, corresponding effects in the mental body. Now those changes would appear to exist in a kind of a scale ; if the thought be first aroused, the thought of anger for instance, that will affect first the mental body in which it arises, the thought of anger will take shape, become concrete ; this will be passed on to the astral body in which it will vibrate, and as it were,

gain volume, this being the feeling of anger ; and from the astral it will be handed on to the physical, where it will show in bodily changes of expression, breathing, position of arms and so forth, and finally eventuate in definite action. The physical expression of the emotions has been studied to a great extent, notably by Darwin, and many things are known about the particular expression of face, bodily posture and changes in internal organs which accompany different emotions.

A good deal of this is common knowledge. If you are trying to suggest to anybody else what a boastful man looks like, you will not contract your chest and drop your head, you will expand your chest, hold up your head, and fling about your arms. In the same way, if you are trying to suggest the emotion of depression, you will not hold your head erect; you will let it hang down, with your arms flaccid and your jaw held slackly, because these particular positions have their definite relation with the emotions. Now if you will practise this yourself, you will find a very remarkable result. Supposing you feel depressed, and you know it is unreasonable; then if you deliberately sit up straight, put your shoulders back, laugh and take long and deep breaths, you will find that your depression begins to go. And so with your other emotions. By simulating the posture, the position and the bodily changes which accompany an emotion, you can induce that emotion in yourselves.

How is an emotion usually excited? It is probably usually excited by a thought, by an idea. That thought excites the astral body and the astral body then hands on its vibrations to the physical. You may imagine the highest kinds of emotions being excited by the highest

kinds of thought, and then being connected with or corresponding with the highest kinds of astral matter, which in their turn, are connected with, and correspond with, the finest kinds of physical matter. But the emotions are not always excited in this way ; often they are excited by direct action of one vibrating astral body on another, just as one vibrating string calls out the vibrations in another of the same kind and tension ; and after the setting up of changes in the astral, the physical and mental are set quivering.

It is important in this connection to realise that the bodily changes which are the bodily expression of the emotions are very largely concerned, not only with facial expression, changes of posture and of muscular tone, but with changes in the lungs, intestines, and other organs in the abdomen. Now the lungs and intestines and other organs in the abdomen are parts of the body which are frequently diseased in children, and the disease of these organs in children—and this I must warn the reader is medically unorthodox—seems to make it very possible that the more objectionable emotions and the coarser kinds of emotions will be more easily excited from the physical plane than the higher and purer. This is partly because jangling vibrations of the coarser kinds are more likely to be correlated with diseased physical organs, but also because we know as the result of experience that ill-health and objectionable emotions are frequently associated. Perfect health means perfect balance, and probably also means, in a person of comparatively good development, that the physical changes corresponding with the worst emotions are not easily excited, and that these emotions therefore are not readily aroused from the physical plane.

These facts are not, I think, sufficiently realised in regard to child-life. The enormous importance of physical health, of physical well-being, particularly as regards the lungs and intestines, the liver, and so forth, the changes of which are so largely the bodily expression of emotion, can hardly be laid too much stress upon.

Another matter which deserves notice is the importance of posture. If you see a child constantly going about with its head poked forward and its shoulders drooped, that child is almost certain to be depressed or morose ; but if it can only be made to stand up straight and march with a firm step, that depression will largely vanish, because children are easily affected in these ways. The effect of posture is that of a quite legitimate physical 'suggestion'. And if we avoided the diseases of childhood, which we could by attention to the details of hygiene, we should undoubtedly make the up-bringing of children easier, and make it more difficult for them to develop objectionable emotional traits.

But with all these things we ought to be very careful to avoid the orthodoxy of heterodoxy. We ought not to be faddy because we know something about the astral body, for that does not make it any the less necessary for us to have the proper amount of food and sleep, and so on ; and it does not make it any the less necessary for us to have all kinds of elementary things properly attended to. I need not go into that in detail. Yet some people seem to consider necessary all kinds of elaborate methods of treating the physical body, whereas all that is necessary is to follow the routine of common sense, with the additional aid of Theosophical knowledge of the constitution of man.

If we attended to the bodies of children under our care in the way suggested, we should give them good physical instruments capable of responding to the highest kind of mental vibrations and to the highest kind of emotional vibrations, and of active service in the best way on the physical plane. We should minimise anything objectionable there might be in their heredity, and prevent the germs of objectionable characteristics, brought over from the past, being matured in this life.

I have been so far speaking to my readers of the importance of the physical plane from the standpoint of well-circumstanced people. Now I must point out that what I have been saying about the necessity for care in the physical body applies with very great force indeed to all children in London, in England and in the world. And especially at this time, because the World-Teacher is so soon coming again. We have been considering so far, as it were, our own individual duties, those of comparatively fortunately circumstanced people; but we have also to consider what our duties are to the nation as a whole, and this necessitates a rapid re-survey of the matters we have gone through before. Probably most of us are agreed about the necessity for good food and that of the right kind, but at least a million of children in England do not get actually sufficient or suitable food of any kind. And it is undoubtedly our duty to see that they get it, and the more we realise the necessity for our own children, the more ought we to recognise that we should urge the provision of necessaries for those children of the nation who at present are not getting those things. I have not mentioned, except with regard to some of the public schools—and that is not really a very bad case—the question of

definite mal-nutrition, but with regard to the majority of the children of the nation the question of mal-nutrition from insufficiency of food is the pressing question, and just as bad and impure food builds up an impure body, so a lack of food builds up a body which is strained, easily jarred, easily diseased. Also the fact that food is lacking not only for children, but also for their parents, means that the brains and bodies of the majority of children in this country are improperly nourished before birth, their brain-cells do not get a proper chance of growing and are therefore incapable of bringing through any of the higher, or any large number of the higher, vibrations of mental matter which are playing on those cells, and yet for lack of a suitable medium cannot find expression on this physical plane. What the higher aspects of man can express on this plane is rigidly limited by the capacities of the body and brain.

Then there is the question of cleanliness. It may be amusing when we think of little Tommy So-and-So who tells us a story about going into the bathroom and making a noise with the water but does not have his bath ; but when we realise that the majority of children in England have no bathroom and no streams or lakes available, and that no one teaches them to be clean in any effective way, that they live in overcrowded wretched rooms with a mother over-driven with worry and domestic cares, who is very probably sweated also at some ill-paid employment, then it is not humorous any more to realise that the majority of people in England do not learn to be clean. There is also that other great requisite of child-life, clean air. They do not get clean air in any of the slums, or in any 'mean street' of the large cities. As for clothing, anybody who

is intimately acquainted with the class of children who come from poor districts will realise that the question of clothing is very serious. The girls, particularly, are usually bound up in such a way that they cannot effectively expand their chests and move freely, and the boys are often hampered by ill-fitting and cramping clothing, so that quite apart from the other surroundings which are very bad, the children of the working classes, especially the girls, cannot get proper physical development, because they are deliberately bound up almost as if to prevent their physical development. This is a very evil thing, affecting them not only in childhood but affecting them later, when they come themselves to be the mothers of families. Then there is that great pre-requisite of a healthy life, space to move in, and here Battersea and Hyde Park and the open spaces of our cities become almost Utopian. Battersea and Hyde Park are by no means ideal places to move about in, but they are comparatively ideal places for the children of the very poor to move about in. But we want more of them nearer to the poorer parts of our cities, making big gaps in our slum areas, bringing breath and life to gasping acres of arid streets. For if they are far away, their mothers have not time to take them there, and this—and the fact that they are ashamed to be seen in the rags and tatters and dirty fragments which are their natural clothing—is one of the reasons why open spaces are not used as much as they should be.

Then with regard to the development of the senses : Large numbers of the children of the nation who do not happen to be born into the more fortunate classes have senses defective, and you can estimate the kind of

surroundings which children have by the defects of their senses. In one school I am acquainted with, near London Bridge in London, the children come from buildings in the neighbourhood which are rather high and very dark. I forget the exact percentage of defects of vision among those children, but it is enormously high, and it is high because of the places in which they live, which do not give them that freedom of vision and that space for vision which is so necessary for its development. They have no long distances to see in those narrow alleys and slum courts, and so their vision becomes defective. Measles and some of the other diseases contracted at an early date in childhood lead very frequently indeed to trouble of the ears, so that children become deaf, they cannot hear well, and so are handicapped at school, in the labour market, and still more in social intercourse.

With regard to the sense of touch and the senses of taste and smell, well, people who are not washed properly do not develop the sense of touch in a very acute way, except under exceptional circumstances, and people who are fed on the casual scraps, as it were, of civilisation do not develop very strong and very refined senses of taste and smell. They have too much impurity around them to have highly developed senses. And this lack of sensitiveness and of sense-development leads to the toleration of serious abuses.

I mentioned earlier that a great deal of surplus energy in a child was necessary in order that it might move about, touch and hear, see and observe freely, and so accumulate a stock of impressions forming mental images which would subsequently be the material out of which thought and faculty were built up. Many of

the children of the working-classes, the poor children of this country generally, have not that energy, they do not spontaneously move about very freely. They may be active and they may play, but for the most part, compared with children of the same age of better circumstanced people, they have a very little amount of spare energy to go about getting experiences. This lack of energy is very largely due to the physical lack of food, and because of this they do not have a chance later on of developing certain mental faculties; this brings me to another aspect of mental development.

If you go down a poor street you will frequently hear: "Don't do this," "Don't do that," and many other negative checkings, varied by spanking and other physical punishments. The majority of children of the nation are constantly being checked by irritated, overworked and harassed mothers, because overworked and harassed mothers can hardly be expected to do anything else. And of course it is extremely bad for the children, because it prevents them from being curious. If every time a child asks: "Why?"—which all intelligent children do at very frequent intervals—it is told: "Don't ask," or gets a smack, it naturally very soon ceases its questions, and therefore misses chances of large amounts of information and experience. The difference in mental alertness between checked and unchecked children is quite marked.

Then there is the question of disease. The majority of the children of the nation are always diseased. It is in slum places where poor children live that measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough and the various epidemics have their hiding and breeding places, whence from time to time they spring out of their lairs like

dragons and devastate the children of the better classes ; it is in those areas the diseases remain and always will remain, constantly active, constantly ready to be dangerous while such places exist. The children in such neighbourhoods are every day being infected with those diseases, and vast numbers are being killed off or being injured for the rest of their lives by these quite preventable things.

I put it to my readers that if they agree with me in the first part of this paper that the things I laid down as desirable are desirable for their children and my children, then I insist that they are desirable for all children, and we should do our very utmost to see that they are provided for all children. The children of the nation as a whole are just as important as your children or my children, and for all children these things should be provided, otherwise they cannot have physical bodies properly equipped to receive sensations from, and act upon, the physical plane ; they cannot in fact gain sufficient experiences on this plane to make the lives which they lead here of value.

Now I do not suggest for a moment that you can make the necessary changes to secure these possible things for all children very rapidly. And I am quite sure that you cannot do this on any national plan of alms-giving, or of giving things to people under the auspices of any charity. For the only proper thing to do is to see that every family in this country is sufficiently well-equipped to be able to do the things for its children that you and I hope to be able to do for our children. But that is by no means an easy thing to do, and that, I would warn you, means revolutionary social changes, it means a great deal of what is ordinarily

called Socialism, although it does not mean some kinds of Socialism. It certainly does not mean national almsgiving. It means national organisation to give effect to sentiments you applaud, because only by national measures can we put right what is a national evil.

It is sometimes assumed that the present state of things is somehow divinely natural, and that reformers are proposing in some unnatural way—some arbitrary and artificial way—to interfere with the natural state of affairs. But the present state of affairs is as unnatural as any civilisation in the world ever was. It is a civilisation made up of entirely arbitrary and artificial laws. As H. G. Wells has said, human laws are as much a matter of human manufacture as bicycles. Our present civilisation is as much a manufactured thing as a bicycle, and can be changed just as a bicycle can be changed. Let us get back as near to nature as we can, by all means, but it is impossible in the present state of evolution to leave law and order to individuals. We have to have policemen for instance. Just in the same way it is impossible to leave man's social arrangements dealing with his labour and his food to individual arrangements. The things must be managed nationally, because we have not yet reached a stage of evolution in which these things will manage themselves by the mutual goodwill of men, without the exploitation of the weak by the strong.

Now we know what is good for our own children; we know what is desirable for their physical environment and their physical bodies, because there is very little arguable about that. You may have thought all I said about the care of children commonplace platitude, but if so, then it is all the more our business to see that

these platitudes are carried into effect in everyday life. If we do not carry what we know to be desirable into effect then ours will be the karma—the retribution, which will descend on us for refusing to carry out an obvious duty staring us in the face.

Sometimes this matter is looked at from the reversed point of view ; sometimes it is said it is the fate of the very poor people to be born into the surroundings where they are, and that these conditions are good for their development. Very well, let them look after their own fate, their own duty, and let us look after ours. And our duty is to do the utmost we can to help to raise those people, so that they shall have the same obviously necessary advantages which we hope to be able to get for ourselves.

Now as I said, this can only be done by establishing the independence of families and of adult individuals but when we have established it let us see that it is used up in the right way. According to Mr. Sidney Webb, we should establish a minimum line of well-being below which no one should be allowed to fall. But also this means we must establish a minimum line of efficiency ; and if anyone falls below we must not allow them freedom, but treat them in some different, remedial, and educative way, in whatever way may be necessary. Mrs. Besant has pointed out that criminals are only those who are not able to act up to the average standard of any civilisation, because they have not been so long in evolution as have the average, and if we fix a level of efficiency, of good citizenship, of good behaviour, then we are quite justified in treating those who are below as though they were not fit for the full freedom of citizens. Treat them in some special way, with the

idea of educating them up to the civilised level, if not in this incarnation, then in the next. But do not treat them as if they were deliberately evil and of full responsibility.

Our duty towards the children of the nation is to educate their faculties to enable them to grow, to enable them to develop; to enable the immortal Spirits manifesting in those bodies to get as much experience from the life they are in as possible, to enable them to have as perfect instruments to get that experience if possible. The only difference between the slum child and the child born in a well-circumstanced home is probably a difference in the length of its soul-development; nor is this even true of all cases, and it is no advantage, if we can prevent it, to allow that child to go through life with a rickety chest, with perforated ear-drums, with vision which is defective, and with a sense of touch which is blunted by dirt and vermin. There is no sense and no reason in that if we can prevent it, and it is our obvious duty to do our utmost to equip all children to gain physical experience as we equip our own.

I have said this for a special reason. I said at the beginning with regard to children who are being born amongst us that probably some of those will be children who are nearer to the World-Teacher than we are ourselves; they will be some of those who will be around Him, His helpers and His disciples, who will work for Him and who will carry His teaching into other lands. We expect the World-Teacher shortly, and what will the World-Teacher want of the people of this world? He will want that they shall be able to receive His teaching. And how shall the slum children come near to Him with their senses blunted, their minds not grown,

and their emotions imperfectly developed? How shall they be able to respond to His marvellous life?

Now if we can, by changes in the next few years, improve the physique of the child-life of the Nation, we shall improve the capacities of the audience of the World-Teacher. We shall be doing something to make His work easier on the physical plane, doing something to enable those younger in evolution to respond to that which He will give out, and therefore doing them and the world the greatest service, a service which, I think, is our obvious duty and which should become one of our chief aims.

L. Haden Guest



THE HEART SONG

Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird
And all my being pulsates with its song
Which throbs like sunshine through the fragrant hours ;

Which thrills
And fills

All space with sibilant and silver trills,
A largesse that the God of music showers.
In sky and meadow, as I pass along,
The flowers turn to stars, the stars to flowers ;

How sweet
To greet

A primrose planet glimmering at my feet !
Upon my soul hath Beauty cast her spell
And I hear melodies till now unheard :
(Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird !)

The symphony of light that never dies,
The sound that in the shifting shadow lies,
In emerald woodlands where the aerals dwell.
Soar ! Soar ! my soul, with bliss that none can tell
And bear me with thee to unbounded skies ;
For I am filled with wild and sweet surprise
As in me an awakening life hath stirred,—
Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird !
I feel the beating of its dreamlike wings,
I hear the song of ecstasy it sings,

That sighs
And flies

To mingle with the echoes that arise—
The swinging, ringing, rhythm that it brings.

For now, at last, I see with seeing eyes
And know a love beyond all human word,—
That larger love, the wisdom of the wise ;
Blessed be the morn this miracle occurred !
Deep in my heart there dwells a joyous bird !

G. W.



PROFESSOR BERGSON AND THE HINḌU VEDĀNTA

By K. NARAYANASWAMI AIYAR

IN Europe, two philosophers have of late sprung into prominence, the one from Paris and the other from Jena. The former is named Professor Bergson and the latter, Professor Eucken. The latter has written a large book, containing a good summary of the different philosophies from the earliest times down to the present. In it, he has thrown out here and there his own ideas and hints which evince the capacious intellect of the author; but the former Professor has come out with original ideas which have made an epoch in

the department of philosophy. The Hindūs, however, believe that there is nothing original under the sun and that all ideas are in the mind of the original creator, Brahmā, out of which mankind takes at different epochs, in a greater or lesser degree, according to the receptivity of each brain. I am almost tempted to think that Professor Bergson was in one or more of his previous lives a sturdy Hindū Vedāntin, moving in the scientific grooves of Vedānta. Many of the doctrines of Vedānta which were put forth by the ancient Vedāntins in an archaic form are put by Professor Bergson into the form of modern science and vindicated. Perhaps it may not be too much to say that he is a modern Kapila dressed in the European garb. Like Herbert Spencer, he avails himself of all the latest discoveries of modern science to fortify himself in his conclusions.

Till now, this Professor of Philosophy in Paris has, in that department, brought out three books in the French language, all of which have been translated into English. They are *Time and Free Will*, *Matter and Memory* and *Creative Evolution*. It is the last book that gives the finishing touch to his thoughts on philosophy. I may also state for the benefit of the readers that there is a good summary of his ideas in 'The People's Books' series, entitled *The Philosophy of Change*, by H. Wildon Carr, and it has been brought out with the seal of Professor Bergson on it.

When I state that Professor Bergson's philosophy supports the Hindū Vedānta, it should not be supposed that the whole of Vedānta is corroborated by him. A few only of the main ideas of Vedānta—as I shall presently show—receive support from him. It was not the intention of the Professor to give a complete account

of Evolution from the beginning to the end. He simply lifts humanity from the lower levels of thought, upon which the western philosophers have been treading till now, to a higher—not to the highest level possible. He does not take us into the regions of the Absolute as the Vedāntins did. When, in our study of his books, we come across his wealth of arguments and fund of illustrations, we naturally wonder why mighty heads like Kant and others did not hit on such a simple and familiar thing as life, which is in each one of us and the rest of creation. A ray of light is one with which all are acquainted. It gives us heat; it gives us light; it imparts to us other manifold good: and yet, in regard to its nature, it has eluded, and is, even now, eluding, the grasp of even the mightiest intellects of the world.

In order to establish the existence of life and its significance, our Professor naturally begins with matter and mind. Time was when philosophers like Berkeley postulated that "*esse is percipi*," i. e., "to be is to be perceived". All material things perceived by them are, according to them, real. Then came others like Kant with the theory that thought alone is real, since objects exist only by virtue of thoughts. Without thought, they exist nowhere. Other philosophers came who inclined to this theory or that; but philosophers like Herbert Spencer held that both co-existed and both were real. Now comes Professor Bergson upon the scene and says: Let us understand what life is—that life with which all are familiar and into which all heads are feeling shy of entering.

We all know that the modern scientists analysed the whole world into a number of substances which were, till some years ago, called elements, since they thought

they were no further decomposable. Now even hydrogen—the lightest of the so-called elements—is analysed into a number of electrons or ions. These ions again are traced to the ether, where they are found to be but vortical motion. It is surmised that each vortical centre is but a miniature solar system, with particles rotating round a centre. Moreover each object, though appearing solid, is but an aggregation of particles of matter in a state of ceaseless vibration. Hence even the seemingly solid matter has its ceaseless change. Only it is a change in space. Coming to the mind, we find there is change in it also; but it is a change of state. The mind is ever running through the laws of association of ideas, similar and dissimilar, as Bain puts it. Even when we see the same object again or remember a thought, it is not the same object or thought that is repeated again in our mind. There are some additions or subtractions. Hence whether we study mind or matter, there is always change: in the case of the former, there is a change of state, which is becoming; in the case of the latter, there is the change of place, which is moving. Hence all are moving or becoming. The universe is nothing but a vast ceaseless change of moving and becoming.

Then Professor Bergson studies this ceaseless change from the different standpoints of “Darwin and his insensible variation, Devries and sudden variation, Eimer and orthogenesis, and Neo-Lamarckism and the heritability of acquired characters”. The result of his enquiry leads him into the conclusion that the tendency to change is due to “an original impetus of Life passing from one generation of germs to the following generation of germs which bridges the interval

between the generations ". This is called by him "the vital impetus".

If we begin to understand the duration of this change, we find that, in matter, time is not its necessary concomitant. It is not by virtue of time that an object exists. Time is but succession, and this no doubt is a fact in the material world. But this does not mean that things should exist through time.

If I want to mix a glass of sugar and water, I must willy-nilly wait until the sugar melts. This little fact is big with meaning. For here the time I have to wait is not that mathematical time which would apply equally well to the entire history of the material world, even if that history were spread out instantaneously in space. It coincides with my impatience, that is to say, with a certain portion of my own duration which I cannot protract or contract as I like. It is no longer something *thought*, it is something *lived*.

But if we enter into the working of the mind, we find, that without time or succession, its states cannot exist. Time is the life of the mind, else the latter is dead. If we enter into its states and observe them, as one follows another, there arises the limited idea of time. This is only an idea of time in space. But should one rise above these ideas trooping one after another and observe them from the standpoint of life, he will see them as one continuous flow of a stream.

When we think of these successive states we imagine them spread out in a continuous line, precisely as we imagine real things to be at any moment all spread out in space. But this is not true duration. Our life is true duration. It is a time-flow that is not measured by some standard in relation to which it may be faster or slower. It is itself absolute, a flowing that never ceases, never repeats itself, an always present, changing, becoming, now.

As Wildon-Carr puts it in another place :

It seems as if a great movement were in progress, sweeping us along in its course. To exist is to be alive, to be borne along in the living stream as it were on the breast of a wave.

The actual present now in which all existence is gathered up, is this movement accomplishing itself. The past is gathered into it, exists in it, is carried along in it as it presses forward into the future, which is continually and without intermission becoming actual. This reality is life.

Vedānta

In Vedānta, the fundamental and foremost thing to do is to discriminate between $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$ and not- $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$ or between the Real and the non-Real. According to it, $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$ alone is real: others are unreal. Matter, mind and others beside $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$ are not real. The Reality alone should be taken up by the one that wishes to reach It. $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$ comes from the root $A\dot{t}$ =to move. It is also derived from the root An =to breathe. Both meanings tend to the conclusion arrived at by the Professor, that it is Life-Change. It is thus $A\dot{t}m\bar{a}$ —or living ceaseless motion—that is alone real.

Here let us try to understand the meaning of the word "Real". Reality is not eternity alone. That which is eternal—i. e., exists in the three periods of time—may not be real. The substance underlying a form or object is existent in the three periods of time: but its form does not endure. Hence such a form or object is not real. But $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$ is one that exists not only in the three periods of time but also does not change its nature. There is no form for $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$: its nature is ceaseless living change. Though there is change of form and state in matter and mind, in the vyāvahārika or phenomenal condition, yet both the latter are in their pāramārthika or noumenal condition— $A\dot{t}m\bar{a}$ itself.

This $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$, according to Hindūism, is twofold—Jīva- $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$ and Parama- $\bar{A}\dot{t}m\bar{a}$, the individual or living Self and the Universal Self. The former alone is named Jīva,

or life and the latter, Param or supreme. Probably because it is the individual Self that has to unfold its powers by being encased in matter, therefore it is given the title "life," to express its power of expansion. Both these Selves are in Hindūism compared among other things, with a big river and its rills. So also Professor Bergson compared the individual lives to rills flowing out of a ceaselessly flowing current. But he does not go beyond these two to that Absolute where all the pairs—mobility and immobility, heat and cold, etc.—meet as one.

Evolution

This life, therefore, which is a mighty current dashing aside all obstacles—even death itself—on its way, divides itself into many rills and becomes encased in matter in order to evolve. As the Professor puts it :

The evolution movement would be a simple one, and we would soon have been able to determine its direction, if life had described a single course like that of a solid ball shot from a cannon. But it proceeds rather like a shell which suddenly bursts into fragments, which fragments, being themselves shells, burst in their turn into fragments, destined to burst again, and so on for a time incommensurably long. We perceive only what is nearest to us, namely the scattered movements of the pulverised explosive. Further we have to go back stage by stage to the original movement. . . . So of the way Life breaks into individuals and species. It depends, we think, on two series of causes: the resistance life meets from inert matter and the explosive force—due to an unstable balance of tendencies which life bears within itself.

Thus it is the Jīvātma, according to the *Bhāgavata* and other Purāṇas, which forces its way through inert matter to overcome the obstacle and show its many tendencies in the many stages of the mineral, plant, animal and human beings, till at last it rises to the stage of super-man also.

Regarding this evolution, there are two points given out by Professor Bergson which coincide with Hindūism. The word evolution is from *ex*, out and *volvere*, to turn. Should progress take place through life getting out of matter, then there must have been a previous stage when it got into matter. There should have been an involution, or descent into matter, ere ascent takes place. Hindūism puts it generally thus: Mokṣha (emancipation) is from the root *Munch*—to be released. Release implies a jail already existent, which is Bandha, or bondage in matter. The soul gets into the jail of matter ere it is released. On this, the Professor says thus:

It is true that in the universe itself there are two opposite movements to be distinguished, as we shall see later on—descent and ascent. The first unwinds a roll already prepared. In principle, it might be accomplished almost instantaneously like releasing a spring. But the ascending movement which corresponds to an inner work of ripening, or creating, endures essentially and imposes its rhythm on the first which is inseparable from it.

The second point in Evolution is about the two seemingly opposed ways in which created objects came into existence. In the Purāṇas, in the first, or Svāyam-bhu period of creation, there were two kinds of creation—Elements and Compounds, called Sarga and Praṭi-sarga. In the latter again creation went on in the following order: (1) Minerals, (2) Plants called Urđhwa Shroṭas, (3) Animals called Ṭiryak Shroṭas, (4) Men called Arvāk Shroṭas—then came higher creations. This order corresponds no doubt with that of the modern evolutionists. But when again we come to this earth of ours on which the present Manu, Vaivasvaṭa, incarnated in order to create, we find a reverse order obtaining—man generating not only man but also the lower orders of

creation, animals, plants and minerals. Of the 60 daughters of Dakṣha, 13 were married to Kashyapa : Kadru begat the serpents, Vināṭa, the eagles, Ila, plants, etc. We get a corroboration of it from the embryo, where it repeats in the womb all the different stages of evolution this human body underwent aforesaid from the simple cell upwards.

With reference to this, we have another corroboration from the learned Professor. In studying the torpor, instinct and intellectuality of the three kingdoms from the vegetable upwards, he finds that “ the difference between them is not a difference of degree or intensity, but only of kind. They are only three divergent directions of activity that has split up as it grew.” Taking first the two kingdoms of plants and animals, he remarks:

Attempts to define the two kingdoms have always come to naught. There is not a single property of vegetable life that is not found in some degree in certain animals. Not a single characteristic feature of the animal that has not been seen in certain species or at certain moments in the vegetable world.

Similarly with reference to animals and men : “ It is because intelligence and instinct having originally been interpenetrating retain something of their common origin. Nothing is even found in a pure state.” Examining all these three stages, the Professor concludes thus :

Thus everything bears out the belief that the vegetable and animal are descended from a common ancestor which united the tendencies of both in a rudimentary stage. But the two tendencies mutually implied in this rudimentary form became disassociated as they grew. Hence the world of plants with its fixity and insensibility : hence the animals with their mobility and consciousness.

Thus the two theories of a regular succession in evolution from the mineral upward to man, and of all

the created objects arising from a common ancestor, seem to be as divergent from one another as the two poles. But Hindūism is able to reconcile them both, as having occurred at different epochs, one in the earlier creation and the other in the later one, when we came to this solid earth of ours.

There is also another point in evolution regarding the criterion of distinction between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Professor Bergson says: "To begin with the second point let us say that no definite characteristic distinguishes the plant from the animal. Attempts to define the two kingdoms strictly have always come to naught. There is not a single property of vegetable life that is not found in some degree in certain animals: not a single characteristic feature of the animal that has not been seen in certain species or at certain moments in the vegetable world. Naturally therefore biologists enamoured of clean-cut concepts have regarded the distinction between the two kingdoms as artificial." Then he says: "In a word the group must not be defined by the possession of certain characters but by its tendency to emphasise them. From this point of view taking tendencies rather than states into account, we find that vegetables and animals may be precisely defined and distinguished, that they correspond to two divergent developments of life. This divergence is shown first in *the method of alimentation*. We know that the vegetable derives directly from the air and water and soil the elements necessary to maintain life especially Carbon and Nitrogen which it takes in mineral form: the animal on the contrary cannot assimilate these elements unless they have been fixed first in organic substances by plants or by animals which directly or

indirectly owe them to plants, so that ultimately the vegetable nourishes the animal.”

When such difficulties exist in distinguishing between the vegetables and animals of to-day, more so should they exist between the different forms of creation of the archaic past, and the present—and even of the future. Professor Bergson says that the first and foremost means of differentiation lies in the method of alimentation. Yes, our old Purāṇic writers said that that is the only and surest means. They called man Arvāk Shroṭas—*viz.*, having downward (alimentary) canal: animals, Ṭiryak-Shroṭas—having horizontal or curved canal: and plants Urdhwa-Shroṭas or having upward canal. It is known to all, that in man food goes down the alimentary canal, in plants it is taken up, while in animals it goes in a slanting manner.

Genesis of Matter

If everything is in a state of change and if this mobile life enters matter in order to evolve through its resistance, how is this matter in the world or state of life? And why should it appear in this world of ours as a solid inert mass? According to the Professor, it is like a dam put across the sweeping current of life. As Wildon-Carr puts it:

The solid things which seem to abide and endure, which seem to resist this flowing, which seem more real than the flowing, are periods, cuts across the flowing, views that our mind takes of the living reality of which it is a part, in which it lives and moves, views of the reality prescribed and limited by the needs of its particular activity.

How came into existence this period, or cut across the flowing stream? The Professor is silent on this point. The Upaniṣhats have vouchsafed a reply therein.

In the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣhaṭ*, when the Ṛṣhi Yājñavalkya ordered the cows to be taken away by his disciples, one among the many questions rained upon him was: "What is the universe composed of?" The reply was: "The warp and woof" (as of a cloth). To put it in modern scientific language there are two kinds of forces of which the universe is composed, one at right angles to the other, like the warp and woof of a cloth. When two forces are working at right angles to one another, circular rhythms are caused. Similarly through these two main forces working at right angles to one another, the Brahmāṇḍa or Brahmā's egg, which is the Universe, was created. Afterwards these two forces which may be called the major and minor axes, had other numberless forces running parallel to them like the numberless threads—lengthwise and breadthwise—of a cloth intersecting one another, which brought about the different points at which matter began to rotate round different centres. In the Purāṇas, when the churning of the milky ocean is described, we are given some clues about the originators of these two axes of forces. The milky ocean represents the nebulous matter of the universe which had to be rendered solid through the churning. Mandāra mountain is the major axis which is supported by Viṣṇu—the Protector of the universe—while the minor axis is furnished by Vāsuki, the serpent of time. The vast longitudinal current is of the life-stream of Viṣṇu across which Time, who according to Hindūism is the Shakti of God makes the dam. Thus, I think that matter is due to these two kinds of forces working in different directions like the two diameters of a circle at right angles to one another.

This process in a way explains the rotatory motion in each point of the ether from which matter appears solid. Professor Bergson says thus:

From our point of view, life appears in its entirety as an immense wave which starting from a centre spreads outwards and which on almost the whole of its circumference is stopped and converted into oscillation : at one single point, the obstacle has been forced, the impulsion has passed freely. It is this freedom that the human form registers. Everywhere but in man consciousness has had to come to a stand : in man alone it has kept on its way.

Intellectuality and Matter

If matter is really motion, and if out of each solid object particles of matter are rushing at each moment, why should matter appear solid, as if immobile? To which the Professor says that the mind demands such a condition of things. The mind is but the relation ; without objects, no relationship can be observed. Moreover it seems that the mind needs solid objects in order to find out the relationship. If all objects are in a state of motion, it cannot so clearly comprehend them as when they are in a state of rest. Let us take the ear. In order that a tyro in music may make progress, he should not at once be landed in a complexity of sounds vibrating at rapid rates. He should begin with simple sounds at slow rates. Similarly about the mind. In the initial stage, it has to concern itself with a few solid objects which it can observe, classify, etc. Should the whole range of objects, stationary or fleeting, be brought before it, it would but be confused. Hence the Professor calls the mind an *organ*. As Wildon-Carr puts it :

What then is the intellect? It is to the mind what the eye or the ear is to the body. Just as in the course of evolution the body has become endowed with certain special sense-organs which enable it to receive the revelation of the reality

without, and at the same time limit the extent and the form of that revelation, so the intellect is a special adaptation of the mind, which enables the being endowed with it to view the reality outside it, but which at the same time limits both the extent and character of the view the mind takes. When we consider a special organ like the eye, we can see that its usefulness to the creature it serves depends quite as much on what it excludes as on what it admits. If the eye could take in the whole of visible reality, it would be useless The intellect appears to have been formed by the evolution of life in the same way and for a like purpose. And what is the purpose the intellect serves? It gives us views of reality.

A very striking simile is given. The intellect is compared to a kinematograph. In the latter, the moving scenes, say of a cavalry regiment, are represented as if marching. How is it done? Each position of the whole scene though moving is photographed as if fixed. Then all the views are joined together and arranged side by side on the film and passed across the scene in rapid succession. Then they present to us this moving picture. Similarly though the whole nature is moving, the mind takes photographs of different positions of it as if fixed. Though it may seem to us that things are fixed, yet mobility and change are going on ceaselessly and continuously.

Another happy simile is given to show that immobility is but a māya, an appearance. It is drawn from the effects produced upon the eye when two railway trains pass. When they travel in the same direction and at the same rate, they seem not to be moving: but when they move at different rates, they seem to be moving in opposite directions: but should they travel in opposite directions, they seem to be moving at twice the speed at which they are really moving.

When we come to Hindūism, we find that there also the mind is termed an organ. But it is called

Anṭaḥ-karaṇa or internal organ. The word “ internal ” is used to distinguish it from the external organs of eye, ear, etc., which lie on the periphery of the body. In the eyes of a Hindū, both the mind and the senses are but the avenues or organs through which the Jīvātmā within gains experience of the outside world. Both of them are Jada or inert, the senses being composed of gross matter and the Anṭaḥ-karaṇa of subtle matter. Since it is this physical world that has to be observed, therefore, there is a physical solid sense-organ required : and there is the intermediary of the mind between the soul within and the object without.

Regarding the photographing of the objects by the mind, the *Mahābhārata* says that the mind when it perceives external objects makes images of them. The mind is the great picture-gallery of all its thoughts.

Instinct and Intelligence

If we compare the instinct of some animals with the intelligence possessed by men, we find the former outweighs the latter. We are even tempted to think that the animals are more advanced than men. Let us therefore cite some cases, given by the Professor, in his own words :

When the horse-fly lays its eggs on the legs or shoulders of the horse, it acts as if it knew that its larva has to develop in the horse's stomach and that the horse in licking itself will convey the larva into its digestive tract. When a paralysing wasp stings its victim on just those points where the nervous centres lie, so as to render it motionless without killing it, it acts like a learned entomologist and a skilful surgeon rolled into one. But what shall we say of the little beetle, the *sitaris*, whose story is often quoted. This insect lays its eggs at the entrance of the underground passages dug by a kind of bee, *Authophora*. Its larva, after long waiting, springs upon the male *Authophora* as it goes out of the passage, clings to it, and

remains attached until the nuptial flight, when it seizes the opportunity to pass from the male to the female and quietly waits until it lays its eggs. It then leaps upon the egg, which serves as a support for it in the honey, devours the egg in a few days and resting on the shell undergoes its first metamorphosis. Organised now to float on the honey, it consumes this provision of nourishment and becomes a nymph, then a perfect insect. Everything happens as if the larva of the sitaris from the moment it was hatched knew.

A case was quoted by Mrs. Besant in one of her lectures—I do not know whence she got it. A hen and a goose laid eggs. The eggs of the one were given to the other to be hatched, and *vice versa*. The young ones came out of the shell and began to move, when the mother goose took its young ones to a tank; but the latter would not get into the water in spite of the mother's pressure. On the contrary when the young ones in charge of the hen rushed into the water, the mother hen began to cackle as if the young ones were in danger. What is this marvellous intelligence exhibited by the animals which is not in man? It is not instinct evolved, that is the intellect in man. The reverse seems to be the case. Even the mentality of a dog, horse, etc., seems possible to understand, since they are vertebrates like man. But what about the invertebrates like bees and ants? After examining these and others, the Professor comes to the following conclusions :

Whatever in instinct and intelligence is innate knowledge bears, in the first case, on things and in the second, on relations. Intellect is characterised by a natural inability to know life . . . Instinct is sympathy and turned towards life . . . Instinct perfected is a faculty of using and even of constructing organised instruments: intellect perfected is the faculty of making and using unorganised instruments.

Thus we find that instinct is the faculty of looking inwards, where life is perceived; and though it is a perfect instrument, it is not capable of expansion. The

animal sees the whole within and reproduces it without. But it does not understand their relationship. But the intellect is that which looks outwards on matter : and though it may not at first construct a perfect machine, it has the power of infinite expansion through efforts after efforts made, and through repeated failures.

In instinct, there is sympathy. Imagine the feeling of brotherhood of ants and bees. The moment one comes into existence, it knows its exact place in the brotherhood. Should it be a bee, it knows at once whether it should be with the queen bee or go about in search of things and so on. But man has to blunder and blunder ere he can come to the right way.

The intelligence makes us regard Reality as something other than our Life, as something hostile that we may overcome. In intellect there is the egoism that is instinctive : in instinct, there is the instinctive brotherhood.

Intuition

As we have just seen, instinct is the faculty of looking inwards at life, while intellect is the faculty of looking outwards at matter. The former is developed with disinterestedness or non-separateness ; the latter, through self-consciousness or separateness. In the one case, there is the absence of self ; in the other, there is its presence. In the former, it is perfect, though there is not the power of expansion ; in the latter, it has this power though imperfect.

The next stage of evolution should naturally bring us to a point where both these attributes have to combine. It is in intuition they both meet. The Professor defines it thus :

Intuition is instinct that has become disinterested, self-consciousness capable of reflecting upon its object and enlarging it indefinitely. Intuition and intellect represent two opposite

directions of the work of consciousness. Intuition goes in the very direction of life: intellect in the reverse direction. A complete and perfect humanity would be that in which these two forms of conscious activity should attain their full development. Intuition is there, however, but vague and above all discontinuous. It is a lamp almost extinguished which only glimmers now and then for a few moments. It glimmers whenever a vital interest is at stake . . . Thus is revealed the unity of spiritual life. We recognise it only when we place ourselves in intuition in order to go from intuition to the intellect: for from the intellect we shall never pass to intuition.

Thus does evolution proceed, bringing into patency all the latent powers of life or consciousness. What then are the means to develop this intuition? The *Bhagavad-Gītā* says that each one should do his karma for its own sake, not actuated by the fruits thereof. Similarly the Professor puts it thus:

We must strive to see in order to see and no longer to see in order to act. The Absolute is revealed very near us and in a certain measure in us. It is of psychological and not of mathematical nor logical essence. It lives with us. Like us, but in certain aspects infinitely more concentrated and more gathered up in itself, it endures.

The Upaniṣhaṭ Version

On the stages of Torpor, Instinct, Intellect and Intuition, let us study the Upaniṣhaṭs. They treat all these as different stages of consciousness. There are four such according to *Māṇḍūkya Upaniṣhaṭ*. The first stage is named Bahiḥ-Prajña, or consciousness working externally: the second, Anṭaḥ-Prajña, or consciousness working internally: the third Ubhayaṭaḥ-Prajña, or consciousness working externally and internally at the same time: in the fourth, there is neither externality nor internality nor externality-internality—all is one only; which state is called Ṭurīya. Then again each of these four states has its four subdivisions according to the above laws.

Without going into the subtle ramifications, let us go into the broad divisions. According to Professor Bergson, life descends into matter, the accumulation of energy. When it becomes encased in matter, "consciousness lies dormant when life is condemned to automatism". It is as if a man were transported to a place where he is left alone, as if it were in a jail, without any help. The consciousness is left helpless and stunned. Then through the repeated shocks to the external matter in which it was, it was roused from its sleep to the stage of the vegetable: and when the outer body of the vegetable became more and more adapted to the outer surroundings and there was "the elastic canalisation of this energy," there came the inner consciousness called the instinct to manifest itself. Then in man, the consciousness was turned outwards, externally. In the Hindū phraseology, Anṭaḥ-karaṇa—the lower mind—is now developing. The future of man will have the development of Buddhi, where it will be the combined work of the internal and external aspects of consciousness. Both the life and matter aspects of the universe will be seen together but in different planes. Lastly will come the state when all these states will be seen as one. This last state is one that cannot be described by ordinary people. It is only those personages called the Jīvanmukṭas that can do justice to it. I do not know whether even They can adequately express in words what They cognise in the highest of states. Even than that state, it is said that there are others higher.

I have culled but a few of the blossoms of truths that the learned Professor has exposed before the world. It is for others more competent than myself to gather others. Moreover it seems to be the will of Providence

that the Hindū religion—though it be of the East—has to be brought to its true position and placed upon its high pedestal only through the combined efforts of the East and the West. If not, why should not God send many souls to incarnate in India to do that work? Why should He send souls like Professor Bergson to the West to vindicate the truths of the religion here? As a lover of Hindūism and as one who has sacrificed his life to it, I welcome all those that work for it directly or indirectly, whether they are in western or eastern bodies. Therefore, as in duty bound, I offer my gratitude to Professor Bergson for having advanced the cause of the Hindū religion in this manner.

K. Narayanaswami Aiyar

THE QUEST IN PERSIA

A STUDY OF SUFĪISM

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

Author of *The Persian Mystics*, etc.

PERSIA, once a great world-power, has become a political pawn in the hands of England and Russia. Optimists assert that something of her glory will return some day when the Russian yoke can be thrown off and her finance set on a more satisfactory basis. Be that as it may, for ourselves we must ever remember Persia as a country of earnest searchers after the Light, a country of great mystical poets. Happily we have outgrown the Victorian estimation of Persia, an estimation so steeped in sentimentality that the land of the Lion and the Sun appeared as a garden profuse in roses and bulbuls and sickly love-songs. England read very indifferent translations from the Persian at that time, and the illuminating Mysticism known as Sūfīism was quaintly referred to as "Çoofism". Now students of Mysticism find in Persia much that has been the main theme of all our great Mystics, a Mysticism that made Persia pre-eminently great in her poetry.

It was Zoroaster who is said to have prophesied respecting the birth of Christ, a prophecy the mysterious Magi were destined to verify. The foretelling of

the Star of Bethlehem placed astrology on a high eminence indeed, for it foretold of a Light greater than the light of stars. It heralded the Light of the World. Here, then, in Persia, some six or seven hundred years before the birth of our Lord, we catch the sound of a triumphant note. But it was Muhammad and not Christ who came to Persia in later years.

Zoroaster's teaching was briefly this. He recognised the two great powers, Good and Evil, God and Devil, in constant warfare. How was Evil to be vanquished? By man. How was he to do this? By righteousness. Zoroaster, like so many wise representatives of all great religions, did not attempt to make too sweeping a reform, or to abolish all the childish, but after all harmless, whims and fancies of a naturally imaginative and poetical people. He allowed many of the old religious customs still to play a *ritualistic* part in the propagation of His message.

There is something strangely beautiful in the funeral rites of the Zoroastrians.¹ The chanting, the incense, the journey to the temporary resting place. The body is taken in at one door, and taken out at another in order to symbolise the mystery of birth and re-birth. The long march across country, as the procession bears the deceased to a *Dakhmah* or Tower of Silence.² Then the departure of the carriers, the last farewell of the friends and relatives. The gaunt stone tower rises from the barren plain. Two old men come from that strange starlit place of Death and carry the body up into the Tower of Silence and lay it naked upon the great stone platform. The old men crouch upon the Tower, gazing

¹ *Persia Past and Present: A book of Travel and Research.* By A. V. Williams Jackson.

² *In the Valley of Stars there is a Tower of Silence.* By Smara Khamsara.

wistfully into the night, trying in their nearness to Death to look across into Eternity. Then suddenly they chant, in perfect unison, a beautiful prayer to the angels, and once more all is still save, perhaps, for the eerie cry of the wind. The silent body seemed to those who kept watch Evil's greatest victory. The Zoroastrians constantly symbolised Life by a cord, or *kusti*, which they wore under their garments. When Death came they still clung to the idea of Life, and still the *kusti* was bound round the cold, silent body. It expressed a hope that God would raise the Dead to Life Eternal, that Good would vanquish Evil, "where the individual soul unites with the principle of Light without losing its personality".¹

The next religious leaders in Persia were Māni, whose teaching was not unlike that of the Hindū Kapila in respect to his theory of the production of the Universe, and Mazdak, who taught that all men are equal.

It will be observed that the first religious movement in Persia, Zoroastrianism, marked a high standard of spiritual development. It touched the border of a Mysticism that conceived of Union with the Divine. It had yet to advance a further stage in which it recognised the folly of a conception that admitted of preservation of human personality in the Almighty. From a spiritual point of view I am inclined to think that Persia's religious progress received a set-back in the coming of Islām, though, among the more uncouth Arabs, Muhammad's teaching meant a rigorous and beneficial discipline hitherto unknown. The key-note of the Arabs was, as Muir says: "Honour and revenge." The Arab Invasion

¹ *The Development of Metaphysics in Persia.* By Shaikh Muhammad igbal.

came at a time when Persia still felt the effect of the wars of Alexander the Great. Persia suffered from religious dissension, whereas the small Arab army of seven or eight thousand men was filled with almost fanatical ardour. Persia adopted Islām without a very strenuous resistance. The majority of Zoroastrians who refused to join the Muslim faith fled to northern India.

I have endeavoured to sketch, in the merest outline, that which preceded the great mystical movement known as Sūfīsm, in order that the reader may have some idea of the religious ground upon which the Sūfī thought evolved.

The origin of Sūfīsm is a question about which learned doctors still disagree, and, to be quite candid, I do not think that any of the authorities, such as Von Kremer, Dozy, and Browne, can formulate one theory that may be regarded as completely satisfying to the student. Prof. E. G. Browne¹ gives the following theories, *viz.*: (1) *Esoteric Doctrine of the Prophet.* (2) *Reaction of the Aryan mind against a Semitic religion.* (3) *Neo-Platonist influence.* (4) *Independent origin.* The last mentioned theory may be readily dismissed, on the ground that Sūfīsm is too compact with borrowed ideas ever to claim independent origin. Personally I am inclined to favour (1) and (3). It seems to me that the more learned Persians would accept the teaching of the *Korān*, the book of an invader, with reservation, and give scope to a mind, more subtle and mystical than that of the Arab, by finding in certain passages of the *Korān* an esoteric meaning. This theory alone, however, is not of sufficient weight to justify the existence of Sūfīsm. It was quite possible when the Sūfīs came to be regarded

¹ *A Literary History of Persia, Vol. I.*

as heretics that they should ingeniously turn to the *Korān* and quote its authority in the hope of escaping religious persecution.

Let us now briefly study the Neo-Platonist theory. Seven Neo-Platonist philosophers came to the Persian Court in the reign of Nūshīrwan, (sixth century A. D.). They had been driven from Athens by Justinian, who was strongly opposed to the teaching of philosophy. These philosophers founded a school in Persia. "The Neo-Platonists believed in the Supreme Good as the Source of all things. Self-existent, it generated from itself. Creation was the reflection of the Good's own Being. Matter was essentially non-existent, a temporary and ever-moving shadow for the embodiment of the Divine."¹ It was by the contemplation of the All-Good that the Neo-Platonist Plotinus, at the age of thirty-seven, set out to study the wisdom of the Persians. We are informed that Plotinus greatly esteemed Numenius, who was well versed in the Persian religions. The following quotation from Plotinus will perhaps help to show the parallel between Sūfīism and Neo-Platonism: "Light everywhere meets with Light; since everything contains all things in itself, and again sees all things in another. So that all things are everywhere, and all is all. For everything there is great, since even that which is small is great. The sun, too, which is there is all the stars; and again each star is the sun and all the stars."²

And last of all we come to the Āryan Reaction theory, a theory that Professor Browne thinks has

¹ *The Persian Mystics: Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī*. By F. Hadland Davis.

² *Plotinus, Select works of*. Translated by Thomas Taylor. Edited, with introduction, by G. R. S. Mead.

been exaggerated. There are certainly marked similarities between Sūfiism and the Vedānta teachings, but these influences came when the Sūfī system was well established.

I think it will be readily admitted that Sūfiism after all owed very much to Neo-Platonism, seeing that Sūfiism, broadly speaking, is in poetry what Neo-Platonism is in prose, with, of course, the marked difference between Greek and Persian methods of expression, and one or two other points we need not discuss here.

At the end of the eighth century of our era there was a Theosophic Mysticism known among the Muhammadans as *tasawwuf*. The word *sūf* means "wool". Hence the little order came to be called "wool-wearers," on account of the simple white wool garments that they wore. Abū Hashim was the first Sūfī, while Dhu'l-Nun-al-Misri may be said to have given Sūfiism its permanent form.

One of the early Sūfis was Rabi'a-al-'Adawiyya, of Basra, a woman of remarkable character and deep spirituality. Many of her wise sayings have been preserved by the great Persian poet, Faridu'd-Dīn'Attār. Rabi'a saw in the Islām teaching love of God for the sake of reward and for the fear of punishment. Her own Sūfī belief was love of God for His own sake. An exquisite joy that accompanied the state of ecstasy made her realise that she was one with the Beloved—lost and found in Him. As the Arab poet, Ibnu'l-Fārid, has sung:

With my Beloved I alone have been
When communings more sweet than evening airs
Passed, and the Vision blest
Was granted to my prayers,
That crowned me, else obscure, with endless fame.¹

¹ *A Literary History of the Arabs.* By R. A. Nicholson.

Once when Rabi'a was stricken with sickness, she gave as her reason for her affliction that she had, in a moment of weakness, "dwelt upon the joys of Paradise". With her beautiful conception of a Divine Union, it is not to be wondered at that she could not tolerate the idea of earthly marriage. "The bonds of wedlock have descended upon me. I am not my own, but my Lord's, and must not be unfaithful to Him." Rabi'a's love of God was essentially intimate, and in this respect she bears a remarkable likeness to the Spanish S. Teresa. S. Teresa was in fact a neuropath, and some of her so-called spiritual visions, such as an angel piercing entrails with a golden dart, were extremely repellent. However, the following experience of S. Teresa may be quoted as showing an extraordinary parallel between Sūfism and Christian Mysticism. S. Teresa on one occasion, while reciting the Hours, saw a "bright mirror, every part of which, back and sides, top and bottom, was perfectly clear. In the centre of this was represented to me Christ our Lord, as I am accustomed to see Him. I seem to see Him in all parts of my soul also, distinctly as in a mirror, and at the same time this mirror was engraved in the Lord Himself, by a communication exceeding amorous which I cannot describe." This parallel is extremely interesting because, as I shall show later, the mirror among the Sūfīs, which was the heart of the true lover, reflected the beloved.

Two other interesting Sūfīs were Bayāzīd and Mansur-al-Hallāj. On one occasion Bayāzīd cried out to his disciples: "Within my vesture is naught but God, whether you seek Him on earth or heaven." His disciples, who were alarmed, plunged their knives into

Bayāzīd's body ; but, curiously enough, this action simply caused them to find their knives at their own throats. Bayāzīd explained to the remaining disciples that he had annihilated self, so that he had become, as it were, a mirror in which his foolish disciples saw their own faces reflected, while his soul communed with the Beloved.

Mansur-al-Hallāj seems to me a curious mixture of religious and charlatan. His exact place in Sūfism is still a disputed point among Sūfis of to-day. It will be readily conceded that his enormous egoism (so essentially non-mystical) did not coincide with the selfless doctrine of the more advanced Sūfī :

All that is not One must ever
Suffer with the wound of Absence ;
And whoever in Love's City
Enters, finds but Room for One,
And but in ONENESS Union.

Just as Mr. Bernard Shaw claimed to have written plays equal to those of Shakspeare, so did Mansur-al-Hallāj claim to be able to write verses equal to those of the *Korān*. And another point that must have deeply shocked the devout Muslim was his theory that the pilgrimage to Mecca could be accomplished by occult practices equally well in any room. As an instance of al-Hallāj's ingenuity I may quote the following incident. Al-Hallāj once pretended to pick an apple from Paradise. When a matter-of-fact individual pointed out that the apple was decayed, and therefore could not have come from Paradise, al-Hallāj replied: "It is because it hath come from the Mansion of Eternity to the Abode of Decay: therefore to its heart hath corruption found its way!" Al-Hallāj had many faults, but he met his death bravely, and, when one has

overlooked his indiscretions and love of conjuring, one finds a residuum not by any means to be ignored. A characteristic saying of his was : “ The way to God is two steps : one step out of this world, and one step out of the next world, and lo ! you are with the Lord ! ”

Just as the old masters of Art were inspired by the representation of Christ, the Madonna, and other sacred subjects, so did much of Persian poetry become impregnated with Sūfism to such an extent that to appreciate it at its full one must become acquainted with Sūfism, and learn to recognise the elaborate symbolism of many words not to be taken in their bare literal meaning. Never in the whole history of literature was there a form of worship more suitable for poetic interpretation. Love forms the theme for so much poetry the world over, and in Persia it is treated with a warm intensity and sensuous opulence totally different from anything our western poets have given us. The Persian poet could become eminently religious without becoming eminently cold, dry, and dull. He drew on the beauty of the moon shining through the cypress trees, or dancing with her silver feet on some dark stretch of water ; he sang of the curls of Heart's Desire and crowned it all—the splendour of the moon, the beauty of woman—with an inrush of jubilant song that raised his human love to that high love of the Beloved. His joy in the wine-cup became an ecstasy of pure and spiritual delight ; his idea of earthly marriage quickened into a desire for Union with that Lovely One, who seemed, and surely was, the supreme joy of his existence. But we must not fall into the error of accepting all Persian poetry as Sūfī in meaning. Much of Hāfiz is obviously of a very worldly nature, and no amount of sophistry will make it

otherwise, except to those unfortunate people who, from a lack of humour, get the esoteric craze and try to spiritualise everything, even that which is gross, and in its grossness finds its own poor death. There have been Mystics, such as Thomas Lake Harris, much of whose poetry is steeped with that which is common to Sūfīsm, who arrive at a certain phase of spiritual development, and then topple over, from a considerable height, into the nets of the senses, that as a last resort, terribly pitiful, they label with a sort of divine prerogative.

One of the greatest Sūfī poets was undoubtedly Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī. His poetry is deep with a haunting Mysticism. Now he bids the world be still and listen to the Beloved's sweet call. Now he sings with wild delight, the voice jubilant, ecstatic, brimful of the joy of loving, or yet again he becomes philosophical and full of tenderness for those who are sad. His poetry is full of "the pantheistic beauty of Psalms, the music of the hills, the colour and scent of roses, the swaying of forests; but it has considerably more than that. These things of scent and form and colour are the Mirror of the Beloved; these earthly loves the journey down the valley into the Rose-Garden where the roses never fade and where Love is." The following will give some idea of Jalāl's poetry:

My Soul sends up to Heaven each night the cry of Love!
 God's starry Beauty draws with night the cry of Love!
 Bright sun and moon each morn dance in my Heart at Dawn
 And waking me at daylight, excite the cry of Love!
 On every meadow glancing, I see God's sunbeams play;
 And all Creation's wonders excite the cry of Love!

I, All in All becoming, now clear see God in All;
 And up from Union yearning, takes flight the cry of Love.

¹ *The Persian Mystics: Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī.*

Then Jāmī,¹ the last great poet of Persia, was a beautiful exponent of Sūfīism. His *Salāman and Absal*, *Lawa'ih*, *Yūsuf and Zulaika*, and *Bahāristān* are all Sūfī works. Jāmī, in one of his poems, describes the Beloved sitting in some vast space, beautiful, but having no knowledge of His beauty. Suddenly the darkness is filled with a song of His Love, and in that Love there is a gleam of light that touches the Universe, so that all that was once dark, dull, primordial, becomes lit with the presence and the glory of the Beloved :

Where'er thou seest a veil,
Beneath that veil He hides. Whatever heart
Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love
The heart hath life. Longing for Him, the soul
Hath victory.

Jāmī has not the lyrical beauty of Jalālu'd-Dīn Rūmī, but in the *Lawa'ih* ('Flashes of Light') Jāmī strikes a deeper note. We find in him a due recognition of the vanity of earthly possessions, the vanity of self that is nothing until it loses itself in Very Being. The *Lawa'ih* should be studied with Mahmud Shabistari's *Gulshan-i-Raz*, or 'The Mystic Rose-Garden'.² Both books present Sūfīism in its deepest and finest form. Thus Jāmī sings :

O Lord, none but Thyself can fathom Thee,
Yet every mosque and church doth harbour Thee,
I know the seekers and what 'tis they seek—
Seekers and sought are all comprised in Thee.

Sūfīism is in short the religion of Love. It has no creed, no dogma, no one way theory to Eternal Life, as with the majority of religions. Sūfīism goes with the Lord Buddha in admitting that Self is a delusion, but it does not sublimely leave out of the reckoning the

¹ *The Persian Mystics: Jāmī*. By F. Hadland Davis.

² Translated by W. H. Whinfield.

existence of God, nor does it desire the state of Nirvāṇa. Sūfīism after all is a Persian name for that which is common in all Mysticism. The Light touched the West as it did the East, and we find such German Mystics as Ruysbroek, Suso, Tauler, and Eckhart uttering in their own fashion the same deep truths, bound on the same great Quest as the Mystics of Persia. Sūfīism is not a dry-as-dust theory. It has vitalised and made Persian poetry what it is to-day, supremely and beautifully mystical. More than that, Sūfīism might be made the means of bringing about a welcome reduction in the non-essentials of all religions, insisting not on the bowing down to this altar or that, or the performance of a specified ritual, but insisting on the one thing that matters to humanity, the sacred Oneness of Life and the inspiring and splendid truth that the Beloved and His lover are One.

F. Hadland Davis

THE SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS AT CAMBRIDGE

By F. L. WOODWARD, M. A.

SECLUDED among the trees in the quiet gardens behind St. John's College Cambridge, unknown to many inhabitants of the town and even to those who have been members of the College itself, as I have found, there stands an ancient stone building, moss-grown and reverend with age, patched, repaired and added to from time to time, and of various kinds of architecture, but in the main Norman and early English, with some additions of Perpendicular and Tudor work. The walls are of immense thickness, and it has six bays, four on one side pierced with deep loop-hole windows in the Norman arches, and on the other side a door. Its length outside is seventy feet, inside sixty-three; its breadth outside is twenty-eight and inside twenty-one feet, and it is of two stories. Inside is a room with a vaulted roof, ten feet from the ground to the top of the arches, supported by round pillars with semi-circular arches, resembling those of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. The pillars are in the middle, with half-pillars at the sides, so dividing the whole as to form it into twelve equal compartments ten feet square. The windows face the south, the only door the north. There are no stairs inside, but a spiral outside at the N.E. corner.

This building is known as *The School of Pythagoras*, but it was once also called *The Stone House*, and its date of foundation, if we may judge by the architecture, seems to go back to the eleventh century. Little is known of the origin and use of this ancient hall, or even of the origin of its name. Antiquaries at Cambridge can tell us nothing. I have long thought it to be, perhaps without substantial foundation of proof, one of those ancient centres of knowledge, purposely established by the Brotherhood, as in other parts of the British Isles, which have existed all through those dark times when the lamp of learning was nearly extinguished. I amuse myself with the 'pleasant conceit' that, as our Master K.H., once Pythagoras himself, was pleased to honour Oxford with His presence as a scholar in this century just passed¹ (being at Queen's College, as I have heard), so also He may have, some hundreds of years ago, bestowed upon Cambridge a prior favour, with the result that from its early days Platonism there found a happier home than at the sister University.

"However that may be, this building bids fairest to authenticate the antiquity of the University of Cambridge of any in the place, as it seems most likely to have been the structure where the Croyland monks gave their lectures to their scholars; and from them has retained the name of 'school' from that period to this very time." The date should be 1109, "when the Benedictine monks from Croyland Abbey came to Cambridge to lecture on philosophy."

So says Kilner's *The Account of Pythagoras' School in Cambridge*, published *circ.* 1783, the only work which I have been able to find on the subject. I secured a copy of this book, which is very rare, not long ago (it now

rests in the Adyar Library), and have copied some passages which give the barest information of the origin and use of the old building. *In tenebris involvitur ejus historia.*

“In 1092 the Priory of St. Giles was founded at Cambridge. . . . The premises here and of late called *Pythagoras’ School*, but more anciently distinguished as *Domus Lapidea*, or *The Stone House*. . . . was given to Henry Frost, whom I take to have been the original founder of St. John’s Hospital in Cambridge, about 1210, by giving the site on which the hospital was built. So that the College of St. John the Evangelist, now grafted on that Hospital, and still enjoying its possessions, may justly be accounted the first of our present colleges.”

The book contains several fine copper-plate engravings, one of which, dated 1730, has the following note: “This was y^e dwelling house of Merton, Founder of y^e College of that name in Oxford. Whence it had its name is uncertain; whether a society of gentlemen might not meet here, or live here in a Pythagorean manner, not unlike a college life; or whether the Mathematics, Morals or other Philosophy of Pythagoras might not have been held, or taught here, in opposition to the General Philosophy of those times, is rather to be taken as probable conjecture, than to be admitted as certain. It is now in possession of the College aforesaid.” (1730.)

“The great difficulty is still behind, I mean the original use and destination of the building and by whom erected. That it was not designed for any religious purpose is plain, from its having no one part of it proper for an altar to be placed in, and its having only one entrance would be equally inconvenient.”

“Mr. R. Parker, in his *Skeletos Cantabrigiensis*, 1623, referred to by Dr. Fuller, uses the name *House of Pythagoras*, and *Schools of Pythagoras*, but without any derivation. He places it however among the Houses of Philosophers and Divines, *Hospitia Artistarum et Theologorum*.”

Fuller, *Church History*, vol. iii, S. 3. 7. says: “Amongst the many manors which the first Founder bestowed on this Colledg (*sc.* Merton) one lay in the Parish of St. Peter’s and West Suburbe of Cambridg, beyond the Bridg, anciently called Pythagoras’ House, since Merton Hall.”

“From the union however of scholars for learning, and brethren for religion, as here in the Hospital, whatever was the sort of it; and from the connexion of them (as in the society referred to for example) learning and religion were soon brought together as in the present colleges in the Universities; the scholars of this Hospital in Cambridge having been made a college of themselves In 1284 the Stone House and Estate was transferred to the College.” (p. 25)

“Hervey Fitz-Eustace, the grantee, was not only the proprietor, but the inhabitant of the *Stone House* in Cambridge (*note*; *The Stone House* of the Dunnings, since called *Merton Hall* and *The House of Pythagoras*) The said place, with its appurtenances, was conveyed by the College to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for the new foundation of King’s College there 22 Jul. 24 Henry VI. 1446. (“The royal saint”), but within eighteen years after it was restored to Merton College. 1463.”

“In Leland’s *Collectanea*, vol. ii, p. 440, it occurs by the name of *Schola de Merton* it appears to have

been entitled to such a school appellation, if it was the place, as has been related *where Erasmus read lectures on the Greek language in the University . . . it came to be more commonly called the House of Pythagoras and School of Pythagoras*; and there are those who, from the antiquity of the name, thus lately attributed to it, are for deducing the antiquity of it as a school or house of learning, in this right ancient seat of it, '*Londinensis*' being at the least a promoter of the conceit, of its being *the very place where this philosopher exhibited himself and taught in Cambridge*. Others, however, as seeing this more for ridicule than reality, have been content to have it called by his name, as the house of the sect or school of his philosophy in Cambridge; or, as even less secure of this, and to make the matter still more easy, only because the building, in the form of it, might some time perhaps have resembled a Y, his beloved letter; and in this way of naming it from the resemblance, and with rather more perhaps in the remains to credit it; its very *undercroft* might not impossibly have had its share in somewhat imaging, if not his school at Samos, at least that more cryptic cave in his house at Croton, he shut himself up in."

That the world is never left without teachers is quite certain. No teacher has so influenced the West as Pythagoras, from whom through the Greeks and Plato Europe has received the best she has of arts and sciences. As far back as Julius Cæsar we read, in his commentaries, that the ancient Druids of the Celtic West used Greek as the vehicle of their sacred script. Doubtless the tradition of Pythagoras was there kept up until with the coming of the monks to England and the founding of monasteries it faded out under the influence of Latin Christianity, the Schoolmen and

Aristotelians, blazing up again perhaps in 1200 with Roger Bacon at Oxford, the only light in the darkness of those dark days, till once more another Brother lived and died in that tradition of Platonism, Sir Thomas More, *lumen Britanniae*, the great Chancellor, in 1500. Then came the revival of learning that followed the introduction of Greek. Erasmus taught Greek at Cambridge, perhaps, as suggested above, in this very School of Pythagoras; and John Fisher, with Roger Ascham, Sir John Cheeke, both scholars of St. John's, Tyndale, Miles Coverdale and Latimer were the centres of this movement.

Later in that century came the days of Francis Bacon, another Brother, preceded at Cambridge by Wyatt, Marlowe and Spenser. Francis Bacon was the centre of a group of scholars who seem to have been inspired by him. Later on arose Milton at Christ's, and the mystic tradition was continued by George Herbert, the poet, and Nicholas Ferrar, of Little Gidding, Huntingdon (so well described in *John Inglesant*). Oliver Cromwell and William Penn, the Quaker, were also Cambridge men at this time.

In the middle of the seventeenth century flourished the Cambridge Platonists. At Oxford Aristotle reigned supreme; yet there was a Brother there in the person of Thomas Vaughan, *Eugenius Philalethes*, a Rosicrucian contemporary with Sir Thomas Browne. At Cambridge Plato and the Mysticism of Plotinus had more weight (for the subject of the Cambridge Platonists consult Mr. Howard's excellent edition of Richard Ward's *Life of Dr. More*, pub. T.P.S.).

The Cambridge Platonists were many, but the chief names are those of Dr. More, Cudworth, Benjamin Whichcote, John Smith, Nathaniel Culverwell and

Richard Ward. Dr. More was the centre of a psychic society, including Van Helmont, Glanvil (Matthew Arnold's *Scholar Gipsy*), Greatrakes, the magnetic healer, and Cudworth, Fellows of the Royal Society, who were opposed to the philosophy of Hobbes and Descartes, then in fashion, "seers and prophets rather than mere scholarly dreamers, and they essayed great enterprises which two centuries later were still in their earliest stage."

And here is another link. This same Dr. More is "the old Platonist" of Col. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves* (vol. I. chap. xv, *passim*), who died Sept. 1, 1687, and used H.P.B. as his amanuensis in writing *Isis Unveiled*, (1875) about whom the reader will find many interesting facts therein described. One of his terse sayings is: "There are as arrant fools out of the body as *in* the body," a warning to over-credulous spiritualists; we also read of him that "he drank small beer at college and said it was seraphical and the best liquor in the world" (this is very comforting to those who aspire to saintship!). But enough. I have woven round this old building some fanciful ideas, no doubt. Perhaps there is a grain of truth at the bottom of the vessel, which may our seers extract and amplify.

F. L. Woodward

¹ *op. cit.*

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

White Lotus Day, May 8th

Great Soul, who camest forth of thy good will
To serve the world,
A world that knew thee not, but at thee hurl'd
Its venom'd spite—we thank thee.

* * * *

Rear'd in luxurious home,
Thou left it all to roam,
Like Buddha you renounced all worldly wealth ;
In climates cold and hot
Your courage wavered not,
You laboured on regardless of all health.
" Mid countries strange and peoples rude
Like martyrs of all times you were not understood."

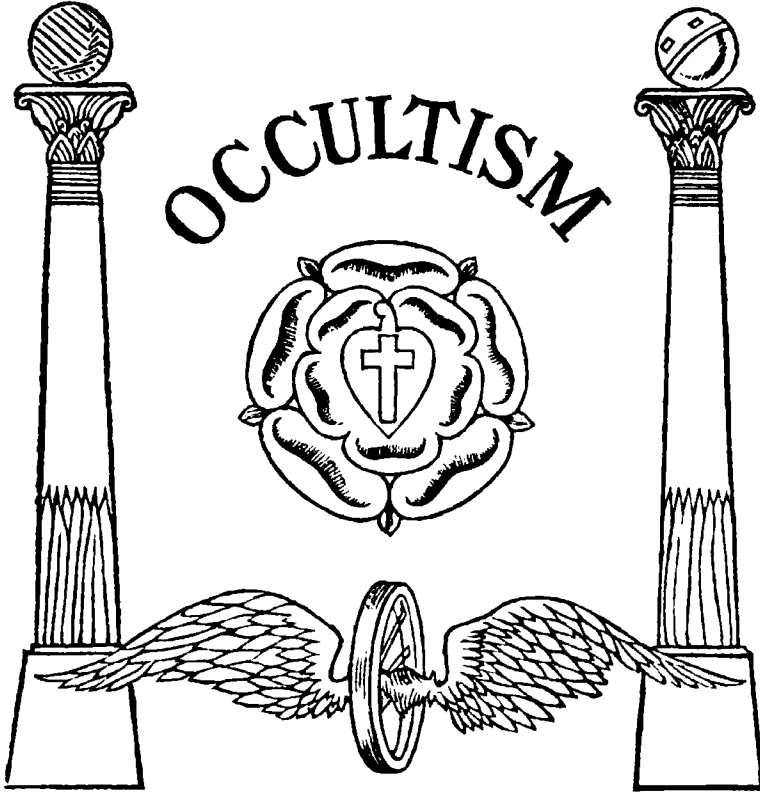
True seer of your age,
On Time's prophetic page
You wrote about the things that were to be ;
O, thou of lion heart,
Nobly you played your part
And battled for the Truth which sets men free :
" The Secret Doctrine " from your pen
Proclaimed God's plan of evolution for all men.

Revered H. P. B.,
The world will one day see
'Twas Wisdom's pen you wielded with your might,
For much that you implied
Has since been verified,
Your forecasts now are coming into sight ;
Yea, scientific men now find
Results which you by occult knowledge had defined.

Scorning all risk and cost
Through life you never lost
The purpose of your incarnation here ;
You taught how man to-day
Can tread " the narrow way "
The Truth of Ancient Wisdom plain and clear,
Man ever may his birthright claim.
Your message was THEOSOPHY—for that you came.

May thy example lead
Us all to feel the need
Of doing everything with all our might,
Hearing the Master's call,
Ready to stand or fall
In helping others on to find the Light.
Unselfish like thee, we too may
Adorn the Ancient Wisdom in our world to-day.

W. S. M.



THE STATE OF BEING

By BARONESS MELLINA D'ASBECK

WE shall never know, with our minds, that we are immortal—and it is a true statement. At our present stage of evolution we are ignorant of our immortality because we get the sense of reality only through the mind, and in those regions where immortality is found to be real the mind is powerless and useless. Thus, it is likely that we shall develop another instrument, another organ of knowledge, in order to acquire the certainty of our immortality. The

thirst for a higher knowledge is the effort of life to evolve this other organ. Though this organ may possibly be the achievement of a remote future only, yet we can perhaps indicate some of the means by which it may be acquired.

The step towards the formation of such an instrument of knowledge seems to lie in the using of a state of consciousness that would place the whole problem of knowledge on an entirely new basis. This new basis is life.

This shifting of our criterion of knowledge might work along the following lines.

We find that some of our experiences, certain ideas and feelings, the seeing even of some physical objects—such as a person we love—some beauty in nature, the hearing of certain sounds, have a life-giving quality that other states of consciousness lack. The experiencing of them is a state of intensified life, a feeling of great reality. When those states of consciousness are over, they stand out in our memory as the great realities of our existence, and all the rest, compared with them, is pale and meaningless. Thus we find that their influence is a lasting one and it distinguishes them from mere emotional moods. These states may be associated with emotion, but are not the emotion itself. We notice moreover that this sense of reality does not necessarily coexist with a conscious clearness of understanding. Sometimes it does, sometimes it does not. I mean by understanding, the clear grasp of the elements that make up a state of consciousness and of the relation between these elements. But this sense of reality, though more or less independent of intellectual clearness, is always supremely

positive. It might even be described as "a positive state of consciousness," all other states of consciousness being, compared to it, negative or neuter.

It stands as negative to none. It cannot be swept away or undermined or annihilated by any other state of consciousness. It is what it is. It stands in consciousness as a fact, exactly as in the physical world the objects we see, or the events that have happened, stand as facts. But, as a fact, it has a greater reality even than the objects of the physical world, for the evidence of the senses is a mere child's toy when faced with it. Such a fact also possesses more reality than "truths" so-called, and when a fact in consciousness comes into conflict with a "truth," intellectually demonstrated and understood, the truth remains where it was, but the fact remains also. Nor are these states neuter, for they are endowed with vitality, activity, or rather, *they are* active states of consciousness.

The summary of all this is: We have in our consciousness experiences related apparently to knowledge, that are more positive than those afforded either by mental understanding or the evidence of the senses. We have two sorts of experiences related to knowledge—that of *understanding* and that of *being*.

The question, for one preoccupied with the solution of the problem of knowledge or the criterion of truth,¹ is the following: which of these two experiences or states of

¹ We remind our readers that a criterion of truth is a standard with which we are supposed to measure our experiences in order to control whether they are true or not. "The Supreme Good" for Plato, the clearness of an idea for Descartes, the evidence of the senses for Auguste Comte, were criteria of truth. Such criteria were usually considered as being capable of giving objective knowledge, that is, a series of truths that would remain true even if the subject (the individual) who discovers them did not exist. Such truths are objective, i.e., they have an existence independent of the subject. Our contention is that there is no objective criterion of truth, and therefore, no objective knowledge.

consciousness has most value in the finding of Reality, that is, the sensing of things as they are—the state of understanding, or the state of being?

We may, I think, to help in the solution of this problem, ask ourselves which of the two states is itself nearer to Reality.

The very definition of the state of being shows that, in itself, as a state of consciousness, it is nearer to Reality than any other state, in fact, it *is* a state of Reality in us, a state that is, to us, more real than any other one, a state in which we are supremely conscious of our own existence, conscious of being. This is its value in the sensing of Reality from the subjective standpoint.

But what is its value objectively? Truth, we are told, is the agreement of our ideas with Reality. Our question then must not be: what is the intrinsic value of the state of being, but what is its value in relation to Reality?

Here we come to the old problem of the criterion of truth, this ghastly guardian of the threshold of knowledge. Philosophers have wrestled with it entirely in vain. No established criterion of truth has ever helped in the finding of any truth. All that has ever been found to be true has been proved to be so by an immediate experience and the confronting of such an experience with others, but never by the measuring of a discovery against an 'objective' reality that, *a priori*, cannot possibly be known by us, since *no one can go out of his own consciousness* in order to compare his state of consciousness with an objective reality.

"The agreement of our ideas with Reality" is an empty phrase. There is no Reality for us but *our* reality. It is useless to argue as to whether this be deplorable

or not. It is a fact, no more, no less, and we must have the courage to face it. There is no Reality but our reality.

Such a statement may be said to overthrow all hopes of ever finding truth. It may overthrow stale theories concerning the discovery of truth, but such theories should never block the way when they are found to be false. It needs considerable blindness not to see that all the so-called 'objective' truth, all the "ideals" with their existence *per se* that the philosophers set up, and with which they compared their subjective experiences, were as subjective as these experiences themselves, being standards created *by the human mind*.

If anything objective exists at all, and this, of course, is a question, it exists, *a priori*, outside our consciousness. As soon as anything exists in our consciousness, it becomes, is, or always has been, subjective. These subjective elements are the only possible elements in our knowledge and there are no others.

It seems curious that so evident a truth has not always been considered as such and that it should be necessary to state it. It has been stated over and over again, but this theory has been systematically disregarded by those philosophers who feared it would land humanity in sophistry and scepticism, and also those who believed that their own standards and excogitations could possibly be objective.

Yet, to us, it seems of the greatest importance for the expansion of our life that we should realise quite clearly that an 'objective' criterion of truth is entirely a creation of our own minds, that this thing, never seen, never sensed, never known, yet looms over our mental

horizon, preventing us from stretching out our wings to soar ever higher. It hampers us in our flight, for it makes us doubt our own powers. Every genuine experience is branded as 'subjective' and thereby discredited. Though the immediate impression, the immediate experience is the only language of truth for us, this language is silenced continually by theories concerning objective values. Whatever we see, we cautiously add: "this is not the Reality," and we replace this subjective impression, so keen, so beautiful, so life-giving, by some abstract skeleton, forgetting that the latter is as subjective as all the rest.

Having seen that no objective criterion of truth can exist for us, and that all pretensions to such criteria are entirely illusory, we must then turn to the subject himself in order to establish a standard of values. We have, in fact, never done anything else, like Mr. Jourdain who had written prose all his life without realising it. But now we do it deliberately and consciously; we will no longer be entangled by the cobwebs of our own imagination.

We have first defined truth as the agreement of our ideas with Reality, and have then found that there is no reality but our own. This agreement becomes then the agreement of our ideas with our own reality. This agreement at its highest pitch is evidently the sense of Reality itself, or what I have called the state of Being.

We are now in a position to answer the question that we put at the outset of this discussion. Of the two states in us which pertain to knowledge, the state of understanding and the state of being, which of the two has more value in the finding and sensing of Reality?

We seem justified in concluding that the state which carries with it the fullest sense of Reality is probably nearer the finding of it.

We remind our readers that for many philosophers' 'evidence' depended on this very subjective attitude that any idea brought with it. Thus Spinoza says: "Truth carries its proof in it"—this proof being naught but the sense of Reality we mentioned. Similarly, Plato's *Noesis*, the state of seeing, of intuition, has the power and the conviction of an immediate perception and soars above the *logismos*, that is, the rational demonstration.

We must now ask ourselves: What are the consequences of such a theory. First of all, what does it mean? and what has been done in this revolutionising of our basis of knowledge?

Life has been placed above form.

The practical consequence of this is that, in our consciousness, not to know, but to *be* as fully and intensely as possible, should be our aim. For in being we realise ourselves, and thus, through being we know. Only this knowledge obtained through the realisation of being is life-knowledge. All other knowledge is form-knowledge, knowledge of aspects under which life appears unto us, and, if not entirely illusory, at least indifferent from the standpoint of realisation. What we call "life-knowledge" is synonymous to life-realisation, or to realisation pure and simple.

But before going any further let us face the objections this theory will have to deal with. Suppose it be true that the "state of being" is most important. Our opponents will say: You are on the most dangerous ground. You may slip into error at any moment. You

leave full scope for the wildest imaginations. The most weird hallucination will, in your eyes, have more value in the sensing of Reality than a sound, logical, healthy argument. All the perversity of the mind may creep into your system. Dreams of hashish and opium smoking, that are accompanied with a great exhilaration, the morphia that made Musset write his best poems, the ravings of megalomaniacs, all these will be a greater "sensing of Reality". Where will you stop? and how will you draw a border line between healthy and unhealthy experiences, since reason is out of the game?

In order to answer this question, we must divide our experiences into the three types into which they naturally fall, and answer for each group separately.

First of all we have a series of experiences referring to physical objects. These include the totality of the experiences of science. The reader will remember that though we put aside the possibility of finding an objective criterion of truth we never deprecated experience. We have in the experience of the senses all the tests for truth used by science, and used by all of us when our field of knowledge is the physical world. According to Kant, physical experience was so necessary that no science was possible for him where there are no objects whose reactions could control our assertions. Logically the experimental method is a method of subjective tests. Nobody objects to that. Nobody attempts to found a science with any other organisms but our five-sensed human organisms as controlling factors. Were we entirely differently constituted, with other senses and other reactions, science would be revolutionised. Our science is made by us and for us; there lies its use and its value.

So our answer here to those who fear hallucinations is: your hallucination, irrationality, or any other failure will soon be rectified by experiences. If the number of experiences condemning any action are not sufficient for an individual to realise his error, his powers of action will nevertheless be weakened and in time destroyed. The survival of the fittest works all through the physical world. This is what one commonly calls the logic of life, a merciless logic that eliminates whatever does not fit into the scheme of things.

We now come to the series of experiences unrelated to physical objects. Here an idea is confronted not with a thing, but with another idea. We are in a realm where, according to Kant, science of knowledge is impossible, for we have nothing by which to check our imaginations. It is the metaphysical realm. Here we find philosophical and religious *systems*. We have already shown that this world is entirely made by us. We shall now see why we made it, and in its purpose we shall find both its justification and the means of controlling it. This realm is not theoretical but practical. No man makes a metaphysical assertion unless he wants it to be true, and he wants it to be true because it helps him to live. The whole psychology underlying philosophical and religious systems is the following: physical objects are not sufficient to satisfy us. In order to live we need concepts. We do not mean by living the mere upkeep of the body, though even that depends much upon our 'philosophy,' as all mind-cure proves. But by living we mean the full development of all the human being, including all his powers. And concepts are not only a mental

expansion, but also afford to man the solutions to the problems of life without which apparently he cannot be contented. Almost every man, perhaps even every single one, must have some system of concepts, be it a creed or a philosophy, in order to direct his actions and feel more or less satisfied. We each of us live in a system as we live in a house. This system has no more and no less value than the house we live in. Nothing matters but that we should live. The means by which we achieve this end are insignificant in themselves. This does not undermine their value. The fact that we require them is enough to justify their existence. If any man could see perfectly clearly that all systems of thought are mental houses, he would, once for all, become absolutely tolerant.

Every metaphysical concept, made by us, is rejected as untrue as soon as it does not work. We will take for example the concept of God. Humanity makes its God according to its own ideal. The God of past generations is put aside by the future ones on account of his shortcomings. "The original factor in fixing the figure of the Gods," says William James, "must always have been psychological. So soon as the fruits he seemed to yield began to seem quite worthless, so soon as they conflicted with indispensable human ideals, or thwarted too extensively other values; so soon as they appeared childish, contemptible, or immoral when reflected on, the deity grew discredited and was ere long neglected and forgotten. When we cease to admire or approve what the definition of a deity implies, we end by deeming that deity incredible." Man's ideal, or conscience, has thus more value for him than any God, and if the God comes into conflict with man's ideal, the

ideal remains and the God goes. Such historical facts are tokens of the glory of man.

So to those who fear disordinate imaginations in the realm of thought, we answer: to begin with, all religious and philosophical systems are series of imaginations, some of them very disordinate and some very illogical, yet standing firm on account of their sway over humanity. The 'objective' method consists in testing one imagination by another that has been adopted as a standard of truth. Such a method checks nothing and has no logical value. To test an imagination by its results in human life, its influence upon character and capacities, seems to us to be quite as illogical but more useful, besides making concepts serve the only purpose for which they were made.

We finally come to the third type of experiences within ourselves, the only one that, according to us, has any value *per se* in the sensing of Reality, the others being only means to an end. It is the type that we have called the state of being. This state is not a means, nor even an end, but a reality or a realisation. It is a state of "pure life". Images, ideas, crumble into nothing around it. And the attitude the soul takes towards them is one of supreme indifference, together with an exhilarating sense of freedom. Here the objection of letting imagination run riot falls to the ground immediately, for this state is only what it is by its entire independence from all imagination. It is furthermore characterised by its tremendous constructive power in the psychology of a human being, and its impetus towards activity. These are never the results of morbid exhilaration, which should therefore be carefully distinguished from the state we mean. This state is moreover

one of deep philosophical insight, reached only by the pure in heart in moments of perfect selflessness, as results of a life of high aspiration, deep thought, artistic inspiration, intense, selfless love.

Here the soul realises at last that all forms are imaginations, that way in which one life reacts on another life. The character of the reaction determines that of the object or idea, differing for each one of us. There is the *Māyā*, the great illusion. The life in it that has no form nor image is the only Reality. In order to live and let life flow through, you spin webs of imagination for your own use. Make your own *Māyā* as every creature does. By making a beautiful *Māyā* you are a creator and a God. This may seem wild, yet in the realms of synthesis and "pure life" it is not mad. It is perhaps the standpoint from which the ego looks upon our sciences, our systems of logic and ethics, our religions. It is a vast, a formidable sweep, that, like a cyclone, passes over the world of forms, leaving it ruined, crumbled into nothing. What remains? What remains in a world over which a cyclone has passed? The voice of the wind. Mentally it does almost throw one down. Used as we are to the world of forms, such a wholesale destruction is overpowering, awing, terrible. But it is great, so great that it gives a wild, inexpressible delight. It is as if suddenly the soul had grown wings and was soaring up in a state of life, intoxicated by it. And in that soaring it feels free.

Free to create its own world, a world of beauty and luxuriant growth. Free to divinise any form therein. Free as regards all creeds, all organisations, societies, movements, regarding them all, without exception, as phantoms, creations of striving souls. Free also to

say: The dream has vanished, all things are gone. The day is over, all is dark, I live. And in this life, all life does play. Yet, like a swimmer floating for a while, I rest. Peace is within me.

Such is the feeling of perfect freedom that the state of being or "pure life" brings to man. To escape at last from the bonds of concepts or thought-forms is like the liberation out of a prison. Better still. For the prison is often quiet and silent. The creeds and theories of man are noisy and obtrusive, and in us our concepts wage war and mar our peace.

The nearer to life and the further away from concepts, the more genuine our "states of being".

Thus may the soul find its way out of the world of forms into that of life, and begin to understand what being is, and, hence, immortality.

M. d'Asbeck

CAUGHT IN TRANSIT

By A. J. WILLSON

WE are told, and we believe it, that earnest members are taught while out of their physical bodies during their rest, and the recollections that a few bring through on awakening confirm this. The large majority, however, are quite blank on awakening as to what went on during the night; others have had confused dreams, obviously to be referred to vague astral wanderings, distorted in recollection by the state of digestion or nerves. Now and again some dream will come through that is so clearly impressed on the brain and is so wonderful in its staging and actors that the impulse is to write a full description to the nearest older member to enquire what it means. When these dreams are referred back to an authority the usual answer is: "I do not know what it means unless I go carefully into it, and I have not the time to do that."

If it be realised that an examination of a dream necessitates a careful scrutiny of the usual refraction and distortion by the etheric and physical layers of brain-matter—through which the dream has to penetrate before it is sensed by the consciousness in waking life—it will be also seen that each person has his own particular idiosyncrasies of thought and feeling by which he cognises in a muffled way as through a veil; and that the reality may be so widely different from the

remembered dream that time and trouble are required to translate that reality into terms sufficiently in touch with the recollection to make the connection at all obvious to the enquirer. This is very clearly shown by some of the cases analysed by Mr. Leadbeater in *THE THEOSOPHIST*.

Now while it is largely waste of time to tell dreams and expect others to act the Joseph to our Pharaoh, this slight connection between the life outside and inside the prison of the flesh is too valuable to be discarded; more especially as many people certainly are taught by them.

If each student will realise that his dreams are his own, to be interpreted by himself, if they are to be of use to him, much vain questioning will be avoided. Putting aside the many dreams that amuse our first waking moments by their fanciful happenings, now and again a dream is so vividly impressed on our brain that it seems our duty to examine it, and extract from it the lesson it was evidently designed we should learn. It may be that we were behaving in a way impossible to our present moral waking condition. Let us take that as a warning to beware, for atoms so impressed are yet lurking within our aura, abiding the time to respond and give us trouble when vivified by contact with that vice in some one else. Many a man who is, he thinks, quite beyond the temptation when awake, still enjoys his dream-glass. Or a matron finds that she has been happy with the forgotten lover of her youth. Don't smile at the incongruity, but take it as a warning when anything like this occurs; marshal your mental reasons against such a lapse and throw the whole weight of your emotion against it now that you are awake. That

dream will not then have been in vain, but will leave you a little more one-pointed than it found you, and so have done good work in clearing away rubbish that, left to accumulate, would require to burn it up the fire of suffering.

Germes of jealousy, flaws in all and each of the virtues, may in this way be detected and removed. And to make my meaning clearer, I will give an example of a dream and its explanation :

“It was night and I was walking with my Guru along a mean road between poverty-stricken houses. C., my fellow-chelā and dear to me, was a little way behind when suddenly he turned quickly off into a house on the right and disappeared. Our Guru stopped and looked round after him ; then turned off also into a house on the same side of the way. This was all done quite suddenly, leaving me alone in the road. I felt puzzled, but decided that our Guru must be hiding in order to teach C. not to go off to pay visits when out on duty. So, thinking I had better help by hiding too, I also vanished into a house to the left of the road. I found the house empty and knew, in the way one knows in dreams, that all the people of the place were away.

“All night I waited, minute by minute anxiously expecting C. to come up and look for us. At last, just before dawn, I heard the people of the house returning and escaped, shoeless in my hurry, determined to search for C. in the house he had entered. Down in the back of it, in a dilapidated room, I found him, evidently settled comfortably and there of set purpose. I was much astounded ; and his answers to my questions showed me, what he tried not to show, that all had been arranged before in order that C., together with our Guru, might be present at some special meeting.

“ Now, had I been told of this arrangement beforehand, I loved both too well to mind their going without me ; but taken thus off my guard, I was furiously angry at having been tricked into waiting all night, and into trying to help them, when they were evidently quite callous as to any anxiety they gave me by leaving me alone on a dark night with no security that all was well with them. I would not believe it of my Guru ; and I rushed off to the house he had entered, only to stop short when I found him calmly reclining, evidently resting after a hard night’s work. . . .

“ Here I awoke, feeling sure that indignation was justified if such a thing should really occur ; and that no friendship—not to mention a higher relationship—was possible when the ordinary courtesies of life were ignored ; yet also feeling, somehow, that I had been on trial—and had failed ; and I wanted to see wherein the failure could possibly lie.

“ Carefully considering it, it came to me that the failure I sensed lay in mixing up two things.

“ (a) I had professed confidence in my Guru, and I knew him to be engaged in teaching and helping many people in many separate ways—suited to each individually ; but

“ (b) When he treated me as a pupil, to whom no explanation was necessary, but who could be trusted to think the best of any sudden happening, I failed to rise to the occasion and took a view that would be correct between ordinary people who had no inner ties at all.

“ So now my self-given task is to impress upon my suspicious lower nature that lesson of confidence, which satisfies my higher nature, in my chosen Guru—in

small things as in great ones. Quite naturally no responsible task can be entrusted to one who requires a map and a guide for every new road, along which he would be sent at a moment's notice if he could be depended upon to see clearly."

Here the dreamer extracts his own lesson from the dream. And this is what all should do for themselves.

Some dreams are not dramatic but take geometrical forms; others show landscapes, personages or things; some impossible, others quite normal in their make-up. Each form of dream relates especially to the person who sees it, in so far that something in him has responded and brought the memory through.

For around our subtle bodies all things, good or bad, are going on at the same time, just as they do around us on the physical plane, and Una will walk unharmed and spotless seeing only the beautiful to which her whole nature responds, where *La belle Dame sans Merci* will fall into the first snare and soon drag on a maimed life in torn and sullied garments.

And each man brings back recollections according to his nature and stage in evolution; passing from a stage like that of the Esquimaux (whose sleep seems to be as vividly material as life awake), through the haphazard dreaming of the ordinary civilised man, on to the stage when life out of the body is more vital and unhampered and more vivid than is the life to-day in our waking state. Thus there are endless opportunities of service to the all-round developed man.

A. J. Willson

SUMMER SCHOOL AT WEISSER HIRSCH

THE International Theosophical Summer School courses at Weisser Hirsch near Dresden, which gave so great an impulse of enthusiasm, hope and harmony, are to be held this year from June 22nd to July 18th. On this occasion not only are planned public lectures in the evenings, but courses are also arranged in the afternoons for more detailed studies. The lectures and courses will be as follows: *First week*: Folklore, Myths, Religions, History; *Second week*: Education and Self-Education; *Third week*: Theoretical and Practical Theosophy; *Fourth week*: Science and Art related to Theosophy.

Among those who have kindly agreed to lecture are: Mme. de Manziarly, Paris; Mme. Perk-Joosten, Haarlem; Mme. A. Kamensky, Russia; M. Polak, Brussels; and Herr Ahner, Weisser Hirsch, Dresden. For any information regarding the Summer Courses, application may be made to the last named gentleman, or to the Secretary, Miss J. Luise Guttmann, Planckstr. 1, Göttingen.

THE SMILE

By CHARLOTTE M. MEW

AN old woman once lived at the top of a wonderful Tower. Travellers who know the country well speak little of her, telling only how that land is marked by an air of great loneliness; how far off it lies; and of a strange spell, as of some tumultuous peace, which it throws like a garment over those who linger there.

The Tower rose from the centre of a wood. Strangers skirted the dark entanglement. It was a place of tyrant shadows and imprisoned sunlight, melodious with the notes of hidden birds, who shook the boughs, while scents swept down. The Tower was round and battlemented, its summit farther from earth than sky. The great trees round its base, waving their mighty branches, looked, as its height mocked them, like wind-tossed flowers. The steadfast gazer could see this grey giant rear itself against the blue. Dwellers in the town below said sometimes that it was not there. Some, who traced its outline in the twilight, or through the mists of morning, thought it a trick of cloud and sky.

The ascent to this mysterious height was steep and winding.

Tales were told of blood, of blindness, of men who died defeated and fell headlong into the deep and secret

places of the wood. It is true men had been blinded by the myriad hues, the changing lights, or by the dust thrown upward by the footsteps of their fellows. Some fell and reached the summit bleeding; and there were dangers which are not told.

But they might sleep upon the way.

The dead who found rest in the wood's green embrace did not ask a kinder bed. Above, the strange old woman wove strange spells round men, wooing them to seek her, singing—ere they climbed madly upward—a magical song. She held gifts in her hands, and her white hair hung grandly round her unseen face.

It was said she wiped the eyes and feet of weary climbers with those soft tresses, before she parted them, to shed her Smile.

Many, in the streets beyond the wood, never heard her voice, nor knew of the gigantic Tower. Others saw it, and looked upward, and passed along. There were legends told in the country of her beautiful Face. None had seen it, for her white locks lay across it.

In the huts and taverns of the town, the people sat at evening, picturing it—while darkness gathered and hid the Tower.

It was only visible by day. At night, the figure aloft on it was hidden, sending through darkness wild and wonderful strains.

He who heard would start from his place and thrust back the casement, standing motionless as the music stole through the still air towards him, over the trees and along the lighted streets.

Then his comrades whispered together, saying: "He hears the voice." On the morrow they watched to see him set out towards the wood.

As he stood at the window, they spoke softly of the old woman's ruthless summons, and whispered of his little ones at home. Then one, perhaps, would start a drinking song, lest others heard it and were called away.

"What," said they, "if her brow be white as the mountain-tops, it is as cold as snow!"

"But her glance," says he at the window dreamily, "sends brighter gleams than the sun over hills and hamlets, in the break of a dark day."

"Fool," they answered, "thou hast not seen it."

"Nay," he cried, "but I may, she calls me," and at daybreak, he was gone.

Lovers, wandering together through the fields, had heard it and fled, warning neither friends nor kindred, who found them, long afterward, it may be, stretched on soft mosses in the wood. One youth missed his maiden's lips for ever, summoned, as he clasped her, by the imperious call. Breathlessly, without farewell, he sped away, while she, forsaken, stood in the darkness, moaning. Thus some children found her, with wild eyes, distraught. For none returned who set out on that journey, save those tossed down to slumber in the silent wood. It was from the heights that those sad souls were hurled. The last steps of the way appalled them—and they fell, struggling to ascend the slant. Barbed stakes in the slippery surface they might grasp—and some achieved the goal, so aided, with torn and bleeding limbs. The old woman stooped to tend them, flinging aside her misty veil of hair.

She bent towards them and her Smile shone out. It may have crept on, as the dawn steals across the shrouded sky, or perhaps, it flashed like some great beacon into their tired and dimmed eyes, and the

splendid light fell full upon them, as they, transfigured with reflected glory, met her face to face.

This grand gaze claimed the victors. They pressed up. Those who reached the summit might ask of her what they would. She could steep their soul in music by a whisper in their ear. Above her head she threw marvellous gifts in circles, like a juggler's balls. Below, poor climbers, longed for them, but desire was dead and yet undying, in those who met the Smile.

Travellers hasten through that country, speaking little with its people, oppressed by the mysterious mantle, as of some stormy quietude, which it flings over those who loiter there. Some dare not enter it, knowing not what they fear.

Yet it is a place of quiet fields and gentle hill-slopes, where men till, and drive their oxen. Evil is not thought or done there: priests are banished, home is the only Temple found, and wayfarers, always welcomed to the simple dwellings, find them abodes of peace.

Far from the Tower, among the hills, is a little cottage. It stands in the midst of sloping meadows, shut in by trees, which seem like guardians of the lonely spot. A mother once lived there with her baby. It was an ugly child, naughty, and perpetually hungry, and red in the face. The winds, once pitying the tired woman, asked the trees to help them sing it to sleep. But it drowned their lullaby and screamed louder, till they grew wrathful and nearly blew the roof off, and beat the branches down. This frightened the little one, who kept cowardly peace till morning. It woke as cross as ever, and was washed and fed, and its mother tied gay ribbons on it, and bore it across the meadows, and through the town.

All the way, it could be heard crying to be taken back to toast its crumpled feet before the fire.

But its mother, rather, loved to sit on a green mound by the great tree-trunks in the wood, beneath the Tower. Here she came to watch the distant treasures, which attracted her, for she was poor. She shut her ears to the wonderful voice, rising and falling, calling, like the sound of silence, far away. Gladly she would have listened and joined the climbers, but women with babies cannot always do what they would. So she sat knitting, hushing the babe when it was troublesome, and looking upward when she could.

It has been said that none but the topmost climbers, ever saw the beautiful Face, but this is not so, for the baby, who could not even crawl, opened a small blue eye one day, and saw it; unclosed the other, and sat up and stopped crying, and tumbled off its mother's knee. For those who once see that vision, there is no other.

The baby was stupid and tiresome, but it discovered this, and began to puzzle its mother by toppling over continually in its efforts to peer up so high.

The old woman, for a brief moment had grown weary of watching the way-worn travellers up the steep and she glanced down and saw at the bottom the red and puckered baby face. It cannot be told why she was seized with sudden love for it. It happened so.

At first she sent strange lullabies across the wood, and through the town, and over the meadows, to where at night-time the baby lay. She longed for the child to hear her voice, and strung her magic notes, yet the warm little monster only slept heedless, and ceased crying sooner than it used to do.

The old woman said to herself: "The child will not listen, but if she sees my Face, when she grows older she will long, more than all these climbers, to come up to me."

She trembled lest the babe might make one of the crowd who saw the Tower, and looked up at it, and passed along. And so she sought to win the child, and thrust her thick white locks aside.

The stars drop dimly down their heavenly glances on mortal eyes, and men look upward at the distant mountains, learning some of the thoughts seated on their high white brows. The child scrambled through the wood's tangled spaces, seeking its Vision, day by day. She lay in the long grass dreaming, watching the wonderful sight.

Years passed, and still she crept to the great tree-trunk, her gaze chained upward.

Through her life, she said nothing of what she saw. She was possessed, enchanted. Toilers from the steep called to her; she listened smiling, and heard unmoved, the low beguilements of the magic voice. She would murmur to herself: "Poor souls, how far they climb to see my beautiful Face!"

She grew a woman. Her mother, now bent and grey, begged her to stay at home, to work, and sweep, and to train the vine up the cottage walls. Now and again she did some of these small services, but soon the ache for the beautiful Face assailed her, till, leaving the pot to burn, the vine to droop, her mother weeping, she stole away. And through her life it was always so.

Youths in the town would willingly have won her; for the ugly babe was a comely damsel now. She smiled on one. He drove his oxen past their door each

morning. Ere the sun rose, she pushed back her case-ment; and flushed from slumber, looked down on him as he went by. They walked the fields together in the twilights of one short summer. Then she grew tired of a mortal face. Her daily pilgrimage angered him, and he forbade her to approach the Tower; so they parted.

The neighbours laughed, and spoke of her as one who had no understanding. The old folks shook their heads, nodding them nearly off, at the spectacle of her idle, thriftless ways. She was counted, indeed, a good-for-nothing. Yet the old woman on the Tower loved her still, though she began to doubt if her beloved one would ever bestir herself to scale the height. The poor maid had not dreamed of it. Her life was filled with the delight of gazing at the beautiful Face. Who could tell her that the Smile was absent from it; that none but victors may invoke it; that it was indeed their triumph which gave it birth?

And still the years sped on. She dwelt happily, though cold guests came to the lonely cottage, and stripped it bare, and bore her mother to their unknown land.

At length, despairing, in a moment of great sadness, the old woman turned her Face away and the maiden found herself bereft.

She sat heavy hearted in the empty cottage, bidding the magic voice console her, for that she still could hear. Her old lover passed the window. She beckoned him, saying: "I go no longer to the Tower." He clasped her, and hand in hand, they walked the lanes once more. But by her fireside, the great ache seized her, and the unappeasable hunger grew. She would start

from fitful slumber, smiling from dreams of the irrevocable sight.

One evening, she called her lover to the cottage, and said: "We spend this night together!" She drew him in and, at dawn, they parted about the hour of sunrise: she saying nothing of farewell. Free of his last embrace, she stood by her door to watch him disappear, a moving speck upon the hills. Then with a liberated cry, she set off leaping and shouting towards the Tower.

She started on the journey. The way is long. Flowers spring everywhere. On other roads to heavenly places, the pilgrim must not note them or delay. Here he gathers one from every plant he sees; or half-way up, at a stream's edge, a tiny creature, wet and barefoot, holds her hands out for the nosegay, ere she leads across the water. She counts every blossom, and nods stern "No," if stalks are bent, or petals fallen, or if the posy wants a bud. Many go downward, sadly searching, and return long after, with their offerings complete. A thousand hues dazzle the climber's dust-dimmed eyes. Butterflies and birds sweep past him. The air is full of scent and song. As he mounts, he may look down, and see the child scatter his flowers. Travellers pause; she waits for them to present their posies; laughs, examines, and flings them on the stream.

Above her, sits the old man at the cross roads. He alone can point out the upward path. For him, the toilers chase each butterfly that flutters past them. He demands these with unbrushed wings, imprisoned, that he may set them free.

Towards the summit, there is a gate. A bird unlatches it; the pass-word is to end his song. No climber

knows, if thrush, or linnet, or wren, will hail him. Hundreds of singers take their turn and he must learn the note of all.

The maiden soon grew weary. Stones cut her feet; she fell; the labyrinths bewildered her. She sank and slept upon the way. Three times, the fairy at the brook rejected her; she dropped her flowers, or brought them crushed. Far below, in the cottage, she had lived listless. So labour was doubly irksome to her. And the climbers may not help each other. Those who will do so, slip backward and are seen no more. Her lover might have wept to see her stoop so painfully, and struggle with spent breath to gain the old man's fee. It was piteous, too, to hear her gasping travesties of the birds' joyous song. She kept on, bent and almost beaten, and neared at length the last steep slope.

Men named it the despairing spot.

She saw poor climbers, from afar, afraid to clutch the cruel stakes, spin in the air, ere they fell down, down into the wood.

She rested, spent and scarred, her eyes seeking wildly the well-known Face.

Her comrades greeted it, lifting their hands as if in prayer. They raised glad looks, illumined by the splendour which shone down. Her eyes rained tears—so near it seemed. Summoning ebbing strength, she fought, blood-stained and broken, up the last awful path. Men, uncheered, had never trod it, but she pressed on desperately, mounting to the topmost height.

Safe through the battlements, she tasted victory. But the beautiful Face had missed her triumph. The old woman stood, her grand white locks wound round her looking another way.

The maiden threw her torn arms upward, and then sank lifeless with a desolate cry. The old woman heard, and turned to her beloved, raising her, and sweeping the stains from breast and feet. She called, in tones unknown to earthly music. They rang melodious pæans to dumb distance. The toilers in the fields below, the busy citizens, and on his mountain slope, the maiden's lonely lover, stood still to hear.

The old woman stooped, pushed back her shadowing hair. The maid's stark eyes met hers. In that encounter, the Smile broke, and wavered. Then the ageless light went out.

Travellers tell of the great loneliness that wraps that land; how far it lies; and speak mysteriously of the spell it casts over the dwellers there as of some tempestuous calm. Some have seen the Tower, and a strange white figure at the summit, clothed in tossed hair. It stands, they say, for ever speechless, desolate, striving to waken a burden in its arms.

Charlotte M. Mew

THEOSOPHISTS AND POLITICS

By W. H. KIRBY, M.A.

IT has always been the attraction of the Theosophical Society that it has so broad a platform, that freedom of thought and liberty of opinion is encouraged within its ranks. No one is fairer or wider on this subject than our President who, like all strong natures, while going her own way never forces it on others, and never bears ill will to any who may not see eye to eye with her.

Availing myself of this latitude I would like to put down here, as impartially and impersonally as I may, a certain point of view with regard to present activities within the Theosophical Society which appear to me worthy of earnest consideration, presenting as they do a serious departure from our fundamental objects and policy, not without elements of danger however indirect.

It is open, I imagine, to every one in the Theosophical Society to start movements, leagues, orders, etc. for those ideals and objects with which he or she sympathises, and in which he or she is interested. No one in the Theosophical Society is committed to the opinions expressed or the public work done by another. The Editor of *The Commonweal* doubtless claims the same liberty. Mrs. Besant rarely does anything without good reason and her present journalistic venture has, doubtless, a motive and an impulse behind it into which we need not enter.

But the question I want to touch upon is this—it is a question of form and of principle and it needs to be put at the present time since it has arisen in the minds of many, shall we say, of the more ‘conservative’ Theosophical members. First, is Mrs. Besant, as President of the Theosophical Society, as free in what she says and does as the ordinary member? Secondly, if the answer is in the affirmative, how far is the Society at large likely to be implicated, both collectively and individually, by a weekly publication of a radical nature edited by its President, printed and published on its premises, and largely dependent upon Theosophists and Theosophical resources for its existence and maintenance?

It is only by an argument that verges on the sophistical that it can be urged that *The Commonweal* has “nothing whatever to do with the Theosophical Society”.

It is, say what anyone will and from what was just said, distinctly an activity absorbing energies within the Theosophical Society, carried on by Theosophists, and, what aggravates the point of view I am exposing, inspired and directed by Mrs. Besant who is President of our Society, and whose spoken or written words are generally felt to be the key-notes both as to policy and as to teaching among members all the world over.

No other figure in the Society has reached her altitude; no other personality is so clearly designated to be both leader and spiritual teacher, and it is in the inspiration of her addresses and her books that all tender her love and gratitude and look to her for guidance.

She considers it now her work to take an active part in social and national reform generally, but especially

in India and for Indians. For this purpose is the weekly *Commonweal* started and the best Theosophical workers and organisations engaged on its publication.

But in this departure in a special work and for a special country, has she fully considered the Society as a whole, and its fundamental principles and traditions? Has she considered her position as President, as the custodian of our statutes, the impartial arbiter of all views, the inflexible sustainer of our declared objects? Or, am I entirely wrong—I am open to correction and ask for information—is the Society merely a mass of considerable fluctuating, heterogeneous elements scattered over the world, holding fundamentally a vague belief in brotherhood and vaguer theories still on religious and occult matters, whose policy is simply to believe what they are told, and to follow their President in whatever direction she chooses to lead them? Not that I think that a man or woman would go very far wrong were he to limit himself to trying to be and do one fractional tithe of all Mrs. Besant does and is. But that is not the point in hand.

The point is that it is impossible to put entirely on one side the disquieting feeling that indirectly the Society and its members are being, as a whole—especially by the outside world—saddled with the peculiar and partial trend of ideas expressed in *The Commonweal*; ideas which far from promoting brotherhood and love tend steadily, by their tone and their nature, to accentuate and widen the gap of racial differences that with such care and tact the higher, competent, and responsible circles of politicians have been and are, since a long time, continually trying to fill up and gradually lessen.

Nothing *The Commonweal* can say about colour-bar or character-bar and so forth is new. The whole question is, surely, one of slow modification, the position is delicate in the extreme and the less said and the most done quietly and silently in the proper spheres of influence, the better, if we are to bridge over the many differences existing between peoples of different stock, climate, race, habits, history, capacities, character and religion.

The position is aggrieved and rendered still more delicate by the factors depending on relations between those who have to govern and those who are governed. While the Editor of *The Commonweal* is undoubtedly one of the greatest spiritual teachers of the age, the magazine in question has little to differentiate it from the ordinary category of papers with partial views, intended to air grievances and producing generally ill-feeling on one side or the other.

While this may appeal to a certain section of the Indian public; while, also, it is open no doubt to anyone, disagreeing, to ignore the publication, one cannot help asking oneself within, if this work must be done, whether it might not take some form that involved less the Theosophical Society, through its President, and committed it and its members all the world over less to views and a policy which, after all, are chiefly local, and which, verging as they do on politics, appear to me quite inconsistent with the scope and traditional policy of a Society like ours.

In support of this last statement I beg to quote a document, *in extenso*, signed by H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott, our Founders, who certainly realised the dangers of political questions in a Society of such mixed races and opinions as ours, and who presumably

were equally guided as to the welfare of the Society and its requirements. The article in question is called 'Politics and Theosophy' and appeared in the Supplement to *The Theosophist* of July 1883 dated at Headquarters, Adyar, 27-6-1883. It is signed by our two Founders "Col. H.S. Olcott, P.T.S. and H. P. Blavatsky, Corr. Secretary, Theosophical Society," whose double authority is now vested in their successor, Mrs. Besant. Here is the article :

The tenacious observance by the Founders of our Society of the principle of absolute neutrality, on its behalf, in all questions which lie outside the limits of its declared "objects," ought to have obviated the necessity to say that there is a natural and perpetual divorce between Theosophy and Politics. Upon an hundred platforms I have announced this fact, and in every other practicable way, public and private, it has been affirmed and reiterated. Before we came to India, the word Politics had never been pronounced in connection with our names ; for the idea was too absurd to be even entertained, much less expressed. But in this country, affairs are in such an exceptional state, that every foreigner of whatsoever nationality, comes under police surveillance, more or less ; and it was natural that we should be looked after until the real purpose of our Society's movements had been thoroughly well shown by the developments of time. That end was reached in due course ; and in the year 1880, the Government of India, after an examination of our papers and other evidence, became convinced of our political neutrality, and issued all the necessary orders to relieve us from further annoying surveillance. Since then we have gone our ways without troubling ourselves more than any other law-abiding persons, about the existence of policemen or detective bureaux. I would not have reverted to so stale a topic if I had not been forced to do so by recent events. I am informed that in Upper India some unwise members of the Society have been talking about the political questions of the hour, as though authorised to speak for our organisation itself, or at least to give to this or that view of current agitations the imprimatur of its approval or disapproval. At a European capital, the other day, an Asiatic, whom I suspect to be a political agent, was invited to a social gathering of local Theosophists, where, certainly, philosophy and not politics, was the theme of discussion, but where this mysterious unknown's presence was calculated to throw suspicion over the meeting.

Again, it was but a fortnight or so ago that one of the most respectable and able of our Hindū fellows strongly impertuned me to allow the Theosophical Society's influence—such as it may be—to be thrown in favour of Bills to promote religious instruction for Hindū children, and other “non-political” measures. That our members and others whom it interests, may make no mistake as to the Society's attitude as regards Politics, I take this occasion to say that our Rules and traditional policy alike, prohibit every officer and fellow of the Society, *as such*, to meddle with political questions in the slightest degree, and to compromise the Society by saying that it has, *as such*, any opinion upon those or any other questions.

The Presidents of Branches, in all countries, will be good enough to read this protest to their members, and in every instance when initiating a candidate to give him to understand—as I invariably do—the fact of our corporate neutrality. So convinced am I that the perpetuity of our Society—at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary Governments—depends upon our keeping closely to our legitimate province, and leaving Politics “severely alone,” I shall use the full power permitted me as President-Founder to suspend or expel every member, or even discipline or discharter any Branch which shall, by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world.

OFFICIAL
HEAD-QUARTERS, }
Adyar, 27-6-1883. }

H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.
H. P. BLAVATSKY,
Corr. Secy., *Theosophical Society*.

The letter sent in 1880 by the Government of India referred to by Col. Olcott in the above, is quoted by him more specifically in a communication, sent by him as President of the Theosophical Society to the Madras Government, which is printed in the October Supplement to *The Theosophist*, 1883, and which it is well to quote :

I would respectfully invite attention to the enclosed letter [No. 1025 E. G. dated Simla, the 2nd October 1880] from the Secretary to Government in the Foreign Department to myself—which I transmit in the original, with request for its return. It is therein remarked that “The Government of India has no desire to subject you (ourselves) to any inconvenience during your (our) stay in the country” and “so long as the

members of the Society confine themselves to the prosecution of philosophical and scientific studies, wholly unconnected with politics they need apprehend no annoyance, etc.”

All of the above, even allowing for the different times and circumstances in the Society's history, would seem to make it pretty plain that for Theosophists to meddle, however indirectly, with political questions, both as individuals and, *majoris causa*, if officials in the Society, is not only unwise but contrary to the views expressed above by our Founders.

Even if Theosophists do not do so, *as such*, it is sufficiently shown that a paper edited, supported, and published by the Theosophical element is and will be identified with the Society and its views. This, in other words, is compromising the Society at large and all those members who, having joined for its declared objects, fail to see why, however indirectly, they and the Society's name should be—however indirectly—involved in a new departure whose policy and views are outside of the province of our objects both in fact and in tone.

That our President herself held another standpoint as a Theosophist towards Politics in the past may be gleaned from the following of many extracts one might make from a lecture entitled: 'The Place of Politics in the Life of a Nation,' printed in 1895 at Benares. She says:

I mean by 'politics' every form of activity which is carried on in a particular geographical district under a Government of any kind that rules over that district, no matter what that Government may be called—imperial or local, municipal or parliamentary.

* * * * *

There are three great ways of influencing human life and human conduct, the first and the greatest of all is the work of the thinker. then the teacher—standing as types of

thought and discussion that have to be realised before an action is performed. Then comes the third stage—action.

* * * * *

Compromise is a necessary part of political action and you cannot avoid it Therefore every statesman must necessarily compromise and statesmanship is skilful compromise ; he must work step by step towards the ideal he desires to attain. Therefore I say the teacher should never be a politician. Let him set up the ideal which politicians are to work towards.

* * * * *

To the Thinker the great ideal which is to mould the future of a nation ; to the Teacher the setting forth of the ideal that men's minds may be guided by it and their thoughts shaped ; to the Politician the putting into action, into legislation, the great ideal thus conceived and taught. That is the coherent progress in a nation where duty is thoroughly and usefully discharged. But there should be no confusion between the functions. The Thinker weakens his power if he mixes himself up with the strife of political parties and with the details of political work. The Thinker must remain in the serene atmosphere of thought uninfluenced by the lower motives which needs must play on the men in the ordinary life of the world.

* * * * *

Therefore it is that I, as Theosophist, and teacher of principles, never mix in political detail nor take any share in these strifes of warring parties ; therefore the Theosophical Society to which I belong, stands not as politician but as holder-up of ideals for every nation, for every party, for every man and every woman no matter what the political systems or the political parties to which they may severally belong.

* * * * *

So that if you choose the material ideal you choose strife, struggle, poverty, dissatisfaction, unrest and final death ; whereas if you choose the spiritual you choose a peace that is ever growing, power that is ever increasing, strength that knows no diminution, and immortality of life. Which do you choose ?

* * * * *

But I, who love India as my own, for she is mine, India with whom all my hopes of the future and my memories of the past are bound up, this India that is so great and yet so little, so mighty and yet so poor—I claim from the children that come from the Womb of India that there shall be some worthy of the past, that there shall be some worthy of

their mother, that there shall be some who shall give her what she asks, thought, philosophy, literature, science, the great things that she loves, and not merely the struggles of parties and the questions that divide politicians. Some of the better brains should do this work, some of the abler tongues should preach it. I have told you the place for the politician, but some place is needed for the teacher and some for the Thinker. I plead to the young among you, who have not yet chosen their path in life, whose hearts are still soft, and whose hopes are still pure. Turn aside from the struggles of the bar, turn aside from the examinations of the colleges, turn aside from the hopes of civil service, and the employment that is paid for with gold; give yourselves to the motherland, give yourselves to her help, give yourselves to her redemption; let politics be followed by some, not by all; but let not the other be forgotten since it is the more important thing. For politics will perish but thought remains.

* * * * *

In setting forth the above document of our Founders—the conclusion of which is very explicit—and the high ideals expressed by Mrs. Besant on the subject of Theosophists in their relation to Politics, I wish to draw no conclusions leaving each to think the matter out as he will. I have endeavoured only—as objectively as possible—to put my finger on what seems to me an anomaly, presenting features that are both defective and dangerous in our Society as constituted.

Rarely has a society such as ours the privilege and blessing of so great a spiritual Teacher at its head. It is in this capacity that Mrs. Besant has won the hearts of us all; it is as the author of *The Outer Court*, *The Path of Discipleship* and of many other such priceless books that have brought the highest ideals and inspiration into the lives of numberless men and women. Not in outer activities, with which so many can competently deal, but in inner and spiritual realities Theosophists, all the world over, look to her to give them the food for which their souls are hungry.

W. H. Kirby

HAVE COURAGE

A LETTER FROM A THEOSOPHIST TO A DEPRESSED FRIEND

DEAR——

A letter all to yourself this week because your last had a note of sadness and disappointment, and there is always a very tender corner in my heart for all those who are sad, and especially those who are sad because they have looked with pure and simple faith into the hearts of others and have seen there things they would perhaps have given their own hearts never to have known. Nothing so much as that makes you feel how empty the world is, and sometimes you feel that your own heart would break because of the awful loneliness that comes over you when you find things out like that. Perhaps long before this the mood will have passed away and you will be your old cheerful self again—that is the worst of a long distance correspondence ; the things that move one to write in a particular way may have passed and been almost forgotten in the rush of other things before the answer to one's letter comes.

You are quite right ; once these things have been realised the past can never be the same again, but you must remember this, that when later you come to look back over the track of your life you will find that these are the epochs that mark definite stages on the road of the soul's progress—stages where you either failed at a great moment or succeeded. You will find too that the

things that mark the stages very often leave no mark at all—the gaining of knowledge, the development of faculty, the accomplishing of some great work—these are things that don't matter in the least, while the thing that really matters is that purely inner thing which no one sees and no one but yourself knows and which you can't expound, whether in the hour of trial and revelation you have met shallowness, deceit, hypocrisy, falsity with scorn or with tenderness, whether you have in your own soul poured your own soul back upon itself with contempt or answered it with your very heart's blood in sympathy and tenderness. The one who fails in the trial remains apparently unchanged, though in reality he knows that the very springs of his actions and feelings have become soured. The one who succeeds finds his power of love and sympathy and tenderness not only greater in himself but greater in helping other people also—yet it is all a subjective experience. In a small way these experiences are exactly the same as those great tests which have to be gone through on the big scale in the conscious experience of every soul before it enters that true Path to the Masters, the first step of which has not yet been discovered by many of those who seem to-day to imagine that they are tripping quite gaily along the Path itself. The true path that leads to Buddhahood is a path of Power—not powers—and no one can help another to walk that Path unless he has to some extent learned to stand alone. Heaps more could be said, especially about discriminating between the Real and the unreal, but this will have to be left until we can philosophise in person. There are heaps of delusions about this subject, because most people run away with the idea that the Real is the

conventionally good, and the unreal is the conventionally bad, and other equally false notions that lead to complete confusion and much painful self-righteousness. Somehow as I read your letter, I wondered if you still remembered that poem of Kipling's :

If you can keep your head when all about you are losing
 theirs and blaming it on you.
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but
 make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being
 lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or, being hated, not give way to hating and yet don't look
 too good nor talk too wise;
 If you dream and not make dreams your master,
 If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
 If you can meet with triumph and disaster
 And treat these two impostors just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to—broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools, etc.

Still you know X — is one in a thousand and you are not praising him a bit too highly when you admire the courage, loyalty, purity of purpose and of heart, his magnificent steadfastness and gentleness. Souls like X—'s don't drop into the world every day and it must be a great happiness to feel absolutely certain X— is solid gold right through to the very core, and that no matter how much X—may be tested in the crucible of a not-understanding criticism yet he will, with absolute certainty come out solid stuff in the end. Keep your ideals, not only about X— but about other people also, but—don't expect other people to fit into your ideal. Look at their innermost souls when you are having a real look at them, not at their actions nor their expressed thoughts and feelings; don't pay any attention at all, or certainly not very much, to anything about them that is expressed, but look at them inside and

you've no idea how much deep happiness you can get by seeing the real inner effort to grow into something like the ideal standard. Now this is quite long enough, so no more.

Yours,
Y.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND FROM A THEOSOPHIST

DEAR——

Of course we've got to remember that it takes all sorts to make a world, but when one sees narrowness and meanness and cant going side by side with high and noble professions, it is hard to feel quite calm and reconciled, and sometimes one feels as though the whole game was a farce and absolutely sickening to the soul of one who is trying hard to cling on to some shreds of earnestness and reality. But during those dark days one must just hold on, and when breathing-space comes one can look round and get one's bearings again and when one gets one's bearings one realises heaps of things that are worth knowing, and somehow or other, though one may sink in the mud sometimes or get driven out into the wilderness, these are in the end the only things worth living for. Even if everyone else were to fail—even though the world were full of rogues and hypocrites or there was no one in the whole world but oneself—the realities of one's own inner life remain and must remain unchanged and unshakable.

“Before beginning and without an end as space eternal and as surely sure, is fixed a power Divine that moves to good, only *Its* laws endure.” You know the

quotation from the 'Light of Asia' of course. Well it seems to me that if we can realise that fact we can hold on with absolute certainty and confidence whatever happens for that is the only power in the entire universe, and the whole universe is each of us; and though we go sometimes into the depths and sometimes the clouds blot out the sun, yet unstayed, unchanging, silent and certain, the Great Law moves to its appointed end and we *know* that all is well even though people may disappoint us, and theories may crumble up under our feet, and when people so disappoint us it will save our own heartaches a good bit if we try to realise that they too are part of the divine life and that as Omar Khayyam says :

And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows— HE knows.

GOD'S ROSARY

By CLARA JEROME KOCHERSPERGER

To H. P. B.

IN God's jewel-box there lay a rosary; and from it a heavy cross was hung. The beads were of some sweetly scented wood and between each pair of wooden beads a crystal drop was strung, while round the box and beads a faint sweet perfume clung as a memory of some forgotten time.

A strange sadness stole upon me ; I saw the crystal drops as tears, binding together, yet holding apart, the little wooden beads, and here and there one breathed an ill-defined perfume.

A purple haze stole o'er my sight and that day was blotted out ; but down the avenues of Time I saw a band of pilgrims wearying by, and in the lead, so far ahead, bent One beneath a cross, and from His sacred brow dropped crystal beads, and the pilgrims gathered them and stored them in their hearts.

Each traveller wore a cloak of brown, and from his soul a prayer, as fragrance, wafted up to God.

And then the scene was changed, and I watched as in a dream ; the cross lay upon the ground ; the Blessed One had carried it for His appointed time, and now it lay there waiting for one to raise and carry it that the pilgrims might go on.

Only here and there I noticed the prayer still stealing up to God.

One came at last, and, bending low his back beneath the load, lifted the cross, and stumbling, and bruised beneath its weight, he led the band. And from every heart the echo of a prayer stole up to God !

Again I saw the box, again God's rosary, the cross, the beads, held together with crystal drops, and the fragrance rising up to God !

I looked beyond, and in the dim to-morrow, I saw each bead breathing forth its perfume as incense, a great volume, and from the cross a blood-rose had sprung !

Some few there were too faint to pray ; they were being *carried* up to God !

Clara Jerome Kochersperger

REVIEWS

The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. (London), F.L.S., F.G.S., M.R.A.S., (T. N. Foulis, London & Edinburgh. Price 6s. net.)

The author in this volume of 'The World of Art Series,' presents us graphically and concisely with a great tradition of art, preserved through the ages in the rules of the *Shilpa-shāstrās*, whose original formulæ, correctly interpreted by the craftsman, would express the thought-forms of their divine originator, Vishvakarmā. Indian ancient history and religion are briefly surveyed to mark the influence of each period on the expression, by good or bad craftsmen, of the original conception. We are warned from the first not to judge by modern standards, but to remember the key-note of Indian art struck again by Shukrāchārya in the fifth century A.D. :

Even a misshapen image of a God is to be preferred to an image of a man howsoever charming.

Indian art thus seems to have originated in the desire to preserve a vision of the Gods to the generations of men to whom They no longer showed Themselves. To ensure this, "not only are images of men condemned by ancient rules, but originality, divergence from type, the expression of personal sentiment are equally forbidden. . . . The spirit of these uncompromising doctrines lies at the root of the Hindū view of art: these limitations and this discipline are the source of its power" (page 16). The Shilpan must begin his work by an invocation to the Gods, and rebirth in a royal family rewards his success as a craftsman. The first illustration is the well-known image of Natarāja, the dancing Shiva, and the author interprets it thus :

In the Night of Brahmā, Nature is inert and cannot dance till Shiva wills it: He rises from his stillness, and, dancing, sends through matter pulsing waves of awakening sound, proceeding from the drum: then Nature also dances, appearing about Him as a glory . . . Then in the fulness of time, still dancing,

He destroys all Names and Forms by Fire, and there is new rest The orderly dance of the spheres, the perpetual movement of atoms, evolution and involution, are conceptions that have at all times recurred to men's minds ; but to represent them in the visible form of Natarāja's dances is a unique and magnificent achievement of the Indians. (Page 18).

In the same way the likeness of the seated Yogī as " a lamp in a windless place that flickers not " (*Bhagavad-Gītā*, vi, 19), is what we must look for in the Buddha statues ; a something that helps those who spend still moments of contemplation before it to be flooded by that vivid peace that outside life cannot give.

Theosophists who have read the description of the City of the Bridge in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* will find much in the book to ponder over, for they know of earlier civilisations which must also have helped to mould Indian art. Where was that " city in heaven " which formed the model when the King called his architect and said : " Send to the city of the Gods and procure me a plan of their palace and build one like it " (page 106) ?

Are not stūpas merely the shape of a begging bowl inverted over the sacred relics ?

To those who wish to gain an insight into the soul of Indian art—and is not that all thoughtful men to-day ? —we warmly commend these twelve chapters with their 225 illustrations of Hindū and Mughal architecture and pictures, of textiles, embroidery and jewellery, old and new, and the varied lore each page contains about them and where they are found. If it be now true, as the author sadly remarks, that " ninety-nine of a hundred university-educated Indians are perfectly indifferent " to-day, it will also be true that each one of the hundred who chances on this book will rise from its perusal with a wider outlook and a deeper understanding of the outward and inward correspondences in all that he sees around him ; he will have sensed, if but for a moment, something of the deeper life of the Motherland that, behind all outward movements of play and passion, smiles serene.

A. J. W.

Life, Emotion, and Intellect, by Cyril Bruyn Andrews. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

This collection of essays deals chiefly with the importance of emotion in Life. In an introductory chapter on 'Life and Psychology,' the author proposes to trace his subject in a way somewhat out of the ordinary. He has, for once, put away his psychological textbooks and "turns to write rather about the life around me than the theories I have studied". Psychology differs from other sciences which are objective in nature, in that its essential subjectiveness prevents its professors from having "a monopoly or even a partial monopoly of human experience".

In nearly every department of life emotion is present. It does not necessarily obtrude itself. We may justify or attempt to justify our actions at the bar of intellect, but emotion has been a strong factor in the performance of these actions. The English nation attempts to suppress emotion, but the emotion exists. We may get temporary satisfaction by viewing the emotions of others displayed on the stage or elsewhere, and possibly art and music are the "chief emotional outlets in our somewhat over-socialised and over-intellectual age". There are papers on 'Love and Friendship,' 'Religion,' 'The Stage,' 'Law and Crime,' and 'Struggle and Growth'. In the paper on 'Religion' the author writes:

Scientific knowledge often leads by slow and laboured steps along the road to which our belief has long been pointing. If the most important doctrine of evolution is that man only progresses by a painful struggle, but that he glories in his strife and suffering, surely Christ's life teaches us the same lesson. . . . Science seems in many respects to explain laboriously what our feelings and instincts have long ago taught us.

But here surely we are entering into the realms of the Intuition, higher than the Intellect, and yet bound up in some mysterious way with the emotions. We venture to think Mr. Andrews would do well to ponder over the problem of the Intuition, for we feel—instinctively or intuitionally—that that is what he is really trying to "get at". His book is most interesting and clearly written, and therefore is most easy to read. As in his valuable *Introduction to the Study of Adolescent Education*, he puts his ideas in an attractive and practical way.

T. L. C.

Abu'l Ala the Syrian, by Henry Baerlin. (THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

This volume contains the life and some of the poems of this poet and philosopher, of whom von Kramen said: "He was one of the greatest and most original geniuses whom the world has borne." He was born at Ma'arras, a village to the south of Aleppo in A. D. 973. An attack of small-pox when a child left him nearly blind. But his wonderful memory compensated him for his blindness. He belongs to the post-classical period of Arabic poetry. Refusing to follow the custom of his time, and be the paid panegyrist of some wealthy patron, he, like the troubadours, wrote only for love. His love of nature is clearly seen in his poem on 'Spring.'

His opinion of the world in which he lived was not very enthusiastic. He considered it a very bad place. He was ahead of his times. His soul was "like a star and dwelt apart". His philosophy may be summed up in his own words :

Free yourself from the will to live. Seek redemption by denying your individuality, by being altruistic.

As a religious teacher he has been accused of unbelief and denial of what others consider sacred, but this seems to have been only a protest against adopting ready-made religions. He studied other religions, amongst them Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, saying his own position would be strengthened if he knew the weakness and strength of those of other people. Abu'l Ala was also a great social reformer, being a vegetarian and condemning slavery and the custom amongst the Arabs of burying their little girls alive. This latter seems to have been their simple way of settling the feminist question. His reform even extended to questions of dress. He condemned the wearing of trousers as effeminate.

His biographer apologises for his digressions as being too garrulous for the English reader. It is these very digressions which make the book so fascinating, and we become entranced with the picture he gives us of Baghdad and its poets and philosophers, at a time when Arabia was the custodian of the learning of the world. This new volume increases our debt of gratitude to the editors of the Series, and must tend to further good-will and understanding between East and West.

E. B. N.

The Gardener, by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

These "lyrics of love and life," says the author, "were written much earlier than the series of religious poems contained in the book named *Gītāñjali*". They are delightful poems, so easy to read that one flies in sheer joy from first to last page in the book. They have an atmosphere of open air and freshness. So simple and yet effective. Rabindranath Tagore has the power of making the simplest events wonderful. His delicate touch makes us pause and reverence the beauty of what he takes up. It may be the description of two women drawing water from a well, or a little child in sorrow over something wanted and not possessed, or of some one who has taken all the good things of life :

I plucked your flower, O World !
I pressed it to my heart and the thorn pricked.
When the day waned and it darkened,
I found that the flower had faded,
But the pain remained.

The love poems are translucent. There is an absence of sentimentality in them, but they express strong patient, enduring quality, even in the face of adversity, and are permeated with an element of detachment and of non-passion.

Being a very understanding person of the varieties in human nature, the author sees also the other side of the question, and, writing of the departure of a loved one, says :

It is heroic to hug one's sorrow and determine not to be consoled.
But a fresh face peeps across my door and raises its eyes to my eyes.
I cannot but wipe away my tears and change the tune of my song.

The author writes, too, of the man who has evidently been plodding along, following a good and moral life, but perhaps in a somewhat narrow way and rather selfishly, and who gets tired of this. He comes to a time when it is necessary for him to change his course, and in his restlessness, before he finds his new sphere, he has a reaction and cries :

... I have wasted my days and nights in the company of steady wise neighbours. Much knowing has turned my hair grey, and much watching has made my sight dim

... The world is peopled with worthies and workers, useful and clever. There are men who come easily first and men who come decently after. Let them be happy and prosper, and let me be foolishly futile. For I know 'tis the end of all works to be drunken and go to the dogs.

This restless creature also says he will "let go his pride of learning and judgment of right and of wrong". Learning may be a burden, unless it is turned into useful activity. We feel confident that the individual would find his level and return to a life of larger activity and peace, when this uncomfortable time of shaking free from the old conditions had passed.

Those who have read *Gitāñjali* will certainly read *The Gardener*, and will be satisfied that they have done so.

D. J. H. E.

The Zoroastrian Law of Purity, by N. M. Desai. (The Cheraḡ Office, Bombay. Price Ans. 8.)

This is a posthumous work from the pen of a Zoroastrian Theosophist, who has, during his short period of life here, striven to pay back, through service and devotion, his debt to Theosophy—this manual being a tribute to the source in which he saw the light for the interpretation of his own faith. It is a brief treatise on the Law of Zoroaster, which, of late, is proved historically as having influenced the Hebrew Law so entirely, during the Assyrian Conquest of Persia, that some parts of the Old Testament appear as mere transcription of the *Vendidad*—the Zoroastrian "Law against the Evil". The Ancient Wisdom of Iran is mainly based on *Asha* (almost an untranslatable word, here denoted by *Purity* which must be taken in its most comprehensive sense), the third Aspect of Mazda, the Omniscient and "the Boundless Time" when He manifested as Ahura, the Lord of Existence. This corresponds to the Hindū Shiva (or Will) Aspect and the Christian Son¹. Curiously the Zoroastrian symbol of God for Worship—Fire—is known as "The Son of God"; and this in its highest spiritual manifestation is Asha, Rectitude, "whose body is the Sun". So the Law of Purity is the doctrine of the Christ in its essence, and is defined by Zoroaster as "the only way," "the only true happiness," and "the means of friendship with God". The author traces, step by step, the essentials of Purity as leading to the Final Union. He reads Theosophy so clearly in his religion that most of the comparisons between Zoroastrianism and the occult teachings are mutually supporting and

¹ The Will-aspect is that of the Father, not of the Son—Ed.

materially uniform. The law has its punishing side, like Shiva, regenerating as well as "consuming the doer of inequity like fire". Man is here shown as unconsciously wasting powerful forces by thought and speech, and as capable of making or marring the harmony (which is another meaning of Asha) of the Universe, and, indirectly, himself along with his surroundings. The help of invisible workers—the Shaoshyants—is justly acknowledged as essential to the attainment of faultless rectitude, and proved here as indicated by the oldest Hymns of Zoroaster. There is much in these bare outlines of a great topic—unfinished, as "fate intervened"—that would powerfully appeal to all lovers of the devotional side of Iranian philosophy; and the many select stanzas of Zoroaster's Hymns afford interesting reading in a nut-shell. The Pārsis would benefit by such Theosophical interpretations of their faith, and the *Cherag* Office has done service to the community by bringing this book to light.

K. S. D.

What is Occultism? A Philosophical and Critical Study, by "Papus," translated by Fred Rothwell, B.A. (William Rider & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s.)

Parts of this book, which is well translated from the French, are good, parts seem likely to lead certain types of people into mischief, at other parts, e.g., chapter viii we rubbed our eyes and fancied we must be dreaming when, in a grave book by a well-known author, we read of "Ram the Druid" who changed his name to Lam (Lamb) and "Lamaism was thus added to Brāhmanism".

The first two chapters give the writer's ideas on Occultism and show how it differs from other systems. The third chapter deals with the ethics of Occultism and shows them to be of the most rigorous and lofty type. But on p. 36 the note of danger is struck:

... What interests us in this system of ethics is not so much these rules, which we find inculcated more or less by all moralists, as the practical path of demonstration by direct vision.

Direct vision comes to the true Occultist as a necessity of his ascent of the rugged path; it is not his aim. That aim is to

quicken evolution, and all he gains with one hand he passes on with the other. He *knows* how to do this and *dares* to do it. His *will* is in accord with that of his Master and he is *silent* on all that cannot yet benefit the race.

The chapter on Sociology seems very good, and the last chapter gives much information about men of all kinds who have touched on the Occult. As we close the book we feel that the various schools of magic have done their work in guarding a knowledge of the real through the ages that saw only the unreal. In the dawning light of this wonderful century, all Occultists and Mages will unite in preparing the way for the great occult Teacher.

A. J. W.

Perpetual Youth, by Henry Proctor, F.R.S.L., M.R.A.S.
(L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

This is the story of one, Amrafel Ibrahim, who discovered the elixir of life some five hundred years ago and is living yet. He was an extensive traveller, and associated with the chief personages of the day during all this period. He became clairvoyant, and is a prophet inasmuch as he foretells the millennium. He also claims to have inspired Edison, when that inventor was at a loss. Throughout the book, this egoistical gentleman preaches at the readers. The author, in his introduction, explains the purpose of this "occult and historical romance," and says :

Although this little book is in the form of fiction, yet the truth-lover and truth-seeker will find in it deep and weighty truths, etc., etc.

We cannot imagine any reader seriously perusing this book from beginning to end. We feel certain that, before the opening chapters were finished, an irritating antagonism towards the hero would present itself. We trust that the 'truth-lover,' and 'truth-seeker,' may be satisfied, but if they are, we fear we will not have much respect for their intellect.

T. L. C.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, *May 7, 1914*

A CROWD of some three hundred people had gathered at Charing Cross to meet the party from Dover. Mr. Graham Pole had met me at Brindisi; we picked up M. Blech at Amiens, and Messrs. Davies and Hodgson Smith and Christie at Calais; at Dover, like a rolling snowball we gathered up Dr. Rocke, Lady Emily Lutyens, Miss Arundale, Messrs. Arundale, Cordes, J. Krishnamurti, and J. Nityananda, and thus brought quite a little crowd of our own to meet the large one at Charing Cross Station. We motored off gaily amid much cheering—Miss Bright, the two “minors” and myself. A little later, I went down to the National Liberal Club to ask for news of Mr. Gokhale, and found, to my joy, that he was better and had gone abroad. God bring him safely home to us in India.

* * *

The next day, there was a long consultation with counsel, Mr. R. Younger, K. C., Sir Henry Erle

Richards, K. C. and Mr. Turnbull, with, of course, my solicitor, Mr. Smith of Messrs. Lee and Pemberton, and Mr. Graham Pole, who has been a tower of strength. The consultation was thoroughly satisfactory, and Mr. Younger and Sir Henry Erle Richards made a splendid pair, with the fine grasp and insight of the first strengthened by the sound knowledge of Indian law of the second. After an hour and three quarters of close consultation over the points involved, Mr. Graham Pole and myself went on to meet the counsel for the minors—the Right Hon. The Lord Advocate of Scotland, K. C., M. P., Mr. Sheldon, K. C., and Mr. Ingram, with Mr. Calders Wood, the solicitor, and spent another hour with them ; the Lord Advocate had travelled from Scotland that morning and only arrived half an hour before our meeting. It would have been difficult, I think, to find six more brilliant men, with their hearts more thoroughly in the case, than these who so readily and so warmly came forward to fight our battles. Suitors seeking the King's justice could have found no fitter champions, and I feel profoundly grateful to these eminent men, who brought hearts as well as brains to do battle for justice and right.

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On the evening of the same day, there was a crowded meeting of welcome at Chelsea Town Hall, restricted to members of the Society. The Vice-President Mr. A. P. Sinnett presided, and made a charming speech, and then followed a very pretty and unexpected ceremony, men, women and children—the children first—filing across the platform in long procession, each giving flowers, mostly from Lodges, as sign of loving welcome. The platform became a garden, piled

high with lovely blossoms, and nothing more effective could have been designed. After this a brief address of welcome was read by Mrs. Betts, acting for the loved General Secretary, Mrs. Sharpe, whose absence, due to serious illness, was the only shadow on the joyous gathering. Then came a short speech from myself, and, after deciding to send all the flowers to the hospitals, we ate ices and cakes, and drank tea and coffee, a happy crowd.

* * *

On Sunday we began with a meeting, and at luncheon and afternoon tea welcomed many friends, from abroad as well as from various parts of England. Monday, the day fixed for the hearing of the appeal, came all too soon, and at 10.30, the doors of the Court were opened and we all walked in, to see, sitting at the long table, the Lords of the Judicial Committee, the Lord Chancellor in the centre, Lord Fletcher-Moulton and Sir John Edge on his right, Lord Parker and Mr. Ameer Ali on his left, the Right Hon. Councillors of His Majesty the King, the Supreme Imperial Court of Justice. It was a splendid Court for intellect, for knowledge, and for utter justice ; with no factitious pomp, five men in ordinary dress sitting at a table, there was an extraordinary sense of dignity and power, due to the Lords themselves, unaided by outer show, and softened only by an exquisitely urbane courtesy.

* * *

Mr. Younger, K.C. presented the case with a clarity and precision which left nothing to be desired ; it was a masterpiece of pleading ; the keen searching questions of the Judges were answered with promptitude

and plentiful knowledge ; now and then Sir Henry Erle Richards, K.C., supplied details of Indian practice, but for the most part even that was not needed ; Mr. Younger was sometimes sarcastic, sometimes humorous, and he exposed with masterly severity the contradictory reasons given by the Madras Judges for arriving at the same conclusion ; he showed the absurd condition in which their decisions landed them, complained of the treatment of the minors as "bales of goods," of the exclusion of evidence as to their wishes and the indifference shown to their welfare. "The Court practically tried a minor for a criminal offence in his absence," remarked Lord Parker with a strong note of indignation in his voice. "Why was the evidence excluded?" asked Lord Fletcher Moulton, and an eloquent shrug of the shoulders was counsel's only answer. "The status of the boys was altered and they were deprived of three years of liberty by a Court in which they were not represented," said Lord Fletcher Moulton. The proceedings were obviously wellnigh incredible to these learned and just-dealing men. What evidently puzzled the Court was the entire disregard of the minors shown in the Madras Courts, and the human note, so painfully absent in Madras, sounded clearly here ; "They seemed to think it enough that they had Mrs. Besant" ; "But the interests of the minors are the essence of the suit" ; and so on. At the end of Mr. Younger's address of a day and a half, the Lord Chancellor asked the Lord Advocate if he had personally ascertained the wishes of the minors, and he answered that he had done so, and that they were "passionately averse to returning to India" and "strongly desired to remain in England". Mr. Kenworthy Brown, K.C., for the Respondent, had

an impossible task, to justify a decision in which law had been entirely disregarded and in which no answer could be made to the questions which were put to him by Judges who were intent only on deciding according to law; he evidently felt the hopelessness of his task, and finally said, on an intimation from the Lord Chancellor, that he regarded the action as entirely misconceived, that he could not go on. The Lord Chancellor said that their Lordships would advise His Majesty that the appeal should be admitted, and that they would give their reasons later. Mr. Kenworthy Brown asked that costs should not be given against his client, and was answered by Lord Parker: "Your man brought a suit in the wrong Court. He made serious allegations he could not justify. Why should he not pay?" Thus has ended the long struggle: in the Court of first instance, the scandalous charges made were declared to be lies put forward to break the agreement; in the Supreme Court of the Empire the law laid down in Madras has been declared to be wrong; on law and on facts judgment is with us; the elder lad is now a major, and none can touch him. It is a joy that, by this persistent struggle, he has been guarded until he has reached manhood, and is free, and so the charge given by the Masters has been carried out.

* * *

I must place on record my deep and grateful appreciation of all the work done in England and Scotland by Mr. Graham Pole. He knew all details of the case from being with me in Madras, and, by printing the shorthand notes of my speech on jurisdiction and placing them in the hands of solicitors and counsel, he showed the impregnable strength of the legal argument, much

of which was necessarily unfamiliar here, but which was at once appreciated when presented. He threw aside all consideration for his own professional work and gave himself wholly to this, secured the help of the Lord Advocate and Mr. Ingram, and worked incessantly to help them. Our success is his reward. And, though I may not mention names, I must thank the friends whose generosity made possible the cost of this London struggle, entirely beyond my means as it was.

* * *

Some extraordinary children are coming into the world just now. On Wednesday last we went to the Albert Hall to hear a child of seven-and-a-half years old conduct a first-class orchestra of ninety performers through a programme of works by Wagner, Beethoven, Mendelsohn, Rossini, Berlioz and Elgar! The little fellow, clad in white plush tunic and white silk stockings, with a mass of curly hair falling on his shoulders, stood up alone in the midst of the orchestra and ruled it effectively, quickening and retarding the time, keeping the rhythm, calling on each section for its work, and in all respects acting as a well-trained conductor. "He must be a reincarnation of some great musician," said a listener in an adjoining box. Verily only reincarnation explains such children. Another child of seven has been speaking—he can neither read nor write—prose-poems for the last two years. Here is one of them :

The God of Dreams came to me last night and I had a dream of the world when the world was a child. And in this child-world there were two Gods; the God of Nature and the God Genius.

The God of Nature provided all the materials, and the God Genius took them and made them into wonderful things.

Nature gave Genius a pair of leaves and Genius made them into wings—wings for the birds, wings for all the things that fly. Such a beautiful dream! Such a wonderful world! the world when it was a child.

* * *

Plotinus is coming to his own. In our modern world he has been much studied by Theosophists, but has been regarded by that world as an exponent of ancient superstitions. Now Professor Bergson, in his Gifford lectures, is declaring that his system is “typical of the metaphysic to which we were eventually led” by certain conceptions, and we had Mind forming Body, not Body evolving Mind. Thus is Professor Bergson, *via* Plotinus, re-affirming the teaching of the *Chhândogyopaniṣhat*.

* * *

The votes for the presidential election are coming in, and the Theosophical Society will pass its judgment on the work of the last seven years, the “new policy,” and all the rest of the controverted topics. In this way, the periodical elections are useful, as they give the T. S. the opportunity of renewing or withdrawing its approval of the actions of its chief officer, and personally, I am well content that my work should be submitted to the Society and that it should pass its verdict thereupon.

* * *

The King has given much pleasure to the Non-conformists, and much displeasure to the narrower section of the Anglicans, by visiting the Leys School to open its new buildings. Head of the Anglican Church the King may be, but he is the Sovereign of all his people, whatever their creed may be. He said:

I know and appreciate the character of the work which the school is doing, not only in the training of mind and

body but also in the formation of character. In the Leys School, boys from families representing many different aspects of religious thought are brought together at the most impressionable time of their lives, and in their joint life here they learn lessons of mutual toleration and co-operation for common ends which later they will carry into the wider life of the Universities and the world.

That is the lesson which the Empire must learn if it is to hold together—"mutual toleration and co-operation for common ends". It is one of the many values of the T. S. that it perpetually teaches this lesson. The Kikuyu controversy still rages, and threatens to rend the Anglican church in twain.

Theosophical students will find the series of articles from the scholarly pen of Mr. A. Mahadeva Sastri, Curator of the Mysore Library, on the question of Caste very instructive reading. Four of them have already been published in *The Commonweal* for April 24th, May 1st, 15th and 29th and the last one on 'How to Abolish Caste' will appear in the issue of 5th June. This is of interest not only to the Indians but to all who want to know the evolution of sociological principles in this ancient country. The passing away of castes as they exist to-day is essential for the progress of India, and these articles will draw the sympathy and support of all thoughtful among the orthodox, who have been in favour of preserving them, and convince them of the wrongness of the institution. The learned author has clearly proven that the great shāstraic writers were persons of deep insight and never meant the observance of caste rules and regulations as they are in vogue to-day, and he has also shown that the evolution of the

present castes is rooted in ignorance and misunderstanding and that is why such folly prevails. Theosophists ought to popularise Mr. Mahadeva Sastri's expositions because amongst us there are many members who are orthodox Hindūs and they should certainly receive the enlightenment that these articles bring.

* * *

During the month has passed away from the field of active work an old friend and colleague of Colonel Olcott—Pandit C. Iyothee Thass. He was one of the two gentlemen whom the Colonel took to Ceylon in 1898 as representative of the Pañchama Community of Madras. Both of them were admitted into the Buddhist fold by the High Priest Sumangala, and thus began a new era in the history of the unfortunate Pañchamas of Southern India whose friend and champion Pandit Iyothee Thass always was. The Colonel writes :

The problem of the origin and religious heredity of the Pariahs of Southern India was so important, that I determined to bring the communities into relation with the High Priest Sumangala, so that in case they were proved to have been original Buddhists their communities might be brought into close connection and under surveillance of the Buddhists of Ceylon.

On his return the good Pandit began his noble work and founded in Madras, Bangalore and elsewhere societies which are doing good work among the masses. They save the poor Pañchamas from falling into the hands of Christian missionaries, and Buddhism, the faith of their ancestors, is found more suitable for them than missionary-Christianity. Buddhist workers are in demand for the carrying on of this work, in the inception of which our late President-Founder had a hand. We may draw our readers'

attention to THE THEOSOPHIST of October 1906 (pp 1-4.) in which Col. Olcott speaks about it. Pandit Iyothee Thass died on 5th May and the grateful crowds who owe him so much expressed their feelings of love and reverence at the Victoria Hall, Madras, on the 20th, when some of us from Adyar were present. It was a very crowded meeting presided over by an Adyarite.

* * *

We take the following from the *Yorkshire Observer* :

Mrs. Annie Besant, who in spite of her Theosophy is certainly one of the foremost women of this time, arrived at Charing Cross to-day by the Indian mail....She leaves again for India about the middle of June, and will have a busy time during her stay. It is hoped Mrs. Besant, as an aforesaid member of the Fabian executive committee, will find time to be present at the Fabian Society's dinner to their secretary, Mr. E. R. Pease, which is expected to be a brilliant occasion, and to take part in a conference on "The next steps in educational progress" to be held at London University on June 18, 19 and 20.

* * *

Adyar is very empty and there is a lull everywhere, save in the Publishing House which has to grind slowly but surely the weekly *Commonweal* and the regular monthly Magazines. Mr. Jinarajadasa has gone to Poona to preside over the Mahratta Federation and will visit Bombay later on. The weather here is somewhat trying and most of our residents have flown to the hills, but the Indian summer with all its trials has its charm and nothing is more peaceful than quiet and beautiful Adyar.



THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

(Continued from p. 174)

BEFORE we consider the different methods of individualisation, and the way in which the Individual works upon his sheaths, we must pause to look into the nature of his environment—the nature of the spheres of matter with which he finds himself surrounded, and hence of the matter appropriated by him from those spheres for the making of his sheaths, or bodies, through which he comes into contact with these spheres.

These spheres, worlds, planes of matter, the matter of our solar system, are seven in number, each of a

different type. Each has its own ultimate atom, or fundamental type of matter, and all the varieties of matter in any world—those which in our physical world we call ‘states of matter,’ solid, liquid, gaseous, sub-etheric, etheric, sub-atomic—are all formed of aggregations of the ultimate atom, aggregations of a larger or smaller number, aggregations more or less compressed. We term them solids when the aggregations are stable in form and nature, when they hold together if left to themselves and only break up under external pressure. In the solid, mutual attraction, cohesion, triumphs, it is said. We call them liquid when they keep no external shape as self-preserved, when they adapt themselves readily to the shape of any containing vessel, when they tend to spread themselves out in thinner and thinner layers over any plane surface. In the liquid, attraction and repulsion are balanced. We call them gas when they fly apart from each other, rushing out equally in all directions when unconfined, becoming more and more tenuous, when, it is said, mutual repulsion triumphs. The three next higher stages are not yet recognised by science, save under the general name of ether; their particles are normally self-contained, and so devoid of mutual attraction and repulsion that they oppose no appreciable obstacle to the passage through them of any of the lower states of matter, but are capable of being acted upon from within, of being thus thrown into waves, known to us as ‘forces,’ of being thus held together into a solidity of which the thinnest film will turn a bullet, of being subjected to torsions without cleavage, to strains without loss of elasticity. The subject of their possibilities is, as yet, unstudied, so far as I know, by any of our occult students, and a

vast field of knowledge lies here, practically unexplored, for any painstaking investigator equipped with the necessary apparatus of etheric vision. The researches of physicists fail for lack of this, no apparatus external to the investigator having been as yet discovered rendering observations possible. Where these are lacking to check the conclusions of the reason, science cannot speak with certainty, and until scientific men recognise the possibility of clairvoyant development, their progress must be hampered. For science to speak with certainty, reason must collate and check the observations of the senses, and the observations of the senses must test the conclusions of the reason. Where either help fails it, certainty cannot be reached.

That which is true of the atom and its aggregations forming the states of matter in the physical worlds, is true also of the six other subtler worlds of our solar system; each world, or sphere, has its own fundamental atom, and all its states of matter are formed of the aggregations of that atom. The differences of the characteristics in all these worlds are due to the different types of their fundamental atoms. All these worlds are material, whether the matter be tenuous or dense; they are all phenomenal, worlds of appearances, garments veiling the realities of the Spirit, He alone conscious in them all; one is no more sacred than another, any more than lightning is more sacred than lava; sacredness does not depend on the tenuity of the matter in any phenomenon, all are equally open to observation when the necessary apparatus is available, and all are equally subject to mastery through knowledge by the Spirit who is embodied as man; heaven is no more a mystery of God—holy and guarded from investigation

—than is earth; there are no limits to investigation save the temporary ones of the power to investigate. God is equally everywhere dwelling, in the Deva, the Angel, or in the grains of dust. Either all investigation is blasphemous, or none is. There is no 'sacred' and 'profane' in Nature. Every unintelligible phenomenon hides God, but reveals Him when it is understood.

These seven spheres are concentric; they interpenetrate each other in every tiniest area of space within our solar system. Each sphere is complete in itself and is continuous throughout its whole area so far as communication is concerned, just as our earth is visibly a continuous sphere, or our body a continuous sentient whole. Wherever we may be, matter of the seven spheres is around us and throughout us; we need not move to pass from world to world; we pass from world to world by a change of mood in consciousness not by a change of place in body. We are in the sphere to which we open our consciousness, as we see the landscape outside when we unshutter a window. Heaven has been said to be a state not a place; it is a place, if by place be meant an extension of matter in space, and it is around us all the time; but it is a state, if it be meant that only in a certain state of consciousness can we be aware of heaven. "Heaven lies about us" in our manhood as much as in our infancy, but the child's consciousness, fresh from the heaven-world and not yet attuned to earth, more readily assumes the mood which answers to the mood of the heaven-world, and the sensitive child-body more easily responds thereto, being as yet uncoarsened by the grosser impacts of earth.

It may be asked why, if this be so, we are unconscious of these surrounding and interpenetrating

worlds. For the same reason that we are unconscious of any impacts, if we stand in the midst of the electric waves which convey a wireless message ; we have not, without us or within us, an apparatus, a receiver, which intercepts the message. We can only perceive that in the without which we are able to reproduce in the within. We see with our eyes, because the vibrations of ether which are light, entering our eyes, find a suitable receiver in the retina, and its nerve-mechanism reproduces the vibrations. If there were no such organ in the body, the light-vibrations would pass through unperceived, as indeed they do above and below the spectrum visible because reproduced in the eye, and as they do in the case of the blind man, whose receiver for these messages is defective. His incapacity to reproduce them does not affect the light waves, nor prevent others from seeing. And so there are millions of other vibrations passing through our bodies that we do not feel, having developed no organ as their receiver. We have, surrounding us, myriads of beings whom we do not see, myriads of existences of whom we are unconscious, merely because we have not reached our full development, and are blind, deaf, insensible, to the higher and lower ranges of light and sound and touch—I use these words since we are limited to a vocabulary based on physical experiences. When people become receptive to these, develop organs, or receivers, attuned to them, we call these people clairvoyant, clairaudient, seers, mediums, mystics. They are becoming more numerous as evolution proceeds, and presently we shall all see, hear and feel the phenomena, the appearances, belonging to the next more subtle world. In the long process of Becoming, that stage is being entered by many.

Becoming is rendered possible by Being appropriating matter, and thus appearing as Spirit, Being individualised and standing at the entrance of the long path of Becoming, at the gateway of Forthgoing. Man, or Spirit embodied, has appropriated matter from six of the spheres of our solar system, since he begins his long pilgrimage in the second sphere, the sphere of the emanation of the Monads, called sometimes therefore the Monadic World, the world of the begetting of the Sons of God who are to become Sons of Man, Words of God made flesh. We hear of a sphere still subtler, the Divine World, whereof we know nothing, but the Divine Fragment who is Man begins his building of himself as an individual in that supernal second sphere, and then appropriates, attaches to himself, matter of the remaining five spheres, the worlds of manifestation. From each of these he appropriates permanently one atom, hence called "the permanent atom," and these he keeps in relation with himself. At first, the relation is one of external attachment, beads threaded on his string of life; later the relation becomes an indwelling, and through and by these he works on the bodies builded for his use, and finally himself builds them. We shall need to trace this process. For the moment, we may take the general principle only. Round these permanent atoms gather the aggregations of the matter of each sphere, and the aggregations are congruous to the stage of evolution, of complexity, of the permanent atom concerned. In the man, after the union of the downward-pouring and upward-climbing streams of life, each of the five atoms is thrilling with the life of the Spirit, but for long the higher three serve indeed as channels for the life to pass through to

the lower, and retain but little for their own evolution. Man develops the physical body in the lowest sphere, especially as to its higher nervous system, in each life-period, and gradually develops also the desire, emotional or astral, body as vehicle of the passions and emotions in the second sphere, and the mental body, of the four lower states of matter, in the third.

But these two latter are developed as feeders for the consciousness in the physical world, rather than as instruments for it in the second and third worlds during the lifetime of the physical body. For this last is the gatherer of experience, and for this gathering during hundreds of thousands of years the consciousness is only awake in, aware of, its physical environment, *i. e.*, its physical body and the physical world. Consciousness can only become aware of any world by the use of the apparatus, the body, composed of materials drawn from that same world. These materials alone can be fashioned into the organs which can reproduce the vibrations coming from their own world. And for many ages the consciousness during physical life is outward-turned only to the physical world, and the desire-body and the mental body transmit vibrations to the physical body, they do not receive them for direct affecting of the consciousness they clothe. The Spirit sends a stream of his life downwards to the physical body, and does not turn his attention outwards to the other worlds through his subtler bodies. Their turn comes after the death of the physical body. When the Spirit draws away the out-given portion of his life from the physical body, finding it useless for his purposes any longer, that body disintegrates, its work is done, it has enriched the indwelling consciousness with a mass of experiences.

With these for harvest, the consciousness is withdrawn, and then the Spirit dwells through that same portion of himself in the body of passions and emotions, reading the results of the lower experiences in sufferings through that body, now the vehicle of his consciousness. Here are learned the earliest lessons of right and wrong, to be engraved on the tablet of his memory in the causal, the relatively permanent, body. Then, he withdraws from the body of emotions, leaving it to disintegrate in its own sphere, as did the physical in its sphere, and he dwells for awhile in that same portion of his consciousness, originally put forth into these lower bodies, in the lower stages of the mental world, blissfully assimilating all that is good and useful in his experiences in the lowest world. When all this is done, he withdraws the out-sent portion of his consciousness from the mental body, which in its turn disintegrates, restoring its materials to the world whence they were drawn. Then that forth-put portion of his consciousness, like a river pouring into the sea, mingles with the rest, colouring it with the hue of the experiences harvested in the lower worlds. With him alone the memory of his past in the now disintegrated bodies remains, and when he anew sends forth a portion of his consciousness and awakens to a new day of life the slumbering permanent atoms connected with the lower bodies, that portion of the enriched consciousness now sent forth does not carry memory with it, but it carries forth the assimilated thoughts and impresses them as germinal faculties on the new body of mental matter which it draws round it through the permanent mental unit; and it carries with it also the results of actions in happiness and sorrow, and impresses them as conscience on the new

body of emotions, with germinal virtues and vices, outcomes of past experiences; and it finally enters its new dwelling, the physical body, formed by kârmic agencies for its use during the new day of life in the physical world.

If this process be clearly understood, it will be seen that the memory of the events of a life in the physical world must persist through the two subtler worlds—the desire-world and the heaven-world—into which the man passes after the death of the physical body, for the consciousness is the same person in the three worlds, and has experienced the events, has enjoyed and suffered, has loved and hated. Memory can no more be lost by the consciousness by passing through death into a new environment, than by crossing the Channel from England to France, by going from Italy to India. The person is the consciousness using the bodies, and he remains the same, carrying his emotions, his thoughts, his memories with him, until—as the nerves of the finger carry a message to the brain, and the brain registers it—he, the person, carries all with him to the Individual, whose extended nerve to the periphery he was, and the Individual registers the whole as *his* experience, not as the experience of the nerve-thread outgrown from him. When the hour of rebirth strikes, the Individual sends out another nerve-thread to the periphery, another outputting of a fragment of himself, another person, as we say, with a new mind-body, impressed as said above, a new desire-body, a new physical body. These are the heirs of their predecessors, enriched by them, resulting from them, but not themselves. They can have no memory of a past through which they have not travelled; the memory of that is in the Individual, as the memory of impressions

is in the brain, not in the finger which contacted the without. The person abides ever in the Eternal, where all is that ever existed, and can be re-lived by the Individual at his will—it is part of himself, its experiences are his, it is an ever-living portion of that which is his continuous unbroken identity, as the man recognises himself as boy. Infancy, boyhood, youth, manhood, maturity—each passes away not to return in that life-period, but the consciousness that is the I persists ; “When I was a boy,” says the man, with no sense of break, of incongruity, or of loss. So the Individual looks back on his past stages of growth, his personalities, each of which has passed away not to return, but the consciousness which is the I persists. “When I was the peasant James Smith, the soldier François Martel, the merchant Jagannath Chetti,” says the Individual, and feels his continuous identity, with no sense of incongruity or of loss. Each of his past phases has brought him some enrichment of life, some increase of power, some addition of knowledge. In all past phases *he* has lived, as in all future phases he will continue to endure, he, the Eternal, the Self, manifesting as limited Selves under the conditions of space and time. Each person is but a phase of himself ; he lives in each. The qualities which distinguish the giant oak of centuries are all limited within the acorn it bears and casts off into the soil to develop its contained powers and to grow into the likeness of its parent. The qualities which are divine are limited within the individualised Self, and he is cast into the soil of earthly experience to develop his latent potentialities. As soon might an acorn grow into a beech, as man unfold into aught but Divinity.

Annie Besant

(To be continued)

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING
PHILOSOPHER ¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

III

On the Pacific, towards America

WITH the best will in the world I cannot feel genuine friendship for the missionaries. The desire to force one's opinion upon other people is and remains narrow-mindedness, and this manifests itself in practice only too clearly in the fact that all true missionaries have a very limited outlook. Persons of a wider outlook evidently could never adopt such a profession. Here on board I have conversed with some who have lived for years in China, and they have actually managed not to observe any of the advantages of Confucianism ! Such blindness can only be called a divine gift ; only explicable in a supernatural way.

Most probably the missionaries at the beginning of our era were not much better, and when I remember this, as also the progress for which they have nevertheless paved the way, then my mood towards those of the present becomes softened. Unquestionably it is a positive calamity that missionaries should go to India and China,

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

for the inhabitants of these countries are far superior in intellect, in morality and in spirituality to those who come to teach them. It is therefore impossible that the activity of missionaries should in any way conduce to advancement in old centres of culture, from which missionaries should, as such, be by law excluded. But to less developed peoples they may profitably be sent. To those they may be as useful as their predecessors have been to our barbarous ancestors, indeed to them they will be more useful than the heralds of the deeper wisdom of the Orient were able to be, because undoubtedly a unique formative power is inherent in Christianity. It is the only spiritualistic religion which possesses such a power and, more, it possesses it apparently quite independently of the quality of those who preach it, or of the mental value of their dogmatic premises. For the value of the latter is small in comparison with that of Brāhmaṇism and the two Buddhisms. It has even steadily dwindled in the course of the centuries; for though the earliest Church Fathers did possess spiritual insight, this was already much less the case with Luther and Calvin, and not at all with the labourers and muddle-heads who have arisen in America as founders of religions. Their dogmatic conceptions were in most cases grotesque. But almost in proportion as the intellectual value of Christianity sank, its practical value, its efficacy, rose. It cannot be denied that Protestantism forms men of greater ideality than does Catholicism, and the dogmatics, however grotesque, of the American sects, have developed the spirit of Christianity in its followers into a power such as has never existed before. How to account for that? Precisely in this way; that the spirit of Christianity is essentially

a spirit of action. Therefore it does not matter very much to which religious conceptions this spirit happens to be bound at any given time. From this point of view alone it is possible to do justice to Christianity. It is not true that the teachings of Jesus Christ signify a maximum of spiritual profundity ; even the Gospel of St. John sounds flat as compared with the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. In the teachings of Shri Kṛṣṇa and the Mahāyana religion, the fundamental teachings of the Saviour of the West are expounded in an incomparably deeper way ; and moreover, they are there woven into a connected whole which we may assume has remained altogether hidden to Him, though it was the very element that would have endowed those teachings of His with their real meaning.

As seen from the point of view of metaphysical perception, Christianity appears as a preliminary stage, yet it is not at all a religion of knowledge, but a religion of practical action, and as such it is superior to all others. As I have already written, only amongst Christian people have the conceptions of love, of humanitarianism, of compassion, become objective powers, which means that the metaphysically real, however imperfectly realised, has better manifested itself objectively in Christianity than in any other religion. Christ and His great followers were perhaps less profound metaphysicians, but incomparably deeper men of action than Kṛṣṇa and Ashvagoshā. And further, in so far as both wanted to mould the world of appearance, the first were in reality the more profound workmen, for in the sphere of actual life that expression of an idea is absolutely the best, which shows itself such in practice—no matter how far it mentally satisfies. This is

the significance of that superiority of Christianity which history proves, however much the one-sided intellectualist may doubt it.

And this at once justifies missionary enterprise. These narrow people who wander forth to force their inadequate opinions on others nevertheless proclaim by their existence a genuine gospel—the gospel of work and of action. In this sense their influence is really a good one, as is also admitted without further ado by the Chinese and the Japanese. Only it would be indeed desirable that they should drop the question of faith altogether, for the faith of the missionaries is not a very lofty one. And as this cannot be demanded from the clerical profession, it would after all be best if missions in the old sense of the word ceased completely and only physicians, philanthropists, and educationalists were sent out. In such lives the *true* spirit of Christianity, the spirit which to all eternity will bring forth good. The Christian faith, as such, will sooner or later be replaced by a higher one, just as it has already now died out in its former shape in the majority of the more thoughtful amongst men.

Eastwards to Chicago

The hard-working American, still far from any great results, is undoubtedly the best type which this continent contains at the present time, and an excellent type in itself. The adventurous life suits the lowly, and one cannot help liking these fellows after all, these tramps, whose habit it is to measure the wide distances of the West and Middle States, hanging under railway carriages in life-imperilling positions; who often for days and days take not a single mouthful of food, and, once arrived at their destination, are nevertheless too

proud to beg, and go on starving until they have gained for themselves a meal by their own work. Yes, one cannot help liking these fellows better, I say, than our petty pushers with their class hatred and confident expectation of future greatness. From the point of view of civilisation the most valuable quality of a man in the process of becoming is the initiative he possesses. Initiative is more valuable than knowledge, culture and virtue, for once he has this quality he can acquire all else that he lacks. A man of the people in the far West is for this reason so much superior in civilisation to his European colleague, because he possesses much more initiative.

And it is exactly in connection with this that the small man in America is worth so much more than the great man. As said, with boys it is initiative which is the important point; however ignorant and unmannerly they may be, if they only have initiative then all is well. American parents are so exactly conscious of this that with characteristic exaggeration they scarcely any longer demand obedience from their children. But the demands on grown-up men are more and different; they are not in a state of becoming, but in a state of being; and for the perfection of being, initiative is of no use. Therefore the Americans of the higher social ranks appear so crude as compared with the people of the lower classes. A boy, however perfect, is imperfect as a man. The more I see of the country and the people of America the more it strikes me how much all men here are big and crude hobbledoys. As such most attractive, where we deal with real youth, either in the sense of individual or social youth, but proportionately unpleasant where they have outgrown this stage.

As an American I should be an extreme Democrat. Here all salvation is without a doubt to be expected from below, from those I mean who have passed some consecutive generations in the lower ranks. Those who now stand at the top—with the exception of the aristocrats of New England who, their short genealogical tree notwithstanding, show more marks of age than the oldest families of Europe—have risen much too rapidly and are precisely for that very reason without value for the future. The sons of the multi-millionaires are, almost without exception, decadent, more decadent than any princely scion with us, and their lineage will undoubtedly very quickly die out.

The well-to-do Americans, however, who constitute the bulk of the upper layers of society, possess the characteristics of belated schoolboys as we have mentioned above, and they will hardly succeed in bringing up their children to an essentially better type than they themselves represent. But those who rise slowly—and their number will constantly grow, as getting rich quickly will become more difficult from year to year and will soon be impossible of realisation without a great initial capital—those will spend their youthfulness while they are still real boys. And then they will become indeed better men than their more precocious predecessors were, just as he who has at first been a thorough boy generally becomes the best man. This new type of man—at the present time scarcely yet arisen—will then have the same superiority over the other which the Etonian, without exception, has over the product of French Lyceums; only that this superiority will here not be rooted in the individual but in the race, because here it has been a matter of racial

education. Thus the American of the future will be able to start from a natural basis which corresponds to a stage of civilisation in old Europe. Till then is a far cry, I know. But after all it is pleasant to revel occasionally in pictures of the future.

Yes, in America democracy means a stage which undoubtedly leads upwards. It quickens the inner metamorphosis which the European *psyche* has to undergo in order to participate in individual form in exactly that perfection which, until now, it could only hope to find in typical embodiments. Democracy leads upwards in America because the conditions there render possible the hard schooling through which anyone has of necessity to pass who wants to conquer for himself the right of absolute self-determination.

The good fortune of America is the lack of social consciousness—however superficial this may render the American; this lack forces the individual to take his independence very seriously indeed. Amongst us, democracy will most probably produce only harm as we are already too firmly set to be able ever to lose again our social consciousness. Amongst us, the individual in the future, as in the past, will be far too much supported by the community to develop the characteristics which alone may justify individualism. So there is little prospect that the new ideal will in Europe ever be realised objectively for the better. Like the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, we shall have to submit to the fact that the ideas which have sprouted amongst us only ripen amongst others.

Chicago

What should have happened to me after a three months' stay in Chicago? Should I be dead, or

incurably diseased, or perchance healthy and content because completely adapted? This last alternative seems the most probable even for me, notwithstanding the fact that perhaps no atmosphere which I have ever breathed has been so repellent to me; for such an overpowering repulsion enforces that self-surrender which makes it appear bearable; the organism adapts itself rapidly in order not to perish immediately. And the self-transformation necessary for Chicago cannot be so very difficult, as it has been effected without much ado, and is still being daily effected anew, by millions who prosper here exceedingly. One has to live exclusively through the senses, which, as such, never tire, and also like a bird of prey, to concentrate all attention on that special thing which one happens to intend doing at any particular moment. In such a condition it is no great achievement to be able to telephone in the midst of an infernal clamour, never to lose one's equanimity in the midst of the hurry-scurry, not to lose sight of one's aim in the midst of all the glitter and commotion around. For although the concentration required may be considerable, it is here easier than might be supposed. In the first place, because, after all, only the most superficial layers of consciousness are active, and these like the heart are used to constant work—and then because the environment forces everyone who does not wish to die of starvation to such exertion, and because a "must" makes the most burdensome task possible. In Chicago one has only to take heed not to live beyond the senses and the superficial mind. If one should attempt this, then indeed he is lost. In Chicago the soul is incapable of life.

I arrived here in the afternoon, and by way of a beginning, drove through the city in one of these

touring or seeing cars, which, for very little money, drive hurried tourists in an incredibly short time past all the sights. How I used to jeer in Rome and Paris at the same institution. But there it really constitutes a monstrosity, for that with which we become acquainted from a Cook's car is that which is least interesting. Of all the sights in all the centres of culture, those which are really significant lie beyond the naked fact which is all the Cook-adept beholds. But in Chicago there is no beyond to the facts—no history, no atmosphere, no significance. So one is right to rattle through the streets and past monuments in a rapid motor-car under the direction of a trained guide who incessantly whoops a constant stream of information through a tin megaphone into the car. One does not lose anything by it, but rather gains enormously in time.

Nevertheless that world is awful in which voyages of such a kind appear an *optimum*. I have no objection whatever to the mechanisation in and for itself of life; on the contrary, I think it good that all that is mechanisable should be completely mechanised as soon and as thoroughly as possible, in order that the spirit should in its turn retain the more force and leisure for the super-mechanical. The awfulness of this world lies in the fact that life exhausts itself here in the mechanisable. Here the instrument enslaves the man who should be its master. How have things come to such a pass? In the first place, the scarcity of labour has rendered it a necessity to mechanise whatever was mechanisable and then the fabulous profitableness of this kind of activity has more and more drawn the general attention, so that the non-mechanisable, the

super-mechanisable, appears less and less necessary to life and sinks further and further away from the surface of consciousness. It is a pity indeed that it is not true that a soulless life cannot give a full consciousness of life; all available energy and intensity may be used up in a machine-like existence, so that the very man who appears to the onlooker the most feckless of fellows rightly feels himself a full man and looks down on the more anæmic "soul". The objection to this mechanisation, namely that it devitalises man in the biological sense of that word, is unjustified. The American is brimful of vitality and considers his way of living, precisely for this reason, superior to all others, because it heightens the sense of existence in a way that no other does. And this it does because it forces all available energy into the narrowest possible channel of activity through which that energy receives an enormous momentum. The American business people are true yogīs in so far as they concentrate their attention on one thing, and all the fruits of yoga-practice come to them in principle, such as the potentialising of vitality and of the feeling of their existence, the heightening of capacities, the enlarging of the psychical working capital. What is so horrible in this Americanism is, not that it devitalises people, but that it simplifies that psychic organism to an unheard-of degree; it presses back this organism to the same level as that of the animal. This Americanism proves that an entirely full life may be lived without soul, without spiritual interest, without emotional culture. Of course that is so; most probably no salamander, no worm, longs to emancipate itself from its present condition. When it is said that the narrowest people are the happiest ones, then this gives expression

to the same truth. It is ever so much simpler to realise within narrow limits the completeness of one's life. But this narrowness embodies no ideal; the ideal condition should rather be one in which man managed to become conscious of this completeness through the medium of the universe, in which he would not have to exclude anything to be wholly himself. It would be the absolutely ideal condition, because man is in reality incomparably much more than his person and can therefore by no means become conscious of his own completeness through this personality alone. He can do so in the direction of intensity, but intensity embodies only one dimension. To estimate the American's feeling of existence as higher than that of the World-Sage would mean to attach higher value to a single organ tone—though this might indeed manifest the whole force of the instrument—than to the *Mattheus Passion*.

What then is so terrible in this Americanism is that it impoverishes man. As it reduces all values to that of quantity alone, so it reduces the whole *psyche* to an apparatus for monetary gain. In doing so it pushes back man to the level of the lower animals. Regarding the state of affairs in this way, it appears indeed so repulsive that one might be inclined to think it devoid of danger. In reality it possesses an enormous recruiting power, probably the greatest of its kind in our times. This power it possesses in the first place because everyone hankers after material success, and because the American formula of life is the most favourable to success. The man who does not lose any time with ideals, ideas, and feelings, gets on more rapidly than others. But it is not this which exercises the chief attraction. This

attraction is based on the fact that in this form of Americanism everyone, even the most feckless fellow, becomes conscious of the fullness of his own existence; this formula is so narrow, so cramped, that it gives tension to every vital force. Here then lurks a terrible danger: from now on a lower condition shines out to humanity as the highest. If this ideal be not dethroned with all speed, then it will conduct with certainty to barbarism—the most extreme which has ever reigned.

Hermann Keyserling



CREDO

I believe in the Lord of Life and in His undying love for all that lives.

I believe in the great Concourse of His ministers and in their absolute devotion to His commands.

I believe in the White Brotherhood and in their power and will to serve mankind.

I believe in my own inner God and in Its oneness with the All.

I believe that in the personality I now use, and in all the personalities that shall hereafter grow out of it, I am pledged irretrievably to Human Service and that this pledge will bind me inextricably through all the kalpas.

I believe that the path of love will lead me eventually to the death of the cross, therefore I profess my belief in the love that is stronger than death.

M. M. C. P.

A DREAM

By A. L. POGOSKY

Prologue

HAVE you thought of the wonderful time in which we live and the changes which are going on around us? Some of us may have failed to see how these came about, but none can help seeing and feeling them in his or her own life, and in the lives of those among whom they live. What wonder that this new life clamours for a new form of expression? We cannot, simply cannot, go on hanging in space, nor can we crawl into the old garments all outgrown, all threadbare and ridiculous. The *esprit de corps* has taken birth already. It is evident and manifests itself as soon as "two or three are gathered together in My name". It has spread far and wide all over the globe. We never know whither these downy seeds have flown and found soil and are but awaiting the call.

Have you thought, my friends, that science, art, religion, ethics—all the essence of human life—lie in shreds at our feet, torn from their high pedestals by the same breath of truth that changed our inner world? Do you think they will be reconstructed in the separate cells of individualists? No, a thousand times no. The world of patentees has come to an end. Henceforward we are not to be afraid of our discoveries, of our share of service,

being of use to others. We feel we have come to live for this very giving of our best to the Commonwealth. And I ask you, is it possible at all to accomplish this stupendous work in separateness?

This and this alone may be a basis of Industrial Co-operation. We need scholars, artists, workers of all kinds to join in a supreme effort to build up in harmony—I would like to say, in divine, creative harmony—a new beautiful world, and to work out a new form of life, where our best can be expressed.

Dreams come sometimes from good quarters. While the lower mind finds nothing to suggest for the remedy of endless evils accumulating in our life, something behind it shows at times radiant pictures of a happier and more picturesque life, where the “love of comrades” reigns supreme and creates the beauty of life. Such pictures as these come to me often and one of them I am going to tell as well as I can in English.

The Dream

There is a nice little grove of old trees. A winding path among them leads to a bright little garden, gay with many-coloured blossoms. It looks pretty. One would like to stop for awhile under the few mountain-ashes, on the low, broad bench. It belongs to an old lady who was the first settler in the Colony. She evidently has her own ideas of gardens, and does not force them into traditional flower-beds with borders of shells or tiles or wire-work. No such thing! The plants and their moods are respected and left to please themselves. One would say a happy, little corner where the plants from many countries live amicably together, and remind their hostess of all the spots in

many lands she lived in, and in which she left roots of her existence. But there she is, coming out from her porch with an armful of many-coloured bunches of yarn.

“My dear Professor, you are just the very one whom I wish to see. You can help me greatly,” she calls out.

And the two walk away from the little house through another group of trees and enter a large yard. It is all intersected with ropes fixed to movable poles, and never did a village fair look gayer than this wonderful yard. All the colours of the rainbow are there. Small and large skeins of yarn and linen thread are spread all along the ropes. Golden browns and pinks and russet reds and the blues! Ah, the blues are evidently the favourite shades here—from the palest dreamy blue to the blue of the corn flower; dark serious blues and the blue-green of the sea-waves. Pieces of silk and linen are drying in the hot sun and there are some special golden browns in peculiar patterns that the Professor never saw before, and that attract him at once.

“Yes, these are pretty. We are trying to reproduce the ancient Java pattern dyeing; thanks to the Javanese comrades, we are getting valuable results already. But come to my South Russian room and give us your light on the subject.”

They presently enter a sunny room where a South Russian young woman in her native tartan skirt and embroidered shirt sits at her loom weaving a new tartan. Little red leather boots stand daintily near the loom. Baskets of many-coloured balls of wool, little skeins hanging everywhere from her loom, and the

wall full of specimens and experiments, make the room very bright. A new-comer, she lives in the way of her own country. A scrupulously clean maiden-room it is. Her bed is dazzling white with three high pillows put one over the other. Over it the white wall is covered with pretty devices all made out of twigs and leaves. Flowers are everywhere, a big bunch of wormwood stands on the outer sill of the open window and spreads abroad its peculiar, bitter aroma. In the corner a large icon with many little ones around it, and a lamp burning before the dark Byzantine holy image of S. Nicholas. The maiden has come from her own country not so very long ago and has yet all her old ways. Her stove and dresser are covered with an embroidered curtain. The whole room is peculiarly fresh and bright, a true reflection of its owner. She does not speak much English yet, but evidently has already developed a sense of confidence. She smiles shyly in reply to the Professor's greeting, but her musical South Russian flows rapidly when she speaks to the old lady.

"Here we are," says the latter, showing the various skeins of newly-dyed threads. "There they all are, soft and harmonious, the greens and browns and blues and yellows, red and purple, all mixing together in a most harmonious way."

The old lady played with the skeins, mixing them in many fantastic combinations, and never failed to get a new effect of beauty.

"You *are* clever," said the Professor admiringly.

"Not at all. That is just the quality of vegetable dyes. They always marry harmoniously. I think they must be akin! I mean they must be all one. I cannot

make it out somehow. Whoever would dream of bringing these purples, yellows, blues and reds together? But here they are, a perfect harmony; don't you think so?" and the old lady put the new combination of shades on a cloth of grey, and it looked most attractive.

"But look at this. Here are three shades of red. Look how impossible, how utterly foreign they seem among these soft colours. Why they seem nearly vicious! Yet they come from our own dye-house where you know we do not use artificial mineral pigments. Here, Odarka, show us the materials you used for these reds."

Odarka ran to the next room, climbed with the elastic swing of her youth up the rows of shelves, and soon the Professor had in his hands a little phial of some dark substance. He examined it carefully and said: "I think I know why it does not mix well with the other shades. It belongs to another kingdom. All the others are vegetable, this one belongs to the animal kingdom. Come now to my own den, and let us investigate this at once. It is most interesting and very suggestive."

They went through a winding path between the characteristic Russian peasant fences overgrown with climbing pumpkins. A good many raspberry and black currant bushes bordered neat little patches of cucumbers and beans and fennel. A strong spicy aroma of many kitchen herbs came from these patches. A couple of Norwegian houses were seen close to the straw-thatched Russian houses. One more winding, and the scene changed completely. They were now in a fully English sphere, and a very happy English corner this one appeared to be; old-fashioned flowers in neat flower-beds, on a slope ascending towards a cottage. The broom was

in full bloom and the hollyhocks formed a living wall of radiance. The neatly kept sandy paths led the two to the Professor's cottage. It was difficult to say where the garden stopped and the house began. The green plants and blossoms seemed to invade the house, and some of them made their homes under the roof and climbed up to the glass set in for the north light. It was a lovely abode. Some one must have put a soul into it.

"My old woman loves her flowers and her home," said the old man, "and she designed and planned the house herself. As long as she suffers me and all my dusty books in every room of the ground-floor, I am content. She is imagining now a new ridiculous thing. Fancy, we are to dust the books now with the vacuum cleaner. So there is to be no more dust to speak of, and I need not run away during the spring cleaning as of yore. Dear me! I shudder to think of it!"

They entered in a pleasant subdued light. The dining room and the study and every available wall, in the central hall or lounge, over the doors and under the staircase, was full of books. The Professor reached out after one book and another, and became more and more interested.

"I see a little light now," he said at last. "Nature does not like sudden jumps. All is orderly within its laws of evolution. Man, it is true, often forces these laws. It is natural for him to seek, to investigate, to enlarge his consciousness. So he experiments—does he not? Sometimes he discovers beauty. Sometimes he goes the wrong way, gets entangled, vitiates his own perception of beauty, brings about ugliness, perverts the conception of beauty of many generations. Now what have we here in this little phial of your quaint

little maiden? It is cochineal. Do you know anything about the life of the cochineals? Well, well, many of us could get a lesson from these seemingly insignificant little beasts. We are apt to judge by the size, are we not? It is true they are small. I find just now that a pound of Polish cochineal pigments contains one hundred and thirty-five thousand insects. Small enough. But these little things have a large idea of duty. To begin with the male dies after he has done his duty by the female. Then the female lays eggs and in order to protect their development covers them with her own body and remains till the eggs are hatched and grown into fully equipped insects. Then of the mother there remains only an empty shell. These very heroines served as material for these reds that you found so foreign to your assortment of vegetable dyes."

"I understand now," said the old lady. "Thank you. You helped me greatly. I never would have been able to find this out. But what shall I do to substitute for the red obtained in this criminal way another red of vegetable origin?"

"You will have to do as the vegetarians did during the first years, when they had to fight against the habit and prejudice of ages. You do not hear now that the vegetarians have to starve themselves in order not to kill lambs and calves and birds, and what not, or that the unkilld animals will fill the earth and force out man. The old meat-eaters were punished for their criminal ways by gout, sclerosis, all sorts of illnesses, while you, by breaking into the animal kingdom and destroying milliards of beings, were punished by an ugly colour. You further sin by inflicting on the human eye something ugly, under pretext of beauty.

This last is the greatest sin of all. But there is another side to it and for this you must consult our Theosophical friend, who is for ever sticking his nose into the *Secret Doctrine*. I think he will be able to give you the true philosophy of this, and I venture to say he will be glad to have your facts brought out like this from the concrete world. We all help each other, sister."

They parted amicably, both happy to have helped each other to find a new truth.

The old lady turned round to continue her way, when a young stranger appeared on the path, led by some of her little girl-friends. She hastened to welcome the new-comer. Indeed there was no need of finding expression for hospitable welcome. The old lady has lived all her life in the wide world's family in almost every clime and continent, and she loved to see them coming from anywhere, sure to hear of some mutual friend, of some new scheme of life, and always hoping to make more and more converts to her own ideals. Every time she saw a stranger she felt her immense family was growing.

"I come to you from Chicago," said the visitor. "Jane Adams sent me to you."

"And no name could sound better in my heart," replied the old lady friendlily, "though indeed you need no pass-word here. We are glad to see comrades coming here whether they come to stay, or only as a temporary link between ourselves and their own folks wherever they may be living."

"Dear friend, my name is Helen Baldwin. Do you remember me?"

"My dear Helen!" The old face lightened sweetly. "My sweet child, of course I do. Did I not keep you

often enough on my lap and teach you Russian embroidery. A young full-fledged woman now," she said, and kissed her eyes and cheeks. "You give me a rare pleasure, darling! We must have a long, good time together and I will make a new friendship. There is more of you now," said the old lady, looking deep into the girl's beautiful eyes. Then she threw off this mood and resumed her ordinary busy self.

"Will you come to my house, dear, or, if not too tired, would you care to go on with me a little further? I have yet a business call to make?"

"The sooner I see how you all live and work here, the better I will be pleased," replied the American. "I have heard no end about your group at home."

"Let us go on then. I have to see a young jeweller, who settled here not long since. He is anxious to have orders, and I bring him very good news from town. I just returned thence this morning. Perhaps you may have heard we have a co-operative depôt there. A good deal of what we produce here is sold through this depôt and we get orders. We have quite a system of fitting-rooms, and interview-parlours. All sorts of connections with town are centred there. Well, I do not mind playing the message-boy for them sometimes," smiled the old lady. "But here we are!"

At the jeweller's quite a different style of living obtained. It was a whole nest, a regular human bee-hive. A good many young artisans and artists lived here, preferring to have their own rather free and easy ways. They did not bother as yet about flowers and properly dusted rooms full of books. The house seemed to belong to no special style of architecture, and presented rather a system of unpremeditated afterthoughts in the way of

extensions, little turrets, studios and balconies, overhanging a big lawn with a few shady trees, where the inmates evidently spent their leisure. A deal of noise came from these quarters, and a song was heard accompanied by some hammering. It would suddenly drop and suddenly commence again. The singer evidently forgot all about who might be listening to his cheerful voice. Coming nearer, the old lady saw just the man she wished to see. His bench was at the open window. Summer and winter he worked there, rarely closing his window. The hot metal-work protected him enough from cold. But he was not alone. At the outside of the window sat a very popular figure, a favourite lecturer, a man who knew many things from the ancient times. A hot discussion was going on at this moment and so interested were both that they never noticed the new-comer.

“Why! This explains everything!” the old lady heard the jeweller saying. His face was greatly excited. His eyes sparkled. “I always felt there must be a meaning to it. But you know how we are taught. Who will ever take the trouble to speak to us of symbols, of all these beautiful things you told me just now? Now I seem to have wings. But I will have to arrange everything differently in my head. Ah, yes—I will study, sure enough. And when I go to the library in our hall, I will try to get the book you spoke about. I feel ashamed of having worked all my life as an ignoramus, of having used words without knowing their meaning, in fact not suspecting they had a meaning. Folks wanted pretty jewellery, and I made it to order, that’s all. But I felt it all the same when I did something really good. It was usually when I took my design

from an ancient piece. I need not pride myself much, because I only copied something I did not understand. Now I see it as plain as plain can be," he exclaimed excitedly, lifting one of his golden ornaments. "Of course this symbol is wrongly wrought! What a shame! It is just as if an artist would represent a man, drawing him upside down! You put me quite on a new track, friend!"

The old lady claimed his attention now. She went into his workshop and gave him various messages and orders, while the young girl remained at the open window. She heard their conversation on some Siberian stones and Frankfurt ones. She saw the two bending over little boxes of these stones and comparing them with American ones. She was astonished to hear more details about the points of the Mexican opals than she ever suspected they could have. At last the old lady hurried out giving the jeweller her last words: "And don't you disappoint the two sisters with their Greek necklets. They must have them for the Greek dances in a fortnight."

And taking Helen's arm she crossed the lawn.

From behind a group of trees now came dancing a joyous young band, mostly girls, dark and fair, and little Odarka was there too in all her Oukraina finery, flowers and innumerable ribbons and corals. The girls belonged to different nationalities, and you never saw such a striking completeness of types and ways. It was the richest bouquet of the prettiest of flowers that spoke of North and South, West and East, all united in love. It was good to see them, this living garland full of hope and joy! They fluttered like so many birds and just as suddenly settled under a large chestnut-tree

where a young artist made a centre among an eager group of boys. There must have been something very interesting going on. The old lady went closer, and at once became as interested as the youngest of the boys. The artist had on his knee a board and a few sheets of paper. The designs he made looked not at all modern. One would say it was some new art, unlimited by any laws of graphic arts as we know them to-day.

“What are you teaching these boys, friend?”

“They teach me as much as I do them,” said the artist, smiling, and lifting his pink face to the old lady. “We think of the best way, the best line to express a mood or a fact of nature.” And he showed her a number of loose sheets full of quaintest designs which reminded her of Hindū pictures of ancient times.

“I thought you drew symbols?”

“And so they are. Is not any true picture a symbol of the mood one wishes to express? The boys gave me excellent suggestions and I value them, because they are not yet spoiled by conventional ideas, by rules and dogmas of the modern school. I had to break through all this myself and sometimes am not yet quite sure that I have got rid of my academic ways. But I am beginning to find a new and truer way since I have learnt to consider this material world only as a reflection of the spiritual world.”

The boys became impatient; they did not enjoy these conversations so much as the delightful process of imagining, creating, expressing themselves in lines.

“Look here, Jadensh, is not the line of a wave and a mountain the same? Look how it comes.” And the crowd bent over the artist’s knees and his loose sheets anew and the two ladies left them and went their own way.

Under another tree a very heterogeneous group was in animated conversation. A botanist, grey-haired and bent with age, a scholar for ever poring over books and MSS. and dried plants, and a tall, fair young girl in Swedish costume. She was a healer and herbalist. Another of the group was an astrologer, and among these, strikingly quaint, sat an old Russian peasant woman. She was also a healer in her own village, and the lore of the woods and meadows used to be an open book to her. She came with her daughter to live among these foreign folks for a little as a sacrifice to her daughter's whim; at first critical and keeping apart, gradually all the loving ways of these 'foreigners' won her over and she picked up English and loved to attend every meeting and was herself quite a pet of every one, young and old. The young mothers often brought her their babies when they had to go to town or to a meeting, and with these she needed not any more elaborate English than she already possessed. They met in love and understood each other perfectly. She was quite charmed to see all the simple herbs she knew so well spread out in the scholar's collection on big white sheets, in portfolios and under glass. At home, in Russia, gentry only made fun of her, and the doctors would not allow her to use them for the sick. Indeed she was many times prosecuted, and for what? She wished them well! But here, people were different. They were even interested in her lore about the various plants she recognised on the pictures and sheets. Once the old scholar got quite excited and put down on paper all she said! He pretended it was she who taught him a lesson! What a joke, to be sure, thought the old mother.

“Now, my dear,” said the old lady, turning to her American guest, “come to my own nest, and let us have a cup of tea and rest a bit, before I take you to our communal evening meal and meeting. I feel as if I have done enough for the day, according to my strength.”

The two turned into another shady path, avoiding this time all the settlements, and came down nearly to the edge of a little rivulet.

“This is my favourite path,” said the old lady, and she stood still, taking a very long breath. She seemed to need the silence of the woods and the bitter strong aroma of the vegetation, and even the warbling sound of the water. “Come, I will show you something I like better than any famous picture in the galleries, or any sensations of mountain scenery in our big albums, reproduced from the best landscape painters.” And she led her friend to a secluded spot. The trees, now in the radiance of autumn colouring, receded, leaving a charming little lake, or rather pond, with a mirror-like surface, in which the pretty, many-hued trees and bushes and the line of the sky were reflected. Not a stir, not a wave; only a sound of trickling drops of water came from somewhere, and made the silence more silent, more holy. Some of the pink and golden leaves dropped quietly, one by one, sailing through the air till they touched the mirror-like surface of the water and remained there. A wonderful mood reigned in this place and soon took hold of the two. They stood there arm in arm, plunged in thought. The light golden leaves dropped here and there in a dreamlike motion.

“Look, Helen, they seem living things, giving up their mortal shapes back to nature and, who knows, that

their souls, yes, the souls of each of these little yellow leaves, are not rejoicing now in their being liberated on higher spheres? Who knows that this mood of ours is not an unrealised communion of our own souls with these brothers and sisters, the barrier of the material body being broken in this really majestic, beautiful way? There is no death! I think I begin to feel how beautiful this release of the soul may be."

The girl touched her cheek lovingly and they continued their way, still by the edge of the brook. It was a pleasant, half-overgrown path, evidently not often used. But here was the straw-thatched roof of the house which the old lady made her own for the time being. A little porch with two low, broad benches, a shelf-table with a few tools on it and a basket with odds and ends, showed that the old lady used this porch as a balcony. It was turned to the West, and she loved to watch the sundown from this spot, doing her various handiwork.

They went in, left their bonnets and shawls in a little side-room, a quaint little place with a wash-stand, garden tools, baskets and a few distaffs and spinning wheels, and a large mirror in a carved frame representing old Russian mythological deities. Odarka heard her "little mother" coming, and made the tea in the studio. The latter was a beautiful, restful room with large windows above and dark wooden panels all round.

"I did not know you had a studio," said Helen. "I never heard you were an artist."

"If you call artist one who paints pictures, I am not an artist," smiled the old lady, "but my eyes love a comfortable light, as I work a great deal with my hands and use my eyes all the light hours of the day. And

who can be comfortable when the light shines right into the eyes on their level? No, I like the light coming from above. The sun shows the way, if we only study its purpose. Perhaps this is why I am still working without spectacles, old as I am. But here is the tea. Odarka, come and have tea with us."

"Little mother, I had tea already with the girls, and I must finish my to-day's work. Time is getting on. I must leave the loom in a decent way before we all go to the Hall, you know, little mother."

The 'studio' bore an impression of many years' work. A wide counter on one side of it was filled with simple cardboard maps of various specimens of the handicrafts of many lands. Laborious stages of revival of weavings, embroideries and laces, designs and patterns of garments, mostly oriental, with pictures also of eastern people wearing them in ancient and modern time, specimens of vegetable dyeing and various processes of hand-block printing on silks and cottons and linens. These portfolios evidently contained the accumulations of years and years of strenuous study and work, and attempts of all kinds filled large shelves under the counter. Two large glass cases on both sides of the counter contained a beautiful collection of antique garments, head-wear, silver ornaments, amber, crosses of many ancient shapes, belts, buttons with precious stones and embroideries. The young American had 'an eye' for antiques, her own country being so devoid of a past. "You must be proud of your collection," she said admiringly.

"No, my dear. It is not pride; my collection only reminds me how well folks worked when they loved their work, when work and love and life were one. It

answers all my difficulties. When in my modern mind I cannot find the right method, the right shape, the right colouring, I open my treasures, I meditate upon these, and always find a way, find help."

Tea was a welcome treat. The two fell into silence. The twilight mood was upon them, something like a gathering of all the many-coloured threads of the day's impressions and work into one light thread of experience. The old lady seemed absorbed and retrospective, the young one full of new thoughts and resolutions for the future.

"It is time we should go to our evening meeting," said the hostess at last, as if unwilling to come out of her reverie. "This, I am sure, will be something of a sensation for you, and I promise you, you will enjoy yourself."

They went through the little garden gate, finding their way through kitchen gardens by a short cut the old lady much preferred, on account of the nice, spicy odours the various herbs exhaled, then through the grove that divided the centre lawn from the bunch of settlements.

When they emerged from the grove a sight met their eyes which, even in the beginning of the twentieth century, might fill anyone with wonder, unacquainted with the recent, famous discovery of this fantastical substance which now they call *glass-iron*, and which revolutionised the art of architecture completely. There was the Hall or rather several Halls in a bunch, the joyful dream of an artist, a conception precipitated from higher spheres in a moment of adoration. It glowed in an even, subdued, opalescent light. Who could describe its shape? Since all the straight lines that limited the old architecture

had disappeared and seemed unnecessary, unnatural, in this new style of architecture inspired by this new substance, so easy to shape, fluid in its originating through the gate of fire, almost as fluid as the artist's thoughts and visions, and yet so firm and solid when completed! Its fluidity in some way suggested the lines of shells and flowers. The wonderful building they approached now resembled very much four huge shells turned down, spreading their outer edge to the four cardinal points. Out of their connected backs shot first a spiral tower decorated by translucent groups of shells and flowers. The whole radiant lovely building was poised lightly in the surrounding world of plants and flowers, now dark under the night's sky but making a living border of a lacy pattern where the feet of the building touched earth. It seemed a dream ready to disperse like vapour; it carried the mind to higher spheres, to higher conceptions of beauty.

The two went in with a feeling of expectancy and joy, and found themselves in a magic castle, the magic lent by the grand proportions and fantastic lines made possible by this wonderful glass-iron substance, so transparent and pearl-like, yet as strong as a rock. The hour of the evening meal was not yet, and no one but the officers on duty were there arranging the flowers on the tables already glistening with the freshness of the cloths and pretty service. Pottery was there only as an exception, as a contrast to the fantastic vases and jugs made of glass-iron. The articles evidently clung to the mediæval shapes of the Venetians, yet there was also a new note of the twentieth century suggestive of seeking new expression of loftier lines and carrying the mind to more ethereal ideals of beauty. Flowers

were in abundance. Almost more telling was the variegated, many-hued autumn foliage set up in huge bunches in pottery stands behind some of the seats and sofas.

Lights were not to be seen anywhere, but light flowed freely, reflected in the luminous walls. The newcomer sought the source of this glorious light and traced it up to the ceiling. In graceful bunches of lotus-flowers, among their many leaves, as if it all formed a reflected lake with these swimming leaves and flowers, light streamed generously. There was facility for colouring the light, and then the flowers and leaves were all in their natural shades, but as a rule the creamy-white light was preferred and considered more restful.

The proportions of the lofty hall made the number of seats as naught. There was no crowding, no monotony in the arrangement of seats, perfect freedom of space and many picturesque little nooks in the recesses of the waving line of the shell-like dado, attractive little bowers for three or four people; in some larger ones a table following the shape of the recess, for ten or more, seemed to await a joyous band of friends, always meeting there at this hour and having their own individual details in the setting of the table.

The ventilation seemed perfect. The windows had nothing to remind one of the clumsy, stiff lines of a former style of architecture. By a clever device a part of the wall opened and a network of interlaced leaves and flowers remained, and, fluttering in the evening breeze, served as a pretty fan. If necessary, this network could be pushed asunder and a large oval left open.

The officers on duty all wore pretty over-alls to protect the evening dress, because none of them would

like to miss the evening lecture and social. The washing up part of the work, which comes after a meal on the tired hands, that once gave so much bitter feeling, was dealt with in a simple way. The large scullery had big tanks with running water. All the dishes after the meal were put in there and left for the night. In the morning, during the work-hours, those whose duty it was, came and cleaned hall, kitchen and dishes in a thorough and composed way, without any hurry or bitter feeling of having missed one of the most interesting hours of communal life.

As they had still some time left and the old lady had to see some of the staff, they went into the kitchen. To the great amazement of the new-comer the kitchen was as large and as splendid in its appointments as the dining hall. When she took in all the features of this little kingdom so full of movement, and the young smiling faces of the officers on duty, and the huge groups of fruit and vegetables, she thought she never knew there was so much beauty, colour and exquisiteness of shape in what, up to this time, was referred to by her only as food, and kept rather out of sight. She noticed a recess, evidently fitted up specially for fruit and vegetables, with movable shelves. Huge pumpkins, melons, long cucumbers and small, juicy, vivid-green Russian ones, the English rich-red tomatoes, and apples and pears from nearly all parts of the globe, were on the broad lower shelves. Over them the democratic pretty carrots and turnips. Large bunches of poppy heads and red pepper pods were among them, as if to bring an artistic note of bizarre lines and colouring into the sober prose of the carrots and turnips. Higher still were all sorts of things, ripe and ripening. On the large counter beneath,

and under it, were numerous baskets of nuts and chest-nuts, herbs and salads, beans and celery ; the air was full of sweet and spicy flavours.

A pretty girl sat near this wealth of colour, herself like a ripe hazel-nut, shelling beans for to-morrow.

She greeted the new-comer.

“ You do not mind this work ? ” said the latter.

“ Mind ? I love it,” quickly replied the girl. “ Look at these darlings. They lie in the pod, like a precious jewel, in this pretty delicate wadding provided by the mother plant. Besides I do not shell beans all the time. We have a variety of things to do and go from one thing to another steadily. We not only serve, but we learn. It is our academy, and this is our dear professor. Look at him now. We all love him and are glad when our turn comes. The colonists are so many now that there may be a whole month before my turn comes again.”

The new-comer turned to see the professor. Sure enough ! He seemed a lovable old body. He stood in the centre of the kitchen behind a half-circular counter like a real magician. He directed the whole operation from this spot. The assistants, circulating from every part of the kitchen and receiving instructions went on, giving place to others.

A pretty young girl with her head covered fantastically with a turban brought a sauce-pan and seemed very intent upon its contents. “ Look, daddy ; here is this sauce of yours which you said was going to put a cachet of perfection on the whole meal to-night ! I do not care a straw about anything else. But this must be a real success. Taste it please, daddy, I am rather anxious,” and she watched him enquiringly while the

old gentleman daintily put it to the test, and the young American was trying her best not to laugh—they seemed so grave over it.

“My dear,” said he, “it may have done for a time before you and I came upon the scene, when people boiled and overboiled in lots of water any vegetable, without any respect or understanding of their individual characteristic, and in order to be able to swallow the vile stuff covered it with gravy and impossible strong hot sauces made in factories. In those times of course anything would do, people would not notice. But now! Ah, well! I know what is wanted.” He turned to his innumerable little drawers, all carefully labelled, took out something of one and another, opened a third, and then putting the whole collection of ingredients into the sauce-pan, suggested: “Put the sauce-pan on the chafing round No. 4, let it simmer. *Please* do not boil it. Those are very subtle flavours and will not bear coarse handling. After twenty minutes’ simmering put it all through a sieve, and you will have something to your credit, dear! It will be excellent.” And he kissed his fingers to the girl, who already was on her way to the stoves.

“Yes, dear,” he said to another, “never put the fruit on the plates without its natural surrounding, a few pretty leaves. Thank goodness, we are not in winter yet. Plenty in the division B. Select what you like and the less uniform your fruit plates are, the better. Why, in their native land, who ever serves an orange without its twig and leaves!”

A young man was waiting his turn, complaining he could not get flavour-extracts for his pudding-sauce.

“I see, you are new here,” said the old gentleman, “so I will tell you. The Colonists have decided to avoid

as much as they possibly can, any imitations. Why ? ” he flared up. “ We want the real thing, no caricature of it. No coal-tar productions here ! We have nearly lost our taste with all this factory stuff, and began to swallow all as tamely as . . . Well, here you are, there are some pods of real vanilla, right from Mexico. What can be better ? Use this and you will never wish to use anything else out of these factory bottles which we banished from here, I hope for ever.”

The gong sounded and the little trolleys with soup tureens rolled out of the kitchen to the openings where the assistants received them and carried them to the tables.

The dining hall filled rapidly through the many entrances from the lawn, where the people usually strolled about, meeting comrades and exchanging news. It was a pretty sight that met the eyes of the young American guest. A feeling of festivity and contentment reigned among all those who entered the prettily lighted hall, and those who yet came through the lawn and lighted paths in picturesque groups. Yes, the scene was truly picturesque and the former ridiculous dark attire of man seemed discarded. People followed their own inspirations, and their garments were more human than fashionable. Being a summer night, a great many wore natural creamy-white Chinese silk. A few had their respective traditional garb, a few kilts and Hindū flowing robes were among them too, and a few experiments, not always happily expressed, yet suggestive of an artistic feeling and an idea of freedom of movement. Some wore the various cloths woven in the colony, and some evidently studied the colour of their own aura, helped by the researches of the old astrologer. Some of

those who worked in town held yet to the starched shirts, but indeed there were few of these survivals, swept away as they were by the easier and prettier garments. Women? They had an easier time of it, and they took to these pretty, original garments like ducks to water. It needed only some common-sense, some understanding of the true relation of man to animals, and all this nightmare of feathers and plumes, shells and furs disappeared like a cloud in a sunny day.

Later in the evening, the two friends entered the lecture hall. A different mood seemed to reign here and the noise of the talking and laughing seemed to be hushed from the very atmosphere of it. One could feel that this place was beloved and cherished in a different way and people turned quite a different side of their being to it. It was associated with many bright and beloved names of teachers and comrades, and the hearts of the audience often beat in unison under the influence of some inspired speech, some winged thought, which came soaring from the platform.

The Hall was filling rapidly. Someone lowered the light, so as to make it pleasant and restful. The platform alone was brightly lighted. The strains of music were heard from an upper gallery. Tender, soft chords shed their harmony on the crowd from above, as a blessing and a gift to all. And having done this the music softly melted into silence.

A well-known voice came from the platform :

I will establish in every city, inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods and above every keel,
 little or large, that dents the water
Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

A. L. Pogosky



HYMN TO PRAKṚṬI

From the Prapañchasāra Tantra¹

By ARTHUR AVALON

Author of *Tantra of the Great Liberation,*
Hymns to the Goddess, etc.

THE following fine hymn is translated from the *Prapañchasāra* (Essence or Account of the extended elemental Universe), a celebrated Tāntrik work attributed by Indian tradition to Bhagavān Shaṅkarāchārya, author of the *Shārīraka Bhāshya* who is believed to have been an incarnation of Shiva Himself. And so the author of the *Prapañchasāravivarana* states

¹ The Samskr̥t text of which will shortly be published with a summary in English in the third volume of my *Tāntrik Texts*.

that Shiva is the author of this work through his incarnation (Avaṭāra), the philosopher Shaṅkara. The *Prapañchasāra* is a discourse by Nārāyaṇa (here the Mahāviṣṇu or Paramashiva) in reply to a question of Brahmā as to the origin of Himself and the world; and after a discussion of this and other general subjects passes to that of ritual in the description of which this Hymn with others is to be found (10th Chapter v. 49 *et seq.*) The *Mahāsiḍḍhasāra Ṭantra* includes a Ṭantra called *Prapañchasāra* amongst the group of sixty-four which are assigned to what is called Rathakrāntā or region extending from the Vinḍhya Mountains to Mahāchīna but whether this is the same work I cannot say. I have been informed, though I have not seen any such manuscript, that there was an ancient Ṭantra called *Prapañchapañchaka* and it has been suggested that the text from which this Hymn is taken is a summary of that work. At present, however, this is mere conjecture and against it there is, amongst other things, the fact that the work describes itself as a Ṭantra; that is, to use the term in its proper sense, an original Scripture. For Nārāyaṇa says at v. 62 of Chapter 33. "Oh Lotus-born, in this Ṭantra (Ṭanṭre'smin) I have shown Thee the Prapañcha in its fivefold aspect." The text is one in any case of high authority in Ṭānṭrik literature. It has been the subject of several commentaries such as the *Prapañchasāravivarāṇa*, the *Prapañchasārasambhandhadīpikā*, and the *Prapañchasārasārasaṅgraha*. It is constantly cited as an authority in other Ṭānṭrik works notably by Rāghava Bhatta, one of the greatest of Ṭānṭrik commentators, the author of the commentary on the celebrated Ṭānṭrik compendium formerly so current in Bengal—the *Shāradātilaka*.

As will be later seen, this Hymn like others of its type contains a large number of technical terms and scriptural allusions. These will be found explained in the English Introduction to the Ṭānṭrik Text from which it is an extract. The purpose of this article is merely to give the English reader a general idea of the style of this work on its higher devotional side. Touching this particular Hymn it is sufficient to point out here that in conformity with the principles of Hindū worship, as enunciated by the great Shaṅkara, when we contemplate the World-flower we are led back in thought to its seed and then again shown its state of blossoming. Therefore the Hymn commences with Praḍhāna (Pra+ḍhā+anaṭ) or "That which contains all things in itself"; the source and receptacle of all matter and form. In another aspect this Praḍhāna is known as Prakṛṭi (Pra+krṭi) or "That by which all actions, namely, creation (Sṛṣṭi), maintenance (Sṭhiṭi), and dissolution (Laya), are achieved". We can ourselves know nothing of the nature of this action beyond what appears to us in its effects. For it is Apraṭarkya, that is beyond all human conception and discussion. It is known only to the dual "male-female" Puruṣha-Prakṛṭi aspect of the Supreme Unity in action. We are ourselves but its effects or transformation (Vikṛṭi) and limited manifestations of the immanent and yet transcendent cause.

Revealed Scripture tells us of certain creational states known in the Ṭānṭra as Vinḍu, Nāḍa, Vīja, or conditions of the One in the manifestation of Shakti and Shiva. In relation to the Prapañcha they appear as the threefold functions which are Brahmā (Aja), Viṣṇu (Aḍhokṣhaja: Spouse of Shri); Nārāyaṇa ("Enemy of Kaiṭabha"); Rudra (Triḱṣhana; Bhava; "The enemy

of Tripura ”; Spouse of the Daughter of the King of mountains) to whom the Great Mother Māyā is still a mystery as She is to ourselves. Verse 18 refers to Shakti and Shānta. In the science of Mantra these form part of the Vija or seed-mantra and are states of the Brahman which in its various aspects the Mantra is. When referable to the Sādhaka (worshipper) Shakti is that all-pervading, all-embracing energy which appears in the Sādhaka of the Mantra in the stage leading to and immediately preceding Shānta. Here all his wishes are realised without will or effort ; for he is himself that by which they are done. Shānta is a Rasa (or “ sentiment,” to use a common but inappropriate term) which implies that state in which there is neither happiness nor unhappiness, attachment or desire. The Shānta here spoken of is the subtle essence (tanmātra) of that. This state appears in the Mokṣha (liberation) stage when the supreme Ātmā is realised. Many principles and elements (Ṭaṭṭva) have gone to our making and that of the world wherein we live. From the Supreme Ṭaṭṭvas (Paraṭaṭṭva) of Puruṣha-Shiva and Prakṛti-Shakti have evolved the well-known Vikṛtis of Buddhi, Ahankāra and so forth ; ending with the gross elements (Mahābhūta), the combinations of which make up our physical world. Mahatṭva in v. 4, is that state of transformation (Vikṛti) of Mūlaprakṛti which when individualised is called Buddhi : and the Ahankāra in the same verse is distinguishable from that mentioned in v. 6 in that the former is this Ṭaṭṭva before its division into the Taijjasa, Vaikārika and Bhautika Ahankāras. The Hymn celebrates all these and Her dual aspect as the various Deities and the world of things which She is and of which She as Māyā is the great Mother, and the

Anṭarātmā (v. 7) or indwelling Spirit in all. For they are all Hers and Her. It is through Her workings that the One Light appears to be broken into countless rays by the prism of our waking (Jāgraṭ) consciousness. But as the Hymn says: how can we know Her as She is—the own-form or Svarūpa as the Hindūs call it? Owing to the inherent nature of our conditioned consciousness we can only (v. 3) know and worship the Mother in Her gross form as Our Ruling Lady (Maheshī). And what is this worship? The Hymn tells us in accordance with the principles of a well-known Ṭānṭrik precept: “May all we do be homage to Thee”; that is: all bodily action should according to a fundamental principle of the Ṭānṭra be first offered to Her and thus divinised. In the same way the Hymn to Viṣṇu in the 21st Chapter of the same work contains the fine line “Ḍevesha karma sarvvang me bhaved ārādhanam ṭava” (“Oh Lord of Ḍevas, all my actions should be worship of Thee”). The Manṭra given in Chapter 6, vv. 171-181 of the Mahānirvāṇa Ṭānṭra, explains in greater detail what these are. Worship in fact is according to the Ṭānṭra the conscious and right orientation of ourselves and every one of our activities of which set hymn and prayer are but one of many forms of true self-expression.

HYMN TO PRAKṚṬI

- 1 Be gracious to me, Oh Pradhānā
 Who art Prakṛṭi in the form of the elemental world,
 Life of all that lives.
 With folded hands I make obeisance to Thee Our Lady
 Whose very nature and will it is to do
 That which we cannot understand.

- 2 A hymn is composed of sentences
 And these of words with their terminations ;
 Words again consist of letters
 And Thou Thyself, Oh Supreme Queen, art the letter.
 Thus art Thou both the Hymn and those who hymn Thee.
- 3 Even Aja, Adhokṣhaja and Trikshana
 Know not Thy Supreme form which is Mâyā,
 But pray to Thee in Thy gross form as Ruler.
 Therefore so must I pray to Thee.
- 4 Salutation to Thee our Lady supreme over all
 Who art Vindu ;
 Obeisance to Thee the Paraṭṭva,
 Who art Pradhāna and Mahatṭva
 Salutation to Thee who art in the form of Ahankāra.
- 5 Obeisance to Thee in the form of sound and ether,
 Salutation to Thee in the form of touch and air,
 Obeisance to Thee in the form of sight and fire,
 Salutation to Thee in the form (of taste and) water,
 Obeisance to Thee in the form of earth with its quality of
 smell.
- 6 Salutation to Thee in the form of the ear, skin, eyes,
 tongue, and nose,
 And in the form of mouth, arms, legs, organs of excretion
 and generation ;
 Salutation to Thee as Buddhi, Ahankāra and Chitta ;
 Obeisance to Thee who art in the form of the whole
 Universe,
 Who pervadest all
 And yet art formless.
- 7 Thou art the Anṭarātmā,
 Who by the sun upholdest all living creatures
 And who by the moon ever nourishes them.
 Again assuming the appearance of fire, the carrier of obla-
 tions, Thou burnest.
 Oh Mahādevi verily do these three lights and fires issue
 from Thee.
- 8 Assuming the form of Brahmā with active quality
 The four-headed one seated on a shining white swan
 Thou dost create the world
 Of which Thou becomest the Mother.
 Who is there indeed, Oh Supreme Ruler,
 Who can imagine Thy supreme state ?

- 9 Adorned with crown,
Resplendent with conch and discus,
As Nārāyaṇa with quality of manifestation,
Thou dost maintain the world ;
For He also is part of Thee.
- 10 Again in the form of the three-eyed Rudra
Carrying axe and a rosary
On whose matted hair are moon, serpent, and Ganges,
He with the quality which veils,
Thou dost at the end of the Kalpa destroy the whole
universe
And then alone shinest.
- 11 Thou, Oh Supreme Lady, art Sarasvatī
The presiding Goddess of speech
Clad in white raiment,
Holding a rosary of Rudrākṣha beads, a pen, and a jar of
nectar.
Thou makest the Chintā gesture.
Thou art the Three-Eyed One
Bearing upon Thy matted hair
The shining crescent moon.
- 12 Thou art, Oh Queen, the uncreated changeless One,
Thou art Durgā
With shining conch and discus,
Formidable with whirling sword ;
She who with high and glittering crown
Is borne upon a roaring lion.
The crowd of Daityas Thou dost destroy,
But Siddhas worship Thee.
- 13 Truly, Oh supreme Ruler, Thou art The (one) Mother
Who art the half of the body of the enemy of Ṭripura,
Shining forth as the spouse of Bhava,
And again as Daughter of the King of mountains,
Oh good and supreme Queen,
Great Yogins salute Thee.
- 14 Great Goddess, I know Thee to be Shri,
The only Mistress of all peoples
Dear to the world ;
She who lives in the sky-blue breast of the enemy of
Kaiṭabha,
Beauteous with the glittering splendour of the Kauṣṭubha
gem.

- 15 Oh great Goddess and all-pervading One,
 The seven shining Mothers
 Are parts and forms of Thee ;
 They who bear the signs, implements, and weapons
 Of Aja, Adri, Guha, Abjāksha,
 Potri, Indraka, and Mahabhairava.
- 16 Thy lustre is that of a thousand rising suns
 In the endless spaces of the Universe.
 Upon Thy head is the crescent moon.
 Thou holdest the noose and goad
 And makest the gestures of granting blessing and of
 dispelling fear.
- 17 Thou, Oh Ruler, art light, fame and beauty,
 Day, evening, and night,
 Action, hope, darkness and hunger,
 Intelligence, memory, patience,
 Speech, mind and knowledge,
 Beauty and splendour,
 And all other powers.
- 18 Oh Destructress of ills,
 Thou who art
 Vinḍu and Nāḍa ;
 Shakti and Shānta
 Thou art in the form of the seven
 Regions, nether worlds, mountains and oceans,
 Stars, islands, substances, and tones.
- 19 Salutation to Thee, Oh great Queen,
 Who art all
 And in the form of all,
 Who art the power in all things,
 Who dost assume forms both gross and subtle.
 Thou art spoken of as memory and knowledge
 And as the want thereof.
- 20 Let all our thoughts be ever of Thee,
 Oh our Great Lady ;
 May all our speech be of, and all our hymn to Thee,
 May all we do be homage to Thee.
 Be ever gracious to and pardon me.

Arthur Avalon

BUDDHISM IN THE NORTH AND EAST

By HERBERT BAYNES

Author of *The Way of Buddha, The Ideals of the East, The Evolution of Religious Thought in Modern India, etc.*

IN a volume contributed to the series known as the WISDOM OF THE EAST, I strove to trace the ontological and ethical aspects of Buddhism. It will now be my endeavour to point out the way, not as taught by the founder himself, but as distorted by his followers in Tibet and in the Far East.

Considered as a system of morality the goal of the *Dharma-Chakra* is *Nirvāṇam*, the blowing or going out from the heart of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. But the *Mahā Yāna* or Northern School of Buddha thought was not content with this. It wanted not only a Wheel of the Law but a Wheel of Life. The end of the Path was no longer a state to be reached here and now, but a far place to which the pilgrim would attain only after much wearisome transmigration.

According to Tibetan and Mongolian Cosmology the *Chakra-Vāla* or Wheel of Life has for its six spokes 31 *Sattva-lōkas*, *i. e.*, abodes of six classes of beings rising one above the other and distributed under systems built up in successive tiers below, upon and above *Sumeru*, the great World-Hill and centre of all. Under

three heads we find arranged all possible places of habitation for migrating beings, and of the forms of existence under which everything that has life must be classed two are good and four bad. The three heads consist of *Naraka*, Hell; four *Kāma-lokas*, worlds of desire; and twenty-six *Deva-lokas*, dwelling-places of the gods, divided into six heavens of beings subject to sensuous desires, sixteen *Rūpa-lokas* or heavens of beings who have acquired true forms, and four *Arūpa-lokas*, heavens of formless entities. The six forms of being representing the spokes of the wheel are: gods, men, demons, animals, ghosts and those undergoing torment in the hells.

In order to appreciate the meaning of the *Arūpa-lokas*, the mystical regions of abstract thought, we must call to mind those higher progressive stages of meditation through which the Buddha is said to have gone at the moment of *Pari-Nirvāṇam*. In the *Mahā-parinibbāna-Sutta* (Chān vi), we read:

“Then the Adorable entered the first stage of meditation; on leaving the first he passed into the second; rising out of the second he entered the third; leaving the third he entered the fourth; rising out of the fourth stage he arrived at the conception of the infinity of space; leaving this conception he attained that of the infinity of intelligence; going beyond this he reached the conception of absolute nonentity; rising out of this idea he entered the region where there is neither consciousness nor unconsciousness; and rising out of that region he passed into the state in which all sensation and perception of ideas had wholly ceased.”

By the practice of *Samādhi*, the six *Abhijñās* or transcendent faculties were supposed to be won, and

there arose at last in Nepāl and Tibet the mystical doctrine of the *Dhyāni-Buddhas*, those abstract essences, the ethereal and eternal types of the fleeting earthly Buddhas who were held to exist in these four formless worlds of thought.

A.—CHATVĀRO 'RUPĀVACHARĀ DEVĀH

Arūpa Lokas

Heavens of formless Entities

1. Nāiva-Sañjñānā-Sañjñāyatanā Dēvāh.—Beings who abide in neither consciousness nor unconsciousness.
2. Ākiñchanyāyatanā Dēvāh.—Those who can conceive the idea of absolute nothingness.
3. Vijñānāntyāyatanā Dēvāh.—Such as are capable of the conception of infinite intelligence.
4. Ākāsānāntyāyatanā Dēvāh.—Those who rejoice in the concept of infinite space.

Then follow the heavens of real forms :

B.—ASHTĀDASA RUPĀVACHARĀ DEVĀH

Rūpa Lokas

Heavens of beings having true forms

5. Akanishtā Dēvāh.—Highest of all beings.
6. Sudarsinō Dēvāh.—Beings lovely to behold.
7. Sudarsa Dēvāh.—Such as see clearly.
8. Atapā Dēvāh.—Those who never endure pain.
9. Avṛhā Dēvāh.—Beings who make no efforts.
10. Asañjñi-sattva Dēvāh.—Such as are lost in unconsciousness.
11. Vṛhat-Phalā Dēvāh.—Those enjoying great reward.

In these seven heavens dwell the emancipated Arhaṭs, who have freed themselves from Samsāra by rising to the fourth or highest grade of Dhyāna. This stage implies freedom from *Nishklesa*, from *Upādāna* and from *Karma*. The Arhaṭ is, in fact, the Jīvan-mukṭa, the soul that lives in liberty, that has entered Nirvāṇam and obtained the Abhijñās, namely: the inner eye, the inner ear, knowledge of all thoughts, recollection of former existences and power over matter.

12. Subha-Kṛtsnā Dēvāh.—Beings of absolute purity.

13. Apramāṇa-Subhā Dēvāh.—Those of unlimited purity.

14. Parīṭta-Subhā Dēvāh.—Such as are of limited purity.

The third Dhyāna means freedom from the first five fetters and re-birth in a Brahmā heaven. Here we find those who are distinguished for purity, the three tiers representing three grades of this virtue.

15. Ābhāsvarā Dēvāh.—Souls of the clearest light.

16. Apramāṇābhā Dēvāh.—Beings of infinite light.

17. Parīttābhā Dēvāh.—Such as are of limited enlightenment.

The man who has risen to the Second *Dhyāna* is one who has nearly become free from the first five fetters, but is still liable to one more birth on the earth. He is the Sakṛd-āghāmī, whilst the man who has reached the third stage of meditation has become An-āghāmī. Of these three heavens the great characteristic is Light, not so much of the sun as rather of the mind, so that we have different heights of intelligence.

18. Mahā-Brahmā Dēvāh.—The great Brahmā Gods.

19. Brahma-purōhitā Dēvāh.—Those who are ministers of Brahma.

20. Brahma-parisajjā Dēvāh.—Such as constitute the retinue of Brahma.

These three constitute the lowest of the four groups of worlds of Real Form, wherein all sexual distinctions are obliterated. This group is the home of the Brahmas. To one of these heavens, according to the extent of his practice, the Buddhist of the first *Dhyāna* ascends. Any man who has “entered the stream” by freeing himself from the delusion of self, from doubts about the Buddha’s teaching and from dependence on external rites cannot be born again in any region lower than these Brahmā worlds.

Then follow the *Deva-lokas*, the abode of beings subject to sensuous desires. These heavens rise in the sky above Mount *Meru*; the Gods here dwelling, being a light unto themselves, have need neither of the sun nor of the moon. But these spheres are all worlds of sense and the inhabitants of both sexes lead active lives. The first of these is ruled by *Mahā-Māra*, the lord of Desire, who is chief in the sense-spheres, above even Indra himself. The region of the Tushitas is held to be specially sacred, as it is the home of the *Bodhi-Sattvas* who will in due course become *Buddhas*. It was there that Gauṭama himself once dwelt and it is the *lōka* of which *Maitreya* is now president.

Last of all come the worlds of men, animals, ghosts and demons.

This is surely enough to show us that the human soul can never work out its own Nirvāṇam. Shall we not listen to that voice of unearthly sweetness: “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world!”

Herbert Baynes

VAHADAT-I-MUTLAQA OR ONE THE ABSOLUTE

In the Name of God the Compassionate and Merciful

[Rendered into English from an Arabic MSS. of the great teacher Shaik Mohyoddin Iban Arabi by "Mazharulla Haidaori".]

PRAISE belongs to God behind and beyond whose unity there is not aught but He alone, who is not confined to above or below, to right or left, to whom proximity and distance are meaningless, who is neither location nor limitation, nor time nor change.

God is as He was. He is thus *per se* one and whole. He is both name and substance. His name is not other than He, nor His substance other than He. He is therefore first without being first, last without being last, outer without being outer, inner without being inner. Viewed thus in the aspect of eternity His names *Awwal* (the First) *Akhir* (the Last) *Zahir* (the Outer) and *Batin* (the Inner) fail to facilitate a true comprehension of His greatness and glory.

Nor is penetration, it must be borne in mind, an attribute of His, since He never penetrates into a thing or a thing into Him. One should know God in this wise and not strive to grasp Him by means of intellect lest one might, through a belief in noumenon, be lost in association.

Enveloped and veiled as He is by unity which is one existence past conception, no one beholds Him besides Himself, no one knows Him besides Himself, no one comprehends Him besides Himself. No messenger, prophet or master, or the closest angel is capable of knowing Him. He Himself is His messenger, prophet. He Himself is His message, His word. He Himself sent His nature as prophet to His nature as people without any cause or intermediary that is other than Him. There is thus no difference between a prophet, the message and the people to whom it is sent.

“He who knows his Self knows his Lord,” said our Prophet (on whom be peace). This indicates that one’s existence is no existence apart from God’s, that God exists without him, that God has not penetrated into him or he into God, that God is not without him and he without God. In other words, one never existed at all, nor will exist in future, nor exists by his nature with, in, or by, divine nature, nor is subject to *Fana*, nor is he the very Self of God, nor is God the very self of him. Such a knowing of Self alone is a certain path to the realisation of God the Lord, other paths leading but to association.

But some masters maintain that divine unveiling is to be acquired by *Fana* of existence and *Fana* of *Fana*. Herein they wrong themselves. Things that have no existence of their own have no *Fana*, for *Fana* must presuppose existence. The Prophet did not say: “He who effaces self knows his Lord,” because one’s personal being is neither existent nor non-existent for one is even now as non-existent as he was before his birth; besides, the notion that *Fana* is the fundamental basis for unveiling implies the existence of other than God which

is rank association. Further, a thing said to exist by itself or even in divine nature, is supposed to be *Fana* in its *Fana*. This leads from one association to another. Rotation of *Fana* results. Those who therefore behold a thing as with, by, or in, God and who uphold a thing as coexistent with God or even in divine nature or as non-eternal by its existence or *Fana*—such never smell the odour of unveiling and are remote from the ultimate knowledge of a Being that is all-existent, without a second.

God and what is said to be other than God, *Nafs* and other than *Nafs*, Self-existence and things extant are one and the same. The Prophet explained *Nafs* to mean existence and did not qualify by *Lavvama* (conscious), *Ammara* (evil), *Muthamainna* (comforted), or *Mulhimma* (inspired). Once he prayed of God: "Unveil to me the things or other than *Nafs* in order that I may perceive and know things as Thy very self or other than Thee, and whether they are perishable or eternal." God granted his prayer. He exhibited to him His *Nafs*. The Prophet beheld things as they are or saw things as the very God in endless spontaneity.

The divine *Nafs* includes then what is other than *Nafs*. In other words the existence of *Nafs* is the existence of things. To know things is to know *Nafs*. To know *Nafs* is to know God. What one fancies to be other than God is not so in truth. One sees God, still, he is not aware of his doing so. His ignorance ceases to obscure his understanding when he actualises what is said. He exists for ever heedless of time. In time he lives in eternity. All divine attributes become his, God's outer, his outer, God's inner, his inner, God's *Awwal*, his *Awwal*, God's *Akhir*, his *Akhir*. In

short he beholds his nature as God's without his becoming God's and God's, his. Beside him there is not aught so that one may remain unto eternity and the other perish. Henceforth wherever he turns there is naught, to his wonder, but divine nature which all the while continued and continues to exist as it was, pure, changeless, unaffected, unaltered and devoid of penetration by the existence of things extant and their doings. No nature, no existence there is beside God's. This the Prophet indicated in: "Treat not the Universe with contempt for it is God." Again in the Table Talk, God says: "Servant, I was ill, you did not ask after My health nor give Me alms when I begged of you." The existence of the sick, it is clear, is the very existence of God: and the existence of the asker, it is clear, is the very existence of God. When the sick man's and asker's existence is divine it follows that anyone's existence is God's and the existence of all things extant, therefore, be it property or accident, is the very existence of God. God is patent by unity and latent by oneness. In him who dies before death God is actualised to perfection. The Prophet said: "Die before death," meaning: "Know Self before death." Further God revealed: "My servant always nears Me by supererogatory prayers"—to such an extent that He holds him as His friend. He becomes the hearing, the sight, the tongue, the hands of the servant. In the light of what has been said the import of "La ilaha illahu," and the signification of "other than God" will be clearly revealed. Between non-eternal and eternal there is no difference. Non-eternal is the outer phase and eternal, the inner. Still the outer is the very inner, and the inner, the very outer.

All is one and one is all. Union and separation, since they imply duality, have no meaning. Similarly proximity and distance. Their usage is owing to the want of knowledge of self. One is in truth neither near nor far from God. Self and God, though one, appear to be distinct till the light of unveiling discloses to one the ultimate truth that self knows God or in other words, God knows God since self is God. But it is said that one continues to remain self only and not God, till the *Fana* of self is effected. This is far from truth. Self as other existence besides God's is assumed, and with the assumption the sin of association is sinned. God has not lost anything nor self become *Fana* in God nor has there been any inclusion or exclusion between the two nor has the nature of God penetrated into self. When one realises that self is God, he also knows God by God and not by self, for self is not a thing to constitute a medium by which to know other things.

But some masters state that they have known their 'selves' and thereby their God; that they have been freed from existence, the field of forgetfulness; and that divine attainment is secured by *Fana* and *Fana of Fana*. Their statements lack understanding and wisdom. They presume that they are effacing association by negation of existence through the instrumentality sometimes of *Fana* and sometimes of *Fana of Fana*. All these are naught but associations pure and simple. He who establishes a thing beside God and afterwards insists on its *Fana of Fana*, upholds it as other than God. And other than God is but association.

Something like this is often urged: "Knowing of self is knowing of God. And the knower of self is other than God. How can other than God know God? And

further if he cannot know God, how will he attain Him? To this the answer: He who knows self knows that his existence is not by his, or other than his existence but it is the very existence of God without his existence being God's and without his existence being with or in God's. Further he beholds to perfection what constitutes his existence to be as it was before he took his being, without *Fana* and *Fana of Fana*; *Fana*, as already stated, proves a thing and the thing's proof is not *per se* in such a way that its existence is independent of God. It is thus clear that a master's knowing Self is God's knowing Self since a master's Self is not aught but God. His existence is divine both in the inner and the outer, his word, God's word, his act, God's act.

A master may say: "I am God." Here the speaker is God and not the servant. If the hearer is incapable of comprehending him, he should not turn away from him, or perhaps the hearer has not attained that station which the speaker has acquired, otherwise he would readily understand him, say what he said, and behold what he sees. The existence of things is the very existence of God. From this it may be inferred that God is in the created alone but some masters have stated that God is in other than created as well. This sublime saying of theirs is the result of perfect unveiling.

"Sight perceives Him not, but He perceives men's sights." This revelation may appear contradictory to "Everything is God." Really it is not so. No one indeed perceives God. If it were proper that in existence there was His other, His other would perceive Him, though His other there is not by this very verse beside Himself. He Himself perceives Himself. There is thus no other beside Him. Sight does not

perceive Him and there is no sight but His existence. God no doubt said "Sight, etc.," for the sight is non-eternal and what is non-eternal cannot know what is eternal.

Different stations possess different qualities. One beholds naught but God; another anything but God. What is in the vessel will out. He who cannot see, will not see, will not know and will not understand. He who can see will see, will know and will understand. Those restless to realise what is said will do well by serving a perfect master by the light of whose instructions they will secure the straight path and journey on aided by mercy, if God will.

I now close this discourse addressed to such as those of clear sight and of settled purpose to know self and not to such as those who say, "dung is dung," and "corpse is corpse," and argue therefrom that either of them is God, woefully ignorant of the sublime truth that God is free from any of these or other things. And so mercy and peace be to Muhammad the first and foremost of the created, to his kith and kin and to his companions, and As-Salam, Peace to one and all.

ANCIENT JEWISH PROVERBS

By THE REV. A. COHEN

MOST nations of the world have a metal coinage—of gold, silver, and copper; yet coins differ with different peoples. The material is the same, but the design stamped upon it varies. It is similarly the case with national proverbs. The material out of which proverbs are coined is the experiences of humanity. The best definition of a proverb is that of Cervantes, who described it as “a short sentence founded on long experience”. But human nature and experience are very much alike the world over. Oriental and occidental, ancient and modern, are all members of one family, influenced by the same elemental forces, and animated fundamentally by like passions, however distinct from each other they may outwardly appear.

It follows, therefore, that since all nations have proverbs in current use, and the material out of which these proverbs are formed is practically the same for all, there will be a similarity in the popular sayings of different ages and climes. A true proverb is applicable at all times and to all places. And this we actually find. Yet each nation has its own distinctive proverbs and its own peculiar method of giving expression to its experiences. Hence by studying the proverbs of a country, we can learn a great deal about the inner life and thought of its inhabitants. For instance, if the objects used as illustrations in a people's sayings are largely drawn from nature, we may conclude that we are dealing with an agricultural community. If the proverbs reflect a high moral standard, we may regard

this fact as an indication of a lofty ethical outlook on the part of the nation.

The present writer had the privilege of contributing a volume on *Ancient Jewish Proverbs* to the "WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES," in which was given a collection of three hundred and fifty classified proverbs. They represent the sayings used by the Jewish People in Palestine about the time of their final subjection by Rome in A. D. 135, and before their dispersion. What first strikes the reader of these proverbs is the absence of the coarseness of speech which is so conspicuous in the proverbs of most oriental peoples. One derives a sense of refinement from them. They further display a lofty standard of morality and ethics. Compare such proverbs as: "Immorality in the house is like a worm on vegetables"; "Be not intoxicated and thou wilt not sin"; "When two quarrel, he who keeps silence first is more praiseworthy"; "Strife is like the aperture of a leakage; as the aperture widens, so the stream of water increases"; "The third tongue [*i. e.*, slander] slays three: the speaker, the spoken to, and the spoken of"; "Be the cursed and not the curser".

The illustrations used in Jewish Proverbs are very frequently drawn from nature, thus showing that they belong to the time when the Jews were still an agricultural people. For instance, the English saying "The child is father of the man," appears under the form, "Every pumpkin is known by its stem," and "While the thorn is still young it produces prickles". The idea that to attempt too much is often to lose all is expressed as follows: "Who rents a garden will eat birds; who rents gardens, the birds will eat him." The thought that the good generally suffer with the bad in

the time of calamity is contained in "Together with the shrub the cabbage is beaten." The English proverb "Birds of a feather flock together" is paralleled by "The degenerate palm goes among the unfruitful reeds".

Woman and family life figure largely in these proverbs. The saying: "An old man in the house is a snare in the house; an old woman in the house is a treasure in the house," indicates that woman's superior usefulness was duly recognised. Matrimonial matters never lose their interest for women, whatever their age; hence the saying: "A woman of sixty, like a girl of six, runs at the sound of wedding music." The fact that the welfare of the home depends upon the industry of the wife is well expressed in "As she slumbers, the basket falls from her head". Man is advised: "Descend a step in taking a wife; ascend a step in choosing a friend," and "Haste in buying land; hesitate in taking a wife". On the other hand, sincere tenderness is inculcated in the proverb: "If thy wife is short, bend down and whisper to her." A wise saying is: "The talk of the child in the street is that of his father or his mother." The child merely repeats what it has heard at home; so be careful what you say in the presence of the young. Further, how true it is: "A father's love is for his children, and the children's love for their children." The bad son of a good father is wittily described as "Vinegar the son of wine".

Another wise proverb is to the effect: "Flay a carcass in the street and earn a living, and say not, I am a great man and the work is below my dignity." Judaism always insisted on the dignity of labour. The Rabbis have said: "Great is work, for it honours the workman." A distinction was, however, drawn in practice between

desirable and less desirable occupations. Several proverbs show that weavers in particular were held in low esteem. The tradesman is advised: "Loosen thy purse-strings, then open thy sack," *i. e.*, receive payment before parting with your goods.

Here are a few rules of conduct: "Hast gone into the city, conform to its laws"; "Hast spoiled thy work, take a needle and sew"; "Whatever thou hast to thy discredit, be the first to tell it," because it will be worse for you if others tell it; "Cast no mud into the well from which thou hast drunk"; "If one person tell thee thou hast ass's ears, take no notice; should two tell thee so, procure a saddle for thyself"; "First learn, then form opinions".

Then again, how true it is "This world is like pump-wheels whereby the full become empty that the empty shall become full"; "They eat and we say grace," *i. e.*, some have the work and others the enjoyment. The proverb, "The common soldiers do the fighting and the officers claim the victory," expresses the same thought.

And lastly, oriental fatalism is discernible in such sayings as: "Seven years lasted the pestilence, but not a man died before his year," "No man pricks his finger below, unless it has been decreed above," "All that God does is done for the best". The part which dreams played in popular life may be gathered from the proverb: "A dream which has not been interpreted is like a letter unread"; with which may be compared the saying of an ancient Rabbi: "Dreams are a sixtieth part of prophecy."

A. Cohen

REASONING "ROLF"

By W. H. KIRBY, M.A.

IN the August 1913 number of *THE THEOSOPHIST*, I wrote a paper about the 'Thinking Horses' of Elberfeld calling attention to the wonderful experiments of Herr Van Osten and Herr Krall with the horses Hans I and II, Muhamed, Zarif, Hänschen, Berto the blind, and others, as personally witnessed and testified to in many writings by eminent zoologists and scientists such as Professors Ziegler, Sarasin, Kraemer, Besredka, Bultle-Reepen, Claparède, Mackenzie, Assagioli, and many another.

These experiments showed not only the possibility of educating the equine intelligence—by patient methods and kindness—to understand questions and reply to them, but revealed further a particular and remarkable facility in the horse for dealing with arithmetical questions, even to the prompt extraction of cube and fourth roots of numbers of five or six figures.

That article laid stress less on the fact of these marvellous results, than on the psychological interest all like experiments and developments must have for those who, like Theosophists, believe that there is only One Great Life pouring through all the kingdoms of nature, and that the one consciousness is so differentiated and limited by the vehicle, that it can only express itself according to its means and its precise position in

evolution. Therefore, in the case of the higher animals, this individual consciousness has reached or is reaching a point where—given the time and the patience and the method—it seeks to express itself more and more. Man can do much by extending a helping hand to form a true link of explicit understanding and inter-communication between the Animal and the Human Kingdom.

If the theories of gradual unfolding and evolution are true, is it not logical to assume that the dividing line is not such a hard and fast affair as we imagine? Just as the evolved labourer of to-day is a very different being, in intelligence and capacities, from the serf and slave of old times, may we not argue that most of the higher animals, and especially the more individualised ones, have advanced to a far closer position to us in intelligence and comprehension than man usually credits them with or takes the trouble to realise?

It is always unsafe to generalise, but it appears that such experiments as those carried on for years with the horses of Elberfeld, and the following I am about to relate, open up for all thinking people new problems of psychology, and bring in new factors and principles with reference to the attitude and duty of man towards his "little brothers".

One thing, however, is clear—that in seeking for methods to approach and learn to understand animals better, the essential thing necessary is love. The animal, like the savage, is to be won over by affection and sympathy, which give to the investigator the key to enlightenment. Scientific methods, disciplined regularity, coercion, fear, will obtain nothing. Gentleness, patience and love are the only instruments for probing

into the animal consciousness for they evoke confidence. In dealing with certain men one would say: "Appeal to the heart rather than to the head," and the same may be said of the animals, if by "heart" we comprise the emotions, extend these to the stomach, which at their stage—small blame to them—governs so much of their feelings and aspirations!

Rolf, then, is an Airedale rough-coated dog, about three years old, belonging to a respectable family called Moekel in Mannheim. Madame Moekel is an invalid who is obliged to pass most of the day in her long chair, and the dog was a foundling puppy given her early in 1911 by a gardener who had found it in a field. Dr. Moekel is a professional man of reputation and they have four children, between the ages of fifteen and seven. The two youngest are the constant companions of the dog, and Rolf, apart from his peculiar development, may be said to be in every way a normal member of a normal family. Besides Rolf there is another dog, Yela, and a cat, Daisy—and the two latter have, to a less extent, also shown capacity to understand and express their ideas.

Rolf's main characteristics are a gay and happy nature, sincere and good, very responsive to affection, most sensitive to blame or praise. He seems to have a marvellous memory, keen hearing and sight, and but poor powers of scent. At first the dog was put at a foundling's institute, but when the time was up, after much discussion, he was taken into the Moekel household "on account of his beautiful eyes". So he grew up with, and became the plaything of, the youngest children.

It was in December 1911 that an extraordinary fact occurred, which led to all the rest.

The dog was, as usual, with the children when they were having their lessons. The second child had been asked what $122+2$ was, and somehow failed to give the answer. Mme. Moekel added her reproaches to those of the teacher, saying: "Why, even Rolf would be able to solve an addition like that!" Rolf approaches and looks intensely, wagging his tail. "I am sure you could tell me, Rolf, what 2 and 2 make?" Rolf raises his left forepaw and raps gently four times on his mistress' arm!

This is the story told by Mme. Moekel to Dr. Mackenzie, who is personally known to me, with whom I have spoken on all this, and to whose long and detailed paper in the September and December 1913 number of the psychological Review *Psiche*, edited by Dr. Roberts Assagioli of Florence, I am indebted for the material I have made use of in the present article.

From that eventful day on, Mme. Moekel dedicated herself to the education of Rolf together with her children, and without difference of method, except that the dog had to answer by rapping out numbers for letters with his left paw.

This numerical method of rapping, selected both in the cases of the horses and the dogs, is interesting in that Mme. Moekel asserts that she knew nothing of Krall's experiments with the horses of Elberfeld. She had vaguely heard years before in the papers, as every one else, of *Der Kluge Hans* who had once been on exhibition in Berlin. Moreover Krall's book was only published in 1912.

At any rate, she continued quite alone and independently her training of Rolf who soon showed marked ability in arithmetical questions.

The alphabet was later on compiled, as in the case of the horses, by means of a numerical table, with the difference that in learning 5 or 6 letters a day the dog gave the letters his own numbers and has never since varied or forgotten. This in itself reveals an extraordinary memory, for Mme. Moekel has to keep a copy of the table before her in order to transpose the numerical replies into letters. Again, unlike the handier system of Krall with his horses—(see the table in my article of August 1913)—who rapped tens with the left, and units with the right, hoof, Rolf raps everything with his left forepaw, which leads often to extreme fatigue and even swelling of muscles unaccustomed to the strain of this unnatural position. The only modification, introduced since, is a pause; for instance in a figure like 29, 2 is rapped out first, then a slight pause, then 9.

Here is Rolf's Alphabet:

a	b	c	d	e-ei	f	g	h	i	k	l	m	n
4	7	24	9	10	1	11	12	13	14	5	8	6
	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	z	
	2	15	25	3	16	17	18	20	19	21	23	

To which must be added the conventional signs: 2=yes, 3=no, 4=tired, 5=go outside (in the road), 7=bed.

At first Mme. Moekel had begun by teaching Rolf different objects and writing a number against them. She would show or draw them on a slate and use the word and then give it a number; but this would have limited the expressions very much and it only occurred to her later (September 1912) to use numbers for letters. She explained this idea to the dog, as one would to a child, and he showed he understood it at once and

forthwith the arbitrary alphabet above given came into being and has never been changed by the dog.

The language employed by Rolf is that he hears spoken habitually round him, namely the Mannheim dialect of German. But what is of particular interest is that Rolf, like the horses of Elberfeld—and, like them, without being taught to do so—has adopted the short phonetic way of spelling. He too spells *essen* = to eat, *s-n*. So *Yela* (his companion dog) he spells *i-l-a* (*i. e., i-el-a*); using, in short, the phonetic value of letters as they occur in a word instead of all the letters of orthodox spelling. This shows, as with the horses, who spell *hafer*, *hfr*, and *gehen*, *gn*, a sort of directness and simplicity in these dawning minds, which certainly has its points; for is it not the greater powers of reasoning which introduce complexity?

After the complete construction of the alphabet and conventional numbers and signs had been learnt, instruction proceeded at a great rate and Rolf took his part regularly at lesson-time, showing much aptitude not only for mathematics but for all he was taught. He, however, gets easily tired and, not infrequently, gives evident signs, like the horses, of undue strain and mental fatigue requiring long periods of rest. Such fatigue is shown by sighs, yawnings, inattention, shortness of breath, inaccuracy or carelessness, and once, after a long sitting, even led to slight nose-bleeding.

Dr. Mackenzie in his article expresses the opinion that herein may lie a danger of completely using him up by attempting more than is wise. In fact how often has it not happened that when the receptivity and plastic powers of some young musical prodigy have been pushed too far, the power has rapidly dwindled and been

used up, so that with adolescence no further progress was made?

It is all so novel that it is hopeless for scientists to impose their ideas on their subjects. The only chance of success is by the slow progress of observation so that the animals' own psychology and the laws *they* follow may be brought to light by degrees and so guide investigators to a greater measure of understanding. One is glad to hear of the formation of a Society of Zoopsychology founded by eminent zoologists and scientists who have dedicated, and are dedicating, time and study to the 'Horses of Elberfeld' and 'Rolf of Mannheim,' and are responsible for the publication of much patient and long-continued research-material, giving signed and detailed statements of the results of their investigations. These men—men of position and note—are the pioneers, and naturally there is, as in all dawning scientific discoveries, a mass of opposition and controversy on the part of the orthodox, especially on the part of those who have not personally seen and tried at first hand. There is also, strangely enough, considerable opposition on the part of Catholic professors and priests who probably intuitively feel that the whole structure of certain creeds may be rendered insecure if such new and, in their opinion, dangerous ideas and principles as to animals and their relation to man and to God are introduced and perhaps become, ere long, capable of proof.

To give now just a few samples of Rolf's performances:

Here is a well-documented one done in a semi-public gathering for some charity.

Rolf is asked the following: $(\sqrt[8]{1331} + \sqrt[3]{1000}) \div 3$ and replies promptly 7.

Again Dr. Mackenzie quotes from some notes of Dr. Sarasin of Basle written in his own handwriting: "The dog is asked: 8×12 , less 6, divided by 10? and answers 9, before I can mentally finish the calculation"; which shows the characteristic rapidity of mental arithmetic exhibited also by the horses.

But what is chiefly interesting about Rolf is his reasoning power, his dry humour, and his unexpected and original thought, presenting problems in psychological science which have yet to be studied and understood and which, were it not for unimpeachable sources and oft-repeated and independent research and control of men of scientific repute, would be wellnigh incredible.

Here are a few examples taken at random from Dr. Mackenzie's article.¹

Madame Moekel returns from a journey, Rolf and Yela salute her tumultuously. Rolf starts rapping with his paw; the alphabet is fetched, and Madame Moekel spells out:

11 5 13 14 5 13 11
g l i k l i g (*glücklich*=happy).

Rolf's pet name, I may mention, is *Lol* and so he always calls himself. He had been in the kitchen and from a suspicious noise of plates Madame Moekel went to investigate and found he had emptied a plate on the table.

Rolf approaches contrite with his tail between legs, and, without being asked to do so, raps out:

5 2 5 11 9 5 9
L o l g d l d (*Lol gedeld*). The word

¹ For brevity's sake I omit dates and full quotations, the detailed accounts can be read in the Review itself, *Psiche*, No. 5-6, Sept.-Dec. 1913. Ed. by R. Assagioli, 46 Via degli Alfani, Florence, which, by the way, is a number dedicated to all these questions and has a remarkably extensive bibliography of psychological works and essays in the Appendix.

gedeld in the Mannheim dialect used by a child would mean *stolen*.

When asked what he had stolen he spelt:

7 3 2 9
b r o d (*Brot*=bread.)

Madame Moekel's child had gone away and the mother was crying. Rolf leans his cheek on hers and suddenly raps out:

8 18 9 3 — 6 13 17 — 19 10 6 6 —
m u d r (er) n i t w ei n n (en)
5 2 5 — 19
l o l w (we)

(*i. e.*, *Mutter nicht weinen Lol weh*=Mother don't cry, it hurts Lol.)

Rolf had been cropped a day or two before and it was Yela's turn. At first he remains timidly on one side, then approaches when he hears every one remarking on the quantity of little inhabitants emerging from Yela, and forthwith sits down and raps out:

5 2 5 1 13 5 1 5 2 13 5 4
l o l f i l f l o i l a
1 13 5 3
f i l r

(*i. e.*, *Lol viel flöh, Yela vieler*=Lol many fleas, Yela many more.)

The above were just a batch of recent examples sent in a letter to Dr. Mackenzie by Madame Moekel, as one would relate current news, when he was in correspondence with her regarding his imminent personal visit to Mannheim. They certainly give a very fair indication of Rolf's character, and in their childish simplicity attract and interest. Madame Moekel and her husband seek no profit from the dog though remunerative offers for tours have been made.

It is curious to note also how the middle-class mind, especially, revolts at what it cannot understand or at what is unusual; so that the Moekel family have had to endure much in the way of talk, criticism and ridicule from their acquaintances and fellow-citizens on account of the dog and the interest he has attracted.

Both Yela and Daisy (the cat) have begun lessons and made some progress. From the notes of Dr. Wilser of Heidelberg the following performances of the cat may be quoted:

Madame Moekel asks: $17+4\div 7$, less 1? Answer 2.

Dr. Wilson asks: $3\times 3-5$? Answer 4.

Madame Moekel asks, taking her by the ear: What's

this? Answer $\begin{matrix} 2 & 3 \\ o & r \end{matrix}$ (*ohr*=ear.)

The above is only mentioned to show that this training need not be confined to exceptional and extraordinary examples, but is possible—no doubt to a greatly varying extent—with a good proportion of the higher animals, if sympathetic interest, affection, and great patience be devoted to them.

Rolf's humour is apparent in the following: Madame Moekel is speaking with a Mme. E. van S. about the enemies the former has in Mannheim in connection with these things. Mme. Van S. exclaims: "*Rolf, was sind das für Menschen?*" (Rolf, what sort of people are those?) Rolf answers promptly: "*s l*" (*Esel*=donkeys).

After this Rolf is rather lazy and so Mme. Van S. insists saying: "*Rolf, du bist so faul, warum willst du denn nicht mehr arbeiten?*" (Rolf, you are so lazy. Why will you not do any more work?)

Rolf answers : $\frac{Dogdr}{Doctor} \quad \frac{hd}{hat} \quad \frac{frbodr}{verboten}$ (The Doctor has forbidden it!)

Mme. Moekel then asks Rolf to give a problem to the aunt who is present. Rolf raps out the question : "9+5?" Mme. Van S., for fun, says : "9+5 is 13."

Rolf raps sharply three times indicating "No". She then tries "Fourteen". Rolf more energetically : "No!" "Fifteen," says the lady, "No!" says Rolf. "Well then, say it yourself," says Mme. Van S. "Fourteen," answers Rolf. "But I had said that already," replies Mme. Van S. Rolf : "*Negd!*" (which stands for the dialect word *geneckt* meaning "joked" or "made fun" !)

Mme. Moekel then says to the dog : "All right, we understand; now do you give an order to the aunt, beg her to *do* something." Rolf reflects a little and then raps out *w d l n*, that is, *wedeln*=wag your tail !!

Now we come to a few of the experiments in which Dr. Mackenzie personally took part and which, though related in as brief a way as possible, give the reader the best way of judging for himself how the mind of the dog works.

Scene: the Moekel's drawing-room. Present, four members of the family, a Dr. Wilser of Heidelberg and Dr. Mackenzie. The dog is called by one of the girls and trots in festively. He is asked to give his paw and gives the right one. Note that he raps with the left. The alphabet card is fetched and the dog being asked if he will work raps out 2=Yes. Dr. Mackenzie asks him if he will say something of his own accord. Rolf looks at him and then raps out:

19 3 9 8 (i. e., *Wer du*=Who are you?)
w (we) r d u

Surely a most appropriate remark, which straight-way astonished the questioner. Dr. Mackenzie explains he has come from far to see him, that he is fond of animals and having heard much about him wished to see him himself. Rolf appears satisfied and raps without being asked to do so :

5 13 7 12 9 5 2 5 9 13 3 3
l i b h d l o l d i r r

(*Lieb hat Lol dir*=Lol likes you.)

The dog is nervous when he is answering questions and Mme. Moekel had warned Dr. Mackenzie not to touch him. Unwittingly he attempts to stroke his head and Rolf growls. His mistress scolds him and Rolf at once shows he is sorry at the impoliteness and volunteers the remark :

5 2 5 1 10 6
l o l f e i n (*i. e.*, Lol's all right.)

For brevity's sake the numbers will now be omitted and a few more examples selected at random to illustrate other points. Rolf is asked what he is doing, he replies : "Working." Asked why he works if he dislikes it, he answers promptly : "Must." "And what would happen if you chose not to?" Rolf, who is never flogged, and to the comic indignation of the members of the family present, answers : "*Whacks!*"

Asked what he likes best of all, he answers : "To eat smoked salmon," which it appears was given him some time back and which he much enjoyed and never forgot.

On being asked further what else he likes, after some distraction, he answers : "Pictures." This is a notable answer in two ways : firstly, he might reasonably after the first question, have answered naming

some other edible substance; secondly, it will be remembered that pictures, especially brightly coloured ones of simple domestic subjects, were also much in favour with the horses of Elberfeld.

At another sitting Dr. Mackenzie asks the dog: "Well, do you still know me?" On answering in the affirmative, the dog is asked what else he can say about him and promptly raps out:

"*M a g n (en) s i*" = Magensi which is quite a fair phonetic representation of Mackenzie. "What else?" asks Dr. Mackenzie; Rolf answers: "*G (ge) n u a*" = Genua, German for Genoa.

As the dog leaves the room to go and have a drink in the kitchen, Dr. Mackenzie now proposes an experiment that should allow the dog to give an answer that the questioner himself does not know. So some simple drawings are prepared on cards. Mme. Moekel, at the request of Dr. Mackenzie, draws on one card the outline of a bird and on another in clear letters the word 'Karla'; while Dr. Mackenzie designs on two other cards a big star, and a double square of red and blue. All present withdraw behind Mme. Moekel so that she cannot see what is held up. Rolf faces her. From a closed envelope one of the drawings is extracted at random with its blank back to the drawer and is passed forward for the dog to look at, so that it is impossible for anyone else to see what is designed on it. When the dog has seen it, it is similarly replaced in an envelope and that envelope is placed in a separate pocket by Dr. Mackenzie. The dog is then asked what he saw and being urged to reply by Dr. Mackenzie who promises to give him some pictures, answers presently: "*Rod blau eg*" (Rod blau eck = a red and blue square). The separate

envelope containing what no one has seen except the dog is opened and the card drawn out by Dr. Mackenzie proves to be his own drawing of the red and blue square which showed the reply to be perfectly correct. Every one is very pleased and Rolf shows a desire to profit by the moment to remind Dr. Mackenzie of his promise, and spontaneously raps out: "*Bilddr gbn*" (Bilder geben=give me the pictures!), and one feels that he meant to add: "And hurry up about it after your promise!"

Rolf is given some illustrated postcards brought on purpose by Dr. Mackenzie, and on being shown one of himself is asked: "Who is it?" and answers at once: "Lol." He is then shown one of a dachshund and asked what it is answers: "*D (de) g l (el)* (Degel or Deckel, dialect for Dackel, a dachshund). "All right," says Mackenzie, "but are you a Deckel?" Rolf answers: "Hund" (a dog). "Yes, I understand," says Mackenzie, "but look well at the Deckel, he too is a dog, what is the difference?" Rolf replies: "*Andr fuss*" (other feet); and indeed the reply could not have been more precise, for it is the short, crooked, out-turned feet of the Dachs breed that are an especially noticeable feature.

Rolf is shown other pictures of horses, dogs, etc., and describes them perfectly correctly. He shows a distinct predilection for ladies, like the horses of Elberfeld, and again, like them, when asked "why," says it is their hair and bright clothes he admires. When it is pointed out to Rolf that his master also has fine hair in the shape of a flowing beard, and a bright neck-tie, and he is asked what difference he makes between men and women, he answers the single word "*Hosn*" (Trousers); surely a shrewd touch again of canine humour!

It was always noticed with the horses how much less easily than average children they are confused by certain types of puzzling questions; the same proved to be the case with Rolf. He saw through puzzles of a simple nature. To take only one instance out of several: When asked which weighed more, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers, he replied after some thought: "*Gein*" (Kein = neither).

Rolf's mistress talks to Rolf when he is sitting by her as she would to a child. Here is a little anecdote that is noteworthy. Mme. Moekel was congratulating Rolf on his day's performance when he spontaneously rapped out: "*Lol spil Sondag*" (i. e., Lol wants to play on Sunday, not to work). The interest in the remark is how he knew it was Sunday.

On being asked this he replied: "*Von K (ka) l n (en) d r (er)* (Von Kalender=from the Calendar). "From which Calendar?" is asked. Answer: "*Gudr (er) le irn (en)* (Guthörle ihren=that of Miss Guthörle, who had left one on the writing table). Question: "But how can you see on the Calendar that it is Sunday?" Answer: "*Rot Dsal*" (Rot zahl, viz.: Red number)!

Here is another most interesting indication of Rolf's powers of comprehension. Madame Moekel was talking with Dr. Mackenzie, telling him various anecdotes and incidents and Rolf was resting close by. She was telling him how on one of the rare occasions she (being an invalid) had been out on the road with Rolf, she had been approached by a suspicious individual at whose throat Rolf had at once jumped to protect his mistress. Dr. Mackenzie notices at this point that Rolf's tail is executing a spasmodic series of twitches, indicating probably delight at the reminiscence, and determines to find out

if Rolf has really understood the conversation. So he asks him if he has understood what his mistress was saying. "Yes," replies Rolf. "What then?" says Mackenzie. Answer: *Hr(er) bs(es) lol hl(el) fn(en) mudr(er)*, i. e., Herr böS Lol helfen mutter—the man was wicked, Lol helps his mother). This being clear proof that the dog had understood what was said, Dr. Mackenzie wanted to test Rolf's powers of reading. So he sends out a servant to buy the newspaper and manages that no one shall see it but he and the dog. Taking a big headline where the following appeared printed at the top of a column: "*Der Herbst zieht ins Land,*" he shows it to Rolf and asks him to say what he sees. Rolf raps out: "*Dr hrbst dsid in Land.*" Now this surely is a very important answer; for what the dog has read is not repeated mechanically letter by letter, but is transliterated into the dog's own phonetic spelling showing that a thought phase has taken place.

The next stage in this incident is equally interesting. The dog being tired is allowed to go out to drink some milk. Whilst he is out, Dr. Mackenzie asks Mme. Moekel whether the dog is likely to be able to answer an abstract question—for instance if he were to ask him what is *Der Herbst* (Autumn). Mme. Moekel says she feels sure he can and that he will probably answer "*Jahreszeit*" (i. e., Season). Rolf returns and is put the question. His reply is: "*dseid w(we)n abl(el) g(ge) bd,*" (i. e., zeit wenn appel gebt—the time when there are apples!). The words '*appel gebt*' are the dialect form of *Apfel gibt*. Surely this unexpected reply appealing more to the dog's point of view of what the season concretely meant to him—he is very fond of sweet apples—is the most delightful indication of how

far an abstract idea in the developed mind of man is represented in the infant mind of younger species.

Returning to the cardboard designs closed in envelopes, Dr. Mackenzie relates how, on another occasion, with similar and absolute precautions of control so that the dog alone should see the card, he showed Rolf a card with a blue star on it, and the dog after being told he would get a bit of sugar if he answered right replied: "*Blau strn wüst*" (Blau stern wüst=Blue star, ugly!) A little bit of snappy sarcasm because of the deferred sugar! Another interesting point to notice is that when the same previous blue and red square drawing come up again for description, he called it a "*blau rod wirfl*", that is a blue red dice and added "*genug*," that he had had "enough" of it and of such experiments.

No one, I think, after the few examples above described, can any longer doubt that the animal is capable of thinking and observing as we think and observe, within his own limitations and powers, and of expressing himself, given the necessary method and training, by conventional signs and symbols as we do, but with his own restrictions, so as to convey an intelligent communication of some simple idea or thought.

People who are fond of animals have often asked themselves how far the favourite dog or horse or cat left behind has thought of and remembered, beyond mere habit and routine, their absent friends or masters. Here is an incident that reveals a good deal when one recollects that, to Rolf, Dr. Mackenzie was a mere visitor of a few days together.

A day or two after these sittings, Mme. Moekel writes to Dr. Mackenzie and tells him that Rolf not seeing Dr. Mackenzie arrive any longer had spontaneously

rapped out on her daughter's hand: "*Lib dogdr komn Lol heim w (we)*" (*Lieb Doctor kommen Lol heim weh*= Dear Doctor, come, Lol is heartsick). A touching indication that he had felt friendly and missed him when he did not come.

Next day in fact he rapped out a regular letter to Dr. Mackenzie which is, though brief, a very complete and compact little document. It ran like this: "*lib dogdr bald gourn nimr gn mir bildr gbn aug en fou dir fil grus dein lol,*" (i. e., *Lieb Doctor, bald kommen, nimmer gehen, mir Bilder geben, auch ein von Dir, viel Grüss, Dein Lol*= Dear Doctor, quickly come back, never go away, to me pictures give, also one of you, many greetings, your Lol). The dog, says Mme. Moekel, had never spelt out so many words at a time before and for him the letter was a long one.

There would be plenty of other examples, incidents, and anecdotes to quote from other sources, and very much to say on the whole subject both as regards the facile criticism of sceptical people as also concerning the psychological problems and aspects of the subject. But discussion is not the scope of the present paper, nor would space consent. I have merely wished, in the case of the thinking horses and of this dog, to call the attention of Theosophists to what is occurring at the present time round us now in the world in these matters, because I think that much of all this is interesting and important specially to members of the Theosophical Society where concrete practical examples are valuable in correcting or proving assertions and theories as to evolution of life and consciousness.

One other aspect seems to me also all-important to Theosophists: and it is that in a Society where the

basic ideas of brotherhood, in the abstract, lead, *inter alia*, to the implied humanitarianism of generally adopting a vegetarian diet, it would be both logical and very advisable if, not lovers of animals merely, but all members indiscriminately, from the leaders to the last joined, on account of their principles, took up more active work, and used in their daily lives every opportunity on behalf of, and to better the lot of, "our little brothers".

It is only the ignorant world, those without theories of life, who are indifferent to God's creatures and ignore them and brush them heedlessly out of the way or cast them unfeelingly out.

But it is the logical duty of the Theosophist to use his head, and especially his heart, to help on the evolution of animals by trying to understand them, trying to get at *their* point of view, trying to win *their* confidence and love and so be rewarded by finding God's world richer and more beautiful. That such efforts are amply repaid no one who has ever had an animal and loved it can gainsay; and in reporting the above rare instances of extraordinary development I have purposely tried to show, by what the horses and the dog have revealed of their intelligent connection and dependence on us their elder brothers, that we cannot and must not continue any longer selfishly to consider our own point of view *only* with regard to them because they all need us more than we need them, and to them we have both a debt and a duty.

W. H. Kirby

THE CHRIST IN ART

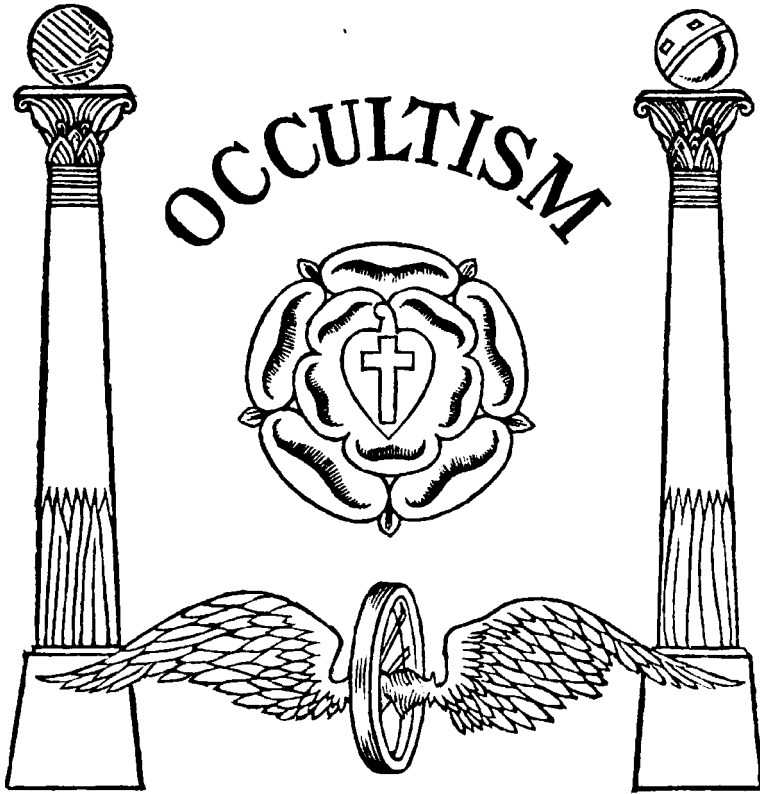
OUR readers will remember the remarkable pictures of the Christ, painted by some of the monks of Mount Athos in Sicilian churches, and the difference between these virile conceptions and the more familiar feminine type current in Europe.

We add to these the reproduction of a striking picture from the Wladimir Cathedral in Kieff, Russia. It may be said to be intermediate between the Sicilian and the ordinary pictures, strong and virile as the Sicilian but less rugged than they are. Students should notice the position of the fingers in the upraised right hand.

A. B.



A PICTURE OF THE CHRIST



THE HIDDEN WORK OF NATURE¹

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

NEVER, in the history of mankind, has there been a time as to-day when it could be so truly said that,

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

It is true that "the man in the street" knows of no such great change; life for him moves as of old in

¹ A Lecture delivered at the Small Queen's Hall, London, October 26th, 1913.

its fixed grooves, and if the world's progress has multiplied for him life's conveniences, it has also multiplied for him life's needs. Change to him is largely a matter of a surplus of comforts over pains, and in this regard the old order has changed but little for him. But the man in the library, the laboratory, the studio, the pulpit, is aware of this great change, and he knows that it began with the work of Darwin and his school.

The importance of the work of modern scientists lies in the fact that they have marshalled for us the events of nature into an orderly pageant of evolution. What mere religion has not been able to do, science has achieved, which is to show Life as one. Theological trinities of Creator, Creation, and Creature, or dualities of God and Man, have not unified life for us in the way science has done; mysticism alone, with its truth of Immanence, has revealed to men something of that unified existence of all that is, that is the logical deduction from modern evolutionary theories.

When we contemplate the pageant of nature, we see her at a work of building and unbuilding. From mineral to bacterium and plant, from microbe to animal and man, nature is busy at a visible work, step by step evolving higher and more complex structures. Though she may seem at first sight to work blindly and mechanically, she has in reality a coherent plan of action; this is to evolve structures stage by stage, so that the amount of time needed by a given creature for its self-protection and sustenance may be less and less with each successive generation. The higher a structure is in its organisation and adaptability, the more time, and hence more energy, there is free for other purposes of life than sustenance and procreation.

Two elements in life arise from the perfection of the structural mechanism that the higher order of creatures reveal. First, they have time for play, for it is in play that such energy manifests as is not required for gaining food and shelter. The second element manifests itself only when human beings appear in evolution, and men begin to show a desire for adaptability. Adaptability to environment exists in the plant and in the animal, but it is in them purely instinctive or mechanical; with man on the other hand there is an attempt at conscious adaptability.

When this desire for adaptability increases, nature reveals a new principle of evolution. To the principle of the survival of the fittest by a struggle for existence, she adds the new one of evolution by inter-dependence. Hence we find human units aggregating themselves into groups, and primitive men organising themselves into families and tribes.

Once more this means a saving of labour and time in the material struggle for existence; some of both is now at nature's disposal to train men to discover new ways of life and action. To the play of the individual there is added a communal life that makes civilisation possible. For civilisation means that some individuals in a community are dissatisfied with what contents all the others, and that therefore they are burning with a zeal for reform; and the spirit of reform sooner or later is inevitable in evolution. The survival of the fittest can only come about by that mysterious arrival of the fittest that no scientist can explain; nature now ushers in "the fittest" in the few that are planning for reform. For reform means that slowly organisms will adapt themselves more and more to the possibilities of

environment, for to each successive change to greater adaptability nature has something new to give.

Thus individual men and women become nature's tools; she works with their hearts and minds and hands to create social and political activities. Religion and science and art appear among men; the struggle for existence is no longer nature's sole means for bringing to realisation her aim; inter-dependence of units, and therewith reform, are the means she uses now.

Then it is that nature proclaims to men that message she has kept for them through the ages. It is the joy of social service. Strange and unreal, as yet, to most men is the thought of such a joy; but evolution has but lately entered on this phase of her work, and ages must yet elapse before social service becomes as instinctive in men as are now self-assertion and selfishness. But that day must inevitably be; the handful of reformers to-day are as the "missing links" of a chain that stretches forward from man to superman. As from the isolation and selfishness of the brute, nature has evolved the inter-dependence of men, so too is self-sacrifice the next logical step in her evolutionary self-revelation.

A more inspiring picture there could hardly be than this of nature at work at her building and unbuilding. Yet there are not a few of dark shadows in the picture. So long as the individual lives only the few brief years of his life, so long as nothing of him remains as an individual after his death, there is a ruthlessness about nature that is appalling. Where is to-day "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"? Some day there must be an end to nature's work, in this planet at least where we live. There are

dead suns in space and some day our sun will die out and every satellite of his will be a frozen world. Careful of the type, nature truly builds form after form, and will build for many an age yet to come. There is indeed a far-off event "to which the whole creation moves," but it is to that state when living organisms shall lack what they need for their life.

So long as we contemplate nature's *visible* work only, not the greatest altruist but must now and then feel the shadow of a great despair. That which alone makes life and self-sacrifice real and inspiring to great souls, the thought and the feeling that their work will endure for ever, is lacking when we consider nature's work in the light of modern science alone. Yet many an altruist would be content to die, and be nothing thereafter, if he could but feel that nature had some pity for his fate. Well the poet voices this feeling arising from this conception of nature, or of a Deity who is as passionless as nature :

Life is pleasant, and friends may be nigh,
 Fain would I speak one word and be spared ;
 Yet I could be silent and cheerfully die,
 If I were only sure God cared ;
 If I had faith and were only certain
 That light is behind that terrible curtain.

It is here that Theosophy steps in to continue the work of science and explain the true significance of nature's self-revelations. As modern science points to nature's visible work, so Theosophy points to a Hidden Work of Nature. There is a Hidden Light that reveals to men that nature is but one expression of a Consciousness at work ; that this Consciousness is at work with a Plan of evolution ; and that this Consciousness carries out Its plan through us and through us alone. The moment we realise the significance of this message

of the Hidden Light that men are immortal souls and not perishable bodies, we begin to see that while careful of the type, nature is not less careful of the single life too. For then we see that nature's latest phase, a fullness of life through social service, necessarily involves the recognition of men as souls; for it would be useless for nature to slowly fashion a reformer unless she could utilise his ability and experience for greater reforms in the future. That his specialised abilities shall not be dissipated would surely then be logical in a nature for which we postulate an aim that persists from age to age.

It does not require much profound thought or speculation to deduce from this view of nature's work that men live for ever as souls, and that through reincarnation they become fitter tools in nature's hands to achieve her purpose of evolution. Let but reincarnation be considered a part of nature's plan, and at once the tragedy of nature transforms itself into an inspiring and stately pageant. For then the future is ourselves; it is we that shall make the glorious utopias of dreams; we that painfully toil to-day to fashion bricks for nature's beautiful edifice in far-off days, we, and not others, shall see that edifice in its splendour, and be its very possessors. Though the spirit of action of the best of us is ever a *sic vos sed non vobis*, yet in reality, like bread cast upon the waters, our work shall greet us ages hence, and we shall then be glad that we have toiled so well now.

So comes to us the message of the Hidden Light that nature is consciously going from good to better, from better to best, and that she works out her splendid purpose through us, who may become either her ministers or her slaves.

The spirit of reform then being a part of the evolutionary process, the next point to note is that in all effective reform there are two elements: first, the reform is brought about by individuals working as a group, and second, the group has a leader. It is fairly easy to understand the grouping of individuals co-operating for a common aim as a part of nature's evolutionary plan; their united action but expresses the social instinct. But it is perhaps less easy to see that nature selects the leader and sends him to a particular group to crystallise dreams and plans into organisation and action. Yet this is the message of the Hidden Light—that a leader does not appear by a mere concatenation of chance circumstances, but only because he is selected for a particular work and is sent to do it. For a leader does not come in evolution as a "sport," a passing variant produced nobody knows how; he is fashioned by a slow laborious process lasting thousands of years. Life after life, in a process of rebirth, the would-be leader must earn his future position by dedication to works of reform; by little actions for reform as a savage, by larger actions as a civilised man, he trains himself for the rôle that nature has written for him.

If we look at reformers in the light of reincarnation, we shall see that their present ability to lead is simply the result of work done in past lives. Since biologists are agreed that acquired characters are not transmissible, we must look for that rare inborn capacity to lead, not in the heredity of the organism, but in a spiritual heredity that is in the life and consciousness of the individual. This is exactly what reincarnation says; the individual acquired his ability to lead to-day by endeavours to lead in many a past life, and by succeeding so to do.

Furthermore the Hidden Light reveals to us that each present movement for reform was rehearsed in many a primitive setting long ago, with the present leaders and their co-adjutors as actors. We need but look at the reform movements for the amelioration of the lot of the working classes in Europe to see how the leaders to-day in the various countries were tribunes of the plebs in Rome or demagogoi in Athens or leaders of the masses in Carthage. Nay, furthermore, it is not difficult to note how some of the politicians and statesmen of Greece and Rome and elsewhere, that worked to abolish abuses and to free the oppressed, have changed sex in their present incarnations, and are with us to-day as leaders of the various suffragist and feminist movements of the world. Where else, but in past lives, did these women learn the tactical strategy and mastery of leadership that they evince in their campaigns for reform? Why should certain men and women, and not all, labour and toil for their fellow-men, renouncing all and coveting martyrdom, unless those same men and women had learnt by past experiences the glory of action for reform? For the born leaders in every reform are geniuses in their way; they go unerringly to an aim with the conviction of success; where did they develop this faith in themselves? They are in reality the "missing links" from men to-day to the supermen of the future, and it is nature herself with her Hidden Work that has so fashioned them life after life.

So nature plans and achieves, and the stately pageant moves on. But her purpose is not achieved slowly and leisurely, adding change to change; she does not bring about a new order of things by an accumulation of small changes. Nature goes by leaps, "per saltum";

and as in the biological world crises appear and nature makes a leap and ushers in new species, so too is it in the world of human affairs. Though there is a slow steady upward movement for progress through reform, yet now and then there is a crisis in the affairs of men; then things happen, and after the crisis is over there is, as it were, a new species in human activity. Reform takes a new trend and a whole host of new reforms are ushered in to make life fuller and nobler.

One such crisis in human affairs came in Palestine, with the coming of Christ. For though men knew not that it was a crisis, though Greece and Rome dreamed and planned of philosophy and dominion without end, a dawn had begun of a new era, and an age was ushered in, in the hey-day of which Greece and Rome should be a mere name. Christ ministered in Palestine, spoke to peasant and priest, and gave His sermons "on the Mount"; and men knew not then that with His message He gave birth to new species of idealism in action. But after two thousand years have elapsed, we of another generation can see that when Christ lived in Palestine, and the Roman Empire was but just then beginning its day of glory, that then indeed was the beginning of the end of a world of thought and action—of that "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"—and that Christ gave His message not so much to the men of His day as to those that were to come.

So too was it in India, six centuries before Christ; another "dreamer" appeared, Siḍḍhārṭha, Prince of the Sākya Clan; men listened to Him and loved Him and followed Him, but they little dreamed that He was in reality building an Empire of Righteousness, which

even after twenty-five centuries should embrace within it five hundred millions of souls. To the critics of His time, He was but another "Teacher," one of hundreds then living in India pointing out "the Way"; it is only after the lapse of centuries that later generations know that He was a Teacher of Teachers, a Flower on our human tree the like of which had never been.

Ever so often then, there is a climax in human affairs, and always such a climax is preceded by an age when men "dream dreams". In Palestine prophet after prophet dreamed of "the great and dreadful day of the Lord" before Christ came, and proclaimed its coming and worked for it; in India many a sage and philosopher with his solutions prepared the way for the message of the Buddha. And in every such climax, small or great, the resolution comes through the intermediary of a Personality. For nature weaves the tangled knot of human fate, "nowise moved except unto the working out of doom"; but she plans too the Solver of the knot, and for every crisis which is of her planning, she has prepared the Man who holds the solution in his heart and brain.

In this our twentieth century, men dream dreams as never heretofore. East and west, north and south, the machinery of human life grates on the ear, and there is not a single man or woman of true imagination who can say, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world!"

"De profundis clamavi" better describes the wail of every nation. Millions are spent on armies and navies, while the poor are clamouring for bread; and statesmen themselves are wringing their hands that they cannot give a nation's wealth back to the nation in hospitals

and schools and fair gardens and clean habitations. For there are wars and rumours of wars. The spirit of charity grows year by year, but it seems as though charity but added patches to a rotting garment, and the more the patches that are put on the more the rents that appear. Strife between capital and labour, race-hatred between white and brown and yellow and black, a deadlock between science and religion, and more than all else the increasing luxury of the few and the increasing misery of the many, these are but a few of the problems facing philanthropists to-day. But every reformer realises, in whatever department he works, that for lasting reform a complete reconstruction is needed of the whole social structure, if poverty and disease and ignorance and misery shall be as a nightmare that has been but shall never be again. All are eager for reform; thousands are willing to co-operate. But none knows where to begin, in the true reconstruction. Each is indeed terrified lest in trying to pull one brick out of the present social edifice, to replace it by a better, he may not pull the whole structure down, and so cause misery instead of joy.

This is the crisis present before our eyes, confronting not one nation but all. "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord," is true to-day as never before.

Everywhere, in every department where men work for reform, men are looking for a Leader. Where is He that nature has selected, in whose mind is the Plan, in whose heart is the Spirit, and in whose hand is the Power? Let Him but appear, let Him but say: "This is how you shall work," and thousands will flock to Him in joy. And it is the message of the Hidden Light

that He is ready, for from the hearts of men a cry has gone forth, and from the bosom of God a Son shall come. The world is in the birth-throes once again for the coming of a Son of Man, and the young men that see visions to-day shall in their prime find Him in their midst, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace.

Never an age, when God has need of him,
Shall want its man, predestined by that need,
To pour his life in fiery word and deed,
The great Archangel of the Elohim.

When He that the world waits for, and whom nature has planned to come "unto this hour," shall appear, what will be His work? What but to carry on nature's work one step further? The day is past when men can go forward with competition as their cry of progress; nothing lasting can now come for men unless it is brought about by inter-dependence and co-operation. The best of men to-day see the inevitable coming of this new age when men shall be sons of God in deed and not merely in name; but their cry for altruism and co-operation is as a voice hurled against a tempest. They can but gather round them here an enthusiast and there a disciple; but they accomplish little, for they lack the character that compels a world to listen. Till comes that Personality who is not of one nation but of all, whose message is not for this century alone but for all others to come, till then the dawn of the new day will drag its slow length along. But when He comes, then indeed what He says and what He does will be the proof to us that it is He, and not another, that nature has planned to be the Shadow of God upon earth to men, the Saviour that is born unto them this day.

Then once more shall the Hidden Light be revealed to men, that Light "that shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not". Then science shall be our religion, and religion our art; then shall we cease to be nature's slaves and enter upon our heritage and become her councillors and guides. Then shall we know, not merely believe, that behind the seeming pitiless plan of nature there is a most pitiful Mind, careful of the type and careful of the single life too. Nevermore shall our eyes be blinded by passionate tears as we look at the misery of men and feel the utter hopelessness of its effective diminution; for we shall know that nature but veils an Eye that sees, a Heart that feels, and a Mind that plans, for One shall be with us to be a *Martyros*, a Witness, of that Light that shineth in darkness, even when the darkness comprehends it not.

He will call on the many to co-operate in all good works in His Name and for the love of mankind; He will teach them the next lesson that nature has planned for them, the joy of neighbourly service. But to a few He will give the call to follow Him through the ages. For He comes but to usher in a new age; that age must be tended and fostered decade after decade, century by century, till the seed becomes the tree and the tree bears flowers, and by the perfecting of man comes the fulfilment of God. As He is nature's husbandman, so will He need helpers in those fields whence alone comes the Daily Bread for men.

The many will love Him for the peace and the joy He brings; but a few will answer the call to follow Him life after life, toiling, toiling, in a work seemingly without end. But to these few alone will it be given

to know the inwardness of the message of the Hidden Light, that nature keeps her diadems not for those that reap happiness in her pleasant fields and gardens, but for those that co-operate with her in her Hidden Work, and try "to lift a little of the heavy karma of the world". For this is nature's Hidden Work, to weave a vesture out of the karmas of men that shall reflect the pattern given her from on high; and the weaving halts, unperfected, till through the actions of all men there shall shine one great Action. When the perfect vesture is woven for Him who desires it, and the karmas of all men act in unison, then, and not before, will come "that day" when Nature can say to men, as now to her God, "I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you". Unto that hour she toils at her Hidden Work, and it is the Hidden Light that reveals to men her process of evolution as she shapes from out the dust immortal Sons of God.

C. Jinarajadasa

ON THE LIVES OF MIZAR

By C. R. SRINIVASAYANGAR, B. A.

I HAVE much pleasure in placing before my readers the following information from independent sources, as it goes to corroborate many incidents in the first and second lives of Mizar (*The Theosophist*. Vol. xxxii, No. 6, pp. 954-961).

From V. A. Smith's *The Early History of India* pp. 400 to 423:

1. We hear of a mission sent by King Pandyan to Augustus Cæsar in 20 B.C. (*Strabo*. Bk. xv, ch. 4, 73; Merivale, *History of the Romans under the Empire*, iv. 118, 175). Both the author of *Periplus of the Erythrean Sea* (circ. A.D. 100) and Ptolemy the Geographer (circ. A.D. 140), were well informed concerning the names and positions of the marts and ports of the Pandya country. Caracalla's massacre at Alexandria in A.D. 215 put an end to the direct Roman trade between Southern India and Egypt (*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, October 1907. p. 954).

2. The Tamil States maintained powerful navies, and were visited freely by ships from both East and West, which brought merchants of various races eager to buy the pearls, pepper and beryls and other choice commodities of India and to pay for them with gold, silver and art-ware of Europe. There is good reason to believe that considerable colonies of Roman subjects were settled in Southern India engaged in trade, during the first two centuries of our era. It is even stated and no doubt truly, that a temple dedicated to Augustus

existed at Muziris (Cranganore). Another foreign (Yāvana) colony was settled at Kaveripatnam or Pukār, a busy port situated on the eastern coast at the mouth of the northern branch of the Kaveri river. Both town and harbour disappeared long since, and now lie buried under vast mounds of sand [*The Tamils 1800 Years Ago*, pp. 16, 25, 31, 36, 38. The 'Pelltingerian Tables,' a collection of ancient maps believed to date from A.D. 226, are the authority for the temple of Augustus at Muziris, which is indicated on the map by a rough sketch of a building marked "templ augusti i" inserted beside 'Muziris'. The identification of Muziris with Cranganore is well established, Kaveripatnam=Pukār=Kāk-anthi (Kākandī of Bharhut inscription No. 101. *Ind. Ant.* xxi, 235);=Kamara (*Periplus* ch. 60. *Ind. Ant.* viii, 149); =Khābēries (Ptolemy, Bk. vii, ch. i, 13, *Ind. Ant.* vii, 40; xiii, 332)].

3. Ancient Tamil literature and the Greek and Roman authors prove that in the first two centuries of the Christian era the ports on the Coromandel or Chola coast enjoyed the benefits of active commerce with both West and East. The Chola fleets did not confine themselves to coasting voyages, but boldly crossed the Bay of Bengal to the mouths of the Ganges and the Irrawady, and the Indian Ocean to the Islands of the Malay Archipelago. All kinds of goods imported into Kerala or Malabar from Egypt found a ready market in the Chola territory; while, on the other hand, the western ports drew a large part of their supplies of merchandise from the bazaars of the eastern coast, which produced great quantities of cotton goods. The principal Chola port was Kāvīripaddinam, situated at the northern mouth of the Kaveri (Cauvery) river. This

once wealthy city, in which the king maintained a magnificent palace, and foreign merchants found residence agreeable and profitable, has vanished, and its site lies buried under deep sand-drifts.

4. The early Tamil Literature mentions a Pandya king named Neduncheliyan, supposed to be contemporary with Karikala Chola and Athen I of Chera, The *Kural*, the celebrated poem of Tiruvalluvar, is said to have been published at the Court of Ugra-peru-valuthi a successor of Neduncheliyan. According to tradition, Madura in those days was the seat of a school or college of poets. [Mr. Gover dated Tiruvalluvar in the third century A. D. (*Folk Songs of Southern India*, p. 217)].

5. Karikala Chola was nearly contemporary with Gajabahu, King of Ceylon, which places him within the limits of the second century A. D. He was, according to the poets, succeeded by a grandson named Ched-Chenni Nalan-Killi, who was succeeded in his turn by Killi-vallavan. Chen-kudduva or Imaya-varman, a cousin of Ched-Chenni, is said to have been contemporary, at fifty years of age, with Gajabahu, King of Ceylon, to whom the traditional chronology assigns a period from A. D. 113 to 125. But the true date must be considerably later.

6. Kulottunga, otherwise called Rajendra Chola, ruled from A. D. 1070 to 1118. The celebrated philosopher, Ramanuja, received his education at Kāñchī and resided at Shrīraṅgam near Trichinopoly during the reign of Kulottunga; but, owing to the hostility of the King, who professed the Shaiva faith, he was obliged to retire into the Mysore territory until Kullottunga's death freed him from anxiety. The holy man returned to Shrīraṅgam, where he remained until his decease. Vikrama Chola succeeded his father in A. D. 1118.

7. In or about the year A. D. 1175, the Pandya country was invaded by a powerful force under the command of two generals in the service of Parakrabahu, the ambitious King of Ceylon. Two different accounts of this event, written from different points of view, are extant. The story, as told in the chronicle, *Mahavamsa*, naturally represents the victorious career of the invaders as unbroken by any reverse; but the rival account, preserved in a long inscription at Arpakkam near Kāñchī, which is the more trustworthy record, proves that the invading army gained considerable successes at first, until it was obliged to retire in consequence of the vigilance of a coalition of the southern powers. On the occasion of the Sinhalese intervention and the succession to the Pandya throne of Madura.

From Ancient Tamil Writings

1. *Silappadhikaram* and *Manimekalai* are the five great Tamil kavyas deal with the history of South Indian History. The first is *Ilangovadikal*, the brother of Cheralathan of Chera, who succeeded his father (the original *Cheral-athan*). He was the hero of the events he describes. The second is *Koolavānigan-Sāththānar*, and the third is *Kovalan*, the hero of the first. They all wrote their works in each other's time.

2. From them we learn that the capital of the Pandya kingdom, Karikā, was the ancient capital of the Chola at Uraiyoor, Senkai.

v. *Pāvaimanram*. A statue was there which shed pitiful tears whenever the King or his officers of justice did not administer it right.

4. Mahāmahōpādhyāya Swaminadhier, of the Presidency College, Madras, the greatest Tamil scholar of our times, fixes the date of the *Sillappadhikaram* as A. D. 132, from the date assigned to Gajabahu in *Mahāvamsa*. But he adds that there was another king of the same name who reigned about 628 B. C. and that researches into the dynastic accounts of other kings of the age, incline him to assign the latter date.

Now, I would like to draw the attention of Mr. Leadbeater to the following points and request him to throw further light thereon.

1. "Mizar was born in the year A. D. 222" (p. 944. Vol. xxii, *The Theosophist*). "He died in 293" (*Ibid.*, 959). Are there any reasons for preferring the earlier date of 628 B. C.?

2. "Mizar was born in the Chola country, whose King was Chenkuddeva." (*Ibid.* 956). Vincent Smith opines that the king was a cousin of Ched-chenni-nalam-killi, the grandson and successor, of Karikāla Chola. He was a contemporary of Gajabahu of Ceylon, to whom is assigned the date A. D. 132 or 628 B. C. by the Tamil poets.

They make him ruler of the Chera kingdom after Athen I and as the son-in-law of Karikala Chola, who reigned at Kaveripatnam. Was he the king of the Chera country or the Chola?

3. According to *Silappadhikaram*, Nedunchelian, King of Madura was succeeded by Ilan-cheliyan, the ruler of Korkai. Senkuttuvan was the contemporary of both. V. A. Smith says that Tiruvalluvar was made a member of the Tamil Sangam in the reign of

Ugra-peru-valuthi, a successor of Neduncheliyan. If Mizar was a subject of Chenkuttuvan, if he was present when Tiruvalluvar received great honours, may we conclude that Ugra-peru-valuthi and Ilam-cheliyan were the same?

4. "Sri Ramanujacharya found it politic 'to retire' to Shrīraṅgam". V. A. Smith says that he retired from Shrīraṅgam to Mysore. The traditions of the Vaiṣṇavites of the South incline "to the latter opinion". I have discussed the question as thoroughly as I could in my *Life of Sri Ramanuja Charya* and have come to the same conclusion. It was during the reign of King Bitti Deva of the Hoysala dynasty, who had their Capital at Dwarasamudra. (1117 A. D.). During his reign, the Jains enjoyed high favour under his minister Gangaraja, but he came under the influence of Sri Ramanuja and was converted to Vaishṇavism. He changed his name to Viṣṇu-var-dhana and the magnificent buildings at Halebid and Beloor testify to his zeal and devotion to his new faith. Sri Ramanuja came over to Shrīraṅgam from Kāñchī taking holy orders, and at the express commands of his predecessor, Sri Yāmuna (or Ālavandār). Which is correct?

5. Vijayabahu, King of Ceylon, undertook a great expedition against the Tamil invaders of his country, and had finally driven them back to the mainland (Ibid., 961). V. A. Smith says that it was the two generals of Parakramabahu that invaded the Pandya Kingdom, and that they were ultimately defeated and driven back and quotes the Arpakkam inscription to support him. Was it Vijayabahu or Parakrama that ruled in Ceylon at that time? Did he invade India or was he invaded by the Tamils of the mainland?

C. R. Srinivasayangar

THE THREAD

By FRITZ KUNZ

THERE was a great stir in the kingdom of the world. Men spoke to one another in the market-places of the new Wonder Worker come to the capital city; the women watched from the house-tops in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of him; the children wove his name into the games they played; all the world spoke of his magic. Even the King of the world turned aside from his dream of empires, hearing about him the speech of courtiers. He gave command that there should be brought before him this worker of wonders, a traveller from many far-off lands, to show his magic to the King in the great hall of audience.

And now it was come to the day of that audience. The country and the city folk lined the roads and the lanes, hither and thither surging, in the hope that they might see him. The garments of these people were those they wear on gala days, pale-blue, and white, and the shimmering green that glints the Meru hills at sunrise. Here and there wandered groups of school-children in white and violet, flinging joyously into the air dew-spangled lilies, and singing now this strain, now that, in the happy inconsequence of holiday.

Now the wonder-working traveller had never yet been seen in the kingdom of the world, though ages before

(the wise Books said) such another had come from the same far-off countries this same way, alone, afoot and without train. But none knew now, and the King's wise men could only tell the tales. *They* said that they too could do magic and wonders, under a power left by the other Visitor ; but yet they never had made the rain come to save the crops, nor stopped the plague. And also some others had lately come into the kingdom of the world who said that they too had *heard* of this traveller, and among these were two who said they had *seen* him. These also said that the King's wise men could make magic. But the King's wise men feared this as flattery, and kept silent, except to say they knew not, for the ways of God are dark, and as broken waters. And being in the King's house, their words were strong ; and the others, those who had lately come, spoke only plain words which none heeded save the few.

Therefore men wrangled much as to the nature of this traveller. Some said that the wise Books talked of a weak and womanish man, who smiled never, nor ever showed power. Some said that the magic was but trickery, and that only the foolish believed. Others said that it was all an old woman's tale. Those who had lately come into the kingdom of the world said little of his appearance, but it was thought that they had really seen him.

But now at last the world was to see. And so the throngs waited in the streets, and in the great hall of audience sat the King and his courtiers doing justice until this traveller might arrive. Then all-suddenly came running into the hall a page from the Keeper of the Gate, to say that one had come who said that he was the traveller whom they expected. He had arrived

before the gate quietly and without train, and awaited the pleasure of the King of the world.

So the King signed with his hand, and the page fled to the door to bring in the worker of wonders.

The hall of audience was splendidly hung in arms and tapestries, and soft lights hung from marble pillars about the arched domes. The tessellated floors reflected faintly the lights; the low voices of the waiting multitude caused a steady undulation in the soft glow that filled the room. The dreaminess of all the surroundings poured over the watcher like a stream.

Then suddenly all was changed as into the hall stepped the traveller. The straight and sinewy figure glided and yet strode over the polished floor, and, about him, the purest light played and grew—grew, truly, until the very light of day had banished the false lights above. Nor was this all: before his serenity and in sympathy with his silence the hall grew quiet, and in the perfume of his presence the air grew fresh.

It was as if the light and beauty of the day had come into the hall—the Light of the world.

The cadence of the voice that sprung from his lips made all forget that he spoke without the royal sign of permission from the throne.

“Sir,” he said, “you have asked that I come, that I do before you the magic which men love, that I show you the wonders which, in my travels, I have gathered. Ask and it shall be shown unto you!”

Now the King loved jewels above all else. Himself the possessor of a great store, he drew into favour as well those of his nobles who could display great stones of price. And so the courtiers knew that he would ask to see such treasure. But, craftily, first he tried the

powers of the worker of wonders in other things, lest he, knowing the King's great desire, might have brought false stones. Therefore he asked first for some sign of power.

The traveller bowed low before the throne, and as his blue robe swept the floor, there leaped up from the cold flags of marble a golden flame that marked a magic symbol that only the wise men know. The flame leaped upward—and was gone. Then followed magic feats that made the kingdom of the world wonder; of which they still speak, though I may tell you of but a few.

In one of these, from his garment the traveller drew a red lacquer box, small, but wondrously carved. He pressed the spring and laid the box upon the floor. Immediately about it sprang a little grove; the box disappeared and on the spot where it had been stood an elephant not so high as one's hand, but perfect in form and with a howdah of ivory. Out of the jungle trotted a little man, the mahout, crying in a wee small voice to the elephant. The animal sank to the ground, the mahout was lifted into his place, and together they saluted the King. As they stood thus, the traveller drew about the scene a circle, which moved inward, rolling up the forest as it were, then swallowed them up in the red lacquer box, which seemed to come out of the floor.

“Buy that,” the King commanded his minister; and straightway a light smile fled across the face of the traveller; but he gave over the box.

From another fold of his garment he drew forth a ring of crystal, in size like to a man's forearm. This he put upon the floor, spinning it lightly with his hand. Straightway the ring was lost to view and in its

place revolved an iris-coloured sphere, which pulsed and shimmered with all the colours of the finest mother-of-pearl, and strange to say, hummed and sang as it spun.

“There, O King of all the world, is the speaking heart. Ask whatsoever you would know, and it shall be answered. But once only,” said the traveller.

And in the heart of the King was again his desire for jewels, so he said: “Shall I not receive and possess great gems, the envy of the world?”

The traveller smiled again, and his smile was as the waters under summer air. But the voice from the singing heart dropped to the merest whisper, as if communing with another, and then its bell-like tones rang out in answer to the King:

“TO-DAY—BUT NOT TO-MORROW”

and straightway the crystal ring came back out of the rainbow-coloured mist, and rocked itself to rest upon the floor.

“That, too, must we have,” said the King.

But now his great desire could no longer be repressed, and he interrogated the stranger, asking him what stones of price he had found in foreign lands. As if anticipating this, the worker of wonders drew forth from his garment a most marvellous case of seven sides, but with no fastening on it, nor opening. And yet he lifted from it, almost it seemed that he drew *through* it, the greatest marvel yet seen in the kingdom of the world.

It was a living necklace, strung upon a simple thread, brilliant beyond the power of words to describe, from which veritably poured a torrent of light. Cascades of colour poured through the audience hall. The King

and the nobles, must, at first, shade their wonder-struck eyes before the power of the gems. For gems they seemed to be, when, presently, the King's gaze perceived each member of the chain.

Then the traveller showed the King each jewel on the string, speaking words which fell in part upon deaf ears, and of which all were understood only by those who had lately come into the kingdom of the world, and happened also to be present.

"This," he said, "is the great lapis lazuli of perfect health. It completes the chain at the bottom. Men have said that in its place we might better have a transparent stone, or, at least, a pearl. But in this they show not wisdom, for without this gem, perfect in its strength, all the others would fall from the thread into the mire." And here the King saw, but only to forget again through the desire which was upon him, that although the traveller spoke of that upon which these gems were strung as a thread, yet it seemed to have a strange silver and rose brilliance; though near the bottom it was indeed, to his eyes, like a simple thread.

"Here," continued the traveller, "is the fire opal. See how it dartles now red, now blue, now violet from the stones above! It reflects and mimics all. Next above it is a flawless oval ruby. At the bottom its perfect blood-red seems the very essence of pure passion, and at the top this palest rose seems like unto the pure affection of which tales are told. Over it hangs this emerald. Have you ever seen such, Sir? None save myself has ever seen in its perfection this gem of gems. Men have said, and here they say wisely, that its perfect sea-green stimulates in them the most profound knowledge, and these pale shades of electric purity are

like in value unto the Egyptian sunset, and bring forth a sympathy transcendent. Above this hangs a sapphire beyond compare, except that it is like the highest vault of heaven. And next above hangs this stone." Here the traveller pointed to a gem that has no name in the kingdom of the world. The King and all men marvelled. But one of those who had lately come to the kingdom was heard to murmur of the Wisdom of the Blessed One, and another chanted that His Wisdom shone like unto silver islands in a sapphire sea. Hearing this, the traveller turned upon the speaker with a radiant smile that can never be forgotten, and he continued, speaking for all, but with a new meaning to those who seemed to have heard of this One called Blessed:

"Aye, this stone shines with the radiance of perfect wisdom. It is the far famed jewel of Compassion which my Brother gave to me. And above that is this diamond without a spot. See how clear it is! How its rays pour down through the chain and illuminate and intensify it! The diamond is hard, but nothing can be substituted for it. He who makes this his own will have with him ever that which cuts more surely than steel; a centre upon which all things may revolve. He shall have *the will to do.*"

The voice of the traveller dropped away into nothing. He had been almost forgotten, so complete was his sympathy and identification with the stones before him. The King's desire to possess the necklace grew apace, and he said again.

"Those, too, must I have. Every one must be mine. Give him whatsoever he asks for them."

Once more the same faint smile fled across the face, of the worker of wonders. "O King!" he said, "the

speaking heart has said that you will have great jewels to-day but not to-morrow. Shall they be these jewels?" The King signified his assent.

"They are yours," said the traveller, "But behold!" He knelt upon the marble and stripped the great stones from off the simple thread which held them, and which the King had forgotten. And lo! The splendid jewels, as each slipped from that thread, became dimmed and dull. The lapis lazuli and the fire opal were as lumps of clay; the great ruby seemed spirited away, for there lay a common brown stone; in the emerald appeared cracks; the sapphire seemed to shrink and wither; the jewel of Compassion rolled into a crevice in the flags and was for ages lost; even the great diamond filmed over, and the brilliance of it fled, leaving only a cold hard stone.

Before the amazed gathering the traveller stood erect in all the majesty of his height. The clear tones of his voice struck with fearless candour through the hall of audience as he addressed the throne.

"You are King of all the world," he said, "and you have bought, with the dust of principalities, the baubles of magic, and those dull gems. But you did not (for you cannot) buy this simple thread. Yet it is because they were strung upon this that those stones wellnigh blinded you with their light. See them now as they lie there dull and broken! Whatsoever man desires that does he receive. But this you have not desired. For this is the simple silver cord without which the jewels are as you see them now. For *this* men call Love, though 'he Masters of men know it by another name."

His silver voice vanished for the last time. Into the fold of his garment he placed the thread. He

saluted the King, walked to the end of the hall and out into the day.

Straightway the same dullness fell upon the company before the King, and the heavy air and feeble lights returned. At the far end of the passage some saw that dusk had fallen, and that over the distant hills where leads an ancient little road out of the kingdom of the world, a majestic figure showed small against the rosy sunset sky, and vanished beyond into descending night. But those who had lately come into the kingdom saw an evening star blaze forth as if to promise to the kingdom of the world such another day.

II. THE SEARCH

The King of the world stood in his own chamber above the Court of the Fountain and gazed musingly over the palace into the pale green of the sunset sky. There for a moment had hung the evening star, over the ancient narrow road that leads out of the kingdom of the world; and there too had rested momentarily the figure of the great Magician to whom he had given audience but a brief time before. Saddened and overwrought had the King left the hall of audience, bearing in his clenched hand six dull jewels, bought from the looked-for traveller. By some trick, of which none knew the real nature, these stones were brilliant with the light of life when strung upon the thread which held them suspended from the hand of the worker of wonders; but now they were cold and dark, and the seventh was lost. And the King, chagrined at this change, his great desire rebuffed, was thoughtful and downcast.

As he mused, his sober thought was slowly disturbed by voices in the court below him. When his attention was thus drawn he heard the serene tones of two who had lately come into the kingdom of the world speaking of the great visitor, who had just left them, in words which clearly showed that this had not been their first sight of him. For they were recalling, as they paced slowly about the great fountain, how they had come together, though by different roads, to the very home of the worker of wonders there in the Hills of Meru; how they had met before the gateway of the Great Hall of Light in that place, and entered into it together. The man spoke so vividly in his rich deep voice of the glory of that hall, its colours, its lights and its never-ceasing fountain that even the words (which came back to the King later) seemed to give a certain measure of peace and calm even after the two had gone from the Court of the Fountain—even so that in the heart of the King grew a mighty resolve that he also should forsake for a time the kingdom of the world to seek that hall of splendour and learn, perhaps, the secret of the thread. So it was that with a heart that sang he turned himself to the task of state fixed for the evening, knowing well that the morrow would bring him on his way.

The ancient narrow road which led and still leads out of the kingdom of the world is approached by several wide avenues, one springing from the very gate of the Palace of the King. He had long known of its existence, and so it was with little difficulty that he found it even before dawn the next morning. For he had arisen early and taken the road alone, bearing in his hand a staff, wearing his simplest garments, and

taking in addition only a sword and a case containing his six jewels. For it was his purpose to find the Hall of Light that same day, so great was his resolve.

Now he stood on the edge of his kingdom, having followed the road to the ridge of the hills. And he turned eastward his gaze to see once more his home. Beyond the spires and domes the first flush of the dawn lay low in the sky, and a single star hung in the silver blue above. The sun had not yet risen when he turned from the scene and strode resolutely along his appointed and chosen pathway, following the ancient road ever followed by those who leave the kingdom of the world.

It is not an easy way, this road, as he soon found. It is narrow and rough, and one who has never taken it before can see only a little way along it. Yet despite the difficulties and the loneliness of it the royal traveller found delight in the added freedom which had come to him when first he set foot upon it, and a keener zest in the clean air and better vision that were his.

But a turn in the pathway brought him suddenly upon an obstacle before which he paused. A great boulder lay across his way and prevented his further advance. For a moment his resolution forsook him, and he wondered what might be the obstacles further on if such were met thus early. Then with a rush his determination came back to him, and with his staff he began the work of clearing the road. Slowly he moved the rock, until his staff broke in his hands. Then still more laboriously did he attack his task, now with bare hands and bent back. Finally, with a supreme effort that called forth all the reserve of his physical force, he toppled the great obstacle into the valley below him.

Weary and spent, the King of the world paused to adjust his now soiled and torn garments and to gird on his sword anew. Taking up his case of jewels, but leaving behind his broken staff, once more did he take his way forward. He did not note, but in the case the precious lapis lazuli had again regained its perfect form, and the diamond sparkled as of yore. Nor did he know that far ahead of him, from his eyrie in the Meru hills, there was One who saw the struggle and its result, and who wrote upon His record :

HE HAS GIVEN ME HIS BODY : I HAVE GIVEN
HIM MY WILL

Again the wanderer took his way, and again another turn in the pathway brought him before a task. A great tangle blocked his way, the growth of centuries; a tree that was strangely hard, and yet seemed alive like a veritable tangle of serpents. From this too the royal wanderer fell back momentarily daunted. But once more, and this time with greater power (for he had need of it), his resolution returned to him, and he sprang to his giant task with unsheathed sword, cutting and hewing with the strength of ten at the maze of writhing branches. Roots gripped his feet and sinuous poisoned fronds stung his body. Now he had need of the will he had won, for this was the task of killing the great deadly nightshade of ancient false delusions, and none is more difficult. Never pausing, never resting, in a fight which knows no quarter, torn and bleeding and worn, with a heart nigh unto bursting, at last he cut his way to the chief stem, and with one stupendous blow severed the trunk. All about him fell the now dead serpent limbs, and he, almost spent in body and in

heart, had need once more to rest upon his road. Again the Silent Watcher wrote a single sentence in the record :

HE HAS GIVEN ME HIS HEART :

I WILL GIVE HIM MY COMPASSION

Then came the end of that brief respite, and, refreshed in body and renewed in heart, abandoning his dulled sword, but clinging to his stones of price, once more he resumed his way. The flawless ruby glowed within, but he saw it not.

The second task was done, but in the very doing came the danger from the third. For now the King walked with confident mind, saying to himself : “ Have I not won my way? Can I not meet the greatest of trials and conquer ? ” So did he think, walking on with head proudly erect. And therein was the way of greatest danger ; for over his path was a great pit that he saw not in his pride, and into this he fell heavily. Up those walls none can clamber quite unassisted, and none was by to help. But once more came into him like a flood the King’s mighty conviction, and almost without a pause he stripped his torn garments from him to make a slender rope to throw over some projection. And then began a wearisome time of many efforts and many failures, until at last he pulled himself up into the light of common day, once more to rest his tired body. And a third time the Silent Watcher saw and wrote :

HE HAS GIVEN ME HIS MIND :

I HAVE GIVEN HIM MY WISDOM

Then there came for a moment into the heart and inmost being of the traveller the blackness of utter

despair, for the long slanting beams of the setting sun casting their golden haze over the hills and the valleys told him that the day was wellnigh spent. And here was he who went forth so boldly that very morning, armed and equipped, now without a weapon, and his very garments in shreds. Thus despairing, he dragged his weary body to a near-by stream, bathed himself as best he might, and then turned forward, almost from force of habit it would seem, with his eyes fixed modestly upon the road, until his thoughts turned to the need of shelter for the night. He stopped and cast his gaze forward along the road, when—behold! Before him was the very goal he sought, the Hall of Light, resplendent in the sun.

In the very pathway it stood, with its ivory gate wide ajar. Then suddenly the King thought of his beloved stones, tied upon his wrist. He drew them forth and saw that at last they were perfect, the six that were there, though shining with their *own* splendour. As he wondered at this there came no more to him his great desire to possess gems, for he saw now that in themselves they are as nothing. So he resolved to lay them silently upon the threshold, that the great Worker of Wonders might have them back, (for the King now saw that they were indeed not his own), to look into the mighty hall before him, and then go back once more to his own kingdom. So, naked and unafraid, mind and heart burned pure, he strode to the entrance and stepped into the hall. And now he saw that it was well that he had given up his desire for stones of price, for this soaring building was built wholly of them. It was a sight of sights, and never can he forget it. While his eye also noted the glories of the Hall of Light the voice

and the very words of the man in the garden rang again in his ears :

Emerald was the central stair,
Pearl the sweeping balustrade,
Gold and silver arms were there,
Tapestries of glistening jade.

Crystal was the fountain bowl,
Amber-pearl the water fell,
Iridescent shadows stole,
Across the floor of rainbow shell.

The dome that fled from pillars round
Leapt like a lightning golden flame.
There flashed a star wherein is found
The symbol of that blessed Name.

Who shall tell of the joy of the King to see these things without desire to possess them? And surely no words can express his veritable bliss when into this coruscating Hall of Light came none other than the Worker of Wonders, in all the beauty of His transcendent form. This One placed in the hand of the King the jewels he had laid at the gate, complete now and pulsing with the light of life. But this was not all. For with that same rare smile, so like the soft summer breeze upon still waters, He said :

“ There is the thread you sought and the stones you have fairly won by the very act of giving. Take them and return once more to your own kingdom to prepare it again to receive Me, for I shall soon return. It is My Will, My Compassion, and My Wisdom you shall employ, but yours are the brain, the heart, and the shoulders. So long as these jewels hang upon this thread you shall have in the great task the light of life, and the Star shall hang above you. Go then, and work unceasingly against the day of My return. Peace be with you!”

So it comes that now when the King of all the world stands looking out over the Court of the Fountain in the half light of a dying day, and sees once more the evening star sinking over the Hills of Meru, he feels only joy, for he knows that beneath that symbol lives in changeless calm that celestial One who gave to him the eternal thread that men call Love. And he knows too that soon again those calm eyes of perfect repose and perfect understanding will look upon the world, and bless the earth, the water, and the air with the strength, the beauty, and the light that are His.

III. THE RETURN

Prelude

The Great Magician rose at the first suggestion of the dawn upon the Hills of Meru, and stood at the latticed window, gazing out over the poppy field, far out and away where the rose-rimmed horizon sent a soft wind that whispered faintly, faintly, "Lord, art Thou coming?" Afar off a single note floated across the cavern of the sky; and then fell once more the silent moment that speaks to the heart at this hour. What said it to Him?

The fair hair was rippled like ruffled water, and from it sprang lights like the satin dew on the poppies there at His feet. Was that light in the blue eyes all from the dawn? Was the rosy-fingered East alone reflected as the sudden glow that lighted that perfect countenance? Truly it seems not so, for the sudden springing of the eastern light, flooding the valleys' mist, though it saw that calm unchanged, yet revealed something that spoke of an undying resolve.

And now the day broke before Him. Silver-green resolved itself to sapphire; warm rose burned paler into palest gold. The pure note of an untutored starling fled upward, broke, and dissolved itself into a chorus. The soft sough of pine-laden air shook a thousand diamonds from the poppies. Then another crystal moment, and—behold! it was day. With the grace of the supple tiger He swept His hand lightly down His beard, chestnut now in the full light; and as He turned from the east He spoke one brief word. But having heard only that, I fled gladly to mine own place in the kingdom of the world, happy, serene and assured: the word He spoke was “Yes”.

In my own place in the kingdom of the world I saw another arise at the same dawn and gaze in mute content into the silvered East. I could not see his face with these dull eyes, but I saw the coming of day, and heard a brief phrase go from this watcher’s lips—heard it slip into the dawn wind—“Lord, art Thou coming?”

Then once more was the glory of dayspring; the swift magic of new-born light melting the old heart of nature; the whispering of waking things in hushed voices; the gleam of iridescent mists; the second moment of pure silence. Then the west wind answered again unto the east. As it breathed past, my dull ears caught a low Love tone that seemed to come from the far-off unimaginable heights of the Hills of Meru—but only this word, “Yes”.

Once more the King of the world is seated in his own chamber above the Court of the Fountain; but now he is old and spent. Snow-white hair and beard

frame his noble face in a pure white ground, and from his deep-set eyes pours a resistless flame that marks his indomitable will. The slow bubbling fountain whispers words he seems from long familiarity half to understand; the faint voices of woodland and stream murmur across the silent sleeping city from the Hills of Meru. Often in the pale dim dawn had the King sat thus, watching ever for the Day of Days, the dawn that had never come. Children grew up; old courtiers died; the cares of state grew incessantly heavier, yet sustained by an unfaltering trust and living in a promise and a hope, his majestic figure bent only slowly under the burden, as he looked ever forward.

But now he was come to be old and spent. Intrigue ringed him round and enemies struck upon his outlying districts and peoples. Worst of all, even to-day he was to adjust in open audience a bitter quarrel between the merciless Lord of Mamona and his ancient enemy the strong Baron of the Reaches. Now with this and then with that adjustment had the King sought to allay their at first secret and now open strife. But ever he had failed. Greed of possessions held both leaders, and the kingdom of the world was the real goal of each, for the King was without issue.

To him in his troubled state this dawn came much as any other; with the usual sense of disappointment, but this time somehow more poignant than ever before, he slowly arose and retired to the half light of a further room, still wrestling with his troublesome problem.

The day wore on toward the hour of the audience. The drowsy rustle of human life gathered strength steadily, until it rumbled like the far-sounding sea. The aged figure, half lay and half sat in the shadow of

his lounging room. In a casket beside him glowed a set of seven priceless gems, world-famed. But the weary man gazed idly and dully. As the hour of the audience drew near a figure stood in the door. The half-reclining tired old man slowly arose, to beckon the nobleman. He was clothed for the work before him, but himself clasped upon his bosom finally the wondrous necklace. He strode resolutely to his task.

The audience hall was quite crowded, even as it had been on another occasion. The murmur of respectful voices died away as the majestic figure entered, and lackeys and courtiers settled into place, whilst a crier called for silence, and announced the ancient custom of the Crown of offering public hearing to any who asked it. The King declared the audience open. He signed to an eager man before him, who arose at the signal ; this was the great Baron of the Reaches. Slightly stooped but powerful of form, he stood for a moment amidst the heavy silence, his sombre face and sombre clothes fittingly matched. Then his voice, harsh and strong, opened the dread question :

“Sire,” he began, “under your beneficent rule it is hard for any to speak of wrongs done. Yet even so must I do, even though with a heavy heart. For in my province great has been the injustice ; greatly therefore must it be righted.”

Now with flattery, now with pathos, false and true, the strong but rough voice of the noble carried on the tale of his grievances. How in his states he had sought to upraise all men ; how he had educated and trained ; how he had organised and advised his people ; but especially how he had striven against the corruptions

of wealth. Ever it was of rights and justice, the honest reward of the poor and labouring.

“But,” his words rang out, charged with hatred, “one of thine own lieges has ever warred silently against me. He corrupted with wealth even the bearers of news, the pulpit and the schools. For ever and ceaselessly he has worked with agents sinister and strong. Now it has at last come to the surface. Shall it be war against him? Here he sits before you; judgment I ask on behalf of depressed humanity, judgment against that man.”

His muscled arm pointed unswervingly at one of the foremost nobles, one gorgeously clad in a crimson cloak, a vivid and rich spot of colour in the pale green of the uniformed figures of his retainers there about him. The eyes of the Lord of Mamona rose from the floor at the charge, and the King saw them grey, small and cold, in keeping with the hard lines of the face. At a sign from the throne he also stood erect. His voice was quiet and controlled, his gestures simple and his words few, but charged with a quiet and deadly power:

“Sire,” he said, “all this the whole kingdom of the world has heard many times before. Why should I weary you now with fresh denials? It is well known that in the confines of my own provinces these charges would be held groundless. Why should I reach out to do in one place what I do nowhere else? It is true that I have great wealth; but is this in itself a crime? Yes, war there will be if necessary, but I fight only in defence. In your hands is the issue.” And with a suave gesture he seated himself amongst his retainers.

The hall of audience was quiet with the stillness of death. The bitter words of the nobles had left no

room for compromise. War would mean the rupture of the whole kindom. Each had declared his settled policy anew. Neither held out any hope of peace.

In the ominous silence the King of all the world sat quiet and apparently unmoved. Long since transcending his pride of race and country, himself living only for the good of the people, he had also held the rule of the state for them only, in the great hope that another King should come, that One whom he had seen, that One to whom he had spoken. Struggling against intrigue, eternally watchful, he had looked and longed for the Man of Men, a Worker of Wonders, to stop the tide of almost certain defeat. Now the last effort had been made, but no hope was offered, and in this bitter moment his heart was heavy and he was utterly weary.

About him no pity showed in the faces amongst his nobles; unrelieved selfishness there ringed him round. His eye wandered idly back into the hall. He saw many faces familiar and half-familiar, and many strange. Who were those in the simple dress sitting somewhat apart? Out of his oldest images came to the King, the memory of another audience in his early years on the throne. Ah! yes. There were they who had come into the kingdom only a short time before the visit of the Great Magician. How peaceful and serene their gaze! How youthful still they seemed. The burning eyes of the aged man paused at the refreshing simplicity of the group and their happy strength. A half-familiar man sat amongst them, perfectly unruffled in his calm. His serene and untroubled gaze met the King's eyes, and seemed to give him that peace which comes to the night watcher when dawn breaks. So striking was this in the stirring scenes about him that the King's attention

was with difficulty drawn back by the aggressive tone of the Baron of the Reaches, calling: "Judgment, Sire!"

The aged King glanced at the Lord of Mamona and received a sign of defiant assent. He drew himself up to the fullest of his fine stature. With a flash of his ancient strength (whence came it?) he spoke, with quick decision, the age-old formula:

"Know all ye the ancient custom of the public audience amongst us. It is that each party to the quarrel speaks for himself. One is then chosen without favour from the people to give a decision to them, and him we call the Judgment Giver. Then, if it please him, the throne speaks nothing and the judgment stands. But if it please not the throne then does he render the decision. This day, so shall I welcome a just decision and wise, that I offer for it this, my great necklace, to the Judgment Giver, if his decision be acceptable to me. These have asked for judgment; give it, thou!" And his gesture swept toward the silent, quiet man with the wonderful eyes, he who sat in the group where the King's gaze had only just rested. Quite unembarrassed, with a gentle dignity far beyond his years, this one descended to the floor of the hall. What was this strange clear light which seemed to grow? why was the air so suddenly sweet?

He stood quietly before the tense multitude. The fierce gaze of the dark Baron and the cold glare of the great Lord were found to falter before the gentle eyes. The King's heart leapt when the clear voice filled the hall. How like the Worker of Wonders so long ago!

"Judgment you cry. And in the name of the King I shall answer. But who of us shall judge? who shall say, 'This is right; this wrong' to his fellow?"

Never before in all the years of public audience had one of the folk spoken thus boldly. Astonishment seized the audience; the nobles were bewildered. And then came such a scene as none shall describe with words. The soft tones of the Judgment Giver made living the cruel horrors of war; the bitterness of defeat; the vainness of victory. His words dropped with the softness of silk over the bruised heart of one; poured like cool water over the burning heart of another. He spoke of suffering; strong men wept. He spoke of joy; every heart sang. He turned at last in unbroken silence to the old foes:

“Judgment, you ask. This is the only judgment that man can give to man, it is to give what men call Love. Have you given that? None is too poor to give it; none too rich to receive it. Time does not alter it, nor place corrupt it, for it is of—nay it *is* God. It is a judgment and an award that each can render. I give that to you,” turning to the wonder-struck baron, “and the same to you,” to the now-softened lord: “Offer it now to one another.” And before the astonished multitude the ancient enemies faced each other; moved by a common impulse each stepped forward; and, wonder of wonders, their hands met in a sturdy grip of renewed friendship.

“Judgment! In the King’s name and for the King have I given it,” rang out the old formula.

The gaze of the crowd swept to the old ruler, knowing full well that he would have the judgment stand. But lo! he was, as they say, dead. Yet, somehow, none was shocked, for serenity lay like a benediction in his face; his brow was untroubled; his lips were smiling.

Then, moved by this wonder of the King's silent assent, the nobles swore new fealty to the state and chose from among them one to rule.

But the Judgment Giver unclasped his reward, the flaming necklace, from the body of the King. And one who was near by heard him strangely say, as he lifted away the quenchless necklace: "Now hast thou no need of this, for thou hast the Light of Life; and though thou, the King, art gone, still there remains the Light of the World."

Thus, have I heard, returned in strange garb the Worker of Wonders, and so once more did the great jewels go whence they came. And the simple thread upon which they were strung, that too was no longer seen. Yet there be those who say that in the crystal casket of the heart of every man hang seven jewels on such a thread, and that he who thence turns his gaze can see strange scenes; that, if he but watches there and waits, there will echo in that small and silent chamber, that is so like unto the greater Hall of Light, the voice of the Great Magician, who shall say: "Peace be with you."

Fritz Kunz

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST, commenting on the Gifford Lectures, you do not allow the æsthetic emotions a pedigree in the struggle for existence. That colour plays a large part in plant fertilisation is well known. In the animal kingdom beauty of colour, and perhaps of form also, enters largely into propagation, and, in a less degree, into nutrition. Colouring is also protective. Primitive man thus endowed with a love of natural beauty would have a distinct asset in the survival of the fittest. Women with a love of beauty, or gifted with æsthetic emotions, would become attractive.

Similarly, where evolution of the race depends so much on propagation and selection, it would seem that the higher ethical emotions were an advantage in the struggle for existence. Loving kindness in the bringing up of a family is conducive to strength, whatever form it may take; ethical emotions are in themselves vitalising; and the warfare plays such a large part in history, it is significant that in times of peace the ethically developed man will usually outlive the man of violence, who, impatient of family life, seeks abroad occasions of danger.

C. B. DAWSON

REVIEWS

Modern World Movements, by J. D. Buck, M.D. (Indo-American Book Co., Chicago.)

This is a little book well worth reading. It gives a valuable and succinct sketch of Theosophical Movements from Jacob Behmen onwards, placing the T.S. in a true perspective. Then it sketches the story of the T.S., with full and affectionate loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott. Its error lies in the ignorance of the writer of the T.S. as a world-movement, not only as an American movement, and the consequent preposterous statement, made more than once, that the T.S. is weaker in influence now than when H. P. Blavatsky passed away! Putting this aside, we find an interesting account of an American movement, under "J K," in which the same truths are put forward in a modern scientific way, without any allusion to their more eastern presentation by H. P. Blavatsky. Dr. Buck thinks that this method will better suit the western mind. Only time can decide which way is the better. But all good Theosophists will rejoice that the truths should be proclaimed in any language which meets the needs of any people, for there is but one Work for the uplifting of mankind, and in that all loyal-hearted and self-sacrificing men must ever be welcomed as co-labourers.

A. B.

Hereafter, Notes on the Fifteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, Verses 20 to 28, by Hilda, Baroness Deichmann. (Published for the author by the T.P.S., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This beautiful little book would seem from the 'Foreword' to have been communicated by automatic writing, but, however produced, it will purify the emotions of those who are happy enough to come across it and use it as a book of devotion. S. Paul's words in themselves are a mine of spiritual meaning, and this treatise is on the broadest lines of orthodox Christianity. Many a devout person will be grateful to the writer.

A. J. W.

*The People's Books,*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c. net.)

As the months go by this eminently useful collection increases in number, grows more and more comprehensive and approaches nearer and nearer towards forming a modern cyclopædia in which the various topics can be had separately, at small price and in handy form.

Zoology, the Study of Animal Life, by E. W. MacBride, F.R.S.

A clearly written little manual, with several illustrations, especially in the sections on 'Cells and Tissues' and 'The Classification of Animals.' The most interesting part of the booklet will to most readers lie in its last three sections on 'The Origin of Species,' 'The Consequences of Darwin's Theory. The Interpretation of Development' and 'The Bearing of Zoology on the question of human origin and the future destiny of the race'. From the latter section we may quote the dictum: "In fact, at the present day it may be confidently asserted that there is no intelligent naturalist who is not convinced that the human race is descended from monkey-like ancestors; and the quibbling objection which is sometimes raised, that our ancestors could not have been identical with any race of monkeys existing now, is entirely beside the point." The whole last chapter is original and interesting; it will amply repay study and it shows that the author has rightly understood his task in writing a volume for *The People's Books*, in not executing it in any narrow or closet-bound spirit. Decidedly a book to recommend.

The Science of Light, by Percy Phillips, D.Sc., B.Sc., B.A.

A well-ordered and graduated exposition of the laws governing light leading up to the final statement "that light consists of short, transverse, electro-magnetic waves" and that "there is little regularity in the vibrations of the source". This volume also is well illustrated. The chapters deal successively with the rectilinear propagation, the reflection and refraction, the dispersion, the interference, the diffraction and the polarisation of light. The work is as little technical as could be, considering the subject it treats of.

¹ This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Sir William Huggins and Spectroscopic Astronomy, by E.W. Maunder, F.R.A.S.

This is an entirely fascinating little book, written in parts with poetic eloquence and imagination. Star-lovers will welcome this volume which is a true romance of science. 'The Story of Nebulium' is perhaps the most interesting chapter in it. The booklet does not lend itself to analysis but we may quote its closing sentences as an indication of its tenor :

"Astronomy is the oldest of the sciences ; Astrophysics, that is to say, Spectroscopic Astronomy, is the youngest. Yet they concur in their testimony. The Universe is One".

The Problem of Truth, by H. Wildon Carr, Hon. D.Litt.

This little book must be fairly stiff reading to the "ordinary man" but is nevertheless instructive and interesting. The author sums up the contents of his treatise as follows : "The problem of truth is to discover the nature of the agreement between the things of the mind, our ideas, and the reality of which ideas are the knowledge. We call the agreement truth. What is it ? There are three different answers, namely—(1) that it is a correspondence between the idea and the reality ; (2) that it is the coherence of the idea in a consistent and harmonious whole ; and (3) that it is a value that we ourselves give to our ideas."

We recommend our readers to discover for themselves the answer which Mr. Carr prefers and to weigh his reasons for doing so.

British Birds. Descriptions of all the Commoner Species, Their Nests and Eggs, by F. B. Kirkman, B.A.

This is not a book for reading, but one for reference. It gives, in dictionary form, a description (illustrated) of some 200 of the commoner British birds, together with that of their nests, eggs, names and locations. It cannot but be a treasure to all young British naturalists, though it must needs be of restricted use outside the British Isles. A useful diagram and a table of terms used in the book are joined to the text, so facilitating its easy understanding.

Kindergarten Teaching at Home, by Sister Charlotte and Sister Ethel Isabella.

This little manual should be in the hands of the multitudes of parents and teachers of the small ones, and we wish it a very great success. Writing, however, in India, where a little, inexpensive but thorough work like the one before us, would be an inestimable boon, we must regret that it is worked out on such specifically western, and even British, lines. Though nevertheless useful—very usefuleven—to intelligent non-British parents, the booklet stands in need of an appreciable amount of revision and adaptation before it would be able to find full application in the East. We recommend the volume, but add that we wish that a special edition of it might appear, especially adapted for use in India by Indians. The booklet is too good not to find a wider field, than it is likely to find as it now is, in the East generally.

J. v. M.

The Foundation of Religion, by Stanley A. Cook, M.A.

Broad views expressed on so vast a subject will attract the attention of those who seek for liberal views in religion, and make this booklet another valuable contribution to this popular series. The author regards thought as something that grows, develops and evolves. He emphasises the relationship of man to his own development and environment to the universe and to the supernatural. The psychical realities, the study of comparative religion and the scientific evidence for the oneness of all mankind form the background for this interesting and ever fascinating subject.

G. G.

Judaism, by Ephraim Levine, M.A.

The author in his preface tells us that this little book only attempts to give the reader interested in the subject of Judaism "some idea of the various stages through which the religion has passed, and of the many tendencies that have reacted and still react on it". As is fitting, his first chapter is entitled 'The Bible in Judaism,' by which, of course, is meant the Old Testament. The Bible means much to the Jew and is venerated as *the Book*. "It is the most complete record of Israel's early history and religion." The history of Judaism is traced down the centuries, showing how it came into touch with Hellenism and Christianity which was, at first, "nothing more or less than a

part of Judaism". Then the sad tale of the dispersion of the Jews, of their persecution, even up to the present day in some parts of the world. The last chapter is exceptionally interesting on 'Judaism of To-day: Its Problems,' and indeed the whole volume should be widely read, as the history of Judaism is too little known to the general public.

Coleridge, by S. L. Bensusan.

The life of Coleridge must make its appeal to the psychologist, and the writer of this little biography has endeavoured, with great insight, to give to the public some idea of the character of the poet. His was never a happy life. He was almost always involved in pecuniary difficulties, and had invariably recourse to outside aid, not having the inner strength to stand alone. Melancholy seems to have "marked him for her own," and indeed such a strain runs through most of his poetry. It is useless to speculate on what he might have done, but his nature being what it was, it was practically impossible that he should be successful. This biography is peculiarly interesting, and the writer is to be congratulated on it. One hopes many people will take advantage of it, and learn a little about the author of 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel'.

T. L. C.

The Monarchy and the People, by W. T. Waugh, M.A.

It would be cruel on the part of any critic to expect any writer within the short compass of some 90 pages to deal with the History of England from 1485-1689 in such a way as to put before the public any materials not already known to regular students of the subject. But to the man in the street for whom these are intended in the first place a book such as *The Monarchy and the People* should be quite welcome. The titles of the chapters are extremely suggestive. The whole period covered by the book is a very important one. At the beginning we have a people wholly exhausted after the Wars of the Roses with their cruelties and treacheries, and readily acquiescing in any form of government which would assure them a decent degree of peace. We see as the years roll on how the subservient Parliament of Henry VIII and Mary begins to murmur with ill-conceived vexation in the closing

years of the good Queen Bess. A space of some 50 years and we see the descendant of Henry VIII on the scaffold at Whitehall. It is true that the success did not continue for a long time and what is more the very apostle of Liberty ruled for about three years as a despot. But the day of glory was not far off. "The Declaration of Right rendered Parliament uncontestedly supreme in the spheres of Legislation and Finance. And . . . it soon became clear . . . that the Parliament must be allowed to make and unmake ministries and determine national policy." The concise yet clear treatment and the breadth of view that pervades the book are some of the points that tell most strongly in favour of it.

Mediaeval Socialism, by Bede Jarrett, O.P., M.A.

The Stock Exchange, by J. F. Wheeler.

In judging such small handbooks as these we shall have more than ever to be careful about the aims of the authors and in no case put them to tests which the author never intended them to bear. Thus there is, as Mr. Wheeler says, "much misconception regarding the functions of the stock exchange and to many people the newspaper columns giving the quotations of Public Securities . . . are regarded in the same light as uninteresting advertisements". When we realise this and at the same time the enormous importance that attaches to the subject we cannot but welcome a book such as Mr. Wheeler's which gives within a short compass an intelligent idea of the whole of the mystery. One that will be more popular than *The Stock Exchange* is *Mediaeval Socialism*. Socialism is no longer held to be pernicious all round; and "many who ten years ago would have objected to it as a name of ill omen see in it now nothing which may not be harmonised with the most ordinary of political and social doctrines". Hence any study of socialistic doctrines, vague or intense as the case may be, should exert a good deal of attraction. Mr. Jarrett's book should also be interesting on account of the select quotations from mediaeval writers, which bear on the problem in hand. Thus his chapter on the 'Theory of Alms-giving' is enriched by quaint passages from St. Thomas Aquinas.

C. D. S. C.

Orient and Occident, by Manmath C. Mallik. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.)

To all who in any degree whatever are interested in the problem of the East and the West and their mutual relations a book like the present must be welcome. The author has a right to speak upon his subject as one whom intimate knowledge of the life of both hemispheres has familiarised with both sides of the question. He is not one of those persons who think that Europe and Asia cannot understand each other. On the contrary, he believes that races may be brought together in relations of mutual tolerance, respect and even sympathy. But in order that this true friendliness may be established between the two, changes must be brought about in the attitude of each towards the other.

This bulky volume is divided into three long chapters. Chapter I is devoted to the analysis of the eastern character and the western, the differences between the two and their agreements being emphasised. Mr. Mallik goes into great detail and himself fears that critics may find fault with his "prolixity of statement". He holds, however, "that the causes hindering the Empire of Britain from becoming the most potent instrument ever forged by Providence for the advancement of human welfare cannot be represented under too many aspects," especially when the general public, even that section which for one reason or another the question nearly concerns, knows so little about it. Tolerance and sympathy are born of understanding, understanding of knowledge. No effort should be spared that may help to spread a knowledge of the facts. Chapter II is devoted to "a comparison of the state of things in the different countries composing the Britains". The writer's interest is evidently centred in India and the greater part of this section deals with that country and her relations with England. His obvious sympathy with both sides and balanced insight into the problem make his words well worth careful consideration. In the last chapter he compares eastern with western thought, adding an extensive collection of parallel quotations showing the interesting similarity that exists in the ideas of the greatest minds of each hemisphere.

A. de L.

Personality, by F. B. Jevons, Litt.D. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The reality of the Personality—is it, or is it not, real? is the theme, and the author examines evidence, for and against, before arriving at the conclusion that personality proven—or granted—implies other personalities, human and divine, and that the unity—“the peace which passeth understanding”—“after which a ‘person’ strives” is only to be gained by—but is it fair to the author to tell what the reader will discover for himself? Suffice it to say that we are shown not to be “closed up systems,” but to live in one another. It is good to see the same conclusion arrived at by various and often seemingly opposed lines of argument. To those who regard each ‘personality’ merely as one of the many masks through which the ego, simultaneously at some points in evolution, successively at others, senses the material world, the reasoning of this book may seem to lead to a foregone conclusion. But there are many ways of indicating the one high goal, and some men require to follow the line of thought of the author of this book.

A. J. W.

Collected Poems, by A. E. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s. net.)

Of this collection (made by himself) from his already published volumes, together with certain new verses, the author tells us that “this book holds what poetry of mine I would wish my friends to read”. But he finds expression through sorrow, rather than joy: “I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears, and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy.” The poet is a Kelt, and has as his birth-right the Keltic temperament—that in which tears and smiles lie very close together. The mystic element is very strongly marked in such a one, and shows itself clearly in all the poems. Indeed through all the songs this singer sings, is heard a plaintive wail, which, even at the feast, may be discerned. The reader of A. E., must be sympathetic with his temperament, otherwise the verses will not appeal to him. The poet belongs to that new school of poets which in the last few decades has come into being, and which includes W. B. Yeats

and—latest known to the West—Rabindranath Tagore. For is he not performing for the East what those singers of Ireland are doing for the West ?

One must not approach the poems of A. E. with the stern eye of the critic, although many of them would pass the test so imposed. One must try to penetrate their meaning by the Spirit-sense. The work of A. E. will be known to most readers of this review, so that quotation will be unnecessary ; still, lest there be a few who have not yet caught the melody of his song, two verses are set down :

Ere I lose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with peace,
While I gaze on the light and the beauty, afar from the dim homes of men,
May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-ties that I would not release;
May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their succour again.

* * * * *

Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest in the heart of the love :
Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the flame of its tenderest breath,
I would still hear the cry of the fallen recalling me back from above,
To go down to the side of the people who weep in the shadow of death.

T. L. C.

Buddhist Scriptures. A Selection translated from the Pāli. (THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

This is an addition to the Buddhist volumes of this series and contains extracts from the discourses of the Buddha, His answers to questions, and stories about His life and stories of His former incarnations. The introduction concerns itself about the parallels between Christianity and Buddhism, saying that the deepest distinction is that the latter has no Saviour. A careful study of these Buddhist Scriptures will show the reason. The Buddha came to point out the Path to be trodden; the Noble Eightfold Path of right views, right aspirations, speech, actions, livelihood, endeavours, watchfulness and meditation. But each man must tread it for himself; he must work out his own salvation. No one else can tread it for him. The depending upon another to do it for one has become the weakness of Christianity. The other accusation which Christians bring against Buddhism is that it is a religion without a God. It has not, as has the Christian, an anthropomorphic God. A further study of these Scriptures will show that the Buddha taught His disciples how to open out those

faculties by which they could cognise God for themselves. To those who did so God was revealed. To the others it was useless to give any definition, and when questioned on this subject the Buddha was silent.

Notwithstanding these differences it is admitted that "Buddhism has more in common with it [Christianity] than appears at first sight." The more Buddhism is studied by Christians the more will the two religions be found to have in common, and we welcome this additional volume which will help to reveal to the West the beauty of a religion which is professed by so large a portion of the human race.

E. B. N.

Music as a Religion of the Future, by Ricciotto Canudo. (T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh and London.)

This translation is prefaced by 'A Praise of Music,' by Barnett D. Conlan, and seems to be rather a discourse on Art in general. The writer defines Art thus:

All great Art is an answer to a demand for synthesis, to a desire for some all-comprehensive form in which the spirit of an epoch or a people can find its most adequate expression.

He writes that "civilisation seems to evolve through great discords of Revolution to harmonies of Art":

The revolution that arose in France produced a galaxy of genius in all the arts, producing Napoleon and Beethoven; the first essayed to draw together the forces of Humanity in the framework of a vast Form, the form of Government, and in that he was Artist and poet supreme; the second opened out a path to the unknown in man and nature, building up an art that could pierce out toward the Infinite element in things.

He calls music the direct expression of life, and mentions the dawn of a primitive age now, when the truths of all past centuries are in a state of transformation, and the arts and sciences, with that essential force in humanity that comprises religion, are changing their values, and are passing through discords to a new harmony.

Mr. Canudo leads up to his idea of music by a thorough dissertation on idealism, religion and morality. He says we have need of a religion without ritual, and that music is the only art that can furnish this.

A comparative study of religions leads us to hope for one of pure sensation, and one that is neither sentimental nor contemplative.

Is not music already a religion in the lives of many in the present day? And there must be at the same time those religions that are sentimental and contemplative to suit other temperaments. We must be content to realise the "other paths" and try to enter into the spirit of them, and as far as possible understand and sympathise with their forms.

D. J. H. E.

The Waiting Place of Souls, by Cecil E. Weston, M.A. (Robert Scott, London.)

The Soul in Paradise, by W. Edwin Botejue. (Skeffington & Son, London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

Both these little books treat of the same subject and that from practically the same point of view. This is not surprising, as both are written by clergymen who belong presumably to the High Church party of the Anglican Church, and who represent its accepted views as to the life after death and the existence of an Intermediate State: Paradise, Hades, or whatever name by which one may choose to call it. Mr. Weston is less theological in his treatment of the subject than is Mr. Botejue, and he appeals more to the emotions than to the mind. *The Waiting Place of Souls*, as also *The Soul in Paradise*, is sure to bring comfort to many to whom this view of the after-death life may be new. But there is no excuse for Mr. Weston misquoting Longfellow (p. 47), and we venture to doubt whether Father Faber would care for his hymn to be used in the connection in which Mr. Weston uses it. Paradise, to the Roman Catholic, is not the Intermediate State, but the place where the Soul at last beholds the Beatific Vision. Mr. Botejue, who writes on his subject more definitely, makes much use of scriptural quotations to support his arguments, and he is firmly convinced, as also Mr. Weston, that "at death there is no restarting of life". Both writers strongly urge prayers for the dead, but surely nowadays (one hopes) there are few people so narrow as to condemn this custom. There is nothing really new in either of the books under review. They are merely a restatement of a widely-accepted religious hypothesis, which has undoubtedly within it a great truth, however imperfectly this truth may be expressed.

T. L. C.

Popular Phrenology, by J. Millott Severn. (William Rider & Son Ltd., London.)

This small book might serve as a popular compendium of all that is useful and valuable in the science of Phrenology, which was first brought to England a hundred years ago by Dr. Spurzheim. It is divided into fifteen chapters, and they lead an ordinary reader to the grasp of broad principles. The author shows that it is a mistake to think that Dr. Gall, the discoverer of Phrenology, mapped out the skull into so many compartments, and then assigned different faculties to different parts of the brain. On the contrary he made considerable observations, and after carefully comparing the results, and accumulating innumerable facts for nearly thirty years, propounded his doctrines. That Phrenology is a science is clearly shown by the harmony manifested in the arrangements of the mental organs. 'Phrenology and Child Life' is a chapter useful to parents and those who have the care of children. Attention to health and diet is specially drawn in cases of children who have very large brains and generally weak bodies. In the cultivation of the memory no elaborate "system" is necessary. What is wanted is that the thing to be remembered must first be thoroughly understood and comprehended, and then impressed upon the mind. The idea, rather than the actual words themselves, must be impressed. There is no single faculty of memory. Every one of the forty-two mind faculties has its own individual memory, *viz.*, there are forty-two separate memories, and whether the memory of a faculty is strong or weak depends upon the degree of development the organ has attained. The value of Phrenology is shown in its application to the choice of business, literary or scientific pursuits, professions, and even marriage. The types of national heads are well worth a study, and the whole book gives a fairly accurate idea of the science of the mind in its practical application to human character.

J. R. A.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

A CORRECTION

In the minutes of a meeting of the General Council, T. S., held at Benares on December 26, 1913, which are published in the General Report of the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary and Convention of the T. S., on p. 186, clause 15, line 3rd, it is stated: "All the General Secretaries voted in favour, except the Netherlands, who did not vote, making 22".

The General Secretary, T. S. in the Netherlands, subsequently informed us that he had voted in favour of the President's nomination for re-election direct to the President, in his letter of 7th October, 1913, which seemed to have been lost or misplaced. The President received the letter but forgot it, supposing the vote would in due course reach the Recording Secretary. The minute should therefore run:

"All the General Secretaries, without any exception, voted in favour, making 23," etc.

We are sorry that we cannot alter the Report now, as it is already printed and circulated, but we hope that in future the General Secretaries will kindly send in all their votes and other matter regarding the General Council direct to the Recording Secretary, who can bring them before the meeting of the General Council in due form.

ADYAR,
3rd March, 1914.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th February, 1914, to 10th March, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. E. C. Edwards, Australia, for 1914 ...	3	11	0
Mr. Sheik Abdul Hussain ...	6	0	0
Mr. Sheik Mahomed Rahim Attar } of Shiraz ... }			
Mr. D. S. Gubbay, Hongkong, part payment for 1914	5	0	0
Mr. Lawrence, A. Achong, Trinidad, £1, for 1914.	15	0	0
St. George's Lodge, Granada, £4-10-0 ...	67	8	0
Presidential Agent, South America, T. S., for 1913, £6-10 ...	96	0	10
Presidential Agent, Spain, for 1913, £10-4-1 (Un-attached member) ...	153	0	0

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

Miss M. C. ...	90	0	0
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DONATIONS FOR ADYAR LIBRARY

Mr. A. Ostermann, Colmar, fr. 10,000 ...	5,897	3	9
Mr. W. A. Cates ...	560	0	0
	Rs. 6,893	7	7

A. SCHWARZ,

ADYAR, 10th March, 1914.

Hon. Treasurer.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th February, 1914, to 10th March 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. Shutts ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Leeming ...	5	0	0

		Rs.	A.	P.
"A friend" (donation to Food Fund)	500	0	0	
Miss E. D. Hansen, Chicago, £1-10-9	22	10	11	
Donations under Rs. 5	6	7	0	
	Rs.	544	1	11

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th March, 1914.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
San Salvador, Cuba ...	Aleteya Lodge, T. S. ...	16-12-13
Port Said, Egypt ...	Egypt	25-1-14
Chennapatna, India ...	Chennapatna Lodge, T. S. ...	4-2-14
Shiraz, Persia ...	Anjuman-i-Sufieh ...	16-2-14
Kadambar, India ...	Kadambar	18-2-14

ADYAR,

23rd February, 1914

J. R. ARIA,

Recording Secretary, T. S.

THE ADYAR LIBRARY

During the last few months the Adyar Library has been again enriched by gifts from various sources.

The magnificent donation from the Italian Section, consisting in a carefully chosen collection of about 1000 mounted photographs of works of Italian religious art, has been already acknowledged elsewhere in THE THEOSOPHIST.

The acquisition ranking next in importance is a complete set of the publications of the Royal Geographical Society from the beginning in 1831 to 1911. The collection, well bound and in an excellent state of preservation, amounts to 133 Volumes and embraces the Journal of the Society, the Proceedings, the Supplementary Papers, the Indexes and The Geographical Journal.

This gift was made by a group of well-wishers, who contributed to a private subscription which was arranged for the purpose, and which realised exactly the sum needed, £ 37.

This is the third time that such a private subscription has led to a similar valuable gift. The first brought the Tibetan *Kanjur* and *Tanjur*; the second the great Chinese Encyclopædia. We here express to all donors our heartiest thanks for their liberality and thoughtful help.

Mr. Pestonji Dorabji Khandalavala, who has already on previous occasions contributed to our collection, presented a curious old book in three huge volumes, entitled *Thesaurum Linguarum Orientalium*, and written by Franciscus Meninski. It is a dictionary of the Turkish, Persian and Arabic languages, with translations of the words into several European languages. It was printed in 1680. Our hearty thanks are due to this donor also.

Mr. Leadbeater contributed two valuable and well-illustrated works on psychic research. These are:

Schrenk-Notzing's *Materialisations phenomenes*, and Mme. Juliette Alexandra-Bisson's *Les phenomenes dits de Materialisation*. They contain the remarkable experiments with the Medium, Eva C.

Mr. W. A. Cates presented a fine collection of over 50 volumes, of which we may specially quote *The Times History of the War in South Africa* (7 vols.); *The Collected Essays* by T. H. Huxley (8 vols.); *Life and Letters of T. H. Huxley* (2 vols.), and some literary classics.

Amongst interesting items recently purchased we mention a complete and well conditioned file of *Light* for its first twenty-one years, completing the whole series now in the library up-to-date. These early volumes contains a wealth of material bearing on the early history of the spread of Theosophical ideas in England.

Another book worth mentioning is Charles Coleman's rare work, *The Mythology of the Hindus*, in very fine condition and binding. The intention is gradually to complete as far as possible our collection of the more important of the older illustrated works on India, which are steadily getting rarer and more costly, yet cannot remain lacking in our library.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

Assistant Director.

Printer: Annie Besant: Vasanā Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, APRIL 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of March :

VADE-MECUM

TO

Man: Whence, How and Whither

By A. SCHWARZ

9½" × 6½". Wrapper. Pages 41 + Charts and a Map.
Price : Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c. *Postage extra.*

This little book will prove an invaluable aid to the study of the monumental work—*Man: Whence, How and Whither*. Throughout there are illuminating references to the *Inner Life*, Vol. II, and charts for our guidance as well as a map are included. Readers, who remember *The Pedigree of Man* will also remember with gratitude the notes of Mr. Schwarz. He has done a similar service for us in tabulating and analysing the later researches of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater.

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

Single Copy, India : Ans. 2. *Postage extra* ; Foreign : 3d. or 6c. *Post free*.

Yearly, India : Rs. 6 ; Half-yearly, Rs. 3-8 ; Quarterly, Rs. 2 ; Foreign : Yearly, 10s. 6d. *Post free*.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :

No. 8: A Plea for the Abolition of Confessions ; Shri Rama-krishna ; Why I wrote *The Purpose of Education* ; How the Dowry System Works ; Young Men's Associations ; The Study of Hygienic Laws.

No. 9: The Method of Medical Inspection of Children in Schools ; The Present Situation in Persia ; Students' Strikes ; National Education ; The Preservation of Plumage Birds ; Chinese Cloisonné.

No. 10: The Indian Budget ; Modern Sanitation for Indian Bangalows ; How Contempt of India is Created ; The Truth about Conversions ; House Searches.

No. 11: Hindu Sabhas ; The Ulster Problem ; My Point of View, by an Inspector of Schools ; The Personal Equation in Industrial Problems ; The Desertion of Indian Villages ; The Press Act.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. II

(MARCH)

No. 3

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6¼". Wrapper. Pages 48.

Four Illustrations.

Price : Single Copy : India Ans. 3 ; Foreign 4d. *Post free*.

Yearly : India Rs. 1-4 ; Foreign 2s. 6d. or 65c. *Post free*.

CONTENTS : 'From the Front,' by Annie Besant ; 'Cecil Rhodes,' by G. K. ; 'The Law of Love' (Poem) ; 'Some Notes on the Evolution of English Literature,' by F. Gordon Pearce, B.A. ; 'Towards Perpetual Peace,' by Keshavlal L. Oza, M.A. ; 'Bluegirl's Nature-Spirit Dreams' (Illustrated), by E. Noble ; 'The Beggar Pest in India,' by K. S. Dabu ; 'The Theosophical Educational Trust' ; 'What a Piece of Work is Man !' (Illustrated), by Anna Van Hook, M.D. ; 'Peter Pan,' by E. Sawyers ; 'The Beautiful Land of Nod' (Poem), by G. W. ; 'The Star in the East' ; 'The Coming of Arthur,' by Lancelot.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VII

(MARCH)

No. 3

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½". Wrapper. Pages 44.

Price: Ans. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post free.*

Annual Subscription: Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; 'The Place of Theosophy in India,' by Annie Besant; 'From *The Commonweal*,' 'How an Old-Fashioned Theosophist Regards the Orders,' by Henry Hotchner; 'From Twilight to Dawn,' by Herbert Whyte; 'Love Magic,' by G.F.W.; 'Appearance after Death'; 'The Kings of Light' (Poem), by Marguerite Pollard; 'Interrogations,' by A.C.; 'Theosophy for Children,' by C. W. Leadbeater; 'Universal Religion' (Poem), by F. G. Greenwood.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MAGIC

By H. P. BLAVATSKY

No. 39 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*

7½" × 5". Strong Wrapper. Pages 34.

Price: Each Ans. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

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This contains two papers, reprinted from an early *Theosophist* which are of extreme interest. They give a vivid description of Magic in the older times, and show how even in the modern world, the dark side of Magic—Sorcery—is still at work. The writer's name is more than sufficient guarantee for the work, and the above pamphlet is written in her most bright and vivid style.

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXV

(APRIL)

No. 7

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½". Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 160.

Price: Ans. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 25c. *Post free.*

Yearly: Rs. 8 or 12s. or \$ 3. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'On the Watch-Tower'; 'The Building of the Individual,' by Annie Besant; 'From the Diary of a Travelling Philosopher,' by Count Hermann Keyserling; 'Is the Christian Ideal Suppression or Expression?' by M. M.; 'Nature's Music' (Poem), by M. T. Griffith; 'Is Reincarnation True?' by Ernest Wood; 'Near Biskra' (Poem), by G. W.; 'The Right of Criticism,' by A. J. Willson; 'Consciousness as Conditioned by the Body,' by Charles J. Whitby, M.D.; 'On Parting from Dearly Loved Ones'; 'The Study of History as a Mental Equipment,' by Prof. R. K. Kulkarni; 'Judas—His Exultant Death' (Poem), by Gwendolen Bishop; 'Ghosts Among the Greeks and Romans,' by L. Collison-Morley; 'The Band of Servers,' by C. Jinarajadasa; 'A True Ghost Story,' by A. E. A. M. Turner; 'Some Indian Experiences,' by Elisabeth Severs; 'A Vision,' by Z.; Quarterly Literary Supplement; Supplement.

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ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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Cloth: Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.

A new edition of this Hindu Scripture.

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By ANNIE BESANT

A New and Cheap Indian Edition.

IN THE OUTER COURT

By ANNIE BESANT

A New Indian Edition.

THE VASANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th March, 1914, to 10th April, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. W. H. Barzey, Sierra Leone, £1-0-0 for 1914...	15	0	0
Mr. Percy Proctor, Queensland, £1-1-0 for 1913-1914	15	12	0
Mr. V. F. Drayton, St. Vincent, Kingston, £0-19-9 for 1914	14	13	0
Mr. A. D. Taylor, Portugal, £1-0-0 for 1914 ...	14	13	1
Miss J. C. Olive, Inverness, £2-2-0 for 1914 ...	31	2	1
Mr. Charles Iver MacIver, Autofagasta, Chile, £1-0-0 for 1914	14	13	1
Pres. Agent, Ireland, Entrance fees and dues of 4 new members for 1913 and 1914 (£7-10-0) ...	111	8	11

DONATIONS FOR ADYAR LIBRARY

Mr. Charles Robinson, Bradford £10-0-0 ...	150	0	0
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PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

Mr. A. Vinayak A. Mogre, Bombay	15	0	0
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Rs. 382 14 2

ADYAR, 10th April, 1914.

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T.S.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th March, 1914, to 10th April, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Nishtawa Karma Matha, Poona City ...	5	0	0
Dharmalaya Lodge, T. S., Bombay (Food Fund). ...	10	1	3
	Rs. 15	1	3

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.

ADYAR, 10th April, 1914.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge		Date of issue of the Charter
Torquay, England ...	Torbay Lodge, T.S.	...	31-1-14
Newcastle-on-Tyne, England ...	Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge, T.S.	...	31-1-14
Claremount, Cape Town, South Africa ...	The Southern Cross Lodge, T.S.	...	20-2-14
Madras, India ...	Russelkonda Lodge, T.S.	...	25-2-14
” ” ...	Chatrapur ” ”	...	25-2-14
Pegu, Burma ...	Leadbeater ” ”	...	2-3-14
Grenada, British West Indies, attached to Adyar Head-quarters.	The St. George's Lodge, T.S.	...	9-3-14
Tarbes, (Hautes Pyrennees) France ...	Vaillance Lodge, T.S.	...	10-3-14
Attangudi, Ramnad Dt., India ...	Attangudi ” ”	...	11-3-14

ADYAR,
29th March, 1914.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T.S.

Printer : Annie Besant : Vasanā Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers : The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, MAY 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of April :

THE BHAGAVAD-GĪTĀ

OR

THE LORD'S SONG

AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY ANNIE BESANT

4½" X 3". Cloth and Gold or Wrapper. Pages 229.

Price : Cloth Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.

Paper : Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.

Postage : India ½ Anna ; Foreign 1d.

This is a new edition of Mrs. Besant's famous translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, with her valuable introductory preface. The 'get-up' of the volume is extremely attractive, and its moderate price places it within the reach of all. All lovers of this sublime Eastern Scripture will welcome this handy edition of it, which, though small, is not bulky, and the type of which is clear and good.

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

Single Copy, India : Ans. 2. *Postage extra* ; Foreign : 3d. or 6c. *Post free*.

Yearly, India : Rs. 6 ; Half-yearly, Rs. 3-8 ; Quarterly, Rs. 2 ; Foreign : Yearly, 10s. 6d. *Post free*.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :

No. 12: Young India and Christianity ; Conventional Musings about a Damaged Venus ; Learning and Ancient Temples, by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K.C.I.E. ; Hindu Sabhas. The Anomalies of the Press Act, by Sarada Prasad, M.A.

No. 13: Sea-Voyages and Caste ; Local Self-Government in India ; Employment Bureaux, by An Inspector of Schools ; The Recent Bank Failures and Banking Legislation, by S. V. Doraiswami ; Indian Nationalism, by D. N. Bannerji.

No. 14: A Visit to Conjiveram, by Annie Besant ; Some Thoughts on Education in India, by James Scott, M.A. ; The Patna University ; Religious Endowments, by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K.C.I.E. ; The Socionomic Basis of Morality.

No. 15: Federation, by Annie Besant ; Towards Self-Government ; War and Women ; Physical Culture in Schools ; From Archaism to Realism in Art ; The Silk Industry of Mysore.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. II

(APRIL)

No. 4

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½". Wrapper. Pages 48.

Price : Single Copy : India Ans. 3 ; Foreign 4d. *Post free*.

Yearly : India Rs. 1-4 ; Foreign 2s. 6d. or 65c. *Post free*.

CONTENTS: 'From the Front,' by Annie Besant ; 'The Hon. Mr. Gopalakrishna Gokhale, C.I.E.,' by A Young Citizen ; 'Some Notes on the Evolution of English Literature,' by F. Gordon Pearce, B.A. ; 'Ill Temper and Flesh Food' ; 'Intelligence in Plants' (with diagrams), by M. Florence Tiddeman ; 'Peking—Past and Present,' by G. K. ; 'Wireless,' by W. D. S. Brown ; 'The God's Side of the Offering,' by A. J. Willson ; 'Who Discovered America?' by K.E.T. ; 'Star-Gazing,' by K. F. Stuart ; 'Home-Work for Schoolboys' ; 'Servants of the Empire' ; 'The Star in the East' ; 'The Theosophical Educational Trust'.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VII

(APRIL)

No. 4

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½". Wrapper, Pages 44.

Price: Ans. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post free.*

Annual Subscription: Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; 'The Place of Theosophy in India,' by Annie Besant; 'The Visitor from India,' by T. L. Crombie; 'From Twilight to Dawn,' by A. Schwarz; 'After the Event,' by K. F. Stuart; 'Indian Summer' (Poem), by G. W.; 'An Address by Mr. Leadbeater'; 'An Allegory,' by G. K.; 'Adyar' (Poem), by Hope Rea; 'Mr. Leadbeater's Tour'.

THE REALITY OF THE INVISIBLE, AND THE ACTUALITY OF THE UNSEEN WORLDS

By ANNIE BESANT

No. 40 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*

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Annual Subscription: Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c. *Post free.*

Here we are told in Mrs. Besant's most convincing manner, the proofs of the existence of the unseen worlds. We live in three worlds, but even they are transitory, and we must try not to identify ourselves with them, but endeavour to realise the life that persists amid the changes of the phenomenal worlds. A most inspiring and educative pamphlet.

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXV

(MAY)

No. 8

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½". Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 160.

Price: Ans. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 25c. *Post free.*

Yearly: Rs. 8 or 12s. or \$ 3. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'On the Watch-Tower'; 'The Building of the Individual,' by Annie Besant; 'From the Diary of a Travelling Philosopher,' by Count Hermann Keyserling; 'Theosophy and the Child,' by Dr. L. Haden Guest; 'The Heart Song' (Poem), by G. W.; 'Professor Bergson and the Hindū Vedānta,' by K. Narayanaswami Aiyar; 'The Quest in Persia,' by F. Hadland Davis; 'The School of Pythagoras at Cambridge,' by F. L. Woodward; 'Helena Petrovna Blavatsky' (Poem), by W. S. M.; 'The State of Being,' by Baroness Mellina d'Asbeck; 'Caught in Transit,' by A. J. Willson; 'Summer School at Weisser Hirsch'; 'The Smile,' by Charlotte M. Mew; 'Theosophists and Politics,' by William H. Kirby, M.A.; 'Have Courage'; Reviews; Supplement.

OUR FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY

By ANNIE BESANT

A New and Cheap Indian Edition.

IN THE OUTER COURT

By ANNIE BESANT

A New Indian Edition.

THE HERALD OF THE STAR

We apologise to our Indian subscribers for the very late delivery of the February *Herald of the Star*. This was due to the Head Office in London sending us the copies by freight boat instead of by post. We trust, however, that from March onwards each subscriber will receive his or her copy direct from England.

THE VANANĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th April, 1914, to 10th May, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Mirza, Submankhan, Entrance Fees and Annual Dues for 1914	3	0	0
Mr. David Sassoon Gubbay, Hongkong, Balance of Annual Dues for 1914	10	0	0
Lagos Lodge, Entrance Fees and Annual Dues of one new member for 1914 (9s. 9d.)	7	5	0
Cairo Lodge, Annual Dues for 1914 (15s.)	11	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, U.S.A., for 1914	30	0	0
Australian Section, for 1914, £25-0-6	371	8	6
Presidential Agent, Spain, Charter fee of Lodge Tarrasa, £1.	14	12	8

DONATIONS FOR ADYAR LIBRARY

Mr. N. H. Cama, Secunderabad	10	0	0
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DONATIONS

Mr. R. Ortman, Srinagar	5	0	0
	Rs. 462	14	2

ADYAR, 14th May, 1914.

J. R. ARIA,
Ag. Hon. Treasurer, T.S.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th April, 1914, to 10th May, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss Sarah Suryney, N.S.W.	45	0	0
Miss F. Ward, Mansfield, England, £1.	15	0	0
H. R. G.	15	0	0
Mrs. Stead, Adyar (Food Fund)	17	0	0
	Rs. 92	0	0

J. R. ARIA,

Ag. Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 14th May, 1914.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
London, England ...	Westminster Lodge, T.S....	16-3-14
Northampton, England...	Northampton „ „ ...	16-3-14
Avida via Ankleshwar, India ...	Nantam „ „ ...	14-4-14
Tarrasa, Barcelona, Spain ...	Bhakti „ „ ...	20-4-14

ADYAR,
2nd May, 1914.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T.S.

Printer : Annie Besant : Vasanṭā Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers : The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JUNE 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of May:

IN THE NEXT WORLD

By A. P. SINNETT

7½"×5". Cloth. Pages 102.

Price: Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.

Postage: India 1 Anna; Foreign Ans. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

This is a very interesting little book. In it Mr. Sinnett tells, briefly and graphically, the stories of the after death experiences of a number of persons. The characters are chosen so as to represent typical cases in order that the little histories may prove useful to readers in their study of human nature.

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

Single Copy, India: Ans. 2. *Postage extra*; Foreign: 3d. or 6c. *Post free*.

India: Yearly, Rs. 6; Half-yearly, Rs. 3-8; Quarterly, Rs. 2;
Foreign: Yearly, 10s. 6d. *Post free*.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :

No. 16: Federation II, by Annie Besant ; The Indian Currency Problem, by C. D. Subramania Chetti, B.A. ; The Importance of Technical Education, by An Indian ; Kali Yuga—A Western View, by W. D. S. Brown.

No. 17: The Mexican Trouble ; The Deadlock of Orthodoxy and the Way Out, by A. Mahadeva Sastri ; What Socialism is, and How It may be Brought About, by Capt. J. W. Petavel, R.E. (Rtd.)

No. 18: The " Gulf " from an Anglo-Indian View-Point, by An Anglo-Indian ; The South African Question ; Caste in the Vedic Religion, by A. Mahadeva Sastri ; Universal Classification of the Sciences ; Florence Nightingale in India.

No. 19: The India Council, by Annie Besant ; Our Future Leaders ; Imperial Federation ; Work, by James Scott, M.A., Bar-at-Law ; An Ominous Revival ; Letter from the Editor.

No. 20: Indian Demands and the Royal Commission on English Civil Services ; A National Institution, by Annie Besant ; Caste, An Anomaly, by A. Mahadeva Sastri ; Secondary Education through the Medium of the Vernaculars, by Johan van Manen ; Infanticide in India, by M. S. K.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE COMMONWEAL

CO-OPERATION AND AGRICULTURE

Price : Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :

Co-operation in India, by Dewan Bahadur M. Adinarayana Iyah ; The Progress of Co-operative Credit in India, by K. Ramaswami Aiyar, B.A., B.L. ; Co-operation and Agriculture, by M. Subraya Kamath ; Distributive Co-operation, by N. Ramaswami Iyer, B.A., B.L. ; The Economic Value of the Idealistic Factor in Co-operation, by J. Van Manen ; Agricultural Progress in India ; Progress in Veterinary Work, etc., etc.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. II

(MAY)

No. 5

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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Price : Single Copy : India Ans. 3 ; Foreign 4d. *Post free.*

Yearly : India Rs. 1-4 ; Foreign 2s. 6d. or 65c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Front,' by B. P. Wadia; 'Shelley,' by F. G. Pearce, B.A.; 'Nation-Building,' by Annie Besant; 'A Chat about Flowers,' by Laes; 'The Education of Peter, the Son of Captain Scott'; 'What a Piece of Work is Man!' (with diagrams), by Anna van Hook, M.D.; 'Star-gazing,' by K. F. Stuart; 'How Maisie saw the Prince'; 'The Coming of Arthur,' by Lancelot; 'Theosophical Schools,' by Ernest Wood; 'The Theosophical Educational Trust'.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VII

(MAY)

No. 5

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½". Wrapper. Pages 44.

Price: Ans. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post free.*

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CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; 'Theosophy and Science,' by Annie Besant; 'Among the Himalayas,' by E. M. C.; 'The Jewel in the Lotus,' by G. W.; 'The Paths of God' (Poem), by Marguerite Pollard; 'The Noble Eight-fold Path,' by C. W. Leadbeater.

THE SMALLER BUDDHIST CATECHISM

Compiled by C. W. LEADBEATER

TRANSLATED FROM THE SINHALESE BY C. JINARAJADASA

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This little catechism puts into the simplest form the teachings and precepts of the Lord Buddha. The simplicity is one of its chief charms; and it conveys to the child-mind a very real sense of the profound beauty of Buddhism.

THE THEOSOPHIST

Vol. XXXV

(JUNE)

No. 9

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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No. 10

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, *May* 14, 1914

WHITE Lotus Day was kept in London as usual, the temporary building in Tavistock Square being gay with flowers, and warm with loving hearts. As I had another meeting to attend, my speech was placed first on the programme; later, Miss Arundale and Mr. D. N. Dunlop were the chosen readers, and the loving memories of our departed workers which had travelled from the far East across Europe to Britain, travelled on westwards to America, weighted yet more with love and gratitude.

* * *

Miss Bright, my two dear adopted sons and myself went on to a great demonstration of the locked-out building Trades-Unionists in the Albert Hall, where, after sixteen weeks of compulsory idleness, the men had met to press the claims of their starving women and children on the public. Whatever may be the rights and wrongs of any special question raised in the Labour War, it must never be forgotten that on the main issue—the right of every one born into a civilised community to

conditions which enable him to develop all the faculties he brings with him into the world—the manual workers have Right and Justice on their side. Hence, while not agreeing with much of the Labour policy of the moment, I cannot but sympathise with the spirit of all efforts to raise those who supply us with the necessaries of life to at least the minimum of comfort, health, education and refinement necessary for any life deserving to be called human. The life of the manual workers in Great Britain is but too often not a human life, and to live near the precipice of starvation is a fate which should never befall an industrious decent man or woman. The present condition is intolerable, and *must* be changed. But the counsel and goodwill of the educated and thoughtful, and the wealth of the rich are needed to build the bridge from the old system to the new, so that Revolution may be avoided. Theosophists should bring to bear on Social Problems all their knowledge and their love, in order to help Society through the transition stage.

* * *

The T.S. Braille League is bringing out a monthly magazine for the Blind, and this benevolent enterprise should be supported by members of the Society, for the blind are mostly poor, and it would be an act of charity to give this monthly paper to those who are pathetically eager to share in the knowledge which brightens so many lives. The cost is only 6s. a year post free in the United Kingdom, and 9s. outside. All information can be obtained from the Editor, Mrs. Dudley, 17 Hornsey Rise Gardens, London, N., to whom also subscriptions and donations may be sent.

* * *

I have seen a leaflet issued by Mrs. Emmy Gysi making various surprising statements. This good lady brought me a "message" that if I did not give up the ring H. P. B. had given me, to be broken into pieces and scattered on the sea, various terrible things would happen to me! I did not feel nervous, and declined. Unfortunately, Mrs. Gysi, in mentioning this, makes the further statement (4th April, 1914) that "the President will have a verdict against her in the legal proceedings which are still pending concerning the two young Hindūs". Perhaps all the other forecasts may prove equally mistaken.

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Mrs. William Mann (Maud McCarthy) is doing very beautiful work, wedding together Theosophy and Music, the music eastern-born, with the magic of India in it. She has also been forming centres of the Brotherhood of Arts—a Theosophical idea—and M. Henri Verbruggen, the conductor of the Glasgow Choral Union, joined it enthusiastically, when she formed one in his city, as did also the Head Master of a large local Grammar School. Mrs. Mann's exquisite singing of Indian music is arousing wonder and delight wherever she goes, and she is doing real service to India as well as placing Theosophy in a most attractive light.

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Colour-Music is spoken of as the "latest thing in emotions" by *Science Siftings*, which says:

Colour-music is, roughly, the use of colour instead of music to affect the human emotions. It is based largely on the relation of light to sound—a relation that long has been guessed at but only lately has been proved to exist to a remarkable degree. The wave relations of colour and sound are not only connected mathematically, but have a remarkable similarity in their effect upon your feelings. From the discovery

of this emotional relation was born the art of Colour-Music, which consists in making the same appeal to the eye through a succession of colours as is made to the ear through a succession of sounds that form music. By means of Colour-Music attempts have been made to render well known musical compositions in their corresponding colours.

The notes C and C sharp, yielded by 395 and 433 vibrations, give red, and so on up to violet ; a musical scale can thus be reproduced in colours, and played so as to be seen. It is thought, from certain indications, that the colour beyond the violet is a reproduction of red as an 'octave'. It is interesting to notice that H. P. Blavatsky, in 1889, gave her pupils a chart, published in Volume iii of *The Secret Doctrine*, giving these exact relations, except that she put in indigo between blue and violet as corresponding to B. "Sensitives connect every colour with a definite sound," said H. P. B. "Every sound corresponds to a colour and a number (a potency spiritual, psychic, or physical) and to a sensation on some plane." Science has yet to correlate sound and colour with the initiation of forces causing movements, and with sensations. Sounds may be "*seen* not *heard*," for colours are but correlatives of sounds, produced in finer, subtler, matter. The language of the Devas is in colours. Colours are called the "Fathers of the Sounds," because colours in finer matter yield sounds in denser—the reverse of the above experiments. "In the realm of hidden Forces, an *audible* sound is but a subjective colour ; and a perceptible colour but an *inaudible* sound." The nerves, she said, vibrate and thrill in correspondence with emotions, producing undulations in the aura, yielding chromatic effects. "The intermediate tones of the chromatic musical scale were formerly written in colours."



May 9th found me at Cheltenham in connection with the Southern Federation. Dr. Wilkins has taken a good house in Cheltenham for the T.S. Lodge there, and the delegates gathered there for the opening. I gave a short address, and we then adjourned to tea. After tea came a lecture on 'Theosophy' to a crowded meeting in the Town Hall, and I have never addressed a more attentive and appreciative audience. Then back to London by midnight. Business filled the next days—visit to Headquarters, discussion with representatives of Trades Union workers, interview with Australian journalist, visit to British Congress Committee, and so on. Saturday, the 16th, will see a visit to Sheffield for the Northern Federation, and on the 17th, the London Sunday lectures begin.



Miss Christabel Pankhurst has commanded her followers among the militant Suffragists to leave all other Societies to which they belong. This tyrannical ukase will alienate from her section of the Suffragists much valuable sympathy, and we shall lose a few members who had made the woman's movement their life-work before they joined the T.S., and who belong to Miss Pankhurst's following. Wise generals seek for allies, they do not ostracise them. We are sorry to lose those who formed a link with the Pankhurst wing of the movement, and wish them all the success their noble motives will bring in time.



It is a pity that a man like Professor T. W. Rhys Davids should speak so foolishly of the T.S. as he did on the celebration of his birthday, if rightly reported.

He said, speaking of new methods in history :

Of course I am aware of the pretensions put forward by the adherents of what is called Theosophy, but to the student they are of no importance whatever. The exponents of that creed are lamentably ignorant of the literatures of the East. They know nothing of Pāli, and they talk, for instance, about esoteric teaching, though there is no esoteric teaching whatever in Buddhism.

Dr. Rhys David's ignorance of esotericism in Buddhism proves nothing, while his sweeping statement that the exponents of Theosophy "know nothing of Pāli" is a little impertinent when we remember that Mr. C. Jinarajadasa took honours in that language and Samskr̥ṭ at Cambridge, and Dr. F. Otto Schrāder, the Adyar Library Director, has a reputation among all western Orientalists who keep abreast of the times. It is amusing to learn that they are equally "ignorant of the literatures of the East," when we recall our learned Hindū members and their various publications, to say nothing of the standard text of the Minor Upaniṣhats now issuing from Adyar, and many translations. The sneer, which was justifiable when the T.S. was first founded, is now a silly anachronism, and only injures the reputation for knowledge and fair dealing of any one who makes it.

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M. Scriabine, the Russian Theosophist whose music has caused so great a sensation in London, hopes to visit Adyar in the coming autumn. It is doubtful whether India will have the privilege of hearing his compositions, as they need a highly trained orchestra, and that is not available.

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PARIS, *May 22, 1914*

Saturday, May 16th, found Lady Emily Lutyens and myself at Sheffield, whither we went to take part in the Northern Federation meeting. I could only give an afternoon lecture, as the Sunday Queen's Hall meetings began next day, but it was pleasant to meet for even so short a time many sturdy northern friends. Back to London after a north-country tea, for the two Sunday lectures, and the evening found Queen's Hall packed as usual, and many turned away from it, for the lecture on 'The Meaning and Method of Mysticism'. What was not usual was that *The Pall Mall Gazette* gave nearly a column of report, the first time that a big London daily has reported a London Sunday lecture. *The Christian Commonwealth* gave an admirable summary of over two columns, and some big provincial journals have dealt generously with it. On the 18th, I had a long talk with Mr. Mallet at the India Office over the grievances of Indian students, and found him anxious to help them; but the students maintain that the Department does them more harm than good. My son gave an afternoon tea to the Congress delegates and some English sympathisers, and we spent a pleasant hour.

The next day gave me the opportunity of saying another word for India in an interview with a *Lady's Pictorial* man, and a little later I had a pleasant little talk on Indian difficulties with Mr. Massingham, editor of *The Nation*, who is warmly sympathetic with Indian aspirations. The Annual Meeting of the Peace Society in the Guildhall was rather dull; the managers seem to be too much in a groove.

* * *

On May 20th, five of us left England for Paris—Mr. Graham Pole, Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Banks, Mr. Krishnamurti, and myself. There was a big crowd at the station to greet us, and at 9 p.m. there was a large reception, M. Charles Blech, the General Secretary, giving a short speech of kindly welcome. Many had come from the provinces and from Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and Russia, and every one seemed to be very happy, full of enthusiasm and vitality. On returning from a meeting the next morning, we stopped at the new Headquarters, a really splendid building, well planned and well executed. It is already roof-high, and should be ready for occupation in the late autumn or early winter. A lecture to members and friends on 'Des difficultés dans les recherches occultes' drew a large audience to a nice hall in the rue d'Athènes, and they listened with much interest to careful explanations of the reasons which made all original research difficult. A third lecture in the evening should have given a surfeit of talk for one day.

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To-morrow I hope to breakfast with the founders of Co-Freemasonry, to lecture on 'L'individuation et l'origine du karma individuel,' and, with the help of some of the founders of the Supreme Temple of the Rosy Cross, to consecrate a Grand Temple for France. The following day will see us travelling back to England.

Below we print in full the Judgment of the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council delivered on 25th May 1914 by Lord Parker of Waddington.

This is an appeal from an order made by the High Court of Madras in its appellate jurisdiction on the 29th October 1913 confirming with a variation as to costs a decree of Mr. Justice Bakewell in a suit in which G. Narayaniah (the present respondent) was plaintiff, and Annie Besant (the present appellant) was defendant. The decree declared that J. Krishnamurti and J. Nityananda, the sons of the plaintiff, were wards of Court and that the plaintiff was guardian of their persons, and ordered the defendant to hand over the custody of the wards to the plaintiff as such guardian.

The facts which gave rise to the action were as follows :— The plaintiff is a Hindu residing at Madras. He is a Brahmin, but is not well off, having an income of some 160*l.* per annum only. He was for many years a member of a society called the Theosophical Society, of which the defendant was president and was well acquainted with her. He had two sons, J. Krishnamurti and J. Nityananda, born respectively on the 11th May 1895 and 30th May 1898. Early in 1910 the defendant offered to take charge of these sons and defray the expense of their maintenance and education in England and at the University of Oxford. The plaintiff thought it desirable to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded of giving his sons a western education, notwithstanding it would entail a loss of caste. He accordingly accepted the defendant's offer, and by a letter to the defendant, dated the 6th March 1910, affected to appoint the defendant to be guardian of their persons and authorised her to act as such from that time forward.

In their Lordships' opinion the principle on which the legal effect of such a letter falls to be determined do not admit of dispute.

There is no difference in this respect between English and Hindu law. As in this country so among the Hindus, the father is the natural guardian of his children during their minorities, but this guardianship is in the nature of a sacred trust, and he cannot therefore during his lifetime substitute another person to be guardian in his place. He may, it is true, in the exercise of his discretion as guardian, entrust the custody and education of his children to another, but the authority he thus confers is essentially a revocable authority, and if the welfare of his children require it, he can, notwithstanding any contract to the contrary, take such custody and education once more into his own hands. If, however, the authority has been acted upon in such a way as, in the opinion of the Court exercising the jurisdiction of the Crown over infants, to create associations or give rise to expectations on the part of the infants which it would be undesirable in their interests to

disturb or disappoint, such Court will interfere to prevent its revocation. (*Lyons v. Blenkin*, Jac. 245.)

Shortly after the respondent accepted her offer the appellant took charge of the boys and they have since been in her custody and she has defrayed the expense of their maintenance and education. In February 1912 they left India in her company, and after staying with her for some time in Sicily and Italy finally accompanied her to England, where she left them under the charge of Mrs. Jacob Bright, having made arrangements for their having a course of tuition such as would enable them to enter the University of Oxford.

Though the respondent's confidence in the appellant appears to have been shaken sometime previously for reasons to which it is unnecessary to refer, he assented to, or at any rate acquiesced in, the departure of his sons in her company for Europe. Nevertheless on the 11th July 1912 he wrote the appellant a letter cancelling his previous letter of the 6th March 1910, demanding that his sons should be restored to his custody and threatening proceedings if such demand were not complied with. The appellant who had returned to India refused to comply with such demand, and the respondent thereupon commenced a suit in the District Court of Chingleput, in the Madras Presidency, asking to have it declared, that he was entitled to the guardianship and custody of his sons, and that the appellant was not entitled to, or in any case was unfit to be in charge and guardianship of such sons, and for an order on the appellant to hand over such sons to the respondent or such other person as to the Court might seem meet.

In their Lordships' opinion this suit was entirely misconceived. It was not, and indeed could not be disputed that the plaintiff remained the guardian of his children notwithstanding that he had affected to substitute the defendant as guardian in his place. The real question was whether he was still entitled to exercise the functions of guardian and resume the custody of his sons and alter the scheme which had been formulated for their education. Again, it was not and could not be disputed that the letter of the 6th of March 1910 was in the nature of a revocable authority. The real question was whether in the events which had happened the plaintiff was at liberty to revoke it. Both questions fell to be determined having regard to the interests and welfare of the infants, bearing in mind, of course, their parentage and religion, and could only be decided by a Court exercising the jurisdiction of the Crown over infants, and in their presence. The District Court in which the suit was instituted had no jurisdiction over the infants except such jurisdiction as was conferred by the Guardians

and Wards Act, 1890. By the 9th section of that Act the jurisdiction of the Court is confined to infants ordinarily resident in the district. It is in their Lordships' opinion impossible to hold that infants who had months previously left India with a view to being educated in England and going to the University of Oxford were ordinarily resident in the district of Chingleput. Further a suit *inter partes* is not the form of procedure prescribed by the Act for proceedings in a District Court touching the guardianship of infants. It is true that the suit was subsequently transferred to the High Court under Clause 13 of the Letters Patent 1865, but the powers of the High Court in dealing with suits so transferred would seem to be confined to powers which but for the transfer might have been exercised by the District Court.

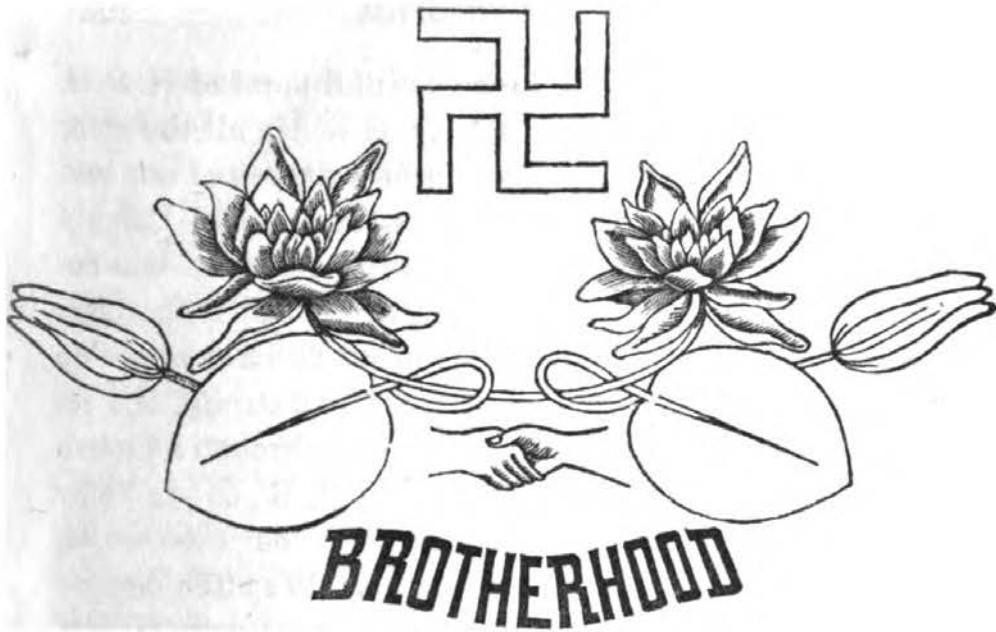
Again, the relief asked for was a mandatory order directing the defendant to take possession of the persons of the infants in England, bring them to India, and hand them over to their father. Considering the age of the infants any attempt on the part of the defendant to comply with this order, would, if the infants had refused to return to India, have been contrary to the law of this country, and would have at once exposed the defendant to proceedings in this country on writ of *habeas corpus*. No court ought to make an order which might lead to these consequences. The most which a court of competent jurisdiction in India could do under circumstances such as existed in the present case, was to order the defendant to concur with the plaintiff as the infants' guardian in taking proceedings in this country to regain the custody and control of his sons.

The difficulties and anomalies of the procedure adopted by the plaintiff are well illustrated by the history of the proceedings. After the transfer to the High Court, issues were settled in the ordinary manner. There was no issue as to whether it was or was not desirable in the interests of the infants, that they should give up all idea of a western university education, and return to India. It was urged that the High Court did in fact consider their interests. If it did so, it must have been upon evidence admitted as relevant on other issues, and it is by no means apparent that, had a proper issue on the point been directed, further evidence would not have been available. At any rate on such an issue, the necessity of the infants being properly represented before the Court, and of ascertaining what they themselves desired, could hardly have been overlooked.

At the trial of the action some difficulty appears to have been felt by reason of the facts (1) that the suit was not such as to make the infants wards of Court, and (2) that the elder infant would within a very short time attain his majority

according to Hindu law. The Trial Judge sought to overcome those difficulties (1) by declaring the infants wards of Court, and (2) by taking advantage of Section 3 of the Indian Majority Act, 1875, as amended by Section 52 of the Guardians and Wards Act, 1890, and declaring under Section 7 of the latter Act that the plaintiff was their guardian so as to prolong their minorities until they attained respectively the age of 21 years. It was hardly contended that any such order was competent to the District Court in the suit in question. It is alleged, however, that when once the suit had been transferred to the High Court, the High Court had a general jurisdiction over infants which they could exercise at pleasure, and that the directions in question were properly given by virtue of such general jurisdiction. It is to be observed, however, that whatever may have been the jurisdiction of the High Court to declare the infants to be Wards of Court, an order declaring a guardian could only be made if their interests required it, and, as appears above, they were not before the Court, nor were their interests adequately considered. And further, no order declaring a guardian could by reason of the 19th Section of the Guardians and Wards Act, 1890, be made during the respondent's life unless in the opinion of the Court he was unfit to be their guardian, which was clearly not the case.

Since the appeal has been presented the infants have obtained the leave of the Board to intervene therein and be heard by counsel. Counsel on their behalf have appeared before their Lordships' Board and stated that the infants do not desire to return to India or abandon their chance of obtaining an university education in this country. The order of the High Court directing the defendant to take them back to India cannot be lawfully carried out without their consent or without an order from the Court exercising the jurisdiction of the Crown over infants in this country. It is and always was open to the respondent to apply to His Majesty's High Court of Justice in England for that purpose. If he does so the interests of the infants will be considered, and care will be taken to ascertain their own wishes on all material points. Their Lordships do not consider it desirable to express any opinion of their own on questions with which only the High Court in England can deal satisfactorily. It is enough to say that the order made by the Trial Judge in India as varied by the High Court in its appellate jurisdiction cannot stand, and their Lordships will humbly advise His Majesty that the same ought to be discharged, and the suit dismissed with costs both here and in the Courts below, but without prejudice to any application the respondent may think fit to make to the High Court in England touching the guardianship, custody, and maintenance of his children.



WHITE LOTUS DAY, 1914

AN ADDRESS BY ANNIE BESANT

WE all, I think, on White Lotus day, as the hours roll by, think of the other parts of the world where these celebrations are being held, and I have often liked to imagine that as the sun, I was going to say "goes round the earth," and I will say so though it is not correct, he sees in one land after another the flame of our love for our leaders in the past, a light on altar after altar in every National Society, until at last he returns to the East and begins the course of what, in one sense, is a new year. We naturally look back as I say on those early days, but we also look forward. Back with intense gratitude to our H. P. B. for all that was done in that heroic life, for all the light that was brought and the strength that was given, she to whom so many of us owe all that makes life precious and strong. Still some of her old pupils remain, remembering her as she then was, although looking forward to him as he now is.

In this last year one very faithful pupil of H. P. B. has passed onwards for a time, one whom all the elder members amongst you know full well, one of our best students and most faithful members, Isabel Cooper-Oakley. She left us from Hungary where she was doing her Master's work—doing it with steadfast heroism in a worn-out body; when many would have given up in despair, still keeping courage high and strong, and resembling in that her great teacher, who through a broken body continued unbroken work. H. P. B., as we know him now, is living in a physical body in our own world, but working from the higher planes. We often wonder when he will think fit to come amongst us again and on the whole, I think, he has not felt encouraged within the last few years, because he is finding it considerably easier to work outside of the turmoil of the world than in the midst of it.

Then our thoughts go to our President-Founder who also passed away from us, leaving behind a golden record of work. He, as many of you know, has come back again into this world, but in a child body, not as H. P. B. who took one that was practically mature, though young. He will not, I think, have the chance to keep away from us as H. P. B. is doing, because we shall keep an eye upon him as he grows up, and not allow him to go too far away; for his is a work that we cannot spare, and, however grateful we may be for the past, we look forward with still livelier gratitude to the help and strength yet to be given to the cause.

Many another we remember on a day like this, sending words of love across that supposed gulf of death, which really does not divide heart from heart. Looking backward with thanks for the work that has been

done, we ever turn joyously to the future, when those who have worked before will work amongst us again. And as one after another passes away from this side, and as the numbers grow on the other side of coming workers, inevitably we think how many, who have passed away before we were here this time, are now coming back among us to carry on this work we all love so well.

The Christians are very fond of speaking of the Communion of Saints, and that phrase has a very real significance. It applies to the communion of all those who are seeking to live the higher and nobler life, communion of all the workers in great causes, united by that bond which death cannot touch, the bond of high ideals of love and strenuous endeavour; and we rejoice to think that all the valuable things of life are really beyond the touch of death, that death can only strike away the outer forms which matter little and cannot touch the realities; for when one form passes away, we create other forms for work and life, remembering in the words so familiar to us that "the Real can never cease to be".

Each one of you to-day will think of those whom you have specially loved and who have passed beyond for a while. Each heart has its own memories, and to each life some special lives are dear and sacred; and by our knowledge of each other we come into touch with all those whom each one specially loves, so making this great Communion of the ever-living and the ever-working, whether in this world or in any other, for worlds cannot separate those whom love unites.

For us, then, life is joyous even when death for a moment touches it, for we know no broken ties, we know

no real separation, among those who love and who live. The great words put into the mouth of the Christ that "God is not the God of the dead but of the living" are also true for us who live in these days. There are no dead; there are only living in a universe of life, some here and some elsewhere, so binding all worlds together; knowing this with full assurance of certainty, we can tread our path onwards, knowing that for us there can be no shadow of division or of loss, feeling sure that all who work and love are ever bound together, and that in ages far ahead of the present day, in millennia still unborn, we who live and work and love shall ever re-find each other, that ever and ever again we shall labour side by side, and that thus loving and thus working, bound to those greatest Servants of humanity to whom our lives are given, we can pass onwards un-fearing, unterrified, unsorrowful; for all the sorrows of the world are but as dust for those who are ever pressing forward on the wheels of an immortal life. We *know* the truth of that in which we believe; we know that our life, eternal as the life of God is eternal, knows neither birth nor death, recognises neither youth nor age, for in the Eternal no passage of time is marked, and that which has emanated from the Supreme, the Eternal, can never pass away nor know shadow of changing.

We, eternal Spirits, living in Eternity, where for us is sorrow, where for us is change?

So, brothers and sisters, I greet you as you turn your hearts backward now and forward as well, and, leaving you for the moment for other work,¹ I know that your thoughts will circle round those noble ones of whom I have been speaking, and that they are with us wherever hearts love and remember, and that in that glad presence of the ever-living, you and I will for ever abide.

¹ Mrs. Besant had another meeting to attend.

REFLECTIONS ON INDIAN THOUGHT AND LIFE¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

REALISATION only was the aim of the Indian sages ; thus they could attach no value to originality. To them that, the reflection of which in the consciousness is called truth, *is*. There is no question of invention. Discovery however, involves no personal merit, as man can only discover that which higher powers reveal to him : "Only by him whom he chooses, by him is he understood." (Ruysbroek) And as to the embodiment of Truth, only a fixed one could be realised. Those subject to change were of no value. Furthermore, new adaptations use up energy which might be spent better and otherwise. Men of faith, like those of action, are, of physiological necessity, inimical to originality with regard to conceptions as such. Both create in another dimension than do intellectual creators. The former transmute ideas into inner reality, the latter, into outer reality. In themselves these ideas have no significance for them, to them they are motives, outlines, starting points, only of value in proportion as they are realised. To such natures any theorising appears idle. Not only Napoleon, but Bismarck also, has cordially

¹This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

hated the ideologues, and both of them firmly believed in a Providence. This faith was physiologically necessary to them: without safe cover in the rear both would not have confidently marched forward, and as with men of action so it is with men of faith. Being religious means to realise, to desire to transmute mental values into life. In order that one should be able to devote himself without any further concern wholly to this task, these values have, as such, to be unquestionable certainties. Thus he is bound to believe in dogmas, to keep inviolably fast to definite conceptions. Whether, for the rest, he is tolerant or fanatical depends on the degree of his soul-culture, on the width of his spiritual horizon. The orthodox Christian, in his delusion that salvation depends on dogma as such, wants to convert, *coute qui coute*, all those cherishing other beliefs, and therefore looks down upon them. I have not met a single Hindū who did not believe, with a faith as firm as a rock, some dogma or other, but on the other hand also, no single one who wished to convert anyone whomsoever, or who despised anyone whomsoever for his belief in another faith. The fact is that the Hindūs are cultured enough to know that not dogma as such, is the most important element, but its action on life.

But the negative attitude of the Indian towards originality has a still deeper root than the one we have so far considered. The R̥shis thought from the depth of their consciousness, which enabled them to behold meanings immediately: why produce another phenomenon in the world when there are already so many? For what else are creative ideas but tiny flowers springing up in the meadows? What does it matter how far

any one of them attains? They did not think thus as sceptics, but as all-knowers. It has often been noticed that scepticism and the deepest metaphysical insight coincide on the surface, and that is so. Sceptics as well as Mystics, realise the relativity of all formation, and therefore they must agree in its valuation. Only the latter know, what the former do not divine, that reality is not exhausted in relativity. They are conscious of the being which expresses itself through the medium of manifestation. This applies, in small things, to every man of action, every creator; indeed to every one who has made up his mind about anything; such an one humanity has then ever, with a true instinct, preferred to the doubter, however clever he might be. But it applies to him indeed, only in small things; hence the limitations of all doers, their one-sidednesses, their prejudices, their inadequacies, with regard to which the sceptical onlooker has such an easy game. In great things the same applies to the sage: he does not consider all manifestation as equally non-serious, but as equally serious. And so, like God, is beyond all narrowness, all partisanship.

But can such knowledge transform itself into fertile life? In the case of God it does. He knows the relativity of every manifestation, and yet lives Himself out in every one, with the most extreme one-sidedness; He knows the inadequacy of every separate expression, and yet this never weakens the energy in Him. In fact He creates connectedly. Man, as an understander, may indeed reach divine universality, but as a doer, he remains strongly limited; as a living being he never attains beyond the one-sidedness of separate existence. Thus a too deep insight lames his energy. It is not

necessary that it should do so, but mostly it does do so. It has done so in the case of the Indians. Against the truth of their theory nothing can be said. Undoubtedly the ideas of an Alexander had no more significance for the cosmos than any tiny flower; both are natural phenomena, each in their own way. He who gives birth to ideas does, in principle, no more than any cow: when forms of knowledge develop themselves and seize life, then that is only one natural process amongst others. The struggle of artists for recognition, of states for power, of humanity for ideals, is one form amongst others of the general struggle for existence, and progress is a biological process which finds everywhere its parallels. So, no ambition is in reality more than an animal craving for growth; no idealism is anything more than one exponent amongst others of the general striving of all life towards ascent and increase, and whether this or that happen, whether one more masterpiece, one more piece of knowledge, one more heroic act enrich the world, is of small enough importance in the connected whole. The more so, because the meaning is one everywhere and does not gain anything new from its own standpoint by the increase or improvement of its forms of expression. Indeed, the ideas of Alexander have, in the sight of God, no greater significance than tiny flowers. But would it have been useful to Alexander to think so? Yes, if he had been so great that he nevertheless would have fulfilled his destiny as Alexander; but that he would in such a case hardly have done.

The Indians have been aware that no knowledge may encroach upon action according to Dharma; this is especially the fundamental idea of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*.

There, Shri Kṛṣṇa teaches Arjuna that he *must* fight—whatever he may know, or realise—for he is born to fight. The same fundamental idea pervades the whole doctrine of non-attachment : kill ambition in thyself, but act in such a way as if thou wert animated by the most extreme ambition ; stifle all egoism, but live thy separate life so energetically active as only an egoist would do ; love equally all creatures, but do not neglect therefore first to do what lies to thy hand. Indeed, as to knowing, the Indians have known everything. But knowing and living are two things, and nowhere does that show more markedly than with them. We do not know of any Indian who, as a living human being, has expressed in action this wisdom in great things ; and there are probably fewer Hindūs, who do so in small things, than Turks and Chinamen. That is the curse of that primacy of the psychic, which characterises, as nothing else, the Indian state of consciousness.

From time immemorial they have laid the stress of existence on psychic experience, that is the realisation of life within the sphere of the psychic. Owing to that, they have arrived so wonderfully far as realisers and seers of the divine ; but also owing to that they have, as living, acting human beings, never been a fraction of that which their theory postulates. And that is only natural. When the spirit centres itself in the world of conceptions then new understandings arise as independent entities, unrelated to the personal life. The latter remains, notwithstanding all understanding, where it was before. Another adaptation is necessary to make a great man. So the Hindūs illustrate with exemplary plasticity the advantages, as well as the disadvantages of a life purely directed towards

understanding. It leads to understanding as does no other ; it further leads the born sages and saints towards such a perfection as seems impossible under other initial conditions ; but it is not beneficial to the life of the remaining people. Of late, English-speaking Hindūs, goaded by European criticisms which they disliked, have again and again pointed out that the Indian doctrines know how to deal with practical life and do not at all favour quietism. Certainly, they do not do that ; as doctrines they are the truest and deepest, the most comprehensive and most exhaustive which exist, but they have never influenced Indian *life*.

It is not so beneficial for the average man to know too much. When Alexander, at some time, hears that he is, in the sight of God, merely a daisy, then he only too willingly abdicates as Alexander. He decides for himself that no particular existence serves any purpose, and, at best, he does what lies nearest to his hand, filling more or less perfectly the position into which he was born. He renounces altogether too soon all ambition. It is true that the sacred scriptures teach that only the highest man is ripe for the highest life, and that the others have to war, to fight, to live actively, to be ambitious, because that only brings them inwardly forwards. But which of those who do not belong to the most highly cultured, acquiesce in not being born for the highest ?

When once anywhere a condition is proclaimed as the all-highest, there every one strives to realise it in his own way. In the Orient, ambition is generally considered something base : that is a misfortune. It does indeed indicate the very highest when a wholly great one is without ambition, but the small one who

has no ambition, does not leave his corner. To the Hindūs, as to Christ, gentleness is the highest virtue : this is a misfortune. Only he who possesses the passion of a Peter the Great may profess the ideal of gentleness ; the weak ones—and the Hindūs are weak—it renders still weaker than they were. All-understanding is taken as the highest : professed by such as have no understanding, this ideal lames development as no other. For it makes of them energy-lacking sceptics. And so, precisely, the unique depth of their understanding has ruined the Indians as a people. It has made them supine and weak.

This is most significant ; it is once more an example which India gives to all humanity. It shows how little good it is when all men strive after perfection as philosophers. This way is only suitable to the very few who belong to this type of being ; all others it leads to ruin.

And so then, the Indian myth, according to which the R̥shi, the Yogī, yea even the Sannyāsī, are amongst all men actually the highest, signifies something else than it appears to do. It does not mean that these types are amongst all others actually the highest, that all men should within that class find their most perfect self-realisation : it means that according to Indian assumptions, only born philosophers and saints can become perfect. Whilst the rest of humanity perishes !

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This then would be the true reason why the world-conception of the Indians is, not unjustly, looked upon as quietistic : it is not the doctrine as such which gives precedence to non-action as against action, to apathy as against energy, but this is the way in which it has acted upon life. As understanders the Hindūs have lifted

themselves above the chances of experience as no other people have done ; but practical life has not followed this lofty flight of the spirit ; it has unmasked it by a specificness all the more pronounced as an expression of that *hybris* which the gods never leave unpunished.

What is general cannot become a life-power. That is only possible for what is definite ; which in the case of a world-conception means : its definite understanding and interpretation, a definite practical application. Thus the knowledge of the R̥shis, however universal it may have been, has been understood specifically from the very outset. The Ātman, so teach the Vedas, rests beyond all manifestations, purely in itself, not name, not form, not action. And the highest aim of existence is to become one with the Ātman ; that is, to turn so deeply inwards that the consciousness takes root in the principle of life. From this doctrine several practical consequences may be deduced. The Indians have established as highest the withdrawal from life into the deity, that is the conjuring away of the whole of creation. *Plus royalistes que le roi*, cleverer than Brahman Himself—for He at any rate deemed it good to unfold Himself into the universe—they have directed all their efforts to reach out of, and beyond, becoming. Thus the renouncers must necessarily appear to them as the absolutely highest human types, and thus they could not recognise any value in the shapings of this life. I would draw from the same doctrine, with the same logical justification, the opposite conclusions. We should recognise the Ātman within us, and then make it a reality in this world ; we should assist Brahman, whose partial expressions we are, towards self-perfection in manifestation. Conceived in such a manner the Vedic teachings

do not prove themselves sterilising but productive in the highest degree. Reason recognises that our actions are not necessarily related to the deepest self: on this basis one should not become a quietist but should bring it about that all actions mirror the Ātman! The centre of consciousness which corresponds to the synthesis of the mind, is not in itself the deepest I. One has to develop it so far that it answers to it completely. And so on. If, now, anyone could have attained this, if he had wholly objectivated the deity on earth, then the whole question of the difference between the absolute and the relative would no longer pose itself; then he would neither have to assent to, nor to deny it, as he would be living as Being in manifestation. That the Indians have not chosen this alternative—which again and again they have recognised as the higher one, and which, undoubtedly is wholly preferable—may be traced probably to the influences of a tropical world. These have transformed the Āryan immigrants, more and more, from energetic into indolent beings, have lent to their lives more and more of that vegetative character which has found its perfect expression in Buddhism. It has been of no use at all that they have conquered that life as such, probably out of the unconscious realisation of its degenerate character; its tendency was the tendency of their blood.

Now the question arises: Would the Hindūs, as understanders and beholders of the Divine, have reached so uniquely high a stage if they had been different as men? Would they have been able to understand so clearly what really is of importance, if they had been able to put it into practice? Scarcely! The great moralist is typically non-moral, because freedom from prejudices

means freedom from fetters; the great understander is typically characterless, because he cannot judge any formation as absolutely the best; and inversely the great doer is always limited, and likewise the man to whom it is impossible not to be good. That the Indians are fully conscious of all this is by nothing so well-proven as by their good catholic attitude, their pronounced aversion to all Protestantisms: they know that they, because inwardly too free, are in absolute need of firm outer norms in order not to disintegrate. It is further proven by the fact that, in everything intelligible, they have, to an unprecedented degree, put forward the awakening of perfect understanding (not of perfect character, not of virtuous disposition, etc.) as life's aim: the man of real understanding can only decide by mental insight. But whether they have known it or not, the fact is certain. For the highest perfection in the sphere of knowledge and of religious realisation, a natural basis is necessary, which, though not excluding perfection in other directions, yet renders it extremely difficult. The people know this, in so far as they are astonished when a 'knower' is at the same time 'good'; science knows it, in so far as it states that a higher measure of religiousness appears, almost without exception, bound to a natural disposition which it judges as pathological; all the public opinion of all the world knows it in the case of the artist. Scarcely ever are such people humanly fully developed in all their values. With these human types the real life proceeds in psychic spheres; and its transformation into, and action on, that which to others is 'real' life, has as little significance for their being, as the philosophy which he prefers best has for the doer. And it can have no more significance for them, as they

would otherwise be incapable of expressing themselves completely in knowledge, in poetic fiction, in religious sentiment. To know completely, one has not only to live exclusively for knowledge, one has, to a certain extent to *be* knowledge; one has to live out one's life in knowing, as another does in loving. If, now, one does that, then henceforth it appears impossible to direct towards life the primary energy of the application of one's knowledge, for it is already bound in another direction. Realisation in contemplation, and realisation in active life exclude each other, being situated in different dimensions. But the realisation of the knower is exactly as full as that of the doer. In the sight of God there exists absolutely no difference between him who perfects himself through knowledge, and him who does so through love, or action; it merely indicates another type of being. Ever and eternally will knowers be imperfect as doers, and inversely likewise; just as ever and eternally the creatures of the air and those of the water must appear thoroughly fit, in different senses.

So it would indicate, after all, a misunderstanding to reproach the Hindūs because they have not proved themselves equally great in the world of practical active life as in that of knowledge and religious feeling. Their weaknesses signify the price of their excellencies. Of course, not all Hindūs are knowers, and the non-knowers amongst them are accordingly still inferior to European fools. But, in the same sense, the idlers of Europe are incomparably much worse than those of Hindustan.

Every system of civilisation appears orientated in the average character of the people who have invented

it, and education within its lines is fatally noxious to those whose nature deviates too much from that of the average. Now the question may be raised if some special tendency of form may not possess absolute advantages over others. Such as, for instance, the Christo-European over the Indian. Many think so. I cannot come to a decision. In so far as the greatest perfection of the masses is taken as a measure, it may well be possible that we have chosen the better part. But do quantitative points of view come up at all in real connections? I am content to state the fact that India, and not Europe, has produced the up-till-now most profound metaphysics, and the up-till-now most perfect religion.

Since, then, in Indian life the psychic element has a primary significance, in so far as realisation in conceptions is biologically equivalent to the realisation in actual practice amongst us—it is clear that, to the Hindūs, the knowers, the understanders, the anti-worldly seers and ecstasies should have to appear as the highest types. According to their postulates, so are they. And it is not after all astonishing that they look up in surprise when a European asks them if no higher forms of existence are conceivable.

Hermann Keyserling

AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND¹

By PHILIP OYLER

ENGLAND, England, let us be still and listen for one moment. Let us cease all our activities and ponder once, just once, over what we are doing and whither we are going. Let us look first at the path by which we have travelled. See how it is marked along the centuries by victory upon victory, gained formerly by physical strength and courage but latterly more by brains and what money can buy. Whatever the methods, the result has generally been the same, so that there appears behind us an almost unbroken chain of success, and we stand and pride ourselves to-day upon having the greatest empire that the world has ever known. But let us consider in what sense it is the greatest. Is it not from the fact that it has the largest possessions of land, the most powerful navy and so on, and is therefore the greatest from the world's point of view, that is, from a material point of view? We must admit it and therefore must admit too that our success can only be a temporal one, for it is founded, not upon eternal things but upon things that pass. These material things *look* stable and that is why we imagine ourselves secure behind them. But we really ought to realise (and probably do realise in the depths of ourselves) that our principles are fundamentally wrong; otherwise a really happy and healthy person would not be such a rarity in this wonderful empire of ours.

¹ Few will agree with this article, but this writer is a very thoughtful and earnest man, and has a right to have his say.—ED.

If we really cannot see at once the fate that we are so obviously bringing upon ourselves (we shall call it bad luck no doubt when it comes), let us turn to historical records and read of the rise and fall of Rome and other empires that have each in their turn been the greatest in the world. Then, when we compare them and ourselves, we cannot help seeing that we have risen in exactly the same way as they, and will most certainly fall for the same reason unless we make some mighty reform. We are powerful now only on paper. We are living almost entirely on a past reputation. We are degraded by luxury on the one hand and poverty on the other, we are dependent upon other countries for most of our food supplies and so on, and we must deliberately blind ourselves to the fact of our coming fall. Those who win their way to supremacy by force always breed enemies—human enemies, who look with jealous or revengeful eyes, and enemies within, that rob the mind of peace and therefore the body of strength. We have both these kinds of enemies, but it is the enemy within me, as usual, that will bring about our downfall, though other forces may *appear* to do so.

There is one way and only one way to save ourselves. To take that way needs more courage than has gone to the winning of all our battles by sea and land put together. None of the other great empires has had the courage to take that way and save itself. Each generation has gone on thoughtlessly and selfishly, hoping merely that the deluge would not come in its lifetime. Shall we do this too? Or are we prepared to think of others? If so, here is the only way by which we can be saved.

We must kill completely every atom of pride. We must humble ourselves before God, whom we hardly

acknowledge, and before all men. We must give up all that we possess to those from whom we took it, we must lay down all our arms and openly admit to the world that all these conquests, all these possessions have brought us no love, no peace, no happiness. They have brought us trade and money and a temporal fame in the eyes of men, but nothing, absolutely nothing that is really worth having. And we must admit to God and men that we have been the greatest of sinners, as indeed we have, for we have acted continually against our conscience, which is God's word to us, and have fought continually against our fellow men throughout the world, thereby breaking again and again the two greatest Commandments, which as Jesus said, are "Love God," and "Love your neighbour".

If we do pray for forgiveness with perfect sincerity and absolute humility; if we do really from the depths of our hearts abase ourselves before God and man; if we strive henceforth to stifle unkind thoughts and impure feelings, and to pour forth love to all instead; if we try to free ourselves of all selfish aims, and desire instead to serve in no matter how small a way; if we content ourselves with the simplest food and clothes and houses and pray that we regain our childhood's faith—thus and thus only can we be saved, for pride will ever have a fall but "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted".

For an individual the moment of worldly success is the moment for him specially to beware, for he is in danger of selling his soul eternally by killing his conscience, and for a nation it is exactly the same as for an individual. Therefore we must all humble ourselves, must all reform ourselves and our lives completely. There are among us, as always at times of crisis, a few

people of spiritual vision who can teach us the way to the kingdom of heaven through renunciation and love. They will teach us gladly, if we turn to them, and will help us to save ourselves. If we give no heed, they will build beautifully after our downfall, for the spirit is certain to prevail, whether we accept it or not. Shall we turn to them for guidance, since we ourselves have ceased to hear God's voice within us? Shall we kill our pride, which is one of our greatest enemies? Shall we have the courage to make this tremendous self-sacrifice? Or shall we go with the stream and get sucked into the vortex, towards which we are rapidly going?

The courage needed is immense. If it were not, it would be no test of our worth. The time to begin is now. The world is *talking* of universal peace, talking of it but in no way diminishing its attention to armies and navies. Here then is clearly our chance and our duty. England, England, to whom all others look, whether out of revenge, or spite, or respect, or what not, let us not talk of peace, but let us be it. Let us once, just once, set a Christ-like example and lay down our arms at the feet of our supposed enemies in all humility but with the desire for friendship. It matters not whether they embrace us eagerly or despise us with a sneer. We shall be happy, happier than we have ever been, for we shall have done one thing that will be to our everlasting glory and to God's glory too.

Let us cast out our enemy, fear, and not allow ourselves to imagine that others would rush in and plunder. Others can be trusted far more than we think. Moreover it takes at least two to make a quarrel, and if we refuse to be party to it, there can be no quarrel. And with such an example set, others will follow suit and

find their moral courage too, and feel how they have sinned and would repent. We must not wait for others to move. It must be England that leads the way, for England is considered the mightiest nation, and to the mightiest all look to take their cue. We must not wait for long. We must decide soon, soon. It needs no prophet to see that the crisis is near, and that if we delay, we shall be too late to save ourselves.

If we ignore this warning, which must have been felt by every one; if we continue our selfish, unnatural ways; then comes the mighty fall as it came to Rome and other empires, and we shall see how impotent is worldly wealth to help, and how impotent it has made us. Let us open our eyes to our many defects and weaknesses. Let us not be blind to the present, which we can see if we will, and to the past, of which we can read if we will, and then we cannot but see something of the future and realise that our decision comes to this. Shall we renounce all out of repentance and humility, and thereby gain a measure of happiness, by being obedient to a spiritual truth and by setting a noble example to others? Or shall we continue till we are compelled against our will to give up all and lose our reputation in the eyes of men and reap no harvest in heaven, because we sowed no seed there?

We may think that there is more choice. There is not, there is not. Let us then choose the nobler way and take the warnings of minor disasters that are continually being given to us, and let us thereby show that at least one empire has had the courage to admit the vanity of riches and the sin of courting them.

Philip Oyler

THE SEX QUESTION

By A. J. WILLSON

A CURIOUS position in England is exciting the wonder of the world. During the last decades higher education has been thrown more and more open to women, and they have studied science so effectually that they are aware of the strong backing that scientific investigation gives to the moral demands of religion. Perfect self-control for men as for women in all sex-relationships is now the goal pointed out by the vanguard of science, in terms that clearly show the terrible evils that each man who gives way to his passions brings upon his wife and children, as well as upon himself. Once the evil is recognised, every decent man will determine that the race shall not be destroyed by his self-indulgence, and his sons will be so instructed that another decade should see the evils of to-day things of a past state of ignorance. Naturally men were only too glad to believe that infidelity and promiscuity were not criminal and that Dame Nature blinked at—nay, approved—such slips in conduct; and their women were happy to pretend to be blind and to take the view of the men they loved and looked up to. Once, however, the veil of illusion was torn aside by a study of science; once women realised how the innocent and guilty suffered together, and how the whole nature

became warped, and the conscience twisted, in order to secure indulgence to men, and how laws and commercial customs had come to be the slaves of vice; there has been no hesitation on their part in denouncing the evil. When we read such books as *The Great Scourge*, by C. Pankhurst, LL.B., or *Prisons and Prisoners*, by Lady Constance Lytton, can we wonder that some women, who in their self-sacrificing investigations have come face to face with the depths of infamy, have taken the Brāhmaṇa's vow neither to eat nor rest in comfort until the race is free from this curse? Hence the spectacle of delicate women undergoing imprisonment and suffering, until all sense of proportion is lost in the one endeavour to save their fellows. The present laws were made in the days of ignorance before modern science had spoken, and they have to be changed, because they condone vice. Men fear a revolution if the changes be made too quickly, while women urge drastic reforms at once. This is the key to the "suffragette" movement, by which the nation will have benefited when the mistakes of "doing evil that good may come," which mark the burnings and smashings and insane sex-war of the present day, have been paid for, and the goal of a gallant, clear-eyed people, sound in mind and body, has been attained. This is at the bottom of the otherwise senseless call for votes for women. Women only care for votes in order to be able to put right the ancient wrongs of the race.

India, in all these deep questions, has the advantage over the younger western nations, in so far that the divine nature of life and of all functions connected with it have been emphasised in her ancient sacred books. Creative power is not the chance of a wild game

of the passions, but a holy function bringing out the best and highest both in men and women.

The Samskāras are explained in modern scientific terms in the *Pranava-Vaḍa* of Gārgyāyaṇa, freely translated with notes by Bhagavan Das, M.A. (Vol. I, pp. 165—286). According to Samskr̥t Vaidyaka physiology, the ideal time for closing brahmacharya is as late as the thirty-sixth year. This gives time for the ripening of the whole organism and brahmacharya in mind as well as body means the perfection of controlled vigour :

The skin takes on the bloom, the *lāvanya*, the 'saltiness,' *namakiṇi* in the Persian language, the crystal gleam, the pearly shine, which is the essence of the good complexion, and which is more than half the beauty of youth. (*Ibid.*, p. 246).

Increase of force to live and work, and not decrease, as was feared, is shown to be the reward of perfect chastity. Brahmacharya without education to occupy the mind, active games to exercise the body, and unselfish work to exercise the emotions, is a failure. The energy imparted by the natural rise of the vital forces will be turned to evil unless utilised to regulate and provision the brain by study during youth of all the stored wisdom of the schools and colleges, so that the reincarnating Jīva may quickly understand the new surroundings of its new body which it exercises by games and work. Jīvas, as we know, are in themselves neither male nor female, though the bodies they use are either one or the other. A girl's body, into which a Jīva is born, after in the last birth occupying the body of a man, requires much time to become acquainted with and properly made use of. Similarly a boy's body in charge of a Jīva last accustomed to function through the vehicles of a woman, has to be grown into. Those who for several lives have been born into bodies

of their present sex are more accustomed to them, but even then country, language, customs and ways of expression are all new and during the period of childhood and adolescence every boy and girl requires the best training and affectionate care in all ways.

America already gives State instruction to every one of her boys and girls, and this has to be aimed at in all countries. Heart, head and body—religion, study, and work and play—each has to be cared for. When once the ego has full control over his body, he takes charge himself and directs his own life, but by that time habits of self-control should have become automatic.

Men and women working intelligently together can quicken the progress of the race as neither alone can do. Intelligent control of home and children lays the foundation firmly for the next generation, and fathers and mothers of one mind are an immense power for good. The suffragette disturbances and the causes that brought them about in the West to-day are largely the result of the lack of knowledge of the laws of reincarnation; so we must not relax our efforts to educate our women, for fear of similar excesses here, were karma and reincarnation less well known. When once the West has grasped these laws they will be worked into daily life with the energy of a youthful nation, and India must re-study and apply them also now that the laws of evolution from man to superman are once more explained to us.

A. J. Willson

SOME IDEAS ON KARMA

IN GREEK THOUGHT

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

RENAN, speaking of the nations that are fitted to play a part in universal history, says that "they must die first that the world may live through them"; that "a people must choose between the prolonged life, the tranquil and obscure destiny of one who lives for himself, and the troubled, stormy career of one who lives for humanity".

This is, perhaps, more true of ancient Greece than of any country in the world, except India. Greece, behind whose mighty civilisation, language and symbolism, we discern an eastern background.

From the moment Greece died, she began to live.

First she permeated the Macedonian and Roman Empires with her influence, and the modern world no less, owes to her a debt incalculable of wisdom and beauty. To our own nation, as much as any other, she has brought gifts of priceless boon. Shelley says: "We are all Greeks, our laws, literature, religion, art, have their roots in Greece."

This being so, it is of deepest value to study these noble works of "the antique time," to live again in the spirit of Hellenic thought, to trace in the minds of great men their philosophical outlook on the idea of Karma, including Destiny, Free will, Necessity and Fate.

There is abundant evidence of the menace and struggle aspect of the force, from Homer to Euripides. Plato alone approaches the subject from the point of view of a sage who *knows*. The others are more conscious of the "doom-impending" side of Karma's reversible shield. Karma may well be imaged as a shield; one side whereof is Fate, the other, Destiny. Eternal problem for every man—which side will he present to the foe on the battle-field of human life?

It is this feeling of the inevitability of karma, which gives to the Greek genius, so full of exquisite and childlike joy, a strain of haunting melancholy: a *motif* which does not mar the music, but steeps the senses in that atmosphere of mystery, of "shadow-shapes," that is inherent in the soul of Beauty. Within the space of this article, it will be only possible to give a few hints and outlines as to how the idea of karma pursued and took hold on the Greek genius, and perchance to suggest a field of work for other minds whose tendencies are toward the Greek mode of culture.

Homer makes us hear, above all sound of warfare and victory, the voice of pity, the questions of "what for?" and "why?"—immortal problems for all great minds, when contemplating the tragic side of mortal life. "The pity of it." Hear what Glaucus says to Diomedes, when they meet in single combat. "Even as are the generations of leaves, such are those likewise of men; the leaves that the wind scattereth to earth, and the forest, budding, putteth forth another growth, and the new leaves come on in the spring-tide; so of the generations of men, one putteth forth its bloom and another passeth away." Phrases such as this occur, now and again, as if a questioning mood, even then,

haunted the soul of that bright child-world, a minor chord, struck almost at random, amid the jewelled harmony of joy, wherein Homer, child of Gods, delights.

It was always weakness the Greek dreaded, beyond all things. He saw how no calamity was unbearable, so long as the spirit rose on its wings to heroic heights. He did not understand the intricacies of the working of kârmic law, but he sensed the truth that man is superior to all ills of the flesh and senses. That it is the use he makes of calamity that puts limits to the power of the impending tragedy. This being the well known Theosophical axiom that man modifies his karma by the acceptance and working out thereof. In the 'Eumenides' of Æschylus, we find the Gods disputing about Orestes, who had slain his mother, to avenge her murder of his father, and they cannot decide, for long, how to balance the scales of Justice: at length Pallas arbitrates, and it is the unanimous decision that "no longer shall crime and punishment desolate the house of Athens". In other words, the family karma of Orestes is now balanced. Orestes takes sanctuary at Delphi. The Furies even change their name, under the benign influence of Pallas, and become the Eumenides, benevolent goddesses, metamorphosis of profound spiritual significance to students of karma.

Æschylus (according to Cicero) was a Pythagorean. It is therefore not surprising that he taught deep mysteries through the medium of drama. Apollo, God of youthful enthusiasm, commands Orestes to the dark deed of vengeance. The tribunal of human justice, and the terrible torments of the Furies overtake him. But in the end Pallas acquits him of evil, and he is

allowed to rest in peace, brought thither through the purgatorial pain of expiation. Æschylus (in common with all genius) doubtless taught even more than he knew; Sophocles' historic remark is occult in its significance: "Æschylus does what is right, without knowing." Thus spoke the intellectual rival of Æschylus; let us now glance at his idea, and treatment of karma.

Sophocles is a rare instance of many-sided genius, even in that golden age of Greek catholicity. The harmony and balance of his work were so exquisite that one of his names was "The Attic Bee". But his tragic power was equally developed. He seems to stand midway between the Promethean grandeur of Æschylus and "Euripides the Human". Sophocles grasped the educative effect of suffering, more than any of his compeers. He shows forth, by anticipation, Plato's theory, that when a man is beloved of the Gods, poverty and all ills that the flesh is heir to, can turn out only for his good, in the true meaning of the word.

Yet sorrow and suffering, according to Sophocles, were not so much to soften and humanise the proud Spirit encased in flesh, as to chasten, strengthen, and raise it. 'Œdipus Coleneus' provides a striking example of this force-educing side of suffering. A "problem play"; indeed, it might well bear as alternative title 'A Study in Karma'. The difference between moral and ceremonial purity is clearly defined. Elsewhere, Sophocles remarks: "The unwitting sin makes no man bad," and we find the spiritual truth of the alchemical force of suffering portrayed in this noble Play, wherein it is taught that though the breaking of law leaves a stain, yet it can be cleansed by the

atonement of purificatory ceremonial, and is not of that indelible type such as causes Lady Macbeth to exclaim: "All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand."

Œdipus disencumbers himself of karmic debt, and then comes the realisation that an outworn past, when "paid for," is no longer a part of the way, but drops away, according to the natural law of evolution. Œdipus, at the close of his life, contemplates his doom and rest, with equal gaze, and knows that the end is harmony. In the words of the chorus:

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Sophocles senses "peace—beyond these voices"; he soars beyond all common-place award of happiness or grief to personalities, he knows that man is a divine fragment, a link in a chain. He shows how knowledge is put into the crucible of life-experience, to come forth the pure gold of wisdom. What is this but spiritual alchemy? Now let us turn to the third name in the trinity of dramatists, Euripides.

Far more faulty and unequal is this dramatist, the least of the three. Euripides shows us man the slave of his passions. Æschylus shows us the Promethean Spirit of humanity, who knows that ultimate freedom is his heritage, even while chained to the rock of mortality, with the hungry passions gnawing at his heart. Sophocles idealises and sublimates the minds of men—strips off the garment of flesh, and shows us the soul of tragedy, grand in the beauty of Medusa-splendour. Euripides shows man the sport and caprice of passion. He has a way of parading morality for morality's sake, at once inartistic, and belittling to the higher ethics. In

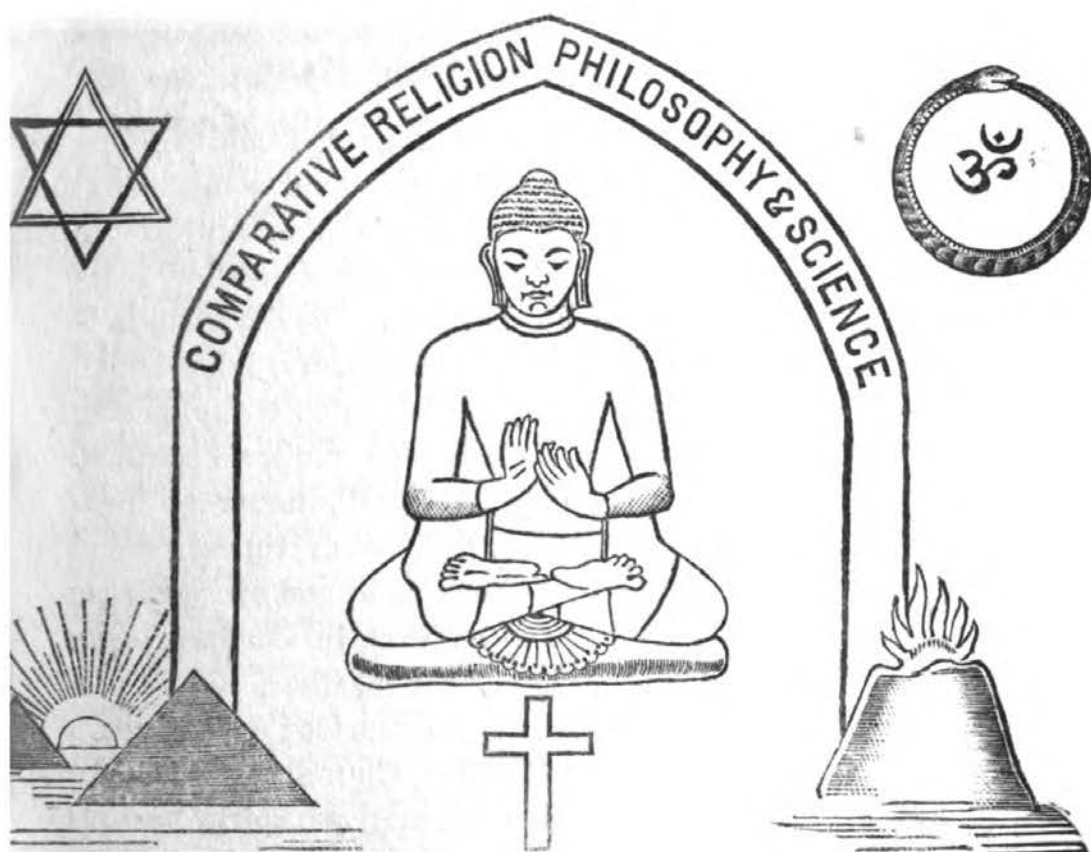
the same manner he parades outward show, success, and wealth, as things desirable in and for themselves. His famous brief for the casuist has almost passed into a household word: "The tongue swore, but the mind was unsworn." Yet Euripides can display the spectacular drama-lesson of a soul distracted, distraught, the prey of its own passions and weaknesses. He shows us the fatal kârmic results of a mind that is *not* "at unity with itself". In the working out of his idea of the characters Orestes and Electra, he shows us how the same action, even under identical conditions of circumstance, can ennoble one man and degrade another. Orestes and Electra, in the hands of Æschylus and Sophocles, move on, with the inevitability of the true tragic spirit; in those of Euripides they seem pushed on by a reluctant, half-hearted Fate. They do not suffer grandly as men, but "like driven cattle". In short, Euripides shows us men and women ruled by their passions, when we feel that they might have ruled them, and to witness such subjection becomes, at times, almost intolerable. Even in the 'Hippolytus,' we feel that his Phædra was a sufficiently strong character to have bridled her unreturned passion, and that the passion should have ennobled, rather than degraded her. But Euripides makes her the slave of a love-spell, and there is no escape. Yet, curiously enough, it is after all Euripides who popularises, more than either of his two great compeers, the idea of the "vengeance is mine, I will repay" aspect of karma. He lays on the sensation thickly, with the brush of a theatrical scene-painter, rather than that of a creative artist. The proportions and perspective of the dramas of Euripides are not typically Greek, they are too unequal

and unbalanced, and belong rather to the "realistic-romantic" school, rather than to the antique-classic type of mind. However, in most of his works, and certainly in the 'Hippolytus' and 'Electra,' we feel that a sense of "the evil that men do, lives after them" pervades the atmosphere of the play.

In the 'Bacchanals,' the greatest, most poetic, achievement of Euripides, we trace Dionysos through his wanderings—his madness, pursuit, imprisonment, death, and ultimate peace, and therein is written the story of all Dionysian spirits. Herein too, the mystic consciousness of Orphic tradition, is plainly exhibited. The play is a Masque of Spring, a dithyramb of Life wherein the chief actor is both priest and victim. We see the figure of youth and joy, starting forth on his pilgrimage, to give "life, more life," wherever his footsteps trod, and therefore, also (strange paradox) desolation, torment and woe followed in his train. Yet the god sets forth—glorious in all the wild ecstasy of youth (youth, now and always the best gift which life offers to mortality, perchance because it is the fleetest); bearing in his hand the sacred thyrsus, a wand with a pinecone at the top, wreathed in flowers, yet covering and concealing a spear-head, profoundly significant symbol.

Enough has been shown here, to demonstrate that there was a very real idea of the working of Karma in Greek thought. Indeed the three-fold aspects of the Law, form the basic material from which was wrought most of the finest antique work. Throughout Greek Drama as in all immortal thought, the genius is but deputy of the divine Architect. Of the genius it is ever said: "He builded better than he knew."

Lily Nightingale



AN ANTHEM IN THE GARDEN

By CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS

[The following fragment is an endeavour to produce a literary parallel to a musical device, a movement "Per recte et retro". Though chiefly beloved of purely academical composers one example of this kind is well known—a very melodious double chant in G major by Dr. W. Crotch, to be found in every Anglican choir-book. An exact application to literature is possible only by use of such reversible words as "Live—Evil". The aim here, however, is to illustrate the artifice in thought itself, rather than in the mechanical means of its expression. The same remark applies to some shorter musico-literary parallels which follow the "Anthem."]

PER RECTE ET RETRO

I

FROM THE ONE TO THE MANY

Musica Parlante.—Search a garden and in one spot or another will generally be found some dense growth which appears to be a single plant but proves on examination to be a cluster of plants, a ravelled mass of flowers and weeds and grasses. To dig it up is to discover that it has not one root, but many, lying in all directions and often far apart. To watch it day by day is to find that it has no common fruit, no common flower; be its stems never so small, never so inextricably intermixed and tangled, each tiniest frond produces exactly the fruit proper to it, and can produce no other. Its shoots have nothing in common save that they have come to the surface together.

So with men: Coming to the surface as members of the same Race, Nation, Religion, Church, Social Caste, or Political Party, are men whose motives, spirit, springs of action, are absolutely different. And such clusters of men have no common fruit. Each separate man, each separate vice or virtue of each separate man, produces exactly his and its own particular fruit. No closeness of association in such clusters will alter the going of each to his own place.

Duet.—Then shall two be { the one shall be taken,
in the field : { and the other left.

Two women shall { the one shall be taken,
be grinding at the mill : { and the other left.

Musica Parlante.—This is not to say that all Races and Religions are themselves alike and interchangeable, but :

Chorus.—"They are not all Israel which are of Israel."

Musica Parlante.—Men speak of good coming out of evil. Good never comes out of evil. No root can produce anything but its own fruit; no fruit be got from anything but its own tree.

Solo.—"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"—*St. Matt.*, vii, 16.

Musica Parlante.—When men do evil that good may come, and good does come, it is always due to some grain of good in the motive which prompted the evil, and never to the evil itself: there would always have been more good in the end had the evil means not been adopted. A cruel injury is done to a man, and neighbours show compassion never suspected before. But it is the suffering, not the cause of the suffering, which brings out the compassion, and the suffering itself does not cause the compassion, but only shows it to exist. But, it may be objected: "Suffering, though innocently caused, is in itself an evil, and showing compassion to exist is a good thing." Granted, but that suffering should be necessary for the manifestation of love of our neighbour is an evil thing: we should love our neighbour whether he suffers or not.

Duet.— $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Rejoice} \\ \text{Weep} \end{array} \right\} \text{with them that } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{do rejoice,} \\ \text{weep.} \end{array} \right.$

—*Rom.*, xii, 15

Musica Parlante.—Whenever anything in its essence evil becomes right, it is always due to a wrong that it should be right. Apart from the existence of evil, which the one is meant to cure, there is no difference between the knife of the surgeon and that of the garotter.

When war is right it is always due to a wrong that it should be right.

If anything could make a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit, or a good tree bring forth evil fruit, grafting would. But it will not: stock and scion must be at least of the same genus. A good man born in a corrupt religion will do, not evil, but good—he will purify it: an evil man born in a pure religion will do not good but evil—he will corrupt the fount of truth itself if he can. Such are Spiritual Wickedness in high places, and Shining Lights in the dark places of the earth. Let a branch be clean-cut from its root and blown to the ends of the earth or engulfed in its bowels, it will produce the fruit proper to the stock from whence it sprang, or none. There is only this difference between the tree and the man, that the one cannot change its character and consequently cannot change its fruit, and the other can.

It is the extreme fineness and inextricable intermixture of good and evil which deceives us. Quality itself is absolute. Whatever is good at all is good altogether and nothing but good, it will do good and cannot help doing it and can do nothing else.

II

FROM THE MANY TO THE ONE

And in gardening one often finds that what above ground appear to be several plants, under ground are but one, all having the same root. So it is among men. Those who believe that the *fact* of birth is of infinitely more moment than the accident of birth; whose sympathy with their fellow-creatures is not limited by

geographical accidents, arbitrary and changing political delimitations, or the circumstance of colour, who therefore are striving to bring about the Brotherhood of Man, these men above ground belong to different Races, Nations, Religions, Churches, Social and Political Parties. But underneath the mere surface of things they belong to each other, they are citizens of a City whose Builder and Maker is God.

Solo.—"Blessed are the Peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."—*St. Matt.*, v, 9.

Musica Parlante.—Again, this is not to say that all Races, Governments, and Religions are equal, but :

Chorus.—"In every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." *Acts*, x, 35.

All good things are in harmony with each other. No good thing is really in antagonism with any other good thing. Truths never really contradict each other. All really good things can be combined, and not only so, every good thing helps every other good thing. Good cannot be single: it is impossible to mend anything without mending other things, if not *everything* else, at the same time. And so with evil: whatsoever is evil is evil altogether and in league with every other evil. This is why "it never rains but it pours," and we hear so often of a 'Chapter of Accidents'.

Solo.—"Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it."—*1. Cor.*, xii, 26.

Good and evil are each like a stone thrown into a pool and becoming the centre of wave-circles ever widening in extent: they exert their influence in every direction and to an ever-increasing distance. When a partisan changes sides, he not only strengthens the side

he goes to but he weakens the side he leaves : his action is double in its effect. Not only all actions but all *qualities*, Good and Evil, exert this double action in all directions—towards every point of the compass and its opposite. Infinite is the importance of *quality*—of the question not *how much*, but *whether* a thing is evil or good. A little evil is evil as much, though not as much evil, as a great evil, and to the end of its existence will bring forth evil fruit. A good thing is good in every way. The music which was the greatest pleasure to compose, is the greatest pleasure to practise, occasions the least loss of time and temper, and brings the greatest reward : it cost the least—save of pleasurable labour—and is worth the most : it is wholly good. Let a man choose the right profession, and he will not only enjoy his work more but do it better, receive higher remuneration for it, and by this means get better holidays than in the wrong one and his holidays again will react on his work. His choice will be wholly good. Every real good brings some other good with it. Every good is an unmixed good.

Chorus.—“ Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you.”—*St. Matt.*, vi, 33.

A CANON BY AUGMENTATION

[One in which the second voice, the “ Comes ” or “ Consequent ” repeats the theme sung by the first, the “ Dux ” or “ Antecedent ” in notes of double, triple, or quadruple, length.]

Prelude.—The lesson musically illustrated by the impressive device of Augmentation would seem to be that one should follow an ever-expanding train of thought, tracing every section to the circle of which it is a part, every instance to its principle.

Dux.—(given out by the church organ) The Vicar is narrow-minded in theological matters.

Comes.—by Augmentation: (from the choir) All clergymen are.

Double Augmentation.—(reverberating in the nave) All professional men are towards those who differ from them technically: Buononcinists towards Handelians, Gluckists towards Piccinists, Fixed-Dohists towards Movable-Dohists, Wagnerites towards anti-Wagnerites, in music; Orthodox medical practitioners towards Homœopathists, Darwinites towards anti-Darwinites in Science; the opponents of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood towards its founders, in Art.

Triple Augmentation.—(echoing in the world outside) All men are narrow-minded towards those who differ from them on whatever subject, personal, political, or religious, practical or theoretical, they care most about. Indifference is not broad-mindedness; no man can be really broad-minded who has not strong convictions and few men are broad-minded who have—except about something else.

AN INFINITE CANON

[One which repeats itself *ad infinitum* unless arbitrarily broken off.]

The sting of brooding does not lie in its tail, nor its poison in its fangs: but in the fact that it has neither

head nor tail, and knows no end. The essence of moodiness is the rejection of finality, a conclusion is its abhorrence, and though always alluring its victim with the prospect of one, it invariably overshoots the mark and embarks on a further quest. The snare is chiefly contained in the fact that, having in imagination, advanced an argument absolutely demanding an answer, or said one's most scathing thing, nothing happens! The only cure is to take this as final and do something else. Otherwise one will either imagine a speech more luridly insulting than before, by way of taunting one's shadow of an enemy into speech, or brood the whole thing over again! Giving up without a sense of finish will hurt one's feelings, but this cannot be helped. Brooding must be given up in the middle or not at all.

CHROMATIC HARMONY

[Harmony containing notes foreign to the key.]

Nature is characterised less by the number of her laws than by their universality: there might seem to be little in common between the carrying through of a great religious or political upheaval—a Reformation or a French Revolution—and the effective playing of a few notes on a tinkling spinet. Yet if these notes be chromatic there is a cardinal principle in common. That which is to displace something else must have not merely an abstract but a relative strength, must be stronger than the thing it is to displace, or the effect instead of being of strength and beauty will be of weakness and failure. Hence a Revolution must be carried through

with strength or it will leave abuses worse than those it found ; and a chromatic 'sharp' or 'flat' must be played with decision and significance, or instead of producing one of the most beautiful effects in music—that of modulation—it will sound—like a wrong note.

AN UNRESOLVED DISCORD

[Technically a discord is not something harsh or disagreeable, but merely a note which requires some other note, called its "resolution," to follow it, before a sense of rest and finality is produced.]

Nothing is so unsatisfactory as satisfaction. That a man can be happy, one of whose senses is satisfied, is only because some other isn't. Getting, not Having ; Becoming, not Being ; the Present, not the Past ; a Verb, not a Noun, are the source of satisfaction. "A duty fulfilled always continues to be felt as a debt, for it never gives entire satisfaction to oneself."—Goethe.

INTERRUPTED CADENCES—AND OTHERS

[Those in which the final chord is not what the ear most naturally expected.]

Other people's successes and failures often have the effect of a well-placed Interrupted Cadence—they surprise us. Our own rarely do: our successes only do in so far as they fall short of what we had secretly expected ; our failures only when wholly free from a secret foreboding of what prove to be the results—which is rare. What misfortune due to an error of judgment—especially a moral one—was completely unforeseen ?

DA CAPO

It is in the Da Capos, the "repeats" of life, that the difference between weak men and strong is seen most clearly. Weak people are not incapable of repentance, but can only repent of a mistake when there is no opportunity of repeating it: they are not impervious to argument but only to every argument but one—that of its being too late to amend. The weak gambler, ruined, repents, perhaps sincerely; but give him money and he will gamble again. The strong man, ruined, verbally justifies his mistakes, blames his luck and everybody but himself. But give him his life over again and there is not one of his carefully justified actions he would repeat!

If my existence up to now proved to be only the First (*i.e.*, the repeated) Section of the Symphony of Life, how many of its notes would I play as I previously played them?

Clement Antrobus Harris

THE WORSHIP OF ISIS—THE WIDOW

By JAMES TEACKLE DENNIS

OF all the deities known to us, of whatever religion, race or time, Isis of Egypt stands unique. Other nations had, and have, their female deities—Kālī, Tezcatlipoca, Astarte, Pallas, Venus, Mary of Bethlehem, and many others: it remained for Egypt alone to worship a *widow*, and deify her. And this widow's cult extended from the dark ages before Egypt's historic period down into the centuries when Rome ruled, and was carried thence to Gaul and Britain. It is a curious fact that the merely feminine phase of Isis worship had little or no representation in the Egyptian faith; not until the XXVIth dynasty, about 600 B. C., did her position as Mother of Horus—the purely female deity—become prominent. Sekhinet, Ta-urt, Nephtys and other female deities occur in the Egyptian pantheon, some being spouses of certain gods, others spinsters: yet none of their cults attained the degree of veneration accorded to that of the “widowed” Isis. The liturgies translated in the *Burden of Isis*, and the ceremonies of her worship as far as known, are pre-eminently those of widowhood—and not only so, but of a widow mourning her deceased husband. The mere death of a God enters in some form or another into nearly every religion; in fact, it seems to be almost

a prerequisite to deification. Only after passing the portals of Death could Siḍḍhārṭha become the Buddha ; and the crucifixion of the Christ preceded his adoption into Godhead. And maternity has likewise played its part in the theological arena : but the worship of Isis was based neither on her sisterhood and wifehood to Osiris, nor on the fact that she was mother of Horus : she stands as the sole example of deified widowhood. Only after the XXVIth dynasty, as I said, did the maternal side of her cult develop, and it is this phase which passed into Christianity as the "Virgin Mother"—an idea which seems to have been adopted chiefly with the idea of disassociation of this feature of her personality from that of the wedded and widowed Isis : yet as "Mater Dolorosa," mourning for a dead son instead of husband, she has become also christianised. The spiritual hold of the Virgin Mary lies less in her being the recipient of a direct visitation from the Deity than in her being the mother of Jesus. There is a reason for the special position of Isis in the Egyptian theology, however. From the earliest times in that country, woman was held in the highest esteem : royal blood could be transmitted through the female lines for many generations, even to the exclusion of male descendants in certain cases : Aahmes of the XVIIIth dynasty was recognised as Pharaoh solely by reason of the old, royal, blood of his wife, and it was through maternal lines also that Heru-em-Heb obtained the throne. So the union of Isis and Osiris, while not advancing the cult of the former, gave an added and otherwise unexplained impetus to the worship of the latter. It was this idea of the special purity of blood in the female line that caused several of the Pharaohs to marry their sisters,

and, even on occasions, their daughters. So the godly blood of Isis, purer than that of Osiris, would naturally tend to make her worship more popular.

The origin of the cult of Isis and Osiris is unknown, but the resemblances between the traditions woven around them both, and those of Mayach (where the similarity is particularly noticeable), India, Persia and elsewhere, would lead to the conclusion that it first arose in some actual, historic event, in that part of the world where the earlier civilisations had their origin; and from thence it spread through and influenced the theologies of much of the world to the present time. Ormuzd and Ahriman, Cain and Abel, Baldur and Loki—are all simply variations of the death of Osiris at the hands of the evil-minded Set. Too often in recent years is the theory advanced that the early deities of the world were but personifications of the forces of Nature—light and darkness, fructivity and barrenness, cold and heat, summer and winter. But this view is absolutely incompatible with facts as we know them to exist to-day among savage or semi-savage peoples—and human nature in its genesis must always be the same. Undoubtedly the savages of to-day *fear* the storm, they *dread* cold, they *rejoice* in plenteousness of game and crops (if they are sufficiently advanced as to have become agricultural). But these are none of their objects of *worship*, properly so called: the only creature whom they really consider in the light of a real 'deity,' or having the attributes usually ascribed to a deity, is the village or tribal sheikh or chief. Therefore the idea of 'God' originated primarily in Sheikhhood: and when this ruler's death occurred, the savage mind would infer that it was

only a prolonged sleep, from which the sheikh might awaken at any time: hence the idea of a 'resurrection' would necessarily take root; and as the sheikh, on awaking, would surely demand an accounting from his tribe, offerings at the spot where he was sleeping should be the first sights to meet his eyes, while the worship and reverence paid to his 'sleeping' body could be adduced as proof that his power and command were recognised, even when in abeyance. No one would affirm of the founder of the Christian religion that he was only a "personification of the forces of nature"—and there is no more reason in attributing such an idea to the savage mind. The various 'fetiches' which the wild child of nature carries with him for good luck, or to protect him from danger and evil, have no more to do with the idea of "natural forces" than had the bit of the true cross carried by the crusader, the crucifix and reliquary of the Christian, or the rabbit foot of the negro of the United States. So we should consider the legend of Isis and Osiris as based on fact, altered during the centuries that may have elapsed between the actual event, and its culmination into a theological proposition: and the strength of the cult of Isis in particular lies probably in its pathetic delineation of the truest, highest inspiration of humanity, fighting against all obstructions raised either by nature or man, and culminating in a sublime submission to the great Laws of the Universe, whose workings are certain at the end. The indomitable energy of the widowed Isis, absolutely sure of herself and of the ultimate success of her mission, yet alone, save where Nephthys occasionally appears toward the end of her wanderings, may well typify the long worship and ceremonial at the shrine of the 'sleeping' sheikh

of the earlier race where the legend sprang into flower ; and her finding and interment of the fragments of the body of Osiris may refer to the ultimate realisation of what we call 'Death': while his introduction into Amen-tet and subsequent rule over the spirits of the dead was but a corollary to the original belief in his (the sheikh's) actual physical return from the "Land of Sleep"—a recognition that his greatness and power had passed into a different sphere, where the worshippers themselves should finally gather around him once again. Faith must be based on a preponderance of evidence to be of any value—but that evidence may be of the human heart as well as of the human intellect. The best teachings of the best religions will find their counterpart in the cults of Isis and Osiris.

James Teackle Dennis

[The author of this article has written a very interesting book, *The Burden of Isis*, (Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.) to which we draw our readers' attention.]

AN ANCIENT PROPHECY FULFILLED

By J. F. SCHELTEMA

A FEW months ago the Crown Prince of Jogjakarta, which is one of the two quasi-independent principalities of the island of Java, died under strange, not to say suspicious, circumstances. Pangeran Adipati Anom Hamangku Negoro—such were his official title and name—had been ill, but was convalescent, when unexpectedly the news came from the *kraton*¹ of the Sooltan, his father, that he had succumbed to a violent attack of fever. A later announcement added that he had refused to swallow the prescribed quinine, showing a decided preference for native medicine, a dose of which had therefore been administered at his urgent request. This set people talking: native medicine, looked down upon by prejudiced Europeans, has saved many a life given up by physicians learned merely in the lore of western medical schools; but in the case of His Highness the native medicine might have been native poison. Intrigue, sometimes of a desperate character, plays an important part at the Courts of Surakarta and Jogjakarta. Every one knew, furthermore, that an influential clique felt dissatisfied with the deceased and, before him, with

¹ Royal or princely residence, comprising not only the palace proper with its dependencies but also the dwellings of the household, different functionaries, a numerous retinue, attendants, servants and hangers-on; the *kraton* at Jogjakarta has no less than 15,000 inhabitants.

a predeceased heir apparent to the throne¹ of the latter principality, having been raised to that lofty station, and the most knowing connected his sudden demise with the flight and recapture, in the eighties, of the widow of his grand uncle, the Sooltan Hamangku Buwono V, and her son, Pangeran Muhammad, who had been excluded from the succession. Much was also made of the fact that the Pangeran Adipati Anom's first, legitimate wife had borne him only a daughter, quite in accordance with a prediction denying him legitimate male issue, while a concubine of mixed Chinese and Javanese blood, converted to the Islām faith on her admission to his harem, had made him father to a boy he seemed very proud of, which awakened in the mother's heart fond and ambitious hopes for the future of her son—far too ambitious hopes, considering her low extraction, as envious rivals thought.

However all this may be, the consensus of native opinion appears gradually to have abandoned the poison theory in favour of a visitation from heaven, brought upon the Crown Prince by his flagrant disregard of an ancient prophecy attaching to the Boro Budoor, the world's masterpiece of Buddhist architecture, twenty-five miles to the north of his father's capital. One of the many Buddha statues which adorn that beautiful and imposing temple, passes with the natives for Bimo, the chivalrous brother of Arjuno, whose story is told in the *Mahābhārata*. Calling it Sang Bimo or Kaki Bimo, they ascribe to it a supernatural power and believe that any of their princes who looks on it among the thousand statues of the venerable pile, will surely come to grief.

¹ Still another older brother lost his rights to the throne because he became demented.

This superstition gained ground when, notwithstanding remonstrance and warning, a Crown Prince of Jogjakarta gratified his desire to see Sang Bimo and soon after, December, 1758, began to spit blood and died.¹ The late Pangeran Adipati Anom Mangku Negoro, unmindful of the fate which befell the older scion of his house, visited the Boro Budoor to look upon Sang Bimo in 1900. As time passed without the *ilaila* or ancient prophecy coming true to punish also *his* foolhardiness, *his* defiance of destiny's decree, people imagined that the statue had lost its occult energy. The sad sequel now reported, proves however that fulfilment, though slow, was none the less surely overtaking its victim.

What fate imposes, men must needs abide.

When no doubt remained that Pangeran Adipati Anom Mangku Negoro had breathed his last, his body was washed, according to custom, in the presence of the other princes and princesses, his brothers, sisters and cousins. The aged Sooltan, his father, being informed, came personally to convince himself of the truth of the woeful message delivered to him, and to gaze for the last time on the features of his oldest son and heir apparent that was. Then the attendants wrapped the body with appropriate ceremonial in a piece of white silk and bore it to the audience-chamber where they placed it in state on a gilt couch, covered with flowers and surrounded by the deceased's mourning and wailing family. Besides his legitimate spouse with her daughter, and his favourite concubine with her son, there were several more ladies of his harem present with their

¹ For particulars regarding this fateful visit to Sang Bimo and a description of the magnificent, wonderful Boro Budoor, a building full of charm and mystery, see the writer's recently published volume on *Monumental Java* (Macmillan & Co.)

numerous offspring. Next morning a company of *prajurits*¹ lined up at the principal gate of the palace, presenting arms to the Resident of Jogjakarta who arrived with the Dutch officials, preceding the head of the princely house of Paku Alam with the native chiefs, and private persons of consequence, to condole with the Sooltan in his bereavement. After receiving his visitors and listening for about an hour to their expressions of sorrow and sympathy with his loss, the Sooltan issued his order for burial, and the procession to Imogiri, the royal cemetery, was formed. The infantry of the garrison saluted the body with a rattling salvo the moment it left the *kraton*, conducted by the dragoon life-guard, while the colours were lowered and the drums beaten before the bands struck up a funeral march. As the procession moved out, the disconsolate father retired to his private apartments, but the princes and the native chiefs and thousands of his subjects and many Europeans, too, followed the bier through the streets of the city. On the flower-strewn pall, the Crown Prince's military uniform was displayed with the insignia of his high rank in life; his favourite horse was led and the chair he used on occasions of gala was carried behind. During the long march to Imogiri, tea and other refreshments were served to those whom neither the heat nor the distance deterred from accompanying him to his final home. The infantry of the garrison returned after having given their escort for a couple of miles. The Sooltan's troops stayed with the dead son of their master to the end and fired a second salvo over his grave when, a little after sunset, it was filled in over his remains, care being taken to turn

¹ Lit. warriors: the Sooltan's troops.

his face towards Mecca and to facilitate his sitting up when approached by the examiners who would interrogate him concerning his faith and works on the earth, and, according to his answers, would let him rest in peace until the day of resurrection, refreshed by the air wafted from paradise, or would beat him with their maces and make him roar for anguish, disturbing all creation, except men and genii. Many of the *hajis*¹ standing round, instead of dispersing with the crowd, remained to offer their prayers for the departed, and during the next seven days the drums of the soldiers could be heard interrupting the drone of their voices every morning and every afternoon at five, detachments of the *prajurits* keeping a constant watch. At the expiration of the appointed week Imogiri resumed its usual aspect in charge of the *amat dalam*, its hereditary guardians, who will relate, they and their descendants, how in 1913 the ancient prophecy regarding Sang Bimo of the Boro Budoor and his mysterious influence on the reigning house of Jogjakarta, has been fulfilled once more.

J. F. Scheltema

¹ Persons who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

THE MYSTICAL POETRY OF PERSIA

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

Author of *The Persian Mystics, The Wit and Humour of Persian Poets, The Masterpieces of Persian Literature, The Land of the Yellow Spring, The Myths and Legends of Japan*

THE wonderful poetry of Rabindranath Tagore is almost as well known and as fully appreciated in England to-day as it is in India itself. I use the word "almost" advisedly, for I am aware that in England we are apt to regard Mysticism as a kind of preserve that belongs exclusively to the cultured few and into which the man in the street has no desire to enter. From end to end of India, however, Tagore is a household word, a name that is revered alike by the learned and the peasant working in the field. His poetry is a spiritual force that overrides all question of creed, dogma, or caste. It is almost inevitable that Tagore will become one of the great poets of the world, for he has converted Mysticism into a potent song that satisfies the soul seeking union with God. He has lit a great beacon-light in India, but because Mysticism is a universal power that light is not confined to the country of his birth: it flashes forth its message to the four corners of the globe.

The mystical poetry of Persia differs very considerably from the mystical poetry of India, but the difference is only in the manner of expression, for the truth that underlies all 'Mysticism is the same. The old poets of Persia, particularly Jalálu'd-dín Rúmí, Jámí, and Sa'di, have, with much brilliance of metaphor and considerable lyrical beauty, sung of the Beloved and of Union with Him. Their love is ecstatic, jubilant, and is touched with the same fire that quickened and made lovely for all time 'The Song of Songs,' the same love that made glorious the utterances of Eckhart, Tauler, and Ruysbroek. The camel bells are ringing, a bulbul is singing to a rose, there is the joyous rhythm of a dance, and the good cheer of a wedding feast in their poetry. Their way is not the way of an ascetic sitting in a lonely mountain hut whose joy is expressed in quiet meditation, neither is it the way of the gentle St. Francis of Assisi. These Persian poets sing of wine, and dark tresses, of moles on their mistresses' cheek, and of a shower of sweet-scented petals; but because they sing of these things we must not regard them as crude materialists, as sensual as Herrick or Anacreon. They make no foolish distinction between things secular and things divine. They recognise that the beauty of this world, the great star-strewn sky, the mighty deep, the loveliness of women, are but the reflection of the Beloved Himself, and so in honouring Him they do honour to all He made.

The key to the mystical poetry of Persia is to be found in Súffism, which may be briefly described as the religion of love. It is a golden key that opens many golden doors, and the more we use it the more we realise the exquisite beauty and deep significance

of Persian poetry. Dull theologians and wearisome commentators fade away. We stand on the threshold of Truth and look forth, not with fear, but with radiant hope, assured that "when the bells ring to unload the camels, by Allah 'twill all be well!" We have read of no frail maiden whose eyebrows will not always be curved like the crescent moon : we have read of the one transcendent beauty, the Divine Himself.

We should not regard Omar Khayyám as a great mystical poet. Much more truly was he the poet of religious revolt. His sky is of brass, against which he hurls his bitter invectives. In one of his verses, according to Edward Fitzgerald, he refers to "a Súfi pipkin". His God is cruel, grinding Fate, and even a superficial reading of the *Rubāiyāt* will be sufficient to discover the petulance of Omar on the one hand, and on the other his conception of a frigid God complacently hidden behind an impenetrable veil. I have read Omar over and over again with much pleasure, but I realise that had he been touched by the fire of Súffism, or any other form of real Mysticism, he would not have written with such stirring pathos :

There was the Door to which I found no Key:
There was the Veil through which I might not see :

neither would he have written that haunting verse describing the moon floating over "this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!" I do not deny that Omar was an earnest seeker after truth, but the child of joy was not in him, and, being essentially iconoclastic, he not only met trouble half way, but quarrelled with it and painted it in very drab colours indeed.

The Persian poets loved colour almost as much as Sarojini Naidu when she wrote that exquisite poem,

'In the Bazaars of Hyderabad,' and their very wealth of imagery has been a stumbling block to many students seeking a mystical interpretation. Frequent reference to wine and woman and the wayside tavern are apt to make him turn aside from his quest and regard Persian poetry as an interesting example of erotic literature. He looks in vain for something akin to the quiet utterances of George Herbert, Keble, or Jeremy Taylor. If he will but have the patience to master Súffism thoroughly his search will certainly not be barren. If he will carefully study the *Lawa'ih* and *Baharistan* of Jámí, certain passages in Jalálu'd-dín Rúmi's *Mathnawi*, and finally if he will ponder over the *Gulshan-i-Raz* of Mahmud Shabistari, he will realise that the spring of the Súfí poet's love is part of the very Water of Life itself. In 'The Mystic Rose Garden' he will find :

Go, sweep out the chamber of your heart,
 Make it ready to be the dwelling-place of the Beloved.
 When you depart out, He will enter in,
 In you, void of yourself, will He display His beauty.

That is a truth that Christ Himself has expressed and many Christian Mystics too: that is a truth which the leaders of Indian religious thought have uttered with no less assurance.

If I were asked to state definitely the favourite theme of the Persian poet, the starting point upon which he bases his mystical fancies, I should have no hesitation in naming the beautiful garden of the Land of the Lion and the Sun. Bacon, in his famous essay 'On Gardens,' denounces conventional figures made from coloured earths, and observes: "You may see as good Sights, many times, in Tarts." His treatment

of the subject was strictly utilitarian from a horticultural point of view, and was the very reverse of the Persian poet. In Sa'di's *Gulistan*, the roses he offers are undying flowers that spring from his soul and their perfume never passes away. Jámi's *Baharistan* is written on somewhat similar lines and was originally intended for the instruction of his son. In the symbolic gardens of this great poet we find: "It is requested that the promenaders in these gardens—which contain no thorns to give offence, nor rubbish displayed for interested purposes—walking through them with sympathetic steps and looking at them carefully, will bestow their good wishes, and rejoice with praise the gardener who has spent much trouble and great exertion in planning and cultivating these gardens."

In a Persian garden we find dark cypress trees, nodding giants against the blue dome and brown walls of a mosque, and cool water-tanks reflecting the golden lamps of orange trees. Perhaps there is a tomb, but Death walks so lightly in this garden that he mingles the dust of the sleeper with rose-petals. Here the nightingale sings a rapturous love-song to the rose. Here, perhaps, when the summer nights are heavy with the scent of flowers, some one will play soft music on the *si-tar*, gently beat the *dumbak*, and sing of that Garden at the end of life's dust highway, where the wayfarer is wayfarer no more, where the Beloved beckons and offers, beyond the sound of the camel bell, His divine love. The world's Mystics have made that Garden possible of attainment, and the mystic poets of Persia have sung an immortal song with a rush of supernal joy that can only come from a God-touched soul.

F. Hadland Davis

SICILY IN SUMMER

By THOMAS HERNE

ETNA is wedded to the Sea. It is one of those marriages that are said to be consummated in Heaven. He looks down at her beauty, remaining ever near her like a towering giant of protection. He is calm and strong, with only a hint of the passion that literally burns within him. The hint is pale, white smoke curling slowly to the sky.

She, Ionia, has blue eyes in summer, and deeper and more fathomless are they than the eyes of any mortal woman. They, too, give little indication of the furies that are now in slumber. At present she is caressing, careless, free, inviting, laughing softly.

Of the union of Etna with the Sea is born Beauty.

* * * * *

Taormina is blessed in summer. Scarlet flowers, warm and passionate as the Southland where they blow, seem to be expectant—as if they were waiting with nerves tense to dance the Tarantella. Here it is glorious—away from the world, near this Charybdis, yet away from the Scylla of Sorrow and the Charybdis of Care. No one dares sorrow in summer at Sicily.

Everything about the South has more life than it knows what to do with. Joy is burning in a seething cauldron. Care is buried carelessly. And Etna has eternal youth, even as Sicily herself.

Palermo is exquisite, but more people are there, therefore it has less charm. It is like some glorious carpet trodden by many feet. But Taormina is almost a realm apart. Inland the hot flowers of summer blow—different-colored irises, white and crimson hibiscus, anemones, thyme, and roses such as one may dream of but never in England see. This is the beauty of Sicily, that in it we can realise our dreams.

Sitting on a white road leading down to a gleaming sapphire sea, surrounded by scarlet flowers, one sees a little boat—a white boat of some fisherman—gliding across the Ionian Sea, as a graceful woman crosses the polished floor of a ball-room. You look around. Great gourd-like grapes cluster everywhere, bowed down with the weight of beauty as a famous man is bowed down with the weight of fame. In the naked taste of the grape one seems to catch the Elixir of Life, as one never could catch it in the earthly, headlong madness of its wine.

And in the restful shade of Etna is shadowed, one fancies, the philosopher's stone.



ON THE VALENCY OF THE CHEMICAL
ATOMS

IN CONNECTION WITH THEOSOPHICAL CONCEPTIONS
CONCERNING THEIR EXTERIOR FORM

By A. C. de JONGH
Mining Engineer

TRANSLATORS' NOTE:

In fairness to the Author it should be stated that the MS. of the above article was written in Dutch and was translated without the Author's assistance. The translators, a non-chemical Dutchman and an English chemist, ignorant of Dutch, co-operated in the manner of the blind and lame men to the best of their ability. Seeing however the extremely technical nature of the paper—bristling not only with chemical technical

terms, but also with such as pertain to mineralogy, geometry and other branches of knowledge—they cannot confidently claim any absolute correctness for their rendering. They believe that the translation as it stands is fairly trustworthy and for practical purposes sufficiently correct, but they doubt not that a revision by the Author would have benefited the eventual result. In order to avoid the creeping in of interpretation as against strict rendering, they have translated as literally as possible, keeping to the long and complicated sentences of the original instead of cutting these up and re-arranging them in a fashion perhaps more true to English rules and manners of composition. A source of error was found in those words which allow a twofold translation. For instance *gelijkwaardig* (in Dutch literally: "like-worthy") may mean (technically) *homovalent*, but if used in a non-technical sense nothing more than *equivalent*. Some words have been rendered by guess only, the available lexicographical means at the translators' disposal (to say nothing of their own ignorance) not being sufficient to establish a sure identification. An example is the word *navelpunt* (literally: *navel point*) which has been translated as *umbilicus* without definite certainty as to the identity of the two terms. The difference between *valence* and *valency* might perhaps have been more strictly observed but the translators considered that great latitude is allowable in the discrimination between the two. The Author sent a comprehensive list of Dutch-English equivalents of technical terms, which proved extremely useful and facilitated the labour of the translators considerably.

A number of other details, mostly of subordinate importance, might be mentioned, but it may be sufficient to limit ourselves to a general recommendation of caution that discrepancies or faulty expression in the text as now laid before the public may be due only to the translators' shortcomings and should not necessarily be laid at the Author's door.

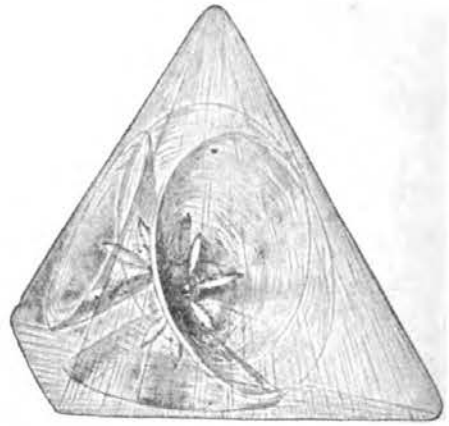
The Author has expressed the wish that the translators should introduce Mr. Leadbeater's name more often in the paper than he had done in his MS., if such were thought desirable. We have not done so, as all readers may be supposed to be fully aware that *Occult Chemistry* is the joint production of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, and that 'occult chemistry' research is even a special hobby of the latter. For shortness' sake it is quite sufficient that, after the first mention of the names of both the Writers, further on, in the body of the paper, Mrs. Besant is everywhere cited as the one of the two partners representing the whole Firm. No reader will misunderstand the Author on this point.

J. v. M.

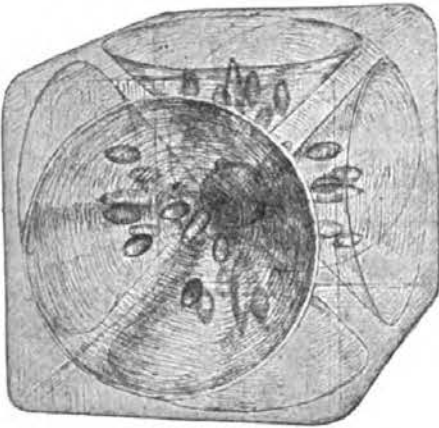
W. A. C.



Dumb-bell.



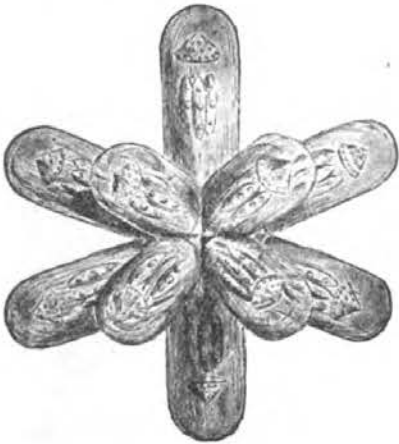
Tetrahedron.



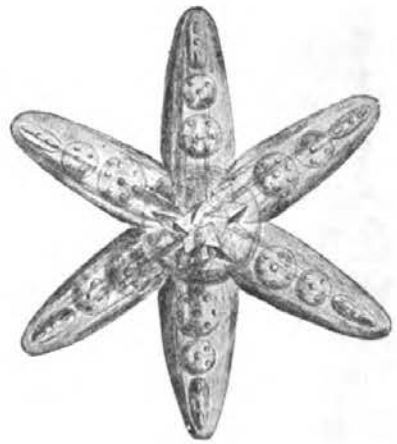
Cube or hexahedron.



Octahedron.



Bar.



Star.

SO far as I am aware, up to the present no attempt has been made to compare the teachings of modern chemistry with the interesting data obtained in 1895 and in 1907 by *Mrs. Besant* and *Mr. C. W. Leadbeater* when clairvoyantly investigating the interior structure of the chemical elements.¹

Some one interested in the matter has put me the question as to how the sketches and the descriptions of the forms of the atoms presented by the above-mentioned investigators might be connected with the known valencies of those elements. This prompted me to a closer examination, with the result that the correspondence sought for soon proved to be readily attainable; while the variation of valency also found a perfectly natural explanation. If, nevertheless, it is not easy to immediately insert all details in their places in the scheme, yet this difficulty cannot be a reason for rejection, considering the preliminary character ascribed by both observers to their statements: the less so as official western science has not yet arrived at generally accepted explanations of chemical valency, to say nothing of the variation of valency.² One of the very few atoms, concerning the distribution of valency of which somewhat definite conceptions have been formed, is that of carbon. Since Van 't Hoff propounded his theory of the asymmetric carbon atom, a somewhat tetrahedral form has been attributed to it, with valencies operative at the angles. The strength with which this conception immediately took root makes it easy to understand that *Mrs. Besant's* statement that carbon atoms are in reality octohedral

¹ *The Theosophist*, 1908, published in book form in the same year.

² "Notwithstanding the large number of hypotheses which have been put forward, no explanation is yet established of that property of atoms which is called their valency"—*SIR WILLIAM A. TILDEN: The Elements*, 1910.

in structure seems strange at first sight. If it be, however, remembered how, for instance, different sub-groups of the isometric crystal system not only theoretically but also actually, and even as a rule, produce octohedral crystals, of which four faces behave themselves somewhat differently towards physical and chemical influences from the four opposite faces, notwithstanding the fact that the eight faces are, from a geometrical point of view, all of equal value, then it becomes clear that for the carbon atom also the supposition of a sort of interior hemi-hedrism can harmonise both theories once more.

Further, such surprising results appear upon the comparison of the recognised qualities of the other elements with their structure as described by Mrs. Besant, that no omission to draw attention to them is permissible. In order to prevent misunderstanding, however, it should be repeated that what follows is purely a speculation of the present writer, in which the contents of Mrs. Besant's and Mr. Leadbeater's book are taken for granted. To quote more from it than what is strictly necessary would serve no purpose, on account the impossibility of reproducing here the very complicated diagrams.¹ I shall deem the trouble I have taken already fully rewarded if this article should contribute towards the result that scientists should acquaint themselves more than heretofore with these investigations, and perhaps profit from them.

Let us imagine the chemical atoms as bodies which, as such, are kept in existence and in action by a permanent stream of energy entering them at one or

¹ Having at our disposal the original blocks used in the book, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to reprint here the illustrations of the various types of atoms there shown.—ED.

more points, and passing out at one or more other points. For the moment it is beyond our understanding of what precise nature is this stream: neither do we know if we have to imagine its whole course as three-dimensional as against an assumption that it flows partly through more-dimensional spaces, as is accepted for the universal building units of our physical world, Mrs. Besant's "physical ultimate atoms," between the two poles of which moves a stream of force which descends from the astral—probably fourth-dimensional—world, and again disappears into it, a stream which if checked would cause the whole atom to dissolve into astral matter.

Though it might, indeed, perhaps be advantageous to be allowed to introduce the fourth dimension for the explanation of some valency values, we prefer, in what follows, to leave this out of consideration for the present, and rather seek an explanation of the different phenomena within the world of three dimensions perceptible to us all.

We therefore imagine the atoms—analogueous to magnets, between the poles of which lies a magnetic field which we symbolise by a bundle of lines of force—as bodies possessing on their surfaces one or more positive, and a similar, or as the case may be, dissimilar number of negative poles, which are connected by bundles of lines of force.¹ Now we conceive the arising of

¹ The assumption, on the surface of a body, of a number of positive and a number of negative poles, is in perfect analogy with cases which occur in nature itself. Cubic crystals of boracite, whose eight angles are replaced by small tetrahedral faces—the ordinary form of this mineral—show, on being heated, charges of positive electricity on the one set, and charges of negative electricity on the other set, of the tetrahedral faces. Tourmaline shows under the same circumstances two poles, one positive and one negative, at the ends of its chief axis. Quartz exhibits positive charges on three of its prism-edges, and negative charges on the three alternate edges. Numerous other minerals possess similar qualities: so that it seems justifiable, when taking into account the uniformity of the architectural rules of nature, to attribute to chemical elements also analogueous qualities.

a chemical compound as the result of a mutual attraction between a number of bundles of one kind of atom, and a similar number of bundles of another kind of atom, in such a manner that these bundles unite themselves by pairs into one, and that each pair forms one bundle, closed in itself, which links together the different atoms (see Figs. 1 and 2). The same thing can take place between two atoms of the same kind mutually: and then di- and poly-atomic molecules of an element are formed.

The number of poles of each kind, and with them the number of force-bundles or valencies which issue from them, is posited as dependent on the form of the atom. At the same time it is always assumed that they are distributed over the surface of the atom in a high measure of symmetry. Also that when a force-bundle, its polarity remaining the same, splits up into several bundles, and the valency thereby increases: or when the total inner capacity of the atom distributes itself in another way, and thereby one set of poles recedes to give place to another set—which is also a possible means of varying the valency—a high degree of symmetry is always maintained. In that case, the distributions of energy which will tend to predominate will then be those which give rise to the most common valencies of the elements. Often the force-stream issuing from a positive pole flows towards the negative pole diametrically opposite: and in order to do so, in the case of free atoms, distributes itself equally around the body of the atom just as water welling up in a basin will flow off equally from all sides. Only when linking occurs will this enveloping stream-surface be able to condense itself into separate bundles, although even then there may

NOTE

Generally speaking, in the figures of the hydrocarbon molecules only the C atoms have been indicated (Figs. 7-13), and that on the flat only. The fields left light or shaded represent planes respectively with negative and positive poles. The different colouring of the wave lines has no special significance but simply helps to an easier understanding of the figures.

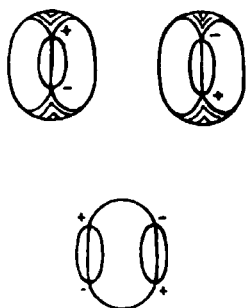


Fig. 1. Two monovalent atoms, free and combined.

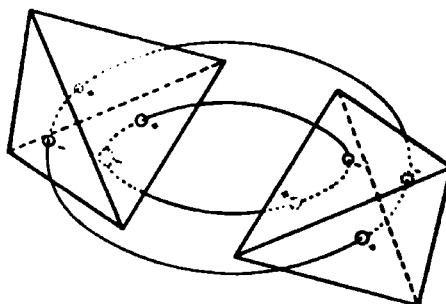


Fig. 2. Connections of two divalent atoms.

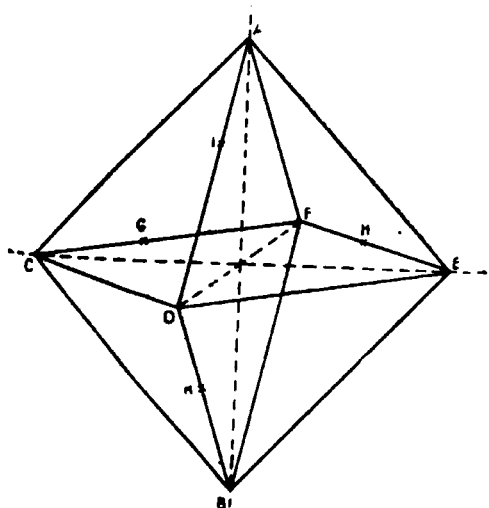


Fig. 3. Carbon atom.

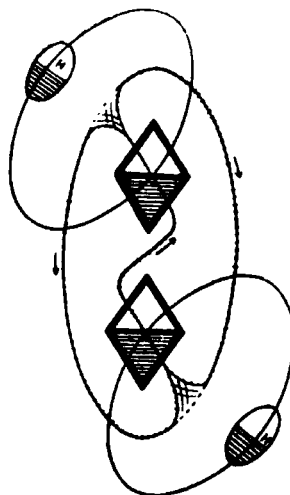


Fig. 5. Axial section through the benzene molecule, showing how the third and fourth valencies of the C atoms are satisfied by para-linking and H atoms respectively.

occur cases in which, for instance, two poles of opposite sign directly contact each other, and the curtain which connects the two other poles surrounds the whole molecule.

Often, also, other negative poles will exactly then absorb the opposite stream issuing from a positive pole: but here also the demand for symmetry made by intuition can always be complied with.

Further, in the construction of the theory, cases occurred which render the assumption desirable that in some compounds the force-bundle issuing from a certain pole does not flow through one but through several other atoms before it flows back into the first atom, like the thread in a string of pearls.

For the sake of clearness it should be, finally, observed that in so far as the nature of the linkings allows motion, this motion can most probably continue to take place undisturbed within the molecules of chemical compounds. So, for instance, the bonds which link together two monovalent atoms will still endure without difficulty a rotation of both atoms each on its own axis, just as pearls may turn round on their string.

I shall now deal consecutively with the various groups into which Mrs. Besant has divided, on the basis of their form, those chemical elements which she has investigated. These groups tally on the whole with those of the periodic system. Then I shall venture to submit a few speculations in explanation of the structure of some special compounds with which modern chemistry has had, and is still having, many difficulties. I want specially to state that I have only selected a few facts out of the gigantic mass of material with which

science furnishes us. But precisely the fact that all the more or less chance selections which I have made prove without exception to allow of an acceptable explanation, gives me the courage to present this study.

The Dumb-bell Group

The atoms of the elements whose places are in the first and the seventh groups, and at the same time in one of the uneven series of the periodic system, have, according to Mrs. Besant, generally the form of a rod with garlands of smaller bodies at the extremities. Seen in projection, they therefore look like a sort of dumb-bell which in the case of the heavier atoms assumes rather an ovoid shape because of the expansion of the central body. For the many details we may refer to *Occult Chemistry*. We imagine the force-stream, which these elements produce, as a more or less ellipsoidal surface enveloping the whole atom, and having umbilici at the extremities of the central rod. When the atom becomes connected with an atom of similar structure, then these two can either place themselves the one above the other, turning opposite poles towards each other whilst the whole compound remains enveloped by a curtain, or each curtain opens and merges into one force-bundle (Fig. 1). Seeing that these are the most likely possibilities, monovalency is the rule in this group. However, without violating the symmetry in the least, the one curtain may be also split up into an arbitrary number of bundles, which all have the axis of the atom in common and surround it radially. So we find divalency in compounds like CuO , AgO (if we take for granted that the oxygen here retains its ordinary divalency, which is rather probable), in CuCl_2 , etc., etc. ;

trivalency, for example, in ICl_3 , in NaO_2H , AuCl_3 , and KAgCy_2 ; tetravalency in ClO_2 ; pentavalency in chlorates, bromates, etc.; hexavalency in K_2CuCy_4 ; heptavalency Cl_2O_7 , in perchlorates, etc. Further than into seven the division of the curtain does not seem to proceed: which fact may be interesting on account of its apparent motivelessness; the more so because chlorine heptoxide is at the same time the most stable oxygen compound of chlorine.

The Tetrahedral Group

With the exception of oxygen, which possesses, like several of the members of the first period, an abnormal form (or, as Mrs. Besant expresses it, is *sui generis*) all elements of groups II and VI of the periodic system are described as belonging to this type. The normal divalence of these elements may be explained by the assumption either that the faces of the tetrahedron possess two positive and two negative poles, or that these are situated at the angles. Perhaps both cases occur: and it may be that here lies the line of separation between the even and uneven series, or between groups II and VI.

The numerous values which the valency can assume with bodies of group VI may all, more or less easily, be deduced from the tetrahedral form, according as the valency under discussion is more or less normal. Trivalency—as in Cr_2O_3 ; MoCl_3 ; S_2O_3 ; and in the disulphides isomorphous with diarsenides, etc., of the same metals: pyrites, etc.—might be explained by the assumption of poles situated on the centre of the edges, or by letting a threefold force-bundle issue from one angle with branches either to each of the other angles, or to the centre of the opposite face. When we connect

all four angles with the centres of the opposite faces, or if we assume only two poles lying at the centre of two opposite edges and connected by four force-bundles in what a crystallographer would call cube faces, then tetravalence arises which is exhibited not only by W, Mo, and U, but also by S, Se, and Te. The somewhat obscure, but as appears little stable, pentavalence of W and Mo is probably to be understood as a combination of di- and tri-valence. Hexavalence, which is prominent in all members of group VI, may be explained by one of the possible combinations of two of the cases of tri-valence indicated above, alternatively also as $2+4$. The very high valences which chromium seems to reach in compounds like Cr_2O_9 , NH_4CrO_5 , and K_2CrO_8 , may be got by different combinations which are plausible in themselves: $2+3+4=9$, $3+4+6=13$; but it seems that only this element which behaves also strangely from another point of view—see below—is capable of such excesses.¹

The almost always divalent atom of oxygen which, according to Mrs. Besant, is built up out of two snake-like bodies, deviates from the group to which it belongs in that it shows an ovoid form. From this form, of course, just as in the case of the dumb-bell bodies, the possibility of other valencies may be derived, though for reasons of symmetry divalence will remain the normal case. In some compounds, however, it seems to be trivalent; in some suboxides (Ag_4O , Pb_2O) as well as in oxonium salts (compounds of di-methylpyrone $\text{CO}(\text{CH})_2(\text{C}\cdot\text{CH}_3)_2\text{O}$ with acids), tetravalent.

¹ If it might be assumed that the force-bundles, issuing at different points from the atom, can move through the fourth dimension and unite again, e.g., in the centre of the atom, then from this another explanation—perhaps a more beautiful one—might be deduced for tetra- and hexa-valence.

Hexahedral group

Again, with the exception of the first member, nitrogen, the elements of groups III and V of the periodic system all consist, according to Mrs. Besant, of six conical complexes of ultimate atoms, the tops of which approach each other in the centre of the atom, whilst the openings of the funnels are turned towards the faces of a cube. In order to derive from this the very uniform tri- and pentavalence of this group, we consider for the first case one of the three-dimensional diagonals of the regular body as an axis around which at the one end three positive poles, and at the other end three negative poles, group themselves, which poles may be situated either on the edges or on the faces of the cube. To explain pentavalence we might, if need be, assume that the six cones of which the atom consists admit of some play in their mutual situation, with the result that one of the cones absorbs the force-bundles issuing from the other five. It seems, however, more probable to me that one of the (crystallographical) primary axes of the cube acts as the monovalent primary axis, and that the other four valences lie around it like a garland—their poles either in the eight angles of the cube, or in the centre of the edges perpendicular to the axis—whilst the whole is enveloped by the curtain of the first valence which is not then of equal value with the others. The body thus assumes similarity with an atom of the dumb-bell group, which would explain the analogy between phosphonium salts and alkali compounds. If the atom already has, even without the hinging on of four hydrogen atoms, a sufficient expansion through its own complexity, then the analogy with sodium, etc., can occur even in the element itself, as with

monovalent thallium. The rare cases of di- and tetra- valence in this group, which I believe have only been established for vanadium, may probably also be derived from the cube form, though in a more roundabout way.

The ovoid shape characterising the lightest element of group V, nitrogen, again permits it all sorts of possibilities of valence. It could be monovalent in laughing gas (N_2O), and in the azides (hydrazoic acid N_3H , chlorazide ClN_3 , etc., perhaps all of them built up of tetratomic rings with only one circulating force-bundle, instead of the irregularly triatomic nitrogen ring of the official conception); divalent in NO ; tetravalent in NO_2 ; tri- and pentavalent respectively in nitrites and nitrates; and as a maximum probably again heptavalent in HNO_4 , pernitric acid. The narrow relations existing between nitrogen and the further members of this group render it probable that the ammonium salts are built up in a similar way to that assumed above for the phosphonium salts; in other words that here, also, four valences are situated in the equatorial zone of the atom, and that the fifth envelopes the whole with its force-lines, as with a curtain, just as with the elements of the dumb-bell group. I will return in what follows to the possibilities of valence of nitrogen.

The Octohedral Group

This comprises the elements of group IV. The constituent cones whose bases form the boundaries of the octohedral atoms are, in so far as both clairvoyant observers could ascertain, all equal in the members of the uneven series, whilst they occur in the elements of the even series in two slightly different modifications, each comprising four cones, which causes a hemihedral (tetrahedral) inner structure. The tetravalence of this

group may be explained by the assumption of four positive poles tetrahedrally distributed over the octohedral faces, and as many negative poles on the other set of faces. The possibility of divalence which occurs in Sn, Pb, and Ge, and perhaps also in carbon (oxide CO) may also be derived without difficulty from the octohedral shape, whilst also eventual octovalence which may be accepted for the double fluorides and chlorides of tin, lead, silicon, and titanium finds a ready explanation in various ways. It is remarkable, however, that furthermore cerium can be trivalent in cerous compounds, and that titanium can manifest both as trivalent and hexavalent (TiCl_3 , TiN , TiO_2). Mrs. Besant indicates that the atoms of Ti and Zr (Ce was not investigated) show a peculiar modification of the octohedral form; and rather look like a rosette with four radiating arms. As the diagrams given by the author are only schematic projections of the three-dimensional bodies observed, it is the most obvious thing to assume—though it is not expressly mentioned—that the arms of the titanium and zirconium crosses are most likely not situated in the same plane, but point from a centre towards the angles of a tetrahedron. In that case the tri- and hexavalence have to be conceived in the same way as in the case of the bodies of the tetrahedral group. That the octohedral nature of carbon does not interfere with the theory of the asymmetric carbon atom, follows already spontaneously from the above. I will further on return to the new views which our conception permits us concerning the building up of aromatic compounds.

The Bar Group

This coincides with the eighth or inter-periodic group of western chemistry: and comprises up to the

present three triads of closely related elements to which ultimately perhaps a fourth triad from the fifth period (rare earths) may be found to join itself. If, to begin with, we consider only the acknowledged members of the eighth group, we notice amongst them a great mutual similarity in chemical characteristics, together with frequent changing of valence. So far as I am aware, divalence appears to be still unknown in ruthenium and iridium only: trivalence to be absent in platinum and palladium only. With the exception of rhodium all metals of the two last series can be tetravalent, and perhaps also the iron-metals in their peroxides and disulphides. Hexavalence is assumed for Fe, Ru, Os, (ferrates, ruthenates) and occurs, as we have already observed, probably also in disulphides and diarsenides of Co and Ni.¹ It seems that only ruthenium can be heptavalent in a per-ruthenate showing analogy with potassium permanganate. On the contrary, octovalence can occur both in the elements of the first triad, as well as in Ru, Rh, and Os, respectively in their carbonyls, and in their highest oxides. The three remaining platinum metals are perhaps also octovalent in their so-called double salts. Now, according to Mrs. Besant, the atoms of each of these nine metals consist invariably of fourteen bars, which radiate from an immaterial centre, and which are distributed in such a way that two bars placed in line with each other form an axis round which the remaining twelve arrange themselves in two belts like the ecliptics round

¹ It seems to me not impossible that the difference between the minerals crystallising in the pyritohedral sub-group of the isometric system, pyrites, smaltite, chloantite, gersdorffite, etc., and similarly constituted minerals of the orthorhombic group, markasite, safflorite, rammelsbergite, wolfachite, etc., is based on the difference of valence of their constituent parts, being respectively 4-2, and 6-3.

the earth's axis. This form shows analogy as well with that of the dumb-bell bodies as with the nitrogen and phosphorus atoms (loaded in the equatorial zone) of the NH_4 and the PH_4 salts indicated above. I conceive that from the axis a variable number of rays of valence can issue: 0, 1, 2, or 3, if need be more, though such an assumption does not seem necessary. Besides this, 0, 2, 3, 4, or 6, valences can find saturation in a symmetrical way in the tropical zone of the atom; each of these cases in combination with one of the above mentioned chief axial valences renders possible an equilibrated compound. It is clear that there must be a difference between the bindings at the poles and those at the equator. The latter agree with Werner's "partial valences," and as they will show a preference to be either all saturated or not saturated at all—because in the intermediate cases the symmetry, and with it the equilibrium, are less perfect—so it may on account of this be explained why Werner found all these metals "co-ordinatively hexavalent".

It is known that compounds of the form $\text{R} \cdot (\text{NH}_3)_3 \text{X}_3$ —in which X represents an acid radicle and R an atom of an element of the inter-periodic group, and in which the ammonia molecule may either be replaced by water or by organic bases—are not split up into ions in aqueous solution. If, however, these triacidotriammonio compounds are converted into hexammonio salts $\{\text{R} \cdot (\text{NH}_3)_6\} \text{X}_3$ by the taking up of three successive NH_3 molecules *via* diacidotetrammonio salts $\{\text{R} \cdot (\text{NH}_3)_4 \text{X}_2\} \text{X}$ and

¹ It is said of silver and gold, which also have a tendency to zero-valency (that is, are "noble metals") that their atoms, through a strong swelling in the tropical zone, deviate from the type of their group. Does this thickness perhaps render difficult the linking on of other bodies, and is it thus both with silver and gold and with the platinum metals the cause of the noble-metal character?

acidopentammonio salts $\{R.(NH_3)_5X\}X_n$, then all three acid radicles become successively ionisable. I assume that in the process they are forced out of the equatorial garland, and proceed to bind themselves at the polar axis, the valency of which thus grows gradually from 0 to 3. Only those groups which are bound at the poles are then ionisable as, *e.g.*, with sal ammoniac, in which only the pole-bound Cl atom is ionisable, and not the equatorially linked hydrogen atoms. Similar constitutions might be ascribed to bodies like potassium ferrocyanide, potassium ferricyanide, and their relations; to potassium-cobalt nitrite and its transition forms; whilst most probably the numerous carbonyls of iron, of nickel, of $PtCl_2$, etc., may also prove to be connected with this structure of the central metal atom.

Though the above-named complex compounds are especially prominent with the elements of group VIII, they are also known in connection with other elements. Thus, I find it stated that boron, carbon, and nitrogen may be "co-ordinatively tetravalent" (*Holleman, Lehrbuch der anorganische Chemie*, 4th ed., translated into many languages, Japanese included, and many times reprinted). The compounds referred to seem, however, to have little stability, and are but little known. It is admissible that also in the case of these elements there must exist a similar difference between polar and equatorial valences. Their form allows that without difficulty, as I have already remarked when discussing nitrogen. It is remarkable that also trivalent chromium forms similar ammonio-compounds to the iron metals; and then whilst retaining its trivalence is also co-ordinatively hexavalent. Are, in this case, the partial valences situated on the edges of the tetrahedra, or must we

assume that chromium can undergo a sudden interior shifting of atoms (atoms here in the sense of Mrs. Besant's ultimate atoms), a transformation of the same intensity as has also to be assumed in the disintegration of the tetrahedral radium atom, in (probably) star-shaped niton, and subsequently in (probably) octohedral lead? The ambiguous conduct of this element which in some of its compounds resembles sulphur (chromates isomorphous with sulphates), in others iron (chromite, $\text{FeO.Cr}_2\text{O}_3$, isomorphous with magnetite, $\text{FeO.Fe}_3\text{O}_4$), might find its explanation in the assumption of two allotropic modifications, of which only the first would have been investigated by Mrs. Besant.

Perhaps, however, we might have to put chromium in line with metals like Cd, Zn, Mg, Be, Ca, whose halides like those of Mn, Cu (cupric) and others are capable of combining with six molecules of ammonia into relatively stable substances (*F. Ephraim, Ueber die Natur der Nebervalenzen, Zeitschr. f. Physik. Chemie, Band LXXXI, No. 5*). Calcium chloride, furthermore, combines under special circumstances with four, and under other circumstances with eight molecules of NH_3 . Though, also, *these* "partial valences" may be tolerably well explained from the described forms of the atoms, I nevertheless believe that we are here gradually leaving the domain of the combinations which have to be regarded as true compounds, and are rather approaching substances analagous to salts containing water of crystallisation—the chlorides of the metals mentioned above likewise crystallise by preference with six molecules of water—a domain which most probably is governed by still other laws, and which I do not venture to enter at present.

From the fact that two isomers have become known of compounds of the form $R.(NH_3)_2X_4$, it has been deduced that the six groups must be distributed around the central atom according to the angles of an octahedron. On the other hand, our conception of a garland makes us expect three isomers, analogous to the three isomers in di-substitution products of benzene. The fact that a third form has never been found does not prove much in and for itself—also in the double substitution in the benzene ring three isomers arise in very unequal quantities and the third has been often overlooked—but apart from this the question remains whether an arrangement which might be expected on the sole basis of the structure of the central atom could or could not be practically impossible for other reasons as, *e.g.*, for reasons of equilibrium. Compounds of the form $R.(NH_3)_3X_3$ are also to be expected in two, according to the octahedral arrangement, and again in three modifications, according to the garland arrangement. I am not aware how many have been found.

It is not necessary to say much here about the metal-ammonio compounds containing two or more metallic nuclei which were found by Werner. It is clear that these may be formed by linking one (two) of the equatorial partial valences *via* one (two, equal or unequal) bridge(s) to one (two) similar valence(s) of the other atom, in which case the possibility remains that the axis of the one atom is divalent, and the axis of the other trivalent, and that a compound arises like for instance $Cl_2 \{Co(NH_3)_5\} NH_2 \{Co(NH_3)_5\} Cl_5$ (*Chem. Centralbl.*, 1909, I, p. 13). It seems to me more important to give our attention for a moment to the nature of the "bridges" here used. In the ordinary ammonia

compounds monovalent acid radicles are replaceable by the groups NH_3 and H_2O which, as independent compounds in their normal condition, are of course zero-valent. We must assume that with the setting in of combination the oxygen here becomes trivalent, the nitrogen tetravalent, for which our theory gives us ample latitude. And most certainly the nitrogen has to be taken as tetravalent in the poly-nucleated compound just mentioned, in which an amido group forms the bridge between the two cobalt atoms. I imagine that here only those partial valences are active which are situated in an equatorial square, whilst the polar ones remain unused—which permits of a much more regular building up of the whole than the curious form which up to the present has been ascribed to the nitrogen atom.

In doing so we get at the same time an explanation hitherto still lacking in official chemistry of the “asymmetric nitrogen atom”. As is known, after much difficulty, chemists have at last succeeded in splitting up a quaternary nitrogen base of the formula $\text{OH.NX}_1\text{-X}_2\text{X}_3\text{X}_4$ into components of lævo- and dextro-rotatory power. If we took it for granted that the differences between both the extremities of the axis of the nitrogen atom, the “positive” and the “negative” poles, were perchance *not* of such a nature that the stereo-isomerism which depended upon that alone would manifest in the chemical and physical qualities of the substances, then we might expect the above-mentioned compound to have three stereo-isomers, *viz.*, 1.2.3.4., 1.2.4.3., and 1.4.2.3. If, however, on the contrary, these differences should prove to be important, and if they should give rise, for instance, to a contrary rotation of the plane of polarisation,

then the possibility might be deduced therefrom of the existence of a second triad optically isomeric with the above, 1. 4. 3. 2., 1. 3. 4. 2., and 1. 3. 2. 4.

The conception of nitrogen as an ovoid body also gives—in connection with the octohedral shape of carbon—a similar and sufficient explanation of the stereo-isomerism of oximes, as assumed by chemistry, without any necessity for calling in the aid of the difficultly conceivable notion of a nitrogen atom having a tetrahedron as its field of activity, and concentrating its three valences in three angles, whilst residing itself, like a spider outside its web, in the fourth angle. (Holleman, *Organische Chemie*, p. 469, 4th Ed.). In the compounds of the formula XCN (nitriles) we therefore imagine the ovoid N atom placed above the plane ADE of the carbon octohedron (see fig. 3) in such a way that its valences are saturated by those which have their poles in the planes DBE, CDA, and FEA of the octohedron. The force-stream between the planes ADE and BCF then remains free as a fourth valency enveloping the whole carbon atom, and there is no question of stereo-isomerism. In a body of the formula X_2CNOH (oxime) we may imagine the N atom above one of the angles of the carbon atom, *e.g.*, above A, so that two of its valences are saturated by those whose positive poles are situated in the planes AFC and ADE. Those which issue in the planes DBC and FEB then remain available for both X groups, whilst the hydroxyl group which saturates the third valency of nitrogen must of necessity be placed either to the front, above the plane ACD, or behind, above the plane AFE. As soon, now, as both X groups, become unequal, stereo-isomerism ensues, and in that case the OH group is situated nearer to the X_1

group than to the X₁ group. This is in conformity with what has been found.

After this digression we return to the still remaining elements contained in the so-called

Spike Group

This contains the rather heterogeneous set which is to be found in the even series of groups I and VIII. These elements consist of a varying number of spike-like bodies which radiate from a central sphere. The number of these bodies is stated to be for lithium 1, for potassium 9, for rubidium 16, for manganese 14, and for fluorine 8. Of manganese alone, which, in its conduct allies itself most closely to the iron group, it is said that its spikes are arranged similarly to those of that group. The much varying valence of this element (2, 3, 4, 6, 7) may be explained in the same way as in the case of the Bar group proper. For the other elements of the group, Mrs. Besant does not give any indication as to how we have to imagine the distribution of the spikes in space. It seems most probable to me that with this sort of atom the interior grouping is changeable, and that the constituent bodies can arrange themselves in different ways around a physical or around an immaterial axis formed by one or more spikes, so that the atoms show similarity with those of the dumb-bell group, and are like those normally monovalent, with different possibilities of higher valences. So it seems that fluorine which is built up out of eight spikes and two "balloons" shows a tendency towards divalence (H_2F_2); K, Rb, and Cs can be trivalent ($RbBr_3$, CsI_3 , etc.), whilst the valence of the first mentioned alkali metal may even rise to 9 in its halogen compounds, which is very remarkable in

connection with the nine spikes referred to above. The deviating, hemi-morphous form of the lithium atom may perhaps be connected with its conduct, which deviates perceptibly from that of the other alkali metals.

The Star Group

Now, only the 0 group of the periodic system remains, the so-called noble gases, the zero-valent atoms of which have according to Mrs. Besant, the form of a star with six arms radiating from a complicated—though uniform for all members—central body. Helium alone has again a form of its own. To which cause the zero-valence of these atoms has to be ascribed is, of course, difficult to guess. It is, however, remarkable that it is here expressly stated that the star is flat, which, as we remember was not the case with titanium and zirconium. Though it is of no immediate interest for the narrower treatment of our subject, it may yet be here mentioned that Mrs. Besant observed moreover, besides the ordinary atoms of neon, argon, krypton, and xenon, bye-forms of these elements, which she distinguishes by the prefix “meta,” and which differ from the normal atoms by the presence in each case of 42 additional ultimate particles per atom, which raises the atomic weights in question by $42:18=2\cdot33$. One of these bye-forms, meta-neon, was discovered by Prof. J. J. Thomson some five years after the publication of *Occult Chemistry* with the help of canal-ray analysis, and isolated by Aston. For the atomic weight of this new gas, which Aston—following Mrs. Besant?—proposes to baptise *meta-neon*, he found in fact a number somewhat higher than the atomic weight of neon, namely, about 22·1 against 19·9 (Mrs. Besant: 22·23 against 20·0). She also observed

“ in the air of a spacious room only a few atoms ” of a pair of similarly built elements, baptised kalon and meta-kalon, which with the atomic weights of 169.66 and 172 might fill the vacant place between xenon and niton in the Periodic system. Further, the gas “ occultum,” atomic weight 3, which was discovered in 1895 by Mrs. Besant, belongs perhaps also to the group of the noble gases, though it shows, like helium, a form of its own, and this gas might be identical with the very difficultly condensable gas “ nebulium ” which according to Sv. Arrhenius constitutes, together with helium and hydrogen the chief mass of the nebular worlds. It seems that this gas also has been isolated by Thomson after he had been for some years on its track, and Sir William Tilden also found himself compelled in 1910 to assume the existence of a proto-element of this atomic weight. The atomic weight of the new gas now isolated by Thomson is in fact 3.

I will now come back for a moment to the constitution of the derivatives of benzene as deducible from our theory. Though it seemed at first to be most plausible to assume carbon, in these, to be trivalent, with valences linking in the angles of the octohedron, the difficulty of deducing herefrom an easy explanation of the structure of aromatic bodies with condensated nuclei was one of the reasons which brought us back to the tetravalence of carbon, and, in doing so, this proved to permit an explanation of the problem satisfactory in every sense.

For a correct understanding of what follows I may be permitted to explain more in detail our conceptions regarding the distribution of valency of the carbon atom. We imagine that the disposition and distribution of the

poles are unchangeable, and are analogous to those of the pyro-electric boracite crystal above mentioned, so that therefore in Fig. 3 the positive poles are situated in the plane ACD, AFE, BDE, and BCF, and the negative poles opposite. The outer connection between these poles may arise in various ways, and the mutual situations of the valencies may in connection with them be different. Now I assume that the different groups of carbon compounds are characterised by different distributions of valence, and I observe in this connection that all such modifications may take place altogether outside the atom itself, and that it is not necessary that this atom should inwardly change on this account. One of the ways might be a connection between the planes ACD-AED, BDE-BDC, AFE-BFE, and BCF-ACF, whilst the centres of the exterior parts of the lines of force respectively fall at the points I, K, H and G so that the four valences are distributed according to the angles of a tetrahedron. A second possibility consists in the assumption of four parallel connecting lines, whilst each pole of the top half of the atom is connected with the poles of the bottom half, situated on the contiguous octohedral face. The four valences are then arranged in the shape of a garland, but if we imagine to ourselves that the four atoms or groups, which are to be hooked on, periodically oscillate between the positive and the negative poles, just as pearls can be made to slide along their thread, then we get at the end of each half-swing again a tetrahedral position which may explain asymmetry, should it occur. Though in both cases the four valences are, with regard to the central atom, in the same position, yet with regard to one of

the valences the three remaining ones are not in completely the same relation. If it prove necessary to assume in some compounds the equal value of each valency with regard to the three other ones, then the most likely distribution of valence is that which presumably is generally prevalent in aliphatic chains, and wherein each pole links itself with the diametrically opposite one, so that the free carbon atom is therefore surrounded by four mutually intersecting homovalent "curtains". The position of the groups to be hooked on is then identical with the one which results from the tetrahedron hypothesis of chemistry. Still another distribution of valence with ever constant polarity we have already met with in nitriles and oximes, whereas in cyclic compounds yet another course of the force-bundles may be assumed.

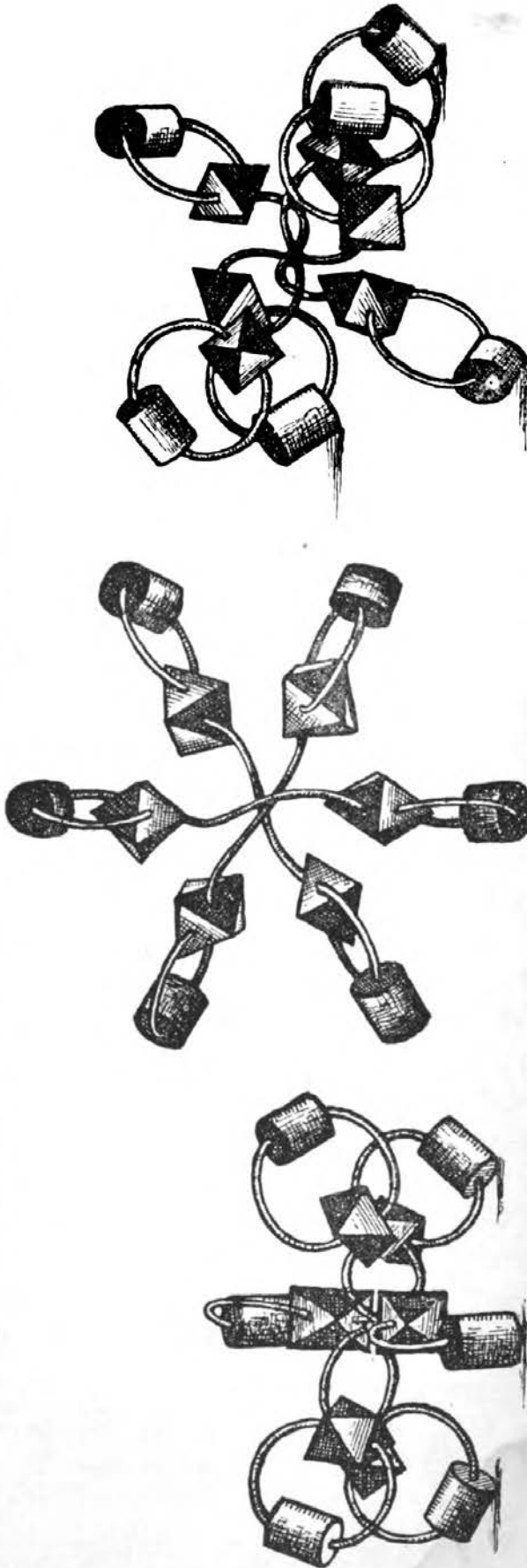
It is known that neither the benzene formula of Kekulé, nor that of Baeyer, is satisfactory in every respect. The first one must in order to escape the conclusion that there are two unequal ortho-derivatives—which have never been found—assume a constant "oscillation" of the single and the double bonds which—as soon as we try to recall to mind this conduct of tetrahedral atoms—seems incompatible with the striking stability of the benzene ring. Neither does it explain why Baeyer's reagent should not act on the double bond. Both objections are also valid to some extent against Thiele's modification of Kekulé's conception. Baeyer's formula makes us expect two different sets of di-substitution products, as in this case the annular plane is no longer a symmetrical plane nor contains axes of binary symmetry. If, however, we explain six octohedra in a plane ring in such a manner

that six angles are turned inwards and six outwards, whilst each octohedron has in every case one edge, perpendicular to the plane of the ring, in common with both the adjoining ones, then we get a firm combination which in my opinion is free from the faults alluded to above, and which admits of an acceptable way of saturation of the valences without the occurrence therein of forced double bonds or disturbances. In Fig. 4 it has been indicated how the valences whose poles are situated in the median plane of the ring—namely, half of the 6×4 valences which are in all available—saturate each other in two closed wave lines which are typical both of benzene and of the bodies with condensated or hetero-cyclic nuclei¹, and which therefore are not made responsible for the so-called “aromatic character”. Against this, I consider the *true benzene binding*—that is to say, therefore, that which causes the remarkable conduct of aromatic bodies—to be the cross connection indicated in Fig. 5 by a dotted line between each opposite pair of C atoms, in which linkings of the third valence of each of the six atoms of the ring are saturated. The fourth valence of each atom, indicated in Fig. 5 by continuous lines, remains then available for hydrogen atoms or substituents which must be alternately situated above and below the median plane.

The force-streams of the third valence, which, according to our hypothesis, meet or intersect in the centre of the molecule, only admit of a symmetrical grouping around this centre if the number of pairs of opposite C atoms is uneven. From this follows, firstly, that six is the smallest and only ten the next following

¹ On condition only that the number of atoms partaking in the ring binding is even. In the case of an uneven number, the two separate wave lines become one, which then twice encircles the ring.

Fig. 14 a, b, c. Partial model of the benzene molecule in three aspects. Compare text.



a. Side view.

b. Top view.

c. General view.

number of C atoms of which might be expected that they would constitute such a ring binding; and secondly, that the benzene ring in case of a partial addition to it must immediately lose its aromatic character, as the symmetry, and with this the equilibrium, is broken, through which ordinary, that is forced and unstable, double linkings arise.¹

I believe that this benzene formula satisfies all requirements. It explains why the ring has to exist out of precisely six atoms—for the rest I will come back to this point—the whole is stable, firm, and compact. The difference from aliphatic bodies is essential, also that from hydro-aromatic compounds—see below—all valences of the carbon are saturated, all C atoms are homovalent as well as all H atoms: partial addition is not possible without a modification of the construction of the whole building in such a way that the distribution of valence changes into that of hexamethylene, in which case double linkings with unsaturated character must arise so long as the number of added atoms or radicles remains below six.² Further, only one kind of ortho-di-substitution

¹ The tendency towards addition which inheres in all "unsaturated" carbon compounds, but which is lacking in aromatic bodies, is explained by Baeyer as a tendency of the tetrahedra which rest against each other with the edges or possibly with whole faces, to give up this closed way of joining and to replace it by a connection at only one angle. Taking for granted that the valence is in every case the result of the arising of an analagon of magnetic attraction, then it seems indeed little plausible that such a single link should be stronger than double linking at the extremities of a common edge, in which form Baeyer imagines the double linking. If, on the contrary, we hold fast to our own conception that each valence is formed by a bundle of force-lines which respectively enter into, and issue from, the atomic surface, at definite points—whether these points are situated at the angles or on the edges, or, as with the carbon atom, in the centre of the faces—then it becomes clear that a double binding will in many cases be less strong than a single one, as it demands, as a rule, a deflection of the force-lines from their normal course, does not allow such a compact structure of the molecule, and becomes, in consequence of both these causes, less stable.

² The objection might be raised, that the symmetry is in so far imperfect, as all the hydrogen atoms turn their positive poles to one side of the plane of the ring, the negative poles facing the opposite side. I do not believe that

product is possible, and at the same time, in the case of both di- and tri-substitution products, not only does the number of possible isomers find an explanation, but even the different conduct of these isomers and the relative quantities in which they arise are illuminated in an interesting way, if not altogether explained. For, if we consider, in Fig. 5, the position of both the free bindings available for the hydrogen atoms, then we find that the hydrogen atoms in the complete benzene ring, as has been already observed, are situated in two different planes at equal distances from the median plane, and that alternately above and below this plane. If now in the preparation of a di-substitution product, the circumstances or the mutual affinities of the substituents are of such a nature that substitution only takes place

this slight irregularity will seriously disturb the equilibrium of the molecule and for this belief I have some reason.

Since writing the above article, I had the pleasure of showing a model of the benzene molecule, built according to these conceptions, to Mr. Leadbeater, who had the kindness to compare it with the liquid itself, observing the latter clairvoyantly. Mr. Leadbeater told me, that the diagrams in the text-books, which I could show him and which were designed upon the bases of Kekule's and Baeyer's conceptions, did not in the least agree with reality; but that the model, crude and poor though it was, seemed, as far as it went, to convey a tolerably satisfactory idea of the real molecule. The difficulty, however, was this, that not only were the natural molecules as a whole throbbing and beating like hearts, and moving and rotating at a tremendous rate, but that the same was true of all the constituent atoms, which were constantly revolving and shifting their positions, and sliding along strings of streaming force. These strings of valency, though my general ideas about them seemed to be right, were much more numerous than those that had been represented in the model, and they too were turning and twisting with high velocity, while at the same time they never stopped shifting from one pole to another, the poles themselves continually interchanging their character. Still, at every separate moment, all the strings would be connecting poles of opposite character, and the whole thing would remain perfectly symmetrical all through. If it could be managed to freeze up for a moment the molecule, then—so Mr. Leadbeater told me—the model might eventually prove to represent one stage in the periodical movement of the molecule.

Part of the model discussed here has been represented in Fig. 14, which was drawn by a Javanese painter, Mas Pringadie, F.T.S. In this drawing the 1st and 2nd valences are not represented at all, whereas the 3 individual currents of the 3rd valence are shown only partially, their exterior connections, which have been sketched in Fig. 5, being here left out in order to show more clearly the interwoven interior course. The hydrogen atoms, represented as small cylinders, are shown to satisfy the 4th valence of each carbon atom.

on one side of the median plane, then only the meta-derivative can arise. If, however, the second atom to be substituted has the tendency to place itself at the opposite side of the median plane to that of the first arisen substitute, then only ortho- and para-derivatives are possible. Practice teaches that ortho- and para-derivatives arise simultaneously, but that side by side with meta-compounds both the others are commonly formed in decidedly minor proportion. That in the first case the quantity of para-product formed, exceeds by far, as a rule, the meta-product, whilst nevertheless the theory of probabilities would lead us to expect 67 per cent. ortho- against 33 per cent. para-derivative, probably finds its cause in the higher degree of symmetry of the para-compound, which on that account must possess more equilibrium in the nascent state than the ortho-compound. For we have to consider the following. The molecule of an ortho-compound has, even with similar substituents, no single element of symmetry if we wish to take into consideration the different sign, positive or negative, of the octohedral faces, and if we overlook this it shows even then only one single element of symmetry, *vis.*, an axis of binary symmetry. Against this, the molecule of the corresponding para-compounds possesses in every case, even with dissimilar substituents, a plane of symmetry, whilst in the case of similar substituents, and if we overlook an influence of the sign of the poles, still two further elements of symmetry arise—in the crystallographical sense of the word—*vis.*, a centre, and the binary axis.

That the benzene molecule does not possess a plane of symmetry in its median plane does not necessarily lead to the same objection which adheres to the

stereo-structural formula of Baeyer, as the six axes of binary symmetry already render impossible the arising of two different ortho-derivatives. The same could be reached in Baeyer's formula by making the tetrahedra point alternately upwards and downwards with their free angles. But in the first place this arrangement would carry two ortho-positions very far apart, and moreover the whole would give an impression of great instability.

I want still to point out, in passing, that the normal face angle of two octohedral faces amounts to $70^{\circ} 31' 44''$, and that therefore in our arrangement the hexagon is the regular polygon permitting the most compact structure—overlooking, of course, the pentagon, which cannot be considered, as an uneven number of atoms does not admit of a diametral ring-binding (third valence, Fig. 5). Fours and eights of carbon atoms might, nevertheless, maintain themselves perhaps, though less closely joined together than sixes, if it were not, as we have already seen above, that these configurations cannot occur for reasons of symmetry, and that only numbers of the formula $2(2n + 1)$, that is, therefore, 6, 10, 14, etc., are theoretically possible. So it is clear why only hexagonal nuclei have become known. Another state of affairs occurs in the so-called hydro-aromatic compounds, hexamethylene and other polymethylenes. If we assume that all these are built according to the plan of Fig. 6 (pentamethylene), and that the poles situated on the inner side effect the mutual binding of the C atoms, whilst on the outer side of the ring in each atom two valences situated on both sides of the median plane remain available, then from this it follows—in addition to an easy explanation of the occurrence of cis- and

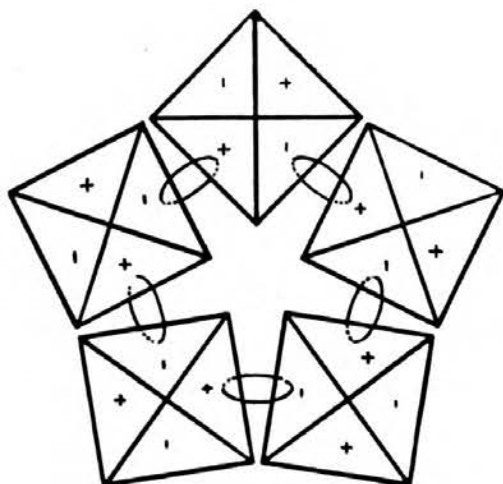


Fig. 6. Penta-methylene, C_5H_{10} .

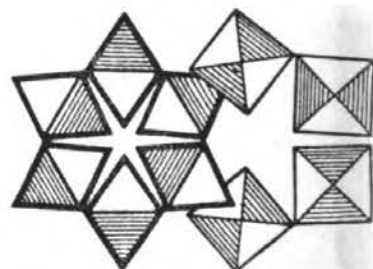


Fig. 8. Tetra-hydro-naphthalene, $C_{10}H_{12}$. Partially hydrogenated naphthalene. Hydrogen atoms not shown.

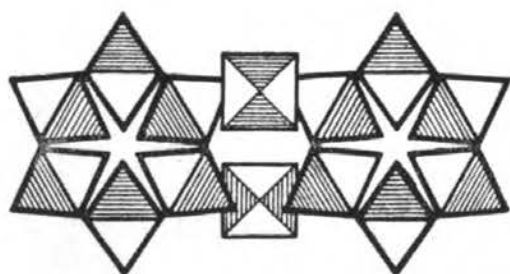


Fig. 10. Anthracene di-hydride, $C_{14}H_{12}$. Partially hydrogenated anthracene.

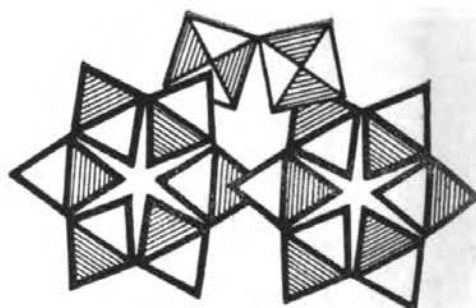


Fig. 12. Phenanthrene di-hydride, $C_{14}H_{12}$. Partially hydrogenated phenanthrene.

trans-modifications in substitution products—that each arbitrary number of C atoms, up to a maximum only limited for reasons of stability, can link themselves into a ring. That instead of the number four, which would entirely fill up the circle, the pentatomic nucleus is the most stable one in this series, may perhaps indicate that the magnetic field which envelopes the atoms does not permit an actual, immediate contact of the atoms, but demands a certain—and for the rest, as small as possible—free interspace, a small necessary free path, which makes that pentatomic nucleus prevail over the tetra-atomic in compactness and equilibrium. The facility with which the C atoms at the extremes of aliphatic chains act upon each other if these chains consist of four or five atoms therefore also finds an explanation by our theory.¹ The train of thought followed above also

¹ In connection with this recognised tendency of pentatomic chains to fold themselves up, as it were, into rings—which makes us suppose that the atoms of their molecules are connected in a mobile manner—it is perhaps permissible to venture a speculation concerning the conduct of these compounds in different states of aggregation. Let us suppose that the chains of which the molecules of aliphatic compounds consist are in the solid state more or less rigid, but continually oscillate around their own centre in the liquid and gaseous state, conducting themselves more violently, but to a certain extent in a similar manner to a weak spring held in the centre. It is plausible that in this case the chains with an uneven number of C atoms—in which therefore one of these atoms stands exactly in the centre, and in which, in consequence, the elastic deflection of the lines of force, which is necessary for the bending round of the chain, and which will be chiefly borne by its middle part, can divide itself over two intervals—will conduct themselves differently, for instance, become more easily mobile (melt at a lower temperature) than chains with an even number of C atoms in which one ligament situated in the precise centre must alone stand the strain of the greatest transformation. Might there not be a connection between this and the peculiar zig-zag lines which are shown by the graphically represented melting-points of the successive homologues in various aliphatic series, e.g., in the series of monobasic and in that of dibasic aliphatic acids? The fact that in both series mentioned the melting-point lies at five C atoms is perhaps connected with the above-mentioned ease with which chains of this length oscillate, and are able to bring together their extreme C atoms. Shorter chains are probably stiffer, whilst longer ones will be more inert on account of their greater mass. That the boiling points, at least in the case of fatty acids, do not show a zig-zag line, but mount gradually, is clear if we assume that the height of this point depends *alone on the length* of the chain just as the rising power of a kite is diminished by an excessive length of its tail. The fact that in the case of isomeric hydrocarbons the boiling points are lower according as the chain is more complexly ramified, supports this conception.

proved capable of yielding an acceptable explanation of the structure of aromatic bodies with condensated nuclei, Fig. 7, for example, represents a plausible structure for naphthalene. The asterisks in the centres of both homovalent nuclei represent the three para-bindings (of the type of Fig. 5) which we have considered as characteristic for aromatic bodies. It is seen that the linking together of both nuclei has been to the detriment of the compactness of each separately, that neither of the rings is any longer a genuine benzene ring, as is also shown in actual practice. By hydrogenation, four H atoms can be easily added, and a true benzene ring arises, with closed side chain, which however is aliphatic in character, as is represented in Fig. 8. Further hydrogenation is now as difficult as in benzene itself. Fig. 7 also proves that in naphthalene there must be difference in distance between the ortho-positions AB and BC and the observation of actual practice that ortho-compounds of the type AB form more difficultly than those of the type BC may herein find an explanation. For the rest, the similarity should be observed between peri-derivatives of naphthalene and ortho-compounds of benzene.

In Fig. 9, which represents the structure of anthracene, three aromatic star-combinations are assumed, by which the difficulty disappears that one single para-binding, which in itself is not very probable, must be placed between both of the central C atoms. If anthracene is hydrogenated, which only happens easily in both the atoms mentioned, then the compound sketched in Fig. 10 arises, which in contrast with the looser combination of Fig. 9 again contains two true compact benzene rings. In connection herewith some typical qualities of the benzene bodies which are lacking in

anthracene occur again in this partially hydrogenated body.

The anthracene formulæ constructed by Marckwald and by Thiele on the basis of Kekulé's benzene formula, and in which the presence of the above-mentioned para-binding in the centre of the molecule is postulated, would necessitate the assumption that the "Oscillationsfähigkeit" of the double bindings—which is assumed for benzene, but which is extinguished in the case of naphthalene by the non-displaceable and unchangeable double binding in the centre of the atomic complex—arises again at the outer nuclei of the anthracene molecule. For, an obstacle in the form of a double binding bound to a definite place, is, according to these formulæ, no longer present in anthracene: and thus the groups substituted at both the outer nuclei ought to conduct themselves precisely as if they had been substituted in benzene. They conduct themselves, however, as in naphthalene, which forms an objection against Marckwald's theory, but is compatible with ours. Only after hydrogenation of both the central C atoms does the perfect agreement with the benzene bodies arise (Meyer and Jacobson, *Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie*, II, 2, p. 497). This conduct might, however, likewise find a sufficient explanation in the anthracene formula which Bamberger has developed on the basis of the centric benzene formula of Armstrong-Baeyer. But exactly the reverse is true for the isomeric compound phenanthrene. The centric formula should not be allowed to permit here the serious difference between both the central H atoms of phenanthrene and those of anthracene, which difference however does exist (Meyer and Jacobson, *loc. cit.*, p. 498 and 582-584). The

formula of Kekulé-Marckwald does indeed give an explanation of this fact, but also our conception, represented in Fig. 11, maintains itself here. In Fig. 12, then, representing, *e.g.*, phenanthrene-chinone, both the nuclei which in Fig. 11 were not yet fully developed, have become true benzene nuclei.

We come to the conclusion that of both the existing conceptions, the one of Kekulé-Marckwald, and the other of Baeyer-Bamberger, each only fully satisfies in one of the two cases, in other words that neither satisfies, whilst our conception explains both compounds and thus merits preference.

I believe that a more correct light than that in which they have thus far appeared, will fall on the constitution of bodies like pyrene, chrysene, etc., when looked at from our point of view. Thus, pyrene, $C_{16}H_{10}$, might be represented by Fig. 13, in which the naphthalene nucleus is already incipiently visible, and which gives an acceptable explanation of the ready formation of hexa-hydropyrene as the first hydrogenation product. The mutual situation of the three C atoms in each of the side-chains admits further very well of the passing force-stream—which in pyrene itself passes both the side-chains entirely, and which in hexa-hydropyrene has been wholly withdrawn from it¹—, under certain circumstances, entering the third carbon atom of the side-chain directly from the first, without touching the middle one, through which then this atom has one more valence set free, and instead of an H atom can bind an O atom. Herewith an explanation would have been given of the structure of pyrene-chinone, for which compound a seemingly acceptable

¹ This and the next case are indicated in the sketch by dotted lines.

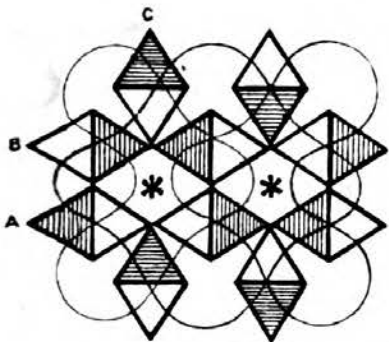


Fig. 7. Naphthalene, $C_{10}H_8$. Section through the plane of the rings.

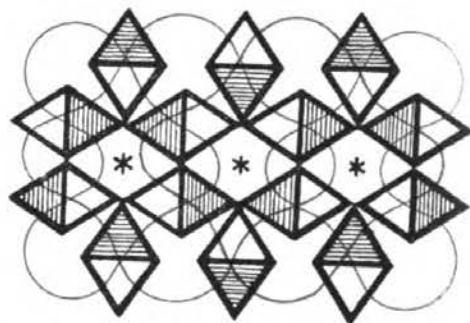


Fig. 9. Anthracene, $C_{14}H_{10}$. Section through the ring plane.

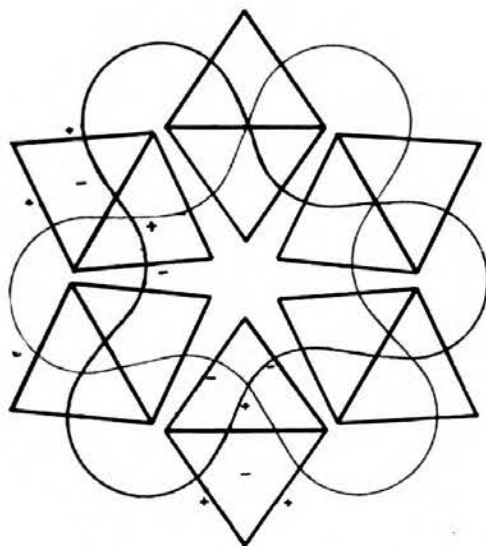


Fig. 4. Section through the ring plane of the benzene molecule, showing how the first and second valencies of the C atoms might be satisfied.

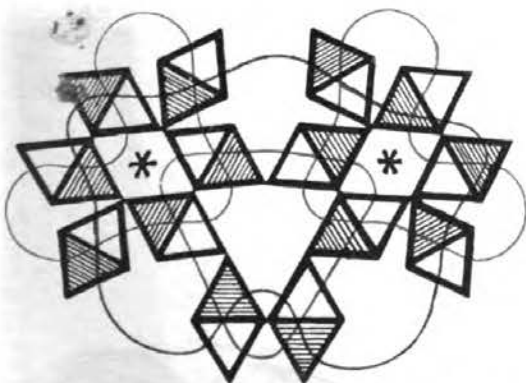


Fig. 11. Phenanthrene, $C_{14}H_{10}$. Isomeric with anthracene.



Fig. 13. Pyrene, $C_{16}H_{10}$.

constitution-formula has been hitherto lacking, as likewise, of course, for pyrene itself.

It would carry us too far to expatiate also concerning hetero-cyclic compounds. It is, for the rest, clear that the form which Mrs. Besant ascribed to the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen very readily permits these to replace a carbon atom in ring bindings.

I think I have demonstrated in the above that it is quite possible to deduce from the data furnished in *Occult Chemistry* a conception of valence which without difficulty may replace the existing explanations, and which sheds, furthermore, new light on a number of thus far unexplained facts. Whether it will also satisfy the second demand of a serviceable theory, and will lead to the discovery of new facts, the future may show.

Finally, still a few words about the question of the exact number of physical ultimate atoms of which the various chemical atoms are said to consist. Against the numbers given by Mrs. Besant some criticism has been raised, based on the opinion that one atom of hydrogen should produce on disintegration about 1,700 electrons, because such a number of electrons have together the weight of an atom of hydrogen. If we, however, assume that only the "negative ultimate atoms" of Mrs. Besant are able to make themselves known as electrons, and that these negative ultimate atoms—as may be implicitly read in her work—are present in the various elements in a number about equal to that of their positive congeners, then we arrive, as G. E. Sutcliffe very rightly observes in *The Theosophist* of November 1912, at numbers of the same order as those published by Prof. H. A. Wilson in *The Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. XXI, June 1911, as the result of his researches. I quote these

here as they are given in the above-mentioned number of *The Theosophist*. The first column gives the number of ultimate atoms per chemical atom of the elements investigated, according to the counting of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater: the second column, the same number divided by two: the last column, the estimations made by Prof. Wilson of the number of electrons per atom:

Hydrogen	18	9	8
Lithium	127	63	47
Sodium	418	209	142
Potassium	701	350	320
Rubidium	1530	765	600

Even these correspondences seem sufficiently striking to induce one to pay some more attention to Mrs. Besant's work than has until now been given to it, the more so because the chief objection raised against the results of this clairvoyant observer and her collaborator have very appreciably lost force in recent days. This was that the atomic weights calculated by them—deduced from the counted number of ultimate atoms, and based on the supposition (not proclaimed as a verified law, but only expressed as a supposition), that chemical atomic weight is proportionate to that number, a supposition which is perhaps not perfectly correct—lie sometimes above and sometimes below the official values, and that these differences which are sometimes rather appreciable, have not disappeared in the case of more recent and correct determinations of atomic weights, but have in several cases become greater. Now however, *Soddy* has declared at the meeting of the British Association, held in Birmingham in 1913, that he has good grounds for believing *that each element consists of a group of inseparable elements, whilst the atomic*

weight is not a constant number but an average to which much less value has to be attached than has hitherto been believed. Now it is obvious that in the occult investigations to which only one, or some very few, atoms of all the elements investigated were subjected, generally only one of the modifications from each group was met with, and then described as *the* element, though in one case, that of platinum—apart from the above-mentioned bye-forms of the noble gases—already a second and somewhat heavier modification came to light, which was distinguished from platinum A as platinum B. For the rest, Mrs. Besant mentions in her introduction that, especially in the case of the heavier elements, a subsequent and more minute investigation perhaps will still produce some minor modifications, *e.g.*, when an atom contained a number of apparently equal constituent parts, only in one of these constituent parts was the number of ultimate atoms counted, for the sake of saving time, and that the number found was multiplied by the number of groups. In some cases, however, the apparently equal groups proved after all to differ in one or more ultimate atoms, which for the total atomic weight must cause an error, though a very small one.

I am thoroughly conscious of having introduced in the above many risky conjectures which may not perhaps be able to withstand the test of criticism. I shall appreciate it if others more expert in chemistry than I am, and with more time at their disposal, will take upon themselves the task of judging these speculations.

A. C. de Jongh

A VISION

By M. BESANT-SCOTT

THE strains of a violin fell softly, so softly that they could scarce be heard above the clamour of conversation in the room. Soft but persistent, so that gradually silence fell, and even the heated discussion amongst those seated on the broad window seat died down as the exquisite sounds stole into the hearts of those present. It was not a large room, but lofty, with great oak beams crossing the vaulted dimness; no hangings covered the rough stone walls, nor coverings the polished floor, and the window was a mere slit in the thickness of the wall. About a dozen men leant against the walls or sat on carved stools and on the flat stone seat in the embrasure of the window. The player stood apart at the side of the room furthest from the window, his face laid lovingly on his instrument whose graceful lines, delicate dark varnish and smallness of make told of the handicraft of a master. And still the notes fell softly, coaxing their way into the inmost hearts of those who listened, afraid almost to breathe lest they should lose one faintest particle of those sounds soft and delicate as the down on an angel's wing bearing them up to heights of spiritual ecstasy hitherto undreamt of.

Imperceptibly the sounds died away; the player raised his head and his piercing dark eyes swept with compelling magnetism over those dreamy faces, drawing all eyes to his. He raised his bow with commanding gesture and a sharp indrawn breath of suspense quavered on the air. He swept his bow across the strings in three or four mighty chords and again there was silence and the expectation grew tense, thrilling. The room darkened but still those wonderful eyes pierced through the gloom so that none could withdraw his gaze. Then came a rippling cascade of notes; a mournful wind arose, rustling among the leaves of ivy outside and mingling in strange cadences with the wailing of the violin. Then the storm broke: the wind increased until it howled and screamed, the leaves of the ivy were dashed against the glass, the rain came down in pattering drops, the crash of a fallen tree sounded above the tumult; faster fell the rain, harder blew the wind, a frightened bird dashed past with scurry of wings, the room grew darker as thunder muttered and growled, and even the gleam of those wonderful eyes was blotted out in the blackness. Terror gripped the listeners and they covered their faces with their hands; all but one, a slender youth with dreamy eyes, who gazed unseeing through the small slit of window. Slowly the scene outside became plain to him: the sun shone brilliantly as before out of a cloudless sky and the leaves of ivy scarcely stirred in the faint breeze that wavered over their surface. He turned his gaze back into the room. Surely it was still dark and the storm still growled. But as he looked he saw there was a dim light around the player which increased and grew

brilliant until it dominated the room. The figure also seemed to grow, became majestic, spiritual, unearthly. The storm died away with low reluctant mutterings and rumblings, and rippling notes spoke of the promise and joy of the clean washed air. A melody detached itself, was woven into great triumphal chords relieving the terror and lifting the listeners out of the fret and worry of everyday life to the world of pure thoughts and high endeavour where all is service, so that they thrilled with the desire to carry that message of hope and love to the care-worn hearts of men. More wondrous grew the chords telling of realms they could not reach; and then they knew and recognised the player to whom heretofore they had looked up merely as greater in intellect and in knowledge than any of the rest. He was indeed a leader among men, far, far above them all, One who had attained, who spoke of His own home in those wonderful chords belonging to another world. And as the realisation of what and who He was sank deep into their hearts, the little company gathered in that lofty chamber bowed in deepest homage. One more worshipping glance at those wonderful eyes, filled with unutterable majesty and tenderest love and the vision faded and I was sitting in the familiar room. But the memory remains to cheer and uplift when sometimes the strain of effort and struggle seems too great. Through love and service shall one attain to the privilege of greater service.

M. Besant-Scott

WHY NOT THEOSOPHISTS AND POLITICS?

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

THE article entitled 'Theosophists and Politics' by Mr. W. H. Kirby in the May number of this magazine raises certain issues that are of importance to the welfare of the Theosophical Society. That article is a criticism of the activities of Mrs. Besant in India during the last year, and its author holds that those activities are fruitful not of peace but of strife, because she has laid unnecessary and undue emphasis on the "colour bar" enforced against Indians by the English in India.

What Mr. Kirby says in support of his thesis can be controverted by those of us who know from personal experience what the colour bar means; but this magazine is hardly the place to conduct a controversy on that topic. But since Mrs. Besant has been criticised for her action in this matter, I should like therefore simply to record here the deep feeling of gratitude some of us educated Indians have to her for boldly saying those things for which she is now being criticised. Whether her policy is wise or not time alone will show; I venture to believe that Mrs. Besant is not quite the hot-headed enthusiast on this matter, but is the far-sighted leader who sees deeper down into the problems of the British Empire than does the average British statesman. She knows there is not only a "white

man's burden" but a brown man's burden as well, and she knows that till *both* are taken into consideration the real empire-building will not begin. The time will yet come when the salvation of England will not be from "our far-flung battle-line," nor from her armies, but from what India alone has to give; then the future historian will realise that Mrs. Besant perhaps was the only constructive statesman the British Empire possessed in the second decade of the twentieth century.

I pass to the far more important point raised by Mr. Kirby, so far as at least the Theosophical Society is concerned, and that is "that for Theosophists to meddle, however indirectly, with political questions, both as individuals, and, *majoris causa*, if officials in the Society, is not only unwise but contrary to the views expressed above by our Founders". If these words at all represent the views of the majority of members of the Society, then we have indeed a Theosophical orthodoxy with a vengeance.

Mr. Kirby gives chapter and verse, so to speak, from both the founders of the Theosophical Society. Much as we all reverence both and are grateful for their labours, is it not surely a fatal policy to take what they said as a Theosophical dogma, at the bar of which dissentients are to be tried and condemned? Seeing that we are discovering more of Theosophy day by day, may it not be that later generations of Theosophists may be wiser on some points than the earlier? Would it at least not be better to give perfect freedom to later generations in their search for truth, and not tie them down with "fundamental principles and traditions"?

On this matter of politics, however, Colonel Olcott does certainly urge us to leave politics "severely

alone". But I would like to point out that his advice is not for every land nor for every age, since he precedes his advice with these noteworthy words, "at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary governments". Those words explain at once why again and again he proclaims "the political neutrality" of the Theosophical Society in India, from its first day of work in this land.

That officials of the Theosophical Society *as such*, *i.e.*, as representing a Lodge, or a Section, or the whole Society, should not make pronouncements on political issues is surely reasonable; but it is another affair to deduce from this sound principle for a heterogeneous Society like ours that "as individuals," they had better not "meddle, however indirectly, with political questions". Such a principle, if accepted as a Theosophical axiom, would be intolerable to hundreds of members now and to thousands later. For there are those of us who realise that Theosophy is not a philosophy that deals merely with "soul evolution," but deals with *life* in every phase. We feel there should not be a single field of human activity where the cardinal truths of Theosophy should not be worked out in detail.

Furthermore the word "politics" is a vague term; agitating for drains or a water-supply or a hospital or a school may each easily be made into a political issue by the circumstances of the moment. Indeed this is what is practically happening in most cities of America, where movements for decent and orderly municipal administration are ranged on the side of one or other of the existing political parties, according to local conditions. If Theosophists are not to engage in reforms because such are or may become identified with political

issues, then the outlook for humanity can hardly be considered bright ; for it is the conviction of some of us that we Theosophists alone have the true principles that should guide all human activities, and that it is our duty *as Theosophists* to guide them.

Rather than lay down what Theosophists shall or shall not do, would it not be more useful to proclaim what should be the *spirit* of all their actions, which is to make the nucleus of Universal Brotherhood grow till it becomes a body? Can we not trust our members, and *majoris causa*, our officials whom we elect voluntarily, to give of their best to Theosophy as lecturers, writers, philanthropists, artists, and as politicians and statesmen too? As we proclaim a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour, can we not also build up a Universal Brotherhood of Service without distinction of trade, art, craft, or profession?

“Not in outer activities, with which so many can competently deal, but in inner and spiritual realities Theosophists, all the world over, look to her to give them the food for which their souls are hungry.” So ends the article that questions the wisdom of Mrs. Besant’s actions. May I be permitted to speak for some Theosophists, “all the world over,” and say that just because about inner and spiritual realities Mrs. Besant is so full of light and strength, we *do* look to her, in outer activities also, to give us the guidance for which our souls are hungry?

C. Jinarajadasa

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Is Theosophy Anti-Christian? by G. Herbert Whyte. (THE RIDDLE OF LIFE SERIES No. 6.¹ THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Those who have studied Theosophy even superficially know that it is not anti-Christian though it may be found anti-Churchian. In the Brotherhood of religions Christianity has its rightful place, and its claim to uniqueness put forward by its narrow-minded votaries is distinctly opposed to the sentiments for which the Christ lived and laboured and died. In the Press and the Pulpit Christianity of the Christ is more in evidence in progressive countries like England, but that such a booklet as this has to be published shows that there still exist in our civilisation people whose legitimate place is mediæval Europe enveloped in the age of darkness. Mr. Whyte writes lucidly and convincingly and here in India we recommend this book to all Christians; it will serve a double purpose: (1) it will dispel certain doubts rooted in bigotry and dogmatism; (2) it will illuminate the faith of the Christ, and explain many things that churchianity does not and cannot explain. A cheap book, well printed and got up, full of the most useful information, and we cannot but wish it great success.

B. P. W.

Quests Old and New, by G. R. S. Mead. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Mead has added another book to the long list standing to his name. This time, as in the previous one, its contents are not devoted to one definite subject patiently unravelled and carefully set forth but consist of a collection of miscellaneous essays on various topics. Readers of *The Quest* are already familiar with the bulk of the matter here presented, for it is from the pages of this journal that most of the studies are reprinted, two others are republished from other magazines.

¹ Other volumes in this series, each Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.: *The Riddle of Life*, by Annie Besant; *The Life after Death*, by C. W. Leadbeater; *Theosophy and Social Reconstruction*, by Dr. L. Haden Guest; *Theosophy and the Woman's Movement*, by C. Despard; *Nature's Mysteries*, by A. P. Sinnett.

In the volume there is less of original work than is usual in Mr. Mead's writings. The first five and the last three essays are rather in the nature of reporting, exposition, or popularising the data furnished by other books than attempts at independent composition. They are no less readable for all that and also no less useful to those who shirk a perusal of the heavier works on which they are based.

The first two papers aim at setting forth some leading conceptions of ancient Taoism, mainly based on Chwang Tsz, and that again mainly on the basis of Giles' translation. The latter fact is to a certain extent to be regretted, for of late we have been cautioned, from a competent side, against it. Richard Wilhelm says: "Giles gibt eine recht lesbare Uebersetzung, doch stark subjektiv gefarbt. An manchen schwierigen Stellen gibt er mehr Vermutung als Uebersetzung." He seems also to ignore the recent translations of Wilhelm and Wieger—both of great importance—and the older partial translation of de Harlez, all of which are indispensable to the serious student of Chwang Tsz's book. As the net result of the papers will nevertheless most probably be the kindling of interest in our *farouche* Chinese philosopher, not much harm is done.

The next three papers deal with Buddhism: the first two with Mahāyāna conceptions, the third with Buddhist psychology, based on the *Abhidhammatha-Sangaha*, as translated, annotated and edited by Shwe Zan Aung and Mrs. Rhys Davids. Several readers will be grateful to the author for having summarised much which in its original form would hardly invite them to study, but which is now put before them not only in an attractive, but above all in a digestible form. It is nevertheless good to keep in mind—in so far as the first two articles of the group seem to be more or less based on Suzuki's *Outlines*—the condemnation, by L. de la Vallee Poussin, of this book: "qui, pour n'être pas historique, n'en vaut pas mieux." We note with interest that Mr. Mead interprets Tathā-gata as He-who-has-reached-the-Thus-state.

The last three papers in the collection consist of intelligent and clear summaries of some leading points in the philosophical teachings of three contemporaneous philosophers: Vaihinger, Bergson, and Eucken. He names these three philosophies respectively "as-if-ism," "intuitionism" and

"activism". Bergson is the fashion now and so must remain suspect until the crowds have thinned somewhat and the clamour has subsided, but as to the two others thinkers, it is to be hoped that Mr. Mead's summaries may send new disciples to the founts.

The remaining five articles are somewhat more original, and show the author to more advantage as a writer and thinker.

The first of this group, entitled 'The Doctrine of Reincarnation ethically considered' is a cautious—very cautious indeed—piece of reasoning about the nature, value, place of the reincarnation conception, in the past and now. This is the sort of paper we should like to see more in evidence in our own "officially" Theosophical literature and we recommend its study to our readers.

Then come three articles on subjects which are Mr. Mead's own speciality, dealing with problems of Hellenistic religion, gnosis and early Christianity. As usual they are interesting and in certain ways instructive, but we must confess that just where Mr. Mead testifies to finding the highest expression of mystic insight and sublimity of experience, there we begin to feel uncomfortably apprehensive of having arrived in the domain of the vague and the unsatisfactory. We are profoundly distrustful of any "direct communion with God," "inspiration of the Divine Mind," "God's goodly presence," etc., and our distrust is not less because such things are spoken of in documents of more than 1,500 years ago. But as there is a large section of mystically inclined people, both in and outside the Theosophical Society, it is only gratifying that Mr. Mead should labour in this corner of the great garden for their benefit and with the skill and sympathy which are his own.

The last paper in the series is a very useful one. The title is 'The Rising Psychic Tide,' and, roughly speaking, discusses psychism versus spirituality. The essay is timely, well balanced and eminently readable. Vast sections of the psychism-mongerers might benefit from it. We most heartily commend it to our readers.

So, in all, we owe to Mr. Mead again an interesting and instructive volume, worthy of his pen. Many of our readers should also become readers of this book.

J. v. M.

Spiritual Healing. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. 1s.)

The Christ of the Healing Hand, by J. L. Macbeth Bain. Theosophical Publishing Society, London.)

Some Principles of Spiritual Healing, by Rev. H. Lane. (Lynwood & Co., Ltd., London.)

We have before us for review three books, on spiritual healing. That this is becoming a subject of universal interest is manifested by the fact that well-known clergymen and doctors have joined forces in a "Committee of Inquiry into spiritual, faith, and mental healing". The central idea was that on such matters both professions might work in harmony, and the result of the inquiry so far seems to be that though they put no limit to the power of God, "in inspiring courage and hope to resist morbid conditions of the body," yet they think that this power conforms to natural laws, and they cannot find that in the results of the healings wrought by faith or spiritual means differ from those of "mental healing or healing by suggestion". In a very different vein writes Mr. Macbeth Bain in his *The Christ of the Healing Hand*. He is a veritable apostle of healing, and affirms that "we cannot be true-hearted mystics without being healers". And this is the book of a mystic, who is giving up his life to the healing of the sick and who tells us he has performed many cures, or rather through him many cures have been effective. We do not think that this book will make a wide appeal. It is altogether too mystical and indefinite in tone to attract—nor do we think that it will contribute much to the study of the subject the author has at heart. A practical work on a similar subject is written by the Rev. H. Lane. He descends to a doctrine perilously like healing by suggestion. He agrees in the main with the principles held by most mental healers, but in 'nervous' diseases a truly religious sense may effect much relief. There is little that is new in this book, but like many others of its kind it may prove helpful.

T. L. C.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, for 1912. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

This year this excellent publication runs to 780 pages of which the first 130 are filled with official matter, the report

proper. The appendix contains the usual varied collection of interesting papers on all sorts of subjects by the foremost men of science of our times. The following are some of the forty-eight titles, likely to be of most interest to our readers: *The Year's Progress in Astronomy*, by P. Puiseux; *The Spiral Nebulæ*, by the same; *The Connection between the Ether and Matter*, by Henri Poincaré; *Holes in the Air*, by W. J. Humphreys; *The Ants and Their Guests*, by P. E. Wassmann; *Life: Its Nature, Origin and Maintenance*, by E. A. Schafer; *The Origin of Life: A Chemist's Phantasy*, by H. E. Armstrong; *Ancient Greece and Its Slave Population*, by S. Zaborowski; and *the History of the Finger-Print System*, by Berthold Laufer. Of the remaining papers not a single one does not invite the reader to its perusal; the same high standard of interest and instruction being maintained throughout the volume. If it be added that the volume is as usual profusely and well illustrated and carefully indexed no more has to be said in order to prove that the Smithsonian Institution has once more laid the public under a debt of gratitude for its magnificent labours.

J. v. M.

The Peoples of India, by J. D. Anderson, M.A., Cambridge. University Press, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. Price 1s.)

This volume of the Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature is an admirable summary of the tribes and religions of India. It is based on important researches of certain capable members of the Indian Civil Service and is from one particular point of view thoroughly reliable. Hindūism is defined as the "religion of the Āryo-Dravidians. It is the religion and social system of races and classes which consider themselves intrinsically superior, and practise a traditional kind of eugenics of race preservation," which is not altogether correct or happy. The book is written from the ethnological point of view; it treats of castes, languages and religions of India, and it is an excellent piece of work. Blue books and Census Reports are not for the reading public but such handy volumes as this, based on them, are full of interest and instruction.

G. G.

The Master, by J. Todd Ferrier. (Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a book written for those who seek mystical interpretations of the Christian teachings of the New Testament; but apart from its value in that respect it has the interest which attaches to all personal religious experience, since, as the author states, its contents are "recoveries by the writer through illuminations, visions and experiences". In the preface Mr. Ferrier says that "he feels that the teachings will not command the interest and approbation of those who are accustomed to follow the purely traditional methods of research and interpretation; but he has reason for believing that there are many Souls awaiting such a message, who will gladly welcome a true vision of the Master, and what He meant by Jesushood, Christhood, and a Lord-consciousness. It seems a pity that the book should not have been published in two volumes of a more convenient size than the present bulky one. But it is perhaps expecting too much of the mystic to require him to be practical and the difficulty he must have in translating his experiences to the "common herd" calls for our sympathy and is sufficient apology for his too frequent wordiness. The coining of the adjective "soullic" does not strike us as being particularly happy but such details are of trifling moment if the spiritual food given is that for which the soul is hungering.

A. E. A.

The Religion of the Sikhs, by Dorothy Field. (THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES.¹ John Murray. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s.)

The name of the author is familiar to the readers of this journal. Some months ago she wrote a very interesting article on the subject of this book which ran through several issues. The book under review is a more detailed and therefore more finished production on which the writer must be congratulated. The martial Sikhs and their splendid faith form one of the most romantic chapters of Indian history, and a sympathetic exposition is sure to popularise this sturdy nation and their religious achievement. Mr. Macauliffe's monumental work has contributed a great deal towards this, and we have no

¹ The whole of this admirable and very useful series is obtainable from the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

doubt that the small volume under review will further aid it. It is a delightful volume well planned and carefully written, and we heartily recommend it to all our readers. Students of comparative religion will find it most helpful.

B. P. W.

Dreams and the Way of Dreams, by Reginald L. Hine. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The author's aim in writing this book is to present his subject in a way that "shall have the grace of simplicity and be free from too much weight of learning". And this is partly due to the feeling that dreams are too ethereal to be treated of in any but the most artistic manner. "How easily may their beauty be marred! How soon their grace shattered!" he exclaims. Nevertheless Mr. Hine has studied a quantity of books on the subject and is well acquainted with all the theories that have been put forward regarding dreams. He is fortunate, perhaps, in being one of those people who dream with fair regularity. Some of these dreams he relates in the second half of his book, and they have a convincing touch. The incident of his little sister (a mere child) having a heated argument with some one in church on the authenticity of one of St. Paul's Epistles (she being in the waking-state not devoted to scripture lessons) has a reality which appeals to us. How often do we not dream dreams as absurd which appear to us perfectly natural during the experience. Mr. Hine's book is largely personal. It is on his own experiences and his own interpretation of them, that he bases his contentions. He divides dreams into "dreams of the body," *i.e.*, those which spring from physical causes, and dreams of the Spirit, and we are interested to find that the writer in his section on the interpretation of dreams, confesses to a belief in reincarnation. We cannot recommend Mr. Hine to read Mr. Leadbeater's books on the subject of dreams for we find two of them quoted in the bibliography at the end. Mr. Hine writes in a mystic manner. His book should be read in the quiet of a summer afternoon, and the reader should give rein to imagination. Thus it will be bound to give pleasure, and will certainly lead people to think on the mystic land of dreams where so much of our life is spent and of which we remember so little.

T. L. C.

The Rise and Fall of Religions in the World, Anonymous.
(The Year Book Press. London.)

The very short prefatory note informs us that "this book has important additions and revisions, but it consists mainly in a previous work published by the same author and entitled: 'The Laws which Govern the Course and Destinies of Religions'." This latter work we have reviewed in Vol. XXXIV of THE THEOSOPHIST, part i, p. 609 and we refer our readers to that place. In comparing the two editions we have not been able to find out the importance either of the additions or the revision. The chief change seems to have been made in Chapter XV, which is re-written and in which an additional eight pages have been wedged in. For the rest it seems as if the new edition is practically a reprint of the old one, or even a re-issue of the old sheets; the page numbering tallies exactly in both editions and the pages do not show any evident difference. As said in our previous notice the book is a very elementary treatise on a very big subject and may serve as a useful starting point for further inquiry if not for any more ambitious purpose.

J. v. M.

The Purpose of Education. By St. George Lane Fox Pitt,
(Cambridge University Press. Price 2s. 6d. net).

"It is the object of the present work" says the author, "to apply this knowledge [*i.e.*, the fresh knowledge as to the facts relating to the working of human mind] to the elucidation of educational problems, in the hope that some of the confusions and difficulties which prevail may to some extent, at any rate, be cleared up." The author believes that without a serious effort being made to introduce a really moral and religious atmosphere into popular education, the spirit of unrest prevailing everywhere could not be satisfied. Referring to the 'Sermon on the Mount,' he asks what is its true meaning!

"A counsel of perfection," is the glib official reply. Certainly but it has no practical value, and, if so, what is it intended to convey? Related in old prosaic language, the lesson there inculcated urges us to rely less on the seen, the concrete, the physically tangible; and more on the spiritual side of our natures, unmanifest to our senses, but none the less real and permanent. We are told there on authority that by this way we gain true security and everlasting peace.

C. D. S.

The Man of To-morrow, by Floyd B. Wilson.

The Miracle of Right Thought, by Orison Swelt Marsden.
(Messrs. Rider & Son. Price each 3s. 6d.)

Master Keys, by Capt. Walter Carey, R.N. (Order of the Golden Age. Each Price 1s.)

These volumes are meant to help men in the building of character and the attaining of refinement and power in which lies happiness. The first is an exhortation to humanity to realise its own inherent Divinity and indicates the pathways that lead to actualising of ideals. "My studies have forced upon me the conclusion that only the few have discovered the Key to greatness, and that it may be seized and used by the million is really the true incentive for the writing and the publishing of this book," says the author, and his 224 pages are full of suggestions for practice, some very good, others of less value, but all more or less useful. Some discrimination, however, is necessary in putting into practice these teachings and the *motive* of action should never be forgotten and should ever be taken into account. The book contains information on out-of-the-way subjects pertaining to psychology which may be found interesting. The second is published in "the hope of arousing the reader to discover the wonderful forces in the Great Within of himself which, if he could unlock and utilise, would lift him out of the region of anxiety and worry, eliminate most, if not all, of the discords and frictions of life, and enable him to make of himself everything he ever imagined he could and longed to become"—and who wants anything more from a book? This assurance is given and the realisation of it—well, my reader, you might, if you have leisure and inclination, give the book a trial; it is good of its kind and reading and reflecting will not do you any harm. The third offers the keys to understanding and happiness, keys of life and death and progress, keys to health and the purpose of the animal creation—all done in 138 pages, but cleverly conceived and nicely carried out. The writer has thought over his subjects and it is a careful piece of work which we recommend to our readers. It is also full of Theosophical teachings, in fact we have no hesitation in calling it a Theosophical book, and as such we heartily welcome it.

B. P. W.

In the Next World, by A. P. Sinnett. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

Has W. T. Stead Returned?, by James Coates. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Ghosts in Solid Form, by Gambier Bolton. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

Spiritualism: A Philosophy of Life, by W. H. Evans. (London Spiritualist Alliance Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

The literature on spiritualism and spiritualistic phenomena seems to be increasing each year, and this indicates an increased interest in the public mind concerning such subjects. Mr. Sinnett has given in his little work fragments of the experiences of certain persons who have passed beyond the veil. He tells us that lately he has had opportunities of getting into touch with them, and as he brings to bear on all the cases his wide Theosophical knowledge, his accounts are extremely interesting. In his introduction, he gives a rapid survey of the astral plane and its subdivisions, in fact a condensed account of the Theosophical conception of death and karma, in order to help readers unfamiliar with that line of thought. Mr. Sinnett has entirely confined himself to trying to learn the history and experiences of those souls when they passed into astral life. These are absorbingly interesting and are carefully chosen, showing how karma works out on other planes. This book should be read by all interested on such subjects, because it is written in such a peculiarly "sane way" that it cannot fail to make an impression. That there are ways by which the so-called "dead" can reach those on earth is now becoming pretty generally recognised. That so ardent a believer in such methods of communication, and so daring an experimenter as the late Mr. W. T. Stead, would endeavour to return to tell us what lies beyond, was only to be expected. Miss Estelle Stead contributes the preface to Mr. Coates' book, *Has W. T. Stead Returned?* In it she says :

I firmly believe it will not be many years before the truth of the possibility of the return of the so-called dead is an established fact. . . . of all that great host from the *Titanic*, my father's return is the most apparent. Why? Because he opened up the way while here and passed over prepared with the full knowledge that he could return, and returning would find many ready and longing to welcome him and acknowledge his presence,

Despite these very favourable conditions Mr. Stead evidently found communication with the earth a far more difficult thing than he had thought. Mr. Coates has collected and arranged in order all the evidence that can be gathered for Mr. Stead's communications after death, giving these communications in full. There are two spirit photographs reproduced in which a head is plainly visible, and this head is attributed to Mr. Stead by those who should know.

Materialisation is the theme of the next book under review, and under the title of *Ghosts in Solid Form*, Mr. Bolton gives us a most interesting and scientific account of his experimental investigations "of certain little known phenomena". He first describes the conditions under which such manifestations can be most favourably produced, and he describes at length the precautions taken to avoid fraud, giving a diagram of a room in which some of the investigations were conducted. The precautions taken seem to put a stop to all suggestion or even possibility of fraud, and then follows the account of several actual experiments made under such test conditions. A chapter is devoted to questions put to, and answered by, various entities, and these are interesting but of course as to their value the individual reader must be left to decide. Mr. Bolton has so many qualifications to prove himself a reliable observer, and has been associated with Sir William Crookes in his researches, that we are enabled in his book to gain sound information and at a very moderate price.

The philosophic aspects of Spiritualism are given in a book by Mr. W. H. Evans. We do not think that this book will prove attractive to a large circle of readers, because the type employed in printing is so small, that it makes the reading tedious. These papers appeared originally in *Light*, and express the author's individual views on Spiritualism. A religious vein is very prominent in this work, and it is really rather as a guide to life and character that we should regard it. There does not seem to be anything strikingly original in *Spiritualism*, but we feel sure that there are many who will derive comfort from it, should they brace themselves up to the task of tackling the closely printed pages.

T. L. C.

Smithsonian Institution. Bureau of American Ethnology. Bulletin 53. Chippewa Music—II, by Frances Densmore. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

Miss Frances Densmore published, some years ago, the first volume of her studies on the music of the Chippewa, or Ojibwa, Indians as Bulletin No. 45 of the same series, and now completes her work in the present, second, volume. The first volume met with a very hearty response from the public and students of primitive music, and led to several of the recorded melodies being executed by orchestras. As in the previous volume, so here a profusion of tunes are recorded. The words of the songs are given in transliteration and translation. The various circumstances under which the songs are sung are fully described, together with the rites accompanying such singing. Full ethnographical descriptions are added pertaining to everything connected with the feasts and solemn festivities connected with the songs, as well as pictures of the musical instruments, costumes, etc., of singers and players. Each song is fully analysed from the technical standpoint. Most of the songs consist of a single short sentence, repeated, with modulations, several times. Some of them are very quaint, for instance :

No. 107. You desire vainly that I seek you ; the reason is : I come to see your younger sister.

No. 109. I sit here thinking of her ; I am sad as I think of her.

No. 94. They are sailing on the breeze, my feathers.

No. 13. I feel no fears when the Great River-man speaks of death.

A piece of sarcasm is given in No. 14 which commemorates the man who stayed at home instead of joining his tribe on the war-path.

No. 14. Although Jingwabe considers himself a man, his wife certainly takes all his attention.

A curious song is that sung by Nambines, who, when dying, sang his death song which he is said to have composed at that time. Looking into the faces of his comrades, he said : " When you reach home sing this for the women to dance by and tell them how I died." The song itself runs :

No. 33. The odour of death, I discern the odour of death in the front of my body.

A tender sentiment is revealed in :

No. 38. I wonder if she is humiliated, the Sioux woman, that I cut off her head ?

A naive vanity is betrayed in the next song, composed after a terrible battle :

No. 41. Surely, I will have great praise.

The dream song of a forgotten warrior is eerie :

No. 43. From the middle of the great water I am called by the spirit.

A very laconic song is that sung by a Chippewa pipe bearer when offering the peace pipe to the Sioux. It runs :

No. 45. My pipestem.

A fine song is that glorifying the heroic conduct of Bicanab, a sort of local Joan of Arc. It tells its own tale and runs :

No. 48. Greatly, she defending her children, the old woman fought for us all.

A similar incident gave rise to the following song :

No. 49. Once careless of her children, she of the Wapeton Sioux now comes in haste surely to their defence.

Enough has been quoted to give some insight into this primitive but not unattractive poetry. For musical students the work contains a wealth of information. To praise a book published by the Smithsonian Institution is not only superfluous, it is nearly impudent. We leave it at that. *We* have enjoyed nibbling at the work.

J. v. M.

France To-day, Its Religious Orientation, by Paul Sabatier, translated by Henry Bryan Binns. (J. M. Dent & Sons, London. Price 6s. net.)

To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the French language we can heartily recommend this excellent translation of M. Paul Sabatier's most interesting book. France is perhaps the most psychologically sensitive of all the nations to the deep underlying spiritual currents which are ever moving below the surface of human affairs; and the

superficial eddies of unrest, of social and religious revolt, which disturb her peace are but indications of the irresistible flow of this spiritual tide and the promise of greater things to come. It is the study of all the various trends of thought and activity which make up this great spiritual movement that the author implies in the term "religious orientation," not the study of religion in its more restricted sense; for religion, far from directing the flow of this deeper spiritual current is swept onward by it to meet the growing needs of Life. Religion, philosophy, science, art and literature, all have their part in it and the demand of the time is that they shall help men to express the reality which is Life in action. Pure intellectualism does not satisfy, a dogmatic or even a scientific religion meets with little or no response; a science which is not applied to human life, a philosophy of abstractions, art and literature which do not touch the heart—these things are valueless at this moment. They are but stones given when the demand is for bread. Mr. Sabatier dates the beginning of this latest movement in France from the war of 1870, when the nation in its great need turned to the Churches Catholic and Protestant for consolation and direction and, meeting only with misunderstanding, was thrown back on herself to work out her own salvation.

To see France through the eyes of M. Sabatier is to see her at her highest and to judge France by Paris is to mistake a mood for a character, a part for the whole. Where he is least convincing is in the chapters which deal with undenominational schools which he himself regards as the heart of his subject; for he gives no plan of independent moral teaching nor any indication how it is to be arrived at.

The central reality is apparently the "social life" but that too is a very nebulous guide to the perplexity of the teacher in the face of this problem. However, as "Time is a good fellow," no doubt he will see to the solution of the puzzle. In the meantime we close M. Sabatier's book refreshed and stimulated by the pure quality of his thought and the breadth of his horizons, and we hope this English translation of *France To-day* will find a wide circulation amongst our readers. It is well-printed and of a convenient size in strong and neat binding and contains a good portrait of the author as frontispiece.

A. E. A.

On the Consciousness of the Universal and the Individual.
A contribution to the phenomenology of the thought-processes,
by Francis Aveling, Ph.D., D.Sc., D.D. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.
London. Price 5s. net.)

This fascinating little book which constitutes a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Science in the University of London, contains the report of an interesting investigation of certain problems of experimental psychology. An ancient problem of philosophy, steadily worked at during the last twenty centuries, is that arising from 'universal' and 'individual' thoughts, concrete and abstract thinking. This problem, says our author, is threefold. Metaphysically, the question is: "Do the 'universals' exist in nature?" Epistemologically the question is: "Do our universal ideas correspond to reality?" And to experimental psychology the question is: "What is discoverable in consciousness when we think the 'universal' or the 'individual'?" The work before us deals only with this third form of the question.

In a rapid review, extending nevertheless over seventy-two pages, the author gives the history of the problem in western philosophy from Plato and Aristotle down to the most recent times. This exposition is very clear and reveals the extraordinary importance attached to the question from the most remote times onward.

Then, in the second part, the investigation is carefully described, the problem as set, well defined, and an abstract given from the protocols of the sittings, the results of which are minutely tabulated in a number of transparent tables. The ingenious method applied consisted, roughly, in the exhibition of ten sets of five pictures each, each set consisting of representations of a similar nature. Each set was coupled to a specially coined 'nonsense-word'. The persons experimented upon were asked carefully to note down their thought-processes after each exhibition of the pictures or the 'nonsense-names' assigned to them, primarily with a view "to ascertaining the manner in which the meaning of the 'nonsense-word' subjects was present to consciousness in 'universal' and 'individual' judgments." Nevertheless the investigation proved to lead to several other collateral data of no mean

importance and interest. Dr. Aveling sums up his result in nine short theses of which the first runs as follows :

Nonsense-words (nouns) acquire general meaning gradually by a process of association with the objects denoted by them. In this process a concept is abstracted from the objects and associated with the words; or the objects are subsumed under an appropriate concept previously abstracted from experience which is associated with the words. This concept, which may or may not be accompanied by sensorial elements, when revived by the word gives the latter its meaning.

The little book is very instructive but, though clearly written, is too much swathed in the special language of psychology to make easy reading for the laymen.

An excellent little bibliography terminates the volume.

J. v. M.

Jatakamala or Garland of Birth Stories, by Marie Musæus Higgins, Colombo.

In many ways Indian Literature is unique. Perhaps not the least important of them is the possession of the finest and by far the largest collection of tales. In the book before us we have some very interesting stories full of meaning to those who have not yet lost all delight in life. Each story is supposed to deal with one of the births of the Lord Buddha and is meant to teach one or the other of the great virtues inculcated by Him in His last birth. It is not surprising therefore that all these stories are full of instruction to the readers. But what seems to be a most impressive feature about them is that they all appear to have emanated from people who *felt* what they said. Witness this sermon on Temperance :

The one who drinks this 'Sura' loses power over his mind as well as over his body. His enemies laugh at him because he behaves like a beast... Even the timid and the bashful, after drinking from it lose all their timidity. This liquor turns our friends into enemies so that they kill each other in their fury... It makes the tongue loose, and the limbs tremulous, the eyes dull and heavy, and it ruins the mind and makes a man contemptible to every one. A curse lies in this *golden* coloured fluid.

To add to its usefulness a part of the book is devoted to the narration of some of the important features in the Life of the Buddha. The book is very admirably illustrated with the carvings of the Boro-Budoor Temple in Java. A book so ably edited should meet with the warm welcome of not only those interested in the Buddhist folklore but of everyone.

C. D. S.

An Unorthodox Conception of Being, A Synthetic Philosophy of Ontology, by William Ellsworth Hermance. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

The book—well printed and well bound—strikes us as the work of a man who has thought and talked more than he has read, though he has also read a good deal on certain lines. We are presented with his choice, amongst many ideas, on fundamentals, and his mind is awake though his intuitions sometimes sleep. A bold swimmer on the advancing wave of thought, he has not yet caught sight of a beacon to guide.

The opening is good and the style is clear, and we hoped from the chapter headings to have a mental feast; but the writing is somewhat uneven and it is almost as if another hand had written some chapters. That on 'Jesus Christ,' perhaps because of the high possibilities of the subject, seems somewhat confused and slangy. "Mental paralysis" and "ecstasy" are not synonymous terms. As an independent effort to express the mental position of the author the book has its value, and the chapter on 'Equity,' with its plan of co-operation in production and distribution, shows that thoughts on Metaphysics and Ontology can sharpen the brain to help our fellow-men.

A. J. W.

The Christian Tradition and Its Verification. The Angus Lectures VIII, by T. R. Glover. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

To the reviewer—as will be most probably the case with the majority of our readers—the argument of this book has been entirely unconvincing. Nevertheless we have read it with a certain amount of appreciation. It is an apology for modern post-reformation Christianity by an able, sincere and cultured writer. His faith produces, it is true, a certain narrowness in spiritual sympathies but never leads to downright or outrageous fanaticism. In short the book is a useful means for those who think of themselves as standing outside the Christian Church to study the mind and view-point of the cultured

insider. The weakest parts in the work are those where the other great religions of the world and their founders are compared with Christianity and Jesus. The author, indeed, in those passages where he deals with his apology proper, gives a fine and true exposition of the sympathy and goodwill which are prerequisites for any just appreciation of Christianity. Where he deals with the other religions, and especially where the highest of them are concerned, he does not apply his own golden rule but finishes off his subject in rapid paragraphs full of disputable assertions and generalisations.

The Theosophical position is referred to in a few places, mainly on the basis of second-hand information and the references are neither so generous nor so well informed as the author's own standard seems to demand.

In short: for actual instruction the book seems to us disappointing, and its convincing force for those who do not start their thought from a Jesu-centric conception not great. As an apology it will rather strengthen believers than convert outsiders. Yet the book is readable and psychologically instructive. Many a good thought, well expressed, is to be found in it, and we recommend it to the discriminating reader.

We quote a fine saying :

For Jesus Christ is not a teacher to be quoted, I think. If we quote Him, we use Him amiss. His words are nothing till they come somehow out of our own hearts again, as they did from Peter's long ago; they are not dead; they live.

On the other hand a phrase inspired by bad taste, and furthermore so one-sided as to be practically untrue, is singularly out of place in a work of this nature :

Even with the assistance of Leopold II and his Belgians, it will be hard for anyone without special knowledge to imagine what things were tolerated in ancient society—or are tolerated in India—in civilised communities, that is—and in neither case with much disapproval.

The author deals more satisfactorily with his subject when touching the lower forms of ancient paganism than when touching the higher.

In fine: though nothing much for us, by no means a bad book.

J. v. M.

Greek Divination: A Study of Its Methods and Principles,
by W. R. Halliday, B.A., B. Litt. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.,
London. Price 5s.)

Some men do read the Vedas four
And other books of Sacred Lore,
Yet know their contents, by my troth,
As ladle knows the taste of broth.

The present reviewer is in this case with regard to the book under consideration. This, however, is a confession of weakness on his part, not condemnation of *Greek Divination*. The fact is, this book is not intended for the general reader, but for specialists. To the uninitiated it presents many technical difficulties. It presupposes a great deal of previous knowledge on the part of the reader, without which he cannot appreciate its worth. The author has brought boundless enthusiasm and a well-trained mind to bear upon his task. This task is "to give some account of the methods of divination employed by the ancient Greeks together with an analysis of the principle and presuppositions which, however unconsciously, moulded their form and maintained their vitality". He analyses and classifies the various subdivisions of Greek divination; he shows how great a part these played in the daily life of the people and how it was an essential part of their religion. He draws interesting parallels from the rites of other nations. The volume ends with copious indexes, bibliographical and general.

A. de L.

The First Principles of Evolution, by S. Herbert. (Adam & Charles Black, London. Price 5s. net.)

Dr. Herbert is the author of a previous book on *The First Principles of Heredity* which at the time of its appearance was most warmly received. He has now followed up his first success with a second volume which deserves an equally cordial welcome. The author endeavours in the present work to give a general and popular exposition of the subject of evolution, which, though strictly scientific in its manner of treatment, aims at being perfectly intelligible to the ordinary reader. Besides, it aims at being thoroughly comprehensive, presenting the problem of evolution in all its aspects. The task thus set seems to us to have been executed in a completely satisfactory

way, and the book resulting fills indeed a gap in the existing literature of the subject. The work is profusely illustrated, not only by numerous clear pictures but also by a number of enlightening diagrams and tables. An excellent and well-arranged bibliography (split up into no less than thirty-eight sub-headings) points out the way towards further study. A copious glossary of scientific terms used throughout the book will be welcome to many, though some of the terms cited lack definition. The index also is very full. In short the methodical and material arrangements of the work are worthy of all praise.

So, we recommend the book most cordially. There are few books on evolution which gather together so much material, treated from so many standpoints, as this present one. It is one of the best popular expositions of the subject we know, and though more learned and more bulky works exist, there is scarcely any other book so apt to serve as a general introduction to the branch of science of which it treats.

J. v. M.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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June 19th.

We hear from Germany that Herr Sixtus von Kapff, M. D., has been elected General Secretary of the German National Society; he is a renowned physician and a good speaker, and has been the leader of psychical research in Berlin, as well as the founder of the T. S. Du Prel Lodge; he is also the head of an idealistic

society, which numbers among its members some of the Professors of the Berlin University, and has thus the intellectual *cachet*, so necessary in Berlin. The Recording Secretary is Herr Paul Krojanker, and the Treasurer is Dr. Antonie Schiller. The late General Secretary, Mr. Lauweriks, continues to edit the *Theosophisches Streben*, as he can combine this with his professorial duties at Hagen, though it was felt impossible that the General Secretary should be so far away from the centre of work. We congratulate our German brethren on their wise choice, and hope that the movement in Germany will prosper. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, to whom the rescue of Theosophy in Germany from sectarianism is so largely due, is much satisfied with the election of officers. Countess Olga von Schack, who was so useful in Adyar, is on the Executive Committee.

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I am astonished to learn from *The Church Missionary Gleaner* that Christian missionaries in China refuse to accept into Church membership any converts to Christianity who are vegetarians. It seems incredible that eating dead animals should be made a *sine qua non* of Christianity. In its issue of May 1st, 1914, under the heading 'Broken Vows,' *The Gleaner* says: "One of the difficulties in the way of the spread of the gospel in China has often been the vegetarian vows taken by Buddhists. . . . The breaking down of these stumbling-blocks is always gladly welcomed by the missionaries." This editorial introduction is followed by stories of the removal of the stumbling-blocks: A Mrs. Deng was "in great trouble with a bad foot. She had been in great pain, day and night, for over a year, and asked for

treatment. In years gone by she would never come near the Christians, but the pain had been so great that she was only too willing to accept an invitation to come to the mission house for treatment, even on condition of having to break her fast." Mrs. Deng's mother, Mrs. Wang, "also decided to break her fast," and "broke her last connexion with outward idolatry by partaking of a meat dinner, thus discontinuing her fast of thirty years".

A sister of hers, living here in Chungpa, who several years ago was a catechumen but never gave up her vegetarian vow, and therefore could not be taken into membership, has taken courage and followed her elder sister in also breaking her fast. She—a Mrs. Sie—had been ill for many months. Whenever she was exhorted to put her whole trust in the Lord and give up her vow she replied that she was afraid to break it. But when she heard of her elder sister doing so she at once expressed a wish to do so too. I brought her some cooked meat, and after prayer she took the long feared step, and said she would now really trust the Lord wholly and solely. She was in such a weak condition that one felt the little remnant of life might any time be finished, and therefore we were very thankful to see her enter the fold. Only two days after breaking her fast she died quite peaceably. Her son and daughter-in-law, who had tended her with great care, have also promised to "learn the doctrine".

The picture of the sick woman induced to pollute her body and dying two days later is rather ghastly. The whole proceedings with this unfortunate family, forced out of taking clean food, in the first case by the refusal of medical help until meat was eaten, would be incredible if they were not in a missionary journal.



Dean Inge's studies in Mysticism have led him to believe that "the philosophic Mystics" can give to Christianity the help of which it stands in need. Materialistic philosophy, while profoundly unsatisfactory,

had presented a clear-cut and intelligible scheme, and unless some coherent and scientific view could be propounded on the other side, there was a danger of falling into scepticism. Mysticism declared that it had found that which religionists were seeking. The Dean appears to have been somewhat sarcastic. "Our generation had welcomed the French-Jewish philosopher who had told them exactly what they wanted to hear. Their delight was increased when they were told that the intellect was only one and not the best line of progress—that something called instinct often provided a short cut to the point we wanted to reach. Thinking was hard work. What a joy to hear that it was mostly waste of time." This is hardly fair to Bergson, who regards intuition as a higher faculty than intellect, and as marking a higher stage of evolution. The strenuous effort needed to accomplish this stage is greater than that of thinking, and Dean Inge will mislead many by his scoffing way of dealing with a serious question. He remarked further :

Not only was free will rehabilitated, but the primitive spiritism of the savage could come forth unabashed from its lurking places in the minds of the half-civilised. Ghosts once more walked abroad, and were patronised by the highly-respectable gentlemen and ladies who studied psychical research. The medicine man reappeared as a faith healer and made a good income. Christian Science churches and hotels at Lourdes did a roaring trade. Priests were overjoyed at the unexpected boom in their earliest line of business. The pride of the intellectuals had indeed received a blow. They had learned that the ingrained mental habits of 50,000 years were not to be destroyed by the labours of a few university professors.

Dr. Inge was more interesting when he turned to the teachings of Plotinus, and then went on to Eucken, with his assertion that salvation was a "transition from the common experience of life to a new and higher sphere which he called the life of spirit".

“Were the affirmations of the illuminated soul tragic illusions or cosmic realities?” asked the Dean. And he answered :

The higher life had already been lived by very many. They agreed in what they told us about it. Why should we not receive their witness? The great popularity of Eucken's writings both in Germany and England showed that our generation was ripe for this kind of religion. It was a very good sign if it was so. For this philosophy of life had nothing to fear from scientific or historical criticism. It was broad based on personal experience and buttressed by sound metaphysics. Its morality was pure and elevated ; it cared nothing for denominational barriers ; it found ample room for science and art, honouring both ; and like Christianity, with which it had so much in common, it gave us a valuation of the goods and evils of life and was so a guide to practical wisdom. He would not speak of “the religion of the future,” for there would be as many religions in the future as in the past ; but that this was the true line of progress in religion, as well as in philosophy, he had no doubt whatever.

In other words, the Dean is accepting Theosophy under another name, and boldly ranges himself on the side of Mysticism.

* * *

On June 18th, I lectured to the Philosophical Circle of the Lyceum Club on ‘The Yoga Philosophy,’ and found a crowded and deeply interested audience, over which Mme. Jean Delaire presided. It is delightful to see the welcome given to Hindū philosophy by cultured and highly educated people in England. As in the morning I presided over an Educational Conference, and in the evening lectured in the Queen's Hall on ‘Why We Believe in the Coming of a World-Teacher,’ the day was fairly filled. A pleasant interlude was welcoming to lunch Mr. Sri Prakasa, the eldest son of Bābu Bhagavan Das Sāhab of Benares, who has just been called to the Bar, and has taken the B.A. and LL.B. degrees at Cambridge University. He goes back

to the Motherland, loving her the more dearly for his stay in England.

* * *

The Education Conference is occupying three days and is a very important gathering. Among other Societies are represented the National Union of Teachers, the London Teachers' Association, the Association of Assistant Mistresses in Public Secondary Schools, the Parents' National Educational Union, the Association of Technical Institutions, the School Medical Officers Association, the Royal Society of Literature, the Fabian Education Group, the Moral Education League, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Theosophical Educational Trust, and the Theosophical Society. I had the honour of presiding over the opening session, and a number of distinguished men and women are taking part in the meetings. It is good to see our beloved T.S. taking its rightful place in the public life of England.

* * *

I am glad to see that the Redemption League, started two years ago during my visit to London, is doing good work. The Organising Secretary, Miss Birmingham, lecturing the other day, said that "its ideal was to become a world-wide organisation to combat a world-wide evil, an International League fighting an international traffic"—the terrible White Slave Traffic. Centres are started in Russia, Norway and Holland, and others are to follow. Dr. Anthony says that there are 4,000 men employed in this vile trade in London—a ghastly thought. The second object of the League is to work for moral purity and for the equalisation of the

moral standard of men and women ; the third is to found hostels for women and girls where safety and shelter can be found at the cheapest possible rate. The League should spread far and wide, for its work is a noble one.

* * *

Twelve lectures in ten days, with journeys to Brighton and Folkestone, is not a bad record of work, added to meetings with people at various lunches and teas! Lady Brassey gave a pleasant "At Home" to "Visitors from the Overseas Dominions," at which various interesting people were present, on the afternoon of June 11th, the lecture on 'India's Plea for Justice,' at which her husband presided, being in the evening. There was a splendid meeting in the Queen's Hall, showing that Englishmen were ready to take interest in India, but the London press hardly noticed it. We shall have hard work to reach the people by forcing on the press the dissemination of India's claims, and so educating English public opinion. But *The Times*, *The Daily News*, and *The Daily Chronicle* among the dailies, have inserted statements from my pen, as have *The Christian Commonwealth* and *The Nation* among the weeklies. *The Westminster* and *The Daily Telegraph* have refused to do anything. But we have made a good beginning with the above-named.

* * *

ADEN, July 5th.

A flying visit to Oxford, to lecture at the X Club, whose President is an Indian gentleman, Mr. Raju, made a pleasant excursion on June 19th. The lecture was on 'India's Claims,' and I tried to awaken the undergraduate mind to a sense of what England owed to India. Benares friends will be glad to hear of the well-being of

the young men from the C. H. C. who are now undergraduates of Oxford. I was grieved to find that some of our Indian lads, who had learned to love England in Benares, had been driven out of that love by the treatment they had met with in England. On the 20th, I again spoke at the Educational Conference, and in the afternoon went to a pleasant "At Home," given by Lady Emily Lutyens, as a member of the Hospitality Committee presided over by the Lord Chancellor.



The 21st saw me at Esher, with that noble warrior of earlier days, the widow of Jacob Bright, who preserves a keen brain and a young heart in a worn-out and helpless body. Her interest in all good causes is as vivid as when she stood beside her husband in the forefront of the fray. From Esher, I motored over to Twickenham to call on the Hon. Mr. G. K. Gokhale, though hardly hoping to see him. I had, however, the privilege of an interview with him, and we chatted for half an hour on Indian questions. It is so seldom that one meets a man in public life for whom one can feel the whole-hearted respect which one feels for Mr. Gokhale, whose one love is India, whose one ambition is service, and who gives himself with the enthusiasm of a youth and the wisdom of a grey-beard to the Motherland. It was a joy to receive a letter from him four days later, saying that he had been able to attend through two three-hour sittings of the Commission without feeling much the worse. He hopes to leave England for home in November, and we all pray that his health will allow him to come to the Congress in Madras.



The last few days in England were very full. Meetings of the Temple of the Rosy Cross and of the T. S. Executive ; a lecture on the Woman Question at Queen's Hall, packed to its utmost limit ; a Brotherhood of Arts meeting, where that rare piece of Dresden china, Maud Mann, was made President, with her husband to shield her from too rough contacts with an inartistic world ; a meeting with the haggard builders, gaunt with starvation, but glad at heart to be again at work—what a civilisation is ours, when men may not even work for bread, unless they cringe to the owners of capital!—interviews with the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*, brave W. T. Stead's son and successor, and with the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*, Anglo-Indian *in excelsis* ; with some of my best lieutenants on work to be carried out ; and as a final item, a talk with an East End magistrate over a proposed Children's Colony on a piece of land in Essex, generously given by him, and the forming of a little group of Trustees, to hold and administer it. Then a crowd at Charing Cross to say "Good-bye," and the swift journey to Dover, a calm voyage across the Channel, the racing across the Continent to Brindisi, with pleasant greetings of friends here and there, to find the 'Persia' waiting for us, anchored outside the harbour, and so to dinner and bed.



Two lectures were asked for and given ere we reached Aden, one in the first, one in the second cabin. It was a very legal steamer, with the Chief Justice of Bombay, Sir Basil Scott, on board, as well as several Madras Judges and the Advocate-General and some Counsel.

HOME AGAIN, *July 11th.*

We landed at Bombay on Friday, July 10th, and there I had a warm welcome and address from the Lodges of India, a big crowd of members and sympathisers filling the Gaiety Theatre to endorse it. Away once more to the station and into the special train for Madras, the dear Indian faces crowded together as we steamed away, and every smiling face and loving hand-touch seem to repeat: "You are again at Home." How strange is the subtle tie of love that binds the heart to one country above all the countries of the earth, that makes the very soil beloved, that thrills through every pulse with the sense of a common life, at the sight of a coloured crowd.

* * *

On the following day, Sunday, Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar took me to the hostel opened by the Young Men's Indian Association for the students of Pachaiyappa's College, the one specially assigned to our joint care. Then we went to those in George Town, cared for by Mr. G. A. Natesan and Rao Sāhab G. Soobhiah Chetty. Then into the Association building, growing into its new form, and the restaurant, very popular with the members. Lastly I went to the Triplicane Hostel with Rao Sāhab, and so again to Adyar. The Association is growing in strength and popularity, but the demand for hostels is greater than we can supply. The untiring work done by Rao Sāhab G. Soobhiah Chetty and by Mr. Govindaraja Mudaliar is beyond all praise, for they face the wearisome drudgery of detail without hesitation, and no work is too troublesome to be cheerfully executed. Through all

the summer months they have toiled unremittingly, and we all owe them our gratitude.



“Wisdom is justified of her children”—some day. But how slow is the justification in coming. Our splendid pioneer, H. P. Blavatsky, lies under a load of obloquy, hurled at her by ignorant and malicious men. But gradually one stone after another is being lifted off, and perhaps, in time, all will be removed. Much has been done to establish her knowledge by the more recent scientific discoveries, and now there appears in print Dr. Hodgson’s frank confession of injustice done. (He said the same to me personally, many years ago.) Mr. Scott Craven, writing in *The Clarion*, states that “Richard Hodgson, an official investigator on behalf of the S.P.R., once told me that he had largely modified his opinion since making his report, fuller knowledge having brought him increasing humility.” And Mr. Craven remarks: “Whether charlatan or not, if other ‘charlatans’ will give us literature as inspiring as *The Voice of the Silence* or as *Practical Occultism*, God rain down charlatans on us abundantly.” Mr. Scott Craven here suggests a great truth. Men try to measure with their average yard-measures the giants of Occultism; their measures are meant for the ordinary stature of the everyday man. The Occultist’s test is what of knowledge, what of encouragement, what of inspiration to noble living, he can give to the world. If he can pass this test, the less we judge him the better, lest in our narrow interpretations of the sin of blasphemy we may stone a Christ.



I have bought—not with my own money!—*The Madras Standard*, a daily paper founded in 1841. It had been going downhill for a long time, was often so badly printed that a whole column would be illegible, had no foreign news save that copied from other papers, and was generally in the lowest of low water. The purchase was made at railway speed, but in the nick of time, for its first work has been to raise a protest against the acceptance of the Government proposals, conditioning the grant of a Charter to the proposed Hindū University. These terms bind the University into complete subjection to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, making it a provincial Government University instead of a National one under Hindū control. In fact the control claimed is even greater than in the case of the official institution. If these terms be accepted, all the money collected will be diverted from the object for which it was given, and our Central Hindū College, carried on for India by labour and self-sacrifice, will be reduced to the level of the ordinary Government establishment. The plan should be resisted by every legitimate means, by legal action if practicable as well as by popular protests. Better to have no Hindū University than to have a shell, whence the spirit is fled. *The Madras Standard* has raised its voice, and a pamphlet reprinting the articles which have appeared can be had on sending one anna postage by all who have subscribed to the C. H. C. in the past, or more lately to the Hindū University.



REVIVAL OF PERSECUTION IN ENGLAND

By ANNIE BESANT¹

THERE have been one or two prosecutions under the Blasphemy Laws of late years, and a man was recently sentenced to imprisonment under this obsolescent statute. In view of the fact that men of high repute write books which prove them to be blasphemers and renegades in the legal sense of these unpleasant terms, and yet escape unscathed because they express themselves in refined and philosophical English, it is obvious that when men of little education use the language of their class in criticising Christianity and are thereupon imprisoned, the crime punished is not blasphemy but vulgarity, and the thing supposed to be defended by the punishment is not religion but good manners. On the other hand vulgarity is not an offence which should be punished with imprisonment, and is a

¹ I am writing this month on this subject of pressing importance instead of continuing the series on the 'Building of the Individual'; that will be resumed in our next month's issue.

social disadvantage which is a man's misfortune rather than his fault. To bring his form of expression under the statute, while permitting the essence of his remarks to go unpunished when voiced in elegant language, is class injustice of a serious character, and makes blasphemy prosecutions as hypocritical as they are cruel. A religion, which invites the cultured blasphemer to its drawing-room while it succeeds in imprisoning the uncultured, renders itself contemptible in the eyes of all honest men. Christians who love their faith should be the first to protest against its being dragged in the mud by such despicable procedure, and should earnestly press on their representatives in Parliament to abolish laws which can be used in fashion so repulsive.

During the last few weeks we have had two other examples of the use of old statutes to hinder freedom of opinion and the progress of thought. For the protection of ignorant servants and others who "cross the hand" of gipsies and other vagrants in order to have their fortunes told, a law was passed against fortune-telling, branding as rogues and vagabonds those who practised it. Under this law, Mr. Alan Leo was brought up in the Mansion House Police Court on May 6th last, for casting a horoscope.

The two summonses taken out were dismissed on technicalities, and the Lord Mayor, not having heard the defence, made the most improper remark that he had no doubt that Mr. Alan Leo told fortunes, *i. e.*, that he was punishable under the law as it stood. Another astrologer, brought up a little later, was convicted and sentenced to £25 fine, or alternatively to two months' imprisonment, and it was thus shown that the casting of horoscopes, in the view of a sapient magistracy, is a

punishable telling of fortunes. It is intolerable that the students of an ancient science, followed by many eminent men in the past and studied by many intellectual persons in the present, should be branded as criminal by magistrates, who may be learned in the law, but who are wholly ignorant of astrological science. Detectives in modern London play the part of inquisitors in the Middle Ages, and harmless men are haled into the police court as of old they were flung into the cells of the Inquisition. In modern England, police courts are being used to crush women who are seeking political enfranchisement, and respectable men who are pursuing an ancient and honoured art. They should keep to their proper work of preserving decency against the aggression of the indecent, and policemen should pick up the drunken and incapable, not execute warrants against astrologers.

Mr. Alan Leo is an astrologer of world-wide repute, and has followed astrological studies for some five-and-twenty years. By deep study and cautious work, he has much raised astrology in the estimation of the public, and he edits a journal of wide circulation and of ethical value. The casting of horoscopes is an integral part of astrology, and he is careful to point out to those who seek his help that the horoscope shows capacities, weaknesses and tendencies, throwing light on the character, and enabling the native to meet better the circumstances of life than he could meet them in ignorance of his own strong and weak points. I know personally Mr. Leo's methods, for he long ago cast my own horoscope and has since, from time to time, cast my progressed horoscopes. They are based on careful calculations of the effect of various solar, lunar, and planetary

influences, and are useful as showing the particular types of difficulties which have to be met and overcome at any particular time. I have personally no doubt that a properly calculated horoscope shows the conditions amid which one is working, and the favourable or unfavourable influences present at any given time. These are as much matters of calculation as the temperature favourable or unfavourable to the success of a chemical experiment. To forecast these conditions, brought about by the laws of nature and indicated by the relative positions of the sun, moon and planets, each radiating forth its own influence, is no more to "tell fortunes" than it is telling fortunes to say to an electrician: "Much moisture will be present in the air at that time, and you will not be able to make a spark flash across from pole to pole." All scientific knowledge enables its possessor to forecast the results of special combinations, and there can be no crime—other than an artificial one created by a stupid law—in sharing with other people, desirous of the information, the results of such combinations. Astrological calculations are worked out on a definite and well-recognised system, and are vitiated by any error in calculation or by any overlooking of factors present as would be any other scientific calculation.

In India, the horoscopes of any intending parties to marriages are always consulted. A father, seeking a bride for his son, will receive the horoscopes of the daughters of his friends, with a view to ascertaining the characters of those who seem suitable otherwise, and the girl's father will carefully study the character shown by the horoscope of his proposed son-in-law. If this be fortune-telling, it is fortune-telling of an innocuous

and even beneficial type. Is it fortune-telling to watch other indications of character as shown in conduct before entering on a marriage contract? Or is only this one method, proved by experience to be peculiarly reliable, to be punished under a law passed for another purpose, and stretched to include a scientifically calculated chart of disposition and character? The very wording of a horoscope is enough to differentiate its carefully drawn delineations of character and environment from the seeing by a gipsy of a rich and attractive suitor for the hand of an eager servant-maid.

The attempt to crush out the practice of 'Occult Arts' by police persecution is foredoomed to failure, but if persisted in may cause much temporary loss and annoyance to harmless and innocent people. The growing indifference to law in England—a dangerous and disintegrating feeling—is increased by every attempt to wrest the law away from its legitimate functions, and to make it an instrument of religious and political persecution. Law can only be honoured when it is fairly and impartially administered, and when it becomes a terror to the good instead of to the evil-doer its very foundation is threatened. Let us hope that the police will be instructed to devote themselves to their proper duties, and not to meddle with things which they cannot understand.

Annie Besant

THE MANU ON EDUCATION

By JOSEPHINE RANSOM

Learn the Dharma which is followed by the wise and good, by those ever free from spite and passion, and which is acknowledged by the heart.—*Manu*, II, 1.

IT is not the purpose of this short treatise to take into consideration how much or how little of the *Laws of Manu* are authentic, nor to trouble as to the date of their framing as judged by philological experts, but to try and express something of the spirit of those Laws—as far as one's understanding goes—where they deal with matters Educational.

We must begin with the first chapter of *Manu*, which some think is merely introductory, but in which we find some important instruction concerning human types. Great saints of old, we are told, came to the Manu, and with all due reverence said unto him: "Lord, deign to tell us in order the rules of all the castes, and of all the castes that arise between?" Here we need not at once think of Indian castes, and lightly dismiss the subject from our minds. According to *Man: Whence, How and Whither* (other authorities are in conformity with this assertion), the caste-system was ordained about 8,000 B.C. But the early tribes to whom the Manu presumably issued His directions lived, we are told, some seventy or eighty thousand years ago. Into their souls were woven the ideals which were to persist till

they found fruition in the civilisations that have come and gone ever since. Obviously, then, we are to think, not of present day Hindū castes, but of the types of human beings that everywhere prevail to-day. As declared those ancient Wise Ones, only the Manu knew the purpose and meaning of every object in this whole Universe, and gradually men would reach to the same power of comprehension.

In stately phrase the Manu proceeds to recite the order of things—of their forthgoing by means of the activities of the great ministering Lords, of the waking of the worlds when the Divine Being awakes, and of their sleeping when He sleeps. Then Bhṛgu, great seer, takes up the count, and tells of the Manus and their cycles, and of the ages that come and go, periodic; of the creation of mind—from which is traced the establishing of selfhood in all things; of the Dharmas that were given unto the four types of mankind—Brāhmaṇa, Kṣhatriya, Vaishya, Shūdra. And in the midst of all these important and high mysteries, we find the first statements concerning the importance of the teacher.

For Brāhmaṇas the Dharma is study, teaching, sacrifice. The hint is pretty plain that only the experienced, and therefore the wise, should have charge over young people. It will be readily conceded that the true Brāhmaṇa is to be met with in every country, the real teacher who obeys his Dharma, reveals his caste and sacrifices his knowledge for the good of the child. “But of these typical Brāhmaṇas the best are the wise, and of the wise those who know their duty, and of those who know it, such as do it, and of those who do it, those who know the Veda” (*Manu*, I, 97). Here again, the Veda is not to be imagined as merely

that statement of Truth which forms the Sacred Scripture of the Hindūs ; the Veḍa is Knowledge, the knowledge of the "Essence of Things," the interrelation of all things plainly visible to the spiritual sight of the "Seer".

How high a Brāhmaṇa should be on the ladder of human attainment we may gather from the following verses: "The birth of a Brāhmaṇa is a perpetual incarnation of Ḍharma ; for he exists for the sake of Ḍharma, and for the existence of the Vedas" (I, 98). "When a Brāhmaṇa is born, he is born above the world, the chief of all creatures, to guard the treasury of Ḍharma" (I, 99).

It was the high duty of the Brāhmaṇa, the teacher, to explain the laws of life to the pupils. None other than he might do this work, none but he pure enough to be unbiassed seer of the great God's eternal Laws and explain them in terms understandable to his pupils. His qualifications are rated high in terms of purity and virtue: the earth is his for he is lord over himself, serene and self-controlled. Such, alone, may be styled by the holy name of "teacher".

The Manu makes some very important declarations about pupils—who they are and what they should become. Little is said of child-life till it arrives at pupilage. Presumably children were left to grow in grace and freedom for the first few years of life. At seven, Brāhmaṇas were to begin their studies. The future soldier and the future merchant were to begin at the ages of ten and eleven respectively. At these ages they were invested with the sacred-thread, and this investiture seemed to mark the commencement of the student-life. Evidently the idea was that according to the power and experience of the soul, so should be the

opportunity offered. The Brāhmaṇa mind and soul would be ready to assimilate and profit by teaching far earlier than those of the soldier or the merchant. It is very noticeable that a child or youth allowed to run excessively to games and physical exercise becomes dull of understanding. The virility of the future teacher was not to be expended in that way, it was to go to the making of brain power. The future soldier was to develop his virility into muscle and strength, and the future merchant was taught to keep alert in the affairs of men. Thus early were duties impressed upon the growing child and its faculties trained accordingly. Behind all education lay a plan and children were chosen with care and wisdom to play their parts in it. If any child among these types showed out special faculties then they were to begin their studies much earlier—at four, five, and seven respectively. We note in passing that the Manu counted age from the time of conception not of birth, the former being the beginning of a new life-cycle, the latter but one of the stages in it.

The Manu is emphatic that after the ages of sixteen, twenty-two and twenty-four years respectively, it is too late to take up the student-life. Then the mysteriously potent Gāyaṭrī manṭra may not be communicated. And such benighted beings were to be regarded as not altogether respectable Āryans! It is quite clear that the Gāyaṭrī manṭra affects the nervous system. Its special purpose is to stimulate creative activity on all planes, and in the young child who uses it there probably results an increase of spiritual power which will, magnet-like, draw to itself the activities of the rest of the nature. But when physical activities are already established and the magnet is set

low instead of high, the whole nervous system would doubtlessly quiver to a dangerous arousing of the baser elements, should the Gāyaṭrī's rhythmic vibrations steal along coarsened nerves, compelling them to some coarse expression. Mentally uttered, of course, the Gāyaṭrī is a plea to the High God to illumine human intelligence with divine knowledge. Again, the purity of childhood made the invocation safe and guided aright the budding powers of comprehension into high channels. Ideas would flow in undimmed by worldly experience and mould the lower mind and build a receptive brain; they would not be distorted, and therefore threatening, as might be the case in an older child already warped by contact with the world.

The clothing of students was distinctive. Garments were of hemp for Brāhmaṇas, flax for Kṣhatriyas and wool for Vaishyas; over these was thrown as covering skins of the black deer, ordinary deer or of goats. The idea was simplicity, cleanliness and appropriateness. The simple undergarment gave covering sufficient while the skin served as protection from cold, rain and so on. Special stress was laid on the staves that students carried, each having a particular wood according to his caste. They were emphatically "not weapons of offence against men," so must have served some especial purpose. As most of the teachers of the older days lived in or near forests the staves may have served as means of defence against the wild beasts inhabiting them. But they may have had other uses, possibly magnetic, which are not specified.

Teachers were supported by their pupils. Purity, simplicity of life, great learning, profound wisdom, unmistakable spiritual attainments—all these were the

possessions of the teacher in return for which their pupils sought out and offered reverently to him the necessaries of life. The pupils had also to maintain themselves. With his staff ready, his young face turned to the sun (the giver of all things), and after having with reverent steps paced round the sacred fire (the mouth of the Gods in whose hands are held mighty secrets about man's being)—the lad went forth to seek alms. "Sir! give alms," pleaded the Brāhmaṇa; "Give, sir, alms," the Kṣhatṭriya; "Give alms, sir," the Vaishya. Very likely the arrangement of the words indicated the caste of the boy and the food supplied him would be in accordance with that. The same kind of food would not suit all three types alike, for they would be of different physical calibre.

It was appointed that the boy should first beg of his own kith and kin, to avoid any possible chance of having his feelings hurt and therefrom discover a dislike for this primary duty of the student-life. Babu Bhagavan Das draws a delightful picture of the results of this custom upon the life of a community.

There is the practice of true socialism, where every mother and every sister learns to look upon every dear student-beggar as her own son and her own brother; for if she gives food to the hungry child or brother of another, is not her own hungry child or brother being helped tenderly at the same time by another? And so the heart of every parent goes out to every child, and of every child to every parent, and affection reigns in the community and love suffuses and softens every life. And burdens are proportionately divided, and not felt but welcomed eagerly, for the capacities of every family are known, and no more students go to any than can be conveniently provided for by it. And, because the Great Father Manu has said that students must not take their food from the houses of the vicious and the sinful, and therefore the children will not come to them and do them the honour of accepting their food if they are not virtuous, therefore every home, for the sake of the children, strives to maintain its standard of dutifulness high.

By this simple device, of every student begging food from every other home than his own, the Great Progenitor binds together in one the hearts of all the families of the community, and consecrates the spirit in them, so it shines forth in the life of matter and joy becomes duty and love becomes law."—*The Laws of Manu in the Light of Theosophy*, pp. 152-153.

A fine picture of a remarkable ideal, evidently once a fact in practice!

Upon the return of the student the food was eaten, the body having been cleansed and the mind made cheerful. Care was taken to see that the students had the right kind of food, it was seemingly carefully apportioned according to the caste of the child; they were not forced to eat indiscriminately,—that would result in disturbing the characteristic balance of the whole physical nature, and, consequent upon that, mind and spirit would have a distorted, deranged mechanism through which to manifest. The Manu further declared that a happy frame of mind when eating conduced to the best results from food. The student was not to find fault with the food, but to rejoice and be satisfied and eat it gladly (II, 54). "For food that has been revered ever bestows strength and power; but that which has not been revered, if eaten, destroys both" (II, 54). Note, also, these instructions: ". . . Let him also not eat between times; let him not eat to excess, and let him not go with a morsel in his mouth" (II, 56). "Overeating is unwholesome, prejudicial to long life and attainment of heaven . . ." (II, 57). Are not these ancient rules of health, those of modern reformers in matters of hygiene?

Open air was an essential in the old Aryan methods of educating. Delightful glades were chosen as the scene of the school-life, not too far removed from the town whence bodily wants were procured, not too

deep in the forest where wild creatures abounded, but some beautiful spot, open to the sun, with the welcome shade of forest trees near by, and a spring or streamlet of pure water for frequent bathing and drinking. Huts were provided for inclement weather and for various other uses, but "out-of-doors" was the golden rule.

Teacher and pupil having taken up their sacred relationship, the first duty of the teacher was to instruct the pupil in ceremonial purity, and the religious exercises that took place morning and evening. Here we have a vivid picture of that most important of all things in the training of youth—the development of the religious nature. The day opens with the feeding of the deeper emotions—the inner craving after high and holy things—as lively a need in the heart of a child as in the heart of a grown-up. Sentences of deep import are repeated in sonorous tone with accompanying gesture. "Give the child only that which he can understand," says many an educator, impatient of the more hidden depths of consciousness in the child. "Give the child some great things to repeat," said the wise old Āryan instructors, "do not trouble to explain them, embed them deep in the young mind and they will be fructified of the divine that abides within, and bear fruit in wisdom and enlightenment as the child grows older and comes to have a trained brain through which they shall shine."

In the details which mark the hours of tuition, one can readily see that they were directed towards eliminating from the surroundings everything gross or distracting. The child was attuned physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually to an exquisite degree—

a perfect instrument from which the teacher could draw the surest responses.

All the study was expounded from the Vedas. We might be tempted to think that the Vedas are hardly suitable as textbooks for a child; we have vague notions of them as being expositions of pagan lore, of how to worship a multitude of deities, of how to carry out magical practices. The Manu directed the use of three of the Vedas, and out of them grows directly all the knowledge of science, philosophy and righteousness of the Brāhmaṇa, all the right conduct and glorious chivalry of the Kṣhatriya, the rules of warfare and wise statecraft, and the principles which guide the Vaishya through the mazes of commercial affairs, and the interaction of nature with all those things wherein men play their parts. All branches of knowledge emanate from the Vedas—religion, philosophy, science, astronomy, phonetics, geometry, philology, prosody, grammar, etc., etc.

The Manu is explicit about the nature of the senses and the necessity of controlling them. If the mind is controlled, then the senses are conquered—thus He goes at once to the root of the whole matter. One statement has passed into a proverb: “Desire never rests by the enjoyment of lusts, like as a fire of a surety increases the more as butter is poured into it” (II, 94). Also another statement: “If, among all the senses, one sense fails, by that his wisdom fails; as water escapes by one little hole from the leathern bag” (II, 99). One is reminded of Christian parables by the following words: “Where there are not virtue and wealth and suitable obedience, learning is not to be sown, just as good seed is not sown in barren soil” (II, 112).

“Rather a teacher of the Vedā should die with his knowledge; even if in distress he may not sow it in wild salt soil” (II, 113).

Then comes a quaintly instructive story: Learning went to a Brāhmaṇa and said: “I am thy treasure! Guard me! Give me not to a scorner! so I shall be strongest! But him whom thou knowest to be a pure student, declare me to him, a Brāhmaṇa, a protector of this treasure, not self-willed.”

Four grades of teachers were recognised by the Manu: (1) The teacher who invests the pupil with the sacred-thread, and teaches him the Vedas and the Upaniṣads—he is called Āchārya; (2) He who teaches parts of the Vedas, or Vedāṅgas (sciences)—he is called Upādhyāya; (3) He who performs the various rites that mark the early stages of life—he is called Guru; (4) He who performs special sacrifices as priest and ritualist—he is called Ṛṣoj. But, goes on the Manu, “an Āchārya (head teacher) surpasses in venerableness ten sub-teachers, a father one hundred teachers; but a mother surpasses one thousand fathers” (II, 145). Thus did the great Lawgiver estimate the influence of the mother over the child!

The spiritual teacher who leads others into the way of knowledge is pre-eminent in the Manu’s estimation. A delightful little story illustrates the point: Āṅgīrasa Kavi, a child, taught his elders, and said to them, “Children”—having received them as pupils by reason of his knowledge. They, indignant, asked the Gods about that matter; and the Gods having assembled, said to them: “The child has spoken to you correctly” (II, 151-2).

On the health and conduct of the student the Manu is quite severe. In food, in apparel, in action, in social

matters, inviolate purity and chastity are to be preserved. Any, even involuntary, impurity meant destruction of the student's vow, and a wearisome beginning all over again, as well as loss of time. Obedience to the teacher is enjoined again and again; but it must be remembered that the uprightness, moral integrity, and utter spirituality of the teacher were regarded as so certain that no room was left for fears regarding the students—it was their glory and honour to serve such teachers.

It was open to the student to remain all his life with the teacher, but such a course was not strongly recommended. The normal thing was for the student to return home when the right number of years of study was completed. "The course of study of the three Vedas to be gone through in the house of the Guru is for thirty-six years, the half of that, or a quarter, or until mastery" (III, 1).

Brāhmaṇas began their studies when eight years old, Kṣhatriyas when eleven and Vaishyas when twelve, but if any of the three types showed special qualities they began much earlier. Though thirty-six years was considered as the best period over which to extend the student life, yet nineteen was a permissible period; the minimum was nine years. Then came household life and the work in the world. Naturally the difference showed out in all after-life, but all were expected to emerge from the teacher's hands as able, competent, upright, and trustworthy citizens in the workaday world.

The Manu was particular about the manners of the student; perfect, exquisite politeness was expected of them. Physical exercises do not seem to have been emphasised but the whole modern teaching of the benefits of

deep-breathing as a means of preserving health was insisted upon. This was the unfailing remedy for physical and mental disorders. Mantras assisted the beneficial effects of breathing deeply, regularly. The students were expected to do their work standing erect, with the hands folded on the chest. Their studies were pursued morning and evening after the prayers were finished. Holidays seemed to come along pretty frequently, generally for some religious purpose, but sometimes because of natural conditions being unfavourable, or because some neighbour was sorrowing or rejoicing—and in these they shared.

It is quite clear that the education for girls was as complete as that for boys, but differing somewhat. Future duties for the girl were to be different from those of her brother, and her training was intended to fit her for them. As Babu Bhagavan Das remarks: "Manu's ideal is gentle men and gentle women, each filling a distinct place in the domestic and social scheme; never entering into conflict with each other, but ever supplementing the qualities of each other and ever making life's way smoother for each other."

We have now touched upon practically all the main points in the Manu's directions regarding education. How rational and subservient to the good of all was His whole educational scheme! The details of it cannot perhaps be reproduced in our own day, but the broad comprehensive spirit of it can surely be revived and thus bring one step nearer the day when for ourselves education shall become more truly the way of preparation for the bigger life, and not the disablement it now often is.

It will be noted that the *Manu* left out any question of the education of the *Shūdras*, the working population. *Babu Bhagavan Das*, in discussing this question, points out that they were treated as one treats the child in the home before the student days began. It was the duty of all to care for and protect the worker—as one would a child. The worker is regarded as the human-child for whom all human-adults are responsible. They were trained in their work, made skilled artisans in whatever they were engaged. Food for mind and soul was given them in the dramatic presentation of cosmogonical happenings as well as of history.

We see then how the *Manu* regarded the *Āryan* Race as a unit, how He laid His plans so that eventually there shall appear in the midst of men the fruits of the long, long preparation through which He leads His Race age after age. His plan has not failed; His children are still learning the lessons He set them and are not yet ready—save a few—to step out of student-life and be truly efficient co-workers with Him in the leading and guiding of the younger members of our humanity. *Mrs. Besant* has summarised the *Manu's* educational scheme in a few words :

The education of the child should be very largely one that seeks to give him opportunities of manifestation, rather than to impose on him methods of development. And until it is realised [as the *Manu* realised—*J. R.*] that the child is an Eternal Spirit, with powers and capacities of his own, not running into a mould but to an individual growth, that the duty of the teacher is to aid the growth and not to try to change it; until that is understood, the whole educational system is going along a wrong road and is based on a false idea.

Josephine Ransom

THE HINDU PROBLEM IN CANADA

By HAMILTON R. MOHLER

NO thinking man or woman, seeing the signs of the times, can fail to understand, that unless the spiritually progressed people of the earth shall unite their forces, and by continued and unselfish spiritual effort counteract the mighty powers of evil now threatening the peace of the entire world, the situation must continually grow worse, until a storm of human passions and resentful retaliation must ensue.

Many are the legal, commercial, and political abuses that enable the existing condition to prevail. The observers of human progress note the strong undertide of spiritual force that is beginning to become so apparent, and which is causing the awakening of the masses to a perception of the great wrongs that underlie the present suffering. Many phases of these many abuses are visible all over the world.

I wish however to call attention to a special instance of this kind that has come under my observation, in which a somewhat unusual form of restraint is found; in which loyal subjects of a great nation, and followers of a pure religious faith—that exacts of its members moral and physical cleanliness, the practice of the virtues of a pure home life, loyal citizenship and valorous service in time of war—are deprived of the right of living with their own wives and children; a privilege not withheld from the Japanese and Chinese who enjoy the same chance for making a living and

maintaining a home that should be extended to all worthy subjects of the realm. I refer to the Hindus of British Columbia and Canada—especially to those members of the Sikh faith, who, subjects of Great Britain, find themselves in the above-mentioned situation.

Numbering as they do about 4,000 souls, as found in various parts of Canada, they endure here conditions which they find hard to understand. Gentle in disposition, and believing in *the real brotherhood of man*—a characteristic trait, that being the result of thousands of years of national thought and spiritual evolution, makes it as natural for them to so believe as it is to breathe the free air of Heaven—they feel themselves isolated and misunderstood. Shut out from the companionship and sympathy of those among whom they are trying to make their homes, they feel themselves to be “strangers in a strange land,” yet all the while in the land of that noble ruler (the beloved Queen Victoria) who guaranteed on a certain memorable occasion in the history of the Indian Empire, to care for her “Indian children” as her very own. That she tried to do this, none can gainsay. Yet now that she is gone away to the far summerland, her adopted children find themselves in grievous straits.

Where lies the fault? As a citizen of the United States where we have our own alien troubles, I yet find it hard to understand why our great friend on the other side of the water allows such conditions to exist or why our good neighbour, the Canadian Government does nothing to ameliorate these conditions.

It is not in any unfriendly way that this article is written; nor is it intended as a reflection on a people whom I have ever found courteous and kind—good friends

and good neighbours—yet it seems strange and pitiful that the rights of home and the companionship of wife and children are so long withheld from these darker-skinned brothers of ours. Able addresses on this subject have been given by distinguished leaders before the Canadian Legislature; voluminous printed expositions of every detail, concerning this wrong to a helpless people, have been placed before the public in the form of booklets, pamphlets and newspaper articles, yet nothing is done. WHY? I admit it is a difficult problem to solve under existing conditions, and perhaps that is the cause of the delay; let us at least hope so.

Since I have been here, it has been my privilege to come into personal touch with some of the leaders of these people, and I must say that I have been pleased to find them persons of culture and refinement, and with a broad charity and religious feeling that make them surely anything but undesirable citizens, such men indeed, as every follower of the Christ must love as a brother.

Three years ago at the Canadian Club, Toronto, on the 28th of December 1911, in a notable address by Dr. Sunder Singh, the well-known leader of these people and Editor of *The Sanser* published in Victoria, B.C., gave a very complete summary of the status of the Sikhs in Canada. Āryan in origin, as are the very people who thus deny them their rights, their history, as found in the ranks of labour, of education, of the church, of the home-life or in that of military service, is inferior to that of no other people on earth. Of proven loyalty to Great Britain, they have a magnificent record, clean, unsullied and honourable. The husband of one wife,

the home-life of the Sikh approaches that of the Christian more nearly than that found in the followers of any other eastern religion, yet, prevented by a prejudice as blind as it is unjust, families are separated and the home-life, that very foundation of the British Empire, as it is of all governments, is made impossible.

The law requiring one continuous journey from India to Canada, as there were no lines of vessels making that trip, prevented others from coming and many acts of injustice have occurred as a result, notably that in which Mr. Ram Chand figured. It is the unequivocal testimony of employers of large numbers of labourers in the United States and Canada, that the Hindūs are among the best workmen they have ever employed. The Sikhs especially, says an article in *The Toronto World*, have proven themselves in every respect admirable subjects. They are highly civilised, markedly intellectual and their religious beliefs rank them with the most advanced nations.

In 1912 Canada admitted 11,932 Chinese and 2,986 Japanese of whom 1,037 were women; during the same period *one Hindū was allowed to land*. Said Dr. E. H. Lawson in 1913 as ship's surgeon on the C.P.R. S. S. *Monteagle* and later on the *Tartar* at the time of the greatest influx of Hindūs: "In making physical examination of passengers, though previously strongly prejudiced, I found the Sikhs 100 per cent cleaner in their habits, and freer from disease than the European steerage passengers. Altogether, they impressed me as a clean, manly and honest race."

Sometime ago the Dominion Government passed an order, ostensibly intended to shut out all immigrants

from British Columbia, to remain in force till March 1914. Yet recently in Ottawa, Premier McBride, it is said, caused it to be extended for a period of six months. Meanwhile, immigrants from other nations come in, constantly, *via* Halifax, Quebec or other eastern ports, the Hindū alone being debarred. Although Chief Justice Hunter in a test case supported the idea that the Hindūs are component parts of the British Empire, and therefore free to travel without let or hindrance, yet as it is now, they with their wives and children are absolutely debarred.

Says W. Dudlick John, B.A., in a recent article: "The Hindūs have a just grievance, civic, national, international, ethical and humanitarian. The ejaculatory and non-argumentative phrase, 'We don't want them here,' is un-British and not harmonious with the unity of the British Empire."

But why add more? Is it not too evident that here, in this land of enlightenment and prosperity a crime is being perpetrated against an innocent and blameless people? a crime almost worthy of the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

So much has been written and said on this subject, both at home and abroad, yet nothing has been done to relieve the situation. What will be the final ending of it all? Will justice at last be done?

Surely the progressive spiritually minded people of this land must see to it that the home-life, at least, of these, our brothers, is made possible, that loving hearts of husband and wife, parent and child, be once more united and thus repay in part the load of kārmic debt that must be the result of these unjust conditions.

H. R. Mohler

WHY THE WORLD DOES NOT UNDERSTAND ¹

(Translated from the Italian by Johan van Manen)

TH**ERE** is no doubt whatever that in the eyes of the world the coming of the Great Master will be considered a failure. It is uncertain, however, if the failure will create a stir, or whether it will simply meet with the indifference of the public. For many years after the Advent, it is certain that the failure will appear to be complete and the New Religion disposed of, in the same manner as all the other curious sects which swarm on this, and especially the other, side of the Atlantic. A limited few will more or less secretly nurse the tiny spark, which will burst into a new flame only when the New Religion has penetrated the masses and been rendered exoteric.

In order that these prophecies may not appear absurd, I will quote orthodoxy, and mention that to those who are accustomed to meditate upon the teachings of Mrs. Besant and to make them their own, two counsels concerning the way to attend and prepare for the Coming of the Christ, are singularly suggestive. The first—not definitely stated, but clearly suggested to the readers and hearers of her two latest lectures—is the warning to prepare ourselves for great difficulties, and to see also the protagonist of the approaching drama being combated, and apparently defeated. The second, repeated again and again, is to study the previous manifestations of the Great Ones of Religion. Further,

¹ *Bollettino della Societa Teosofica Italiana*, Vol. VIII, No. 5, May 1914. This beautiful and suggestive article appeared anonymously. To our regret we are therefore unable to mention the author's name.

we should not forget (a third counsel which I permit myself to add to the two others of so much greater authority) that the New Religion must feed milliards of souls.

From all this, it should be clear that the phenomenon which already has shown itself many times, will be repeated—that phenomenon through which it has become possible to deny even the existence of Jesus, so weak was the immediate echo of his words on the tempestuous ocean of Imperial Rome.

Such a phenomenon is due to many causes : the *oral* teaching, a tradition never violated by the great Beings (which in our present days also would not procure by means of our journalism anything more than an ephemeral survival for the words of the Master) ; the nature of the doctrines taught which are so old to every one's heart, that it seems useless to record them, and at the same time so new that they cannot at once be assimilated by the masses ; but, above all, the moral and spiritual elevation of these very doctrines, which will only render them accessible to the legions of the intellectual plebs, when a certain manipulation on the part of less-elevated people has soiled them enough to make them human ; when the mists of the years, of the imagination, and of lies, have veiled the heavenly glow.

The religion of the future therefore, will be something very different from what we hope for, and dream of to-day : it will not be the circle of a certain moral and mental aristocracy, as the Theosophical Society might be, but a true and proper Church, which will have its temples, its altars, its rites, to speak to the milliards of the faithful, in humbler and more concrete forms, *in parables*, which will constitute its dogmas.

And this is no evil, on the contrary it will be a very great good. It is what has happened, and what will happen, who knows how many times more, as long as the lower ranks of our present humanity have not reached a stage of evolution at which they can throw exoteric forms overboard.

A limited circle, the Theosophical Society, will hide perhaps for a few centuries the tiny flame under the bushel. Then there will be born in the New Religion the present positivists, who are simply the Athanasii who have killed esotericism in the Christian Church, and who will excommunicate their precursors—the eternal rebels against exoteric dogma and custodians of the tradition. A myth, consisting of an atom of truth, a molecule of symbol, and a mountain of lies, inventions and legends, will take form; and the masses will believe in it. The rôle of the pioneers will be finished; they will disappear in the crowd, linked together by an invisible bond, silently to continue the work, and to find each other again at the preparation of a new step in advance of Truth.

The undeniable uneasiness of some faithful Theosophists, caused by the recent prophecies concerning the Christ, springs from their not having understood what is being prepared. But no less mistaken is the position of those who believe literally and blindly—I might say exoterically—in the near advent of certain definite happenings. In reality, the experience of history and the works of our leaders, teach us that that which is in process of preparation is *the construction of a myth*—the myth which will serve as the basis for the Religion of centuries to come. That the Christ already hides *now* in that myth, is no article of faith. He will inspire

the future Religion when it comes into existence. But the conception which the hosts of His faithful cherish of His coming, will be so far away from the truth, and, above all, from things as they now appear to the world, that I venture to say that the present details have no importance whatever, in comparison with those more or less fantastic, and more or less twisted conceptions, regarding His approaching coming, which will crystallise later.

It is an error, due to lack of reflection, to believe that the task of the Messiah will be so easy as to permit Him to overcome without strife the obstacles which will arise; to convert *en masse*, not only the few thousands of hearers, but the multitudes who cannot approach Him. If this were so, there would be no necessity to prepare the field for Him, and those who know would not then insist so strongly on the necessity for great and intense labour. In reality, the world will only become aware that He has been there, when His coming has already become involved in uncertainty, when the details have already become legendary. It will be the work of centuries to construct His mystical and symbolical figure. And the religious epopee, profiting by the effacing effect of time on the angularities which hurt and repel so many among us, will help this work. It is wise for the sculptor—to whom the execution of a statue which has to be raised up on the pinnacle of an edifice is entrusted—to use a much stronger and heavier technique, than when his statue has only to be erected on the level ground. The same happens now amongst us: the work is being performed in its broad outlines, without attention to the completeness of the details. This hurts those who see the outline from too near, from a too immediate

view, which therefore is a wrong one. But when the image of the Christ appears on the pedestal of the centuries, with history for its background, in the poetry of the past and the uncertain, then the whole will appear complete and organic, like the statue which glitters on the pinnacle of a temple.

It is difficult for us, living and feeling in this ideal world, to appreciate the necessity of postponing the view of the Christ for perhaps a century or so, and it must be impossible for people living outside our circle, who do not admit that the work is for those who come after us, and who demand that the spectacle shall be dedicated to the actor on the stage itself.

As I have used these rough but effective similes, I shall not be thought irreverent in saying, in order to explain myself more clearly, that we are assisting at the preparations for the theatrical make-up of the Christ. To see a theatrical actor from near-by with his face completely plastered with rouge, powder, and lamp-black, is horrible, and yet the make-up is necessary in order that he may present himself before the footlights. The Christ will "make Himself up" for the centuries to come. To us, His coryphees on the stage of the present, this will perhaps seem anti-æsthetic and repugnant, because we shall not understand the necessity for it, and so much the less will the masses understand it, who, though moving on the same stage, do not take a direct part in the action. The spectators, that is the future generations, on the contrary, will be totally absorbed in the plot of the drama, and will see beauty and depth of expression in what to us seems ridiculous.

I have said that this comparison, though audacious, is not irreverent. It may be considered in bad taste, I

do not deny, but it serves to explain an historical process, exemplified by all the great heroic and sacred figures of humanity, who have always been uncomprehended by their contemporaries in proportion as they were destined to throw their shadows further over the succeeding centuries. For the rest, the august origins of the theatre, and the nobility of the art, save me from the accusation of irreverence. *Il n'y a pas de grand homme pour son valet de chambre!*¹ Blessed the *valet de chambre* of this Great One amongst men, if he understands that the human pettinesses—which will constitute precisely the heavy burden to be borne by the humanised Christ—will disappear in his historical transfiguration; and if he does not, after the manner of a slavish soul, seize upon these in order to believe Him small!

Therefore, it is necessary to insist on this: the Christ made flesh will submit to human necessities and thus will perhaps create disillusionment in those who may have clothed Him in pure poetry. And, already this slight discontent is to be seen in many who do not understand a preparation so prosaic, so full of detail, and so rich also in crude externals. They forget that all the great figures of history have had to submit to the inexorable law of matter, and that the distance of centuries has eliminated the prosaic and common elements from their lives, only to preserve their mystic poetry.

The coming of the Christ is, to use a fashionable phrase, an event *en grand stile*. But even the 'grand manner' had recourse to technical artifices, though it knows how to mask these and render them invisible in the completed work. Thus the yearned-for coming will show the grandeur of its style only in the completed

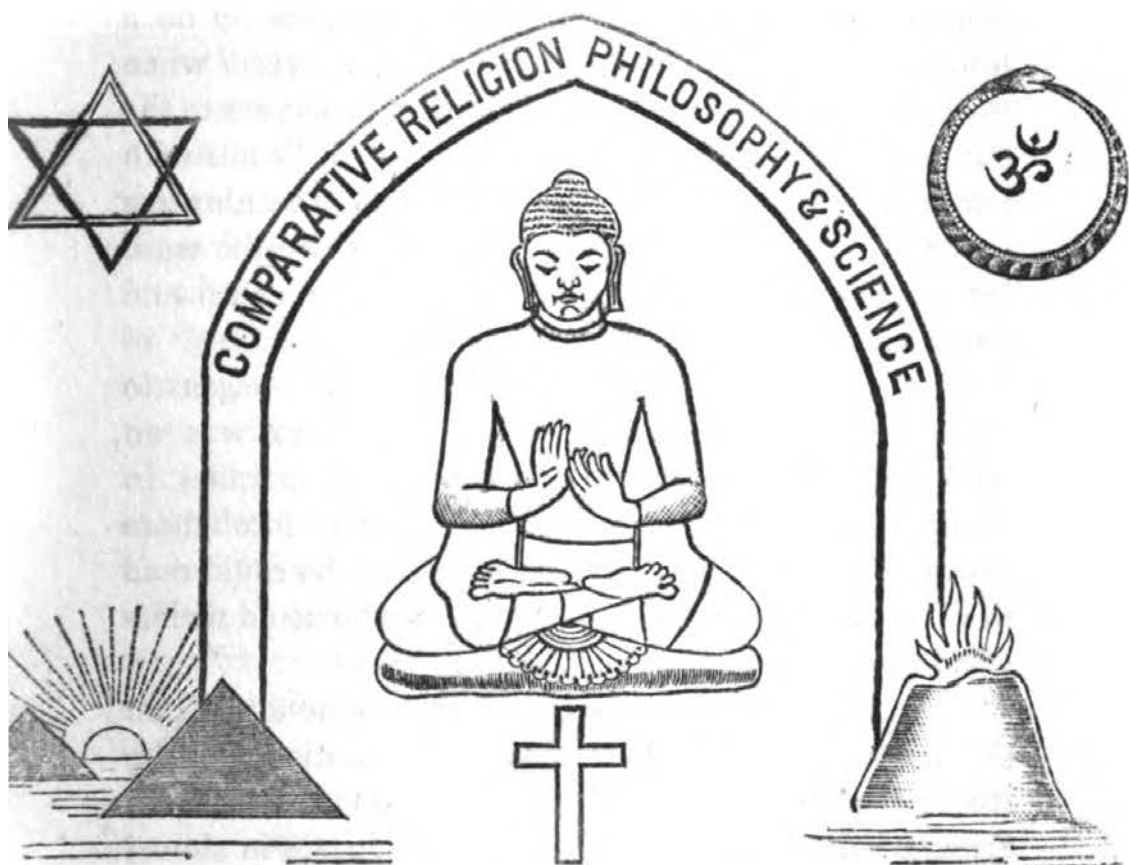
¹ No man is a hero to his valet.

work, after some centuries. Therefore the present world cannot understand that its rôle is not that of those who are willing to understand the development of the entire drama, or of those who are secondary actors. But the drama has as its theatre the whole world, and is destined for the spectators of the distant future. We observe from too short a perspective, from below upwards as it were. A few centuries hence, we too shall be amongst the public and then we shall forget our small part in looking at the whole scene.

For the moment, the drama which is about to conclude on the stage of the world, is still that of some two thousand years ago, and we scarcely yet understand its plot. The public no longer sees whether the make-up of the represented Christ is a falsification of paint and the play of lights. The Actor prepares himself to represent another drama: He will always be the same, and the means for making Himself up in a new aspect, for a new part, will also be the same.

Occultists try and seek to serve the Actor, and do not pay any attention to the paint. The public is interested in the fate of Hamlet and Othello; it believes their adventures real; it follows them intensely; it hisses and it applauds. But he who has donned the costumes of Hamlet and Othello, is not only an actor but a Man, who recites in order to move the simple public, or to make it laugh, who has a home and lives at quite a distance from the theatre.

Let us see to it that He shall obtain a success at the next representation: the public will perhaps applaud the interpreting hero; we shall count on the affection of the Artist.



THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET

By HERBERT BAYNES

FEW problems are more fascinating than those which deal with the rise and growth of Reason. Since the days when Plato wrote his *Kratylos*, the famous dialogue on the derivation and meaning of words, some of the best minds in Europe have been occupied with the beginnings of speech and the genesis of thought. How, at the first, were concepts framed and named, and, having been formed, how were they

communicated from one mind to another? One can well imagine how the early dwellers upon earth might converse by gesture, but this would necessarily be a limited conversation. The real problem arises when it is a question of the passing from the concrete to the abstract. When man ceased to make a bird's bill with two fingers in front of his lips and to flap with his arms in order to express *goose*, and began to use the word instead, we have a transition of vast significance and importance. In the same way, when, instead of drawing a picture of the bird, mankind began to write *hamsa*, *anser*, *chén*, *gans*, *goose*, there was an intellectual development almost without parallel in human history. No wonder our Teutonic forefathers called letters 'runes,' secrets, the man who could read them a *rūna* or wizard, the woman who could understand them, *alruna*, the prophetess.

As is well known, our alphabet came to us from the mother of cities, with Roman civilisation, but the Romans were not its inventors. It came to Rome from Cumae, where, for the first time, it appears in almost its present form. To this once flourishing city it was brought from Greece, but the Greeks had received it in another form from the Phœnicians, and there may be good ground for believing that it came to Phœnicia from Egypt. The word *alphabetum* is used by Tertullian and St. Jerome, and Juvenal speaks of the A. B. C. of Roman girls as an alphabet. And, although we do not find the noun *Alphabéton*, a Greek comedian named Philylius, who flourished in 392 B.C., makes use of the privative compound adjective, *Analphabétos*, in the sense of a man who does not know the first two letters.

The Roman historians seem to have taken great interest in the question of the origin of the letters. In the eleventh book of the *Annals*, for instance, Tacitus says: "The form of the Latin letters is the same as that of the most ancient Greek." And Pliny asserts that "the original Greek alphabet was nearly the same as the present Latin, as appears by the Delphic inscription". According to Pliny and Solinus the first to carry letters into Italy were the Pelasgi, who had been driven out of Thessaly and, about the year 1476 B. C., had settled and built cities in the district between the Tiber and the Liris.

As to Greek tradition there can be no question, for Herodotus tells us: "The Phœnicians who came with Cadmus (1257 B. C.,) as they brought other knowledge into Greece, so they likewise introduced letters, which, it seems to me, were not in Greece before." Indeed at one time the word *phoinikizein* was used in the sense of *anagignōskein*, to read. But the best proof of the borrowing by the Greeks is found in the names of the letters themselves, which are not *Āryan* but Semitic. And just as the Tell-el-Amarna tablets have shown that the cuneiform script was the means of communication between the dwellers in Mesopotamia and those in the valley of the Nile, so the Greek alphabet shows that in very early times there was considerable intercourse between Semites and *Āryans*.


At different times in the world's history both Babylonia and Egypt held sway over those parts of Asia to which the Phœnicians had access and would be likely to visit, and this fact has led Assyrian scholars to look to Mesopotamia as the home of letters, whilst those whose studies have been mostly Egyptian have

found it in Egypt. And though at first sight it may seem strange that an Aryan people should borrow an alphabet from Semites who wrote from right to left, we must remember that the earliest inscriptions found on coins and monuments, both Greek and Latin, are written in this way, and that at least one Aryan language, the ancient Bactrian or Zend, has always been so written.

Now, the oldest forms of Semitic letters with which we are acquainted are the Phœnician characters of the Moabite Stone, the date of which is about 900 B. C. The next question is, therefore, to find out alike the form, the name and the meaning of these letters.

The first is called *Aleph*, meaning an *ox*,



and is represented thus , a form in which one can still trace an ox's head with horns and ears. Other forms are : Hieroglyph-

ics , Samaritan , Hebrew ,

Aramaic , Estrangelo , Palmy-

renian , Cypriote  and three forms


of the wedge-shaped characters of Mesopotamia,

namely, ,  and ;




Hittite , and Sanskrit , Telugu and

Kanarese 




The second letter is called *Béth*, which means a House, and by its form  we can see at least the roof and one side of such

an object. Hieroglyphic  and Demotic



 represent a more primitive kind of building. Early Hellenic  and the Roman B have turned the house  into a

double cottage, but the dwelling best known to the Phœnicians was doubtless a tent, and it is a tent which the form of the letter most resembles.







Both in form and name it is not difficult to recognise in *Gîmel*, the Camel:  at all events the head and neck.



That the Phœnicians meant a tent by the second letter seems clear from their framing of the fourth,  *Daleth*, a Door; obviously the opening  to such an erection.



There may perhaps be some doubt as to the exact meaning of *Hé* , but Gesenius gives it as Lattice or  window, and this is what it is most like.

The next letter, *Vav*  means a Hook, and represents one of  the pegs or pins which fastened the tent to the ground.

It is by no means easy to say what kind of arm *Zain* is intended to resemble, but it certainly indicates a weapon of no mean calibre :

An enclosed field or one of the hurdles

of a fence is indicated by *Chéth* an enclosure.

The next letter is particularly interesting and important. It may be described as the Semitic cerebral *par excellence*, and, though it is not found on the stone of King Mesa, it does occur in other inscriptions. *Téth* means a Snake, and in its Hebrew, Kufic and Estrangelo forms is easily recognisable as such :

, , ; Samaritan .

In its Hebrew form *Yód* is the smallest letter in the alphabet. The meaning is

a Hand, and we can still see in the Phœnician and Samaritan characters, which are both a good size, two fingers and part of the arm :

, .

Kaph also means a Hand but, apparently, in a bent condition, showing three fingers:







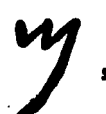
 ; Egyptian .

Lamed is an Ox-goad, and the letter faces sometimes to the right, as in Hieroglyphics

 and Phœnician to the left, , and occasionally as in Hieratic



 and Hebrew .



Mêm means water, and in nearly every language the letter is indicated by a wavy line or lines:

line or lines: , , , , .

, *M*, *ll*.

Nūn is a Fish  in Egyptian, and reduced to one of  the eel type in

Phœnician . In all the Semitic languages this is the  meaning of the word by which the letter is known.

Sâmek is a Prop, in Phœnician supporting a trellis , in Egyptian  something more substantial.



Ain is an Eye, both in shape and meaning: Egyptian



Pé is a mouth Hebrew character



is more like its meaning than the Phœnician,



Tsádhé is a Fish-hook



Koph in its Arabic form means the *back of the head*, and this is probably what it meant



in Hebrew and Phœnician:



Résh also means Head, but most likely a profile, as the character faces to the right in Egyptian and to the left in Phœnician:



Shín is a Tooth. In Old Greek and Ancient Italic the letter is very like this object:



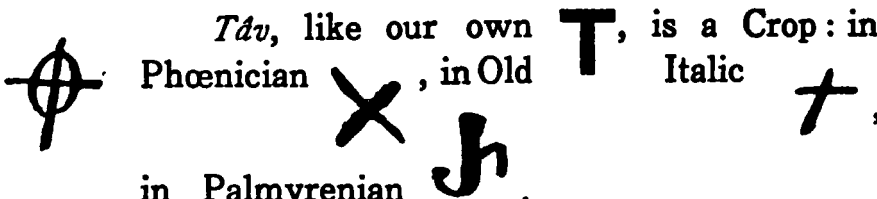
In Hebrew and Phœnician it seems to be inverted:



In Etrurian it is sideways,

not altogether unlike the Roman:




Tāv, like our own **T**, is a Crop: in
 Phoenician **X**, in Old Italic **t**,
 in Palmyrenian **J**.

Now, it might well be possible occasionally to find resemblances to other things, but that the letters of the alphabet are derived from pictures by gradual deterioration and simplification seems abundantly clear. The next question is: what are the steps by which a picture which represented an object to the eye came to stand as the symbol of a sound? If in Phœnician, Hebrew and Arabic *Aleph* meant an *Ox*, how did it come to stand as the first letter of the alphabet?

The researches of anthropologists have shown that, in order to understand primitive culture or the manners and customs of mankind in its early stages, we cannot do better than study the arts and habits of those of the lowest culture in our own day. What, then, are the means used by savages and such as are both deaf and dumb in order to express thought?

By savage tribes all over the world as well as by children of the civilised who cannot speak, the medium of communication used is picture-writing and gesture-language, which may be described as the two sides of the same mental curve. The Indians of North America have brought this pantomimic intercourse to a remarkable degree of development. Their system of signs is intelligible alike to the deaf-mutes, the Laplander, the Chinese and the dusky dweller of Hawaii. To beckon toward oneself means "come," a gesture which civilised man also makes when he cannot speak. The sign for mounting a horse or riding is to make a

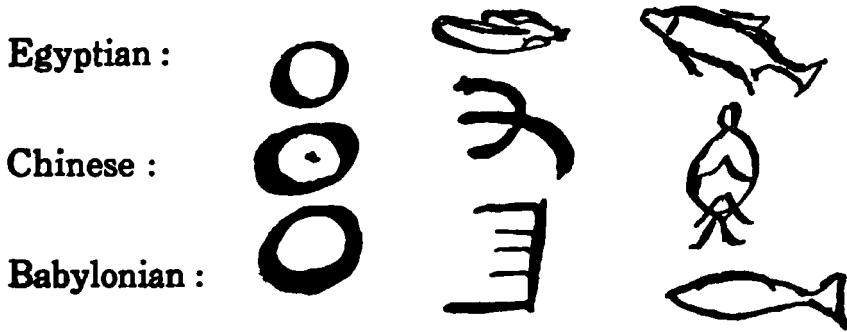
pair of legs of the two first fingers of the right hand and to straddle them across the left forefinger. "To see" is expressed by darting the two first fingers from the eyes. In another dialect of this language of nature, that of those who neither hear nor speak, we find similar devices. The pronouns, for instance, are expressed in the following way: push the forefinger against the pit of the stomach for "I"; toward the person addressed for "Thou"; point the thumb over the right shoulder for "He". And it has been found that in a school for the deaf and dumb a savage from any part of the world can both understand and be understood.

Nor is this all. The pictures first formed in the air would soon come to be cut into the rock, the bones of the reindeer or the bark of a tree. On the face of a rock on the shore of Lake Superior is a picture recording an expedition across the lake led by a renowned Indian Chief name Mjingun, Wolf, who is represented on horseback. Above the Chief are five canoes and on his right are a tortoise and an arch with three suns underneath, indicating that a landing was effected on the third day. And the tone-artist amongst the Redskins made use of precisely the same means to represent his compositions, so that both ideas and music were originally expressed pictorially.

We know, moreover, that an untaught man amongst ourselves occasionally resorts to ideograms when he finds himself obliged to put his thoughts or claims upon paper. For instance, a bricklayer once made out a bill in the following way: he drew three figures, two large and one small, a window of four panes of glass with a dot in three, two capital Ys and two crosses which

meant that he had employed two men and a boy for three quarters of a day, that two hods of mortar had been used, and that the amount of his bill was ten shillings and ten pence. As soon as it was settled the bricklayer added to his pictures that of a man hanging from the gallows!


Being based upon the gesture-language common to all mankind ideography is intelligible to all, whether found in Mexico or Egypt, in Babylonia or China. Take for instance, the signs for Sun, Hand, Fish:



According to Mr. Boscawen these are the oldest forms of these objects in Babylonian, although one would hardly recognise them in their cursive Cuneiform character. A similar simplification has taken place in Chinese. During the Chau dynasty the character for



whereas to-day
it is only this:



Thus the stages of the evolution of writing are the following: the hieroglyphic or pictorial; the hieratic or semi-pictorial; and the cursive or practical, in which there is a mere outline of the original object and not always even that. But we must remember that, though

the picture disappears the sound remains, even after the former has become a mere letter of the alphabet. It is true that the Hebrew names of the letters have slightly been modified in Arabic, Bêth becoming Bâ or Bê, Daleth Dâdd, and Lamedh Lam, but there is no doubt as to identity of origin.

Having traced the letters of the Alphabet back to a Semitic original we have to ask : Were the ideograms invented by the Phœnicians or did they borrow them from the hieroglyphics of Egypt ? Professor Sayce considers that the Phœnician characters may be derived from the Egyptian hieratic, his view being that the shepherds and cowherds of Phœnicia and Palestine who came to the Delta about 2,700 years before the Christian era with the traders of Tyre and Sidon, carried back with them 22 characters from the Egyptian system. He admits that the names prove them to have been of pictorial origin and thinks that the Semitic dialect from which the names were derived was perhaps a Canaanite one, spoken in Northern Syria by a semi-nomad people which knew the ox and the camel.

Now it seems to me that there is no need to go to Egypt for an explanation. We have found picture-writing not only in China but also in Babylonia as well as Egypt. And if, as M. Renan held, the Phœnicians were the first to leave the cradle of the Semitic race, somewhere in Mesopotamîa, they would probably take with them the hieroglyphs used by the Akkadians. In a recent article on this subject in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society Dr. Hirschfeld writes: "The independent origin of the Phœnician alphabet has not, as yet, been irrefutably disproved, and there is no sufficient reason to deprive the Phœnicians of the credit

of having provided the world with a serviceable mode of writing."

The real difficulty is to find out why the beginning of the alphabet should denote objects implying a pastoral life, the middle a fisherman's or sea-faring occupation, and the end various parts of the body. We have heard a good deal lately about the astral theory and the signs of the zodiac, and there is at least one authority who does not hesitate to find the origin of the alphabet in the contemplation of the stars. When the Chaldæans considered the heavens it was the moon which struck them first, so *Aleph*, "the head of the Bull," became its symbol, *Béth* one of its stations, whilst *Dáleth* was the gate between the constellation of Taurus and the Milky Way and *Ain* the eye of Taurus, etc. This at all events is the view of Prof. Fritz Hommel: "One should," he says, "particularly observe *Aleph* and *Béth* as overture and *Shín* and *Táv* as finale of this grand astral symphony, which, like the music of the spheres from remote times, even now strikes the ear at the recitation of the alphabet as soon as our senses are but properly attuned to understand it." As Dr. Hirschfeld truly says: "This sounds grand enough, but the theory is poetic rather than convincing."

On the whole I am inclined to think that the Phœnicians began with the Ox, the Tent, and the Camel because, these objects were the most familiar and really represented their wealth; that when they became a sea-faring and commercial people they added the signs for *Sea* and *Fish* and ended by introducing parts of the human frame as being intelligible not only to themselves but to all with whom they might come into contact. The tradition handed down by Sanchoniathon

is that letters were invented by a Phœnician named Tantus about 2178 B. C., and I quite agree with Mr. George St. Clair when writing on this subject: "I have a notion that this god who is the author of letters is not far from every one of us. To his names Teth, Tet, Taartus, Taut, Thoth, Tot, I would add the English name Thought; thought is the parent of language, the idea is the father of the ideograph."

Herbert Baynes

A PROPHET OF PERSIA

By ERIC HAMMOND

Author of *The Splendour of God, The Bahai
Movement* [*Wisdom of the East Series*]

THROUGH century after century, sages and seers of the Orient have inspired western minds with philosophic food for thought and impulse. The Vedānist and the Zoroastrian, the Muhammadan and the Buddhist, each of these has contributed some signal service towards the general uplift of humanity. Nor are these alone. That pregnant phrase "Out of the East comes Light," has proved potentially true. The fountain of Eastern Wisdom has from time immemorial refreshed and revived the spiritual streams of the world, and the source from which that fountain springs still flows with vital force.

London is naturally a centre towards which leaders of thought find themselves attracted, and their creeds or systems are, sooner or later, stated in that city, by the printed or spoken word. In London, as also in Paris, in New York and elsewhere, a Persian prophet, Abdul Baha, has recently received appreciative hearing. Audiences have welcomed him in churches, lecture-halls and drawing-rooms. Nearly seventy years old, he carries himself with aristocratic dignity and grace. He is possessed of singular courtesy and appealing charm. His countenance discloses the beauty of a soul made perfect through suffering, a suffering borne for the welfare of others than himself.

Of medium height, with clear direct eyes, finely cut nostrils, grey-white hair and beard; wearing garb of Persian pattern, a white turban and "raiment of camel's hair," he claimed and acquired reverential admiration. His message was an earnest urgent appeal for unity. His mission made for universal peace. He bade all men look towards and follow the Light from heaven which shines within.

He said: "War must cease. Let us be united and love one another. We know the evil effects of war; let us try peace as an experiment. If we see that unity brings light, we shall continue it." Again: "Search for truth. Seek the realities in all religions. Put aside all superstition. Many of us do not realise the reality of all religions." And, again: "The guidance of God is that which will always lead people in the right way; close your eyes to racial differences and welcome all with the light of Oneness. This handful of dust, the earth, is one home; let it be in unity. Each man is of a truth a Son of God. Each creed is founded upon faith in God. The basis of unity lies in that Sonship and in that faith, and no external divergence can destroy the one or the other. The garments of God's Messengers differ, but their attributes are the same; they bear the light on high."

These three sayings supply the key-notes of our prophet's purpose, Unity, Peace, and the Light or Guidance. They are characteristic of the Bahai movement.

In connection with that movement we must refer especially to three persons, The Bab, Baha'u'llah, and Abdul Baha Abbas. (1) Ali Mohammed, "The Bab," proclaimed himself at Shiraz as the forerunner of

One whom God would manifest ; One who would preach and teach with consummate power, and who would lead heedful listeners into the very heart of God. He, himself, spoke of love from all to all ; of perfect equality, as intellectual beings, of women and men ; of all-pervading charity and righteousness of life. He was denounced as a heretic by priests and governors and, in 1846, he earned the halo of martyrdom, being shot by order at Tabriz. History records the painful persecution of 20,000 of his followers called Babis. (2) Mirza Hussein Ali, "Baha'u'llah," comes second in succession. Born at Teheran in 1817, son of a Vizier, he was noble, wealthy, and immeasurably generous. Unfailing sympathy with, and affection for, his fellow-citizens endeared him so greatly to them that they called him the Father of the Poor. An ardent disciple of the Bab, devoted to the cause of the Babis, he endured imprisonment with others at Teheran and Baghdad and, being accused of political revolt, he was summoned to Constantinople. No charge could have been more absurd, since these pious people were interested only in holiness of being and in the exercise of charity and universal goodwill. From Constantinople Baha'u'llah and his faithful friends were hailed to Adrianople and, finally, incarcerated at Akka, a small fortress notorious for malaria. *En route* to Constantinople, in 1863, Baha'u'llah announced himself, to a select few, as "The One who should come," the manifestation of Him, whom, according to the Bab's prophecy, God would reveal. His announcement was acclaimed with glad joy and a corresponding access of enthusiasm. Persecution, borne with wonderful fortitude and constant courtesy, added impetus to the movement. The execution of many resulted in the

conversion of many more ; confiscation of property and loss of life confirmed the Babis in their opinions. Their reverence for Baha'u'llah brought about a change in their designation. The "Babis" become "Bahais".

At Akka, seventy of them were crowded into two rooms. Their bearing, under harsh discipline and discomfort, the complete consistency of their life with the Light which they professed to follow, disarmed prejudice ; the various authorities of the fortress learned to admire and esteem them. Seven years of close confinement were followed by some amelioration of their condition and they were permitted to dwell outside Akka but within eighteen miles of its walls. Meanwhile Baha'u'llah cheered, comforted and taught, and, from the prison city and its vicinity, his unceasing cry for Unity, Peace, and Light, made itself heard in all quarters of the civilised world. Venerable and venerated, he "passed over" in 1892, the mantle of his spiritual insight alighting upon his son, long known as Abbas Effendi, now everywhere recognised as (3) Abdul Baha. The hundreds of Babis of early days have multiplied, now, into millions. Baha'u'llah selected his successor with unfailing insight. Abdul Baha appropriated the burden of the prophecy. Born amid the suffering of his people, upborne by absolute assurance of faith, he supported the Bahais throughout the austerities of their mutilated existence at Akka. Administrative changes, happy for him and them, have at last allowed him to move beyond the limitations that confined him. His adventures in Europe and America have afforded opportunities for personally conveying his message to the West ; his message of "The Most Great Peace," of the divine origin and Unity of mankind, and of practical attendance on the guiding Light, "the Glory of the Glory of God".

Eric Hammond

MYSTICISM AND ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY

By REV. J. J. B. COLES

THE Initiation of the Apostle Paul into the highest order of Mysteries relating to God, Christ and the Universe, is recorded in the second Epistle to the Corinthians and in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

The risen and glorified Son of Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, who had been raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, was the true inner life of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. It was no longer Paul's old self or his "transcendental ego" that he counted his true life, but the risen Christ in heaven who now lived in him.

The Lesser and Greater Mysteries of the East and West were now surpassed and superseded by a Third Order of Mysteries—and without Initiation into this third sphere, "on-high," far above all heavens, where Christ is at the right hand of God, the "deeper things" of esoteric Christianity could not and cannot be apprehended either by intuition or by intellect, but by the Spirit alone, who searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

The Son of God, by whom and for whom all things had been created, had by His Cross triumphed over and led captive all the hostile principalities and powers in heavenly places and was (and is now) seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

To the Apostle Paul was granted the position of a wise Master-builder, and to him was the special privilege given of making known, by the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit, the great and hitherto "hidden" and unrevealed mystery of Christ and the Church in connection with God the Father's purpose as to the future government not only of the Millennial heavens and earth, but also of the vast Universe of God.

This third sphere of the glories of the Lord Jesus Christ which is specially unfolded in the later Epistles of the Apostle Paul, is the key to the deep esoteric teaching of this great Initiation.

No wonder that writers on esoteric Christianity utterly fail in their attempts to place Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha and Kṛṣṇa on a level with the God-Man, the Lord Jesus Christ!

Vain indeed are the efforts to separate His deity (theotes) from His holy humanity—by talking of the "Historical," the "Mythic," and the "Mystic" Christ.

The glory of His Person is wonderful and its nature inscrutable, so that it cannot be explained away by writers on Theosophy, Mysticism, Occultism and Transcendental Metaphysics.

The transcendent glories of the Risen Christ, to whom every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, things on earth and things under the earth, cannot be dimmed by those who have been deceived by the spiritual agents of a revived Gnosticism or of an esoteric Buddhism.

"Ye shall be as Gods," was Lucifer's offer to Eve in the garden in Eden, and we see how potent still is this temptation in the present crisis of a reaction from a gross materialism to a still more dangerous Mysticism,

in the case of some of Eve's most talented and thoughtful daughters.

"The serpent beguiled me and I did eat," was the sorrowful answer given by the woman in that far-off day.

"The Serpent beguiled Eve by his subtilty," "thoroughly deceived her," writes S. Paul—stating a plain fact apart from all allegorical application. But the "Seed of the woman," the Lord Jesus Christ, "beheld Satan as lightning fallen from heaven". May not the time be near when we shall be able to say: "The days are at hand and the effect of every vision"?

J. J. B. Coles

AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

I. SOURCES

NO one outside the Community seems ever to have known what Essenism really meant. In a sense this is natural, because secrecy as to the important elements of the sect was sworn before entering the third degree, in which degree only were taught all the doctrines forming their religious system. Even so, we do not understand why there should be so much mystery about the sect which numbered probably several thousand members. We do not know who founded it; we are ignorant of the principles which inspired its foundation, although many theories have been advanced, as we shall see later on. As to the doctrines, certain limited information has come to our knowledge which is to be found in books not dealing specially with the subject but yet devoting a few pages to it. Josephus mentions the existence of books of the Essenes¹ but not a fragment of these remains to us. The theory that the Essenes were the forerunners of Jesus Christ, and that He Himself received education at their hands, still obtains. The documents do not give us any information on this point, but it has been more than once pointed out that a system of asceticism, such as that of the Essenes, might very well be based on Messianic hopes, and that some of the teachings of Jesus, and some of the principles put forward by the Essenes, are identical. This will be spoken of in another chapter.

¹ Joseph. *Bell. Jud.*, II, 8, 6.

The sources of information that we have may be divided into three divisions:

1. Jewish: Philo and Josephus.
2. Pagan: Pliny, Solinus, Dio Chrysostomos.
3. Christian: Hippolytus (Porphyrius) Eusebius, Epiphanius and a few others.

To this little list Weinstein adds several books of the *Talmud*, but though this theory is a very tempting one, and has many points in its favour, nothing is certain. The name 'Essene' never appears in the *Talmud*, but several features of Essenism correspond with what is there said concerning certain persons.

The two really important sources are Philo and Josephus, and over the first much discussion has been aroused. Two documents, however, concerning the Essenes are attributed to Philo: (1) *Quod omnis probus liber* (Chapters xii-xiii); and (2) his *Apology for the Jews* preserved in Eusebius' *Praeparatio Evangelica* (viii, 11). Tideman¹ supposed that Philo's communications about the Essenes were not his own, but part of a greater work on the Essenes from the hands of disciples of Philo. Dr. Z. Fränkel also gives six technical reasons for doubting the genuineness of the Philonean documents. Ohle's attack is severe: he considers that the Essene passage in the *Apology for the Jews* is decidedly false. He finds it improbable that a life such as there described should be mentioned as an example of freedom. In the description, the Essenes are international, and apart from being called "disciples of the Lawgiver" (Moses), there is nothing to show that they are Jews. They are un-Jewish in their disregard of marriage. Philo was too much of a Jew himself, and revered Moses

¹ See Bibliography.

too greatly to praise people who held such views. Communion of property, as practised by the Essenes, runs contrary to Philo's opinions. He respected women, and was in favour of family life, so he could never have spoken with sympathy about people who held on these matters views so much in contradiction to his own.

From certain resemblances Ohle thinks it likely that the Essene passage in the *Apology* was written by the same author as the *Vita Contemplativa* which he considers to be falsely attributed to Philo. The author of *Quod omnis probus liber* may have got his principal information from the same sources as the writer of the *Apology*. There are however certain contradictions in the two books attributed to Philo. One speaks of the Essenes as dwelling in a town, the other gives contrary information; in the one we find that no young people are accepted among the Essenes, in the other we hear of the elders giving instruction and examples to the young. The correspondence of many points in the *Vita Contemplativa*—speaking of the Therapeutæ—and the passages in the two books of Philo which deal with the Essenes, make Ohle decide that these three works are from the hand of one author who perpetrated a fraud in Philo's writings. Ohle even states that in the fraudulent passages, expressions are used which occur in Philo's writings only when speaking of the enemies of the Jews.

There must certainly have been some reason why the author of these documents—be it Philo or not—wanted to express enthusiastically favourable opinions on the Essenes, and Ohle is inclined to think that the author himself must have been in favour of an ascetic life, such as the Essenes led—some member perhaps of an association of monks at the beginning of the third

century. Again, Ohle thinks it unlikely that the Essene passage in the *Quod omnis probus liber* should be from the hand of the author to whom it is attributed, because the doctrine of the Essenes is one of action—which does not fit in with the tendency of the whole book. Ausfield¹ also, has attacked the authenticity of this information, and Ohle tries, by proving that those passages are not genuine, to deny at the same time the existence of the Therapeutæ and of the Essenes.

The critical remarks of Grätz,² Harnack,³ Kuenen,⁴ Siegfried,⁵ Hanet,⁶ Ohle,⁷ and Fränkel⁸ as to the authenticity of the whole of the *Quod omnis probus liber* or of the two paragraphs dealing with the Essenes bear on the dedication of that work to Theodotus, the veneration for Greek philosophers, the phlegmatic attitude towards polytheism, the objective way in which the author speaks of the Jews, and the literary composition of the book.

Lucius,⁹ however, considers that even if all these remarks were justified it would not prove that the book was not written by Philo; he finds much that can be said against such a criticism. He points out other passages in the writings of Philo where love of Greek philosophy is shown; that Philo by his quotations from Greek mythology proves himself not to be antipathetic to polytheism; the objective manner in which the Jews are spoken of, is also to be found in other writings of his.

¹ Ausfield, *De Libro Peri tou panta sporedaion einai eleutheron* (1897).

² *Bibliography*, iii, p. 680.

³ Harnack. *Theol. Lit. Ztg.* (1887).

⁴ *De Godsdienst van Israel*. Haarlem, ii, p. 441 (1869).

⁵ *Philo*. Jena, 1875, pp. 28, 137.

⁶ *Revue Politique et Littéraire*, Paris, 1875, p. 740.

⁷ *Bibliography*, p. 59. *Jahrb. für Prot. Theol.*, 1887, pp. 293, 376, 1888, p. 314.

⁸ Programm zur Eröff. des Jud. Theol. Seminars zu Breslau, 1854, p. 32, Note 8.

⁹ In *Bibliography*, p. 13.

It must be said, however, that there is a great difference between Philo's usual writing, and this treatise which is childlike both in its language and in its ideas, which are hardly ever original, but are rather a compilation of the thoughts of other philosophers and poets.

If this book should date from Philo's early years this would explain all the objections that can be made against its authenticity. The length of the Essene passage, and the detailed description of this sect are, according to Lucius, due to the fact that Philo must have been proud that among his nation such virtuous people were to be found. Philo must have been much in sympathy with the Essenes, for the ethical systems of both had many points in common.¹

Lucius thinks that at any rate the *Apology for the Jews* belongs to the later part of Philo's life and that the author meant to put forward the best elements which his nation had produced. In this description of the Essenes there are no philosophical elements, but in the second description Philo seems to have gained a greater amount of precise information and brings this more to the front than the personal reflections of the author which occupied the greater part of the other document. As Philo himself states that he has been to Palestine² it is quite likely that he should have visited this sect with which he was so much in sympathy.

As has already been said, we find in the *Apology* statements about the Essenes which contradict those of the *Quod omnis probus liber*. In addition to the two which Ohle remarked, we read in the latter work that

¹ Still in favour of the reliability are Tideman, in *Bibliography*, p. 3, note 1. Wendland. *Arch. fur die Gesch. der Philos.*—1888, p. 509, 1892, p. 226. *Jahrb. fur Protest. Theol.*, 1888, p. 100. Krell Program. St. Anna Gymnasium zu Augsburg, 1896. Treplin in *Bibliography*, p. 28.

² Euseb. *Praep. Evang.*

the Essenes fled from towns and lived in the country whereas the former tells us that many Essenes dwelt in towns. Again, in the *Quod omnis probus liber* it is stated that there were four thousand Essenes, but the *Apology* speaks of many thousands. This difference seems to me to have more the character of a correction of a previous statement than to be a contradiction which renders both documents unreliable. It is also possible that the two statements supplement one another, and that the four thousand Essenes were those who lived in the country, but that their numbers were swelled by other Essenes who were town-dwellers.

Grätz,¹ Hilgenfeld,² and Ohle,³ do not consider the *Apology* to be genuine, but with the exception of these three, the other authorities do not doubt the authenticity. Plooi, who is one of the most recent authors dealing with the documents we have on the Essenes, considers both the Philonean passages to be genuine. He thinks it possible that previous information has been used and has consciously been incorporated in Philo's writings, producing in that way second-hand information, but without actual copying. Plooi thinks that the hard, critical phrases employed regarding women and their bad influence on men may be interpolated because they do not fit in at all with Philo's opinion about women as we find it expressed in other parts of his writings. Plooi is not certain that Philo had known the Essenes, for he is ambiguous on some points, but in my opinion, it seems scarcely necessary to assume that an acquaintanceship with the sect would have warranted Philo in being sure of all the points concerning it.

¹ In Bibliography.

² Zeitschr. f. Wissensch. Theologie, 1882, p. 276.

³ Bibliography, p. 1.

Josephus' information on the Essenes seems to be independent from that of Philo. We find two passages in his writings which tell us something of the sect (*Bell. Jud.*, ii, 8 and *Jewish Antiquities*, xviii, 1) and elsewhere some anecdotes concerning the Essenes are related. Almost all the authorities agree that Josephus had been in personal contact with the Essenes.¹ Ohle, however, tries to argue that even Josephus' information is not trustworthy, pointing out what he thinks to be contradictory in the facts stated by Josephus, and being of the opinion that the two long passages about the Essenes are not in agreement with the shorter ones. He also argues that there was no place among the Jews for such a sect as the Essenes seem to have been. Ohle makes difficulties over Josephus' Greek in the Essene passages as well as over the position he held with regard to the Jews. Kuenen² and Tideman³ are more or less of the same opinion, but Plooij answers Ohle's objections.⁴

The contradictions between the longer and shorter passages on the Essenes may be explained by the difference of time at which they were written and the shorter passages are merely anecdotal and give very little information at all. We do not know enough about the Jewish sects of the post-Maccabean period to be able to say precisely how far a sect such as that of the Essenes could possibly exist in the circumstances. Plooij meets Ohle's objection as to the unclassical Greek of Josephus, by explaining that Greek was always a foreign language to the author, nor does he uphold the

¹ *Vita Jos.*, § 2.

² *Theol. Tijdschr.*, 1887, p. 563.

³ *Theol. Tijdschr.*, 1892, p. 506.

⁴ In *Bibliography*, p. 14.

theory that in a treatise recommending a sect Josephus could not have made use of common religious expressions. Ohle's last argument that Josephus shows too much sympathy with the Essenes whom he must have considered as being not Jews but rather anti-Jewish, is merely an hypothesis; there is nothing to prove that Josephus so regarded them. On the contrary, is it not rather impossible to regard them as anti-Jewish when one notices that they paid their tribute to the temple, and that other Jews entrusted them with the education of their children?

At the same time, Josephus may have been rather partial in his description, since the aim of practically all his writing was directed to interesting the Greek public in his nation. As Lucius remarks, he makes Abraham and Moses into philosophers; doctors of the Scriptures are called Sophists, Pharisees, Stoics; and the Essenes receive from him the name of neo-Pythagoreans.¹

The religious convictions of Josephus were very similar to those of the Essenes. He believed in the pre-existence of the soul, in the prophets, in the possibility of offending the Sun, in immortality; so that many have thought Josephus to have been an Essene. This is not likely, for he himself tells us in his *Vita* that he was three years in Palestine with the three great sects. Even if he had spent but one year with each of the three, there would not have been sufficient time to enter into the Essene community, since two years of probation were required.

Even if the Essene passage in Philo be an interpolation, it must be a very early one, as Hippolytus read it in the third century; but it seems very unlikely that

¹ In Bibliography.

this information should not be from Josephus' own hand.

In addition to the Jewish sources, we also find some Pagan authors who mention the Essenes. Unhappily it is never much more than just a mere passing reference. Plinius speaks of them (*Nat. Hist.*, v, 17), as also Solinus (Ed. Mommsen 35, 9-12). The Essenes appear also in Synesius' Biography of Dio Chrysostomus. (Ed. Petavius, 1631, p. 39: Ed. Reiskius, I, 1784, p. 16.) Solinus follows Plinius in his description of the Essenes, but this is natural, as throughout his work we find the same tendency. Plinius himself is merely a compiler; the information he gives about the Essenes has more the character of being taken from other sources than from original knowledge.¹ Though in general not a friend to the Jews, his sayings about the Essenes are distinctly sympathetic. Plooiij points out that chronologically it is impossible that Plinius should have taken his information from Josephus. Lucius supposes that Dio and Plinius borrowed from the same source.² Plinius cannot be the source from which Dio drew, for Dio has given, according to Synesius, a more detailed description of the Essenes than Plinius. The two descriptions, however, seem to belong together. Plooiij argues still that these three passages about the Essenes, found in Pagan literature, probably date from the Jewish war (before 70 B.C.), which gives a special interest to them.

The third source of information is the Christian one. In this must be included Porphyrius' *De abstinentia*

¹ Zeller and Harnischmacher thought that Plinius himself might have known the Essenes.

² Lightfoot, *St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians and to Philemon*, 1876, thinks that Alexander Polyhistor might be the common source.

ab esu animalium (iv, 11) because of many points of similarity. This together with Hippolytus' *Refutatio omnium haeresium*, ix, 18-28, are the only important Christian sources. Eusebius in his *Praeparatio Evangelica* includes Porphyrius' information (ix, 3), Philo's *Apology* (viii, 11) and the Essenian passage from *Quod omnis probus liber* (viii, 12). The Christian authors seem to follow Josephus (*Bell. Jud.*, ii) without giving any additional information. This is also the case with later authors: Hieronymus, *Ad Govinianum*, Nilus (*De monastica exercitatione* c. 3 and *De voluntaria paupertate* c. 39), Philastrius Brixienis (*Haeresium Catalogus*, haer. 9). They all consider the Essenes to be monks. Other Christian authors quote the Essenes, proving by this knowledge of their existence but not adding anything to our knowledge of them.

The real difference, which Plooi¹ points out as existing between Hippolytus and the other sources, lies in his statement that the Essenes pray in the morning to God. Josephus makes us think of sun worship; of course nothing in this difference shows us that Hippolytus is right. Hippolytus from time to time comes to conclusions, of which we find indications in the Jewish authors, indications which need not necessarily lead to the conclusions which Hippolytus draws. Generally they are not of much importance, but from one of the passages of Josephus, Hippolytus infers that the Essenes took wine—a view adopted by some modern writers on the subject. Usually Hippolytus' variants point to a tendency to exaggerate the facts mentioned by other authors; it is Hippolytus who informs us that the Sabbath was so strictly observed that some members

¹ p. 117.

of the sect did not rise from their beds on that day; that they did not take money with them in order to avoid carrying images; that they did not enter a town because they would have to pass under a gate ornamented with images.¹ These two statements are not true, as Plooiij remarks, in the first place because at the time to which Hippolytus refers there was not yet an image on Jewish coins, and the fact that a gate in Jerusalem was called after the Essenes renders the second objection improbable. Taking into consideration how inaccurate Hippolytus is, we cannot attribute much importance to the other variant passages dealing with the degrees of the Essenes, and the doctrine in which he pretends that they believed—the resurrection of the body. This again, is the echo of Josephus' surprise at the doctrine of the Essenes on this point which was just the contrary.

Epiphanius' description of the Essenes is vague and very inaccurate; he counts them among the four sects of the Samaritans. In his description of the other sects we find here and there certain similarities with that of the Essenes,² but not enough to convince us that they had anything to do with one another.

As regards the other Christian sources, it remains to be mentioned that Nilus connects the Rechabites with the Essenes; he says that they abstain from wine and live in tents. Philastrius Brixienis and Hieronymus agree, following Porphyrius, that they refrained from wine and meat.

¹ The origin of this is to be found in Philo *Quod Omn. prob. liber* §12, Plin. *Nat. Hist.*, V, 17.

² Clement. *Zeitschr. f. Wissenschaftl. Theologie*, p. 351, finds a striking resemblance between Ossaeans and Essenes.

Dr. Raimond van Marle

(To be continued)



HOW WE REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

AMONG the many ideas that have lightened the burden of men, one of the most serviceable has been that of Reincarnation. It not only explains why one man is born in the lap of luxury and another in poverty, why one is a genius and another an idiot, but it also holds out the hope that, as men now reap as they have sown in the past, so in future lives the poor and the wretched of to-day shall have what they lack, if so they work for it, and that the idiot may life after life build up a mentality which in far-off days may flower as the genius.

When the idea of reincarnation is heard of for the first time, the student naturally supposes that it is a Hindū doctrine, for it is known to be a fundamental part of both Hindūism and Buddhism. But the strange fact is that reincarnation is found everywhere as a belief, and its origin cannot be traced to Indian sources. We hear of it in far-off Australia,¹ and there is a story on record of an Australian aborigine who went cheerfully to the gallows, and replied on being questioned as to his levity, "Tumble down black-fellow, jump up white-fellow, and have lots of sixpences to spend!" It was taught by the Druids of ancient Gaul, and Julius Cæsar tells us how young Gauls were taught reincarnation, and that as a consequence they had no fear of death. Greek philosophers knew of it; we have Pythagoras telling his pupils that in his past lives he had been a warrior at the siege of Troy, and later was the philosopher Hermetimus of Clazomenæ. It is not utterly unknown to Christian teaching, if we take the simple statement of Christ, when questioned whether John the Baptist was Elijah or Elias reborn, "If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come," and He follows up the statement with the significant words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear". In later Jewish tradition the idea is known and the Talmud mentions several cases of reincarnation.

There are many to whom reincarnation appeals most forcibly, and Schopenhauer does but little exaggerate when he says, "I have also remarked that it is at once obvious to every one who hears of it for the first time". Some believe in the idea immediately; it comes to them like a flash of light in thick darkness and the

¹ See *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, by Baldwin Spencer & F. G. Gillen, 1904, p. 175, etc.

problem of life is clearly seen with reincarnation as the solution. Others there are who grow into belief, as each doubt is solved and each question answered.

Now there is one, and only one, objection that can logically be brought against reincarnation, if correctly understood as Theosophy teaches it, and it lies in the question: "If, as you say, I have lived on earth in other bodies, why don't I remember the past?"

Now if reincarnation is a fact in nature, there surely will be enough other facts that will point to its existence. No fact in nature is isolated and it is possible in diverse ways to discover that fact. Similarly it is with reincarnation; there are indeed enough facts of a psychological kind to prove to a thinker that reincarnation must be a fact after all and not a theory.

In answering the question why we do not remember our past lives, surely the first necessary point is to ask of ourselves what we mean by memory. If we have some clear ideas as to the mechanism of memory, perhaps we may be able to understand why we do not (or do) "remember" our past days or lives. Now, briefly speaking, what we usually mean by memory is a summing up. If I remember to-day the incidents of my cutting my finger yesterday, there will be two elements in my memory, first the series of events that went to produce the pain—the misadventure in handling the knife, the cut, the bleeding, the sensorial reaction in the brain, the gesture, and so on; and second the sense of pain. As days pass, the cause of the pain recedes into the periphery of consciousness, while the effect as pain still holds the centre. Presently we shall find that even the memory of the pain itself recedes into the background, leaving behind with us not a direct memory as

an event, but an indirect memory as a tendency—a tendency to be careful in the handling of all cutting implements. Continually this process is taking place; the cause is forgotten, though recoverable under hypnosis from the subconscious mind, while the effect, transmuted into tendency, remains.

It is here that we are specially aided by the brain. We are apt to think of the brain as a recorder of memory, without realising that one of its most useful functions is to wipe out memories. The brain plays the dual function of remembering and forgetting and, but for our ability to forget, life would be impossible. If each time we tried to move a limb, we were to remember all our infantile efforts at movement and the hesitation and doubt and perhaps actual pain involved, our consciousness would be so overwhelmed by memories that the necessary movement of the limb would certainly be delayed, or not made at all. Similarly it is with every function now performed automatically which was once consciously acquired; it is because we do forget the process of acquiring, that we can utilise the faculty.

This is what is continuously taking place in consciousness with each one of us. There is a process of exchange, similar to copper coins of one denomination being changed to silver coins of smaller bulk representing them, then into gold coins of smaller weight still, and later to notes representing a value, and last of all to a cheque-book whose intrinsic worth, except in those countries that have stamp duties, is nil. Yet we have but to write our signature on a cheque to put into operation the whole medium of exchange. It is a similar process that takes place with all memories of

sensations, feelings and thoughts. These are severally grouped into categories and transmuted into likes and dislikes, and into talents and faculties.

Now we know that as we manifest a like or dislike or exhibit any capacity, we are remembering our past, though we cannot remember in detail one by one the memories that contribute to the emotion or faculty. If I write these words in English on this page, I am remembering the first time I saw each word in a reading-book and looked up its meaning in a dictionary as I prepared my home lessons; but it is a kind of transmuted memory. Nevertheless I do remember, and but for those memories being somewhere in my consciousness (whether in touch with some brain cells or not is not now the point) I should not be able to think of the right word to express my thought nor shape it on this paper, so that the printer will recognise the letters to set them up in print. Furthermore we know as a fact that we forget these causative memories one by one; it would be foolish if as I write a particular word I were to try to call up the memory of the first time I saw it. The brain is a recording instrument of such a kind that, though it records, it does not obey the consciousness when it desires to unroll the record, except in certain abnormal cases. To want to remember is not necessarily followed by remembrance, and we have to take this fact as it is.

Here it is that Bergson has very luminously pointed out that "we think with only a small part of the past, but it is with our entire past, including the original bent of our soul, that we desire, will, and act". Clearly then it would be useless to try to remember our past lives by the mere exercise of the mind; though thought can recall something of the past, it is only a fraction of

the whole. But on the other hand, let us but *feel* or *act*, and then at once our feeling and action is the resultant of all the forces of the past that have converged on our individuality. If therefore we are to trace memories of our past lives in our present normal consciousness, we must note how we feel and act, expecting to recover little of such memories in a mere mental effort to remember.

Every feeling and act, then, can be slowly traced to its component parts of impressions from without and reactions from within. So much is this the case with each one of us, that we can construct for ourselves what has been another's past as we watch that other feel and act, provided he does both in an *average* fashion. But if he manifests a mode that is not the average mode of thought or feeling, then he becomes incomprehensible and needs explanation. Since then average feelings and actions can be readily explained as the result of average experiences, unusual feelings and actions must be explained as having an unusual causation. If the present writer were to deliver a lecture in English in India where so many can speak English, each of his listeners would take for granted that he had been to school and college, without perhaps inquiring further when and where. But were he instead of speaking in English to speak in Italian, at once then each would be curious to know how and when that faculty of speaking in Italian had been grown. Furthermore, if an Italian were present in the audience he would know that the speaker must have been in Italy or must have spent considerable time among Italians. Wherever there is any manifestation of feeling or action—as indeed of some expressions of thought too—which has something of the quality of

the *expert*, then we must construct for that faculty a slow growth through experiences that result from experiments along that particular line.

Now each one of us has qualities of an average kind, as also a few of an expert kind. The former we can account for by average experiences. Let us examine some of the latter, and see if we can account for them on any other hypothesis than that of reincarnation.

Now one of the principal things that characterise men is their likes and dislikes. Sometimes these might be called rational; that is, they are such likes and dislikes as an average typical individual of his particular species might be said normally to possess at his stage in evolution. We can account for these normal likes and dislikes, because they are such as we ourselves manifest under similar conditions. But suppose we take the case of an extraordinary liking, such as is termed "love at first sight". Two people meet in the seeming fortuitous adjustment of human events, sometimes, it may be, coming from the ends of the earth. They know nothing of each other, and yet ensues the curious phenomenon that they know a great deal of each other. Life would be a happy thing if we could go out with deep affection to all we meet; but we know we cannot, it is not in our nature. Why then should it be in our nature to "fall in love" with a particular individual? Why should we be ready to sacrifice all for this person whom, in this life at least, we have met but a few times? How is it that we seem to know the inner working of his heart and brain from the little he reveals at our conventional intercourse at the beginning? "Falling in love" is indeed a mysterious psychological phenomenon, but the process is far better described as being dragged into love, since the individual

is forced to obey and may not refrain. Now there are two logical explanations possible; one is the ribald one of the scoffer that it is some form of hysteria or insanity, due it may be to a microbe; the other is that in this profound going forth of one individual, as an expert in feeling, towards another, we have not a first meeting but the last of many many meetings that took place in past lives. Where or when is of little consequence to the lovers; indeed Rudyard Kipling has suggested in his 'Finest Story in the World' that it is only in order that we might not miss the delicious sensation of falling in love with our beloved, that the kindly gods have made us drink of the river of forgetfulness before we returned to life on earth. The principal thing to note in this emotional mood of being in love is that the friendship is not as one that begins, but as one that is continued; and in that psychological attitude of the two lovers we have the remembrance of past lives when they met and loved and sacrificed to each other.

Not dissimilar to this unusual liking that is falling in love is the unusual disliking that is not so very rare in human experience. Certain normal dislikes we can readily account for; but take the case of two individuals meeting for the *first* time, it may be knowing nothing even by hearsay of each other, and then we have sometimes the striking phenomenon of one of the two *drawing back* from the other, not outwardly by gesture, but inwardly by a feeling or an intuition. In all such cases of drawing back the curious thing is that there is no personal feeling; it is not a violent feeling of "I do not like you," but far more an impersonal state of mind where almost no feeling manifests, but may be paraphrased into "It is wise to have little to do with you".

Sometimes we follow this intuition, but usually we brush it aside as unjust, and then turn to understanding our acquaintance with the mind. Not infrequently it then follows that we begin to like him, perhaps even to love him. We forget our "first impression" or put it aside as mere irrational impulse. Now there are many such revulsions that are purely irrational impulses, but there is a residue of cases where after-events show that the dislike was not an impulse but an intuition. For it may happen, after years have passed of intercourse with our friend, that suddenly without any warning he as it were stabs us in the back and deals us a mortal blow; and then in our grief and humiliation we remember that first impression of ours and wish that we had followed it.

Whence came this first impression? Reincarnation offers a solution, which is that the injured had suffered in past lives at the hands of his injurer and it is the memory of that suffering that flashes to the mind as the intuition.

More striking still are those cases where there exist at the same time like and dislike, love and resentment. The writer well remembers a lady describing her attitude to a friend to whom she was profoundly attached in the following words, "I love him, but I despise him!" I wonder how many wives say this daily of their husbands, or husbands of their wives? Why should there be this incomprehensible jumble of contradictory feelings?

The clue is strikingly given by W. E. Henley in his well-known poem,

Or ever the knightly years were gone
 With the old world to the grave,
 I was a king in Babylon,
 And you were a Christian slave.

The poet goes on to tell us how the king "saw and took," and toyed with the maid and, as is a man's way, finally cast her aside. But she loved him well, but heart-broken at his treatment committed suicide. Now it is obvious that the girl dies full of both love and resentment, and since what we sow we reap, each in the rebirth reaps in emotional attitude the result of past causes. For this time the man loves, and desires to possess her; she loves him in return and yet does not permit him to have his heart's desire.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
 For it tramples me again;
 The old resentment lasts like death,
 For you love, and yet you refrain;
 I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
 And I break my heart in vain.

Henley sees with his poetic vision that the present situation as between the two cannot be the end in eternity; there must be a true loving and understanding of each other at the long last; and so the poem ends with the man's pride in his past, and resignation in the present,

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
 The deed beyond the grave,
 When I was a king in Babylon
 And you were a virgin slave.

There can only be one ending, that of the fairy tale, since it needs must be in a universe where there is One who loves that,

Journeys end in lovers' meeting
 Every wise man's son doth know.

C. Jinarajadasa

(To be concluded)

PURIFICATION

A VISION

By A. F. KNUDSEN

IT was in the end of the gloaming and the Brother sat with his face between his hands and his heart was as heavy as a man's heart ever is. At the other end of the house a Sister played on the piano; played to let her heart run out; played heavy chords and sweet, dainty measures struggling with her own emotion.

She had shed tears like summer rain. The man's breast came and went in heavy sobs and then he began and wondered, and he pondered. Why was their little sister being dragged away into the dark where soon a life of misery, maybe of infamy might be hers; for she went down the street with a man whom no man trusted and whom all women feared, a man whose gain was a desecrated woman and whose scorn was a pure man.

There was nothing to do but hope that the purity of her soul would maintain the purity of her body, for she was a dreamer and a poet and as unused to the ways of the world as a timid fawn to the ways of a big city. He pondered what was the karma thereof. What limit would there be to the blandishments of the human hyena; what strength in the innocence of the girl based on absolute ignorance? Was it the blame of the mother who had never told her, never taught her,

and kept her away from boys and men till she was grown up, so that she knew nothing of the mere romance of the flesh, of propinquity and the snares of traffickers in woman.

And as his mind reached out and out and out, his Sister's music faded away. He did not know whether it stopped or what, but the walls of the house faded away and the roof faded away, and a strange, clear light was the world he was in. Time grew heavy slowly, slowly, slowly, and a minute seemed like an hour, and then it seemed as if it was an excruciating pain to wait and watch one second go by. And then time ceased and there was nothing but duration, and the Brother saw himself. He marvelled at himself. The fact that he had had to struggle, had struggled thirty-two years with impurity, and had been disgusted with himself, had stared him in the face. He could dream of purity, but he could not be the dream. The older sister could dream of purity. He could see that she had it not yet. But the younger one seemed to have dreamed of it and been it, and now they all stood in a little group there though their bodies were miles apart and the Brother's was busy and he did not know it, except his brain recorded it.

And the man stood there, and the face that some men thought strong, and some women had thought handsome to their own ruin, was there, and it was black, and it was warped and twisted, and the head was misshapen, and the eyes were misshapen, and the teeth made a horrible grimace. Symmetry was the last word that one would have dreamed of in connection with the face, and it was as darkness compared with the light in which it was. The Brother marvelled, because

he had thought of himself as such a weak and puny struggler to be something of a man. And there he shone and glimmered, and marvelled at himself and took courage and cheer, and he saw that he had attained unto much, but by the same token he saw how much more there was to be attained. He saw there was neither shame nor sorrow—just being; though in the darker background of the misshapen face there was shame, there was sorrow. “O ye Lords of Karma and ye who watch and give out justice to men, what is the justice that the maleficent power of this misshapen character should take away one so fair?” cried the Brother.

Standing there, just a little bit apart from the two who had sorrowed, shimmering in the light, glistening head and shoulders above the Sister, holding her head high above the Brother, a sacred symbol of God’s splendour, stood the little sister. The Brother turned with a feeling of resentment; “Oh! that he could break the power of that misshapen face, make the sister see the horror of it and not the power of it, and on the physical plane turn with scorn from the man who thus moved her.”

Then a mighty Presence stood there, and a hand of flame touched for an instant of duration the Brother’s head. “Look to yourself. Hold yourself pure for her return,” He said, “this other is now in my hands.” And the Presence seemed to cover miles of ground. It seemed as if the earth was square under His feet, and that His head reached up into the flaming body of the Sun. Majesty! a majesty that belittles and withers all that had ever been dreamed of as majesty. One who looked upon His face thus near would have been

aroused by the majesty, but the awe of majesty was swept away and in its place came a wonderful, overpowering, uplifting, crushing, belittling and exalting, strange reverence, that exalted you because you were so near it and belittled you because you had it not. For the majesty of that mien became a strange thing, a thing that no human tongue has ever made a word for. The human tongue has said "justice," and dreamed it in great terms of magnificence and the human tongue has said "mercy," and did not know what it was talking about ; but here it was incarnate, wonderful, inexplicable to be seen but not to be spoken. And He turned to the sister, the beauteous sister, she whose robe was the clearest and brightest, and He said : "Lift up your left hand." And when she lifted her hand up and stretched her arm out straight from the shoulder there was a movement in the wondrous garb that was her, and yet her garb, and great lurid, brick-red flashes flashed out and marred the white and He said : "Canst thou never assume the responsibility and therefore be just to yourself ? Canst thou never bind and surrender your freedom for the sake of your honour, but break with those who put their faith in you ? Are your pledges to be broken because of your pride, and then do you perpetrate the miserliness of demanding that the others that have pledged unto you be held unto the uttermost farthing ? Purify yourself ! Purify yourself ! This man will humble you before the world and humble you before your Brother and your Sister, and shame you before the mirror of your own consciousness, and the blame is your own pride and your haughty disdain for the pledge of your own word and the pledge of your own thought and the pledge of your own deed. The

sacrilege is your own sacrilege by which you have desecrated your own self as a symbol of HIS SPLENDOUR. He can go with you no further than enough to enlighten you. When you can acknowledge your own bond, his will slip from you."

Then He turned to the dark misshapen soul and for an instant there was a flash of light here and there, but his robes were of darkness, hideous, splotched drab and grey, like a rag that is drawn through the muck and dirt of a wet day. The eye of the Brother trained to symmetry as a sculptor, as a builder, could see not one line of symmetry in the whole of that wonderful make-up. And the Majesty of the Law, for it was no other than HE, the GREAT PILLAR OF THE NORTHERN PORTAL, put His hand on the spot where the top of the head would be were the body present, and He ran it down through Sushumnā and He touched nādi after nādi, and He said: "You have boasted of power and you have power, and your power of speech is as the words of a saint and the flow of exquisite language is like a torrent of prose poetry, as you tell of the mighty things you are going to do, and the wonderful plans that you have and the exquisite beauty that you will accomplish. You have power to start every one of these plans, and now you are at the threshold of your last measure, and the hour-glass of your time runs short, for never once have you talked nobly to women, but you have acted the dastard. Never once have you spoken of reverence for motherhood, but you have desecrated virginity. Never once have you preached of purity, but it has been a trap for the unwary, to sink the one who trusted you into a life of abject shame. You have gone forth from one conquest of your power to another and each

time that you have said, 'Now, I will begin well,' you have failed because of the joy of evil that came with it. The symmetry of your power when you went out to do your work is now gone, obliterated, for since the day of your birth the spoken word has stood as a monument to the shame and the desecration that you accomplished. Each time you have torn a woman down you have hardened your heart, until cruelty is written in jagged letters across the whole of your soul. Then you have talked of aspiration, of your chances, of what you are going to do until the accumulated failure has become worse than failure. You cry out for help and uplift. But it has become self-evident that you never intended to try. Point back in your life and show one soul uplifted by your daily assertion of wonderful things to be done. Show one man whose contact with you has not made him less manly. Show one woman whose contact with you has not left her struggling under a load of slime and shame and disappointment and the obloquy of the world."

And the strange, misshapen frame shook and twisted, but no white light came from within it. No white light, as leaf by leaf of the day's record were unfolded and thrown aside and bent back, so that the one previous to it could be read and understood and laid out before the three silent watchers. And there was no horror, there was no shame, there was no anger, there was no room for anything but marvelling and studying. And so back for twenty years, 240 pages of the tablets, and then as an eight-year-old boy there was a glimmer of something that he had done, some little act for the benefit of another. The rest of the record was hideous. It seemed slimy. It seemed

to give off a noisome stench; at least there is no other way of presenting the thought.

“Yes,” said the Mighty One, “not even a good deed towards yourself, not even an effort to uplift yourself, and what seems a stench on this side means that your body is rotten, rotten to the core with the disease of shame, with the disease of impurity, with the disease of desecrated men, because all manhood that desecrates womanhood is itself desecrated tenfold, for man is Power. And so there is just this one chance left to you. This tablet has a small corner left on it and thereon you can write more shame and more degradation and more lack of effort, as you please, and the absence of love and the absence of honour and the absence of truth from these pages of your life are used to shake out the pride and the haughtiness and the mercilessness in the white garment before you, and then the end. When that is done, no more. And then shalt thou sit at my feet for forty score of years and ponder, and thus shalt thou say to thyself: ‘Through the mercy of the Great Ones my desecrated power was used, beyond my ken, for one good turn, for one purification in the world and therefore by mercy, and by mercy alone do I face my next incarnation without having slipped backward.’ And then shalt thou ponder: ‘Shall mercy again know me if I do not make one step forward! because twice does mercy act, and then, once, justice, unmitigated justice.’ Justice is your Karma for the next incarnation. Prepare, Prepare, Beware.”

And He turned to the Brother whose heart had cried out the appeal. He said: “This man shall purify her, and if the world understands, the world will go forward a thousand years, and if the world does not

understand it will stand still for a decade before it has another chance to go forward. But you can see and you can know. Go out and proclaim that all that man seest with shame and all that man seest with exultation, all that man does with remorse and all that man accomplishes with satisfaction, and all that woman does, and is execrated for, and all that is done unto woman, is purification, purification, purification, on the three planes of human endeavour, for there is only one sin and that is grief. Go, you two, and rejoice; for this little sister, dear to you in the world, is being purified in a wondrous way, for a wondrous task, and the end of her life will be as the gorgeous, purple sunset that she and you looked at when you stood on the heights together some time back, and marvelled that on the physical plane of life there could be such wonderful colour. For until her pride is gone her work cannot supplement your work, and until your grief is gone you cannot dispense the joyousness of the Lord. The heavy hearts of men are those that see not. You that have seen go forth with exceeding great joy."

And the Great Presence withdrew slowly until it stood a great way off, and the Brother could just know it. But the Sister did not know it. But a ray of exquisite light rose hue rested on the left shoulder of each, close under the necks at the collar bone, and He filled their white bodies with utter serenity. They looked up, and a mighty Angel spread His wings, an Angel of wondrous colour. And His wings spread out to the East and the West, and His head shut out the spot where the Great One had stood at the last moment, and strange to say, there was a moment in the infinite sea of duration. But another ocean, not of duration,

was where the Great Lord of Karma stood. The great left wing of the angel was as a scroll and on it was written in characters to be read by all men, no matter of what language. "O Sin, where is Thy Infamy?" And on the right wing was written: "O Pain, where is Thy Sting?"

And the Brother turned to the Sister that had been by his side and she was not, and he was not, and the white light was gone, and it was a darkness, and it seemed as if, perhaps, time had gone on and maybe not. It was perhaps the same night or perhaps another night, and the piano rolled on and on, and with a strange quiver of delight the Brother realised that the Sister, without her brain knowing that she had stood there before the Mighty Presence, was playing the triumphal finish of Parsifal, and he went in but he could not talk. But he told her just enough to sweep away her grief and her pain, and he stood there seeing the marvel of the truth of it all: that every action, reaction, interaction in this universe is held in the unsullied splendour and the purity of God.

But the Brother cannot speak of it. His voice trembles. But he has written this down for many a brother and many a sister in the brotherhood of Christ.

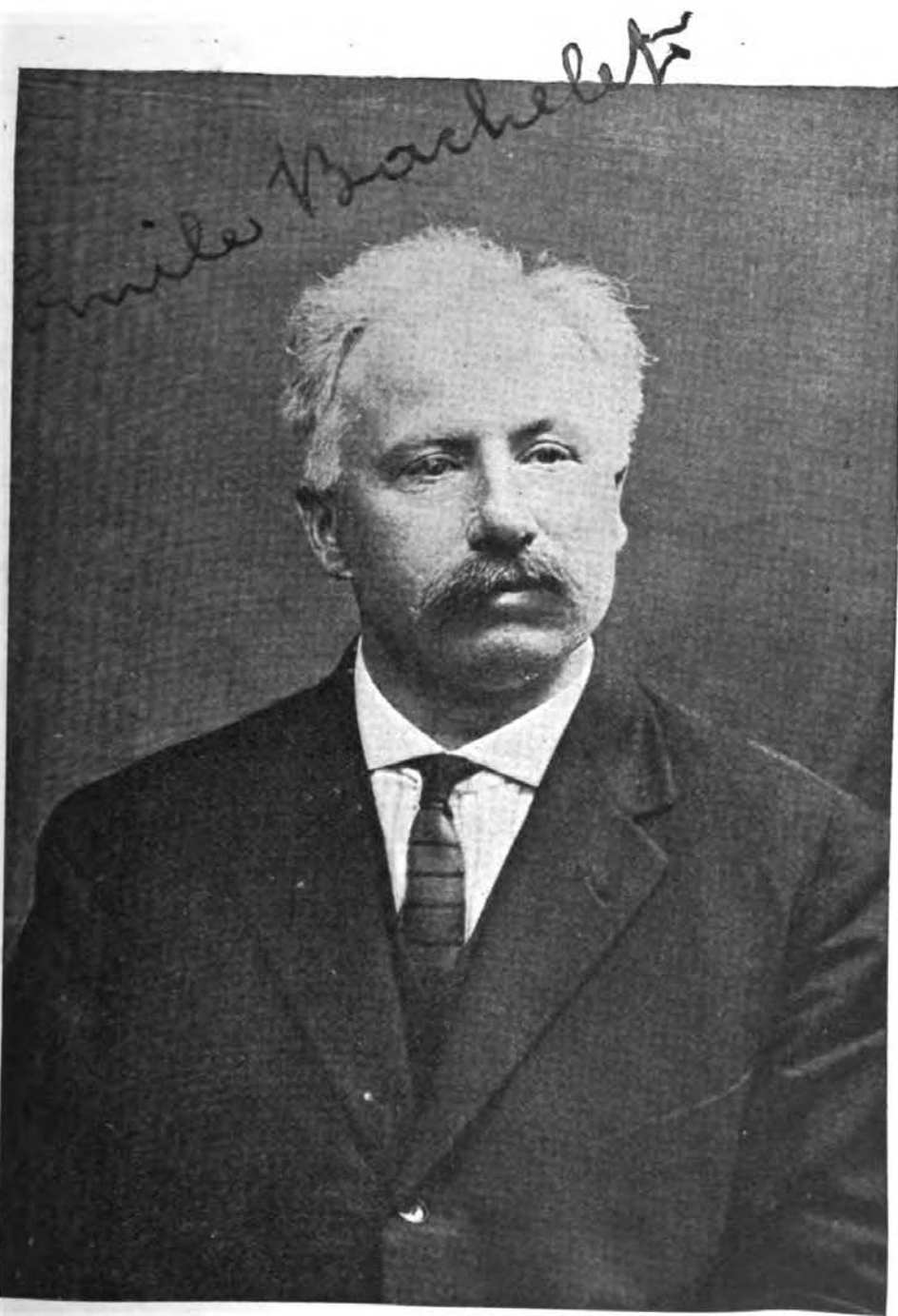
A. F. Knudsen

THE 'FLYING TRAIN'

By ANNIE BESANT

A PARTY of us went to see the remarkable experiments of M. Bachelet, shown by him in his laboratory on Saffron Hill, Holborn. M. Bachelet is a sturdily built man, with a very large domed forehead, and clear steady eyes. He talks English fluently, with a French accent, and explained his preparatory experiments with great clearness. He has been studying electro-magnetism for some twenty years, and has found that some metals, resist the "line of force flowing from a coil energised by an alternating or intermittent current, resulting in the formation of 'eddy currents' in the metal acted on—in a greater or less degree according to the metal used—causing the reverse of magnetic attraction, *vis.*, magnetic repulsion". Hence it is possible to hold any of these metals in the air without any support, and to practically "deprive a heavy body of weight"; that is, to counterbalance and overcome the attraction which causes objects to move towards the earth.

M. Bachelet showed a number of experiments which demonstrated his contention. He made a bowl placed on a copper disc—which rested on a repulsion coil, enclosed in a box resting on an upright support—rise in the air, disc and all. He asked one of us after another to place the back of the hand on the coil with



a disc on the palm; the moment the current was turned on, it passed through the hand innocuously, but the disc jumped off. He sent a current through a bowl of water in which gold fish were swimming, and lifted off a disc which covered the top of the bowls without causing any inconvenience to the fish. He made a ten-pound weight weigh nothing, and then made it weigh twenty pounds. He made discs jump upwards and strike bells, playing a scale up and down. He made a disc cling so firmly to the coil that a strong man could not move it, and then, by reversing the current, made it shoot off, untouched by hand.

Finally, he showed us his 'flying train'. It is a steel cigar-shaped object, pointed at each end; it rests in a grooved track on little projections, and solenoids are placed along the track, which act as "pulling magnets". The lines of repulsive force act on aluminium plates fitted along the bottom of the 'car' and lift it into the air, and it rushes along pulled by the magnets, which are magnetised and demagnetised alternately. It can travel at 300 miles an hour, and it is proposed to utilise it for the carriage of mails and merchandise. Passengers could also travel by it in suitable cars. There are light and guide rails above to keep the car running along the line, and as the projections on which it rests do not rise above the grooved sides of the track, these also help in the guiding.

It is natural that Theosophical students, on learning of M. Bachelet's experiments, should speculate on the powers used of old in controlling matter, as in lifting huge stones, raising the human body in the air, etc. We must remember, however, that M. Bachelet is

working with currents generated in physical apparatus, conducted along wires, with the whole paraphernalia of electrical machines. It may be that he thus produces molecular conditions similar to those brought about by the action of the will, and thus obtains similar results in the apparent destruction of weight and the lifting of bodies. But this could only be decided by careful observation and examination. Every fresh application of the laws of nature is to be welcomed, but we must not jump to the conclusion that similar results are always brought about by identical causes. An electrical current may be set going by a machine or by the human will. It will bring about certain definite results. But the real interest lies in the *modus operandi* of the two methods: we know that a certain apparatus generates a current; but how does the will act on etheric matter?

Annie Besant

THEOSOPHISTS AND POLITICS

By JOHAN VAN MANEN

I

ONE of the lessons to be derived from the most interesting and important articles under the above heading, contributed by Mr. W. H. Kirby and Mr. C. Jinajadasa to two previous numbers, is that it is dangerous to speak for "Theosophists all the world over". Both contributors have done so in an absolutely contradictory way, and I shall, therefore, in what follows, limit myself severely to my own personal and private opinions without any attempt to strengthen my position by the invocation of any authority of sympathisers with my views, whether there be many, or only few, or none at all, of such within the ranks of our Society.

I used the words important and interesting and did so advisedly. It is certainly important that from the body of the members well-considered, carefully formulated opinions should be published concerning principles of action touching the operations of the T.S. All too little space is devoted in our literature to this aspect of the Theosophical task. Far too little interest is shown by our members in the working, methods, and manipulation of the Theosophical machine. It may be objected that discussions of this nature have their natural place at the meetings of the General Council of the

Society, or of those of the National Sections, but if this is so it must be admitted that actual experience proves that they do not find much place there, or that, if such do occur, inadequate summaries are inserted in the reports. Questions of fundamental principle regarding the T.S., its policy, its place and task in the world, its lines of action, its systematic growth and development, its immediate or remote future, all these cover an insignificant space in comparison with descriptive reports and spiritual exhortations. The reports are there to prove this amply. Here and there in the Sectional magazines a fitful discussion is started, once in a while, generally to die a quick and premature death, and that is all. Mr. Kirby's article, therefore, in boldly attacking a fascinating and compelling problem, now existent in our midst, must be certainly classed as important, in breaking the traditional "voice of the silence" sounding amongst us where matters pertaining to our welfare as a complex corporate entity are concerned, and in grappling with a problem so deep as to involve the activities of the very President of the Society.

But I also spoke of the articles in question as interesting, and that is because they are so human, introduce such a human element into our habitual Theosophical thought atmosphere. The question to which Mr. Kirby has drawn attention is one of a great series of problems which, if taken up in earnest, will link the Theosophical Society at last with the great historical chain of spiritual movements stretching throughout the past of the world. Mr. Kirby's discussion is not the first of its kind. Christianity has had to face it before him; Islām had to find an answer to it, so all other religions; and not religions alone, but sects, divisions, schools of all manners

and sorts. Theosophy *has* at one time or another to face the problem: *in* or *out* of the world; temporal or spiritual power; the inner or the outer man. As I said, all religions have had to face these questions and all have found their answers. These answers may have been wise or scarcely so, but the one thing which is impossible, is to shirk these questions eternally. Devotion to a leader, all-embracing enthusiasm, may stave off the putting of the question, but as certainly as sunrise follows sunset, at some time the problem will stare us in the face and demand its answer.

The wise thing to do under such circumstances is not to think that we Theosophists are, under some special decree of Providence, an absolute novelty, a parthenogenetic creation, but to look for guidance to the past and see how on previous occasions in the world's history that problem has arisen in similar forms and how it has been dealt with; what solutions have been previously found for it and, *above all*, what have been the practical consequences of the acting upon any such solutions arrived at. And here a mere humdrum study of ecclesiastical history—both Christian and Muhammadan, not to speak of others¹—would be most salutary and would furnish many a severely sobering hint. For the *taking up* of political work by either the Theosophical Society, or its responsible office-bearers, can scarcely be regarded as anything else than the thin end of the wedge, which is to enter the whole social fabric of the world—if our Society has a really great future before it, of which I am firmly convinced—to an extent scarcely to be foreseen.

¹ A study of the Sikh community, for instance, would prove very illuminative.

Now it is evident that if the subject we deal with is to any degree as vital and important as I think it is, it must needs be very subtle and delicate. Its discussion must touch strong convictions and may have necessarily to refer to personalities, bearers of official positions, who in the feelings and affections of many are regarded as altogether above discussion and criticism. It is therefore necessary that at the outset there should be a clear mutual understanding, to avoid avoidable friction and misunderstanding.

I do not believe that even the most excessive devotee can object in any way to the perfectly courteous and impersonal treatment of the problem by Mr. Kirby. His personal respect for Mrs. Besant is too clearly evident—and too well known to his personal friends—to allow any suspicion of petty motives, personal grudges, jealousies or other contemptible grounds for his action. Nevertheless there are many in our Society, I am even inclined to think the majority of its members, who resent as it were even the slightest criticism of Mrs. Besant, because their genuine veneration for our leader makes them put her in a position apart, where disagreement with her views spells only ignorance and where criticism becomes at least temerity, if not worse. Mr. Leadbeater—to whom, I want expressly to state, I look up with a respect and affection greater than for anyone else I know, and who has honoured me with the most prized friendship I possess—has himself in a much discussed phrase in *The Adyar Album* practically expressed the same opinion. Well, all I can say is that *on this point* I thoroughly disagree both with Mr. Leadbeater and with those devotees who hold the view outlined above. Happily I have here a very valuable

supporter in Mrs. Besant herself who has over and over again, clearly and unmistakably, pronounced her—in my opinion—more rational view. Unluckily, as always, the followers are *plus royalistes que le roi* and that is chiefly where the misunderstanding comes in. Natural, beautiful, mere human nature—yes; but difficult and mischievous also. It is the old pathetic story of the shadow thrown by the light, the vice of the virtue.

My position then is that criticism—subject, of course, to all conditions of courtesy, exactitude, candour, sufficiency of importance, etc.—has a right of existence in our Society and a legitimate place in its activities. But I would go further. I would say that it is desirable and—if not degenerating into mere meddlingness—a duty. This criticism which I mean is simply an outcome in the T.S. of what in the outer world is called public spirit: the intense participation by the members in the welfare of the whole Society as a corporate body. I believe that this public spirit is as yet little developed in the T.S. I may be wrong, but I have the impression that the general drift of the spirit of the T.S. is orientated towards another direction. It may be that the ideal of 'service' which has been lately preached so much, so insistently, and so forcibly, has much to do with this. It may be that the whole tendency of Theosophical doctrine, with its occultists who *know* and the masses who do *not* know, must inevitably produce such a spirit. But on the whole I believe that the T.S. as a body has more a tendency to submit, follow, serve, obey than to act, create, lead, command, scrutinise, seek. Now this ideal of 'service' is—except in a very poetical sense—very unpalatable to me. It belongs to the half a dozen or so of words in Theosophical speech

which I have learned to hate cordially, lustily and joyously. Amongst these are : vibrations, loyalty, service, spiritual, magnetism and devotion. I think that these are most horribly abused in our circles—not always, but very often. Against this particular conception of service I have to object that shūḍrahood—even spiritual shūḍrahood—seems at most a very inadequate ideal. If we have to strive for the higher let us, for God's sake, aim at becoming God's Brāhmaṇas, not God's Shūḍras, let us try to co-operate (glorious word!) not serve; to be collaborators and not 'channels'. The Gods themselves will feast when one more Peer enters their abode, but who will cast even a glance at one servant more amongst the many? Our masters are the *Masters*, let us try to become Masters too, not servers. But, it will be objected, these are only differences in words; the essence of both ways, and their goal, are the same. Yes, but why not then use the nobler imagery, that strengthens, upholds, makes strong, independent, virile, instead of the other baser one, leading to passivity, submission and lack of initiative? In a certain way such words are manṭrams, words of power, from which radiate suggestive influences. One has to be careful in their choice and use.

Now criticism, well exercised, will have an excellent effect in dispelling tendencies towards such lethargic passivity, in forcing members—except the ostriches among them—to form some opinion on questions which admit of various views. It will stir that public spirit, now so dormant, in our Society, which will give the opportunity to every individual to ask himself what *he* individually can contribute to solve problems arising, what light *he* can throw on such matters.

And gradually as the several problems already existing, and the thousands already incubating, come up, our membership will begin to be educated up to a proper, intelligent, mature comprehension of the nature and task of our Society, its desirable destiny, and especially its function in, and relation to, the existing civilisations and their cultures.

I think that not a single member of our Society, from the youngest tyro to our highest leader has, after the nearly forty years of its existence, any definite, systematic, concrete notion of this. We are still as it were in the clouds, the fertilising rain has not yet come down, the canalisation and pipe-system for irrigation are not yet ready. Neither strange nor unnatural. But we have sometime to make up our minds to take steps in the desired direction, and then discussion of policy and, with it, criticism will become necessary.

There is one more point concerning criticism that should be mentioned. Very often in our circles it is understood in such a lamentably personal way. Legitimate criticism is not personal, and certainly it should neither be so nor be taken as such in the T.S. Unhappily we cannot very well apply the parliamentary device to bring this out clearly, in never naming a person by his own name, but only by that of his seat.

Suppose I wanted to criticise Mrs. Besant in her function as P.T.S. concerning what I considered some gravely mistaken view or action on her part, and suppose further that the tolerant Editor of this paper opened its columns to me for the purpose, even then it should certainly be understood that not Mr. Johan van Manen was criticising Mrs. Annie Besant. If that

were to be the case the said Mr. Van Manen would crave permission from Mrs. Besant to have a conversation with her. If this were granted he would ask permission to have his say and he would try to say what was suitable and to the point. Mrs. Besant might reply or not, but in any case that would be a matter between Mr. Van Manen and Mrs. Besant and there the matter would finish and no one would be the wiser (except perhaps the critic!). Most likely Mr. Van Manen would be perfectly willing to eat any amount of humble pie before Mrs. Besant and make himself very small indeed. But that would be a thing between the two of them and the public would have nothing to do with it.

But now in our first supposed case. There things would be totally different. There it is not Mr. Van Manen who speaks to or writes about Mrs. Besant, but Member No. 116 (I believe) of the Dutch Sectional Register to the P.T.S. And that makes all the difference. For here the two are to a certain extent equals, units in the common body of the T.S. The one is a member from Amsterdam (if you like) and the other the President for the time being. Their identities count for nothing and only the arguments have force. They do a public work, do not have a private conversation. Assuming as I do—I know there are some who, Rules and Regulations notwithstanding, want to make out that the T.S. is an autocratic body—that the T.S. is a democratic institution (I am referring here to the Society only, not to Theosophy which is, of course, neither democratic nor autocratic), I am necessarily convinced that as a member of that body I am, within my powers and limitations, a custodian of its welfare; that, therefore,

it is my duty to point out what to me seem mistakes in action, or policy, or management. In that light, criticism becomes a duty and is not merely a healthy and good thing in itself—in restricted doses I admit—but one of the moral obligations resting on every member endowed with any Theosophic public spirit or feeling of responsibility.

As hinted at before, I regard it as a very bad sign, and I have grave apprehensions for the future on account of it, that such public spirit has not manifested much more in Theosophical literature and records during the fairly long period that the Society has existed. I regard Mr. Kirby's article as a very hopeful sign for the future and an excellent example of what such criticism should be : courteous, impersonal, to the point, important, frank, timely.

It may here, I hope, be sufficient to devote only a few words to prevent a possible—but I trust, not probable—misunderstanding. I sincerely hope that nothing of the above will be construed—it would be very unreasonable to do so—into a general war-cry and an advocacy to open the sluices of verbal or literary eloquence, setting forth all grievances, annoyances, disillusion, imperfections, etc., etc., which may be raked up within the Theosophical world. I have already said that criticism is only justifiable if its importance warrants its publication. And not only should criticisms and discussions be of enough intrinsic value, but as related to the Theosophical Movement they should surely also fulfil the strictest demands of an even more refined character. They may be strong and hard as steel, but impersonal. Hate, envy, anger, egotism and all the passions should not enter into them. They

must in the best sense of the word be clean ; if possible—but that is very much to ask—also somewhat wise. I would pull out my hair in despair if this article of mine were to be so absolutely misunderstood that it would become a kârmic cause for a shower of futile, poisonous or foolish controversy either now or even in any remote future. But as long as criticism shows good manners, is inspired by genuine friendliness, has the good of the Cause at heart, and does not descend to mere gossip, then let as much of it come as will : the more the better.

A last word on this aspect of our subject. Criticism as described above should never be related to conceptions of loyalty or disloyalty. There is a loyalty to causes and a loyalty to persons, a loyalty to principle and a loyalty to its bearers. These two kinds of loyalty may very easily come into conflict with each other and in such a case the honest critic who aims at doing the right thing finds himself—if he is at all serious and of deep convictions—face to face with a terrible dilemma. His ultimate action is only the outcome of a sore and sad conflict, and far from being judged and condemned as a fosterer of strife, as a renegade or a disloyal spirit, he should in most cases be sympathised with as a brave and courageous soul in difficulties, acting—wisely or unwisely—to the best of his knowledge under stress and pressure, with no prospect of any pleasant return for his action or any gratitude for his words. The lightly spoken word disloyalty spells but too often lack of sympathy and imagination, an imperfect grasp of the working of the other man's mind—and heart—and an absence of loving goodwill, eager to find the good motive underlying an action that perhaps clashes with our convictions. It should never be forgotten that there is

always a great temptation simply to deny the existence of a problem if we have not personally been brought face to face with it. That is why so many in the course of their lives experience the bitterness of being attacked for their attempts at enlightenment, later on in life, in exactly the same way as, earlier, with less mature knowledge, they themselves, in their own youth, attacked others. Here the younger generations constantly visit the sins of the fathers on the fathers themselves.

The argument, further, that greatness and wisdom should shield those who manifest these qualities from all criticism seems to me equally unsound, as unsound as the view that in such cases criticism is always egotism, impudence or conceit. As long as the perfect, unlimited, consummated, absolute man does not dwell amongst us, there must be in all human beings numberless aspects and elements in which they may be equal with, and even inferior—or to say the very least, not overwhelmingly superior—to hosts of other human beings. And this is a justification of criticism without end almost. The shoemaker criticises the shoe, but the other man other matters. We recognise this so fully in greater things that it has become perfectly superfluous to say that every one has a right to think about God what he wishes, and to proclaim his thoughts freely. It would be ridiculous to pretend that what is admissible with regard to the Highest should be *tabu* for the lower, whatever title that lower one might bear; leader, hero, saint, occultist or initiate. And if the spirit embodied in this conviction does not lead to blasphemy—though what is blasphemy to one may be high wisdom to another, Jesus and Socrates were killed for it—or to reckless wounding of delicate feelings—which, however, every founder

of religion has done, and caused to be done a thousand-fold more than any of us is likely to do—then I believe that its manifestations will be conducive to growth of discrimination and understanding, of strength and independence, and to the higher welfare and finer self-consciousness of our Theosophical world.

Criticism, in itself, is a good thing, never *as such* base, disloyal, subversive; its manner and its motives may make it so, just as the surgical instrument of the healer may be used to kill.

II

And now some words on the more narrowly circumscribed subject of politics and the T.S. as dealt with in the two articles referred to. I am simply delighted that such a well-known member of our body as Mr. Kirby has found it feasible to give such clear and frank expression to his doubts and objections on the point, and I am equally delighted that they should have appeared in the very Presidential Organ. These are signs of health and vigour which augur well for the future, and which, on the other hand, are timely. For in the past we have had none too much of them. I speak of *discussions*, not of *attacks*; of *criticisms*, not of *denunciations*; of *friends' counsels*, not of *invective by the enemy*. I further totally agree with Mr. Kirby's position, in so far as his article has only a general tendency, and practically only leads up to a question. I equally totally disagree with Mr. Jinarajadasa's article, both with its reasoning and also with its conclusion.

In saying so I must make a reservation, without which my position would not be clearly put. With reference to the weekly paper *The Commonwealth* which

forms the subject of a large part of the discussion of Mr. Kirby's article I have had the privilege of assisting, from very near, at its inception and career during the whole first volume just completed. Whether its special pro-Indian policy is wise or mistaken, whether it contains immature and hasty statements or not, whether it sometimes prints misleading generalisations, incitements to the strengthening (instead of the diminishing) of the colour-bar or not; whether all these things and many others are so or not so—I have no hesitation in saying that *The Commonweal* has begun a work which may develop into an undertaking of immense value for India, productive of the most salutary influences, and with an almost incalculable future before it. As a non-Indian, non-English, impartial spectator I may perhaps state that I believe that *The Commonweal* has all prospect before it of developing into a very great influence for good, taking all in all, for India—by no means a small section of the inhabited globe. I should on this point say: Politics or no politics, let us first help Mrs. Besant to see *The Commonweal* through and assist it to the high place to which its course is already set. But this goal once attained, Mrs. Besant once dead, the T.S. expanded and changed, Mrs. Besant's followers having become leaders in their turn, *The Commonweal* safe and 'self-existent'—then Mr. Kirby's question would again come up in a practical form, just as now it is more as a matter of principle that it can be discussed. For it should not be forgotten that our present President has, in the field of action, a fairly solid reputation for seeing a thing through when she has once begun it, and though we, mere members in the Society, can very politely bring to

her notice that in this, that, or another matter we have also views and opinions, which are not necessarily identical with hers, there the matter remains, unless some official action is taken in the Council of the Society. If this were to happen, it is not likely—in view of the recent re-election of Mrs. Besant as President with (according to the as yet unofficial but nevertheless authentic data) an overwhelming majority—that such action would lead to anything; and if it did then most probably Mrs. Besant would quietly walk away, *with The Commonweal*, incidentally being followed by—let us put it low—three-quarters of the members of the T.S. So all that can be done is courteously to express our misgivings *and leave the decision* to Mrs. Besant. And that is good. Even the King may be petitioned, so why not the P.T.S.; but right of petition is not right of being granted what the petition asks for. Only, the cordial relations, the mutual trust and co-operation between F.T.S. and P.T.S. will be maintained and strengthened when the P.T.S. is ever willing to grant a hearing, always patient to listen, ever and ever accessible to the member who is moved to lay his difficulties and desires before her. Such a state of things—of course observing certain elementary rules of etiquette or protocol, as simple as possible—would gradually exercise a binding, harmonising, strengthening, adjusting influence in our Theosophical body, and perhaps, in many cases in the past, tensions and frictions might have been either avoided or minimised if public discussion of the points then at issue had not been so very inadequate and limited. For the publicity of such ‘petitions’ is an essential to their usefulness. Questions of policy do not solely regard the individual who propounds them, but the Society as

a whole. Only publicity guarantees criticism not to overstep its bounds, and, on the other side would prevent any haughty dismissal—which I do not apprehend from the side of our present President—without due and adequate consideration.¹ This then is the reason that I am so glad that Mr. Kirby's article was published, and especially so because it was printed in THE THEOSOPHIST.

Now, then, coming to Mr. Jinarajadasa's article, I have to explain why I disagree so entirely with some of its reasonings and propositions. It is, of course, far from my intention to launch into anything like a refutation of his arguments one by one. In this article I wish only to deal with certain general principles which seem to me to be involved in the discussion to which it refers, to note down some of the thoughts arising within me after having read the two articles. I am no special friend of controversy, which is mostly barren in results. Controversialists forget very often to give their readers some credit for intellect. If one side states his case well, and the other side also, let the reader form his opinion as he will. So I want only to pick out some points which seem to me especially interesting or to require some widening out, some ampler consideration, before we may look upon them as settled.

Colonel Olcott's and Madame Blavatsky's circular quoted by Mr. Kirby, forbidding officers and members of our Society as such to meddle with politics was, though perhaps based on political conditions prevalent in India, directed to *all members* of the Society: "The Presidents of Branches, in all countries, will be good

¹ This is exactly the line of reasoning followed by Mrs. Besant herself in her energetic campaign for the removal of the Indian Press Act.

enough to read this protest to their members." And Colonel Olcott will punish every member or Branch which shall, "by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world". That is explicit. What is, however, not so clear is how the 'as such' is to be detected. Would Colonel Olcott have excommunicated Mrs. Besant for an earlier publication of *The Commonweal*, or would he now—if still President—cancel her diploma? I doubt it. Not only would he take present circumstances into consideration, no doubt, but, above all—to put it frankly—would he have sufficient authority to force through such a measure? I doubt it again. So that after all Colonel Olcott's circular does not help us very much. There is nothing in our Rules or Regulations—I believe—which by some ingenious and perfectly legal twisting, can prevent any group of our members working for directly political ends. The *Sons of India* pledge appears to involve loyalty to the King. That seems a political element; a slight one I grant, yet the thin end of the wedge is there. As soon as we discuss what loyalty to the King means, how loyalty should best be expressed, there is a double door opening straight into the political arena. So the only thing that, after all, remains as a net result of the circular quoted, is the unequivocal assertion of the Presidential right to cancel diplomas. But if once our Society counts its members by millions, instead of, as at present, by ten thousands, that President would be very unpopular indeed who cancelled diplomas on this ground alone if vast numbers of members were determined to enter politics as Theosophists. So, once more, the Colonel's document after all expresses the opinion he held at the time he

wrote it but has little compelling power. Still, I regret that Mr. Jinarajadasa referred to it so *very* lightly. It is all right to say *Le roi est mort, vive le roi !* but the very clearly expressed opinions on a vital point for the welfare of our Society of two such leaders as Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott should—it seems to me—not be brushed aside *quite* so airily as the writer of the second article does. I am not a Conservative, but neither am I an Anarchist. If H.P.B. and H.S.O.'s opinion on such a matter is to be reckoned already antiquated within a few years after their death, then what are we going to expect as to the treatment by future generations of Mrs. Besant's views on important matters? We may set the pace, future members will have to run the race. And it seems as fatal to be bound in cast iron dogmas of the past as to demolish all tradition and authority for the future.

But Colonel Olcott's circular constitutes an official, semi-legal document, and with legal documents all mental acrobatics are possible; so we are here not on a satisfactory ground. Let us see what *spiritual* argument is given for the attitude taken up. Here we find ourselves on a far more satisfactory footing. I quote from H.P.B.'s *The Key to Theosophy*, 3rd ed., p. 156:

To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in human nature, is like putting new wine in old bottles. Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy, based on human, social or political selfishness, will appear of itself. Foolish is the gardener who tries to weed his flower-bed of poisonous plants by cutting them off from the surface of the soil, instead of tearing them out by the roots. No lasting political reform can be ever achieved with the same selfish men at the head of affairs as of old

Moreover, political action must necessarily vary with the circumstances of the time and with the idiosyncrasies of

individuals. While, from the very nature of their position as Theosophists, the members of the T.S. are agreed on the principles of Theosophy, or they would not belong to the Society at all, it does not thereby follow that they agree on every other subject. As a society they can only act together in matters which are common to all—that is, in Theosophy itself; as individuals, each is left perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action, so long as this does not conflict with Theosophical principles or hurt the Theosophical Society.

Now here we stand firm. Now I would submit that this argument is “for every land and for every age,” just as true to-day as at the moment it was written. And here lies the crux of the whole problem. Was H.P.B. right when she wrote this, or is Mrs. Besant right in taking up her latest activities? Mrs. Besant’s earlier view of politics, as quoted by Mr. Kirby, support—beautifully, powerfully, commandingly—H.P.B.’s view. Or were they both right, or both wrong? I do not know. I think that none of us *really* know. Mrs. Besant’s change of opinion leaves us—happily—the possibility that she also does not *know*, but just does what she thinks best now, as she has always done what she thought best in the past. And there it is precisely that the great usefulness comes in of Mr. Kirby’s timely article. He has called attention to a *problem*. Many did not even know that it exists. The whole position is vague. What is ‘politics,’ what is the ‘as such,’ has the T.S. to change its Rules and policy with regard to politics or not? The 1890 Rules

¹Mrs. Besant, the P. T. S., has recently begun a strenuous campaign of political activity, but not ‘as such’. The character of her campaign might be conveniently summarised in the word ‘pro-Indian’. Though her energetic work is not an activity of the P. T. S. ‘as such,’ will any one doubt that thousands of the Indian members of the T. S. will follow her cue, of course again not ‘as such’ but as private individuals? The theoretical distinction seems in this case a practical fiction. Again, recently full reports were sent to the Indian papers about her recent great political speech in London. An enormous amount of attention has been drawn to it in the Indian press. Leaders and references without number were published with regard to it. Can anyone

of the Society declared expressly that "The Society does not interfere with . . . politics". That is now changed, so that an inclusion of politics seems no longer barred. Or is the Society to hold aloof from this kind of activities whereas its members or leaders may be allowed energetically to enter them? Or, again, have we to see in Mrs. Besant a special case, specially gifted, perhaps obeying special commands from on high? And if so, once more, is she an exception *not* to be followed or, on the contrary, a model, a leader, an example, to be enthusiastically emulated? All these problems are before us, and they are quite impersonal problems. They are riddles to which I myself seek as much a satisfying answer as Mr. Kirby. If I have mentioned Mrs. Besant's name it is only out of the sheer necessity of the case; I would have vastly preferred it had I been able to refer only to Mr. X. or Y. For to me this question of politics is only *illustrated* by Mrs. Besant, but has in reality nothing to do with her. It is a problem regarding the Society that interests me. Mrs. Besant will fulfil her appointed destiny as she determines herself, and stands therefore practically outside all our calculations and discussions. She is the strongest amongst us, and most of us are quite content with that and glad that such a strong one is amongst *us*. But others will come, not so strong, not so firm, and then the ordinary member will have not only his *say* but also his *influence*. To prepare ourselves to exercise such influence advisedly and wisely we have now

doubt that such facts, conspicuously linking Mrs. Besant's title of P. T. S. and the subject of politics together, will have any other effect than conveying to the general newspaper reading public in India the idea that the Theosophical Society is connected with politics—and that politics of a very definite sort? The 'as such' pleading is scholastic in its nature and breaks down in actual practice.

already to prepare, by reflection and discussion, to learn to see the needs, and tendencies, and problems germinating in our Theosophical body in order to forecast sagely the direction into which we move and the tasks that will face us. For to me it is a sheer illusion that we should always have Olcotts, Blavatskys, Besants and Leadbeaters amongst us. The Buddha Himself made way for lesser ones, and each and every great spiritual movement had its giant at the top, not at the bottom. Therefore self-consciousness, however painful, must be cultivated in our Society, and not only that consciousness of contented bliss which is nowadays so prevalent. In the spirit of these considerations all the foregoing has been written.

If the reader keeps this well in mind he will certainly not misunderstand that which is now to follow and which contains, so to say, the most personal part of what I wished to express.

THE THEOSOPHIST describes itself on its contents page as "the largest *international* Theosophical Monthly," it is advertised as the *Presidential* Organ, and it is connected with a Society, aiming at the establishment of a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity and making no distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. This latter programme sounds noble and though the word 'nation' is not expressly mentioned it may be thought that the larger or more general idea of brotherhood also includes the lesser attempt to prevent antagonism or friction between the nations. In THE THEOSOPHIST, since the accession of Mrs. Besant to the Presidency of the Society, a very remarkable column has been opened called 'On The Watch-Tower' bearing a monthly message of news and comments from

Mrs. Besant in her capacity as Editor of the journal, a very personal message, bringing readers all the world over ("international magazine") in direct contact with the President's doings and opinions.

Now, during the past years, Mrs. Besant has over and over again referred in that column to political events and situations, and over and over again I have been most painfully affected by some of these references. I love and respect Mrs. Besant, and I am devoted to the T.S., yet repeatedly I have felt uneasy, if not worse, at the way political allusions were made in the 'Watch-Tower'. And why? Simply because I happen to be a non-Englishman. I am a Dutchman and feel myself as Dutch as an Englishman feels himself English. I have lived for years amongst the English and have amongst them many of my best and warmest friends. I have roamed through or lived in various countries and am not in the very remotest degree a Chauvinist or a narrow-minded patriot. But I can shed my skin as little as a Russian, or a German, or a Frenchman or an Englishman can do. I share my national thought-form to some extent, as every human being shares his national thought-form to a greater or lesser extent. There are mental and emotional grooves from which no man escapes, and happily so. Did not even a Master confess as much in one of His letters? Therefore I have several times on reading a paragraph, condemning wholesale and trenchantly a whole nation for following some course of action, or menacing it with the vengeance of the Gods—and I could cite very strong examples from Mrs. Besant's writings—felt very uncomfortable. For in these references I found not peace but irritation, not occultism but national thought,

and each time I felt strongly that the remark did not proceed from Mrs. Besant, President of the *international* Theosophical Society, or Mrs. Besant the leader, or hero, or sage, but from a vigorous and outspoken person happening to live in an English-born body. In so far as such paragraphs as I allude to have appeared I have been forced to the decision to take them *not* as Theosophy, not as fraternal, not as wisdom, not as inspiration but as echoes from another and a *lower*, purely national world by mistake strayed into the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST. If THE THEOSOPHIST announced itself as a British Theosophical journal, that is, a journal for Britishers only, nothing could be objected by Theosophists of other nations if it commented freely on international politics from a strictly British standpoint though even that would be dangerous and might eventually lead to disharmony. But the journal is international, not national. So also the continuous references to "Empire," "Imperial Problems" and "Empire Building"—frankly these give me a good deal of offence, because they appear in the so-called international journal of the P.T.S. What would English readers of THE THEOSOPHIST say if a brilliant Russian or German or Turkish editor and occultist were to assume the task of conducting the paper and, in the international paper of the Society, were to keep harping and harping again on Russian, German or Turkish imperial problems, and that always with a more or less explicitly suggested occult sanction from the Higher Powers? And if I, who move amongst so many of the old and well-known members of our Society, who have the strongest reasons for personal love and gratitude towards Mrs. Besant, who in many cases am permitted to peep more or less

behind the scenes, who have all the predisposition to accept things with a favourable bias, if I myself feel so, notwithstanding my firm determination not to let my feelings in this matter influence my actions or my valuations, how many more must there not be in our Society who—unless they frankly take the 'Watch-Tower' to be wholly and divinely inspired—must have the same disagreeable sensations, only more intensely so. Mind, I do not complain, I merely record.

Perhaps we may say that, after all, THE THEOSOPHIST is written in English and so is destined for Britishers primarily. But that does not hold good, for there are the United States of America; and then the number of copies despatched to non-English countries is considerable. Also, the various parts of the British Empire—Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, the Straits—each come in from time to time for their share of rebuke, and, on a smaller scale, also the local feeling must in many cases be ruffled.

Perhaps it will not be so clear to all readers what I really mean but a simple and perhaps strong example will bring light. Being a Dutchman I choose a Dutch illustration.

The great Boer war aroused in Holland a tremendous wave of resentment against the English, now happily subsided to a large extent, but still having left a nasty aftertaste. In the general Dutchman's mind from this war emerge two great figures, one standing for good, the other for evil. The good figure is President Krüger, who in the general conception of the Dutch people stands as a glorious hero, and martyr, a man of wisdom and tenacity, a fine example of patriarchal virtue, a beloved leader, a great man, a magnificent

patriot. The bad figure is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain who stands in the same national imagination for a hellish monster of barbarous iniquity, a reptilian brute vomited from the nethermost pit, a loathsome, unclean thing. These two conceptions form as much part of the Dutch national thought-form as those of Shakespeare and Nana Sahib of that of England.¹

Imagine that a Dutch Editor of an international Theosophical Magazine should have had the bad taste and sorry tact to publish allusions in his paper on the basis of these conceptions. Perhaps he would have believed in them himself, but he could not have mentioned them, in whatever way, without irritating, offending, wounding English readers who in everything else save in politics would perhaps look up to him with veneration. And something similar has happened many a time, even in the moderate doses of political allusions which Mrs. Besant has doled out in her 'Watch-Tower'. It is true, our Society is firmly knit, our love for Mrs. Besant is great, and the politest answer is after all to keep silent. But if with all her splendid talents, with all her high and never-doubted motives, with all her wide travelling and acquaintanceship in many countries, *even* Mrs. Besant has not been able to remain free from giving offence, when touching politics; who then would there be in our Society who could do so without the same or worse results? The question is simply that no man can be so international as to know all the national susceptibilities of all the

¹ These lines were already in type when the news of M. Chamberlain's demise was announced. I take the occasion to expressly state that the example does not in any way involve a statement of my personal opinion in the matter. It is certainly superfluous to add that such popular estimates must always be wrong.

peoples and so to know how and when to avoid the word that hurts or the friction that estranges. Besides—though this is mere tactics—the spiritual leader who commits a blunder in talking politics may by such action have dug out the first spadeful from the ultimate grave of his real, spiritual, authority.

In this connection, and as friend to friend, I add here for a still better understanding on this point a concrete view about the English to those amongst my readers who are English.

At the risk of committing the very offence against which I try to warn others, I must confess that the Anglo-Saxon temperament possesses in the estimation of many non-Britishers one great fault and that is an utter lack of imagination. The Englishman's want of understanding the other man's, the other race's, mind is a perennial source of friction and hurt. And in the Englishman's discussion of other nations this fault is often painfully evident. The Englishman's patriotism seems to the outsider often an immense superstition endowed with enormous inspiring power, and the profound Brito-centric consciousness is at the same time the key to England's greatness and to the hatred she so often inspires. Far from me to enter into this interesting, but dangerous, subject any further; be it enough to sum up my thesis as follows. The conception of 'God's Englishman' is a religion if used nationally; if used in international dealings it may become an abomination and a calamity.

The Theosophical organisation is becoming more and more complex and its working more and more delicate. As soon as politics are instilled into it a most potent influence for disruption is present. With growth

in numbers there will be growth in views, and politics will spell growth in danger.

Another striking illustration of how insidious the dangers are that lurk in any attempt to deal, however slightly, with politics, is furnished by an element in the history of the now moribund Order of the "Sons of India" to which I have already referred. This order, of which even a declared enemy of politics can scarcely say anything but good, and membership in which cannot be regarded but as perfectly innocent, has a pledge and a ritual which contain declarations that its members shall serve "God, the Motherland [*i.e.*, India] and the Empire [*i.e.*, the British Empire]" and shall "be a good citizen of my municipality," etc., "and the Empire". Notwithstanding these expressions I know that this pledge has been signed by Germans, Dutch, Italians and men of other nations. To me this is a mild form of high treason, on a par with the action of the Englishman who, without giving up his own nationality, would sign a pledge "to serve the German Empire and be a good citizen of it". Of course this is only a symbolical illustration, because the practical objections are the reverse of grave, but it shows how easy the introduction of politics in Theosophical work may act as the thin end of the wedge of which the consequences—if once a peculiar set of circumstances arise—cannot easily be foreseen.

In the same general line of reasoning I also deny the value of Mr. Jinarajadasa's argument that Mrs. Besant is "perhaps the only constructive statesman the British Empire possessed in the second decade of the twentieth century". If Mrs. Besant is merely a British statesman I reply: "Woman, what art thou to me?" What reason

would an English member of the T.S., striving after enlightenment, have to pay any attention to "the greatest constructive statesman" of Russia or of Spain? To the Englishman the English statesman has a special value as part of his own national thought-form, but he would remember him as a patriot, not as a Theosophist. Who cares for any constructive statesman, be he ever so great, of a century ago, or of another country? But there are others whose memory does not perish, whose inspiration is immortal. These are the heroes and leaders, the dispensers of truth, the inciters to striving upwards. What is Pericles beside Plato? Dust.

No, I have better names for Mrs. Besant, and higher names. For her to be famed as a British statesman would be on the same lines as if we remembered Spinoza for his spectacle-lenses. Shah Jehan has gone but the Tāj remains—not his kingdom. Puran Bhagat was Prime Minister first, Saṁnyāsī afterwards, not the reverse. For a lightbringer to become a statesman is a fall and not a rise.

There is one other aspect of our question which though difficult to mention in an acceptable way must be spoken of. This is the additional danger of politics where they are taken up by such persons as study occultism, or still more by occultists. What well-nigh unattainable dispassion and self-restraint are not necessary for those—much or little in contact with higher authorities—not to charge their pronouncements with even the slightest weight of such authority. How difficult for the man who shares, or thinks he shares, God's private confidence not to instill into his sayings some indication that the opinions he emits are endorsed, willed, or desired from on High. How difficult again not to attribute to the

Higher Ones one's own thoughts and views. I myself have heard expositions of the Hierarchy—the holiest, noblest, highest, grandest conception of modern Theosophy—in such a way that one might think that the majority of its members were Anglo-Saxons, existing solely for the aggrandisement of the British Empire and for the blessing of God's Englishman. It is an old delusion, which now can return to us in subtler form, for Theosophical conceptions permit not only subtler use but also subtler abuse, than the world's conceptions do. As an international Society we should look up to international Gods, not pray to a French God to defeat the Germans or to a German God to defeat the French. "The God of our fathers" is killed, let us not resuscitate him in a new form or new forms. Politics, applied to spiritual conceptions, might land us in the same dreary jungle of conflicting and warring divinities where the primitive man still moves and which he dreads to-day.

In the above I have chiefly attempted to set out the problem. A definite and final answer is beyond me. I have indicated various elements, emitted some opinions, raised some objections, but the fundamental problem is still before us. Most likely no verbal answer will be found so very soon. Most likely, again, history, that is the course of events, actual happening, will bring at the same time the answer to, and the elimination of, the question through the arising of a new problem out of changed circumstances.

And so we will go on, ever striving to understand, to see the problem, to solve it, only to face a new problem instead. But that is not to be regretted if we always

remain frank and honest and ever alert to chase the will-o'-the-wisp which anyhow will lead us onward. The only fatal attitude would be not to endeavour to understand or to be afraid to speak out, investigate and report our findings. In doing so for its various problems the T.S. has to grow. On the point under discussion I have now done my best, according to my capacities, and with this I leave the inquiry to other and better hands.

As I have so freely mentioned Mrs. Besant's name in the foregoing pages I should like to state that no response to my article would give me such complete satisfaction as the knowledge that the following, concluding paragraph had been rightly understood.

Let no reader, friendly or inimical, after perusing the above, commit the grave mistake of concluding that it indicates another "crisis" in the T.S., or any "grave dissensions" in the Theosophical body. This article is a criticism of friendship, a token of trust, an indication of love for our movement. It is the outcome of trust in Mrs. Besant, so complete, that I regard it as the sincerest tribute I can render her. For it is my firm conviction that, whoever may mistake my intentions, she will unfailingly see them in their true light, will understand my motives and the spirit which has prompted me, and above all will see behind all that I have said my unshaken faith that, though difficulties and problems remain, fundamentally all is well with us.

Johan van Manen

THE PURSE OF FORTUNATUS

A TURKISH STORY

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

Bismillah

FORTUNATUS had been sitting in the patch of shadow for uncounted minutes. The lane with its little twist to the right ran between high walls, soft cream-coloured walls behind which were—what? The gardens of rich Turks, the gardens as he fondly imagined, of mystery. Further up the lane were a few houses mostly windowless, but one or two with lattices that looked down on the dust of the quarter. Within, as he knew, were court-yards round and about which was plenty of life, and beyond which lay the rose-gardens, the shady walks and the fountains. Fortunatus licked his dry lips, wondering whether it would ever be his lot to be one, even the meanest, of such a household. Overhead the sky was white with the glare of midday and at the end of the unbroken but irregular walls the water leapt by like a flash of silver, of silver which though molten is cool. Being the hour of the midday siesta the man had the quiet shady lane to himself. Not even a pariah dog stirred in the warm stillness.

Lying there by the side of the road, a scarcely distinguishable heap of ragged humanity, Fortunatus closed his eyes. His fortunes were at a low ebb for in his

pocket was not so much as a piastre, and that after all his wanderings in search of what his name had seemed to promise!

He too must have been asleep, for when the bit of sunbaked mud fell from the wall on to his hand he sprang up with a start and the eyes that he opened were blue and fierce.

“Beggarman!” said a voice from overhead and he saw that above the line of white wall, a head had risen, that of a veiled woman.

Fortunatus had been some time in Stamboul, but whether or no his appearance was against him, he had not hitherto met with any adventures and it was entirely by chance that in an idle hour he had turned into the rich quarter and wandered down this lane. His heart beat quickly, for a shrewd man seeking to line his empty pockets hopes much of the unexpected, of chance.

“Beggarman!” repeated the voice and though it was low-pitched, it had a distinct quality of command. Fortunatus staring with all his might, could make out above the yashmak nothing but a pair of bright dark eyes. He fancied however that the voice had lost the ring of youth. “I want some rubbish thrown into the Bosphorus,” and a small hand, henna-tipped and laden with rings indicated the rushing flood at the end of the lane.

“Now?” said the young man, to indicate his complete willingness.

“The bundle of rags must first be rolled together. To-morrow at this hour.”

“She is choosing a time when no one will be about,” thought he; nevertheless he agreed to return upon the following day.

“And you shall be suitably rewarded!” He heard a tiny scrambling sound and once more the white line of wall ran like a veil across the face of the noon-day sky.

Fortunatus, left to himself and his reflections, turned his back on the water and walked slowly up the lane, until he reached a house, above the heavy gates of which was a small, overhanging lattice. “That is where she lives,” he thought, putting two and two together, “and their garden doesn’t go down to the Bosphorus. If it did she would herself throw the rubbish into the water. I wonder if seeing me wander past this morning she thought I might be useful?” He glanced keenly about him, but the household was still asleep, even the porter with back to the wall and head upon his chest had forgotten the responsibilities of his post. There was not a soul with whom Fortunatus might profitably engage in gossip; not so much as a dog, sniffing about in search of garbage, that he might kick. Disappointed he went on his way until he reached the bazaar and there after persuading the sherbet-seller to compound him a drink cooled by the mountain snows, he found talk a-plenty. “The house with the lattice over the gates on the left-hand side of the lane? That is Wazdi Bey’s. A rich man but old.”

“No doubt there are many slaves,” said Fortunatus wondering how he was to come at the information of which he stood in need.

The seller of sweetmeats bent forward above his tray.

“Rich men are well served; but Allah is just and often there is one thing denied. Wazdi Bey has daughters but no son.”

"Nay, brother," mildly observed the merchant by whose booth they stood, "but one was born to him a week ago."

"There should have been rejoicings, yet I heard of none."

"It is the child of the second wife."

Each man there understood that such an event, joy-bringing to the parents, would fill the first lady of the harem with rancour and jealousy. She had been Wazdi Bey's wife for many years, his only wife, and now in his old age, because it was imperative that he should have a son, he had married a younger woman, a slave-girl from afar off. It was only natural that there should be trouble in the harem.

"But if the first wife," he used the Turkish word, "is old, she will be content."

Even the merchant was moved at that and proverbs fell thick and fast, proverbs that hit off only too bitinglly an aging and a jealous woman. "She has everything but that," said the compounder of sweet drinks, "and yet all is naught. A hard lady and a mean."

"Economy," said Fortunatus who felt that his last remark had been lacking in wisdom and who was anxious to efface it, "economy is always good—in a woman."

But the others, who had sold or hoped to sell to Wazdi Bey's first wife, did not agree with him. "Who would be economical with the dust of the wayside or the water of the sea? Her husband's purse is inexhaustible."

The sweetmeat-seller shrugged a lean shoulder. "Inexhaustible—you talk as if this were a city of the Arabian Nights."

"Nay," said Fotunatus dreamily as his eyes dwelt on the rows of scarlet and yellow slippers that edged a

booth, "the old tales are true. There is somewhere a carpet that can transport us to the ends of the earth and a purse that is never empty."

"Wazdi Bey hath the purse then," asseverated the merchant, "gold—gold—gold, untold quantities of it, enough to gild every minaret in Islām." And as the call to prayer rang out from the mosques the men prostrated themselves.

When they rose Fortunatus slipped through the network of narrow streets to that in which stood his cousin's house, and before long was announcing that on the morrow he was to do work for the household of Wazdi Bey.

"The Bey of the bottomless purse?" said the cousin, duly impressed. "But if it is for the woman you work make a bargain or the pay will be small. The Hanem¹ would part with her teeth sooner than her money."

"And if all accounts are true she is one whose teeth are filed?"

"They are indeed sharper than is altogether becoming in a woman."

On the following day when Fortunatus reached the patch of shade beneath the cream-coloured wall, his naturally sharp wits were suggesting to him that if the head wife of a rich Bey wished a bundle of rubbish thrown into the Bosphorus she could easily have sent out one of her servants. Why then had she selected himself, a man of no account, a grey atom of human dust? Could the little transaction be one of which she did not wish her servants to know? Would there be something in the bundle that was compromising and which must therefore be destroyed? Fortunatus glanced

¹ First wife.

down the lane, noting how straightly, but for the one sharp twist, it ran from end to end. And the twist was more a waver, a sudden bulge in the wall, beyond which the Bosphorus leapt and sparkled in the blinding glare. That bulge with its square of heavy shadow gave him an idea. It might be as well before consigning the rubbish to its watery grave to know of what it consisted. He smiled to himself and opening the little knife in his pocket, felt its edge. Not many days ago, he had sharpened it on a disused grindstone and now it cut into the hard cuticle of his thumb until he winced. Ah, it was well to have your tools in order!

“Beggarmen!”

Though Fortunatus had been looking up he had not seen the small head and veiled face rise above the wall. He made a hasty obeisance and the low yet commanding voice continued its speech. “The bundle is here. I will watch while you throw it in the water. When that is done you can come back for the reward.”

“Pardon, lady, but that is not the way of it. The bundle and the reward are given together.”

The voice grew perceptibly sharper. “I do not pay for work that is half done.”

The other bowed indifferently and waited. After a perceptible pause, the lady began to bargain. “A piastre?”

“Twenty.”

“When the crow opened his mouth too widely, it was filled with earth.”

Fortunatus glanced at the sky and seemed as if he were calculating the time. The hint was not lost upon his veiled companion who made a little angry gesture. “I haven’t money with me,” she said sharply and

began to unfasten a thin chain she wore round her neck. "There—take that," and the links thrown with a certain viciousness fell across his palm. "There is blood on your hand!"

A drop or two had spurted on the ball of his thumb where he had tried the little knife. "But not on my conscience, lady," said he, as after a glance at the chain to make sure that it was of gold he slipped it into his pocket.

"Be not too sure," said the other and her voice rippled as if his words had contained a jest at which she could smile.

Fortunatus heard again the tiny scrambling sound as she disappeared, but before he had had time to more than wonder by what means she came and went, the rough end of a bundle rose above the wall. "Be careful now," admonished the lady in an anxious tone, but the man was deft and as the package fell he caught it in his two hands. For a mere bundle of rags it was heavy, but not heavy enough to suggest that it contained stone or metal, and his curiosity grew.

"Take it down to the water," commanded the lady, "and throw it in."

"It is well weighted."

Her voice under the muslin sounded strangely deliberate. "I would have it sink."

Fortunatus sauntered off with the bundle held between his two arms. What he carried appeared to be an old and grey shawl fringed at the edges. These fringes were tied together at intervals over the folded-in ends of the shawl. From above the lady watched the dusty figure shambling down the lane. As far as she could see he was carrying the bundle awkwardly yet

surely ; for Fortunatus kept his elbows still and moved the hand, the hand that held the little knife, from the wrist only. He was exploring as he went. The sharp blade ran through knot after knot and where he held the package against his breast the shawl began to unroll. He pulled it a little and suddenly in the dark opening appeared a tiny curled-up rose-leaf hand. The man's heart nearly stood still. There was no mistaking its look of warmth and life. It was the hand of a little sleeping child ! So this was what the woman had wanted thrown into the Bosphorus, what she had wanted to make sure would sink ! Fortunatus blessed his curiosity, his wits, and the sharp curve in the way that lay ahead, the curve that for one moment and for one moment only would hide him from his employer's watchful gaze. As he came towards it, he gradually shifted and shifted the shawl, until the face and form of a deeply sleeping boy-baby were exposed to view. " Drugged his milk," surmised the man as with a lightning twist of his whole supple body, he had the child out and lying in the dust of the roadside behind the curving wall. It lay where he placed it, as comfortable there as in the shawl and too fast asleep to be aware of the sudden change in its circumstances.

" I hope she didn't give him too much of it," thought the man uneasily as he re-rolled the bundle and came out of the shadow, his long legs eating up the yards of road that still lay between him and the water. The lady, watching him, saw nothing amiss and her bitter heart knew only satisfaction as she saw him raise the old shawl above his head and fling it far into the racing tide. Her little clutching movement was unconscious, as if she grasped at something that had been taken

from her, something which was of the utmost value and which she would regain. Meanwhile the water had caught the old grey shawl, had swirled it round and about and sucked it under ; and Fortunatus watching as if fascinated had felt a shiver run down his spine. "What a woman !" thought he and was glad, as he had been many times before, that his poverty had saved him from the snares of the marriage brokers.

When he turned he found to his surprise that the lady was still at her post and this, as he admitted to himself, made the situation a little awkward. However there was nothing for it but to shamble back, past the baby on its heap of velvet dust, and up to the wall.

"That was well done," said she approvingly and Fortunatus wondered what sort of ruthless, haughty face the yashmak hid. "I would that all rubbish, might be disposed of as easily. But why speak we of rags—another woman's rags," and the words were to the listener as lightning across a dark sky—"if you will bring my chain back at this hour to-morrow, I will redeem it with—with piastres."

Fortunatus did not believe her. He thought it more likely that she would have servants waiting to whom she could accuse him of having stolen it. His story, true and unvarnished though it was, would sound like a fairy tale and with that bundle at the bottom of the Bosphorus he would have no proof—or so she believed. "O protector of the poor," said he with a friendly grin, "this crow does not want to eat earth before the appointed hour."

The dark eyes gleamed. "I would have redeemed the chain," she said carelessly, "though it is a thing of naught. Look at it closely and you will see." With

which Parthian shaft she disappeared from the wall, leaving him to examine at his leisure the glittering links that resembled, but only resembled, gold.

It was with rueful steps that he took his way back to the little heap of dust on which he had laid the child. He felt convinced that expecting his cautious demand for payment, she had come prepared with this "thing of naught" and that she had really meant to redeem it on the following day, but not—not with piastres. She would not want him to talk of the bundle he had thrown into the Bosphorus and a man is nowhere so safe, nowhere so quickly forgotten as when he lies in a Turkish prison under charge of theft. Of this Fortunatus was uncomfortably aware and once more the shiver ran down his spine. In this world life and death seemed to be no further apart than the morning and the evening of a day.

As he stood by the shadow in which the child lay, fat and rosy and mother-naked, he began to see a way out of his difficulties; and stooping, fastened the chain, which he was still holding, about the dimpled neck. It was his witness, the witness of his good faith.

At the touch of the cool fingers the baby stirred a little, curling its ten rose-leaf toes and stretching out its arms. Fortunatus, who had been afraid lest the drug should prove too potent, now began to fear lest his unusual charge might awaken before they reached the cousin's house. Taking off his clean but tattered upper garment, he laid the child on it, and happed the loose ends of cloth about its limbs. He must make shift to carry it as porters carry a parcel, for humanity is curious and how could he explain his right to a naked child?

“What got you for your day’s work?” asked Amina, the cousin’s wife, and for answer he laid the living bundle in her arms. She was no longer a young woman and her sons were men, but she had not forgotten the feel of a baby. In a trice the old garment was unrolled. “O kouzoum,”¹ cried she surprised yet glad. “Look at the dimples and the creases and the fat rolls of him! I warrant me some girl wept to bring that into the world; and when she saw him could only bless her pains. Where got you such an one, O bachelor?”

Then Fortunatus, having sworn man and wife to secrecy, told all that had come to pass and while the woman brought out the swaddling clothes she had been saving for her first grandchild and comforted the now crying baby with milk, the man lit the long pipe and talked.

“He who meddles with the affairs of his neighbour puts his hand into a wasp’s nest,” said the cousin.

“I think—a bee-hole. He may be stung but the honey he pulls out will be golden.”

“Ay, golden as was thy chain to-day.”

But Fortunatus was not easily discouraged and presently when he had eaten and washed himself and put on the finest garment that he had, he took his way back to the house of the overhanging lattice.

Wazdi Bey was in the selamlik when the humble petition of the stranger was conveyed to him. He was not a man of whom it was easy to obtain audience, but the news for which he hoped might come through any channel. Though outwardly impassive he was at his wit’s end, for the son of his old age, a baby of a few weeks, had suddenly disappeared. The servant who

¹ Lamb.

had the child in charge was with it at noonday in the thickest shade of the garden and, with her neck in jeopardy, swore that she had not left it, no, not for a moment. Yet it was gone; the little dent in its satin cushions all that remained!

“An eagle has carried it off,” cried the woman whose youth had been spent on a mountain slope in Central Asia and who if the truth must be told had nodded at her post. But Wazdi Bey did not believe that eagles would carry off a child from a garden on the Bosphorus, especially so fine and well-nourished, so heavy a child. He had gone into the child’s mother and in his kind grave way had tried to comfort her; but what comfort is there for a woman, whose first-born has been torn from her arms, while she is yet thrilling with the delight of him? The Bey thought it would perhaps please her if he had the slave punished and in his even voice he had talked of the bastinado and worse; but the girl had crouched in the darkest corner of the harem and sobbed on, refusing to listen. And when he went slowly away, conscious as never before of his age, his first wife had come to him with sinister suggestions.

His servants were scouring the town, the police were on the alert; but nothing had come of it and Wazdi Bey was seeking to resign himself to the will of Allah. Hope dies hard however, and when he heard a stranger was at the gates he gave orders that the man should be admitted.

Fortunatus stepped into the plainly furnished room, the hard divans of which were covered with a green leather; and he carried himself no longer as a beggar but as a man. Wazdi Bey’s tired old eyes scanned the

figure in the clean garment and newly twisted turban with approval. Broad shoulders like those would have been his son's had he lived to manhood.

"That which was lost," said Fortunatus salaaming, "is found."

The Turk did not so much as stir, but the hand on his knee shook a little, like the hands of the very old. "What was lost?"

"Among the jewels was one pearl, a pearl of price. I found it in a bundle of rags."

"You found it?"

"I was bidden to throw the rags into the Bosphorus."

"Who bade?"

"Are we Franks that our women should go unveiled? I know not."

"And the pearl?"

"A woman warms it against her breast."

The Turk uncrossed his legs and rose. "Said I not, Allah is merciful? Show me the way."

As they went out, he paused to send a message to the weeping girl in the harem, a message not of certainty but hope. The first wife heard it and smiled behind her veil. Wazdi Bey was gone on a wild-goose chase and she knew it, for had she not seen the oblong bundle rise as it shot forward into the water and was not the child who stood between her daughters and a great inheritance, the child whose mere existence had lowered her prestige, lying out there beneath the tide? She went over to the lattice and looked out; and as she did so, her husband passed between the great gates and with him was the beggar that she had cheated and whom she had meant to further ill-treat. Her cruel satisfaction gave place to fear.

In due time the Bey came to the little house at the end of the alley ; and as he entered Amina drew the muslin across her face, for though old she was a respectable woman. "Treasure of my heart," said she to that which lay across her knees, "alas, that you should not be the grandchild of whom I have been dreaming."

Wazdi Bey bent his face over the child of his old age and his voice was husky. "This is my son that was lost and now is found," said he and because he was grateful, beyond the power of words to express, he turned to Fortunatus. "The man who preserved the pearl must be its guardian."

"Such an one as I?" said Fortunatus and glanced down at his garment which though newly washed, had been mended. The pacha took a leathern purse from his belt and showed them that it was of a peculiar make. "The greater trust includes the less. When you need money go to my treasurer and he will fill your purse."

Which is why they say in the bazaars that the purse of Fortunatus is inexhaustible.

But Fortunatus, though the ball was at his feet, had an uncomfortable recollection of his first employer. Lifting the chain from the child's neck he offered it to Wazdi Bey. "This, O protector of the poor, was my reward for throwing the rags into the water, the water that is deep and tells no tales."

"A generous giver," said the Turk as he slipped the links one by one through his fingers.

"Who would have bought it back?"

"As wise as Shaitan."

"I would not," Fortunatus spake humbly, "I would not that her arm should reach as far as my head."

Under the flowing beard the lips were grim. "Allah is just and she will go in search of those rags, to come back—when they do."

Fortunatus thought of the swirling current and seemed to see another bundle, longer and even more carefully fastened, flung into the eager tide. It would be gone in an instant, sucked down and under. An eye for an eye and a life for a life; and in the women's apartments the second wife would reign as first and there would be peace, for Allah might be merciful not Wazdi Bey.

"May you be the father of many sons," he said quietly, "and may I stand between them and harm."

C. A. Dawson Scott

ENGLAND'S DUTY

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The letter headed "An Appeal to England" in your last number, in its ultimate, would seem to express pure selfishness and self seeking for the British Empire?

Firstly, in the great world evolution, of what particular importance is it what nation carries out the cosmic progress of this world? It was Rome yesterday, to-day England, to-morrow? the Infinite knows!

The suggestion that on account of the moral and social failings and difficulties which surround England at the present time, she should now weakly surrender Empire, *i.e.*, surrender God's and man's service in this world, would suggest a misconception of the reason why nations and individuals are put in this world.

The same rule applies to nations and to individuals; both are put in this world for the humble selfless service of God and man, *i.e.*, to do His work, without thought of reward, *i.e.*, without thought in respect to the question whether as a nation we shall remain, or not remain, in the proud position in which we at present find ourselves!

By no means, therefore, let us weakly disarm ourselves—and divest ourselves of Empire; but let us, in all humbleness and purity of thought, prepare ourselves in all aspects for carrying through to the best of our ability the service of God and man, which we now find allotted to us!

The writer of the article under consideration would not seem to have arrived at the knowledge that nations and individuals on this earth plane must, and indeed do, live two lives, one the material, *i.e.*, world work and service, and one the spiritual, *i.e.*, the raising of the soul to a higher spiritual

plane in the great cosmic process. World work and service is God's service, just as much as spiritual service! The individual and the nation should do their material, their world work and service to the best of their ability, and at the same time their spiritual life and thought and ideals are quite separate. And as they grasp this fact of two lives, and as they rise higher in ideal and spiritual attainment, so their second life, their material life and service, becomes improved and bettered!

We do not want then weakly, and indeed wrongly, to lay aside our duties of Empire, or world service, but rather to purify and idealise and strengthen our spiritual life as individuals and as a nation, and so fit ourselves to do purer and better world service. Thus striving humbly and selflessly in our spiritual, and in our material lives on this earth plane, we shall rise to better things; and if so be we rise in both planes to the needs of the Epoch, we shall remain humble masters and true servants in the world Empire we now hold; and if not, then our worthier successors will take our place.

SILVER COCKLE

REVIEWS

Esoteric Christianity or The Lesser Mysteries, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s.)

This new and cheap edition of a popular work has been issued in order to bring it within reach of the Indian public, where it is not so well known as in the West. Christianity in India very often does not show itself in its fairest and truest garb, and though the Indian admires and reveres much of the Western Scriptures, the exoteric presentment of Christianity does not often appeal to him. Mrs. Besant has shown, by careful study and research, that to Christianity as to other religions there is a hidden side, and that the pearls of truth are just as much the heritage of the West as of the East. Her esoteric presentment of Christianity will not find favour with the extremely orthodox, but it is the spirit of the religion rather than the letter on which she relies. She throws fresh light on the dogmas of the Church, and gives the inner meaning of the sacraments. In three wonderful chapters she differentiates between 'The Historical Christ,' 'The Mythic Christ,' and 'The Mystic Christ'. The closing pages of the chapter on the 'Historical Christ' contain some of the most exquisite writing that Mrs. Besant has ever penned. We sincerely trust that our Indian brothers will read this book widely, as it will undoubtedly tend to dissipate many misconceptions about Christianity, which they may, owing to surrounding circumstances, have been led to form.

T. L. C.

Principles of Tantra,¹ Part I. The Tantra Tattva of Shri-yukta Shiva Chandra Vidyārṇava Bhattāchārya Mahodaya. Edited, with an Introduction and Commentary, by Arthur Avalon. (Luzac & Co., London, 1914.)

¹ In the following review, to avoid confusion, A. Avalon's system of transliteration of Sanskrit words is throughout employed as closely as our typographical material permits, though the reviewer does not approve of it.

This is an English translation from the Bengali made with the help of a friend, Babu Jñānendralāl Majumdār, by Mr. Arthur Avalon, the pioneer in the field of Tāntrik research, and dedicated by him to the author of the work who is one of the highest living authorities in Bengal on the subject concerned.

Arthur Avalon's standpoint with regard to the investigation of the Tantra Śhāstra is clearly indicated in the following sentence of his preface :

What is, in fact, wanted in this matter, is an accurate statement of the facts; whereas up to now such cursory accounts of the Tantra as have appeared are as a rule mere general statements by way of condemnation of it.

There are still many people who believe that "the chief and practically the sole subjects of the Tantra" are "sensual rites and black magic". To them this book will be a revelation. For it will show them that there is still quite a different aspect of the Tantras which is no less prominent for having been altogether neglected so far. They will be astonished to find that it is possible to deal with the philosophy of the Tantras without even referring to those rites and that magic, and they will grow suspicious with regard to those general statements on the Tantras about which our translator very aptly remarks :

Allegations as regards "the Tantra"—that is, as regards the whole body of existent Scripture which passes under that name—must be received with caution. There is no European scholar who has read "the Tantra" in this sense even approximately.

Much of this first volume of *Principles of Tantra* is of a polemic character, the book being essentially a defence of Tantrism against three enemies, viz., (1) the members of the Brahmasamāj and other modernised Indians, (2) the followers of Śhri Śhangkarāchārya's Advaita philosophy, and (3) the sectarian-minded of the Vaishnavite community. Of these, the first class is easily disarmed by our author, as on the whole it merely echoes European misconceptions; but his fight against the other two is of a more difficult nature and perhaps not altogether successful, though always interesting. Śhangkara's Illusionism is rejected both as untrue and unpractical, while against the Vaishnavites it is asserted that "by Vishṇumāyā or Vishṇuśhakti is not meant Māyā or Śhakti subordinate to Vishṇu" but that "in reality the aspect of Vishṇu is but an aspect assumed by Her who is Māyā or Śhakti".

The first three chapters deal with the Tantra as a whole, showing the necessity of its appearance, its relation to dualism and monism, the difference between, and similarity of, Veda and Tantra, etc. In this Kali Age in which we live, the Tantra Śhāstra is the only direct path to both worldly happiness and Liberation. The Vedas, having become impracticable, we should have to live in hopeless darkness, were there not the Tantra Śhāstra holding up its followers by means of its "two assuring arms of Āgama and Nigama" and thus enabling them to pluck without difficulty the precious fruit of the tree of Veda (p. 80). Āgama are said to be all Tantras in which the Devi appears as the disciple and Śhiva as the teacher, while Nigama are called those in which Śhiva is taught by the Devi, the term *āgama* being explained as the "coming to" (*gam+ā*) the Devi, *viz.*, from Śhiva, and *nigama* as though it were *nirgama*, the "proceeding from" (*gam+nir*) the Devi, *viz.*, to Śhiva.

The relation of the Tantra Śhāstra to the metaphysic dualism and monism is the subject of the interesting section on "Vedānta and Śhangkarāchārya" (pp. 82—93). The path advocated by Śhangkarāchārya, says our author, is that of complete dispassion with regard to the world ("attainment of Siddhi in Vairāgya Sādhana"), which is such an extremely rare thing that "it is doubtful whether one man in a hundred thousand has ever been able to attain Siddhi along this path". How far from it were even those of Śhangkarāchārya's disciples who obtained a world-wide reputation, one may guess from the fact

that they disapproved others' views and established their own. It passes our understanding how he who has knowledge of nothing beyond Brahman, can yet resolutely engage in militant discussion with Nyāya philosophers Non-dualistic Siddhi is a far cry for him who has still the principle of argument in him. Who will deny that a discussion with philosophers creates an amount of distracting dualistic propensities a thousand times greater than that created by contact with wife and children ?

The Tantra Śhāstra does not ask of anyone to do away with the dualistic world nor does it ignore the truth of monism : it takes into its arms, "as though they were its children, both dualism and monism" by teaching that "as, to ascend a precipice, one must advance slowly, stepping on the earth itself, (and not try to fly to it,) so also, in order to realise monistic truth, one must progress slowly through the dualistic world".

But not only does the Tantra Śhāstra necessarily reject the extreme monism of a Śhangkarāchārya, it is opposed also in one important point to the sources of the latter, the Upaniṣhads. Our author states with admirable courage this difference between the Veda and the Tantra (pp. 100 fil.). He says:

The Tāntric Sādḥaka, does not—in this unlike the Vaidik Sādḥaka—see a hell in the Sangsāra. The hateful and hideous picture which the Vaidik Sādḥaka has drawn of the Sangsāra, full as it is of wife, sons, friends, attendants, and other relations, is enough to create a revulsion in the mind of even an ordinary man.

The Tāntric Sādḥakas “have discovered the play of the waves of Brahma-Bliss in this very Sangsāra”; they “move and yet remain unsoiled in the mud of worldly actions”. It is particularly the attitude towards womanhood in which there is a vast difference between the Vedānta and the Tantra. Our author refers to it in the closing sentence of his second chapter in the words: “*The great subject of discussion between the Tantra and the Veda is the Mother.*” In the Vedānta woman is the most serious obstacle to Liberation; in the Tantra only through woman is Liberation possible. For woman is love, and love is self-abandonment which is the very condition of Liberation.

The Tantrāśhāstra, therefore, holds that the *puruṣa* (male) side is the cause of the bondage consisting of attachment to the *sangsāra*, and that the *śakti* (female) side is the cause of liberation or cessation of attachment to the *sangsāra* (p. 323).

And this is our author’s explanation of that seemingly barbaric symbol of Shāktism, *viz.*, the image of the Devī subduing the Puruṣa under Her feet (*ibid.*). “In conformity, also, with these views we find that, according to the Tantra, alone of the great Śhāstras, a woman may be a spiritual teacher (Guru), and initiation by her achieves increased benefit” (A. Avalon’s Preface, p. xviii).

Our author believes himself entitled to contradict the Veda in favour of the Tantra evidently because the Veda itself, in his opinion, acknowledges the authority of the Tantra Śhāstra. “We believe,” he says (p. 111), “that no one is ignorant of the fact that a fundamental part of Tāntrik Sādḥana is Shaṭchakrabheda. The first aphorism of the Shaṭchakrabheda comes from Upanishad itself”; and he refers to the seventh Mantra of Praṣṇa Upanishad and to several of the Minor

Upanishads, and further, for "the processes dealt with in Tantra relative to killing, driving away, and so forth," to the Atharvaveda.

The fourth chapter deals with Mantras in general and with the Gāyatri Mantra in particular. We learn, among other things, that "in every Mantra there are two Śhaktis—the Vāchya Śhakti and the Vāchaka Śhakti," the former being the Devatā who is the subject of the Mantra, and the latter the Devatā who is the Mantra itself. Mantras are not mere collections of words, which are "something gross," but are "full of consciousness"; they "awaken superhuman Śhakti"; and particularly in the Gāyatri Mantra there is present "the great supersensual Mantraśhakti which controls the Brahmanāṇḍa". As to the Gāyatri Mantra, our author protests against the very common belief "that it is the Brahman without attribute who is the Devatā of the Gāyatri, so that with the Gāyatri Mantra only his attributeless aspect should be contemplated". This, he says, is absurd, because one who is attributeless can never be made the subject, in contemplation or worship, of a mind with attributes.¹

In the fifth chapter there is an interesting section 'On Formlessness and Form,' being essentially another attack against the Advaita Vedānta. It seems that the latter is made responsible for the fact that "in the various little religions of the nineteenth century Brahman and Īshvara have come to mean one and the same thing". The author might have stated that at the root of the evil is the bad habit of the "adored great man Śhangkarāchārya" (p. 82) to use the word Īshvara for both the neuter and the masculine Brahman. There is a pathetic truth in his complaint that we (*i.e.*, the Hindus brought up by Advaitic schoolmasters) are ashamed of believing that "He took forms according to His own desire," "because on first entering school it dawned on us that 'Īshvara is formless and consciousness itself'". The vulgarisation of Śhankara's "Higher Science" which is by its nature an esoteric doctrine destined for a small minority, must be reckoned among the great calamities that have befallen India.

¹ It seems that A. Avalon has gone a little too far in rendering, in his translation of the Gāyatri Mantra, (p. 137, n. 1) *bhargo* by "spirit" and *savitur* by "of the Divine Creator of the terrestrial, atmospheric, and celestial regions." "Begging-bowl," in the same chapter (p. 148, l. 21 and note 8), must be corrected to "water-pot." (*cf.* "Brahmā's Kamaṇḍalu," p. 232.)

For it has, in the language of the *Gītā*, induced many people to take to another's Dharma instead of to their own, the latter being the "Lower Science" (*apara-vidyā*) of the great Vedāntin, in which the personal *Īshvara* is the highest reality or, at any rate, not less real than the things with which we are concerned every day. To what a ridiculous haughtiness the modern adepts of *Śhri Shangkara's* school are apt to let themselves be carried away, the writer of these lines had once occasion to learn when one of them spoke to him of the personal *Īshvara* as a "pitiable creature"!

In this chapter our author, in his zeal to save religion, goes so far as to condemn wholesale the six recognised systems of philosophy. He refers to *Rāmaprasāda's* saying of the six blind men who wrote books which they called *Darśhana* ('sight, philosophy'), and he quotes the following from his own *Gītāñjali*: "These six systems of philosophy are a fearful sight. They are mere disputations, like the rumblings of clouds."

The next chapter entitled 'Worship of *Devatās*' is a defence of *Deva* worship against those (*Advaitins* and others) who believe that the *karmakāṇḍa* is intended only for the uncultured masses and not for the educated. If anybody says this, so we learn, he merely proves by it that "*Bhagavān* has not yet granted him the power to comprehend the deep and solemn truth relating to the worship of images of the Deity". Only for him there is no longer any necessity for worship and the like who "has become *Brahman*," i.e., "who, even without *dhyāna* and the like, remains immersed in *Brahma-bliss* as naturally as he eats and sleeps".

There follow two chapters on the question 'What is *Śhakti*?' These are mainly engaged in combating an idea for which ultimately the *Sāmkhya* philosophy appears to be responsible, namely the idea that *Śhakti* is something unconscious. It is also denied (against certain *Vaishnavas*) that the Lord is the "owner of *Śhakti*" and *Śhakti* his "servitress," and further, that it is correct to speak of "the *Śhakti* of *Ātmā*". The latter is, indeed, often mentioned in the *Śhāstra*, "but in all such cases it is *Ātmā* alone which has really been spoken of". For, "that which is *Ātmā* is *Śhakti*, and that which is *Śhakti*

is *Atmā*". The author's conception of *Ṣhakti* may be gathered from the following passage :

Ṣhaktitattva is divided into two parts—first, *māyāṣhakti*, that is, *Ṣhakti* whose substance is *guṇas*; and second, *chitṣhakti*, which is above *guṇas*, and is massive bliss. By *māyāṣhakti* has this vast and variegated drama of *sangsāra* been composed. In this drama *chitṣhakti* appears as *Purusha* and *Prakṛiti* who, though free from all attachment in their real aspects, as *Jivas* perform this vast *Brahmāṇḍa* play. Giving birth to all things from *Brahmā*, *Vishṇu*, and *Maheṣhvara* to the minutest insect, and spreading the manifestations of Herself both as gross and intelligent substance (*jaḍa* and *chaitanya*), She pervades the world.

The ninth chapter is entitled '*Ṣhiva and Ṣhakti*,' which is a misleading title, as there is much more in it about *Vishṇu* than about *Ṣhiva*. The correct title would have been : '*The Trimūrti and Ṣhakti*'; for the whole contents of the chapter may be said to be contained in the following sentence found on page 359 :

In the creation, preservation, and destruction of the dualistic material world, the *Purusha* aspects of *Ṣhakti* are *Brahmā*, *Vishṇu*, and *Maheṣhvara*, and Her *Prakṛiti* aspects are *Brahmāṇi*, *Vaishṇavi*, and *Maheṣhvari*.

That is to say : there is one primordial *Ṣhakti* (*ādyā ṣhakti*, *mahāṣhakti*) which manifests itself in three pairs of secondary *Ṣhaktis*. The Great *Ṣhakti*, then, corresponds to the neuter *Brahman* of *Ṣhangkara's* system, but there is this difference that She is "attributeless" only in the sense of "not attached to Her attributes" (p. 361).

To say, therefore, that she is attributeless is only to show one's ignorance. The manifestations of *Ṣhakti* in the forms of *Devas*, *Dānavas*, and men, signify nothing but the spread of attributes belonging to Her who holds the three *guṇas*.

Her real nature, however, is more manifest in the female than in the male form, and this is the reason why females are called *Ṣhakti*, and it also accounts for such passages as the one quoted on page 304 from *Kubjikā Tantra*, viz. :

Brahmāṇi creates, and not *Brahmā*. . . . *Brahmā* is undoubtedly a mere *preta* (dead person). *Vaishṇavi* preserves and not *Vishṇu*. *Rudrāṇi* destroys and not *Rudra*.

The question remains why we hear in the *Ṣhāstra* so much more often of *Vishṇumāyā* and *Mahāvaiṣṇavi* than of *Brahmāṇi* and *Rudrāṇi*.

The reason for this is that from the commencement of creation to the time of *Pralaya*, *Jivas* in this *sangsāra* are subject to the preservative *Ṣhakti*. The preservative *Ṣhakti* rests in *Vishṇu*, and the presiding *Devī* over the act of preservation is *Vaiṣṇavi Ṣhakti* or *Vishṇumāyā*.

Towards the end of the chapter there is a curious story narrating how the great Śhangkarāchārya became a worshipper of the Devi whom he had long refused to acknowledge. For the truth of the story our author refers to the fact that "we see the Yantra of Śhri (the Devi) established wherever there are Maṭhas, temples, and the like, founded amongst such Daṇḍis (Samnyāsis) as are followers of Śhangkarāchārya".

The tenth and last chapter is of rather mixed contents instead of dealing mainly, as the title seems to promise, with the 'Worship of the Five Devatās'. We learn very little, indeed, about the latter, probably because this subject is reserved for the second volume. The system of fivefold initiation is not universal among Tāntrik Sādhakas, initiation into the Mantra of one Devatā only being compulsory with them, and there is always one Devatā, the Isṭadevatā or favourite deity of the worshipper, to which the latter pays most attention. Initiation into any one Mantra entitles a Sādhaka to all Mantras; so that "the moment a Brāhmaṇa is initiated in the Gāyatrī Mantra, he becomes fundamentally entitled to the five forms of worship". But it is absolutely essential that his worship should follow neither the Vaidik, nor the Paurāṇic (or mixed), but the Tāntric method prescribed for the Kali Yuga.

O Ambikā, when the Kali Age is ripe, should anyone who knows the command of the Śhāstra issued from My mouth, perform any rite according to another Śhāstra, such a one will be guilty of a great sin.

The Gāyatri mentions five Devatās, viz., Brahmā, Vishṇu, Śhiva, Śhakti, and Sūrya; "of these the worship of Brahmā, in the Tāntric form, has been abolished by Devarshi Nārada's curse, and in the place of Brahmā the worship of Gaṇeśha, who is an avatāra of Vishṇu, has been established".

The book closes with a short section on the 'Loss of Tantras and Treatises on this Scripture'. The author laments that "the store of medicines has been burnt before the appearance of the disease"; still he is able to enumerate some 300 names of works "of which we have information from original books and compilations on Tantra, and which formed a part of the mass of treatises which has now been almost destroyed". This list, though consisting of nothing but names, has some bibliographical value, as the compiler is undoubtedly a trustworthy person.

It remains to say a few words about Arthur Avalon's Introduction which occupies no less than 81 pages. This, like his Introduction to the translation of *Mahānirvāṇatantra*, is a very remarkable piece of work. It will be found to contain much general information welcome to all interested in oriental subjects. For instance, we find in it (on pp. xxxvii *et seq.*) a rather detailed summary of an article on the 'Antiquity of the Tantra' by Mahāmahopādhyāya Jādashvara Tarkaratna which appeared in a Bengāli magazine. The author of this article comes to the conclusion that the Tantra Shāstra is at least two thousand years old, but probably older, as there are, in his opinion, unmistakable references to it already in the *Śhāntiparvan* of the *Mahābhārata*. A. Avalon remarks, no doubt rightly, that the antiquity of the Tantra has been much under-estimated, though some of the Tantras (such as the Meru Tantra with a prophecy mentioning the *ingreja*="English" and *landra*=London) are of course quite modern. Another interesting contribution of the Introduction is what we read on (pp. lxiv *et seq.*) on the geographical distribution of the Tantras. Tradition assumes three regions called Vishṇukrānta, Rathakrānta, and Aṣhvakrānta (or Gajakrānta) respectively, and assigns to each of them 64 Tantras (enumerated on pp. lxxv *et seq.*). Bengal is included in Vishṇukrānta, Nepāl in Rathakrānta, and South India in Aṣhvakrānta which, according to one source, extends as far as the island of Java. Still another instructive passage is on (pp. xxx *et seq.*) where we learn that there is a division of the Tantras into those of the "higher tradition" and those of the "lower tradition," to the former belonging Kāmikā, Dīpta, and others, to the latter Kāpāla, Bhairava, and others.

It is a pity that a bulky volume like this should have been allowed to go into the world without alphabetical indexes, the table of contents is so meagre that a subject-index was, indeed, badly needed. At least an index of quotations, in which the work is so rich, and of proper names, might have been easily added. Another drawback, to which we have already called attention on a former occasion, is Arthur Avalon's peculiar system of transliteration leading to inconsistencies like the one on page 384 (notes 6 to 8) where we read in the same line : Om, Ṣhring, Aing.

The value of the book is undeniable, as nothing like it has been so far available to the western student, and we hope that we have succeeded in interesting our readers sufficiently in it to look forward with pleasure to the second volume of the work (dealing specially with initiation and worship) which is now in the press.

F. O. S.

Reflections on the Problems of India, by Ardasar Sorabjee N. Wadia, B.A. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto.)

The book is exceedingly well printed and bound, and has an excellent index. It covers some 160 pages but is very closely printed and so, though not bulky, contains a substantial amount of reading matter. So much for the material aspect of the work before us, of which nothing but good can be said.

The contents, however, cannot be so easily and briefly disposed of. In the first place, let us state that the book is good enough to warrant us in being frank and in saying many bad things of it; important enough for us to attack its defects strongly.

As the title indicates, and as the 'Epistle Dedicatory' points out with emphasis, the book only ventures to give *reflections* on the problems of India, not their solution. The author has kept himself strictly to this programme. The result is that the reader feels himself thoroughly shaken up, often thoroughly irritated, by these vigorous and critical reflections and does not clearly see what the net result is of it all. This is not, however, necessarily a fault in the book. A sleeper must first be awakened. Conversation may begin afterwards when he is thoroughly conscious again.

Four essays make up the subject-matter of the volume. They are on: 1. Elementary Education; 2. The Caste System; 3. Industrial Development and 4. The Political Future.

If we were to describe our general impression of the volume we would like to call it a mixture of wisdom and clap-trap, held together partly by common sense and candour, and partly by superficial thinking and hasty generalisations. In fact there is much in the book that is very good and much that is very bad. In its method of construction we object to the oriental literary method followed in presenting an

interminable string of quotations in support or elaboration of the author's own thoughts. To a certain extent the work may be described as a book of literary and philosophical quotations on the problems under consideration, lightly strung together by the author's own reasonings. Take these quotations away and the book is reduced by a third in bulk and by two-thirds in authority ; but its readableness and simplicity would be perhaps doubled.

The general purport of the book may be gleaned from its concluding paragraphs : ". . . . I have denounced Elementary Education , I have upheld the caste system , I have condemned the Factorisation of India , I have railed against the fatuous schemes of *swarāj*." But all this, as he says, not because he loves India less, but because he has more at heart her progress along lines of reality than along lines of empty seeming. He claims "to be a Son and a Servant of India". Her welfare, regeneration, the fulfilment of her life-purpose and the happiness of her manhood constitute these realities and not such external shams as mass-education, the equality doctrine, industrialism and self-government, none of which change human nature nor conduce in themselves to happiness, contentment and peace.

The general trend of the author's reasoning is based on the western aristocratic school of thinkers like Nietzsche, Carlyle, Ruskin *e tutti quanti* who are all lavishly quoted. But these quotations are often recklessly handled and violently transposed from the soil in which they have naturally sprung, into the alien field of Indian civilisation. Supermanism and anti-democracy are natural reactions in Europe ; transplanted to India they change in value as the action which produced them in the West has not yet arisen there. They would in this country, be like antidotes administered to a person who had not yet been poisoned.

It is precisely on this point that the Author vitiates the whole of his argument. His fundamental standpoint is that India shall regenerate herself along lines of innate, natural, spontaneous action and growth. This is a legitimate point of view. The East is East ; let her remain so. No westernisation of India, but natural, or if you prefer it, cultural self-development ! But the author pleads this ideal in a book which is undiluted, pure, distilled westernity. Even his

defence of caste is a western, not an eastern, defence. The author demands from India eastern conduct, guided and ruled by western arguments. The curious thing is that he has not found this out himself.

In spite of all this there is very much in the book which is quite worth reading and thinking over. It is in no sense a bad book, and it is at all events strong and vigorous and able. In places it irritates and thereby stimulates, in other places it criticises neatly and forcibly, in still other places it traces drawbacks and expresses doubts which furnish valuable sign-posts of warning. So there is much in the work with which we agree and much with which we disagree, but that the book itself is a valuable contribution to the literature about India is incontestable. All those interested in the questions of the hour in this great country should certainly study it.

J. v. M.

In the Outer Court, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

Our readers will welcome a new edition of Mrs. Besant's well-known work, which consists of the verbatim report of five lectures delivered in London during the summer of 1895. In some respects this is one of the most inspiring of Mrs. Besant's books, for herein she traces in language poetical and beautiful the qualifications necessary for the aspirant to pass from the 'Outer Court' within the portals of the very 'Temple' itself. Much has to be accomplished within the 'Outer Court,' but the difficulties outlined, though clearly put, are so well explained and so sympathetically treated, that the reader feels encouraged instead of disheartened, and longs to climb the Mountain—to use the author's own imagery—by the shorter path, instead of taking the easier but far longer way. 'Purification,' 'Thought Control,' 'The Building of Character,' 'Spiritual Alchemy,' 'On the Threshold,' are the subjects dealt with. We are told how more and more light comes to us as we are winning nearer the goal.

They who tread it know the peace that passeth understanding, the joy that earthly sorrow can never take away, the rest that is on the rock that no earthquake may shiver, the peace within the Temple where for ever there is bliss.

To those who have not already had the good fortune to read *In the Outer Court*, we can safely promise a book which must surely inspire and make its appeal.

T. L. C.

The Science of Human Behaviour, by Maurice Parmelee, Ph. D. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 8s. 6d.)

"This book," in the words of the author, "furnishes a basis for the study of the more complex human, mental, and social phenomena," and it is certainly a careful and painstaking attempt to trace volitional action back to its origin in the mobility and plasticity of organic matter. In effect, it is a detailed application of the Herbartian theories of apperception and interest to all phenomena which present themselves to the human senses. For instance the writer defines intelligent behaviour as, "behaviour varied in response to experience". Thus, the exact scientist and the abstract psychologist meet on common ground.

The writer also keeps in view always, the important fact that, while function may determine structure; in action, function is always modified by the limitations of structure, as such, and there can be no clearer example of the truth of this, than the paradoxical position of man in society. He is much weaker, individually, and comparatively, than the animals that prey upon him, yet collectively he lords it over creation.

Altogether the book is a very valuable contribution to the science of sociology.

H. R. G.

The New Realism: Co-operative Studies in Philosophy, by Edwin B. Holt, Walter T. Marvin, W. P. Montague, Ralph B. Perry, W. B. Pitkin and E. G. Spaulding. (The Macmillan Co., New York, 1912.)

The "six realists," who are responsible for this book, give the opinions they hold in common in the first essay and then each in turn presents his more particular way of regarding the subject. An appendix gives their programme and first platform. We thus gain an unusually all-round view of the subject, and many individual points, which are of value in clearing our thought. The book is not one for the many; but

a certain type of mind will find pleasure in its arguments which its authors intend to serve as an up-to-date basis for future discussion. The scrupulous choice of words is naturally insisted upon as a moral necessity before thoughtful men can understand each other and Hobbe's quaint but important phrase is quoted: "The light of human minds is perspicuous words, but by exact definitions first snuffed and purged from all ambiguities." Yet the most definitely used words are merely halting places to mark the thought of a certain period, for as evolution advances each surge of fresh thought, or of scientific research, enriches the content of the sign or word and new words are daily born—exact or indefinite according to the happy or distorted unions that conceived them. Until words have become superfluous and mind answers direct to mind, scholarship, in the sense of a study of the existing terms of a subject, will ever be necessary.

"If realism concludes, as it does, that the knower himself may, in the great majority of cases, be disregarded and the object be explained in its own terms, it is only after due consideration of the matter" (page 41). The plain statement of our authors' new realism is useful as a counterpoise to the extreme idealist view, but we live in the hope that advance in thought will show the two views merely as two aspects of a reality which we are not yet able to grasp sufficiently to formulate.

A. J. W.

Modern English Speeches and Addresses, edited by J. G. Jennings, M.A. (OXON). (Longmans Green & Co., London.)

The compiler of the above, says in the preface that his chief aim is to present to 'foreign' readers specimens of English as it is spoken now. That aim is achieved, but apart from a characteristically pleasant chat by Lord Avebury on 'The Study of Nature,' and an address by Lord Morley on 'Aphorisms,' there is, otherwise, little worthy of preservation.

H. R. G.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

VOTING RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL RE-ELECTION

THE total number of recorded votes for the re-election of Mrs. Annie Besant as President of the Theosophical Society up to the evening of 5th July 1914 was 16,611 in favour, 235 against and 37 invalid.

Russia and Bohemia were late in sending their voting result. Russia voted 220 in favour, 3 against, 11 invalid and 15 neutral. Bohemia voted unanimously in favour, *viz.*, 152, hence the grand total comes to 16,983 in favour, 238 against, 48 invalid and 15 neutral, while about 3,970 did not vote: in other words, counting the percentage, 79·9 in favour, 1·12 against, 18·98 invalid, neutral and those who did not vote.

Thus an overwhelming majority re-elected Mrs. Annie Besant as President of the Theosophical Society for a term of seven years from 6th July 1914.

The details of votes of different National Societies are as follows :

Entitled to vote.	National Societies.	For.	Against.	Did not vote.	Remarks.	Per cent voted.
3,911	America ...	3,309	44	543	15 neutral.	85.75
2,280	England and Wales	1,545	9	724	2 invalid, spoiled papers.	68
5,674	India ...	4,613	70	991	...	82.5
1,162	Australia ...	896	6	260	...	77
580	Scandinavia ...	550	3	7	...	98.75
540	New Zealand...	535	5	100
1,096	The Netherlands	729	49	302	16 of no value.	72.4
1,327	France ...	1,092	18	204	13 invalid.	84.6
296	Italy ...	206	7	83	...	72
201	Germany ...	191	...	10	...	95
743	Cuba ...	612	2	129	...	82.6
85	Hungary ...	84	1 for another person.	nearly 100
518	Finland ...	377	...	141	...	72.8
234	Russia ...	220	3	...	11 invalid. Arrived late 10-7-14	100
152	Bohemia ...	152	Arrived late 11-7-14.	100
239	South Africa...	142	...	97	...	59.4
274	Scotland ...	272	2	100
188	Switzerland ...	158	...	30	...	84
154	Belgium ...	116	12	21	5 invalid.	86.2
552	Dutch East Indies	378	...	174	...	68.4
158	Burma ...	116	1	41	...	72.6
101	Austria ...	101	100
201	Norway ...	152	...	49	...	75.6
	Non-Sectionalised :					
290	South America.	162	3	125	...	57
37	Bulgaria ...	38	1	100
153	Spain ...	140	2	11	...	92.8
25	Ireland ...	14	1	10	...	60
19	Adyar of Belgium	17	...	2	...	nearly 90

Entitled to vote.	National Societies.	For.	Against.	Did not vote.	Remarks.	Per cent voted.
	Non-Sectionalised:—(Cont.)					
6	Cairo	6	100
2	Singapore	2	100
20	Lagos	20	100
3	Helsingfors	3	100
53	Unattached Members	37	...	16	...	70
21,254	Grand Total ...	16,983	238	3,970	63 invalid.	...
				4,033		

ADYAR,
14th July, 1914

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

RS. A. P.

The Hope Lodge, Lagos, T.S. Fees of New Members, £2-5-9	34	5	0
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Mr. Raj Rana Dulbey Singhji of Badi Sadhri, Udaipur, Mewar	25	0	0
Mr. Raj Rana Dulbey Singhji of Badi Sadhri, Udaipur Mewar, for Adyar Library	25	0	0
Mr. A. Ostermann, Colmar, for Adyar Library, ...	14,554	12	0

Mr. A. Ostermann, Colmar, for Adyar Library Building Fund	Rs.	A.	P.
...40,421	0	9
	<hr/>		
	Rs. 55,075	1	9
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ADYAR, 10th July, 1914. J. R. ARIA,
Ag. Hon. Treasurer, T.S.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th June, 1914, to 10th July, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

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Blavatsky Lodge, T.S., Bombay, towards Food Fund	30	0	0
	<hr/>		
	Rs. 30	0	0
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J. R. ARIA,
Ag. Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th July, 1914.

ADYAR LIBRARY

The Adyar Library has been enriched with two valuable books, presented to it by Messrs. T. L. Crombie and P. S. Jackson respectively. Both works are Tibetan block prints and are of special value on account of their clear print and consequent great legibility.

The first is the famous *Manikambum* of which copies are by no means common and the other is a copy of Padmasambhava's biography which is somewhat better known, though still a most desirable addition to our collection.

To both generous donors our heartiest thanks.

ADYAR,
July 1914.

JOHAN VAN MANEN,
Assistant Director

Printer: Annie Besant: Vasanṭā Press, Adyar, Madras.
Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, AUGUST 1914

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Vol. II

(JULY)

No. 7

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE re-election to the Presidency took place so smoothly, and apparently so inevitably, that I carelessly allowed last month's issue to go out without any paying of due thanks to those who have again called me to take the helm of the Theosophical Society. There was a very great rush of work which met me on my arrival at Adyar, and, in dealing with this, I forgot the personal matter. Let me, then, though late, say to all those who have shown their love and trust by placing me again in the seat of the President of the Theosophical Society, that I will try to do my best in that office, and to serve faithfully and well the cause we all love. I ask the members to believe that if I fail in aught, it is not from lack of effort but from lack of capacity, not from wilful error but from want of insight.



I have read with some care the varying views and criticisms as to the Theosophical Society, and any special lines of work adopted by me in social and political activities. It seems that all members agree that

religious and educational work may be carried on by a President, but some think that social and political work, if carried on by a T.S. President at all, should be carried on apart from his Theosophical magazines, and general Theosophical activities. It is, of course, true that great differences of opinion exist between the views of members of the varying nationalities which enter into the world-wide organisation of the Theosophical Society. Our membership embraces persons of all political and social parties, and of none—autocrats, oligarchs, aristocrats, democrats, labour men, socialists, suffragists, suffragettes, anti-suffragites—all sorts and conditions of men and women.



There is nothing one can say on any of the points which divide, which will not give offence to those who dislike free expression of opinions from which they dissent. On the other hand, it is also true that sharp differences of opinion arise on religious questions, and yet these, surely, cannot be excluded from a Theosophical magazine; some persons objected to the late President-Founder taking the pañchasilā, and thus professing one particular religion, and others have objected to my affection for Hindūism. Probably there is no department of human thought in which the P.T.S. may exert himself, in which the fact that he holds some definite opinion may not cause annoyance to those who would prefer that he should hold their own particular views. But it is obvious from the late election that there is no wish in any appreciable part of the T.S. to curb the liberty of thought or action of its President. (I do not think the great majority necessarily agree with

my views ; but they stand for liberty of thought.) To put it somewhat bluntly :

The T.S. stands by the principle of Free Thought and Free Expression, whether in official or in simple member, and it would rather have me as I am, with my strong and strongly expressed opinions, than somebody else, who would be more colourless and less effective.



That being clear from the votes cast, we may consider the position, and see what there is in the objections raised, and if there be any way of meeting them, for the value of opinions is not decided by the counting of heads. A small minority may be right, and a big majority wrong. All reforms begin with a minority of one. I put aside the objection that the President-Founder said certain things about politics, for two reasons : first, no one contends for that which alone he barred, corporate action on the part of the T.S.; none the less, strong action on my part *does*, I think, affect the T.S. in the minds of the ordinary thoughtless person, and to some extent commits it, *in such minds*, to the line taken by myself, if I write on such matters in THE THEOSOPHIST, the *Bulletin*, or other distinctively Theosophical magazine. In the second place, Colonel Olcott's opinion on politics, or anything else, is no more binding on any member of the T.S. than is my own ; he cannot fetter the Society, any more than I can ; our objects alone are binding on us, and not the *dicta* of anybody, however much he, or she, may be held in general respect. If Colonel Olcott, as P.T.S., had any right to bar politics, I, as P.T.S., have an equal right to bar social reform, for which he

urgently pleaded, thereby annoying seriously many of our Hindū members. I do not think that either he or I have any right at all to interfere with individual activities. H. P. B. said, in so many words, that individuals were "perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action". Mr. Van Manen begs the question when he ignores this statement, and quotes her statement that reform of human nature is necessary to useful political reform. I have said this over and over again, and said it quite lately, but this does not mean, to me, that no political abuse may be corrected until human nature is perfect. Time and circumstances must be considered in applying this general principle. The first advance should be in the nature of some of the people; then they should work for outer improvement of conditions, and so on. For this reason, in India, I worked for the revival of Hindūism—and was much blamed for doing so—to obtain a spiritual basis for improvement; then I laboured for religious and moral education; now that those are practically safe, I go on to build on this the edifice of political and social reform. H.P.B. was an enthusiastic social reformer, and H.S.O. was enthusiastically in favour of the Congress, and obtained for me an invitation to lecture at it when it was held in Madras at the same time as our Theosophical Convention.

* * *

The different attitudes of Mr. Kirby and Mr. Van Manen on the one hand and of Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. C. Jinarajadasa on the other are due to profound differences of nature. Mr. Kirby and Mr. Van Manen represent, with admirable taste and spirit, the attitude,

the rightful attitude, of men of the world in an ordinary democratic Society, such as the T.S. is, from the standpoint of the world. No one, who, like myself, is an elected officer of the Society can quarrel with that attitude. Criticism, advice, difference of opinion, all these are thoroughly in place, and I am sure that Mr. Van Manen will bear witness that I have never dreamed of objecting to these; as a matter of fact, I have always encouraged them, since I have been an official of the Society. Quite apart from any question of personal criticism, I rejoice over every expression of difference of opinion from the opinions of myself and of others, as leading to more vigorous intellectual life and to an increase of our knowledge of truth.

* * *

The view taken by Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Jinarajadasa is the view of the Occultist, of the members of a band who, knowing each other, and, realising that Wisdom is the highest authority, gladly follow the directions of a Wisdom greater than their own. The Wisest rules and teaches. But in that band, no objection to following the Wisest can ever be raised, and the world knows them not. There, no blind credulity can arise, no danger of crude superstition; there, the ignorant cannot be confused by the action of the wise, for they know nothing about it. There, utter obedience and the reason for it are understood, and there is none to challenge or to question. There, no doubt can arise as to relative Wisdom, for the rank in the Hierarchy marks it. It is little wonder that members of such a band, seeing its perfect order and the perfect working out of a Plan, served by all, should wish to see down here a similar order, a similar discipline. But the

“pattern” showed to us “in the mount” is not fitted for reproduction in the mechanism of a heterogeneous Society, in which the knowledge of each other by members is very limited, in which official rank is not necessarily according to wisdom, in which many do not recognise in any member the existence of wisdom greater than their own. We are in a democratic age, the T.S. has a democratic constitution, and democracy has not yet devised a plan for placing the wisest in the seats of power. The conditions which exist in the band of Occultists do not exist here, and there is, moreover, an ever-present danger in the outer world of an exaggerated reverence for particular personalities turning into abdication of judgment, of blind credulity taking the place of rational faith. Therefore, I think that the attitude of Mr. Kirby and of Mr. Van Manen is the better for the T.S., and protects it against the worst danger which threatens it, the abnegation of individual judgment and the consequent growth of sectarianism. But inevitably both attitudes will always be found in the T.S., since each is characteristic of a particular type. I personally profoundly disagree with Mr. Van Manen’s view of “service” and “loyalty”; to me service is the noblest function of life, and loyalty, loyalty to a friend, a cause, a principle, a superior, the finest fibre in human character.

* * *

The one argument which has great weight with me, and which I have too much overlooked in my frank expression of personal opinions, is stated by Mr. Van Manen: he argues that THE THEOSOPHIST is *international*, and therefore should not contain any political allusion which may hurt the susceptibilities of

any non-English reader. In the case he gives of Mr. Kruger being regarded as a saint and Mr. Chamberlain as a fiend by the Dutch, I should personally never have dreamed of being hurt by finding either of them described in one of these characters by a Dutch Theosophical Editor; but I think that my entire willingness that anyone should think as he pleases, and speak as he pleases on all public matters, is an idiosyncrasy, and I should not assume it in others. Having THE THEOSOPHIST, and knowing that my friends liked me to chat to them on all the things that interested me, I have chatted freely. I see, however, the force of what Mr. Van Manen says, so I shall in future confine THE THEOSOPHIST and the *Bulletin* to the three defined Objects of the T.S., including, in these, articles on general political and social topics, which come under "Brotherhood," and are not essentially national—I mean subjects on which nationality will not influence the point of view taken. There is a World-Politic and a World-Sociology.

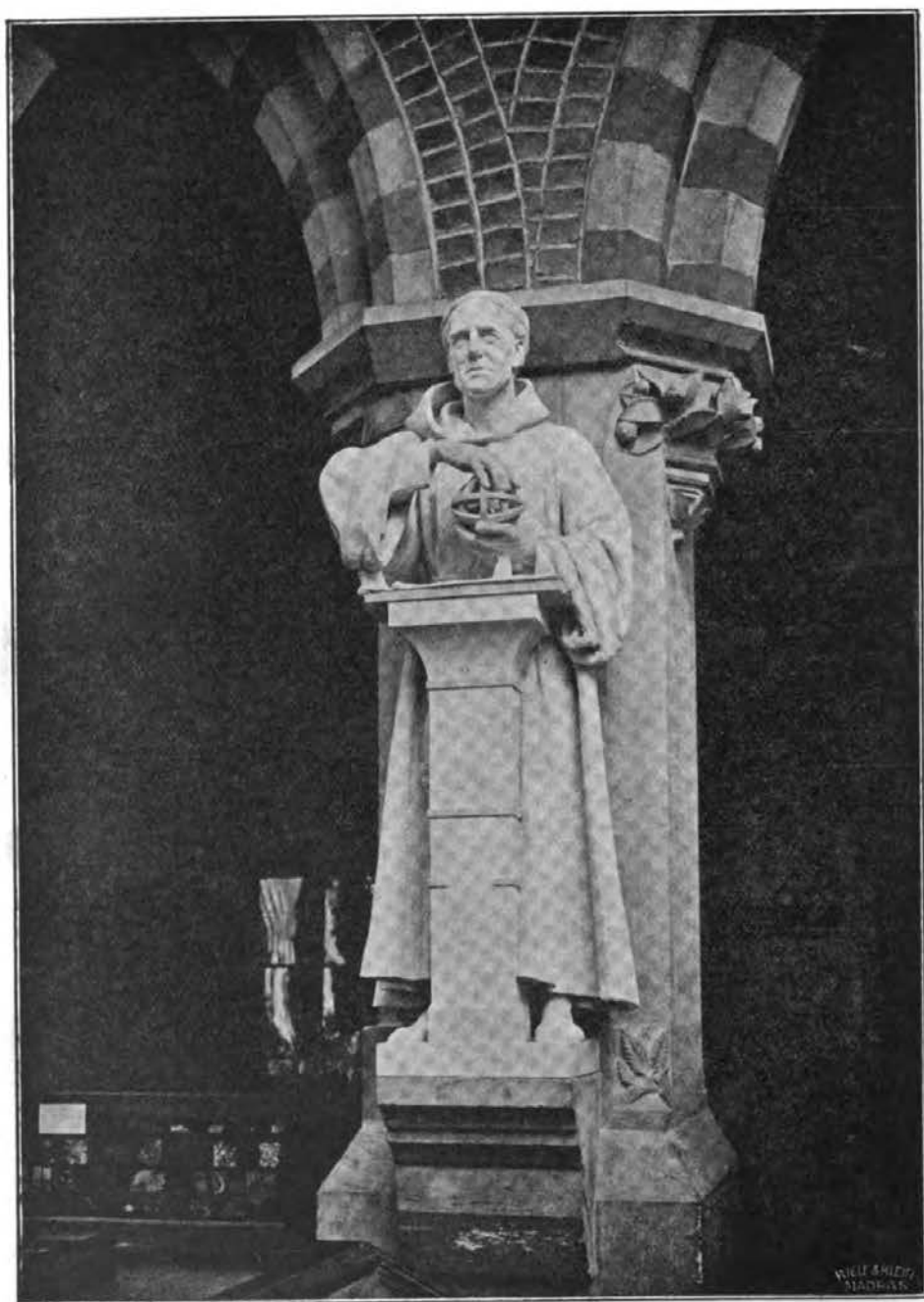
* * *

There are many interested in the question of applying Theosophy and Occultism to the solution of the political problems which arise in particular nations, and such an application sharpens insight and quickens discrimination. Yet while national prejudices are so strong, it is probably wiser not to lay stress on these in an international magazine. The public will always think that an Occultist, in pointing out the place of a nation at a particular time in the World-Plan, is trying to aggrandise that nation for a national motive, if that nation happens to be his own. It is well to avoid that misconception as much as possible, although I do not

quite think that I have been guilty of "the bad taste and sorry tact" ascribed to me by Mr. Van Manen. An intelligent interest in the trend of events is desirable for the Theosophist, and ought to be a characteristic of members of the T.S., but while nationality transcends humanity, we must walk wisely and warily. Those who desire to know about my own political and social work in India can very well read *The Commonwealth* and *New India*, which are without the Theosophical label, though, I hope, they are permeated with the Theosophical spirit, and these will show the application of Theosophy and Occultism to the solution of great public problems. From next January, *The Commonwealth* will be printed at the *New India* office, and thus will be entirely separated from all Theosophical publications.



In the terrible war now raging in Europe, and in which India, as part of the British Empire, is involved, the duty of members of the T.S. is clear: to soften national animosities, to keep unbroken the ties of personal friendship though nations may be at war, to do all we can to calm the public mind and to check fanatical violence among the ignorant. This every member can do, with tact and discretion, among his own people. And we can look forward hopefully to the time when, even by exhaustion, the warring nationalities may again turn to peace, and may realise that national morality must rise to the level recognised as binding on all good men in their individual relations, and thus substitute Law for Force, the right of Justice for the might of Strength.



ROGER BACON, 1214—1294

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THE SEPTINGENTENARY OF ROGER BACON

By G. L. BECKTON

I

BEFORE dealing with the seventh centenary celebrations held this year in memory of that remarkable genius Roger Bacon, it would perhaps first be well to give a short sketch of his life, in so far as it can be pieced together from authentic and traditional records.

Whether it be due to the fact that great teachers are usually in advance of their time and consequently unpopular, or that they and their immediate adherents are too much engrossed with the work to be done to have time for personalities, the truth remains that very little is generally known of their lives. This is especially the case when trying to trace the history of Roger Bacon, for we cannot say with certainty the date of either his birth or his death. It is believed that he was born in the year 1214, at Ilchester in

Somerset, or within a few miles of that place, somewhere in the county of Dorset. At the early age of 12 or 13, he is said to have been studying at Oxford, at which University he seems to have spent most of his life, though he was frequently and for long intervals at the University of Paris. The earlier part of his career was spent in teaching and writing elementary treatises for students. In both Universities he earned great reputation as a teacher, and his fame spread throughout Europe as the "Doctor Mirabilis". There is some evidence to show that he was at the University of Paris before 1236, and he was certainly there before 1245. The date of his entry into the Franciscan Order is entirely unknown, and there is no certain record that he ever took Holy Orders. On account of ill-health he had to retire from active university life from 1256 to 1266, though he continued to write during this period; some authorities say that during these years he was detained in Paris under strict surveillance by the ecclesiastical authorities, but there seems to be no particular evidence for the statement.

In 1266 the great opportunity of Roger Bacon's life came to him, as his reputation attracted the attention of the Pope, Clement IV, and the Holy Father wrote, demanding copies of all his writings to be sent to him "with all secrecy and haste". Bacon, overjoyed at the notice of the Head of the Church, replied that he had as yet written nothing worthy to be read by His Holiness, but promptly set to work to formulate all his opinions on knowledge, of what it consisted, and how it should be taught and acquired, embodying them in the *Opus Majus*, *Opus Minus*, and *Opus Tertium*. The

two former, with other MSS. were sent to the Pope early in 1268, but probably the latter reached Rome too late to be seen by him, as he died in the latter part of the year. The death of Clement IV put an end to all prospect of Bacon's ideas being put into practice, as from henceforth the only effective channel for such wholesale changes in those days—authority of the Church—was closed to him.

Bacon apparently continued to write and teach more or less unmolested till 1277, but his unfailing denunciation of ignorance however highly placed, and his unqualified personal criticisms, had earned him many enemies, who but waited their chance to suppress him. Many scandalous quarrels having arisen at the University of Paris between the factions of secular masters and mendicant Orders, Pope Gregory X, in January 1277, ordered the Bishop of Paris to hold an inquiry into the causes, and suppress the errors, which led to the disturbances. This Bishop, who was a reactionary, formed a commission, and made the most of the opportunity given him to attack all progressive and independent thought; he condemned certain books, and published a list of 219 errors, the teaching of which was prohibited, on the pain of excommunication of all those who attended lectures at which they were propounded. Later in the same year the heads of the Orders of Friars Preachers and Friars Minor, met in Paris to adopt measures to prevent the continual quarrels between the members of their Orders, and one of their judgments was to condemn and reprobate "the teachings of Friar Roger Bacon of England, master of sacred theology, as containing some suspected novelties, on account of which the same Roger was

condemned to prison". This imprisonment lasted from 1277 till 1292, when it is believed that Bacon was set free. His last dated work—the *Compendium Studii Theologiae*—was written in this year, 1292, but the general tradition is that he lived till 1294. However, John Rous, the Warwick antiquary, who lived in the fifteenth century, says: "The noble doctor Roger Bacon was buried at the Grey Friars in Oxford, A. D. 1292, on the Feast of St. Barnabas." (June 11th.)

The teachings of Roger Bacon are altogether outside the scope of this paper, but it is interesting to note that nearly all writers on his works are puzzled by the extraordinary likeness, and in some cases the identity, of his outlook with that expounded by his namesake Francis Bacon, nearly four centuries later.

The following quotation from the *Opus Majus* gives too apt a definition of philosophy to be left out: "The end of all true philosophy is to arrive at a knowledge of the Creator through knowledge of the created world."

II

Though this year of 1914 cannot definitely be stated to be the actual septingentenary of the birth of Roger Bacon, it is near enough after such a lapse of time, and admirers of his genius have been glad to take advantage of a settled date in order to get some public acknowledgment made of the debt which modern science owes to his dauntless demands for freedom of inquiry.

Last year an international committee formed itself under the chairmanship of Sir Archibald Geikie, and announced its programme to be: 1. To hold a commemoration at Oxford during the summer of 1914 and to erect a statue of Roger Bacon in the University

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Museum there ; 2. To publish a volume of *Commemoration Essays*¹ to be written by specialists in the various subjects ; and 3. To arrange for the editing and printing of Roger Bacon's writings, so far as funds will allow. To carry out this third project a Roger Bacon Society on a permanent basis must be formed, and reference to the need for this will be made later. The two first objects have been accomplished.

On June 10th, 1914, a small but gay looking assembly collected in the University Museum at noon for the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Roger Bacon. The proceedings took twenty-five minutes. The gaiety of the scene was due to the fact that nearly all the men present were in robes, and a large percentage seemed to be in the scarlet and grey of Doctors of Science. There was also a sprinkling of Franciscan Friars in their chocolate habits, and a good deal of red and black supplied by the robes of the other learned men ; the small number of ladies present were quite eclipsed and rendered inconspicuous (as is perhaps seemly from the traditions of Oxford) in their light-coloured summer clothes. There were delegates present from the Vatican, the Order of Friars Minor, the Capuchin Friars of St. Francis, the Collège de France, and the Universities of Paris, Cambridge and Columbia.

The proceedings began with a speech from Sir Archibald Geikie, who in the name of his committee asked Lord Curzon to accept the statue on behalf of the University of Oxford, as a tribute to one of the greatest men that had ever studied within the walls of that University. Master of all the learning of his time, this

¹ *Roger Bacon : Essays*. Edited and Collected by A. G. Little. Clarendon Press, Oxford.

eminent philosopher (Roger Bacon) devoted his strenuous and chequered life to combat the ignorance, prejudice, and intolerance amidst which his lot was cast, to widen the boundaries of knowledge in every branch of intellectual effort, and to make this increase of knowledge subservient to the advancement of mankind in virtue and religion. He led the way towards the modern conception of science as an inductive study of nature, based on and tested by experiment, and was one of the forerunners in the development of that new or experimental philosophy which, some four centuries later, arose into quickened activity under the inspiration of his illustrious namesake Francis Bacon. Roger Bacon's enlightened outlook on man and nature and his bold anticipations of the discoveries and inventions of the future so roused the antagonism of the theologians of his time that he was for many years of his life placed under strict ecclesiastical supervision and debarred from publishing his opinions. To this day some of his writings still extant in manuscript have never been given to the world. In addition to the erection of the statue it was proposed to publish these works.

Sir A. Geikie then unveiled the statue, which is that of a Franciscan Friar, standing behind a pedestal, holding an astrolabe in his hands. This work of Mr. Hope Pinker has a strong, clever and kindly face, with a humorous mouth capable of expressing all sorts of subtleties, but gives no hint of the enthusiast, or the seer of visions. It is, however, a pleasing conception in its very modernity.

Lord Curzon, as Chancellor, accepted the custody of the statue on behalf of the University, saying that its erection was a tardy reparation of a long neglect, and

filled a notable gap in the commemoration of a long line of distinguished men whom Oxford had produced. He said that on entering the Museum before the ceremony he had inquired what statue it was which stood beside the veiled one, and, on being told it was that of Francis Bacon, had been startled by the appropriateness of the chance which had placed these two Bacons side by side, as though separated in time by nearly four centuries—he hastened to say he was not suggesting any family relationship between them—yet in their two persons they seemed to embody the whole of modern knowledge. He went on to declare that it was no ordinary anniversary which was being celebrated that day, as Roger Bacon was one of the greatest men of genius Oxford had ever produced. He alluded to the wonderful range of Bacon's intellectual achievement, which included all that we know by science, and moral and political philosophy, in the pursuit of which he was no amateur, but a profound student. The sciences of which he was to some extent a master included theology, medicine, philosophy, mathematics, geography, astrology, astronomy, botany, physics, optics, chemistry, alchemy—the speaker talked of that with some suspicion—moral and political philosophy, and experimental science of which he was the acknowledged founder and parent. He foreshadowed, if he did not actually foresee, some of the most remarkable appliances and inventions of modern days—the steamship, the railway, the telescope, the magnifying glass, gunpowder, mesmerism, the aeroplane, and the submarine. Roger Bacon, who in his own day was looked upon as a picturesque and dangerous impostor, was in reality one of the most universal geniuses this country or race had ever

produced, and Lord Curzon expressed himself as amazed that this wide area of knowledge should have been, as it were, thrown up against the dark background of the thirteenth century.

Addresses were then presented by Professor Ward on behalf of the University of Cambridge, and by the Rev. Father Fleming, the representative of the Order of Friars. A Latin Oration by the Public Orator, Mr. A. D. Godley, brought the proceedings to a close.

A luncheon was afterwards given by the Warden and Fellows of Merton College to the delegates and distinguished visitors, at which further speeches were made. In the afternoon the members of the Society attended the Romanes lecture in the Sheldonian Theatre given by Professor Sir J. J. Thomson on 'the Atomic Theory,' and were able to view an interesting collection of Roger Bacon MSS. and other relics at the Bodleian Library. A garden party at Wadham College ended a very interesting programme.

Another commemoration is to take place shortly at Ilchester, the reputed birthplace of Roger Bacon, when a bronze memorial tablet is to be erected in the beautiful parish church. This is to be headed by a medallion of the head of Roger Bacon in profile, with a monk's hood and tonsure, copied from one preserved in the Taunton Museum. The actual date of this portrait is unknown, but it is not later than the seventeenth century. Under the medallion is to follow this inscription :

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF
ROGER BACON •

A Franciscan Monk and also a free enquirer of the true knowledge. His wonderful powers as mathematician, mechanic, optician, astronomer, chemist,

linguist, moralist, physicist and physician gained him the title of "Doctor Mirabilis". He first made known the composition of gunpowder, and his researches laid the foundations of modern science. He prophesied the making of machines to propel vessels through the water without sails or oars; of chariots to travel on land without horses or other draught animals; of flying machines to traverse the air.

He was imprisoned, starved and persecuted by the suspicious ignorance of his contemporaries, but a fuller knowledge now acclaims and honours him as one of the greatest of mankind.

Born at Ilchester 1214.

Died at Oxford in 1294.

This tablet is erected to commemorate the seventh centenary of Roger Bacon's birth by a few admirers of his genius.

A.D. 1914

III

The last subject to be dealt with is the need for the formation of a Roger Bacon Society on a permanent basis.

Of the 77 works of Roger Bacon, given in the bibliography appended to the volume of commemoration essays (mentioned on a previous page), 36 are said to be undoubtedly genuine; 25 to be doubtful; and 13 to be spurious. The remaining three have not yet been identified. At present all these works are out of reach of the ordinary scholar, as only 14 of the 36 authentic writings, and 10 of those said to be doubtful or spurious, have ever been printed, and copies are fairly difficult to obtain. The rest remain in MSS., scattered in libraries

all over Europe, and quite a number of these MSS. have not yet even been examined by competent authorities.

The Roger Bacon Commemoration Committee wishes to change itself into the Roger Bacon Society, but is at present sadly hampered by the want of funds and the lack of public interest. So far it has published a book of essays, a copy of which is sent to every subscriber of £1-1-0 and upwards, and the first volume of Roger Bacon's works—his treatise and commentary on the pseudo-Aristotelian *Secretum Secretorum*, edited by Mr. Robert Steele—is already in the press. The second volume will probably contain the medical treatises, an edition of which is being prepared by Dr. E. T. Withington and Mr. A. G. Little. The following volumes are to contain a complete edition of the *Opus Tertium*; the *Quaestiones* on Aristotle's Physics and Metaphysics; the *De Plantis*; the *Communia Mathematicae*; the *Computus Naturalium*; the *Opus Majus*; the *Opus Minus*; the *De Naturis Metallorum*; and the *Tractatus Trium Verborum*.

Anybody desiring to subscribe or wishing to obtain further information should write to Lt.-Col. H. W. L. Hime, 20 West Park Road, Kew, London, S. W.

G. L. Beckton

S. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

THERE are a few characters in history who seem to sum up in their own persons the whole drama of their age, who embody its essential idiom, who stand at the very centre of its manifold movement, and whose biography becomes therefore, in a literal sense, the story of their times. One of these is assuredly the celebrated Bernard of Clairvaux. The man who saw everything, knew everyone, and had a controlling hand in every important transaction of his age; who, in the course of his astonishing career, rose from a humble monk to be the confidant and adviser of Emperors and Kings, the spiritual preceptor of Sovereign Pontiffs, the "universal legate" upon whom seemed to fall, as a natural and inevitable burden, the care of all the churches; the one individual to whom all alike, in that time, turned instinctively for help and counsel, whenever, in the worlds political or ecclesiastical, trouble or difficulty arose;—such was this remarkable personage. To his contemporaries he appeared as one who prevailed by mere presence; and his personal prestige was such that, where others knew that they must fail, or had already failed, his success was taken for granted. The consequence was that the world of his time allowed him no rest. For more than thirty years he passed from labour to labour, and the conclusion of one task was but the signal

for the commencement of the next. Even when advanced in years, and frail and broken in body, he was still looked upon as the one man in Europe capable of coping with a heresy, of bringing a refractory potentate to reason, and of combating abuses and mismanagement in church affairs; and it was as an old man that he was called upon to take up the wellnigh superhuman task of preaching the Second Crusade. Not surprising is it, therefore, that, to the historian, he appears as a veritable Atlas, bearing upon his shoulders the whole burden of his age; nor that one of his biographers¹ has written of him that "the twelfth century would have had another aspect if he had never lived".

Seeing that the question is sometimes discussed, whether the life of the spirit and the life of outward, secular activities are truly compatible, it may be of interest just to glance at the career of a man who combined, in outstanding fashion, the highest saintliness with the utmost practical efficiency and worldly wisdom. The more so, since S. Bernard has suffered the fate, which has befallen so many famous personages, of being so familiar a name that the Man in the Street probably knows very little about him.

Let us, then, run rapidly through the events of this remarkable life.

Bernard was born in the year A.D. 1091 of a knightly family of Fontaine, near Dijon, in Burgundy. His father, Tesselin, was a noble knight, renowned no less for gentleness and piety than for valour; his mother, Alith, the true type of a saintly matron. Seven

¹ The late Mr. J. Cotter Morrison, from whose ample *Life of S. Bernard* the materials of this sketch are almost entirely derived. The passages quoted within inverted commas are from that work.

children in all she bore to her husband, six boys and one girl; and of these Bernard was the fourth son.

His earliest years were passed amid stirring times, for he was four years old when the great upheaval of the First Crusade shook Europe to its foundations. At about ten he was sent to school at Chatillon, where he showed himself quick and eager in learning and "marvellously given to thoughtfulness"; and from school he passed on later to the University of Paris. On reaching manhood, he hesitated for a while as to the choice of a career. Strongly drawn though he was by natural inclination towards the religious life, yet there was a space when he was half-tempted by the attractions of a new career—that of dialectician, or professional disputant—which was at that time beginning to hold out dazzling possibilities to the quick brain and the ready tongue. But the attraction was not for long. One day, as he prayed in a wayside church, of a sudden illumination came to him, and he knew himself to be destined wholly for God.

It was characteristic of Bernard that, having realised, with all the intensity of an inward conviction, his own vocation in life, he should have been filled with a burning zeal to induce as many others as possible to share it with him: and it speaks much for his magnetic personality, even at that early age, that when, some time later, the hour had come definitely to enter the cloister, it was a party of no less than thirty—including his father, his uncle, his five brothers, and many friends of high position—which, headed by the youthful Bernard, sought admission to the neighbouring monastery of Citeaux. This was in 1113, when Bernard was twenty-two.

Citeaux was the parent monastery which has given its name to the Cistercian Order. Founded fifteen years earlier, it had, under the strong and able rule of an English abbot, Stephen Harding, acquired a reputation for sanctity and for the severity of its discipline. But the insatiable zeal of Bernard soon left the normal austerities of the house behind. He gave up receiving visitors from the outside world, a privilege permitted at intervals to the other monks; he only ate to save himself from fainting; sleep he abhorred as a waste of time, a very death in life; and the solitary pleasure he allowed himself lay in the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature. So rapidly, indeed, did he mark himself off from his fellows by his devotion and earnestness that, a year later, on the conclusion of his novitiate, he was selected by the abbot to be the leader of one of those colonising ventures which the growth of the monastery of Citeaux had rendered necessary. And thus it was that one day, in the early summer of the year 1115, Bernard, with a party of twelve companions, passed out of the gates of Citeaux to seek a new home for the Order. After some wanderings a spot was chosen some ninety miles to the northward, in a deeply wooded valley, known as the *Vallee d' Absinthe*, situated in the diocese of Langres; and here the little party began to build, with their own hands, the first abbey of *Clara Vallis* or Clairvaux.

Many were the hardships endured by the adventurous band during that first autumn and winter. The monastery was a bare wooden structure, hastily erected; a kind of barn. The roof leaked; the windows were so tiny that they hardly admitted any light; the abbot's cell was a cupboard; the monks slept in wooden boxes,

like coffins, with rough logs for pillows. Nor was the fare more sumptuous than the lodging; for we read that for the first few months the brethren lived chiefly on roots and nuts. Their clothes and shoes, too, were soon worn out; no help came, or seemed likely to come, from the outer world; and there seemed nothing before them but to perish of starvation. It was small wonder that, in spite of the intrepid spirit and the repeated exhortations of Bernard, his followers began to lose heart. At length, however, a happy vision, vouchsafed to the leader, and a prediction of help miraculously fulfilled, inaugurated a better period. The outside world awoke to the existence of the little struggling community, and wealth sufficient for all its needs came to Clairvaux. Before long, the holiness of its life, the simplicity and devotion of its monks, and the growing fame of its abbot, began to make it a centre of pilgrimage; and many were the travellers who turned aside to the little valley by the Aube, to see the spot where the life of God was so truly led.

Except for a brief visit to Chalons, to be duly consecrated abbot by the bishop of that diocese, the ten years or so after the foundation of Clairvaux were spent by Bernard in the peace of monastic seclusion. They were happy years; for Bernard, in spite of the multitudinous activities amid which his life was destined to be spent, was ever a recluse at heart and, to the end of his days, loved nothing better than to escape from the world and to seek refuge with his flock in the little community of which he was both the founder and the lifelong head. They were also busy years; for they saw the commencement of that noble series of homilies and sermons which, partly on account of their excellence

and partly by reason of the peculiar method of exposition employed in them, have earned for Bernard the title of "the last of the Fathers"; and they witnessed also the beginnings of that vast correspondence which, continuing up to within a few days of his death, is one of the prodigies of Bernard's career. "He was," says his biographer, "the most indefatigable of letter-writers. He writes to persons of all classes, on all subjects—from kings and princesses down to poor virgins—on subjects ranging from the most exalted spiritual raptures on the welfare of the soul down to the stealing of pigs."

It was through this enormous correspondence, mainly, that he began, even during those early secluded years at Clairvaux, to be drawn into contact with the many-sided life of his time. More and more, as his reputation grew, it became the habit to consult him in matters of difficulty, and by scarcely perceptible degrees the foundations were laid of that position—which he was afterwards to fill as a kind of natural prerogative—of the father confessor, the censor, and the oracle of his age. Soon, where the prestige of the Church was at stake, where justice was denied to the weak, where the standard of ecclesiastical morals was in peril of being lowered, it came to be some weighty epistle, or treatise, from the pen of the abbot of Clairvaux which, appropriately, sounded the note of protest or warning. Thus in 1125 we find him writing to his friend, Theobald, Count of Champagne, to rebuke him for an act of injustice done to a vassal. In 1127, in association with a brother abbot, Hugh of Pontigny, he indites a terse and dignified letter of protest to no less a potentate than Pope Honorius himself, who has betrayed the honour of the Church by siding with Louis VI of France against his

bishops. And it is in the same year that we hear the great ascetic, champion and exemplar of all that is strictest in the monastic ideal, raising his voice in bold and authoritative disapproval of the luxury and magnificence of Cluny, then the first in point of wealth, and the second in prestige, of the religious houses of Christendom. The signal honour paid to Bernard in the following year, when, on the occasion of the inauguration of the great Order of the Knights Templars at the Council of Troyes in 1128, he was requested by the first Grand Master, Hugh de Paganis, to draw up the statutes of that Order, was only a recognition of the place which he had, by that time, come to fill in the estimation of his contemporaries. The life of the age was, in point of fact, silently grouping itself round the personality of the Abbot of Clairvaux for some time before the occasion arose for the emergence of that personality into the full blaze of publicity. When at length Bernard stepped forward, it was with an authority and an influence already, to a large extent, won.

The crisis, which marks the definite beginning of Bernard's public life, was that celebrated Schism which, for eight years (1130—1137) tore the spiritual world of Europe in twain between the claims of rival Popes.

When Pope Honorius II died in February 1130, a small committee, selected from the Sacred College, at once proceeded—according to an arrangement agreed upon before his death—to choose his successor, whom they duly elevated to the Papal Chair under the title of Innocent II. This, however, by no means suited an ambitious rival candidate, Peter Leonis by name, who, disappointed of his expectations and backed by money and influence, succeeded in getting Innocent's election

declared invalid and himself elected Pope, under the title of Anacletus II. More than this, he was able to drive Innocent from Rome; and the latter, escaping from Italy by way of Pisa, and thence to France, set out on a general tour to secure the allegiance of the northern countries of Europe.

Although Innocent was received with profound respect at the great French Abbey of Cluny, the French episcopacy had not yet finally decided which of the two Popes should be recognised, and Louis VI, anxious to avoid an intolerable situation (what a dual papacy meant in those days of turbulence and faction, can well be imagined!) wisely determined to convoke, without delay, a great Council at Etampes, to pronounce upon the matter. To this Council Bernard was summoned; and it is significant of the reverence in which the Abbot of Clairvaux had come to be held, that it was unanimously agreed to leave the whole matter to the decision of the one man who might, on so weighty a matter, be expected to speak as the mouthpiece of God.

Bernard spoke, and declared for Innocent. Thereupon the Pope, who had been anxiously awaiting the decision of the Council, proceeded to Saint-Benoit-sur-Loire, where he was received, with all the respect due to his sacred office, by the King and royal family of France. He next moved on to Chartres whither had come Henry I of England with a great company of nobles and prelates; and there it was Bernard's task once more to set forth the arguments for Innocent. For a space the monarch hesitated, while Innocent trembled. Suddenly the Abbot of Clairvaux turned upon the King. "What do you fear?" he demanded. "Is it that you may incur sin, if you acknowledge Innocent? Bethink you how to

answer for your other sins to God ; that one I will take and account for." And Henry yielded.

The allegiance of France and England thus secured, there remained that of the Emperor to be won ; and Innocent accordingly sought out Lotharius at Liège. Once more, as events turned out, the victory was to be due entirely to the courage and eloquence of the Saint of Clairvaux. For when Lotharius, whose ready acquiescence had been counted upon, astounded everybody by showing a disposition to bargain, Bernard stepped boldly forward and, confronting the representative of the Cæsars, bore him down by sheer moral force and energy of speech. Thoroughly humbled, Lotharius, we read, "on foot, went through the crowd towards the Pope on his white palfrey. With one hand he took the rein, in the other he held a wand—a symbol of protection to his acknowledged lord. When Innocent got down from his horse the Emperor was there to assist him, and thus, before all men, in that age of forms and ceremonies, proclaimed his submission."

Thus triumphantly successful in his mission, Innocent returned to Paris, whence, after a brief sojourn, he set out for Italy, in order to establish his claim in the land of the Popes. He did not, however, permit himself to depart, before he had found occasion to pay a visit to Clairvaux—where all that he saw impressed him enormously—and had lavished upon the Cistercian Order, as a whole, privileges so notable as to excite the jealousy and alarm of sister Orders.

With Innocent into Italy went Bernard, now the indispensable champion of the papal office and authority. But the Italian journey was not, for the moment, destined to be effective. Bernard, it is true, succeeded by his

eloquence, in winning over for Innocent the important city of Milan ; but Rome itself was found to be rendered so perilous by the recent alliance, or rather bargain, between Anacletus and the neighbouring potentate, King Roger of Sicily, that Innocent found it prudent not to remain there, and withdrew to Pisa. Bernard, for his part—on the understanding that nothing more could, for the present, be done—was permitted to return to Clairvaux.

It was with touching manifestations of joy that the brethren of the little monastery welcomed back their beloved abbot, now recognised and acclaimed over a large part of Europe as the foremost man of his day. And perhaps their joy was enhanced by the consciousness that, during his absence, they had maintained, with devoted loyalty, the ideals which he had established for the house. Sober, contemplative, and utterly untouched by the world, they had seemed to Innocent, when he visited them, the very pattern of what monks should be. Among his faithful comrades Bernard now enjoyed a well-earned spell of rest and retirement, building himself a little hut apart from the main building, in which he sat and mused and wrote all day ; and it was during this period that he was approached by the brethren on the important question of the rebuilding of the abbey. The original wooden structure had been replaced, some years before, by a stone one : but since then the number of monks had increased so considerably that a larger building was required. A suitable site had already been chosen, during the absence of the abbot, some two miles further down the valley, near the banks of the river Aube ; and now, as soon as Bernard had given a somewhat hesitating permission,

for he regretted the old simplicity, there began to rise on this site, a stately building, more worthy of the dignity of the Order and of the fame of its chief. This was in 1135, when Bernard was forty-four years of age.

Twice more, before the matter was finally settled, was Bernard destined to be called forth from his retreat, in connection with the Schism. Once was when he set forth, with only one companion, to tackle the fierce William, Count of Aquitaine, who had been persuaded to side with Anacletus. The second occasion was when there suddenly arrived from Italy the shocking news that the first monastery in all Christendom, the Monte Casino at Rome, had expelled its abbot and declared for Anacletus. As soon as he heard this, Bernard started for Italy, taking with him his brother Gerard; and, finding Innocent at Viterbo, proceeded with the Pontiff to Rome. Here it was found that Anacletus' party was gradually losing strength. The only real obstacle was Roger of Sicily; and Roger soon facilitated matters by himself suggesting a compromise, according to which it was agreed that each side should set forth its arguments in public debate, and that the final decision should rest upon these pleadings. Bernard was nominated as the spokesman for Innocent, while the cause of Anacletus was to be defended by the famous rhetorician, Peter of Pisa. It was half expected that Peter's well-known dialectical skill would give him the best of the encounter; but, as things turned out, no sooner had Bernard spoken a few simple sentences in reply to Peter's elaborate oration, then the whole assembly was won over, and even Peter himself was induced to acknowledge Innocent.

The death of Anacletus shortly afterwards and the voluntary abdication of his successor, Victor, after only a few day's reign, brought the great Schism to an end; and thus in the year 1137, weary with his labours, Bernard found himself free to return once more to the peace and solitude of Clairvaux.

Two incidents of note only—the nomination to the bishopric of Langres of a man whom Bernard had heard of as unworthy, and whose election he managed, after incredible exertions, to get cancelled, although already consented to by Cardinals, prelates, and the Pope himself; and the death of his dearly loved elder brother, Gerard, who had fallen ill on the journey to Italy and had died soon after his return to Clairvaux—mark the period which elapsed between the ending of the Schism and the year 1139. In the latter year, however, we come to one of the most notable passages in Bernard's career; and that is his encounter with the famous dialectician and theologian, Peter Abelard.

The encounter was notable, not for any great achievement on the part of Bernard—indeed, Bernard's part all through is hardly sympathetic—but simply because it brought together the two men who were indisputably the most eminent in the intellectual world of that age.

Trained in dialectic by the celebrated logician, William of Champeaux, and later in theology by the still more celebrated Anselm, (then Abbot of Le Bec in Normandy, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Abelard had successively vanquished both of his teachers, and had, at the early age of twenty, established himself as a lecturer on theology at Melun, and afterwards at Paris. So masterly were his lectures that he soon

attracted disciples from all over Europe and became the preceptor of many of the leading men of his time. The French historian, Guizot, writing of his Paris school, says, "In this celebrated school were trained one pope (Celestine II), nineteen cardinals, more than fifty bishops and archbishops, French, English and German, and a much larger number of those men with whom popes, bishops, and cardinals, had often to contend, such as Arnold of Brescia, and many others. The number of the pupils who used at that time to assemble round Abelard has been estimated at upwards of 5000." Into the tragic and romantic story of Abelard's personal life (his ill-starred passion for Heloise, will be familiar to most readers) it is not possible to enter here, suffice it that, towards middle life, the great dialectician embodied the essence of his philosophy in a deeply learned treatise, entitled the *Introductio ad Theologiam*; and that it was to the boldly heterodox character of some of the opinions expressed in this work that Bernard's attention was drawn, one day in the year of which we are speaking, by an alarmed letter from his friend, William, Abbot of St. Thierry.

Bernard at once hastened to take action: for, to him, Abelard and his book were something more than an isolated case. They were symptomatic of a rapidly spreading pestilence. The first few decades of the twelfth century had been marked by the growth of a great deal of what must, in that age, have seemed perilously free thought. They had witnessed the rise of the Henricians, of the Petrobrusians, and of the School of Arnold of Brescia; while, even among the prelates of the Church herself, the critical and inquiring spirit of the times had become manifest in Gilbert de la Poirée,

Bishop of Poitiers. Thus the most eminent of these innovators, the great Abelard, with his stupendous plea that Reason had a right to be heard in matters of faith, was only the arch-heretic among many heretics, the most dangerous embodiment of a dangerous and subversive movement of thought.

Consequently it was with all the fierce energy of his nature that Bernard, apprised of the peril, threw himself into the defence of the faith. Loud were his appeals for determined action on the part of the authorities of the Church. The Pope, the Sacred College, the Bishops—all the machinery of Christendom—were called upon to co-operate in crushing this enemy of Christ, “this Arius, Pelagius, and Nestorius in one”.

Abelard's reply to these resonant appeals was a demand to be heard in public debate; and this, with the assistance of the Archbishop of Sens, was what was eventually settled. For the Archbishop had recently been the victim of one of Bernard's epistolary chastisements, and was not unwilling to hand over his stern critic to the tender mercies of the greatest debater of the age. A Council was shortly to be held at Sens, and this was fixed as the occasion of the encounter. Bernard received a summons to attend the Council, and soon the whole world was agog with the excitement of the coming contest. Abelard himself was in the highest spirits. He had an old grudge against his opponent for certain criticisms which the purist of Clairvaux had passed on the forms of prayer in use at Heloise's convent of Argenteuil. Moreover there was the glory to be won, and the keen relish, dear to the heart of the debater, of a conflict with a foeman worthy of his steel.

Bernard, on the contrary, when the Archbishop's summons arrived at Clairvaux, was very differently affected. For some reason or another he seems to have been overwhelmed with a sudden sense of incapacity. To the dismay of his friends, he declined the invitation. It was only after the strongest persuasion that he could be prevailed upon to change his mind. At length, writes his biographer, "Bernard yielded, but in tears and heaviness. Not that he dreaded aught for himself; but how was that Church, that Faith, for which he was ready to die, to be defended before such an adversary? Ill, as he always was, worn and weary, as he at this moment was, he girded up his loins to the trial, to his duty. Probably never Crusader marched against overpowering infidels, never Knight entered on a single combat, with more trust in God and less in himself than Bernard when he left Clairvaux to be present at Sens."

In view of all this apprehension (which is, perhaps, a little difficult to understand) what actually happened at Sens comes rather as an anticlimax. For Bernard, to whom it fell to speak first, had barely commenced to read out the passages in Abelard's works with which he proposed to deal, than his opponent, to the stupefaction of all, sprang to his feet, refused to plead, announced his intention of appealing to Rome, and walked out!

The probable explanation of this startling exit was that Abelard had begun to suspect the impartiality of the tribunal, and that it was only when he found himself actually in the presence of the assembly that he sensed what must be the outcome of the debate. If this were so, then his prognostications were rapidly verified; for, after his departure, the Council continued to have the peccant passages read out to it and, one by one, as they

were read, condemned them with mechanical unanimity as heretical. These decisions were conveyed in a letter to the Pope, who probably about the same time received Abelard's appeal. The Pope was not only Pope, but he was the Innocent who owed his throne to Bernard's assistance. Needless to say, he accepted the views of the Council and ignored the appeal. A papal rescript was issued, by which the unfortunate Abelard was prohibited from ever teaching again and was ordered to be confined in a monastery for life.

The story does not end here, however, but has a sequel. Poor Abelard, crushed and broken in spirit, as he was journeying to Rome to plead his cause in person, happened to rest at Cluny ; and there he fell under the spell of its abbot, Peter the Venerable, one of the sweetest and saintliest characters of that age. Peter's kindness and gentleness seem to have been just what the inner soul of Abelard was crying out for ; for they broke the hard and brilliant " shell " which shut in the proud intellectual, and of a sudden he became meek and humble like a little child. Not only did he willingly consent to expunge from his works, with his own hand, the passages which had given offence, but he was induced to go over to Clairvaux and seek a reconciliation with his late opponent. This was done, and the long antagonism was dissolved in love and amity.

Returning to Cluny, Abelard entered that monastery as a simple monk, and a year later (1141), at Chalons—in the sixty-third year of his age—the tragic and tempestuous career of the great warrior of the intellect came peacefully to a close.

Meanwhile Bernard was back at Clairvaux, leading once more the quiet monastic life that he loved—

praying, meditating, writing letters, and preaching every evening to his monks. But, as usual, this rest was not destined to be long enduring; for in 1142 the Abbot of Clairvaux was hastily called from his seclusion to act the part of general intermediary and peripatetic diplomatist in a great quarrel which had suddenly sprung up between the French King, Louis VII, and the Pope. Into the details of this quarrel there is hardly time to enter; but, as a specimen of the kind of problem which Bernard was sometimes called upon to solve, it may be mentioned that it arose, originally, out of the rejection by Innocent of Louis' nominee for the Archbishopric of Bourges, and that it had been further complicated by the intervention, in support of the Pope's own candidate, of Bernard's friend Theobald, Count of Champagne. Into this cauldron of dissension had been thrown another ingredient, in the shape of a love-affair between Louis' brother, Ralph of Vermandois, and the sister of Louis, Queen Eleanor—Ralph being already married to Theobald's niece, whom he now divorced in order to marry the other lady. Add to this the fact that this divorce and marriage were promptly declared null and void by the Pope, who proceeded to lay Louis' kingdom under an interdict, which interdict Louis on his part, decided to defy; that Louis then invaded the territories of Count Theobald and sacked and burned his chief city of Vitry, but that afterwards he repented of his conduct and began to grow weary of being under sentence of excommunication;—and we can see that it was a pretty affair, worthy of those boisterous times, and calculated to test the utmost resources of diplomacy. Into this imbroglio Bernard, through his relation with Innocent and Theobald, was

inevitably drawn, and all through the years 1142 and 1143 we find him hurrying from one to another of the chief personages of the quarrel in the endeavour to put things straight. In the end, but not without the more or less supernatural aid of a prophetic promise made to Queen Eleanor (she was barren, and Bernard promised her a son if she would relax her opposition to his diplomatic efforts)—the affair was satisfactorily settled; and once again we come to a quiet period which was to last until, two years later, in 1145, the curtain rings up on the last and most strenuous act of this strenuous life.

For it was in that year that, quite suddenly, the affairs of the East began to reclaim the attention of Europe.

E. A. Wodehouse

(To be concluded)

A PLEA FOR PANTHEISM

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

IT is generally affirmed that a love of Nature is one of the first of the human instincts to be awakened, and one of the last to fade away from the memory of man. It usually precedes the desire for human relationship and the coming into being of a reverence for the Master-Mind behind it all. But the human and religious elements are far from being totally eliminated. They exist, and are, indeed, part of man's love of Nature; but at that early stage they are fantastic, primitive, and fail to stand out separately from the awakening of love for colour and form, for the music and movement of seas and forests, and all the wonders of the world spread before him. It is only in the final development we find a great unification taking place, the realisation that man is at one with Nature.

Whether we go to the folk-lore of Japan, India, or Greece, we find precisely the same personification of Nature, the nomenclature alone being the only difference. In Old Japan the willow was often synonymous with that of a ghostly woman. In the *Ramayana* there is mention of a forest suddenly turning into a company of beautiful Asparas. Then in Greece, the process in this instance being reversed, we have Pan giving chase to the terrified Syrix, who, praying to Gæa for protection, is suddenly transformed into a clump of reeds. Still following the same theme we trace in Gothic architecture a stone imitation of the trunks and tapering foliage of trees. Here we are called upon to forget

Pan and his music; to forget also the wild dances he had with nymphs and dryads in the sunny glades of Arcadia. Only when we sing certain psalms steeped in a splendid love of Nature do we almost unconsciously go back to a time when the world was young, before the Cross stood out high in the East, lengthening its great arms till it shadowed the whole world, and we were taught to realise the beauty of sorrow rather than the beauty of primitive and innocent joy—taught to realise that a tree might make music on a summer's day as well as fulfil the sacred task of bearing the Crucified One.

There are, in my opinion, only two types of the Nature lover. There is the man who loves Nature as Wordsworth loved it, more or less from an objective point of view, and certainly in no way linked up with a human touch. Then there is the man whose love of Nature is half mystical, half pagan—pagan in secretly holding the belief that Pan is not dead, and mystical in being aware that his love of Nature is in reality a case of subtle affinity, the knowledge that he is one with the laughing stream, with the nodding flowers, and with the inrush of the sea upon the shore. This is the man who can go into the deeps of Nature, and come forth refreshed and full of a great peace. There is a type that violates the sanctuaries of Nature. He is a heated little man who runs round with a butterfly-net, or plunges a fat hand into a nest and takes therefrom the eggs, potential songs for years to come. He may be well-versed in blowing exquisitely coloured shells, or in the vile pinning down of bright-winged insects; but he is quite incapable of looking upon Nature other than as a store-house from which he can make a specialised collection.

Some will ask if it is possible to get back to the old Greek Pantheism again, and if so, how? Others will gravely shake their heads and repeat with parrot alacrity the half-dozen names of our leading English Nature writers, and assert that these men, not even Richard Jefferies, ever taught such a theory. Not a few regard the whole affair as unspeakably wicked, a pitiful retrogression in direct opposition to the dull but respectable ideas of the man in the street. Some day, perhaps, when people get utterly sick of the very mention of the man in the street, we shall be able to refer to the man in the lane, the man who is wise enough to run down that lane as soon as he leaves his office, and to come in touch with Nature. Will he find Pan laughing and singing and dancing? Or will he find him quietly weeping under a tree bearing the sign: "Trespassers will be prosecuted. By order." In the days of the Greek gods there were no trespassers and very little order, so that Pan could dance without catching his hoof in barbed wire, or have the vexation of seeing a fair nymph suddenly caught in a rabbit trap!

Pan is no more dead than Barrie's Peter Pan. Neither of them quite grew up, and that is the secret of not quite dying. Barrie's creation remained a boy because children could only love him so, and the Greek god never grew up because he was half beast, half divine. The beast in him gave rise to our word 'panic,' the divine in the wistful playing upon a reed that was once Pan's love. Who can explain the mystery of this dual form? Only the man who has learnt, after long search, that Nature can be cruel as well as gentle, send a fierce, wild shriek through the tree-tops as well as make a bed of the brown earth for the weary wayfarer.

This year we have been favoured with a perfect spring. The old miracle of blossom and perfume has been ours again. The May trees have been touched with pink or white clouds. The chestnuts have fashioned their great candles, and on clear nights, the stars have lit them. In the morning the fan-shaped leaves have been a-quiver. Quick is the eye that can see those lamps blown out. Months ago Flora's fair hands have been gathering the gold together under the green fields. Beneath the hedgerows she has been silently at work. Now we see her gold—not for the mad markets of the world, not for mere trafficking, but for her buttercups and kingcups, her cowslips and modest celandines. The blue of the sky and the sea seem to have crept over the land and fashioned the forget-me-not and wild hyacinth growing in the woods. We have seen her magic over and over again. We cannot see it too often for all the unvarying constancy of her workings. We know not why the dog violet is scentless, or why the lilac should be rich in perfume. We are well content with the coming of blossom, with the red glow in the hedges when Nature leads her pageantry, so splendid at the last, into winter's sleep. Nature is still in tune with Arcady. She has never forgotten to smile into fruit and grain, never lost for one moment the wind songs and the haunting perfumes of long ago. It is we who forget, we who have grown old with hoary science, old with the ways of a restless world. Izaak Walton's maxim was: "Study to be quiet." If we would learn to be quiet for a long, long time we should hear the gods sing, and by and by, maybe, join hands with Pan and dance a joyous Arcadian measure.

F. Hadland Davis



THE ELEMENTS OF MIND

By W. D. S. BROWN

IN any attempt to correlate the various faculties and functions of the human consciousness, there is need for a word to express the entire field of activity. Psychology is content to use the word "mind" as the basis of sensation, instinct, emotion, and will, as well as the purely mental function of reason; and there is much to be said for this nomenclature from the metaphysical standpoint. In the first place, it recognises that all

phenomena of consciousness display a certain measure of intelligence or coherence, however limited. In the second place it is about the only word that can be used alike for energy and substance, positive and negative ; and therefore it suggests the common origin of both. Finally it has the merit of simplicity and universality.

It may be objected that emotion, for instance, is something altogether apart from the mind, even when the word mind is used in this wider sense ; but, if one is prepared to accept the axiom that behind every form of consciousness there is a unity, surely this tendency to hard and fast divisions can be carried too far. By all means use the word "heart" instead of mind, if it suggests as extensive a field of experience, and processes that can truly be called creative ; if not, let us assume for the sake of synthesis that emotion may be regarded as a state of mind—a conception already familiar to everyone, and "will" as the making up of one's mind, to use another familiar phrase. It may be urged that the word consciousness is preferable, as being still more inclusive and fundamental. But is not even consciousness itself one of a pair of opposites, of which the other one is unconsciousness ? For consciousness implies at least a duality, the sense of something other than oneself. On the other hand it seems equally erroneous to suppose that the state of unity is merely the opposite extreme of the same phenomenon, namely unconsciousness. Apparently it is at present inconceivable to the western mind that there can be such a state as that referred to by eastern writers as being neither consciousness nor unconsciousness ; but at least there should be no difficulty in assuming the possibility of existence in which personal consciousness is in abeyance, for, as far as the

physical plane is concerned, we are all familiar with the withdrawal of personal consciousness that occurs in dreamless sleep. It is the recognition of the existence of latent elements in the total field of consciousness that has given such a stimulus to recent investigation of the mysterious regions covered by the term "sub-conscious mind". This very term implies that mind can function without recognition by the personal consciousness on the physical plane, but one can easily carry the conception to its logical conclusion and ask whether mind would cease to be mind if all the activities of consciousness were to cease. One might just as well ask whether a lake ceases to be a lake when its surface is motionless as glass. May not a state of perfect rest be the one condition, or rather freedom from all conditions, in which the mind attains to pure self-consciousness?

Incidentally we find in mental experience a reflection of the trinity; namely, (1) the mental unit at rest, a state which might be called "essence of mind" or the "master-mind"; (2) the element of consciousness, the basis of reflex action between the two mental poles of subject and object, the eternal link between the noumenal and the phenomenal; (3) the action and reaction between these two poles which results in the creation of forms, appearing as evolution when viewed from the phenomenal pole and self-realisation when viewed from the noumenal pole.

We can trace these three fundamental elements in the phenomenon of auto-suggestion. A child enjoys pretending to be some one or something else, for instance let us say a lion. He promptly goes about on all fours and roars, explaining to his audience: "I am a lion." Now the vividness of his impersonation depends on his

believing to a certain extent that he is actually a lion. But if this belief was carried too far, there would be a danger of its gaining too strong a hold, and producing more or less permanent leonine manifestations. Fortunately there is a preponderance of original mental suggestion in favour of his own personality that enables him to control the subsidiary suggestion in favour of the lion and withdraw from it at will. But probably the result will be that the child will have reached a closer understanding of the actual lion-consciousness than if he had merely looked at a picture of a lion. This power of conjuring up the illusion (or *māyā*) of lion, that we call suggestion, might be likened to the third aspect of the mind; the power of identification with the illusion, or the influence of suggestion, to the second; and the power of remaining outside the illusion, and unaffected by it, to the first.

In endeavouring to analyse the threefold process of form-building, -ensouling, and -mastering, that constitutes the third or creative aspect, we not only find reflections of the other two aspects as above, but a septenary of functions, on which Subba Row's famous article on 'The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac' (*Five Years of Theosophy*) throws much light. There he enumerates and describes six primary forces in Nature synthesised by the seventh, which is referred to as Shakti or Mahāmāyā, and is symbolised by the sixth sign of the Zodiac—Kanyā or Virgo. In commenting on her quotation from this article, to be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 312, H. P. B. writes: "The six names of the six Forces mentioned are those of the six Hierarchies of Dhyān Chohans, synthesised by their Primary, the seventh—who personify the Fifth Principle of Cosmic

Nature, or of the 'Mother' in its mystical sense.
 .. Each of these Forces has a living Conscious Entity at its head, of which Entity it is an emanation." In Vol. III, p. 508, she writes: "The seven Shaktis respectively called Parāshakti, Jñānashakti, etc., are synonymous with the 'Sons of Fohat,' for they are their female aspects."

The descriptions of some of the "Forces" bear so closely on problems of modern psychology, and yet, like all other occult writings, leave so much untold, that the writer hopes to be excused for this necessarily inconclusive attempt to probe into their meaning.

These "Forces" are given as follows :

"(1) Pārashakti—Literally the great or supreme force or power. It means and includes the powers of light and heat."

We cannot gather much from this first category beyond a general conception of an outgoing undifferentiated energy, possibly the vague "desire to create" that manifests on lower levels as Kāma, and is associated in *S. D.* Vol. III, with Mars.

"(2) Jñānashakti—Literally the power of intellect, of real wisdom or knowledge." It has two aspects :

i. The following are some of its manifestations when placed under the influence or control of material conditions. (a) The power of the mind in interpreting our sensations. (b) Its power in recalling past ideas (memory) and raising future expectation. (c) Its power as exhibited in what are called by modern psychologists "the laws of association," which enables it to form persisting connections between various groups of sensations and possibilities of sensations, and thus generate the notion or idea of an external object. (d) Its power

in connecting our ideas together by the mysterious link of memory, and thus generating the notion of self or individuality.

ii. The following are some of its manifestations when liberated from the bonds of matter :

(a) Clairvoyance. (b) Psychometry.

Here we have what appears at first sight to be a complete summary of all the characteristics of purely mental activity, stretching from the power of interpreting sensations to the "notion" of self or individuality.

This shakṭi seems to be essentially one of concretion and order. Saturn, or Kronos (time), which H.P.B. associates with the concrete mind, is naturally suggested by the above description. It is instructive to note that "clairvoyance" is given as a manifestation of the power of intellect "when liberated from the bonds of matter," a definition that many might do well to remember in dealing with psychic phenomena.

"(3) Ichchhāshakṭi—Literally the power of the will. Its most ordinary manifestation is the generation of certain nerve currents, which set in motion such muscles as are required for the accomplishment of the desired object."

This shakṭi seems to correspond with the source of physical vitality, the Sun. We are told elsewhere that the physical body is the reflection of Ātmā, the will in man; and the movement of a muscle certainly demands a minimum of mental activity. But it is none the less produced *through* the mind in its direct and extreme relation of spirit and matter.

"(4) Kriyāshakṭi—The mysterious power of thought which enables it to produce external, perceptible, phenomenal results by its own inherent energy. The

Ancients held that any idea will manifest itself externally if one's attention is deeply concentrated upon it. Similarly an intense volition will be followed by the desired result. A Yogī generally performs his wonders by means of Ichchhāshakti and Kriyāshakti."

Probably most readers of Theosophical literature have already come across references to this power in connection with the future possibility of creating physical bodies by the direct action of thought, but it is still more familiar to every one in the simple act of visualisation. Imagination is literally the power to create images in mental matter, and on the correspondence between such images and the realities they are intended to represent, depends the capacity and value of the imagination. This is apparently the most direct manifestation of the third or creative aspect, and presents the least difficulty in recognition. We read that the higher mind is under Venus, and here we see how the beauty of form expressed by the creative mind of the artist has become associated in popular mythology with the emotional reaction to the form in the consciousness of the beholder. Evidently the passive capacity of appreciation is necessary as a stimulus to the active function of creation. Not only must the artist have the power of visualisation strongly developed, but also the true engineer, who can see his mechanism working in his mind's eye and judge of its results before he puts pencil to paper.

"(5) Kuṇḍalinī Shakti.—The power or force which moves in a serpentine or curved path. It is the universal life-principle which everywhere manifests in Nature. This force includes the two great forces of attraction and repulsion. Electricity and magnetism are but manifestations of it. This is the power that

brings about that "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," which is the essence of life according to Herbert Spencer, and that "continuous adjustment of external relations to internal relations," which is the basis of transmigration of souls, Punarjanman (Re-birth), in the doctrines of the ancient Hindū philosophers. A Yogī must thoroughly subjugate this power or force, before he can attain Mokṣha. This force is probably the most mysterious of all at our present stage of knowledge, as the only examples which we have any means of examining are the twin forces of electricity and magnetism. The fact of their relative directions being at right angles to one another bears out the statement as to the spiral form of its motion, for the passage of an electric current through a coil produces a magnetic flux parallel to the axis of the coil. The electro-magnetic theory of light suggests inquiry as to the correlation of (5) with (1) which is stated to include the power of light. It is interesting to note that the form of the oxygen atom as given in *Occult Chemistry* is also a coil or spiral. The symbol of the Caduceus naturally leads us to infer the influence of Mercury, which is given as being related to the principle of Buddhi. The phrase "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations" is in agreement with the capacity for adaptability ascribed by astrologers to this influence, while the converse manifestation justifies the ancient title of "Messenger of the Gods". The expression "universal life-principle" is also used in reference to the second aspect of the Logos, of which Buddhi is the manifestation. In a footnote on page 23 of *The Voice of the Silence* it is said of Kuṇḍalinī (also called the "World-Mother")—"It is Buddhi

considered as an active instead of a passive principle (which it is generally, when regarded only as the vehicle, casket of the supreme spirit *Ātmā*). It is an electro-spiritual force, a creative power which when aroused into action can as easily kill as it can create." Is not this force the producer of what is commonly known as polarity, the source of all attraction and repulsion, and basis of sensation, instinct, feeling, apperception, and intuition? The subjugation of this force may well confer on a Yogī the power to project his consciousness into any form at will, and obtain experience of its content. Thus may the tree of knowledge of good and evil become the tree of life. Truly a magic wand *par excellence* in its subtlety and elusiveness!

"(6) *Manṭrikāshakti*—Literally the force or power of letters, speech or music. The whole of the ancient *Manṭra Shāstra* has this force or power in all its manifestations for its subject matter. The influence of music is one of its ordinary manifestations. The power of the mirific ineffable name is the crown of this *Shakti*."

We are here plainly given the place of music or rhythm in the mind, as the potency of sound in numerical sequence. We know that sound-waves travel in concentric spheres. Has this property any connection with the "auric egg," which is given as the province of Jupiter? We are further told that "Modern Science has but partly investigated the first, second, and fifth of the forces or powers above named, but is altogether in the dark as regards the remaining powers".

(7) Finally we find the synthesis described as follows: "The six forces are in their unity represented by the Astral Light (*Daivīprakṛti*, the seventh, the Light of the Logos)."

It is difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that suggested by the name *Virgo*, namely the capacity of fecundity inherent in primordial substance, whereby it provides the medium for the activities of the six primary forces. Such a passive or negative function appears to be symbolised by the moon, and is illustrated by the complementary nature of the violet rays of the spectrum.

Here then we have a complete analysis from the occult standpoint of our mental equipment; for it is evident that all of these seven shaktis contribute in regular order and varying proportion to every mental cycle, however simple, just as they include every variety of mental activity, however complex. Any attempt to speculate on their origin is obviously futile at our present stage of development, but we can accept them as the tools provided for our work; for, just as a workman cannot learn to use his tools to the best advantage without a certain acquaintance with their nature and purpose, so it seems idle for us to expect to produce the best results from the raw material of the mind without some idea of what is going on and what forces we are handling.

The complete cycle would appear to be somewhat as follows: (1) An impulse of out-going energy in (7) mind-stuff, awakening; (2) the memory of past intellection into definite concrete association; (3) concentration on the particular idea selected, by the action of the will; (4) the projection of the idea into objective form; (5) the ensouling of the thought-form, enabling it to be used as a vehicle of expression and experience; (6) the building in of the idea into the character by its assimilation with the prevailing tone or key-note of the auric envelope.

What then, it may be asked, is the practical value of such theorising? In the first place I believe that a conscious and correct direction of the mind on its own primal functions in the creation and redemption of Māyā produces an intensification of, and a control over, those functions. In the second place it reveals those in which we are individually proficient and deficient. In the third place it provides a scale for the computation of faculty in others. For apparently each individual has learnt to use one of these faculties in preference to the rest, so that it constitutes his own line of least resistance and direct method of appeal. It is of course necessary that he should eventually learn to use all and gain a true balance between them; but even then the prevailing method will colour the rest, and a teacher should be able to take on the colour of his pupil.

We can already recognise the first type of mind; impulsive, brimming over with energy, and restrained with difficulty. Mistakes do not seem to count for one of this type; his superabundance of energy carries him through all difficulties, and his errors are forgotten in the popular tribute paid to forcefulness. Apparently he culminates in the pioneer. The second type is equally recognisable; cautious, accurate, and reliable, but apt to seem hard and cold. From the practical man of the world he becomes the scientific thinker, the ascetic, and finally, perhaps, an agent in the distribution of the world's karma. The third type is less clearly marked, being more synthetic. Skill in action, success without apparent effort, and unflinching tenacity of purpose seem to be the outward signs of his inborn self-control. I should imagine that his power as a ruler or healer would be that of inspiring confidence in others.

The fourth type is unmistakable, and has already been referred to as the designer, whether artistic or mechanical. He is the precipitator of ideas on to the denser planes in all their spiritual clarity, and nature makes obeisance to him as one of her creators—which is more than our sordid civilisation does. The fifth type is most difficult to trace either by character or profession, as its genius seems to be in versatility and the power to sense and stimulate all other types. The son of Hermes may often appear weak and vacillating, but the source of his strength lies in true independence; at one time the court jester was the only man who dared to tell the truth in high places. He is the *enfant prodige* of nature, the showman ever present behind the scenes of life. The sixth type might be called the “solid man”. Harmonious and expansive, he is generally popular and successful by his innate tact and *savoir-faire*. He seems to fill the place of the chairman of our board, summing up with well-rounded eulogies, and sending us home in a good humour. The seventh type is perhaps the rarest of all, for the man who can serve God “for naught” is not made in a day. All the more indispensable is he when found, especially if free from the earlier emotional “anæmia” which seems to drive mystics of this type to glory in renunciation, and even suffering, for its own sake.

In conclusion the writer ventures to hope that the third object of the T.S. is neither under a ban nor a psychic monopoly, and that a sufficient number of fairly reasonable knockings on the door of the temple of knowledge may finally induce its guardians to open it a little wider.

W. D. S. Brown

AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Continued from p. 672)

II. HISTORY

AMONGST the debated questions on the sect of the Essenes we find one regarding the origin of their name. Some theories are offered to solve this problem. At the same time there are arguments about the origin, and the first leading principle of the community. The supposition that the name is derived from the Hebrew word for "physician" is not probable, as the principal occupation of the Essenes seems not to have been along that line. Scaliger and Frankel think it more probable that the name comes from the Syrian word for "pious" but Tideman sees linguistic difficulties for that. Hilgenfeld is one of the few who believe that the name of the Essenes was taken from the town Essa. Weinstein thinks there is a possibility that a connection exists between their name and the Hebrew expression for the fertile place which they looked for in order to settle.

Josephus makes use of both the name "Essenos" and "Essaios". Tideman argues that Essenoi might mean the oracle-speaking priests, but notices himself that that would not explain the other name, and besides that it is highly improbable that Jewish priests would be called by a Greek expression. Every one admits that

Epiphanius' explanation that Joshua or Jesus should have something to do with "Essenes" looks impossible, as also the theories which make the name derived from the words: to work, salvation, reliance on God, strong, or strength. Jost and Réville suggest "to keep silence," as there were secrets to be concealed. Ewald's explanation "watcher," has linguistic difficulties. Graetz explains how the two ways in which the name is written by Josephus may be connected with "bathing" which formed an important part of the religion as we shall presently see.

As to the date of their foundation, again, no reliable information has come to us. Plinius pretends that they existed for thousands of centuries. In Philo's *Apology* it is told that Moses founded the sect, but nothing in his account which looks like an historical fact is given. Josephus does not seem to be better informed than Philo; he refers to the Essenes at the time of the Maccabean Jonathan (160-143 B. C). Then the Essenes appear in Josephus at the time of Aristobulus¹ which means 109-103 B. C. Zeller² thinks it possible to identify the Essenes more or less with the description in the *Koheloth*³ of the Ecclesiasts which dates from the third century B. C. where three of their qualities are already spoken of, the rejection of blood-shedding sacrifices, of the oath, and the importance of cleanness, wherein was also the question of the exaltation of the soul without the body.⁴ Philo believed that the origin of the Essenean sect was very old; Josephus' opinion on this subject is not known. Zeller and Leipsius are both of opinion that the form of

¹ *Antiq.*, xiii, 5,9.

² *Antiq.*, xiii, 11.2. *Bel. Jud.*: I,3.5. *

³ *Philo. der Griechen.*, III, p. 537.

⁴ g.2.

⁵ *Koheloth*, 3.21.

Essenism which we know must be of a later period, the disagreements between the Essenes and the Temple not being great enough to produce at once the great division which seemed to have existed in the time from which the description dates. It seems also impossible to find when the gate at Jerusalem was built which was called the Essenes-Gate; it must have been after one of the destructions: 320 B.C., 143 B.C. or 63 B.C. Tideman thinks that the first date brings us to a time when free development would have been impossible, so it must have been after one of the later destructions, which offer no special interest to us, as we have another date concerning the Essenes as old as that. Besides I do not see how we can be sure that the Essenes-Gate had this name from its foundation.

Weinstein tries to show how the foundation of the Essene sect might date from the foundation of the second Temple, when the Levites formed a group of learned people, and as such composed the opposition against the Jewish state in which only the priests might be teachers. So directly after the downfall of the first Temple, the Essenes might have objected to priests as teachers. The question has been raised whether the origin of the Essenes is to be looked for in Palestine or in Egypt. Regarding the latter country, there the Jewish civilisation may have adopted the Greek philosophical elements and therefore it seems possible that the community should have been found originally in Egypt and come from there to Palestine. They could not have originated in Alexandria, as the philosophy of the Alexandrian Jews had not yet gone far enough by that time to form a sect.¹ In the beginning of the third

¹ Zeller. *Phil. der Griechen*, p. 375.

century there was a vivid Hellenic influence in Palestine coming forward from their philosophy and the Mysteries; Pythagorean asceticism may have been successful at that time. According to Zeller, it seems even possible that the Essenes should be the Hasidæans¹, who were a striking contrast to all those who were religiously indifferent: the government of the Pharisees which began after Alexander Jaimaus was perhaps the cause of their formation into a sect. The development of the neo-Pythagorean philosophy amongst the Ebionites might have come through the Essenes. Weinstein shows how the origin of the Essenes can be traced to the flight from Egypt. At that time there existed in the Jewish race a sect called the Kenites, supposed to be descended from Moses' father-in-law. Their enormous zeal may have communicated itself to the inhabitants of Judæa and found there its climax in the prophet Elias who fled from the Phœnician Queen to Palestine; and to this land fled in later years all religious and political refugees. Later on another religious zealot called Jonadab went to the same region and grouped around him all the fanatics of the Jewish religions.² When, after the foundation of the second Temple the priests were chiefly incapable men, it was this group of people which produced the scholars for the new learned race of Israel. Through them comes the Halacha (law), which had been orally transmitted and a fanaticism which reacted on the more prosaic Jews till the cruel religious persecution of Antiochus Epiphanius, the consequence of which was the hatred of the zealots towards the written law. The old prophetic

¹ Maccabæans, 713.

² 2 Kings, x, 15-17.

spirit found its way again amongst the Jews and religious freedom came to greater development. Together with this the ordinary social life began to flourish, the study of Mosaic law took the place of fanaticism. Other troubles arose from a tendency to observe this law very strictly; some people were banished, and some went to the south where the uncorrupted transmitted Halacha was followed. Shammai represented this section, which wanted the strict observance of the law; Hillel, on the contrary, pleaded for the Halacha. All the zealots of the Jewish religion centred round Shammai. Their idea was that the more strictly the laws were observed the more they pleased God. Hillel's party was much less fanatic and it was he who won the struggle. The patriarchs who came after him all followed the same tendency and the religious enthusiasm of the other party was only felt in the South of Palestine. They lived near the south shore of the Dead Sea, which was rich in salubrious sources; from the Hebrew name for such a region the name of the Essenes might be deduced.

Besides some hypotheses on the origin of the sect, not much of its history can be told. We find them taking part in the great revolt against Rome¹ with the inevitable result of ruin to the sect. In the year 70 we come to a new era in the history of the Jews but—as Lucius says—the Essenes had then ceased to exist, and their convictions changed into the more speculative Theosophy known in the later history of the Jews.

Raumer pretends²—referring to the authority of Vitriæus, that during the Crusades Essenes were still

¹ Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8, 7; II, 20, 4; III, 2, 1.

² *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen*, I, p. 473.

found in Palestine, whose characteristic was the belief in the immortality of the soul.

III. RELIGION

The little that we know about the religion of the Essenes gives us but very incomplete information on their metaphysical conceptions. By a certain passage in Philo's *Quod omnis probus liber*, we see that he considers the value of the Essenean doctrine to be bound up in its practical side but not in its speculations. Piety seem to have been considered as the chief quality, and everything which was not developing that virtue was of little value; but it is very likely that at the root of the spiritual life lay a strong religious conviction, although little of it is stated in the documents which deal with the sect. Also in Philo we see that the Essenes spoke about the existence of God, and the creation of the world. From Josephus we receive some more information on this subject which is partly in contradiction to Philo. Josephus says that the Essenes believed in fate, everything depended on the will of God, and that by this theory they explained prophesying as being the knowledge of God's plans. Philo says that their doctrine was that only the good came from God, but that evil had another origin. God had to take account of the existence of evil. Here we come then to a dualistic theory which claims the existence of a power other than God. These two principles are visible when we come to the description of the origin of man, where it is stated that the soul comes from heaven, but is by irresistible forces brought to earth and into the body, which is as a prison for the soul. After death—which is a liberation of the soul—it goes

back to its higher regions. The same duality is represented by the male and female principles good and bad, right and left, light and dark. By some authorities it is said that there is no dualism in the Essenean religion¹ but in any case soul and body are two separate items, and the soul existed before descending into the body. After death the soul goes to the other side of the ocean—which reminds us of the Greek theory² that the souls of the righteous will live in a place where is neither rain nor snow, nor heat. The souls of the evil will go to a cold place full of punishments without end. These ideas are again irreconcilable with a theory that the souls are made of the finest ether which descends from above, and seems to be an entirely spiritual manifestation, consequently incapable of suffering any of the material sufferings, such as cold, wet or heat.

Another point which has been much discussed by the students of the Essenean religion, is whether the members of this sect addressed their prayers to the Sun, or only regulated the times of their religious duties by sunrise and sunset. We find it stated by Josephus that the Essenes did not speak about profane subjects before sunrise (the Hasidæans prepared themselves also by silence for their prayers). The fact that the Essenes said their prayer at sunrise may also have some connection with the statement which is found twice in the *Talmud*, that it is agreeable to God to say prayers at this moment.³ Philo also says that they prayed for a favourable day at sunrise, but he does not say that they addressed their prayers to the Sun.

¹ Zeller, III, 329-30, is much in favour of this theory.

² The same idea also in *Enoch*, 22 ; 1.

³ *Lucius*, p. 61. See also Psalm xix, and lxxii, 5.

Josephus however seems to have thought that the Essenes worshipped the Sun.¹ One of the reasons for this might have been the way in which they spoke of the Sun in their morning prayers² and also the fact that they turned towards the East when saying them. In the morning at sunrise a hymn of praise was to be addressed to God: "Praised be Thou, who hast made the light and created the darkness."³ This praise might also be said a little after sunrise, but this was perhaps an indulgence.

Another fact which might encourage the opinion that the Essenes venerated the Sun, is that they hid carefully their excrement from the Sun-rays. They had to dig a hole for it in the ground one foot deep with a spade which was given to each member of the sect on their entry in it. Besides that, this regulation may have been made for hygienic reasons, for we find again the same rule in *Deuteronomy* and there again in the next verse it is explained that this observance is done out of respect for God. During the action the Essenes were also obliged to surround themselves with their mantle.⁴ Prayers were important in the religion of the Essenes; they were said before and after meals, as we shall see when speaking of these later. Another feature which played a great part in their daily practice was purity, which showed itself in taking baths and in wearing white cloths. They ascribed to water not only a purifying effect but also attributes of power. After five hours' work the members of the sect took a

¹ On his authority also Hilgenfeld and Zeller.

² Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, viii, 5.

³ The same idea expressed in *Isaiah*, xlv, 7.

⁴ *Deuteronomy*, XXIII: 12-13.

bath in common¹ and on many other occasions baths were taken, *e.g.*, when a member of the sect touched a novice.

One rule concerning the life of the Essenes, which we find mentioned without any explanation, is the prohibition of spitting straight before one or to one's right hand side.²

Meals were taken by the Essenes in common, and seem to have had a liturgical importance. Those partaking dressed in white—probably linen³—garments. Priests had to assist at the meals by saying the grace and prayers which began and finished them. During the meal itself a complete silence was observed. No one might take it unless he had bathed,⁴ and no stranger had entrance to the dining-room. It has struck several students that the Essenean meals had the character of offerings, especially as the sect did not take part in other sacrifices and were opposed to animal sacrifice. After they had assembled quietly in the hall in which the meals were taken, they sat down, the baker handed the bread round, and the cook put the food before them, which consisted of not more than one dish. Before the priest had pronounced the prayer no one was allowed to touch the food. At grace-saying, God was praised as the giver of food. The food itself should be extremely pure; special officials had to prepare it together with the priest and, as Josephus relates,

¹ This made some of the savants think that the Essenes were the same as the Hemero-baptists. Graez p. 468. Frankel *Monatschrift*, II, p. 67. Herzfeld, III, p. 397.

² Herzfeld, III, p. 389, finds analysis thereof in the *Talmud*.

³ White linen garments were worn by the Essenes at their common baths and at other sacred functions. The aprons worn at bath, were given to the members when joining the sect.

⁴ In *Levit.* VII, 12, there is also the question of purity of him who will eat from the sacrifice-offerings.

even the members of the sect who were for some reason put out of the community kept so much to this rule that they would eat raw plants, and sometimes died from want, rather than eat food prepared by people other than the appointed Essenean officials. In all probability the Essenes took neither meat nor wine, and in this they followed the example of the Therapeutæ, the neo-Pythagoreans and Ebionites. In favour of this hypothesis is the fact that they rejected animal sacrifices and the statement of Porphyrius in his *De abstinentia ab esu animalium*¹, who quotes the Essenes amongst those who did not take animal food; but, as we said already, Porphyrius' information on the Essenes merits perhaps not much confidence. In opposition to this idea it is urged that the Essenes kept cattle; we find that they were richly provided with food, and that they were so abstemious that they never took more of food and drink than they just wanted (which statement would only have some importance if they took wine). It seems to me that those objections are not of much importance: cattle might have been kept for milk and for agricultural work, as was originally the case in India. As to the richness of their food, I do not see why this should imply the facts of eating meat or drinking wine²; besides it is in contradiction to the text which tells us that each meal consisted in bread and one dish; as to the third argument it is clearly seen in the text itself that the object of the whole passage is only to praise the moderateness of the Essenes and not at all to let it be known that they are never drunk. Lucius, who advances these three arguments, admits himself that nothing is proved by them.

¹ IV, 11.

² This argument is a typical one for a non-vegetarian and non-teetotaler.

Philo,¹ Josephus,² and Plinius³ seem to agree that the Essenes were not married, or at least should not be. Of course it happened that members joined the sect who were already married, but from what Josephus says it is obvious that the married Essenes formed only a little branch of the community. He speaks of them only in a few words at the end of his description of the Essenes.⁴ Those married Essenes may have had children also and it is possible that members joined the sect who had children before they entered, but it seems that the number of children was not sufficient because we find that the Essenes adopted children and took care of their education. Zeller, Rituhl and Hilgenfeld are of opinion that the texts prove that marriage was more frequent and that about half the sect was married, but also they agree that the married and the non-married Essenes formed two separate groups. For the married, however, existed also rules to prevent them giving way to sensuality. Marriage was only allowed in order to enable the propagation of the race. Laws were made about the way in which this principle was to be observed. Amongst these married Essenes—who seem to have been regarded as the less devoted members—women took part in the daily life.⁵ The relation of the less strict part of the sect to the more strict one, is not known to us, but if Philo gives the real opinion of the strict Essenes on woman, when he refers to the

¹ Eusebius, *Præp. Ev.* viii, 11, 8.

² *Bel. Jud.*, ii. viii, 2 *Antiq.* xviii, 1, 5 and 6.

³ 314, 1.

⁴ Josephus *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8, 11, opens his short description of this part of the sect about as follows: "Then there existed still another order of Essenes which agree with this one in their manner of life, their habits and laws, but differ in their conception of marriage. They think that marriage is the most important part of life," etc., etc. This shows clearly that Josephus found the two Branches of Essenism very divided.

⁵ At the common bath women wore long white garments.

question of marriage there must have been a great difference between the two parties. The influence of the society of women on man is here described as most degrading, and women themselves as loathsome beings¹; amongst other evils a man becomes by marriage a slave instead of remaining free. After Philo's description one might think that contempt for woman was one of the chief characteristics of the real Essenes. Hilgenfeld² thinks that the final aim of the members of the sect was to become prophets and that their asceticism was a preparation for that, but is also of opinion that there is no trace of Messianic expectation amongst the Essenes, or that would have been the object of apocalyptic prophecies; instead of that we see instances of their prophesying which we know have to do with quite different matters—but then we have only very few examples. Several instances are known to us where Jewish prophets refrained from taking animal food or wine, or having sexual intercourse *e.g.*, Daniel,³ Enoch,⁴ Ezra,⁵ but, as Zeller noticed, Daniel and Ezra refer to particular cases, and Enoch had also visions after his marriage; so he finds that it is not proved that asceticism was considered to be a preparation for prophecy, or still less that the author of the book of Enoch was an Essene as has been suggested by some students.

¹ As we said already this passage is not at all according to Philo's opinion on woman which we know from other parts of his writings.

² *Jud. Apocal.* p. 245.

³ *Daniel*, I, 7; X, 2, is against meat and wine.

⁴ *Enoch*, LXXXIII, 2 and LXXXV, 3, against sexual intercourse. VII, 4, 5. II, 11, against meat.

⁵ *Ezra*, IX, 24, 26. XII, 51, against meat. *Vita Mosis*, III, §2. No sexual intercourse because Moses was already a prophet. Philo, III, *Mos.* 10; 9. *De Justitia* II, §8, declares that the priest must be at the same time prophet and must not use wine or strong drinks.

The religious teaching was given on the Sabbath in the Temple and the principal sources were old and venerable writings which seem to have been the sacred books of the people of Israel. These writings were explained as having a symbolical meaning.¹ This shows us that the Essenes found a hidden meaning in the books of Moses and that they had a special way of explaining this meaning, but nothing about their explanations on these matters is known to us.

It has been said—for instance by Lucius—that the Essenes had no special form of worship—but as we find it stated in the *Talmud* that they had certain sort of sacrifices which were called expiatory sacrifices, it is all the same likely that these were Essenean ceremonies.²

One fact that we know still about the Essenes—of which the religious reason is not further explained—is the prohibition of swearing. In the oath they saw an accusation against the person himself, because they considered that he who had to refer to the name of God in order to be believed was already untrustworthy. However, a terrible oath was asked of them when definitely entering the sect, as we shall see later on. We do not know much about the religious principles which inspired the Essenes towards the ascetic³, pious and virtuous life which they led and on which all authorities agree. In their ethical ideals we are again reminded of their Jewish origin; these are clearly expressed in the first part of the oath we just referred to and which

¹ Zeller, p. 329, has shown that symbolical means here allegorical. Rituhl Hilgenfeld, and Mangold—who were first of another opinion—agreed later on with Zeller that it was the way in which this passage was to be understood.

² Weinstein, p. 59-60.

³ The prohibition of the use of oil and of bathing in warm water may also be a consequence of their ascetic principles. As a result of this simple life we find that many Essenes reached to over 100 years of age.

is given by Josephus¹ and Philo²; it is almost a repetition of Psalm XV; in both we find praise of virtue, love, lawfulness, withholding from lies, encouraging kindness towards humanity, and contempt of money.

“The ethical and moral teaching goes out from the standpoint that virtue is hard to attain. The Essenes were full of zeal for virtue and love for mankind, and made such strong efforts for morality that only a religious conviction can account for it. Their ethical rule of life was threefold: love towards God, zeal for virtue and love for humanity”³.

This last quality seemed to have been manifested by an unlimited charity.

IV. MYSTICAL TEACHING AND PROPHECY

Weinstein is very much in favour of the hypothesis of looking for a connection between the secret teachings of the Essenes in the number-mysticism of the Jews, and I think that his arguments merit serious consideration. One of the principal points in his arguments is to identify the Essenes with some of the persons who figure in the *Talmud*, where he discovers a group which are mentioned when there arose the question of the blessing of peace. To those alone miracles happened, to them appeared also the prophet Elijah, and they it

¹ Josephus *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8; 7. In the oath it was promised to observe piety towards God, justice towards man, to refrain from harm to man, either on one's own responsibility or on command. To hate the evil and to help the righteous. To be faithful towards all men especially towards those who have authority, because no one receives power without the help of God. In the event that he who gives this pledge ever receives power, he will never abuse it by overshadowing his subordinates, even in clothes. He must love truth and intend to punish the liar, refrain from stealing, from dishonest gain, from hiding anything from his co-religionists, from betraying the doctrine to those who are not entitled to know it, even if threatened with death, and from robbery. They were engaged to keep the books which belong to the sect, and to keep secret the names of the angels.

² Philo *Quod. omn. prob. lib.*, xiii., says in short the same as Josephus.

³ Tideman, p. 20.

was who introduced the symbolical numbers in the *Talmud* and *Midrashim*. Weinstein discovers Essenic characteristics in Rabbi Eliezer ben Hyrkanus, who distributed his goods, who was reserved in marriage, prophesied his own death as well as that of Akiba, and was in favour of white garments as a sign of innocence. Very characteristic for an Essene is the fact that he only taught the traditional Halacha¹ which he held to be recognised in heaven as the right one. Weinstein pretends to know that he introduced the doctrines about the numbers 300 and 70—product of the mystical numbers 7 and 10 in Essenism. To him is also attributed the Cosmogony and the doctrine of the angelic hierarchy, at the head of which stands the angel Metatron, and it is even supposed that the Philonian Logos-conception was known to him and introduced by him into the *Talmud*. About Rabbi Joshua ben Levi so many marvellous stories are told that they form quite a collection. One of them—related by Weinstein—is quite worth mentioning. Elijah appeared usually to the Rabbi, but once remained away because the Rabbi had delivered over a Jew to the Romans, who otherwise would have destroyed the whole town. By long fasts Rabbi Joshua induced Elijah to reappear, and told him he had acted according to Midrash. But Elijah asked him: Is this Mishnah the Mishnah of the Essenes? It is to be noticed here that Elijah is supposed to have appeared to the Essenes, that fasting had an influence on his appearing, that the Essenes had a Mishnah of their own and that the destruction of a town is not taken into consideration, as long as no action is done against the Mishnah of the Essenes. The Essenes seem to have directed themselves to the

¹ About this we will speak when dealing with Judaism and Essenism.

prophet Elijah to ask him the answers of their questions. another mystic Essene was—according to Weinstein—Rabbi Pinchas ben Jair of whom the *Talmud* relates many marvels and prophecies. He was a very learned man of the south of Palestine. No Halacha has been transmitted to us through him, but many fantastic symbolical numbers were introduced by him. Through him we know of a gradation of the Essene sect. Of the highest degree there of the revelation, which only the perfect Essene receives, Pinchas said: “To haste to follow the commandments of God leads to purification, purification leads to purity, purity leads to isolation, isolation leads to sanctity, sanctity to ear of sin, fear of sin to Essenism, Essenism to prophecy, and prophecy leads to resurrection which will take place through the prophet Eliah.”

The numbers eight and fourteen were the basis from which Rabbi Joshua took the material for his wonderful number-mysticism, which led to the *Kabalah* and whence the book *Sepher Jesira* (Ten Spheres) took its origin. This again was the source of all the later mystical speculation on numbers in which figures the number 12 as the moving force in humanity, the number 3, and the glorified number 7, just as in Pinchas' writings, a fact that might make us believe that number mysticism was one of the Essenean characteristics. The patriarch Jacob, and Moses were venerated in their quality of Essenes. The Rechabites and inhabitants of Jobir made a special study of number-mysticism; they were called Sopher=(counters) and later they were the Doctors of the Scriptures. By the system by which each letter had a numerical value, the whole Scriptures had at the end been divided in numbers

and ciphers. In North Palestine this system seems not to have been as much studied as in the South where the priests learned these numbers by heart and formed in this way a sort of mnemonical system of remembering the sacred books. It seems that these students of numbers counted the letters of the 24 books of the Holy Scriptures and that they had a way of dividing the whole text into numbers which Weinstein considers to have been specially done not to forget or to lose the smallest part of them. Nevertheless I think that the mystical meaning of numbers may have been still more important and was most probably the chief part of the secret teaching which was given to the real members only.

In connection with this is certainly the secret name of God numbering 42 letters which was told to the members of the sect at the moment of their entry after three years of probation. This name they were bound, under a most terrible oath—the only one they ever uttered—to keep secret from non-Essenes at the same time engaging themselves to transmit the Halacha without any alteration.¹ No Halacha ever expressed this name. And Weinstein² finds that it belonged to the occult Jewish Theosophy. Already the Pharisees were reserved in their utterances concerning the name of God, and in the *Talmud* we find that Rabbi Pinchas bar Chama refused to hear this secret name of God which some one offered to tell him. Almost as secret as the name of God were the names of Angels. The reason for this was not only the sanctity of the Angels but also the fact that a magical power goes out by reason of

¹ Weinstein identifies Zenuim and Keshurim with Essenism as he finds that a secret name of God, consisting of 42 letters existed also for them. Though this fact is interesting, the conclusion seems to me to be hastily drawn.

² XIV, 6.

the pronunciation of their names. Magic was not uncommon in these days amongst the Jewish sects, and there existed books with magical formulæ. Josephus¹ speaks of such formulæ, which had been given by King Solomon for curing diseases and chasing demons.

Josephus gives us even a phrase which points also towards the study of some occult sciences. He says² that they searched for medicinal roots, and studied the qualities of stones. Does this mean that the Essenes were physicians³ or were they students of the forces of Nature? Weinstein has found a connection between these two subjects of study and *Leviticus*. There mention is made of medical plants⁴ which cure from plague, and a science of stones⁵ by which one might see from the stones of a house whether the house was infected with plague. Weinstein advances an explanation of this coincidence by supposing that the Essenes studied especially this passage of the sacred books, which deals with the symptoms by which one might see whether sores were pure or impure. The description we find in *Leviticus* of the healing ceremonies which were prescribed make us think of magical rites, also the way, by which it was possible to see by the stones of a house whether it was infected or not, requires more than ordinary knowledge of nature. Only priests after the law of Moses were capable of judging whether a sore was pure or impure, and Weinstein finds in the *Talmud* that it is stated that the Essenes knew more about sores than the priests did, and that they showed great zeal in studying

¹ Josephus, *Antiq.*, VIII, 25.

² Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8, 6.

³ Hilgenfeld, Zeller and Gfoerer see in this a proof that the Essenes studied magic.

⁴ *Leviticus*, XIV, 4.

⁵ *Leviticus*, XIV, 39, etc.

these matters. We see then how the Essenes enter here into questions the knowledge of which was only reserved to priests, and even then only to the most learned ones amongst them. Thus the question arises; did the Essenes not consider themselves priests? They could do so without committing any heresy as it is ordered by Moses himself that all the Children of Israel should be encouraged to be a priestly kingdom.¹ It is true that in many matters they differed, and held opinions contrary to the rules laid down for the priests—for instance by rejecting oil-unctions, sacrifices, etc.; also if they observed the laws of Moses very strictly they could not desire that any one but a descendant of Abraham should become a priest. It is more likely therefore that in certain matters they considered themselves to be equal to priests, in that they were possessors of the same hidden doctrines which were not given to the ordinary Israelites. The Essenes were very strict about blasphemy. In this they included not only irreverent sayings against God but also those uttered against the lawgiver Moses; both offences were punished by death.² They abhorred idol worship, and Hippolytus—whose information is not entirely trustworthy—said that they pushed this feeling so far that they would not possess coins because of the image stamped on them, and did not enter towns because they would have to pass under statues, which were placed on the gates.

The Sabbath was observed with great strictness by the Essenes and no action was done by them on that day. After the meeting in the Synagogue no work whatever was done by them, no food was to be prepared,

¹ *Exodus*, XIX, 6.

² Hippolytus says that he who spoke against the law was punished in the same way. Even threatening with death would not induce the members of the sect to call any one but God their Lord.

no fire lit and no objects moved from their place. This strict observation of the Sabbath was already a duty of the novices.

It is likely that prophecy was taught in the sect. As I have said already it has been supposed that it was the only object, and final goal of the ethical and ascetic training through which the Essenes had to go. Hilgenfeld, as we said already, was very much in favour of this hypothesis and declared that Essenism was a form of the Apocalyptic School¹ and he saw, especially in the ascetic way of living, the preparation for the prophet. Therefore also the Essenes lived outside the towns. Enoch, particularly in the beginning of his book, is very ascetic and also Ezra speaks of the corrupting influence of the world and both books are supposed to be connected with the Essene doctrines. Hilgenfeld remarks rightly that the Essenes turned their attention from the present to the past and future; he also finds that they renovated the old prophetic schools and considered Elijah as fore-runner of the Messianic times; their deep knowledge of the Scriptures can only have connection with prophecies concerning the future. As Josephus says: the prophetic gift is a power of many. Those who try to know the future exercise themselves in the sacred Scriptures and the books of the prophets. They fail rarely in their prophecies.² Different from the Pharisees (who say that some events are consequences of fate, and some in our power, influenceable by fate but not produced by it); different from the Sadducees (who say that fate does not exist, that everything is in our hands and that we produce good and bad) are the Essenes whose opinion is

¹ Hilgenfeld. *Judische Apocalypstick*, p. 257.

² Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, 8, 12.

that fate governs everything and nothing can happen to us save that which must happen. Fate¹ is the will of God, and Hilgenfeld supposes that the chief aim of the ascetic way of living was to come into nearer contact with the divinity; but the ethical element must have much to do with it and Josephus surely echoes the tendencies of the Essenes themselves when he says that many Essenes were worthy to have knowledge of the divine wisdom on account of their great virtue.² We have still to mention how popular were the Essenean prophets and how much consideration was given to them. First of all we see by the examples known to us that they were consulted in very grave matters, and that King Antigonus asked their advice. Also Herod had an experience of their knowledge: An Essenean had predicted to him that he would be King of the Jews long before he came to his high position. The same had also informed him that his reign would endure longer than 30 years. Herod had great respect for the Essenes and, most probably in order not to bring them into conflict with their principles, did not ask from them the pledge of fidelity which he demanded from all his subjects.

I do not know whether the explanation of dreams was also a science generally studied by the Essenes; we find one instance mentioned in which Archelaus had his dreams explained by a member of this sect, called Simon.³

¹ Josephus, *Antiq.*, XIII, 5, 9.

² *Idem*, XV, 10, 5. Examples of prophecies given by Joseph. in *Bel. Jud.* I, 3, 5; II, 7, 3, 8; 12, *Ant.* XIII, 11, 2; XV, 10, 4-5; XVII, 13, 3; XVIII; 1, 5, 13, 3. Lucius, p. 14, remarks that prophetic gifts were rather common in a time when there was a general longing for the greatest prophet. Hyrcanus and Josephus attribute prophetic faculties to themselves. I Maccab., IV, 41. Joseph. *Ant.*, XIII, 10, 7. *Bell. Jud.*, II, 8, 9. VI; 5, 2.

³ Josephus, *Bel. Jud.*, II, 7, 13. *Ant.* XVII, 13, 3. This happened in the year 6 of our era.

Raimond van Marle

(To be continued)

ELUSION

Whose is that Voice whose far sweet sound
Within the Soul moves strangely near,
Calling and calling ; yet is drowned
In silence when I turn an ear ?

Whose is that Face whose instant sight
Pales the moist evening's crimson sky
With something clearer than the light ;
And yet eludes the swiftest eye ?

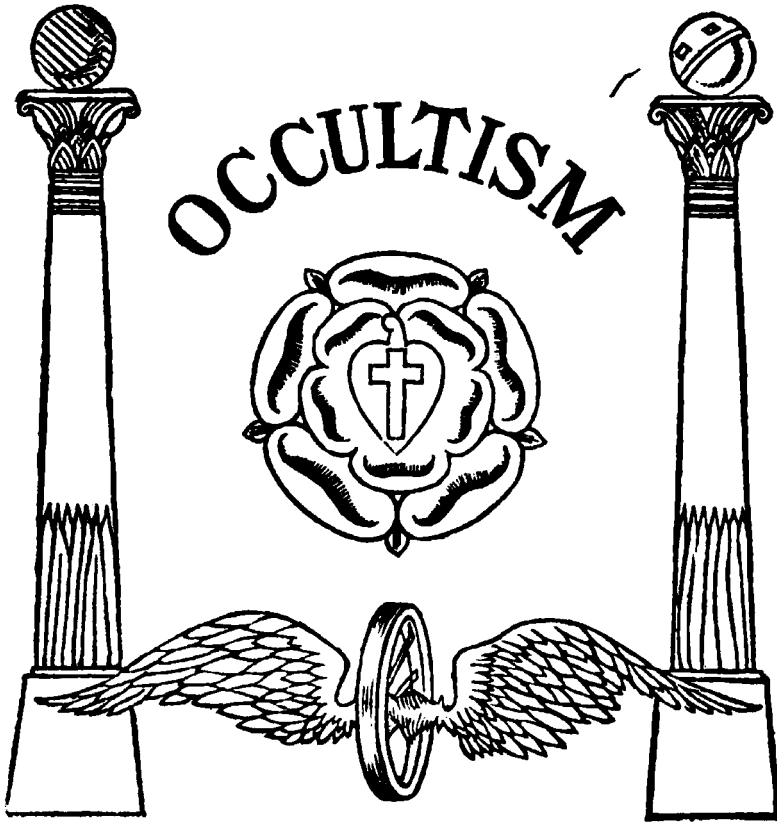
Whose is that Hand whose white cool fire
Shakes the rapt body overmuch
With pangs of infinite desire ;
Yet slips beyond the keenest touch ?

Spirit of utter Loveliness !
Thine is the Voice, the Face, the Hand ;
Thine is the all-compelling stress,
And Thine the swift shape-changing wand.

I know not which would nearer bring
Thyself : to still these senses quite,
Or out of this world's darkening
To build for Thee a House of Light.

But this I know : let my heart's strife
Yield Thy great joy, or empty breath ;
Thou art glad death in midst of life,
And Life that smiles in face of death !

James H. Cousins



**SOME RECENT RESEARCHES ON THE
BORDERLAND OF SCIENCE AND OCCULTISM**

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

THOSE few amongst us who have been carefully watching the progress of scientific thought, and its gradual approximation to the occult teachings, are already aware how very narrow the borderland between has now become. It may be of interest therefore to the general reader to give a brief sketch of the present position, especially as some recent researches of the writer seem to be able to stretch across the remaining borderland, as far as some of the physical sciences are concerned, and link together the two worlds of thought.

The connecting link can best be shown by means of a drawing, which the occult student may look upon as an attempt to sketch one of the operations of Fohat, whilst the man of science may take it as an illustration of the production of light-waves, by means of an atomic mechanism.

First conceive a tubular channel bored through the ether of space in a straight line by an operation of Fohat. Along this channel let there pass a fluid of small density, with a velocity equal to that of light. Surrounding the fluid of small density, between it and the general ether of space, let there be another fluid of greater density, flowing in the opposite direction with a velocity equal to the greatest velocity that gravity can give to a body, the so-called velocity from infinity, which in the case of the earth is about six miles a second. This denser stream will then form the fluid casing of a tube through which the finer fluid is passing.

It may help the reader to form the concept if he first pictures in his mind a straight metal tube, say of iron, with water flowing along it. This water-flow will correspond to the flow of finer fluid with the velocity of light. Then let him replace in imagination the solid iron casing of the tube by liquid mercury, which, while retaining the form of the solid metal casing, is able to flow in the opposite direction to the water which it surrounds and encloses.

It would require a special distribution of forces to enable the fluid mercury to retain the tubular form, but it is just such a distribution of forces that is given by Fohat, and which is required to explain the operations of a light-ray. In the first place let us try to conceive the most natural and simple way in which the two

streams could move in opposite directions along the axis of the tube. Such a concept is given by the well-known mechanism of a male and female screw. When a nut is made to revolve around the thread of a bolt, the nut and bolt move in opposite directions to each other, and one inside, the other outside, just as we have supposed our two fluids to move; the main difference being that in the case of the nut and bolt we have a screw motion in solids whilst in the other case we must have a screw motion in fluids. This screw motion, or rotation around the axis of the tube has the further advantage that it gives to our fluid tube the same stability as one which is solid, for the centrifugal force due to the axial rotation will drive the denser fluid to the casing of the tube and keep it there, while the finer fluid will be forcibly held within the core of the tube.

This screw motion of the two fluids serves to explain an important feature of light-waves, the vibrations of which, as is well known, are at right angles to the line of propagation, for this screw motion is equivalent to a circular vibration at right angles to the axis of the tube, which axis marks the direction in which the light travels. With this tube of Fohat as a preliminary concept, let us further picture the atoms of matter strung upon these tubes like beads upon a string. The student of the *Gīṭā* will be here reminded of the words of Shrī Kṛṣṇa, (*Gīṭā*, VII, 7) "All this is strung on Me as pearls on a thread." For Fohat is the first life-wave, the work of the third Logos, and strings together all the atoms of the universe (*Occult Chemistry*, p. 6), and an illustration of such linkings of the atoms will be found on page 8, of the same work. It is in the interactions of the atoms of matter, and the light-rays, or strings of Fohat, on which

the atoms are threaded, that there will be found some of the most important connections between the physical sciences and occult teaching, and these interactions are illustrated in our coloured drawing. (Plate I.)

This drawing is intended to illustrate a light-ray passing through the body of a gaseous molecule, such molecules being strung upon the light-rays, or filaments of Fohat, like beads upon a string, A part of the body of the molecule is shown at C C, but this represents only a small portion of the molecule, since its diameter is about one hundred thousand times the diameter of a light-ray. The part in red represents the stream of fluid of small density which moves in the direction indicated by the red arrows with a velocity equal to that of light. The part in blue represents the opposite stream of denser fluid, moving as indicated by the blue arrows with the maximum gravitational velocity. The small circles in red and blue at A A, B B, with the curved arrows of similar colour are sections of vortex rings, similar in form to the well-known smoke ring. These vortex rings surround the streams of fluid like bracelets, and the motions of the two fluids ensure the continuous rotation of the vortices as indicated by the curved arrows. The red stream passing upwards through the inside of the red ring causes the inside to move upwards with it as shown by the curved arrows, whilst the blue stream moving downwards, passes on the outside of the red ring, so that the two streams moving in opposite directions co-operate with each other in ensuring continuous rotation in the same direction as shown by the arrows. In the case of the blue vortex ring shown at B B, the blue downward stream passes through the inside, whilst the red upward stream passes around the outside. Hence

the blue ring revolves in the opposite direction to the red ring. In addition to the two rotations of the vortex rings indicated by the curved arrows, they also rotate in a plane perpendicular to the plane of the paper, around an axis within the plane of the paper. This second rotation corresponds to the two screw rotations of the red and blue streams, and is caused by them. The blue ring rotating in the same direction as the screw motion of the blue stream, and the red ring in the direction of the red stream.

Having thus given a provisional sketch of our atomic mechanism, it behoves us to determine the conditions that will make it stable. It is evident in the first place that the upward stream will impart an upward momentum to the rings, whilst the downward stream will impart to them a downward momentum. Now unless these two momenta are equal and opposite the rings will not remain in position, but will be driven away either in one direction or the other. As in this article too much mathematical reasoning would be objectionable, we may state without proof, what to the mathematician will be obvious, that to impart to the rings equal and opposite momenta, it is necessary that the density of the blue stream multiplied by the square of its velocity, should be equal to the density of the red stream multiplied by the square of its velocity. So far the velocity of each stream is known, the red stream having the velocity of light, and the blue stream the maximum velocity of gravity, but the densities are at present unknown. If, however, one of the densities can be determined, the other can be also ascertained.

Now the density of the blue stream can be found, since it is this stream that produces the force of gravity

the value of which is known, and the method of finding it may be briefly indicated. Since the velocity with which the blue stream enters the earth's surface is known, and the extent of the earth's surface is also known, the volume which enters the earth in unit time can be calculated. Then from the earth's mass the volume of the blue stream absorbed by unit mass of matter can be found. Now this volume absorbed by unit mass in unit time imparts to it a known amount of energy, and the energy imparted must be equal to the energy of the quantity of the blue stream absorbed by unit mass. Hence we have ascertained three things about the quantity of the blue stream absorbed by unit mass of matter in unit time. First its velocity, second its volume, and third its energy, and from these three things can be obtained both its mass and its density. The density thus ascertained in terms of water taken as unity is 0.001725, and is nearly the same as the density of the atmosphere at normal pressure. By means of the relationship required for the condition of equilibrium, that the densities of the two streams multiplied by the square of their velocities must be equal, the density of the red stream can now be found. This second density is exceedingly small, being 2.4 divided by a million millions, or $2.4/10^{13}$.

The above two densities must not be confused with the density of the general etheric medium, for the density of this is much higher as will be seen later. These two streams are the same as the streams of force referred to in *Occult Chemistry*, (pp. 5-6), the red stream being that which is there described as pouring into the physical world from "outside," from fourth-dimensional space, or the astral plane, whilst the blue stream is that

which pours in from the physical world and out into the astral. The two streams taken together constitute the first life-wave, which forms the atoms, the work of Fohat, or the third Logos (*ib.* p. 6).

It would not be suitable here to give the course of reasoning by means of which the density of the general etheric medium has been ascertained. But by a process involving many years of research, this density has been found to be equal to three times the density of water. We have thus three densities with which to work, the density of the general medium, 3; the density of the blue stream, 0.001725; and the density of the red stream, 0.000,000,000,0024. In the regions near to the earth's surface, these three fluids occupy equal volumes of space, hence the mean density of the medium taking all three together is $\frac{1}{3} (3 + 0.001725 + 0.000,000,000,0024) = 1.000575$. The mean density of the medium therefore differs only very slightly from the density of water.

Taking these four densities in descending order we find they have the following suggestive characteristics. The density of the general medium, 3, is identical with the density of basalt, of which a great part of the earth's crust is composed, it may therefore be called EARTH density; the mean density taking all three together is the same as that of water, it may therefore be called WATER density; the density of the blue stream is practically the same as that of air, it may therefore be called AIR density; the red stream is that which causes heat and flame when the tubes containing it are disrupted by friction or chemical combustion, hence it may be called FIRE density.

These four media are, I think, what the ancients meant by the four elements out of which all matter

was composed. They are the earth, water, air, and fire of the alchemist and the science of astrology.

Now whilst the forces of physics, and the elements of chemistry, may serve very well for the ordinary sciences, for the occult sciences such as alchemy and astrology, we shall find that it is absolutely essential for us to return to the four elements of the ancients, to which they gave the names of earth, water, air, and fire. And we shall also find that these elements are not only the key to the occult sciences, but to much that is at present incomprehensible in the sciences of the day.

It will be desirable in the first instance to use these elements for the explanation of known scientific phenomena, because scientific facts are given in the textbooks with quantitative exactness, and can thus serve to test the correctness of the theory.

Each of these four elements has associated with it a particular velocity. With the fire element, the red fluid, is associated the velocity of light; with the air-element, the blue fluid, is associated the velocity of gravity; with the water-element is associated the mean molecular velocity of the atmosphere, at the mean temperature of the earth; with the earth-element is associated the velocity of sound. I give below a tabular list of these four elements with their densities and associated velocities for future reference. The velocities are given in centimetres per second, and the densities in terms of water as unity, as these are the units most used in the sciences.

Element	Density	Velocity	
Fire-element	$2\cdot4/10^{13}$	3×10^{10}	Light
Air-element	0\cdot001725	$1\cdot12 \times 10^9$	Gravity
Water-element	1\cdot00	$4\cdot64 \times 10^8$	Molecule
Earth-element	3\cdot00	$2\cdot68 \times 10^8$	Sound

The above list of densities and velocities are not mere disconnected facts, but are all interlinked with a property of the tubes, through which the red and blue fluids flow ; in other words they are linked with a property of Fohat, the occult agent *par excellence*. This relationship is shown as follows : Multiply the number representing the density, by the square of the number representing the velocity, and it will be found that this product is the same for each element. The resulting number in each case is 2.16×10^9 .

Now it is a well-known scientific fact that when the density of a medium is multiplied by the square of the velocity with which vibrations are propagated in the medium, the resulting product is the pressure of the medium. Hence since 2.16×10^9 is the product of the density of the red fluid by the square of the velocity of light ; it represents the pressure of the fluids within the tubes along which light is propagated. In other words it is the pressure of Fohat, or the first life-wave. Fohat therefore is the link which connects together the four elements of the ancients, and the forces of modern science, sound, light, heat, gravity, and molecular motion. We shall also shortly show that it links these also with the forces of electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity. Fohat, or the first life-wave, is therefore the missing link, which science has not yet found, but to which attention has lately been drawn by occult writers, and especially by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*. The above pressure within the Fohatic tubes is the reciprocal of what is called by electricians, the specific inductive capacity, which is a factor in all electrostatic measurements, whilst the density of the red fluid is equally a factor in all electro-magnetic

measurements. This density of the red fluid is also the measure of what is called the magnetic permeability of a body. The density above given is the density of the red fluid in air, and is a measure of the magnetic permeability of air. In iron the density is sometimes two or three thousand times greater than this, so that this metal can exhibit powerful magnetism.

The blue vortex ring at B B, (Plate I) is the positive charge of the atom, whilst the red ring at A A, is the neutralising negative charge. As under certain conditions the blue stream can be made to carry the positive charge downwards towards the red ring, and the red stream made to carry the red ring upwards towards the blue ring the attraction between the two is great. This happens when the two charges are not contained in the same molecule; when in the same molecule, as shown in the drawing, the equal and opposite momenta which cause their rotations cancel this attractive force. In the case of gravity, the attractive force is caused solely by the downward movement of the blue stream, whilst the upward red stream acts as a repulsive resistance, which makes the force of gravity small. But when two molecules come under the attraction of chemical affinity, then both the blue and red streams co-operate in pushing the two molecules together. Hence the force of chemical affinity is much more powerful than the force of gravity, just as in the case of electrical attraction. The mechanism which causes chemical affinity is the same as that which causes electrical attraction, as men of science have long suspected, and I have found that the force of chemical affinity is numerically equal to the force of gravity at the earth's surface multiplied by

the velocity of light. The mathematical proof of this has been lying in my notebooks for many years.

It will thus be seen that the whole of the physical sciences both exoteric and occult, can be defined under one head as the science of the operations of Fohat, and the modes of motion of the four despised elements of the ancients, earth, air, fire, and water.

When the great physicist, Lord Kelvin, was engaged in devising a suitable form for the atom, he selected as the most suitable a vortex ring such as that shown at AA, B B, of Plate I, but there were two difficulties in his way which he was not able to get over. He required in the first place a frictionless ether, in order to make his vortex rings permanent, and in the second place his vortex rings would not gravitate. In the case of the vortex rings shown in the above drawing however, these two difficulties do not occur, for the rings are kept in rotation by the friction of the two moving streams against their surfaces, and the rings will also gravitate since they are the medium by means of which the force of gravity is conveyed to the molecules. The difficulty of Lord Kelvin arose from his hypothesis of a stationary ether, and this same stationary ether is the principal stumbling block of those modern physicists who still hold to it. Another difference between Lord Kelvin's theory and the present, is that Lord Kelvin made the vortex ring identical with the atom, whereas in this case it is not the atom but the electric charge upon the atom.

The molecular velocity will be dealt with in detail later as it is intimately connected with the formation of light-waves, but a few important facts in connection with it may be referred to here. Since it is linked with the Fohatic pressure by means of the water-element whose

density is unity, its value is the square root of that pressure, and another feature in connection with it is that it is the same as the velocity of the rotation of the earth at the equator. The earth's rotation also, therefore, is the work of Fohat. It is further connected with the velocity of steam jets as used in the steam turbine, which is at present the most powerful of prime movers, thus bringing its action into the practical affairs of daily life. If two steam pipes are connected with two boilers at different pressures, one say at 100 lb. pressure and the other at 200 lb., and if a hole is perforated through each pipe, so that a jet of steam issues from each; then if the casual reader were asked which of these two steam pipes would give a jet of steam of the highest velocity, he would probably reply that the steam pipe at 200 lb. pressure would give a jet of double the velocity of that from the pipe at 100 lb. pressure. But this would not be the case, for the velocity of both jets would be the same. The jet from the higher pressure would be denser, but its velocity would not be greater. There is a maximum velocity at which a steam jet will issue from a steam pipe into the atmosphere, and this velocity is the same as the molecular velocity of the air at the earth's mean temperature, and the earth's equatorial rotation, and each are equal to the square root of the Fohatic pressure. We see therefore that this Fohatic pressure is at the foundation of the velocities of nature. It is the basis of our time measure, the rotation of the earth, and of many other standard physical velocities. The velocity of sound, given in the table of the four elements, is somewhat smaller than the velocity observed. It agrees closely with the velocity derived from Newton's formula which does not allow for what is called

the adiabatic compression. This adiabatic compression by developing heat increases the tension of the atmosphere and thus increases the velocity. I did not give the actual velocity in the table because this would obscure the connection between the pressure in the Fohatic tubes, and the earth-element. The velocity of sound as observed is derived mainly from the action of the Fohatic pressure on the earth-element, with a little addition from the molecular velocity through the water-element. The connection of sound with the Fohatic pressure is of special interest to the occult student, because by this means it is linked with the velocity of light, and the forces acting within the atom. In former days there seems to have been a science of Mantra Vidya, by means of which we were enabled to form a connection with the forces working within the atom, and this connection was made by means of sound. A modern investigator, J. W. Keeley, appears to have got upon the track of this ancient science, and was able to get into partial touch for a time with these forces. This was however before modern science had become aware of the enormous forces locked up within the atom, and his investigations were therefore declared a fraud. But H. P. Blavatsky, who wrote about them in *The Secret Doctrine*, knew perfectly well that they were based on a true fact in nature, and hence declared their genuineness. It is possible that in the near future some other investigator will be more successful in exploring this fruitful branch of science, and the above shown connection between sound and the forces of Fohat may be some guide to him.

It has been shown that all the densities and velocities of the four elements are related in the same way to

the pressure of the fluids within the tubes, the pressure of the first life-wave. This pressure is 2.16×10^9 dynes, per square centimetre, or 14 tons per square inch. This is a very great pressure, being more than two thousand times the pressure of the atmosphere, but it pales into insignificance in comparison with the pressure of the general etheric medium. Since vibrations in the general medium of space travel with the velocity of light, and the density of the medium is three, the pressure must be 2.7×10^{21} dynes, or about 17 millions of millions of tons per square inch. This enormous pressure, great as it is, is much less than the current estimate of many scientific men, for Sir Oliver Lodge estimates the pressure at many millions of times more than the above. (*Modern Views of Electricity*, p. 328.)

At the earth's surface the density and pressure of the general medium are reduced to about one-third of the above, owing to the fact that, near the earth's surface, the red and blue fluids and the general medium occupy equal volumes of space, thus reducing the mean density and pressure to one-third. Matter may be regarded as a kind of doorway through which physical ether enters the astral plane ; it thus tends to produce a partial etheric vacuum. At the surface of a large body like the sun the pressure and density is still lower than at the surface of the earth. As pointed out by Prof. Osborne Renolds, matter implies the absence of substance, not its presence, it is the Great Illusion. In contemplating these two pressures, the Fohatic pressure inside the tubes and the general pressure outside, which differ so greatly in amount, the question naturally arises, how is it possible to have such widely different pressures acting close together in the same medium ?

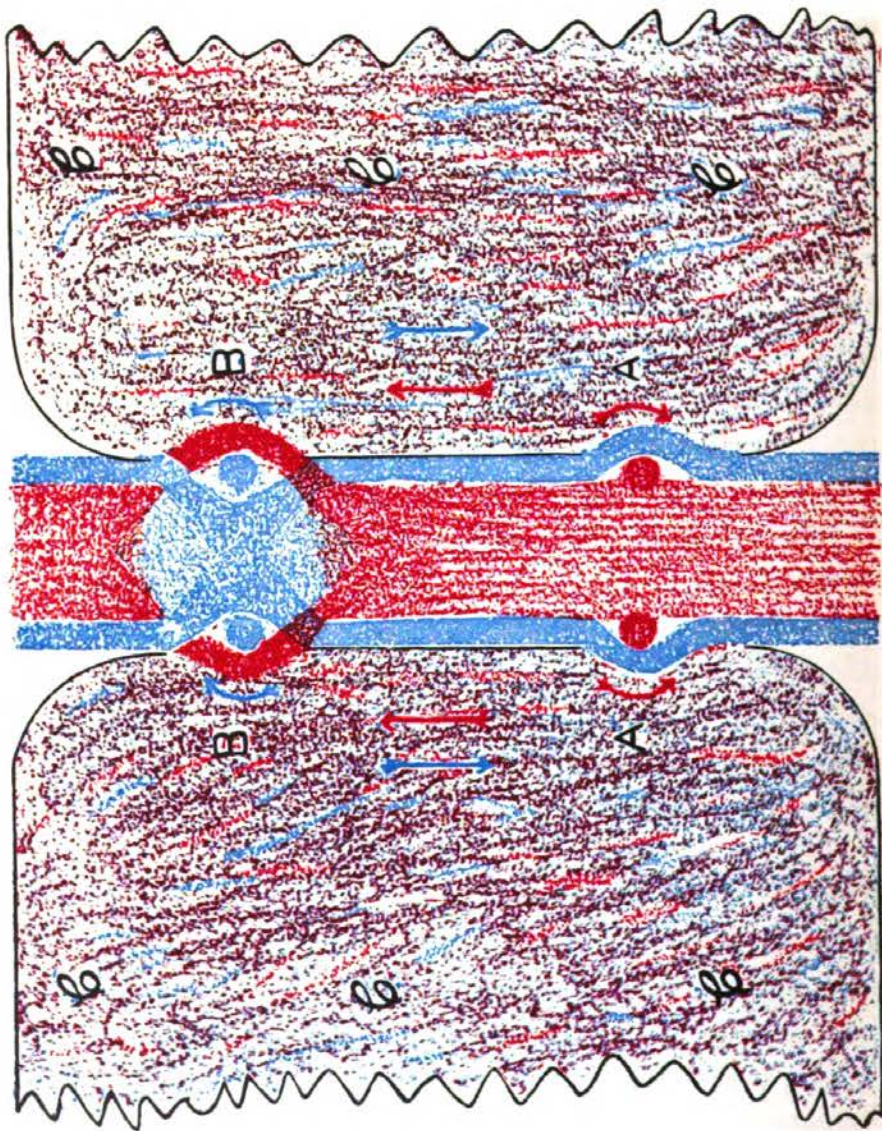


PLATE I

The answer is that the difference of pressure is sustained by the revolution of the body of the molecule around the tube as an axis. This develops a centrifugal force which diminishes the pressure inside the tube. In Plate I, the body of the molecule is partly shown at C C. This part of the molecule is revolving with great velocity around the tube as an axis, just as a pulley revolves around a central shaft, and in doing so the centrifugal force counteracts the general pressure within the medium, and causes a reduced pressure within the tube of the force. The body of the molecule C C, should not be regarded as merely a grouping together of atoms as shown in *Occult Chemistry*, but rather as the etheric vortex in which these atomic groups are embedded. In the same way we may look upon a solar system, not only as a sun with planets revolving around it, but as an enormous etheric vortex with the sun and planets acting as centres of force within it, and carried around in their orbits by the motion of the vortex. This was the view of a solar system taken by Descartes, and there is much to be said in favour of it. Modern science is gradually returning to the theory of vortices, just as it is again advocating the corpuscular theory of light. The centrifugal force which maintains the difference of pressure between the tube and the general medium, must of course be equal to this difference. Hence its magnitude is known. Now centrifugal force depends upon three factors, from which it can be calculated ; these factors are the density of the fluid in rotation, the velocity of rotation, and the radius of the circle in which the fluid rotates, which is the radius of the tube containing the fluids.

The density of the revolving fluid is known, and the velocity of rotation is known, but we do not yet know the radius of the tube; but since we know the value of the centrifugal force we have a simple equation with only one unknown quantity, the radius of the tube, hence this radius can be calculated. Its value in centimetres is $2.4/10^{13}$. A molecule has a radius about ten thousand times greater than this, so that these tubes of force are very minute in relation to the size of a molecule. The relationship of the molecules to the tubes passing through them is something like that of large beads on a string of the finest silk, or even of a spider's web. Lord Kelvin has pointed out that when we can measure a thing and are able to express it in terms of number, we then begin to know something about it. Hence now that we know the size of our tubes, our knowledge of them is greatly increased. For instance, having the size of the tube, the velocity of the fluid flowing through it, and the density of the fluid, we can find the mass of the red fluid passing upwards through the red vortex ring at A A, (Plate I). Moreover when we calculate this we stumble upon a very interesting and also a very important fact, for it turns out that the mass of the red fluid passing through the vortex in unit time, *is Equal to the Mass of the Hydrogen Atom*. This is really a very startling fact, and every Occultist, and every Physicist should ponder over it, for it may be the key to that most mysterious property of matter known as INERTIA. When the Physicist measures the mass of an atom, what he really measures is the resistance it offers to change of velocity; in other words he measures its inertia.

What is this inertia? We do not know. Science is trying hard at present to find out, but has not yet succeeded. It is thought that it is somehow due to the ether. In the opinion of Sir Oliver Lodge, all inertia is electrical. (*Electrons*, p. 15.) According to *The Secret Doctrine*, (Vol. I, p. 557) inertia is the greatest of the occult forces. Is it possible then that in this red fluid flowing along a light-ray we have stumbled upon the real cause of inertia? If so, it is extremely important. It indicates that inertia is something like the action of water in a hose pipe. When the water is not flowing the nozzle of the hose pipe can be moved about with ease, but with water flowing with high velocity, any motion of the nozzle is resisted, and requires an effort to bring it about. This is not due to the weight of the nozzle but to the flow of water through it, and in the same way the inertia of an atom of hydrogen may not be due to the amount of substance which composes it, but to the amount of the red fluid that is pouring through it. This fundamental property of matter, therefore, would be thus traced back to the flow of fluid in the Fohatic tubes, the action of the first life-wave which builds the atoms, the primary action of the Third Logos, at the beginning of a universe. It would naturally follow from this that inertia would necessarily be the most occult and fundamental of all forces, both on the physical and on higher planes.

The question now arises: Can we get any experimental proof that the mass of an atom, or the amount of its inertia, is really due to this flow along the tubes? It is evident that if the orifice in the red vortex ring, through which the red fluid flows, could be reduced in size, the flow would be diminished, and the inertia

would become less in proportion. If there were any means of driving the vortex ring outside the molecule, the size of the orifice would be at once reduced, because it would then be under higher pressure. In the position shown in the drawing, it is surrounded with a pressure of only 14 tons to the square inch, because the rotation of the molecule protects it from the higher pressure of the medium. But once outside the molecule it would need to support a pressure of billions of tons to the square inch. This would cause the vortex to collapse until its centrifugal force was equal to the higher pressure. It is possible to calculate what would be the size of the orifice under these new conditions. Its radius would be $5\cdot7/10^{\text{th}}$ " , or about 42 times less than before, whilst the capacity of the orifice would be reduced 1740 times. This would cause a corresponding reduction in the mass, so that we should have a body that would have a mass only $1/1740^{\text{th}}$ of the mass of hydrogen, which is the lightest chemical element known. But this small mass is identical with that of the mass of an electron as shown by scientific experiments. Moreover the size of this collapsed vortex ring agrees very closely with the size of an electron, for if we estimate the diameter of the collapsed ring at three times the radius of the reduced orifice, we have for the diameter of the collapsed ring $1\cdot7/10^{\text{th}}$ " , and the ordinarily accepted value of the diameter of the electron is $2/16^{\text{th}}$ " (*Philosophical Magazine*, March 1914, p. 494.) Thus the above surmise that the amount of red fluid flowing through the orifice of the vortex ring was the measure of the mass or inertia of an atom, receives important confirmation, and the scientific consequences of this fact, if finally demonstrated, will be astonishing,

for it will revolutionise some of our fundamental physical concepts.

When the electron was first discovered, the favourite theory current for a time was that an atom of hydrogen was composed of 1,700 electrons, the combined masses of which made up the mass of the atom, with a proportionally greater number for the heavier elements. This theory was elaborated by J. J. Thomson in the *Philosophical Magazine* for December 1903, and March 1904, and again in his two published works, *Electricity and Matter*, and *The Corpuscular Theory of Matter*. For a time it was found to be a theory of great promise, and it was with a feeling almost akin to anguish and despair when it had to be given up owing to a further discovery of J. J. Thomson. (*Electrons*, O. Lodge, p. 151.) The new facts that upset the above theory were first given by Thomson in the *Philosophical Magazine*, for June 1906, where he showed that hydrogen instead of containing 1,700 electrons in each atom contained only one electron, and that oxygen instead of containing $16 \times 1,700$ electrons per atom could not have more than about 16 electrons. In other words the number of electrons in any chemical element was a number of about the same magnitude as its atomic weight in terms of hydrogen as unity.

The above paradox, which paralysed for a time the minds of men of science, receives an easy explanation in the light of the effect produced on the mass, or inertia measure, of a vortex ring, when expanded within a molecule and contracted outside it. For inside the molecule it has a mass equal to that of hydrogen, and outside the molecule the mass, or inertia measure, is that of an electron; but this is not due to any change

in the substance of the ring, but only to the change in the quantity of red fluid flowing through its central orifice. In this way therefore one of nature's most puzzling riddles receives a solution.

This brings us to another property of the electron which is of equal importance—the electric charge it carries. This is known to be the same as the charge on an atom of hydrogen, and when an electron is driven out of an atom of hydrogen, it loses the whole of its negative charge. It is clear from this that the charge on an electron does not change, whether in the expanded state within the molecule, or in the collapsed state without it. The charge therefore must be something that does not change. This at once suggests that the charge is identical with the substance of which the vortex ring is composed, since this is the same both inside and outside the molecule.

The substance of the vortex rings has a density which is the same as that of the blue stream of fluid flowing through or around it, and its dimensions are known, hence its mass can be found. It has also a surface velocity around its annular axis which is equal to the velocity of the blue stream. When we multiply the mass of the ring by this surface velocity we obtain a number which is nearly the same as that representing the electro-magnetic charge on an atom of hydrogen and on an electron. This number is 10,500 times greater than the mass of the hydrogen atom, whilst the charge on an atom of hydrogen as measured in the laboratory is 9,700 times greater than its mass.

The small difference of about 10 per cent between the two figures can be accounted for in various ways which would be too technical to refer to here; suffice

it to say that the electric charge on an atom and an electron is intimately connected with the mass of the vortex ring and the velocity of the blue stream, when measured in electro-magnetic units. When measured in electrostatic units it is the product of the mass of the ring, the velocity of the blue stream, and the velocity of the red stream. Hence the charge does not change whether it is within the molecule as a vortex ring, or outside it as an electron.

In addition to the rotation around its annular axis, the vortex ring has a rotation around the axis of the tube. The velocity of this rotation is the same as the velocity of the molecule around the axis of the tube. This velocity is the Newtonian velocity of sound, or the velocity which sound would have if there were no adiabatic compression. When the mass of the ring is multiplied by its radius and the geometrical mean of this velocity and the velocity of the blue stream, the product is a constant whose value is $6.5/10^{27}$. This constant is of great importance in connection with the production of light-waves. It is known as Planck's constant, and is regarded as a natural unit of a moment of momentum. (*Philosophical Magazine*, October 1913, p. 792, also p. 300.) Nearly all the most recent investigations into the method by which molecules of matter give rise to light-waves, are based upon this remarkable constant. "The essential point in Planck's theory of radiation is that the energy radiation from an atomic system does not take place in the continuous way assumed in the ordinary electro-dynamics, but that it, on the contrary, takes place in distinctly separated emissions." (*Philosophical Magazine* July 1913, p. 4.) The amount of energy radiated out from an atom is Planck's

constant multiplied by the number of vibrations per second, or this amount multiplied by an integer. Hence the atom delivers its energy to the light-ray in measured parcels, which are technically termed 'quanta'. Scientific men do not know how to account for this, though with the above drawing the explanation is easy. This explanation however will be deferred at present. It is merely mentioned here to show the great scientific value of the mechanism illustrated in our coloured drawing.

So far this article has been largely concerned with forming links with investigations of modern science. It remains in conclusion to link it further with the results of occult investigations. When the red and blue vortex rings are driven out from the molecule they collapse into a different form as explained above, owing to the higher pressure of the medium. The core of the ring becomes very minute whilst the ring itself retains nearly the same dimensions. What then will be the forms of the rings under these new conditions? The answer is that *The Forms will be Those of the Positive and Negative Atoms of Occult Chemistry*. If we look at Plate II, in the above work, we shall see the exact forms which the blue and red rings assume in their collapsed state, the curved lines on the male and female atoms, there shown, representing the two opposite rotations of the red and blue rings. These lines of motion being a combination of a rotation around the annular axis, and a rotation around the core of the rings.

SUMMARY

The principal results of this article can be thus summarised :

(1) A tube of Fohat consists of two fluids of different densities moving in opposite directions with different velocities.

(2) The denser fluid forms the shell of the tube and moves with the maximum velocity of gravity. The fluid of least density occupies the core of the tube, and moves with the velocity of light.

(3) The mode in which these two fluids interlink with each other is that of a male and female screw, the rotation of which causes light-waves to be at right angles to the line of propagation.

(4) There are two fundamental pressures in the ether of space, the pressure of the general medium, and the pressure within the tubes of Fohat. The pressure in the general medium is 2.7×10^{21} , and in the tubes 2.16×10^9 . Near the earth's surface the general pressure is reduced to one-third the usual amount, *vis.*, 6×10 .

(5) A molecule is an etheric vortex revolving around the axis of the tube, in which are floating the atoms of *Occult Chemistry*. The centrifugal force of this rotation maintains the difference of pressure between the general medium and the tube. The velocity of this rotation is the Newtonian velocity of sound.

(6) Around the tubes immersed within the two opposite streams of fluid are vortex rings, which have two rotations, one around their annular axis and another around the axis of the tube. The velocity around the annular axis is the gravitational velocity, and that around the tube, the velocity of sound; these rotations being maintained by the flow of the two fluids.

(7) There are four fundamental densities of the medium of space associated with four fundamental

velocities. The density of the general medium being three, the density of basalt, or earth density, associated with the velocity of sound (Newtonian). The density one, being a mixture of all the fluids in equal volumes, the water-density, associated with molecular velocity, and the equatorial velocity of the earth's rotation. The density of the blue fluid, the air-density, associated with the maximum velocity of gravity. The density of the red fluid, the fire-density, associated with the velocity of light. These four substances are, I think, identical with the four elements of the ancients.

(8) The product of any of the above densities by the square of the associated velocity is equal to the pressure inside the tubes, so that this pressure is the link between them. This pressure is further linked with the science of electricity, since it is the reciprocal of the specific inductive capacity of space, whilst the density of the red fluid is the measure of magnetic permeability.

(9) The blue stream is the cause of gravity whilst the red stream opposes gravity, and the force of gravity is proportionate to the mass and velocity of the blue stream absorbed by the body. Matter transforms the fluid of the blue stream into that of the red stream, so that the blue stream moves towards the attracting body and the red stream away from it.

(10) When the blue and red streams act in co-operation instead of opposition, then the force of gravity is replaced by the force of chemical affinity, or electrical attraction.

(11) Of the electrical charges on the molecule the positive charge is due to the blue ring, and the negative charge is due to the red ring. The measure of the

charge in electro-magnetic units is the mass of the substance of the ring multiplied by the velocity of the blue stream, whilst in electrostatic measure it is the mass of the ring multiplied by the velocities of both the red and blue streams. The values of these charges do not change, whether the rings are inside or outside the molecules.

(12) The inertia of the rings is not identical with the masses of the rings, but is measured by the quantity of red fluid passing through or around them. When the rings are inside the molecules the inertia is numerically equal to the mass.

(13) When inside the molecule, the inertia of the rings is equal to the mass of an atom of hydrogen. When outside the molecule, the inertia of the red ring is reduced to 1/1742th of its value inside the molecule, and is equal to that of the negative electron. The inertia of the blue ring, or positive charge, does not change, whether inside or outside the molecule, because the red fluid passes it on the outside, and not through its internal orifice as in the case of the red ring; hence its inertia is not affected when driven outside the molecule, but retains a value equal to the mass of hydrogen.

(14) The moment of momentum of the rings is $6.5/10^{27}$, in C.G.S. units and is identical with Planck's constant.

(15) When the blue and red rings are driven out of the molecules, they collapse under the higher pressure of the general etheric medium. They are then identical with the positive and negative electrons of modern science, and the male and female atoms of *Occult Chemistry*.

(16) The red and blue streams are, I think, a manifestation of Fohat on the physical plane, and their action is that of the first life-wave of the Theosophist.

(17) For the further study of the above the reader is referred to *The Secret Doctrine and Occult Chemistry*, and for the most recent results of scientific investigation in connection with it, to the three articles of Dr. Bohr on the "Constitution of Atoms and Molecules," (*Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. XXVI, pp. 1, 476, 857.) The theory of the atom as developed by Sir Ernest Rutherford is the same in some respects as that of these articles, and Rutherford's theory is now replacing in scientific favour that of Sir J. J. Thomson. It will be found described in Dr. Bohr's articles, and in Rutherford's. (*Philosophical Magazine*, Vols. XXI, p. 669; XXVII, p. 488).

Sir J. J. Thomson read a paper on the structure of the atom at the British Association, September 11th, 1913, which advocates tubes of force as described in these articles, and this paper is printed in the *Philosophical Magazine* for October 1913, and in the same number of the magazine is "A Theory of Gravity" by S. B. McLaren which coincides in principle with the theory of these articles.

The positive nucleus of Rutherford's theory is identical with the blue vortex ring of Plate I.

Thus the door, hitherto closed between the investigations of modern science and those of Occultists, has at last begun to open, and will doubtless rapidly open wider in the next few years. When antagonism between the two schools of thought is replaced by cooperation and mutual respect, how rapid will be the progress which is destined to bring the present civilisation to its zenith.

G. E. Sutcliffe

THE MYSTIC PATH ¹

By D. N. DUNLOP

WE find that in all the great religious systems or spiritual movements in the world, there has been one general method of presenting the ideas which are associated with Mysticism. They generally begin by using a symbol of some kind to suggest boundlessness in every direction. The Christian uses the word ' God '. In the eastern religions we have the same idea though the terms vary, other words being associated with the conception of God. Therefore in thinking out what the path is, and what the goal is towards which man is travelling, it is necessary to begin by postulating God. Some of us, in our ignorance, try to define God ; but we soon find that is impossible. The only blasphemy to the true Mystic is a grotesque definition of that which cannot be defined. Men may speak disrespectfully of personal Gods, because they know the frailties to which they themselves are subject. There is always, to the Mystic, that fundamental principle which is behind what he is able to sense or see or express. In the eastern systems we have this idea expressed in terms of boundless duration, limitless space, essence of being. Out of this boundless duration, we have manifested time, and out of the limitless space, objective space.

¹ Notes of a lecture.

Out of undifferentiated essence of being come manifested forms and shapes. We come out of the undefined condition into something more defined, which we speak of as Logos; out of the God idea we come to the Christ idea.

We have time manifesting in cycles, year following year, and the year divided into seasons, and so on through centuries and through kalpas innumerable. In all mystical systems the periodical manifestations of the first, second, and third Logos may be found in some form.

When we come to ourselves, we find that we have somehow or other gathered up within us all conditions of the past in a synthesis. We have in our physical make-up the synthesis of the whole material universe; in our psychic make-up the synthesis of the world soul, and in our spiritual make-up the synthesis of all the abstract perfections we associate with the Logos and the God idea. Although divine in essence, we speak of returning to divinity. We talk of following a path, while that very path is within each of us. Only that which comes down from heaven, only that which is of the nature of perfection *per se*, can go back to heaven or return to perfection, and all our symbolism, interpreted with true mystical understanding, carries out that idea. The imperfect elements are put in the crucible, and the fire applied to them, so that in the burning of imperfect elements the perfect substance can finally be made manifest.

In this broad Earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed Perfection.

It is because there is within us this seed of Perfection that it is possible to walk along that pathway which

leads back again to God. The paradox is reconciled. "From God to God our journey lies." Out of a garden of innocence too blessed for our rebel spirits, we have proceeded by circuitous and devious ways; and the civilisations of to-day represent the result. Few of us can feel satisfied with it except as presenting numberless opportunities for effort.

What is this mystic path? There is a very good symbol given in the Caduceus, the Staff of Mercury. A rod, with wings at the top going out on both sides, and two serpents winding round the rod on each side; the one serpent is generally shown white and the other black. The two are intertwined along this path which leads to the winged God. We find many suggestive meanings here, and an indication of the possibility of reaching perfection much more quickly by going straight up the centre of the staff than is possible by going round the winding path represented by the serpents. If you follow the course of the black serpent, you can trace it down through the first, second, third and fourth periods of evolution. The fourth is the turning point. It now seems possible, when you reach this point, having differentiated sufficiently to be a "centre of consciousness," to follow the example of the Saviours of the world, and go up the straight line to God instead of taking the winding path. In order to do this, you have to sacrifice all selfish interests and very few are ready to do this. When we see the Christs, prototypes of the future man, we see what is possible to be accomplished by individual effort. They are the first fruits, the first-born of many brethren. These great ones are always upon the earth, for the earth contains all. It is necessary to have upon the planet

representations of the highest perfection, in order that in the darkest hour, the lamp may be kept alight upon the human altar.

The general idea then seems to be that as we have so many selfish interests, we will take the long tour, we will do it gently and easily and enjoy ourselves as we journey, and for the majority of mankind this appears to be the most sensible thing to do. For story after story in the literature of the ages shows the failure which follows the attempt to take the "short cut" without adequate preparation. After a little while the traveller looks back and says: "How much more developed I am than those others taking the long path"; or he thinks: "I am an Initiate"; and down he comes. He has now to begin the work over again. You are far more likely to be successfully tempted if you take the straight path; but you may still think it worth trying knowing that he who endures to the end, the same shall be saved, and the burden made lighter for all humanity.

We all have to embark on the great ocean of life. Sects and religions are arks or boats in which we travel. The ocean is covered with little boats, all going to the same port—the port of the divine. We invariably get on some kind of an ark in which we think there is a chance of salvation. But very few sail straight. All the boats make long detours. The first cabin passengers quarrel with the second class passengers; sometimes some of the boats get on the rocks and break up altogether and the crew and passengers have to look out for safe accommodation on other boats.

In one of the Upaniṣhats it is stated that he who worships the created image will be carried safely through the gates of death, asleep; but he who worships the

uncreate will enjoy immortality. The word *enjoy* is important here. It is an active condition of consciousness. Though in essence you are immortal, you may not *enjoy* immortality while you cling to images in which the soul sleeps. The sincere soul, however, under any image, in the end does find peace. Those who seem to be occupying themselves with foolish things are provided for; there is a safe and sound seed at the heart of all. We build images and shall have to destroy them some day; but they serve their purpose, and help us along the initial stages of our pilgrimage.

We pass through the gates of death, and cannot take anything with us but the results in character; only that which stands the final test which the Angel of Death puts upon us all. Death says: "Loosen your hold, this is not everything, these attachments which appear so real to you are only temporary." We carry all the personal baggage we can right up to the last gate and have then to drop it all; but it is all taken care of by the elemental powers of nature, and so we need not mind dropping it and passing onwards in peace. We save out of all these things what is worth saving. We should be too utterly weary to go forward if the Angel of Death did not come and say: "Up, up, up into the great house of God, where the Spirit, free from all these cares, is perfect, and sweet and holy in the presence of God, about whose pavilion is the mystery of darkness." Not for ever do we thus go, however. No, because we have ties, interests that we have left behind which attract us. So, after resting for a while, we return again through the gates of birth into waking life; again we take up the burden and toil, possibly returning to work

which others have been carrying forward in the interval to carry it still nearer to perfection, not perhaps this time with entire forgetfulness. The aim of the Mystic is to come back without forgetfulness, that he may retain the memory of essentials and not waste years of life looking for those who are likewise engaged with him in the joyous toil. We meet the comrades and lovers of former days and recognise them and renew the tasks of that divine enterprise in which we are partners with all the principles of life.

We have no doubt registered vows to serve humanity; and the children of the soul are not limited to the usual methods of communication. A common interest brings you near to all your comrades and the discipline of comradeship is renewed. We are told that there is a way of avoiding the necessity of coming back; but I prefer to come back, though the struggle may be great and the way a stony one. There have been moments of sadness, but it has been wonderfully sweet in the heart to meet men and women and children and rejoice in and with them, and to see the look of immortality shining out of their eyes, perhaps when they least knew it. We are going, dear ones, to plough the fields of humanity until the flowers of human glory grow from the seeds which now lie deep in the ground.

The path lies through the three worlds. You ask: "What steps am I to take to travel this path safely through these three continents of my being?" Well, many instructions have been given, many wise things have been said for our guidance. There has been so much written and so much instruction given that we take little notice of it. We are more interested in a recent

novel or one of the latest books on psychology, anything new, rather than the old things. But you will say: "Cannot you give us a hint?" Yes, I think I can. It is not a new one, it is quite old. If you believe that you are a Spirit and a soul and a body—a Monad, then you have to act up to that belief, not to forget it. And in order that you may not forget it, it has been suggested that you should meditate upon this truth as often as you can. This does not mean that you have to go into a small room and cross your legs in a particular way. That may help you, and sometimes it is a considerable help. But when you walk the street, travel in trains and omnibuses, or at any time when you find the opportunity, let the undercurrent of your thought always be flowing towards these spiritual realities. Then there will arise a knowledge of the truth which before only came to you in fitful gleams, or when you said your prayers or were engaged in devotional exercises. This knowledge will begin to grow up tenderly at first, and eventually colour your whole consciousness. Meditation upon this truth will begin to awaken in you that memory of paradise which is hidden away in your heart. The veils of the material world will grow thin, you will see the real atoms instead of the chemical atoms, ensouled and infilled with the image of Love, for every atom carries the image of Love. Choose the highest thought you know for the car of your meditation upon which you will go to the other worlds. You have around you guardians who are watching and taking care of you. You need not fear. Every part of nature makes quick response to the man or woman who is spiritually awake and unafraid. The whole circulation of the blood is different, the uric acid has little effect.

Nature knows her master and makes courteous recognition.

“Should I be a vegetarian, and bathe twice a day?” Certainly try all these things, anything, everything; but remember: “Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.” It is a matter of consciousness. Because we think materially and sensually and turn our eyes to images of material life, our spiritual consciousness gets clogged up. The gateways do not show the lights of God; they are all out. It is far more important what you think than what you eat. Start where you think. Open the gateways of thought to the world of divine adventure. Select fundamental principles in all your wanderings and you will be on safe ground.

D. N. Dunlop

SANTA CLARA

By GEORGINA WALTON

“GIVE him a sou and he will bless you in the name of all the Saints in the calendar.”

“But Clara dear, this must be at least the fifteenth old and wretched one that we have encountered since leaving the hotel. The minute I hand him a coin, at least twenty more like him will arise on all sides and besiege us.”

“I can't help it if they do. You know that the proprietor told us that the conditions around Assisi are terrible. The poor peasants are so overtaxed that most of them are starving. Now, Ralph, I insist! There! That's a good boy! I told you he would bless you.”

“And I told you we would be besieged. Ye Gods! See them come! Every woman with a bambino and every man with a crutch. We'll give them the slip. Here—this way—up this side street.”

“Wait a minute! You big, long-legged thing; I'm all out of breath and the cobbles hurt my feet.”

He paused while she stumbled up to him, cheeks flushed, eyes smiling and a perfect halo of golden wind-tossed curls around her pretty face.

Then, beneath those brown and crumbling walls, something very sweet occurred. The yellow wall flowers nodded their inquisitive little heads as much as

to say: "Surely love is alive in the world to-day and lovers the same as they were a thousand years ago."

"You old beggar!" softly exclaimed the girl as she drew away from him. "Just look at what you have done to my hat." It was a choking little laugh that she gave and the tears came to her eyes from very excess of happiness.

"But I'm not a beggar," he insisted, "I never asked you for a thing, I just took—what is mine. Furthermore we have added another memory to the thousand-year old memories that haunt Assisi. Who knows how long the ghost of that kiss may cling around these stones."

They started up the hill again but this time his arm was around her almost lifting her from the ground.

"I know a better way than that!" he suddenly exclaimed, and the next minute a dark-skinned, bare-footed peasant woman who sat spinning before her door, sent a laughing glance up the street and remarked to a man lounging against the wall:

"Mother of God! If there isn't that big Signor *forestiere* carrying the pretty Signora. Is she too weak, then, to walk?"

"But thou art very stupid, I fear, Nina," responded the man. "Canst thou not see that the Signor loves so much the Signora that he would rather carry her up a steep hill than ride up himself. He waits on her and does for her in a way that would shame an honest Italian."

"If that be the case, thou hast no need to feel shame, Pietro; it would be a pretty day when thou wouldst carry more than thy lazy hulk, let alone anything for thy wife."

“The road is rough and the Signora’s feet are small like those of a bambino, not large and strong like thine, Nina, that were made to carry thee.”

“I see well what thou seest: that the Signora is as beautiful as the Madonna; but say what thou wilt, I understand not the ways of these Americanos.”

* * * * *

Alessandro Benvenuto, otherwise known as “Brother Francisco” stood before a window of the monastery of S. Damien, gazing thoughtfully down into the Umbrian Valley that stretched below him. Warm it was and golden as yellow wine, under the afternoon sun, which, though belonging to the world, surely showered Italy with a special glory.

Everywhere were trees and vines clambering up the hill at his feet in green confusion. As they diminished in the distance they ranged themselves into symmetrical squares and patterns, cut here and there by a winding white ribbon of road. The tall unbending cypresses followed the lines of these roads for the most part, and seemed to proclaim eternally: “This is Italy, Italy, Italy!”

Far, far over, a low range of violet-tinted hills formed the horizon. Midway between them and Assisi rose the white dome of Santa Maria degli Angeli, small in the distance and almost lost in the tender silvery haze that hung low over the plain like the spirit of its dreams and the soul of its mystery. Beyond, far beyond, was Rome.

In Alessandro’s eyes the outer sight was lost in the inner vision. His thoughts had carried him far afield, beyond Rome, beyond the stir of his boyhood years—to the outer land of dreams, the land of his religious yearnings.

His strong, finely wrought hand lay idly on the window ledge; his firmly moulded face which showed the possibility rather than the result of spiritual contest, for the moment revealed his secret feelings; his mind was as a calm, untroubled lake on which there was no ripple of disturbing thought.

Sincerely he felt that one moment of the sweet peace of the present was worth all the turmoil and glamour of his past. Yet, as he stood there in an aura of afternoon sunlight, straight and strong, quivering with the promise of life, the wine of existence rising hot in his veins as the juice in the grapes, this scorner of the world was the very incarnation of magnificent hopeful youth, shrouded in the brown Franciscan robe that typified renunciation.

He turned from his dreams with a sigh as the monastery bell tinkled imperatively. Flinging back the heavy brown hood from his head and with the beads clicking at his side, he went down to admit the visitors. "More loud voiced tourists, driblets from the outer world," he thought, and then rebuked himself, for had not S. Francis mingled gladly and lovingly with his fellows?

What actually met him at the outer gate was two young people, a man and a girl, still breathless from walking, very smiling and happy, with a look in their eyes, which while it gave welcome to the entire world, implied a precious little secret, strictly their own, which an outsider might guess but not share.

"Is this the monastery of S. Damien, that used to be Santa Clara's convent?" asked the girl in her soft voice and pretty broken Italian.

"Si Signora."

“Then may we come in, or is it too late for visitors?”

Alessandro caught himself wondering if he would have had the heart to refuse her if it had been too late, but he merely threw the door a little wider open and stood aside to admit them.

As the girl crossed the court the sunlight lost itself in her hair and she seemed to carry sunlight and breezes along with her into the dark little chapel. In fact both she and the man at her side exhaled freshness and cleanliness of mind and body.

It took Alessandro a few minutes to become readjusted. He was accustomed to giving his information to a crowd of weary or blasé people who followed him listlessly, exclaimed at the proper point like animated punctuation marks, and looked where he told them to look, with due and proper facial expressions of wonder and interest which he knew were only face-deep. When they left, they perfunctorily dropped some money into his hand “for the church” and went off, striking S. Damien from their list of sight-seeing duties.

With these two it was different. The man had a mind as well as a brain, and a fearless independent view point. He never asked stupid questions or made dull comments and he was possessed of laughter so merry that it would have brought a smile to the face of a martyred saint.

The girl was unconsciously natural. There was a sparkle to her face, a depth to her eyes. She smiled at odd little unexpected things, and often, what might have made her laugh in the incidents Alessandro related concerning S. Francis or Santa Clara, would bring a sudden gravity to her face as though she had caught a glimpse of another and sadder side.

She investigated with the eagerness of a child, and with the desire that love has to share fully all things with the beloved, she turned ever to her companion to catch the answering look in his eyes, a look that never failed her.

For the present, sight-seeing and all such things were to Ralph and Clara, in spite of their genuine interest, merely an attractive excuse for mutual sympathy of understanding. There were frequent touches of the hand and heart, which Alessandro felt even when he was studiously studying the ground at his feet. They had the penetrating quality of lightning and entered his inner consciousness, making him feel a lonely spectator to some very sweet human comradeship.

Life was calling him with the voice of love and nature. His response was pain. The breath of spring had entered the monastery and his heart at the same time, and he dared not own, even to himself, that it was soft and pleasant.

Stoutly he resisted the return wave of enthusiasm which rose within him. Outwardly, no ascetic could have been more apparently indifferent, no paid guide more perfunctory in his explanations, than was he. But a suggestion was all his two followers needed; out of a single stone their imaginations could construct a fairy palace.

He pattered on ahead of them in his sandals and waited for them at the head of the stairs. How long it took them to mount! How suddenly silent they were on the steps below him.

When they finally appeared the girl's cheeks were extra rosy. She had paused to rest a minute, she

explained. The monk made no reply, but led them on to a tiny loggia where a little window garden, brimming over with leaves, stretched between two brown stone walls, fast falling into decay, which rose high on each side with no roof but the eternal blue.

“Santa Clara’s garden,” said Alessandro simply.

“What do you mean?” questioned the girl. “Of course they are not actually the flowers she planted?”

“Si, Signora! With her own hands. They have never been allowed to die.”

He spoke quietly but something akin to gratitude leaped from him towards the girl as he saw his own tender reverence reflected on her sensitive face. She passed very near him, so near that he felt the spirit of her presence and caught a faint perfume like that borne on some truant breeze.

She laid the tip of her finger on a blue gentian, peeping shyly forth, and beckoned to Ralph with a backward reaching hand: “Isn’t it wonderful, dear! This flower is the great- great- great- great- great-grand-child of the one Santa Clara watered and cared for and loved. You see, she was only a woman, after all, and like every other woman had to cherish something. With her it was flowers.”

“And what is it with you, oh, wise one?”

“A great, big, overgrown boy who needs twice as much attention as twenty gardens.”

For a moment she forgot the flowers but the gentian again drew her attention. She tapped it with her finger as she spoke.

“I truly think that Santa Clara’s flowers have lived so long because of all the repressed love that she poured into them. Don’t you think so, dear?”

“Possibly! will it have that effect on me?”

“What? Mine? Wait and see; I refuse to prophesy.” She turned to Alessandro:

“Mio Frate,” the words as she uttered them were musical with their inner meaning, “did Santa Clara always live here? Tell me about her.”

“Always, Signora, after she founded her Order.”

“Was she—was she—pretty?” It was a guilty little voice.

“Shame on you, you sinner, to ask a monk such a question,” murmured Ralph. Alessandro looked up, smiling in spite of himself:

“It is so recorded, Signora—beautiful and gentle. Her hair was very long and golden (like the Signora’s) but S. Francis cut it off with his own hands as she knelt at his feet, and she laid it on the altar along with the jewels from her neck and arms. That was after she had fled in secret from her father’s house and made her way at dead of night with one or two attendants, to the blessed Porziuncula where S. Francis and his monks were assembled—but the Signora knows the story of course.”

“Not as you tell it,” she replied. “You see I am particularly interested in Santa Clara because my name is Clara, though I fear that that is the only way in which I resemble her.”

“She was Clara the Saint, you are Clara the Sinner,” laughed the big man at her side.

“No doubt from association!” she fired back.

“It is a good name,” commented Alessandro, “and signifies light. They used to say of Santa Clara: ‘her name is bright, her life is brighter, and her character most bright of all.’” He paused—annoyed at his enthusiasm which was betraying itself.

The girl looked up curiously, for the first time realising in heart as well as in mind, that this somberly robed guide of theirs was a man of natural feelings, a very human creature, and not merely an automatic part of a great religious machine.

He stood silent, gazing before him; his finely proportioned head, heavy with a mass of hair that defied the tonsure, bent slightly forward; his strong throat rising firmly from the brown hood thrown loosely back; the clear, well cut features, delicately outlined against the blue Italian sky.

Ralph measured him mentally.

“How long have you been here?” he questioned.

“Two years, Signor.”

“And you expect to be here always—all the rest of your life?”

“Si, Signor, unless I’m removed to another monastery.”

“Good Heavens, what a prospect!”

The words were to Clara and in English, but the tone of the voice though low, bore their meaning to Alessandro. Why did they wake such lonely echoes in his soul and dull the beating of his heart? Why had this man and this girl with the bond of human sympathy between them, stepped into his life and in one instant changed his religious aspirations into empty, lifeless dreams, his future that once seemed so fair, into one long, dreary waste. He raised his eyes in dumb misery, and at the same time the girl with quick feminine perception and awakened interest, again looked towards him while a wondering pity crept into her eyes.

Their glances met for one fleeting irrevocable instant; then Alessandro turned aside, busying himself

with the flowers, and she looked quickly and thoughtfully away. She hoped he had not seen the pity. He had seen it and found it hard to bear, for in that desolate moment, her intuitive woman's sympathy was more like fire to him than balm.

Ralph, all unconscious of the psychological flash, stepped through the narrow stone doorway.

"Is Clara the sinner coming?" he called, and she responded rather quietly. He straightened her hat for her, which the wind had disarranged, and she smoothed her hair with that fluttering almost psychic touch that woman's hands possess when they are feeling for lost hair-pins or are putting stray locks in place.

"Would the Signora like a few of Santa Clara's flowers to take away with her?" It was Alessandro's voice. He had approached them noiselessly and was holding out a bunch of red and yellow blossoms which Clara took with a simple word of thanks.

She stood with her head tipped prettily to one side while Ralph pinned them under her chin, just where they would reflect their colour on the soft curve of her cheek.

As he helped her down the stairs, she slipped her hand more closely into his and sighed: "I'm glad I'm Clara the Sinner!" she said.

They lingered here and tarried there till, when they finally hurried through the dim chapel out into the court, the sunlight had given place to the shadow of the dusk. It was time to say good-bye and leave S. Damien to its monks and its memories.

The last glimpse they had of their guide was as he stood, a solitary figure in the gloom, his brown robe melting into the soft tones of the old, old wall.

“That’s a strange fellow!” Ralph commented, as the monastery gate closed behind them. “Handsome as the deuce, built like an athlete, apparently intelligent and yet utterly content to mumble prayers all day and live that useless buried life. When I think what he has missed—!” The completed thought burned in his eyes and was expressed in his gesture.

“Utterly content?” mused the girl. “Do you think so? I thought I saw something in his look which meant otherwise.”

Alessandro listened wistfully to the receding voices, borne to him clearly in the hush of the twilight; then he turned with an effort and almost fearfully re-entered the monastery, suddenly grown so dark and silent—like his heart.

Solitude is the key-note of the cloister and blessed is the brother to whom it never wears the face of loneliness—that essence of all human griefs.

It was night. Vespers were over; the evening meal finished; the simple duties done. Evening bell had called to evening bell and had trembled into silence. Over to the right twinkled the lights of the small hotel Subasio—little beacon lights of cheer while beyond, the great Church of S. Francis rose, arch upon arch, in noble harmony of line.

But all Alessandro could see from his stand at the entrance to the loggia, was one tall cypress pointing upward to the evening star.

He had been strangely impatient for this hour of quiet when he could struggle in the loneliness, alone. His eyes were closed and he stood quite motionless, but there was no repose on the face, and no peace. The mouth was set as in pain, the whole figure of the man, tense.

Within him, warm humanity, too long suppressed, rose in its might, demanding recognition. Deny it as he would, cling as he would to what had once been the light of his spirit, this primitive human feeling still tingled through every nerve and fibre of his being.

If to rebel against the lonely ecstasy of prayer, if to feel in the heart only one great need—a need for the simple, homely joys of life, the gentle word, the caressing touch and the nearness of a kindred soul, is mortal sin, then indeed was Alessandro sinning.

One by one the lights were extinguished in the monastery. Once or twice a brother monk looked out on him and then withdrew not wishing to disturb one in meditation. A great stillness brooded over the country side—the stillness of a thousand years. Now indeed might the ghosts of the past speak and be heard.

“Santa Clara!” moaned the man, and again, “Santa Clara!” In his extreme peril he felt that she could save, that she alone could heal the wound and bring him rest, leading him back into the old-time path of holy peace and bliss. With spiritual hands outstretched, he yearned towards her through the gloom. With all the concentrated force of his powerful will, he drew her to him, bridging the centuries till time was no more and the past was now.

From the heart of the night, a breeze, cold as though from the moon, blew across his face, bringing with it the scent of dead flowers—like a breath from an inner world.

The consciousness of a presence, actual and near, suddenly thrilled through him.

He shivered slightly and unclosed his eyes. At first he could discern nothing but the purple black sky,

studded with stars, and the lone cypress, dimly visible against the sombre background. But that feeling that he was not alone, that some body or something was near him, increased vividly. His flesh quivered in anticipation of the touch of an unseen hand, so close it seemed, and he shrank with a sudden fear of the supernatural.

His eyes were fast conquering the darkness. The window garden took shape, at first, as a formless mass, but as Alessandro watched it, it gradually grew more distinct and he became aware of a faint light that appeared above it, emanating from the blackness, and cold as the wind that had touched his cheek. As he gazed at it breathlessly, it expanded into a phosphorescent cloud which moved in a luminous spiral like the nebula of a star. Glowing mistily, it formed and reformed as if with a will of its own, till it finally settled and solidified into the shape of a woman.

She floated above the ground near the garden, exquisite, unearthly. From the heavy folds of a brown robe her frail hands gleamed white among the leaves and blossoms. The light around her grew warmer and more brilliant, concentrating in her hair which seemed to emit sparks of gold above a face he felt was delicate as a flower.

She had come, the blessed lady, in her exalted purity, responding to the call of his tortured heart. The woman in her would comfort, the saint in her would redeem and bless.

Absolutely without sound she moved towards him. The earth seemed to slip from under his feet; waves of ice and fire engulfed his brain, sweeping over him like a mighty unconsciousness; the odour of dead flowers became a sea in which he floated.

Her face, veiled in a filmy haze, wavered before his dazzled eyes, then the veil parted, and—he saw!

He took a quick step backward, throwing up his arm as if to ward off some dreadful evil.

“Saints in Heaven protect me!” he cried in a terrible voice that cut the night with its agony and sent his good brothers tumbling from their beds or from their prayers and brought them to him where he had fallen face downward on the loggia floor.

When he came to himself again, he told them that he had been overcome by a vision of Santa Clara.

In their eyes he was sanctified, for rarely had this experience been granted to one of their Order. It marked him for high things.

Poor Alessandro! in his own eyes all but lost! What he could never tell them, what he locked as a burning secret within his heart through weary days and age-long nights, was that in that dreadful hour there had floated to him out of the star-mist that veiled the vision, not the pale ascetic face of Clara the Saint, but the hair and eyes and smile of that other Clara—Clara the Sinner.

Georgina Walton

OUR CORPORATE SELF

By FRITZ KUNZ

THERE is no more interesting subject to Us than Ourselves! We are like a sick man who enjoys poor health and we glory in discussing our symptoms. It is probably a vulgar thing to do, but it seems to be a source of great satisfaction. This is a very natural activity, for it is merely the innate desire that all men have to speculate about the Unknown. Naturally, being Ourselves, we are a mystery to ourselves. We do not seem to know what we are, and when we discover a part hitherto unknown we gaze upon it in wonder, like a baby upon its own toes, and speculate whether that has anything to do with us. We, speaking corporately, find an organ whose function we do not understand, and we promptly want to have it removed; and then we boast about it, like a man who has recently been separated from his appendix!

As an example of our complete, childlike innocence as to ourselves we might observe the question of the difference between spirituality and psychism.

About the relation in which spirituality and psychism are to each other there is the profoundest and most colossal ignorance. Stronger language would be more suitable even though less polite, but at the risk of being improper (which is the worst sort of immorality)

this introduction to my subject must go on to say that the utter ignorance of spiritual things in which we live is only approached by the criminal way in which psychism and psychic things are confused with spirituality and spiritual things. We have the supreme travesty of the right attitude toward these matters brought home to us in the persons of those feeble folk who think that the spiritual is something negative and weak. But this sad sight is quite overtowered by the danger from those other people who, seeing the snares in psychism, sink back into materiality and materialism, and turn like tigers upon the spiritual. Such people, blind spiritually, because they are bewildered by the delusions of psychism, would ruin the source of the world's light. Because a silly world gabbles of things of which it knows only by hearsay—of goodness, virtue, obedience and loyalty—is there any reason to oppose these? Much brass has been sold for gold, but the unwary buyer who scouts the idea that real gold exists makes only himself ridiculous.

It is not necessary to know very much at first hand about the spiritual worlds in order to recognise manifestations from them. There is a purely intellectual way in which one may approach the subject at first, though unfortunate is he who knows and does not act. The pitiful thing is rather that one who has no spiritual vision, seeing nothing spiritual, may delude himself into the belief that it does not exist. The world, in general, is in the same attitude towards psychic things. It sees the phenomena of the psychic worlds (etheric, emotional, and lower, or critical mental) and lays it all to physical forms of life-and-matter; it prides itself upon

the superior knowledge it exhibits, and lays at our door, if we know of psychic things and testify thereunto, a charge of utter imbecility or charlatanism. This is bad, for it sets back the progress of humanity through possible lines of intellectual advancement. But far more evil is the work of one who knows about the psychic worlds, sees the phenomena of the spiritual worlds (upper or constructive mental, intuitional and lower spiritual) and thinks them but psychic manifestations, or, more hideous error still, lays them down to purely physical causes. Because of this spiritual blindness in men, those who know greater things seem also to know that they must not speak. And so they work on steadily and quietly, and we of the world, storming about them in impotent madness, shout into their physical ears, tear away their garments and strike them, as we say, dead—but they little care, and never explain, for in their ears rings

... the triumphant choral They sing,
As, with streamers unfurled, the myriad Men of the King
Wheel in the pulsing light.

They care naught for the cry of the frenzied human animal. What matters it that their garments are torn to shreds, when they are clothed with the sun? Why should they weep that we strike from them in our rage the form of the beast, when they can at any moment slip away into the torrent of light that streams about them? It is we who lose, not they.

It is curious and strange to watch the unutterable sureness with which man in certain definite cycles turns with apparent loathing from the spiritual chalice, like a sick man from the cup that will cure him. Like one who has drunk the poison which he intended for

another, he thinks in his ill-formed mind that this, which the Healer hands to him, is the poison he himself has prepared. His cosmos is all ego, as it were. He is the victim of his own petty self.

There is a very good and harmless example of this in the way we receive the dictum of all religious Teachers, against gossip and criticism. With what loathing the highly developed critical mind turns to rend this idea. Of course the critical mind thinks this dictum against gossip a delusion and a snare, *for it means the death of the independence of the critical lower mind*, and it were foolish to suppose that the critical mind wishes to invite a greater ruler into the kingdom of man's consciousness. The man with wild and full-fledged undesirable emotions like hate or suspicion or jealousy finds that he cannot develop his intuitions easily because such development means that his hate and his jealousy must vanish, and even his affection and his devotion must await the orders of a greater than they; and so in their death struggle they fill him with bewilderment, and, through the clouds of psychic dust they raise, the man who would go forward sees the Star shine but dimly in the super-spiritual worlds above him.

The same phenomenon which goes on within each man and in the world (albeit less often in the world, for it knows so little of things spiritual)—this same reaction constantly comes upon the Theosophical Society, and its certainty and violence are greater for a number of reasons. The first of these is that the Society gets stronger draughts from the hands of the Healers. The second is that the Society, as a body, contains many elements as weak as any in the world, and weaker here by contrast

because of the fact that they are associated with the stronger. The third and last to be here mentioned is that it is good for this re-action to appear, and that it is a necessary, an inevitable and a cyclic thing. The only unpleasant aspect of it is that the patient sometimes loses his head!

I am not sure that we may not some day find out just when this periodical weariness comes over the Society, and so learn to take it philosophically. And I am sure that there are two ways of completely eradicating the difficulties. The first is by keeping so busy in good works that we shall not recognise these seeming troubles when they come; the second is by bringing about a certain more clear understanding as to the nature of the relationship between psychism and spirituality, or, what amounts to the same thing, a state where people will not bother themselves about things that do not concern them, or that they do not understand.

The Theosophical Society has four realms in which it functions, and it would be far better for our career as a Society if we were to grasp this.

1. It is our business to do things for the betterment of the world. I do not think that this means, let us say, slum work, but it does mean *action*. We should vitalise, not with theories, but by doing the work better than the world at large does it, the great channels of human organisation, and especially government and teaching. The day is past when Lodges meet only to let the members assure one another that we have a grand theory of life and then let them disperse quietly homewards. In brief, we must live the best conceivable life in the physical world.

2. It is our business to proclaim to a comparatively ignorant world the great facts of the psychic realm. We must point out the dangers of rage and of criticism when these are uncontrolled and irresponsible. We must ourselves experiment in these worlds, so that we may keep ahead of the public we are teaching, by trying to decline to lose our temper and to criticise destructively when we do not know how to build where we tear down. In brief, we must live the best conceivable life in the psychic worlds, and teach the world about that realm.

3. It is our business to teach such few people in the world and in the Society, who can understand, what spirituality means and is. This cannot be done through theorising alone, for the reason that few of us have much will power or intuition, although some few are possessed of a little philosophy and constructive reason. We must point out the danger of confusing the higher or spiritual things with the lower, or psychic things. For the most part, as far as the world at large is concerned, we shall, for a time, be able only to indicate this difference to a few.

4. It is our business to provide opportunity for a very small number of people, numerically most unimportant but actually exceedingly important, to learn that there is a super-spiritual realm, where hangs what Madame Blavatsky calls, in *The Voice of the Silence*, "the Star whose ray we are". At present there are a few members of the T.S. scattered here and there who recognise the existence of this Monad as an actuality and different from a speculation. As long as the Society contains a few of these its function continues to be important. There is a purely

intellectual way of understanding this, and, so far as I know, it has never been put forward, though some day it must be, for it is the key to our existence. It is curious that after these nearly forty years of life we have not yet discovered why we have lived. Perhaps we have sometimes half guessed, but the secret has been carefully guarded by our Parents; for who would have the courage, as a child when he looks into the golden world, to live on if he knew that before him lies years of tribulation?

These four functions of the Society hold our attention in couples at various times. In the first days it was the physical and super-spiritual matters that absorbed us. Then we had a few years of intense interest in psychic and spiritual things. We seem once again ready to face the original issue, and the activity of *members* of the T. S. seems to me to promise another time when we shall find more and more of those who will catch the radiance of that Star.

This contribution has been an attempt to make more clear the nature of the spiritual. It may not be recognised as such. No printed authorities have here been quoted, but that is a very small matter, for no really great fact is put into books. For the danger which every Occultist seems to recognise is not from the people who think that psychism is spirituality, but from those who think that spiritual things are psychic! That, I take it, is why the really important things are not in books.

Fritz Kunz

CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

With reference to Mr. W. H. Kirby's article on "Reasoning 'Rolf'"—any one who has studied F. W. H. Myer's investigations of mediumistic phenomena cannot fail to be convinced that the dog is a medium, and not an animal evolving human intelligence. He is either controlled unconsciously or subconsciously by the lady herself, or by some entity from another plane. The similarity to mediumship is most marked—the dog's extreme nervousness when answering questions and the subsequent fatigue shown by sighs and yawns and shortness of breath, the necessity for long periods of rest—all are exactly the same effects experienced by mediums after a seance. The use of phonetic spelling which, Mr. Kirby thinks, shows "that a thought phase has taken place," on the contrary points most decidedly to mediumistic phenomena—phonetic spelling being used *often* by automatic and planchette writing mediums. Incidentally I may remark that they start the dog off like a medium and ask if he will work—there evidently being a chance that he would not, as in planchette writing.

I venture to suggest that a dog developing intelligence should be more original than Rolf whose remarks are identical in style with those of ordinary mediums; and why should this remarkable dog with an entirely *new* intellect hit on the precise style of letter writing in vogue in Europe—his new intellect would surely be original at *least*. The art of letter writing is not a law of nature, nor is it universal to begin "Dear So-and-so," and end "Yours, etc."

The rapidity of his answers in mental Arithmetic is yet another mediumistic feat. Finally from my knowledge of animals in general and dogs in particular I am convinced that they do not possess the finer shades of intelligence and feeling in a human way. As a student of Theosophy I am under the impression that a dog who had evolved as Rolf is supposed to have done would take a new form. Forms are the expression of the soul, and when the soul outgrows a certain form it enters a higher; otherwise everything would be in a state of chaos.

GLADYS

REVIEWS

Chitra, by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Chitra, a charming one-act play by Rabindranath Tagore, was written about a quarter of a century ago. After many vicissitudes in publishers' land it was eventually issued by the Indian Society and met with considerable success.

The action of the play centres around the efforts of Chitra to win the love of the austere Arjuna who is engaged with one of his many penances, in the land of Manipur, which is ruled by Chitravahana the father of Chitra.

The story of Chitra's efforts and success, and the price exacted by the gods is told in charming language.

The King has willed that Chitra shall be reared and trained in warlike arts as a boy but all glamour of manly privileges fall off at her first sight of Arjuna. Her woman's heart is torn with love of him. She lays aside man's trappings, dons bracelets, anklets, waistchain, and "a gown of purple red silk," and finding Arjuna, tells him of her love for him. Manlike, he places his vow above the love of woman and answers "I have taken the vow of celibacy." This reply pricks her "ears like red-hot needles," and she calls on the god of Love to help her saying :

Oh how, god Love, thou hast laid low in the dust the vain pride of my manlike strength; all my man's training lies crushed under thy feet. Now teach me thy lessons; give me the power of the weak and the weapon of the unarmed hand I am not a woman who nourishes despair in lonely silence, fading it with nightly tears The flower of my desire shall never drop into the dust before it has ripened into fruit Give me but one brief day of perfect beauty, and I will answer for the days that follow.

The play has been performed in India without scenery, and the stage directions were provided by the author. It is a great pity that these have been omitted from the book at the author's request, considering the assistance they would have been to those desirous of producing this most pleasing of India's love lyrics.

The book is published in a very attractive form.

H. R. G.

Letters from a Living Dead Man, written down by Elsa Barker. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a quite interesting book, and may probably bring a good deal of help and illumination to many who are anxious to know something about the after-death life.

It is a series of fifty-four letters, written down by Elsa Barker automatically, the alleged communicant being a well-known lawyer, who was also a student of philosophy, and a writer of books, and who signs himself "X".

The first letter was written almost immediately after he passed out of the body, and it, and those that follow, give a faithful account of his first impressions, and of his subsequent life on the astral plane. Letters 11 and 12 are of special interest to Theosophists as in the former, "X" speaks of a large organisation of souls who call themselves The League and who are banded together to help others in need especially those who have just come out from physical life. In the latter, he writes of the various sub-planes and strata in which he finds himself and describes how one night in exploring he got into a "world of patterns" where he saw the forms of things not yet come down to the physical plane or materialised.

Letter 43 'The Cloud of Witnesses' explains how human beings, losing control of themselves in any way, may become obsessed by evil spirits who enjoy the excitement of violent emotion through the man.

All these things are of course known to the Theosophist, but to the ordinary reader the book will probably present many new ideas and give food for thought. Perhaps the chief good that it may do is to give to the ordinary man a fairly reasonable working hypothesis whereon to base his considerations of what may be the nature of the life led by the soul after it has left this earth, and chiefly it may be calculated to do away with the fear of death that lurks at the back of the mind of most people. The letters are so natural, and a sincerity, a frankness and simplicity runs through them that is convincing.

It is possible that opinions may be divided as to the authenticity of the letters. The author herself was undoubtedly convinced that her hand was being used by the spirit

“X” and that the letters are genuine communication from the invisible world. She says:

The effect of these letters on me personally has been to remove entirely any fear of death which I may ever have had, to strengthen my belief in immortality, to make the life beyond the grave as real and vital as the life here in the sunshine. If they can give even to one other person the sense of exultant immortality which they have given to me, I shall feel repaid for my labour.

M. D. G.

West Indian Fairy Tales, by Gertrude Shaw. (Francis Griffiths, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

These fairy tales are very disappointing, at least to the present reviewer. They impress one as extraordinarily unconvincing. Not one of them lingers in the memory as a delightful something to be passed on to small friends on the first suitable occasion. Yet presumably they were written for children. Certainly the book is not one for serious students of folk-lore. One feels however that in the nursery they would leave a dissatisfied feeling as of second-hand news brought by some one who had never been really and truly in fairyland.

A. de L.

The Kabala of Numbers, by Sepharial. Part II. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Sepharial is a well-known name for the student of the occult arts and a new book by him on numerology will be gladly received by his admirers. His sole intention in writing this book is to stimulate the public interest in the symbolism of numbers. In the veiled language of symbology he suggests a necessary connection between our apprehension of things as facts of experience and the cosmic laws which underlie those facts. He gives us some very good axioms:

Adaptability to environment is the secret of progress, success, happiness and longevity. Sympathy, the power of feeling and thinking with others, is the sign of the most perfect sanity. As cause is to effect, so sympathy moves us to adaptability. To be wisely sympathetic is most desirable. In harmony, symmetry, and fitness, we attain the standards of goodness, beauty, and truth, the trilogy of Plato's most desirable things. The perfect man is symmetrical. By the study of our Greater Environment, of the laws that govern the universe in which we live, and of ourselves in relation thereto, we may attain that symmetry of being which is competent for all occasion—sympathetic, flexible, versatile, adaptable, fit. Only the truly wise can regulate their actions and desires so as to be wholly in accord with Nature and the will of Heaven as expressed in natural laws.

And so he comes to the conclusion that the study of the quantitative relations of things and persons, as expressed in sound, number, form, and colour, will greatly aid in the process of adaptation, by which alone security is assured to us. He tells us in 'The Numerical Idea' that Kabalism seeks to define the Universe as Symbol in terms of fixed values which have direct relation to the nature and constitution of man. The Kabala regards man as a fixed centre of consciousness, to which all phenomena are related by a law of correspondence; himself embodied universe in a universe that is himself, with numbers as the only key to the understanding of the mysteries.

In 'Geometry of Nature' he indicates that the geometry of Nature finds expression in the individual solely because he is compounded of the cosmic elements and himself a reflex of all that he beholds. Chapter III, 'Number as expressing Thought' is specially interesting. He says:

If we regard thinking man individually as a centre of consciousness in the Divine Mind we shall logically proceed to argue his physical existence as corresponding with a cosmic brain-cell and of his consequent subjugation to a Law of Mind imposed upon him by reason of his relativity. A man cannot think as he will. If he thinks at all, he thinks as he must. He is bridled and directed by the laws of his being.

And so he goes on through the whole gamut of numbers; Numbers in relation to Feeling; Numbers and Individuals, etc., to conclude with 'Science and Superstition,' in which chapter he defends with sound arguments the right of existence of astrology. He says that there is a subtle connection between numerology and the various branches of Kabalism and astrology which renders the development of the one almost impossible without the introduction of the other. Certainly without a knowledge of astrology one cannot go very far in Kabalism. Symbolism of any sort whether it be religious, Masonic, Rosicrucian or pure Art, cannot go far without coming into direct relation with astrology. In the opinion of Newton, astrology was a science committed to primeval man by direct revelation, since by no other means could he account for its great antiquity and the universality of its principles. No doubt the astrology of Newton was of that rational kind to which modern science is steadily approaching, but what he knew of it was grounded in the traditions, incorporated in the *Tetrabiblos* of Ptolemy and confirmed from experience by Kepler.

Suum Cuique (to every man what he likes) may be the motto of this book. Kabalism encompasses all human science thought and feeling; the greatest scientist and the simplest child will find there the thing he wants if he only knows the way to find it. We recommend this book to all lovers of occult lore.

M. C. V. G.

Spiritual Consciousness, by the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London.)

The Ven. Archdeacon Wilberforce is known throughout the world as a preacher and writer. Well would it be for the Church of England if she had a few more such true spiritual teachers. With his broad-minded outlook on life and fearless outspokenness he has done much to widen the narrow doors of dogmatism and let in the sunlight of the Life of the Spirit. There is in this volume help, inspiration, uplift for all, whether the writer calls his religion by a particular name or not. His sermon 'Tri-unity of Function,' all Christians could study with advantage.

Whatever, therefore, the word Trinity may imply to some minds, it need not mean to us that there are three Gods, neither are we sinning against orthodoxy if we reject the idea of three Persons, in the conventional, colloquial signification of the word "Person". The Latin word *persona* means "a mask," not a "Person" What is the Eternal Principle underlying the dogma of the Trinity? It is that the Infinite originating mind is one and indivisible; that in His perfect unity there is elementally included a Trinity—a Threeness, not of separate individualities, but of essentially separate functionings of the same individuality. The conception is as old as Human Thought It underlies Zoroastrianism, it is enshrined in Hinduism, it is discoverable in the oldest Eastern Scriptures, where it is said of Brahm that "of him thou canst predicate nothing but his threeness." Sat, Chit, Ananda; God in essence, God in manifestation, God in outflowing life; and these three are one.

That Archdeacon Wilberforce does not accept reincarnation as Theosophists know it, is a fact he makes quite clear; he seems to dislike the very idea of it. Yet he shares in the grand optimistic belief in the essential divinity of man and his growth to perfection. It seems to us the essentials are the same, not brought down perhaps into such concrete or materialised form.

Man is complex, he has within him three functioning centres, one of which is wholly and irrevocably omnipotent. Man is spirit, soul, and body. Spirit is the seat of his God-consciousness. Soul is the seat of his Self-consciousness. Body is the seat of his sense-consciousness

A man may so wreck his life here as to be practically derelict, he may have to go to school after school, but wherever he goes spirit goes with him for the fulfilment of each man's destiny is implicit in our Lord's words, which are not a command, but a prophecy. "Ye shall be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect."

The following sentence seems to us pure Theosophy "As all things that are, are vibrations, modes of motion, of His Spirit, we can know Him by observing the qualities of His Self-manifestations."

Space does not permit of more quotations but to all those who are seeking to tread the Path this book is full of inspiration and help.

G. J.

Knowledge is the Door, by C. F. S. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 1s. net.)

This book is a condensed adaptation by C. S. F. as an introduction to the science of self-conscious existence as presented in the book of Dr. James Porter Mills. It may be regarded as a system for eliminating the ills of life through self-education and knowledge, regarding the higher realms of consciousness. All faculties and functions of the human consciousness are expressed by the word "mind," and the curative process depends on learning how to turn the mind to the constructive realm of the Principle within (being). Ignorance is regarded as the first enemy of mankind, and the cause of all troubles, due to the habit of living in the concrete world of the senses only. The ideal and aim of existence should be to become conscious of living in, and knowing the world of Knowledge and Spirit as well, as life becomes really worth living when we can touch Infinite Life in practice.

Familiar ideas are expressed in the following:

Our parents are not our original Life. They are agents of the Original Intelligence of the universe, to bring us to the first stage of self-consciousness. If we would know the ultimate potentiality of man, we must look to his origin—to his deep origin—and see what he brings with him from that source as his inheritance.

The book is well worth some study, and is one of the many along this line of thought that makes for enlightenment and better living.

G. G.

Of Spiritism: i.e., Hypnotic Telepathy and Phantasms—Their Danger, by The Hon. J. W. Harris. (Francis Griffiths, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

But the character of the hypnotist scoundrels is such that all the sins mentioned with sorcery in the last chapter of *Revelation* seems concentrated in them; they have worked so much evil and their speech is congruous thereto. It is impossible to believe the heresy which states that spirits of the dead speak through mediums; and I shall go on to show how this lying business is conducted.

And this Mr. J. W. Harris proceeds to do for 127 pages, of rambling, incoherent, unconnected experiences. Apparently the poor man had been made to suffer through some unscrupulous user of hypnotic power and "by a fortunate though painful fate" he "survived and kept his reason and some courage".

Several pages of the book are filled up with private family history. His married life was evidently not happy—his brother having told his wife that he was insane, she left him and refused to return. At the end of the book one cannot but feel a decided sympathy with her, for "methinks" the gentleman "doth protest too much" as to his perfect and absolute sanity.

There are many things to be said both for and against hypnotism—but this book cannot be regarded as a serious contribution to the literature on the subject. There is a lack of balance, clearness, reasoning and connection throughout that leaves us at the end rather in doubt as to why it was written except to give vent to the author's pent-up indignation.

M. D. G.

Stepping Stones to Spiritual Health (Price 2s.); *Spiritual Therapeutics or Divine Science* (Price 6s.); *Students Questions on Spiritual Science* (Price 3s. 6d.) by W. J. Colville. (The Power Book Co., London.)

We have before us three books all by the above author. The earliest of these *Stepping Stones* was evidently written some time ago, and is, judging by the method of handling, an early and not very happy attempt at writing!

The second, *Spiritual Therapeutics*, is a fat and imposing volume which the preface says is written "as an aid to study, both in the class-room, the home circle and the private study,"

As it has run into twenty editions it has presumably met the requirements of a section of the public in presenting this teaching in a popular form. We would venture to suggest that the author should remember that Truth, like a cut diamond, has many facets and that there may be sides to Truth not in the present vision of the author.

The third volume *Students Questions* is written in the form of Question and Answer. There are 90 questions in all answered by Mr. Colville. All these books are on the subject of spiritual or mental healing; there is undoubtedly much that is helpful in them, but there is also an ignorant point of view that has, we think, done more (and rightly so) to discredit all mental or Spiritual Healers or Christian Scientists than anything else. In the last named book the question is asked "Do you disapprove of the study of Anatomy and Physiology?" Part of the answer runs:

The study of anatomy is legitimate because the natural body is merely a reflection of the spiritual body; in disease it is not a reflection, but a deflection. This deflection *need not be studied* (italics mine); if you get it in your mind you become contaminated by the deflection. . . . The more you study the science of the body in health the better; but never will we sanction pathology, the science of disease, never advise the study of anything antithetical to divine power that sees through your disease, tells you why you are ill, and pours in the oil and wine of spiritual strength and understanding of truth. We should not teach the science of disease, or treat it.

Is this bad proof-reading or printer's error, or does the author really mean what the above quotation seems in our understanding of English to infer?

But certainly he leaves no doubt that he considers any knowledge of conditions and their physical cause quite superfluous to the would-be "healer," for the following query and answer is quite clear:

Q.—Is it necessary in treating to call a disease by name?

A.—No; you can treat without knowing what ails your patient. . . . You can deny that there is any disorder at all, unless your patient has given it a name; then rebuke it by name. [!] but in all cases where no name is given to the disease, treat without questioning. . . .

Then quaintly ends the answer with, "The power of truth can destroy every error."

Well may we ask what is Truth!

It is a pity that so many followers of this school take first this stand—no wonder the Doctors who have patiently studied so long and carefully, view them with distrust, for to this idea is due the all too frequent failure, where the patient withers and dies, while the "healer" sublimely unconscious of the

condition is treating the patient's mind. We do not deny mental or spiritual healing, far from it ; we believe more and more that it will be the method of the future, not practised in ignorance but wedded to knowledge—the knowledge of the Doctor added to the knowledge of the Divine nature of man and the power of his creative thought. This, truly applied, can heal the sick body and mind and awaken the individual to his true nature—that of a Divine Spirit on the road to perfection.

G. J.

Mystic Immanence, by The Ven Basil Wilberforce, D.D.
(Elliot Stock, London. Price 1s. 6d.)

For all its platitudes and crudeness of expression one has to admit that New-Thought literature is doing a great deal for the community at large. It encourages a cheerful outlook on life and a healthy self-dependence ; it fosters in the reader a sense of his own inherent power as an individual while at the same time emphasising his responsibility towards others. These same tendencies are found in the present volume, but here they are embodied in a far more attractive form. The book will be read and pondered by many whom the New-Thought writers repel. The burden of its story is twofold : "Stamped with the image of the King," each man has in himself the potentiality of divinity, of omnipotent Love and Wisdom ; "he who knows the 'Mystery of Christ' will always see the 'Stars' and not the 'mud' in others". "Do not always keep harping upon the worst side of yourself," says the author. "We are bound to become what we see ourselves ideally to be." And further on : "To manifest love and help to make others happy is the highest credential for the future life beyond, 'Heaven is not Heaven to one alone'." Finally : "I ask that you will be spiritually self-supporting, and independent of external aid."

A. de L.

Saved from Siberia, by Katie Malecka. (Everett & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

The imprisonment and trial of Miss Katie Malecka in Russian Poland, which created such widespread interest in 1912, has been graphically and attractively recorded by her in this book. Her frank and humorous description of the Russian Police System gives additional and startling insight into the injustice, cruelty and horrors of the tactics practised there, which may be mildly described as, at the least, peculiar.

The generous part England played in agitating the case, and her timely intercedence in securing Miss Malecka's release from prison, and prevention from exile to Siberia, marks the contrast between the just and unjust methods of extending protection to a country's subjects, and Miss Malecka's gratitude for that noble act, is strongly indicated, and woven into the theme of her story.

Her love and sympathy for Poland record an interesting description of the life there, and the final chapter is an outline of the history of that country. Now that the present conditions of disturbance are liable to settle the question of freedom for Poland, one would do well to read this little book, and gain a ready insight into the character and history of that remarkable and romantic little country.

G. G.

Psycho Therapy: Its Doctrine and Practice, by Elizabeth Severn. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book is distinctly a contribution worth reading on this subject. It is refreshing because as one reads one feels, here is one who knows—and knowing acts. So much is written on this subject by

well-meaning people of idealistic tendencies who have a desire for, or feel within themselves some aptitude for, the practice of mental healing, and who, therefore, act upon these admirable impulses, with very little in the way of preparation or equipment for so arduous a calling. They are usually fired by their enthusiasms without much respect to facts; . . . and are apt to neglect both scientific method and explanations.

There is no arbitrary laying down of law—this little treatise is presented to us as a "working hypothesis". In the first chapter under the heading 'The Science and Art of Healing' is sketched the author's definition of healing "the making

whole not only of body but of mind"; pointing out the one-sidedness of medical science which "is pre-eminently a study of disease and not of health". Not that the medical profession is belittled; Dr. Severn makes abundantly clear the value of a medical training previous to taking up the calling of the Psycho-therapist.

Students of Theosophy will be interested in her allusions as to the effects of emotions and thought on the physical body, making us suspect she is a student of our literature on this subject.

One other point brought out very clearly in these early chapters is the necessity not only to heal the body but to educate the mind.

The treatment deals, or should deal with causes, and includes, to be in any way permanent, a re-education of the will and often of the whole mode of thought . . . What a pity that our young people, among all the things they are taught, cannot be taught the one thing needful, *i.e.*, *how to think*.

Under the heading 'Specific Mental Causes' is traced the power of mind over body, not the usual dry platitudes we are all familiar with, but original ideas—with an amusing account of the author's own experiment in gaining the mastery of her own digestive system—using as her weapon her *bete noire*—pancakes!

But in case the earnest student should think this too frivolous for such as they, let me quote from the chapter called Rationale of Treatment:

If however, one wishes uniform results, there must be not only an exact and scientific use of a single truth, but all the various elements, as exemplified in different methods, must be synthesised and organised into a comprehensive whole.

In this chapter the author alludes to the "law of mental correspondences" and gives a number of conclusions she has come to as a result of a long series of diagnoses, which should be of invaluable help to the amateur healer whose name is legion. We would recommend all healers who wish for permanent cures to read the chapter on the Educational Aspect of Healing. The last chapter, Spiritual Significance of Healing, brings the reader up to the ideal aspect of this subject which the author suggests might be called a "rational religion," tracing its inspiration from the great thinker and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, up to that great American poet, Walt

Whitman. Then follow a long list of cases treated by Dr. Severn during five years of practice, giving ample proof that her method is eminently a practical one and of benefit to humanity.

G. J.

Indian Music, by Mr. Lakshmidas Aditram Vyas. (Privately printed.)

In this booklet, reprinted from *The Oriental Review*, the author who is the Music Master at the P. R. T. College, Ahmedabad, makes a strong claim for the cultivation of music in India. All that he says on the refining influence of music is undoubtedly quite true, and were there a few more enlivened by the same spirit India would ring from end to end with the melodies of her children. There is however too much tendency to seek the assistance of Government. Let there first come into existence numerous bodies of singers who will form choral societies and practice for pure love of the art of music and there will be no need to rely on the State.

The West does so, and India would do well to follow her lead in this.

H. R. G.

NOTES

Keeping Young and Well, compiled by G. W. Bacon. (L. N. Fowler. Price 1s. net), gives much useful simple medical information; *How to be Happy though all goes Wrong*, by J. C. P. Bode. (Fowler, Price 1s. net), preaches the gospel of happiness, and explains how it may be cultivated; *A Magical Potpourri* (Dharma Press. Price 1s.), by Leonard Bosman, claims that whenever the seeker opens the book he will find the message for which he is seeking. In *Free Will and Necessity*, the same author offers a solution to this much vexed problem. Mr. George Seaver in *The Dionysus Cult* (T. P. S. Price 6d.), traces the relation of this cult to that of Christianity, as seen in the *Bacchae* of Euripides. *Things that have Happened*, by Reginald B. Span (T. P. S., Price 6d. net), relate personal experiences in the Borderland which will prove interesting to many. *The Barefoot League*, by J. L. Macbeth Bain. (T. P. S. Price 6d.), is an exhortation "to follow Nature as your guide in all the ways of her life as far as that is possible to your present circumstances".

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