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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN this sudden and tremendous war, in which five of the Great Powers of Europe are engaged, while two of the Balkan States—Servia and Montenegro—are fighting on the side of the Triple Entente; in which Portugal has declared that she will follow the direction of England, and Italy hangs in the balance, the people on one side and the Government on the other, the people clamouring for war; in which only States of insignificant power, comparatively, Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, Spain, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, stand neutral; in which Japan and India have stepped to the side of Great Britain, and all the Self-Governing Colonies have risen in her support; in this huge war, enveloping the world in its flames, what is the position of the Theosophical Society? We see our comrades everywhere, amid the warring and the neutral nations; our French General Secretary has gone to his regiment; one of his sisters, a certificated nurse, has joined an Ambulance Corps, while the second is organising groups

of women for work; our Scottish General Secretary has volunteered for Home Defence—he is a Captain in a well-trained Scottish band; we have very many members both in the Army and the Navy, as well as on the Reserve; Major Peacocke is leaving us at Adyar, having volunteered for the front; the Master of Sem-pill has joined the Flying Corps; Mr. Basil Hodgson-Smith is gazetted for the Second Army. Dr. Haden Guest, our English General Secretary, has organised a Red Cross Ambulance Contingent in charge of Dr. Armstrong Smith and another doctor, to serve under the French War Office; our good worker, Mr. Herbert Whyte and several other Fellows of the T.S. go with it. Mrs. Whyte, so well known to Indians in London as the Hon. Secretary of the Friends of India Society, will have all our sympathy in the sacrifice she is making. Dr. Haden Guest has also organised and equipped a hospital of 100 beds in London, and it has been accepted by the Red Cross Society. Our Austrian and Bohemian General Secretaries are not yet called to the colours, but we may hear any day that they, and another, Professor Penzig, a nationalised Italian, have gone. Nor have we heard whether our German General Secretary has been swept up into the war-torrent; nor has news come from our Belgian brother, who was in Brussels. Our duty clearly is to draw our bonds with each other closer, and to remember our unity, despite warring nationalities. Let our thoughts of peace and love mingle in the mental atmosphere with the thoughts of hatred that fill it, and while doing our national duties fearlessly and fully, let us remember the spiritual world where all is peace.

*
* *

A most beautiful story, one of those exquisite examples of the Divine in man, that shine out from time to time in the world's history, comes to us from Badonviller, a town on the French frontier. The Germans, instigated, it is said in the official report of the Prefect of the Department, by one of the Kaiser's sons, bombarded the place, though it was unfortified and undefended; the inhabitants took refuge in their cellars, and when the Germans entered, these were shot at. One of the persons murdered was the wife of the Mayor, M. Benoit. A French force was approaching, and the Germans left. On the following day, a French patrol brought in a German prisoner, and the furious population sought to drag him from his captors to murder him. The Mayor threw himself between the mob and the prisoner, and he, made a widower only the day before by the comrades of the German, calmed the fury of the people and saved the man from injury. Praise of such nobility would be unseemly. Let it suffice to say that the President of the Republic and his Ministers have given to M. Benoit, as sign of their profound admiration, the knighthood of the Legion of Honour "for heroic behaviour". The warrant declares that he is admitted to the Legion because "his wife having been assassinated and his house burned, he continued to discharge his duties with cool devotion, and also saved the life of a prisoner threatened by the just wrath of the inhabitants, giving thus a magnificent example of energy and greatness of soul. M. Benoit will live in history. His action will light up one of the most inspiring pages in the record of the war." Truly of M. Benoit it may be said that the Divine Spirit, dwelling in every human heart, has shone out in him with glorious

effulgence, pardoning the most awful wrong, returning life for death.

* * *

Profoundly interesting is this world-tragedy of conflict to those who see in it a necessary preparation, a clearing of the ground, for the Coming of the World-Teacher and for the New Civilisation. Already from many sides is arising the idea that this war must usher in a settled peace, and that the States of Europe must form a definite Council, in which the representative of each Nation shall find his place, and the Concert shall be recognised as the highest Power, to which each autonomous country must bow as to the supreme authority. The terrible lesson now being taught, the widespread suffering, the devastation by sword and fire, the poverty caused by the dislocation of trade, the tension, the bankruptcies—verily, it seems as though those who die by swift stroke of shot or bayonet-thrust on the battle-field have the happiest fate. But through this Armageddon the world will pass into a realm of peace, of brotherhood, of co-operation, and will forget the darkness and the terrors of the night in the joy that cometh in the morning.

* * *

One great good is coming from the war; Great Britain is seeing India as she is, and the two mighty Nations have joined hands in a clasp which will never be forgotten by either. For so many, many years some of us have worked to draw them nearer to each other, and now, as by a lightning flash, they are fused into one. India's place in the Empire is secure; she is bearing the responsibilities of it before she is enjoying the

privileges, but England will be an honest debtor, and act as generously as India has done. The good day of union, real union, is dawning upon us, and details will be easily arranged when principles are acknowledged.

* * *

In common with all other magazines, THE THEOSOPHIST is bound to suffer in its circulation during the war. We have sent out a notice to Continental subscribers that we will hold their copies for them unless we hear to the contrary, for mails are uncertain, and, in the welter of war, magazines are hardly likely to be delivered. Under the difficult circumstances, we have decided to temporarily reduce the bulk of the magazine, which we have increased from time to time since it came into our hands, and we know that our readers will not grudge this lightening of the burden which we, in common with all others, have to bear. *The Adyar Bulletin* will remain unchanged. *The Young Citizen* we do not propose to carry on after the present year expires; its programme has been most admirably taken up by *The Herald of the Star*, and it is enough to have one journal for that programme; in fact, I should have stopped it last December, when *The Herald* decided on the wider work, but for some wishes expressed for its continuance. So far as India is concerned, the programme is covered by *The Commonweal* and *New India*, and, outside India, *The Herald* can do all that is needed.

* * *

We welcome our good colleague, Mr. A. P. Warrington, on his re-election as General Secretary of the T. S. in the United States of America; his earnest devotion to the cause serves as an inspiration to our

members there, and we hope that his coming term of office will be full of work and success.

* * *

A friend in London sends me some articles from *The Electrical Review* which criticise M. Bachelet's "flying train". It complains that the press has grossly exaggerated its reports in dealing with what *The Review* terms "a scientific toy". M. Bachelet, it says, has only combined old ideas: the levitation of a body—often shown in the lecture-room—and the propulsion of a car by solenoids. Many experiments have been made on similar lines, but none have succeeded, and *The Review* thinks that M. Bachelet is doomed to suffer disappointment. The cost of installing such a system as he proposes would be prohibitory, and the resistance of air is forgotten when a speed of 300 miles an hour is suggested. Nor, as said, are the ideas new; Professor Thomson, in 1887, put forward the laws of electrical repulsion, and experiments were shown of bodies supported in the air by means thereof. No claim has been made by M. Bachelet, so far as we know, to the discovery of electrical repulsion; he has utilised the knowledge, not discovered it.

* * *

We have before drawn attention to the remarkably able work which is being carried on in Kashmir by Mr. J. C. Chatterji, B.A. (Cantab.) Viḍyāvāriḍhi. He has made the Research Department of the Kashmir State a reality, and the most favourable criticisms of his work have come from well-known Orientalists. His researches into Kashmir Shaivism are practically unique, and the wealth of material present in the great northern Indian State has been utilised by him in the

most able and painstaking fashion. It may be remembered by some of our readers that Mr. Jagadish Chandra Chatterji's degree at Cambridge was a Research degree, and the admirable thesis by which he won it drew forth, at the time, warm encomiums from the world of scholars. That it was not merely a thesis written to win a degree has been proved by his devotion since to the work of original research. The kingdom of Kashmir is very fortunate in having the services of a scholar so able, who brings to it credit in the outer world, and the Theosophical Society profits by one of its Fellows doing such excellent work.

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Kashmir Shaivism is the title of the volume just issued, and it is the second of the series. It is described as "a brief introduction to the history, literature and doctrines of the Advaita Shaiva Philosophy of Kashmir, specifically called the Trika System". The first volume was reviewed by Dr. Schröder in our pages, and this second volume will also find fitting tribute from his pen next month. Meanwhile, we chronicle its issue here. The *Shiva Sūtras* formed the first volume, alluded to above, of the "Kashmir Series of Texts and Studies," of which *Kashmir Shaivism* is the second. Mr. Chatterji remarks that: "The peculiarity of the Trika consists in the fact that, as a system of Philosophy, it is a type of idealistic Monism (Advaita), and as such differs in fundamental principles from other forms of Shaiva Philosophy; for instance, from what is described under the name of the Shaiva Darshaṇa in the *Sarva-Darshaṇa Saṅgraha* of Māḍhavācharya". This form of Shaivism only appeared in Kashmir towards the end

of the eighth century of the Christian era, or the beginning of the ninth, but it may be regarded in its essence as being of unknown antiquity, as part of eternal truth. There is a most important Shaiva literature in Kashmir, which, for the western Orientalist, is practically an unexplored mine of treasures ; it is from this mine that our scholar has dug out the gems which he is presenting to the outside world. H. H. the Mahārājāh of Kashmir should feel proud that his kingdom's ancient store of precious literature is being thus studied and published, for a monarch always gains glory by research which sheds lustre on his reign. The book is written in a very interesting style, which makes it attractive to the ordinary serious reader ; we leave the Director of the Adyar Library to estimate its value from the standpoint of the scholar.

* * *

We may expect a record attendance at our Convention this year, for the Indian National Congress is also being held in Madras, and very many of our Fellows are Congressmen. I have asked Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa to deliver the four Convention lectures, as it is well that these should, when possible, bring the ablest of our younger generation to the front. I shall myself give two lectures, one the day before the first day of the four regular days of the meeting, and one on the fifth day. This was the arrangement followed in the memorable Convention of 1910, when Mr. Arundale was our lecturer. We shall revert to the early morning for the lectures on this occasion, as in the days of Colonel Olcott.



S. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXV, Part II, p. 790)

THE Kingdom of Jerusalem and the neighbouring principalities and counties, which had been established in the Holy Land at the conclusion of the First Crusade in 1099, had become much weakened during the half-century which had elapsed. Jealousies and contentions had arisen amongst the Christian rulers, and they had become more interested in attacking each other than in consolidating their hardly won possessions. Meanwhile the Muhammadan world had been silently growing strong and united, and the appearance of a new and vigorous leader, in the person of Zenghis, Emir of Mossul, became the signal for a great and concerted effort against the alien invaders. In 1145 the news reached Europe that the great stronghold of Edessa, the key of the Frankish dominion, had been taken, lost, and finally retaken by the followers of the Prophet.

Louis VII was celebrating Christmas in high state at Bourges, when this appalling news arrived, and it at once occurred to him that here was an opportunity of absolving his conscience of one or two sins (particularly the burning of a church at the siege of Vitry, when thirteen hundred souls had perished in the flames), which had for some time been weighing heavily upon it. He determined to go to the Holy Land to the assistance of the Christian cause, and, having determined, sent to Clairvaux for the one man whom he could profitably consult on such a matter. Bernard answered that it was for the Holy Father to advise in a case like this, whereupon Louis despatched a messenger to Eugenius III—a Cistercian and disciple of Bernard's, who now occupied the Papal throne. Eugenius replied, approving warmly of Louis' pious resolution, and assigned to "his spiritual father, Bernard" the task of preaching the Second Crusade. (A. D. 1146.)

"Fifty-five years of age," writes Morrison, "and old for his years was Bernard at this period. The last fifteen years had been full of heavy labour and gnawing care. Eight years of worry about the schism, three journeys to Italy, the controversy with Abelard, the recent vexations arising out of the quarrel between Count Theobald and the King, and finally 'that which cometh daily, the care of all the churches,' had well-nigh broken down the feeble body, in spite of the strong spirit which supported it." And yet, when the summons came, he threw himself into the task with that almost superhuman energy of which he seemed ever capable. At Vezelai, whither, at Easter time, a huge concourse of people had flocked at the invitation of the Pope and the King, his burning words aroused an

enthusiasm comparable only to that historic outburst which, half a century earlier, had greeted the oration of Pope Urban at Clermont. But this time, instead of the cry of *Dieu le veult, Dieu le veult*, it was a shout of *Crosses, Crosses*, which rent the air; and Bernard was at length compelled to cut off pieces from his monkish robes to make crosses for those who clamoured for them. At Chartres, later in the year, the Abbot of Clairvaux was enthusiastically elected commander-in-chief of the crusading army, but wrote to the Pope begging to be excused from that office. The Pontiff accepted his excuses and set him, instead, to preach the Crusade in Germany and North-Eastern France.

The story of Bernard's mission to Germany is one of unbroken and astonishing success. "Fribourg, Basle, Constance, Spire, Cologne, Frankfort, Mayence, and numerous other towns of North-Western Germany, were visited and preached in by him. A daily repetition took place of the same phenomena—Bernard's appearance in a district; the simultaneous rush and tumult of the whole population to see and hear him; and then, the assumption of the cross by the greater portion of the able-bodied male inhabitants. Bernard himself says that scarcely one man was left to seven women."

Only with the Emperor, Conrad III, did Bernard experience a temporary check. Conrad was out of sympathy with the Crusade, whereas his co-operation was essential for its success. The difficulty vanished with the same miraculous suddenness which years before had marked the overcoming of the resistance, at Liège, of Conrad's predecessor on the imperial throne. An impassioned sermon by Bernard, in the Cathedral of

Spire, drew from Conrad a sudden proclamation of his adherence to the cause, and, amid the shouts of an enthusiastic multitude, the Emperor was invested by the Abbot of Clairvaux, on the steps of the high altar, with the sword and banner which he was to carry at the head of the crusading army of Germany into the Holy Land.

The story of the Second Crusade belongs to history, and it is unnecessary to go into the causes which made it the tragic failure that it was destined to be. Suffice it that in 1149, when Louis returned from Palestine with an escort of 200 or 300 knights—the sole remnant of that great army with which, a little more than two years before, he had set forth—the awful truth became known to Europe, that the great enterprise, for which the redoubtable man of God had prophesied so certain a triumph, had ended in complete disaster.

Bernard had not been idle during those years while the army was away. Once again the dreaded growth of heresy had called him from his retreat. In 1147 it is a monk of Perigeux, named Pontius, who is the source of danger; later in the same year, it is Henry the Cluniac who is corrupting Languedoc; still later it is the Bishop of Poitiers, Gilbert de la Poirée. Appealed to by terrified churchmen, Bernard had responded and, although his health and strength were now visibly failing, had met each movement in turn and prevailed against it. He had travelled through the affected districts of Perigeux and Languedoc, undoing by his eloquence, and by the still more convincing evidence of miracles, the work of Pontius and Henry; and he had sustained the whole burden of the Council at Rheims, which had led to the condemnation of Gilbert. He had

thus kept his record of success unbroken up to the very point when the news of his one great and overwhelming failure was published to the world.

An inevitable reaction followed. A great wave of anger and indignation broke upon Bernard from all over Europe. All who had lost fathers and brothers and sons in Palestine, all who had had their hopes of a great Christian triumph shattered, laid their misfortunes to the account of the Abbot of Clairvaux. He had prophesied success, and there had been one disaster after another; he had shown signs and wonders in support of the Crusade, and now it had failed.

It was a dark and trying time for Bernard; but he bore it with his accustomed humility and serenity. Frankly, he could not explain to himself why the enterprise had failed. It may, he thought, have been due to the sins of the Crusaders: or it may have been only one of the great, inexplicable judgments of God. That it could have been in any way the result of a lack of discipline, of cohesion between the leaders, and of generalship and organisation, was not a theory which could commend itself to that age, in explanation of the failure of a Holy War.

Bernard found relief and occupation, during this period of darkness, in writing for his pupil, Pope Eugenius, the five books, entitled *De Consideratione*, in which he advises him on the right discharge of his papal duties and warns him against certain tendencies of the time—notably against excessive centralisation of the pontifical authority and against the worldly and covetous spirit which was, even now, beginning to creep into the Church. But the health of the Abbot of Clairvaux was now rapidly failing, and soon he took to his bed.

He could neither eat nor sleep, and he found himself unable to use his feet. Yet, as though the fates had conspired never to allow him any rest, it was in this condition that he was suddenly visited by the Archbishop of Cleves, who came to beg him to settle a great dispute which had arisen between the citizens of Metz and the nobles of the surrounding district. This had already led to bloodshed, and the Archbishop could do nothing. Indomitable, Bernard dragged himself from his bed, travelled with the Archbishop to the banks of the Moselle, reconciled the warring parties, and returned to his bed of sickness at Clairvaux.

The end was now near at hand. He still continued his correspondence, so far as his strength permitted, and the last letter he wrote is dated only a few days before his death. But slowly his interest in outer things faded, the worn-out frame grew weaker and weaker ; and at last, surrounded by his weeping friends and disciples—in the sixty-third year of his age—he died.

Twenty-two years later the Church set her official seal upon the life of the Abbot of Clairvaux ; for in the year 1174 he was canonised by Pope Alexander III.

The foregoing sketch, meagre though it is, will have given some idea of the activities of this remarkable life. But it has been far from telling all. It has simply related, in the order in which they occurred, those more public happenings which link on the Abbot of Clairvaux to the outer history of his times. Behind this pageant of imposing incident, however, there was another world of labour and of care which, though it contributed little

to secular history, must have been none the less arduous and perhaps even more exacting, for it was continuous. To this belonged the management of the monastery of Clairvaux, no light task in a sphere of life where everything depended upon the incessant attention and the personality of the ruler; and there was, in addition to this, the regular business of the Order, of whose Chapter Bernard, as an abbot, was an *ex-officio* member. Still more arduous, for Bernard as an individual, was the care of that whole army of monasteries and nunneries which, in the course of his career, he was personally instrumental in founding. Of these there were no less than one hundred and nineteen in England alone,¹ and, at the time of his death, it is computed that there were in different parts of Europe one hundred and sixty of such institutions under his auspices and supervision. Nor was this supervision a merely nominal one; for there is ample documentary evidence to show that he kept himself actively in touch with, and interested in, the affairs and fortunes of these scattered dependencies.

When to all this we add the labours already recorded, together with the letters and the treatises and the sermons, and over and above these, in turn, the care of the host of individual souls who, in that age, from Popes and Kings down to humble monks and peasants, looked for their spiritual direction to the Abbot of Clairvaux, we marvel that any single mind could have attended to so much, and we are conscious of being face to face with a phenomenon, which—in its blending of

¹ Nineteen of these were in Yorkshire. The first Cistercian monastery established in England was that of Waverley in Surrey, founded in 1128; the second, that of Rievaulx, near Helmsley in Yorkshire, founded in 1131. The latter contained 300 monks. Perhaps the best known of Bernard's foundations in England is Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, now a magnificent ruin.

public and private, of spiritual and secular, activities, and of things greatest and smallest—can be paralleled, perhaps, only once in history.

The truth is that such a phenomenon only becomes possible when to a great soul, already superbly gifted, there is added the compelling and sublimating force of a single dominant ideal. Only when every energy of the nature is fused in one mighty aim and purpose, can there be that astonishing fecundity and variety of work achieved, which is the mark of the master-spirits of the race.

In Bernard's case we have not far to seek for such an ideal. Through the whole of his stupendous life of diversified labour there runs but a single aim, and that is the glory of God in, and through, His Church; and it is only in so far as we relate all his actions to this great ideal that we shall interpret them aright.

It was an aim which appealed to him in two capacities—as the statesman, and as the mystical idealist. As the practical statesman, whose business it was to deal with facts, he saw clearly enough that for the Europe of his day there was only one salvation; and that lay in the possession of a great and powerful Church, feared and revered not only in the person of its Head but in the person of the humblest of its representatives, and strong enough to impose, as no other agency could then impose, some kind of restraint upon the turbulence and savagery of the age. The Church was the one abode of sweetness and light, the last stronghold of the ethical sanction, the ultimate hope of discipline, humanity and civilisation, in the midst of that wild and predatory animal life which made up, for the most part, the secular Europe of the twelfth century.

Practical *Welt-Politik*, therefore, demanded that the Church should be strengthened.

But, as a Mystic and Idealist, Bernard saw in this exaltation of the spiritual power something more than a mere guarantee of civilised security. It meant for him, if perfectly achieved, the realisation, in the concrete world of men, of that great corporate Christ-life, that "Kingdom of God upon Earth," which was, for the Mystic, the ideal possibility behind the Holy Apostolic Church. The Church on earth was but a body: behind it was a Soul; and to Bernard this Soul was a felt reality, a living, organic concept, hovering as yet in a divine world of ideas above the stir and conflict of human life, but near and ready to descend, and needing only the right conditions in order to objectify itself, in all its transcendent majesty, in the world of everyday.

And so it was to the bringing about of these right conditions that he devoted every energy of his being; and the conditions which he sought to realise were, by an instinctive wisdom, those which, in an age of biology, we know to belong to all healthy organic life. For he saw that, if the Church were to become the vehicle of that loftier Ideal—if that hovering Soul were really to descend upon it, take possession of it, and transform it—it must first of all, as a body, become *organic*: for only an organic body can ever be made the vehicle of a higher life. Consequently, it is this conception of an *organic Church* which, sensed rather than formulated by Bernard himself, yet determines, with the utmost precision, the whole policy of his life. It is the one unifying principle which enables us to co-ordinate the bewildering chaos of his activities; and it explains, in the light of an inner consistency, some of those passages

in his life which have most commonly puzzled his admirers.

Thus when we find him exhorting his disciple, Eugenius, in one place to uphold with all his strength the dignity and authority of the Papacy, while in another he warns him not to centralise that authority too much; when he defends one Pope against the King of France, while he rebukes another on behalf of the French bishops—these are not, as they might seem to be, the marks of a shifting and inconsistent policy. The explanation is rather, that he has, at the back of his mind, through all these changing circumstances, that ideal of organic authority, which works out, in practice, in a hierarchical system. It is true that all authority must flow from above; the Pope must be, in the truest sense, an autocrat: but it is equally true that it must also, by a system of graded distribution and delegation, permeate the whole body, so that every officer of the Church, in his own place and within the limits of his office, shall wield the authority of the whole. For only an authority of this kind is truly organic.

Similarly, when, as he does so frequently, he takes up arms in the cause of ecclesiastical morals; when he inveighs against the election to the bishopric of Langres of a man of whom rumour has breathed an ill report; when he writes sternly to a brother abbot about an unchaste monk; when he thunders against the luxuries of Cluny—it is not the voice of the censorious which is here raised. It is the voice of one who realises that, in an organic body, the health of the whole body depends literally on the health of each of its parts, and that the man who, in his own person, introduces

unhealth into that larger life, is guilty of a sin out of all proportion to the mere quality of his private offence. And that is why, through all his life, Bernard is so uncompromising as to the grounds upon which admission to ecclesiastical office should be allowed. One of the last letters which the Abbot of Clairvaux ever wrote is worth quoting here, as illustrating, very admirably, his attitude on this point. Theobald, Count of Champagne, Bernard's lifelong benefactor and protector, and one of the greatest nobles of his time, had written asking him to procure ecclesiastical preferment for one of his sons, who was still an infant. "Bernard," writes his biographer, "firmly but courteously refused. 'I consider,' he said, 'that ecclesiastical honours are only due to those who can and will, by God's help, worthily fill them. For either you or me to procure such for your little son by means of our prayers, I consider, would be an act of injustice in you, and of imprudence in me. If this appears a hard saying to you, and you are still bent on carrying out your intention, you must be so good as to excuse me. I doubt not but that your other friends will be able to obtain what you wish. Truly I wish well in all respects to our little William; but God above all things: that is the reason why I am unwilling he should have aught against God's law, lest, by so doing, he may not have God himself.'"

So too, when we come to deal with what is, to us, the least sympathetic aspect of Bernard's life-work—the part, namely, which he plays as the great opponent of heresy in that age—we shall think more truly of it, in relation to his personal character, if we dissociate it largely from other manifestations of the kind in later

Church history, and consider it rather in connection with that great organic ideal which was the real secret impulse of his life. Bernard was not illiberal; he was not cruel; nor was he a "heresy-hunter" in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, his opposition was not based on selfish fear. He was simply the apostle of a great organic spiritual life which, in his opinion, could only be realised "whole" or not at all. The Abelards, the Gilberts, of his time were not his personal enemies: they were merely the men who, for the sake of a selfish and (to Bernard) mistaken craving for intellectual autonomy, were ready to render for ever impracticable his great impersonal dream for men. They and their views were alien and unassimilable elements in the great organism of the Church and, as such, potential causes of disease. In a word, they were toxins, of which, for its health's sake, the body must needs be purged.

It is hard, of course, in the twentieth century, to claim sympathy for any man, however eminent, who has opposed the passage of free thought; and perhaps it is too much to hope it for Bernard. But let us, at least, remember (what, in dealing with so developed a nature it is sometimes easy to forget) that it was in the twelfth century, and not in the twentieth, that Bernard lived; that, before the birth of the idea of a perpetual "becoming," which the discovery of the law of evolution brought with it, there was really every excuse for a static conception of religious truth; and that Bernard himself was the man who, when Europe was still ringing with the echoes of the great controversy, was ready to "make it up" with Abelard, and who, while preaching the Crusade in Germany, stopped, at the imminent risk

of his life, something which that age thought nothing of at all—namely, an organised religious massacre of the Jews.

The mention of the Crusade suggests the further reflection that we shall do well to observe the same historical perspective in dealing with this portion also of the work of Bernard's life. The fact that a Crusade would no longer be possible to-day is no reason for condemning it eight hundred years ago. Every age has its own way of wedding the martial and the spiritual impulses, its own form of "battle for God"; and in the Europe of the twelfth century this took the natural shape of a Crusade. Nor need we feel that Bernard himself, saint though he was, must have been troubled, when faced by this kind of spiritual blood-thirst, with any of those qualms and scruples which might reasonably assail the saint of later times. Every man, no matter how saintly, is, nine-tenths of him, the child of his age; and there are two particular reasons for supposing that the fiery eloquence of Bernard's exhortations, as he passed through Europe preaching the Holy War, was no disguise of his true sentiments, but was an index of his own enthusiasm.

The first is, that a war between the Crescent and the Cross forced, as nothing else could, that organic and self-conscious unity upon the Church which was the ideal of Bernard's life; and Bernard must have realised this.

The second is that it is hard to read Bernard's life and not to see in the man, from first to last, the very type of the warrior spirit. He was a soul who loved battling for its own sake. At school, at Chatillon, it is "a vigorous rivalry with his fellows in verses and

repartees": a little later begins the sterner battle with himself; and later still, when the poor "self" has been so mauled and vanquished that there is nothing left of it, it is the great and stirring battle with all the serried forces of the world, into which he plunges with a passionate zeal which cannot but have in it something of joy. When we see him tearing up his monkish robes to make crosses for the soldiers of Christ; when he is formulating for the Templars the statutes of their Order, and unfolding to them, in sonorous language, the stern ideal of the *sæculare bellum* which it is their office to wage—we are conscious, on such occasions, of something germane and congenial, of the touch of the born fighter, who warms at the hint of battle, and to whom a conflict is not a disagreeable necessity but a delight.

This then, for the student, is the key to Bernard's public life—the dream of a Kingdom of God upon earth, to be realised in, and through, a great and organic Church; the dream which, having its birth in the secret heart of the Mystic, gave a policy to the far-sighted statesman, to the carrying out of which he devoted himself, throughout his career, with a consistency the more notable by reason of the variety of its manifestation.

So much, then, for the publicist. But what of the man himself? How shall we account for the extraordinary spell, which the Abbot of Clairvaux cast over the mind of his age? What was the secret of that wonderful personal ascendancy, to which not merely the unanimous record of his contemporaries but the solid evidence of facts bears witness?—for it is written in flaming letters over the whole story of his career.

What qualities were these in the character and make-up of this monk of an obscure and newly founded Order to lift him, within a few short years, into the position of, beyond all question, the foremost man in the Europe of his day?

First of all, there were his natural endowments. He had a great brain, and he was naturally gifted with eloquence: he had, too, that indefinable quality, called "magnetism," which carries victory locked up within itself. Many of his achievements seem to have depended largely upon this: he came, he saw, he conquered. But, in Bernard's case, all this was enormously enhanced by a number of other qualities which definitely compelled the wonder and the reverence of his age.

To begin with, he was absolutely fearless. With only a single companion he sets forth to tackle the formidable Count of Aquitaine, famous for his cruel ferocity even in that ferocious age; at Liège he confronts an Emperor without a tremor; and at Mayence he faces with intrepid courage an enraged and blood-thirsty mob. The result is that all give way before him, as though quelled by some mysterious influence. The Count of Aquitaine falls speechless at his feet, grovelling and foaming at the mouth; the Emperor does public homage to Innocent; and in the case of the mob we read that "the jury of the men of Mayence was hushed into calm submission when met by the holiness of the Abbot of Clairvaux".

Then, in addition to his fearlessness, there was his complete sincerity and his disinterestedness. There was no monk in his monastery who did not know that he practised, in his own person, austerities harsher than he would ever demand of a younger brother;

while all men knew that the Abbot of Clairvaux had successively declined three archbishoprics—those of Milan, Genoa and Rheims.

And lastly there was that more than earthly sanctity, which set him apart from ordinary mortals and gave him—in the sight of an age which, in spite of its savagery, yet knew how to be docile in the presence of holiness—an authority all his own. And the proof of that sanctity was afforded to his contemporaries in the manner which, all through the spiritual history of the ages, has ever been regarded by the great majority of mankind as the most convincing; that is to say, by miracles. Of Bernard's miracles there is overwhelmingly ample evidence. They began when he was still a young abbot, newly established at Clairvaux. Even then he could cure blindness and ulcers and fever, either at a touch or by prayer. Later on such wonders became continual, the constant accompaniment of his daily life. During the crusading tour in Germany he would work as many as twenty or thirty miraculous cures a day. But perhaps the greatest of his miracles was the way in which he could force a physical body, utterly wrecked by the fierce austerities of his early monastic life, to do the work of ten men. Indeed so ghastly was his pallor, so attenuated his frame, that, says an old chronicler, "the mere sight of him was sufficient to persuade one, even before he spake," and thus what, in one sense, was a terrible handicap, became in another, an asset. But it is a fact that, for the last forty years of his life, Bernard was never well. All his work had to be done in despite of a frail and tortured physical vehicle, and the several grave illnesses which prostrated him from time to time were not so

much breaks between periods of health as accentuations of a condition of suffering which was always there.

A man with such sovereignty over frailty will always win respect. When to this faculty of utter self-mastery are added the other qualities, which we have mentioned, and to them that wonderful natural endowment which gave a splendour and a magic to all the rest—it is little wonder that Bernard of Clairvaux has come down to us as one of the most magnetic personal forces which have swayed the imagination and the destinies of mankind.

There is one other Bernard, to whom we must make reference before we close; and that is the Bernard of private life, the more intimate Bernard, whom his friends and associates knew.

How different is he, at first glance, from the Bernard of the Council chamber and the market-place!—A recluse so utterly detached from his surroundings that, in his absorption, he can travel all day long by the banks of Lake Geneva and yet, when in the evening his comrades speak of the lake which they have passed, does not know to what they refer; and who can live a whole year in the monastery of Cîteaux without noticing that the chapel has a curious roof: a stay-at-home who makes a resolution that, except on the business of the Order, he will never set foot out of Clairvaux, and is then flung about all over Europe by a cynical Destiny, in despite of his resolve: a man so modest and diffident by nature that, as he himself often confessed, “he never lifted up his voice in any company, however humble, without a feeling of awe and fear coming over him”.

But the Bernard of private life is, before all else, a man of friendships. Not only are many of the most

eminent men of his time his friends and write to him, or visit him, repeatedly—such men, for example, as William of Champeaux, the celebrated logician; the famous Abbot Suger, Louis VII's chief minister of State; Theobald of Champagne, who has already been mentioned so frequently; Malachi, Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, afterwards canonised as S. Malachi; William, Abbot of S. Thierry, Bernard's adoring devotee and biographer; and many others—but he is equally ready to open his heart to a humble monk or disciple. "As a mother loves her only son," he writes to an absent friend, a young disciple and abbot, "even so did I love you, when you clave to my side, and rejoiced my heart. And now I will love you when far from me, lest I should appear to have loved my own comfort in you, and not you yourself." William of S. Thierry has the good fortune, on a visit to Clairvaux, to be taken ill at the same time that Bernard is stretched upon a bed of sickness, and afterwards writes ecstatically of those days. "Gracious God," he writes, "what good did not that illness, those feast days, that holiday, do for me! For it happened that during the whole of my sickness *he* also was ill, and thus we two, laid up together, passed the whole day in sweet converse concerning the soul's spiritual physic, and the medicines which virtue affords against the weakness of vice."

One last personal touch. A few pages back we had occasion to speak of Bernard's miracles. Let us hear what Bernard himself thought of them. "I cannot think," he says, "what these miracles mean, or why God has thought fit to work them through such a one as I. I do not remember to have read, even in Scripture, of anything more wonderful. Signs and

wonders have been wrought by holy men and by deceivers. I feel conscious neither of holiness nor deceit." And he concludes: "These miracles, therefore, have nothing to do with me; for I know that they are owing rather to the extent of my fame than to my excellency of life. They are not meant to honour me, but to admonish others."

With these words in our ears let us take leave of Bernard of Clairvaux. May it not be, perchance, that, in the time which is before us, that great and noble soul who, eight centuries ago, laboured so untiringly for the Kingdom of God upon earth—returning from his long rest—will take up once more his labours and, in the splendour of his wondrous power, be not amongst the least of those who, in the great world-movement that is upon us, will prepare the way of the Lord?

E. A. Wodehouse

THE WAR

[The following has been issued by our General Secretary in England.]

TO THE FELLOWS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Stand by ready to help. Become a strong centre of calm and helpfulness. That is the need of the present moment. Distress is inevitable, disease and great suffering among the masses of the population very probable. Distribution of relief, organisation of emergency hospitals and refuge camps, these and many other duties may come before us in our own localities. Many men may be needed in active military operations. Let those incapable of discharging active military duties be ready to replace those who can in their ordinary occupations. Many things men ordinarily do women might well do. Let each one think what he can do, think what help he can bring.

A meeting of the Lodge, Centre or Group of Theosophical friends (as the case may be) should be immediately called to discuss ways and means of helping in each separate locality. Try also to understand the meaning of the war. All wars are conflicts of interest. This great war is terrible because it is a conflict of such gigantic interests. Our western civilisation is the outcome of the intensification of that side of man's nature we call

the concrete and scientific mind. That mind has poured gifts in profusion into the lap of the nations. And the gifts have been used for selfish ends.

On the basis of scientific inventions the great structure of our production, of our commerce, is reared. The towering fabric of credit is based on our modern type of industry. And the structure is rotten through and through because it puts "business," "profits," and a hundred other things first and the well-being of mankind second.

The great structures of industry and credit created by the mind are like the monsters of a Frankenstein—it is they who war the one against the other; the men of the nations are only their slaves.

We have to learn to make mind serve man, we have to understand that the inventions and the science of man's mind are to be used as servants of all mankind, and that human considerations must always come first in the plans of statesmen.

And we have to learn the lesson of human solidarity. Already the collapse of the credit system of the world demonstrates our solidarity with grim emphasis. We must build a new civilisation on the recognition of that solidarity, of the oneness of Humanity, when the war is over.

The shattering blows the world civilisation is receiving are striking away much that is evil as well as some good. Let us be glad for the evil gone and mourn not for the good which can be built up again.

But let us be ready when this war is over to help build up our civilisation on a new basis. The needs of man must come first, the fact of human solidarity come first. Science, invention, business, commerce, these

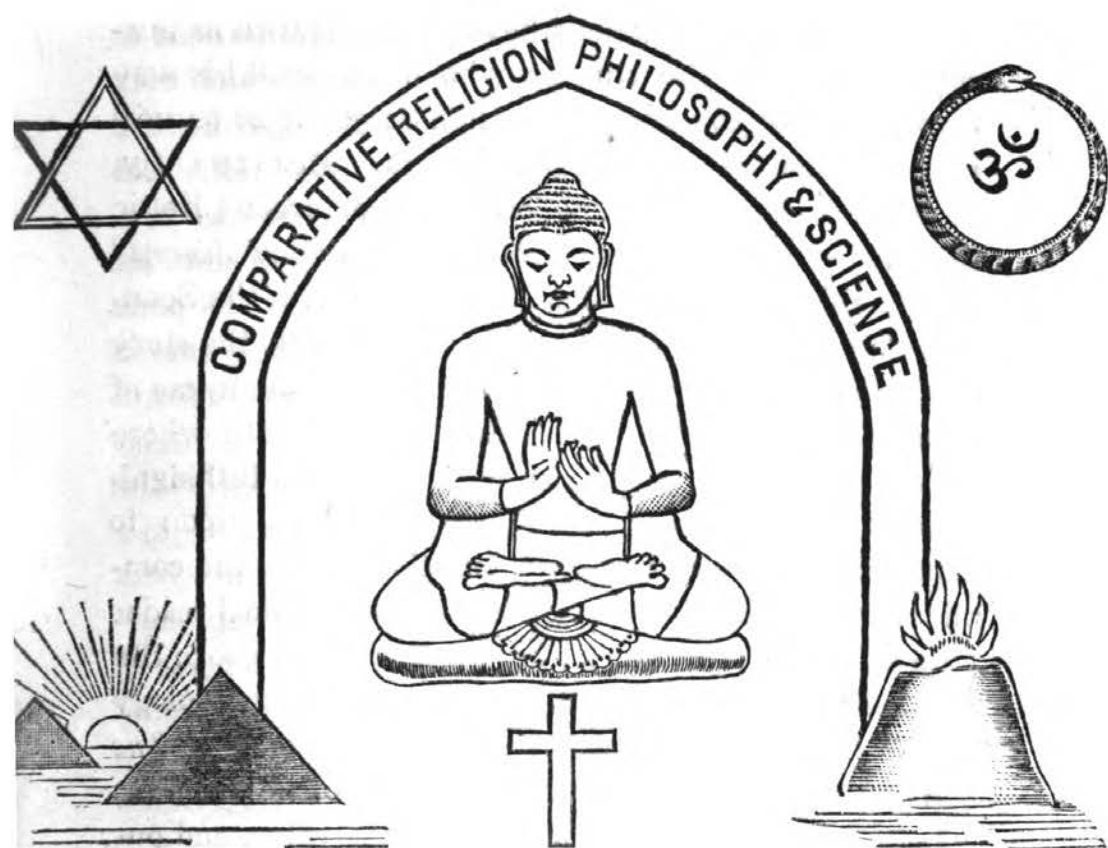
are only instruments to be used for the service of human needs.

We have put mankind second, the brotherhood of man second; the result is this war—war which may teach all men the need of brotherhood. How far the collapse of our civilisation may go we cannot tell. Let us then as a Theosophical Society keep close together. Let each Lodge, Centre or Group appoint a leader, let that leader write to me once a week, or report to me once a week, what is being done to help. It is help that is needed, help in the place where we are. The order of the day is “Stand By!”

If any large number of members can be used by the Government in any special way—in the staffing of a Field Hospital, for instance—I will communicate with you at once. Meanwhile call the meetings, steep yourselves in a calm common sense, be ready with plans of help, be ready to act if called upon, search out what needs doing in your own localities, and let all who have suggestions write to me at once. For the moment Stand By!

L. HADEN GUEST

19 *Tavistock Square, W.C.*



ĀRYAN MYTHOLOGY

(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ITS NORTHERN FORM)

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

THE borderland where myth and fairy-tale meet is a happy hunting ground for the childish imagination, and educationalists, both of our own and of preceding generations, have used the classic allegories of Greece and Rome, simply told in English prose, as "Books for the Bairns"; realising that the memorising of such lore

generally requires the minimum of effort at the kindergarten stage, and that if Hercules and Hermes and other great personifications have had their turn as nursery favourites, the student who has to spell his way through their adventures in alien tongue later on will find his labours considerably lightened. More recently, good work has also been done in popularising Keltic legends; and Miss Keary's book *The Heroes of Asgard*¹ has familiarised many of our little folks with the Scandinavian version of the fairy-tale of fairy-tales, the story of the beginning and middle and end of the drama of manifestation. But few of the teachers into whose hands these books have been put realise the full significance of the teaching they are called upon to expound, and even the most intuitive among the compilers themselves is apt to leave the Theosophical reader with a feeling that the author has failed to get to the heart of the matter, for lack of the key to the symbology which lies ready to the hand of the student of *The Secret Doctrine*. Careful comparison of the form as well as of the teaching is of immense value, and our leaders have given us a splendid starting point for such a study, by pointing out the recurrent presentation which we should be prepared to recognise.

The evolution of the race is the underlying theme in most scriptures, as well as the basis of most ethical codes; and the stages of that evolution are generally represented racially, as in the wanderings of the children of Israel, though sometimes individually, as in the journeyings of Ulysses. The steps in the pilgrim's progress, the stages on the path, are recorded everywhere for those who have eyes to see. Fundamental

¹ An excellent sketch of Scandinavian Mythology, often used in schools. Published by Macmillan.

principles are also universal. The three essential Qualities—the Guṇas of India—meet the student in many a myth, and their four modes of manifesting give him the twelve great Beings—Thrones, Gods, Devas, Archangels—which astrologers recognise as underlying the symbology of the Zodiac, and the names of which vary according to the scale on which they are conceived, and the language in which they are uttered. Realising this, let us examine some of the ancient allegories in the sacred books of the world, and see how far the gates of our understanding can be opened by the application of an old astrological key.

“In the beginning,” says the old Voluspa Edda, the most ancient of the sacred writings of the North, “were three things:—Fire, and Frost, and the All-shaping Wisdom.” Here we have the three essential qualities of the Astrologer aforesaid—the sacred Trinity in a fundamental form. Fire symbolises the outgoing energy or force, motion or *Rajas*, and is not infrequently the metaphor used to express spirit. Frost suggests stillness, solidity, condensation—inertia or *Tamas*, and is thus a fitting symbol for matter. The all-shaping wisdom may be associated with the third Guṇa, *Satṭva*, the vibratory or rhythmic activity, which blends, combines and harmonises the two others, producing the Cosmos out of Chaos. In addition to this descriptive rendering of the three, we find a still more vivid word-picture of them in the North in a more elaborate presentation as (a) the fiery kingdom of *Muspellheim*, guarded by Surt of the flaming sword; (b) the kingdom of *Niflheim*, a region all darkness and cold, whose slow poisonous streams freeze as they flow; and (c) the great abyss between, *Ginnunga-gap*, the space in which the universe

is destined to be built, through the interaction of the forces of the two kingdoms already mentioned. The radiating positive force of the fiery kingdom sends forth heat, which melts the ice piled up on the outer edge of Niflheim, and the drops, flowing from it into Ginnunga-gap, become endowed with life, and assume the gigantic form of the first giant, Ymir, also called Augelmir, the Ancient Mass, or Chaos. He is nourished by the four rivers of milk flowing from the udder of the great cow, Audhumla, who is sent forth by the power of Surt; and from the drops of sweat¹ that fall from under his left arm, are born the first founders of the race of the frost giants; after which he is slain, and his huge body carried into the middle of Ginnunga-gap, to be used as the material out of which the Gods are to build the world as we know it. The emergence of these Creative Forces or Gods is also ascribed to the energy associated with the sacred and mysterious Cow, which once more wanders across our stage at this juncture, licking the salt icicles from off the rocky stones, disclosing, after three days, a colossal form like that of a man,² very powerful, and of comely countenance. His name is Buri, or the producer; and his son Bör—the produced—is the father of the personified Trinity, Odin, Vilje, and Vê, who, working together, fashion all things, giving birth to the lesser Gods, and creating men, dividing the kingdoms of day and night, establishing the order and place of the various lights in the heavens, and giving the winds their several regions; in short carrying on all *constructive* processes and activities. The race of the frost giants, on the other hand, is held

¹ This imagery of the sweat-born is familiar to us in *The Secret Doctrine*.

² Cf. the Old Testament assertion that man was created in the image of God.

responsible for the *negative* and *destructive* work; consequently, in spite of a close kinship between them and the Gods, there is war between the two great orders; and they are naturally, in the minds of men, regarded as heading the opposing forces of good and evil.

The heroes among men are, we are told, always upon the side of the Gods. That is to say, the work of man is, in the main, constructive, or, if destructive, should be a conscious preparation for constructive work in the future.

It may, perhaps, clear the mind of the student to range the Christian, Scandinavian, Classical and Hindū names of the older conceptions alongside of each other in tabular form.

<i>Christian</i>	...	{	Chaos	The Holy Ghost and Re-generator.
			The Infinite	Christ, the Saviour.
			The Eternal	God, the Father.
<i>Scandinavian</i> ...	{	Ymir	Vilje, or Lodur.	
		Buri	Ve, or Honer.	
		Bor	Odin, the All-Father.	
<i>Latin</i>	{	?	Pluto, the Judge.	
		Coelus	Neptune, the Saviour.	
		Saturn	Jupiter, the All-Father.	
<i>Greek</i>	{	Chaos	Hades, the Judge.	
		Ouranos... ..	Poseidon, the Saviour.	
		Chronos	Zeus, the All-Father.	
<i>Hindū</i>	{	Yoga-Mâyā ?	Shiva, Destroyer and Re-generator.	
		Varuṇa	Vishṇu, the Preserver.	
		Īshvara	Brahmā, the Creator.	

Grouped in this way, it is easy to see the similarity of the fundamental forms of expression in these various faiths. Misconceptions and misunderstandings are more apt to arise when the later stages of manifestation are described; for then the aspects of deity are more definitely differentiated, and the element of local colouring is always apt to creep in. Many

scholars in the past have contented themselves with reducing all prominent figures in mythology to expressions of one class of natural phenomenon, and seem to feel that the last word has been said when they have once more reached the phrase "a solar myth"; while, in discussing minor personifications, they not infrequently descend to mere talk about the weather. The average theologian dismisses all dramatic imagery as rank superstition, and turns from it as from something unworthy of serious consideration.

Nothing is better calculated to preserve the student from errors of that kind than the attempt to classify for himself, in any system of mythology, the deities of the different planes, according to their attributes, special note being taken of the family to which they belong, and of the parts they play in the myths in which they appear; and by far the simplest and most helpful key to such a classification is the astrological one, dividing the Powers according to the elements or realms in which they manifest most clearly—a method which gives us four very distinct groups.

(a) Those Powers or aspects of deity revealed in the laws or principles which can be most easily recognised through their working on the physical plane, symbolically described as the *Kingdom of Earth*.

(b) Aspects more easily identified or sensed through the exercise of the feelings, as principles at work on the emotional or astral plane, symbolically described as the *World of Waters*.

(c) Aspects most easily apprehended through the exercise of the reason, as functioning in the realm of thought or mental plane, symbolically described as the *Kingdom of Air*.

(d) Aspects intuitively guessed or perceived, especially in moments when the consciousness is quickened or extended beyond the normal, on a plane beyond the mental, *i.e.*, the spiritual realm, symbolically referred to as the Circle or *Kingdom of Fire*. To this plane belong our happiest inspirations and most brilliant strokes of genius in science or art,—our most perfect and complete moments of manifestation. For though interaction never ceases, and *all* our faculties are awake at such times, it is the Spirit that dominates, and makes itself most clearly felt.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water. After all, the quaint old classification is simple enough, and belongs to our every-day speech as well as to all that is finest in literature. The man who is said to be *of the earth*, *earthy*, is concentrating his energies too much on the physical plane, and allowing many beautiful opportunities of experience to pass him by. He who is always *in the clouds* is also too closely confined to one plane of activity—the mental—to the exclusion of the others. The *waters* of the emotional or astral plane are familiar to us in the poetic imagery of all lands. Yet another elemental kingdom—using the word ‘elemental’ in this special sense, as connected with four astrological elements—we associate with the things of the Spirit. A man is fired by enthusiasm, ardent in his work, burning with zeal for a cause. True he may also burn with resentment and be aflame with desire. But if the symbol of fire is correctly used at all, there will be some sort of outward manifestation of inward energy, for good or evil—spirit dominating matter and altering material conditions, for better or worse.

What then should we expect to find in the works of the prophets and poets and dramatic writers who attempt

to place the action and interaction of the different types of divine powers simply and clearly before the people? Surely something in the way of religious drama; a large number of personages, or personified aspects, grouped in families or clans, having in the beginning one common origin, coming by degrees into a state of warfare as the struggle for more complete manifestation goes forward on every plane; and further, some sort of classification or differentiation of these personages or deities, according to the planes on which they manifest most easily. As a matter of fact that is what we do find all through the great Āryan religions. The warfare placed before us in these wonderful poems is not perpetual. The deities of the astral plane—the world of waters—allow themselves their times of truce with the deities of earth and air. The Fire-God is sometimes kept in chains in the physical realm, or underworld, but at other times is found communing freely and on equal terms with the dwellers above the clouds. Once get the symbology clearly into our heads, and half the difficulty¹ disappears. Above all, let us realise that the wondrous warfare with its rhythmic recurrence of peace is going on here and *now*.

In such a classification the Earthy Gods—the deities of the under-world or physical plane—will naturally be the sternest, the most rigid and implacable. The physical plane is associated with the struggle for existence, with the survival of the fittest, with discipline, disease and death. It is Satan² in the book of Job who

¹ The most unsatisfactory of all the many muddled ways of treating the subject is that which tries to sort out the deities as a long procession of passing fashions in theology with which man has occupied his imagination in successive seasons of his childhood.

² Another expression met with in the Bible is the *Prince of this world*. The Devil promises to our Lord *all the kingdoms of the world* if he will fall down and worship him.

is described as going to and fro *in the Earth*, and walking up and down upon it. The Recording Angel, the Lords of Karma, are other expressions for the same power viewed from a different angle. As a rule no temples are reared to this aspect of deity, and no worship or adoration is given. Propitiation and penance, the kissing of the rod or the bearing of the cross are all that can be done ; for when once a thing is physically worked out on the plane of action, it has reached its limit, and there is nothing for it but for those involved to take the consequences, and do better next time. Yet the Gods of the under-world, if severe, are just ; and although they give us all the ills we have deserved, they also bestow upon us all the good that we have earned. Hence we find them also functioning as the Gods of wealth and of worldly success. They insist that by the sweat of a man's brow he shall eat bread ; but arduous toil will be rewarded by them, in due time, by a plenteous harvest.

The earth in itself is dry and barren—an arid wilderness, a desert, and a place of exile. When well watered it becomes a fertile ground ; consequently we shall find close interaction between the physical and astral planes suitably typified by the rising of springs, the breaking forth of waters from the rocks, the flowing of healing or purifying streams ; and the multiplying of physical forms is also associated with the union of the emotional and physical elements in nature. When overdone, this fertilising has its dangers too. The swamps that grow the rice also breed malaria ; and we all know the sloughs of despond and of discontent that arise from the sudden and excessive watering of an arid environment by a passionate desire for betterment of some kind. Interaction between the astral and the

mental, will be found expressed by equally striking metaphors. An old Norwegian folk-tale describes mental depression as a dense, dark fog, blinding and choking, thus indicating the union of water, earth, and air. In mythology such inter-communication is described as the inter-visiting or intermarrying of the minor deities, or by their temporary association, as when two of the Gods who usually work apart, undertake the same piece of work—generally exploration, or warfare of some kind.

The deities and devas of the mental plane are easily recognised. They dwell upon the mountain peaks in the clear upper air, ride upon the clouds, wear winged¹ sandals or the plumage of birds, are served by winged messengers, or mounted on winged steeds; and in the Āryan race, which is working especially at the evolution of mentality, they are usually exalted in poetry and legend as the highest and the greatest and the best, their ruler being the All-Father, or Father in Heaven, the personification of the Divine Creative Mind.

The deities of the fire are found functioning on all the planes; in dense smoke and glowing coal on the earth, dancing as the will-o'-the-wisp above the marshes, gleaming through the colours of the rainbow, shining as the pillar of fire that rises from the crater of the volcano, or lighting up the region of air as the circle of flames that guard the sacred mount.

¹ The wing symbol is given a very large place in Christian poetry and art, though its significance is rarely grasped. The aspiration expressed in the refrain of the children's hymn:

Oh that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and Heavenward fly!

is the symbolic expression of the natural human longing for increased mental ability, enabling one to rise to higher levels of thought, and ultimately to those planes of higher consciousness described as being *beyond the starry sky*. We Westerners make a glib use of Eastern imagery, but how seldom do we really appreciate it at its true value!

We have only to turn to an ordinary biblical concordance to realise the importance of this fire imagery in our own religion. Cruden gives four long closely printed columns with reference to fire and flame, and classifies the various uses of the element by the sacred writers. Moses is described as having a vision of the angel of the Lord as a flame of fire, in *a bush which burned but was not consumed*; a vision granted mentally, as Dr. Steiner has pointed out, to the devout student of organic chemistry in modern days, who observes that in connection with the miracle of growth in plants there is always present the process of chemical combustion and the destruction of waste tissue. That is part of the beneficent work of the Spirit in its aspect of the life-force. Wherever it touches something that is useless or obsolete, wherever it comes up against a form too rigid, which cramps or hinders its operation, the obstruction is swept away, but the life goes on. The bush burns with an inward fire, but it is not consumed; only the useless particles or portions die from day to day, and for them the Lord God *is* a consuming fire. The purging away of dross and the purification of metal is another constantly recurring illustration, and the ungovernable fury of the element when it gets beyond control, and the intense suffering with which it is then associated, have given rise to a great deal of theological imagery, formerly fairly effective as a deterrent, but too often also a mental torture to imaginative souls, especially of the humble-minded type. In these latter days it is proving absolutely ineffective; for the robust type of sinner simply takes refuge in a comfortable scepticism. Rightly understood, the symbol of the ordeal by fire is a very impressive one,

and plays a large part in religious teaching all over the world.

The evolution of forms is a gradual process, and even those that are inefficient have their value. Experiment is necessary, although it may involve an advance in a wrong direction now and then. Hence, though the Spirit must never be quenched, its impatience must sometimes be curbed in order that temporary aspects may have full justice. Therefore it is that Prometheus, who stole the fire from heaven is chained and bound by Zeus; for Mind must come into its kingdom and reign, before the fires of intuition can be allowed free scope. Yet the gift of the fire—the Spirit—once given to man can never be wholly taken away again, and its work will go on till the energies of all the planes are synthesised, and brought into harmony at last. In Theosophical literature we are told that the buddhic plane—Dante's *circle of fire*—is reflected in the astral; and hints of this are often to be found in the symbology of the sacred writers. We see it in the *Sea of glass mingled with fire* in the *Revelation of S. John*; a wondrous vision, suggesting the translucent waters of the purified emotions, refined to clearest crystal, through which the Spirit gleams.

Isabelle M. Pagan

(*To be continued*)

AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Continued from Vol. XXXV, Part II, p. 827)

V. ORGANISATION

JOSEPHUS and Philo are in agreement that the Essenes lived in isolation. They separated themselves from public life and did not wish to be mixed up with it. They were an association of themselves—as Lucius says, a state within a state, a church within a church. Josephus is assured that they lived outside of towns, because they were afraid that if they mixed with ordinary citizens, spiritual pollution, by reason of the wickedness of town dwellers, might ensue. We find, however, in other passages that Essenes did live in towns, and there was, of course, the Essenes Gate¹ in Jerusalem, named after them.

It may very well be that the members of the sect who observed the strict rules (*i.e.*, the non-married ones) lived in isolation, but that the free members had no special place of living. This may explain the difference between two pieces of information which have come down to us regarding the number of the Essenes. One gives the number as 4,000, while another puts it at

¹ Though this fact is often given as a proof of the fact that the Essenes must have lived in Jerusalem, it seems possible to me that this gate was so called because it led from the town towards the place where the Essenes had their dwelling place.

many thousands. It is quite possible there may have been many thousands of free Essenes, while the number of those who observed all the ascetic rules—forming as it were a sort of inner section—may not have exceeded 4,000. These latter lived apart from the rest of the world, and what we know of the organisation and regulations of the Essenes probably refers to them.

The separate communities of the Essenes rarely counted more than one hundred members; and although in administration they were distinct, yet the members of the different communities did not regard each other as strangers. On the contrary we find that they visited among themselves very frequently. Essenes, who had never previously met, behaved, even on first acquaintance, as if they had known each other a long time, and an Essene visiting a community had at once equal rights with the permanent members. As property was held entirely in common, a visitor need not bring any luggage with him; we find that special functionaries were detailed off to take care of visitors. This great hospitality is a direct consequence of the fact that the Essenes in reality formed one great association or family. No member of it had any private property. On entering the sect they gave up all their belongings to the community for the common good, and it is stated that none of them might consider even his dwelling place as his own. Into the common treasury were put the earnings and the products of their work, and from it were distributed the necessaries for each person—food, clothes,¹ as well as benefits given to sick or old persons. The same

¹ Besides the white linen garment, worn at meals and on the Sabbath, they had a special working dress. In winter this was a cloak made of hair; in summer, a thin covering without sleeves. These garments were not renewed until entirely worn out.

rule of life was applicable to all members. The day began, as we saw before, with a common prayer before sunrise, after which each went to his daily work ; no difference was made because of the weather, and an overseer detailed to each his daily task. At the fifth hour, they met again, changed their garments and partook of a common meal, after which they repaired to their work again, finishing the day with a second meal in common. The nature of their occupation was any peaceful manual work, which had no connection with commerce, trade or navigation, as these were supposed to awaken covetousness. They might not make weapons of war,¹ and their work consisted chiefly in agriculture, cattle breeding, rearing of bees, and handicrafts. In the *Talmud* it is said by Rabbi Jehudi the Nasi that it is good that one should learn manual work, and also in *Ecclesiasticus*² there is a reference to this matter. Their activities seem to have been divided into three parts : the study of their doctrines, prayer, and manual work. Some say that winter time was devoted to the study of doctrine, while manual work occupied the summer.³

There was no slavery among the Essenes. All were free, and helped one another as much as possible. They held the opinion that the connection between master and servant is unjust, because it corrupts the principle of equality, and impious, because it destroys the order which nature has given to man. This order is absolute equality and brotherhood—not merely in name but in reality and truth, because nature does not

¹ They were allowed to travel armed, for the sake of safety.

² *Eccleus.*, ix, 9.

³ Weinstein, p. 69.

distinguish between one man and another when bringing them forth. Weinstein remarks that in *Leviticus*¹ it is even said that no Levite might ever be sold as a slave, and comments quite rightly that people who observed a law of purity so rigid that a touch from a member of a lower degree necessitated purification by a bath, would be constantly subjected to pollution if they were surrounded by slaves.

Somewhat in disharmony with the endeavour for the principle of equality seems the very pronounced and severe hierarchical order which was observed.² The highest officials were the priests, and it is more or less in accord with the idea of equality to learn that they were elected by the whole community, and that it was not a question of descent, as amongst the Jews. Those priests it was who acted as stewards and curators, and in their charge was the direction of the whole community.³ They assigned the daily work to each member, and they received the product of his work; they took care of the visitors and brought sacrifices of food. The grace and prayers at the beginning and termination of a meal were recited by them; the food⁴ eaten was prepared by special cooks and bakers. The curators commanded implicit obedience, but they all met together when any important matters regarding the members of the sect had to be decided.

¹ *Leviticus*, xxv, 39.

² Zeller thinks this question of the Hierarchy to be one of purity: at the religious gathering which took place on the Sabbath in the Synagogue the Essenes sat in order according to age.

³ We do not know for how long they were elected.

⁴ Joseph. in *Antiq.*, xviii, 1, 5, says that priests and good people had to look after the food. From several passages it seems as though the aged people had also a certain authority; in any case they were much respected. Joseph. *Bel. Jud.*, ii, 8, 7, states that it was considered a good thing to obey ancient people.

It is said that members of the sect had a certain liberty in giving assistance to those in need, and in works of compassion; but it is added that they may not give anything to their relations without authorisation from the curators, and as we know already that the curators decided everything regarding the expenses and income of the sect, I do not see very well how this supposed liberty was carried into practice.

To become a member of the sect, the candidate must have attained a certain age—reached his full growth; he must have developed a sound character and be possessed of a healthy and undamaged body. He must not be approaching old age. We have seen already that, in a special section, children were admitted.

The candidate had to pass a few years of probation before he was definitely accepted. He had to live three years out of the community, however, observing very carefully the rules according to which the members of the sect lived. After one year of probation—if satisfactorily passed through—the candidate received the little spade, the white apron, and the white garment already referred to. He then came into a closer contact with the real members, and might take part in the common bath of purifying water. Only two years later could he become a real member of the sect, living with the other members, and partaking of the same food. But before this was allowed, he had to take the oath in which he promised to strive after the ideals of the Essenes.¹

An Essene, who had committed any very serious sin, was excluded from the community. This was done by a court of justice, composed of over a hundred Essenes,

¹ For contents of oath, see foot-note to Chapter III.

whose decisions were final. We do not find any indications as to the connection of Essenean justice and that of the official court, or as to how far the official court interfered with the decisions of the Essenes. Some of the decisions of this court were very important, for we learn that the death penalty was awarded to those who spoke disrespectfully of God, Moses, or the Law.

Those who were excluded from the sect sometimes died in misery, because not being allowed, as we have already seen, to eat anything that was not prepared by Essenes, they had to live on grass and food of that nature. However sometimes before actual starvation it happened that the excluded member was readmitted, if the community thought that he had sufficiently expiated his offence.

Raimond van Marle

(To be continued)



IMMORTALITY

By W. D. S. BROWN

BY immortality most people probably mean survival of the death of the physical body. In fact at the zenith of the recent materialistic wave the possibility of such survival was so mercilessly challenged that even this bare belief called for no ordinary exercise of faith. The result was that the phenomenon of death diverted attention from the nature of the life beyond. It was assumed that, if only that apparent end of all things could be tided over, there would remain no question of a future dissolution. On the other hand the information regarding the next world that came from spiritualistic sources, though comforting to many in positive doubt, failed to attract the larger number of spiritually minded

people, to whom the glowing accounts of a Summerland appeared to be anything but final satisfaction.

At first sight also the Theosophical teaching of re-birth often seems to make matters worse for such people, so that one continually hears the objection: "But I don't want to come back." And yet on further reflection this teaching really brings home the conception of immortality to an experience possible in the physical body amid all the changes of physical surroundings.

But, it will be said, if we do not remember past lives, how can we know that we are immortal? The obvious answer is to point to that future stage of development at which past lives can be remembered. To some, however, this may appear still a long way off; so I venture to suggest a philosophical sense in which immortality may be experienced here and now, a condition of mind which may be the prelude to development of the causal consciousness, but which in any case is a source of great peace and power in itself.

Probably at the root of the desire for immortality is the fear of consciously coming to an end, though the prospect of going on for ever is almost equally alarming when approached by the brain consciousness. But in this case, as ever, fear results from a want of logic, because if we could really cease to exist we could not be aware of such cessation, still less could we find it unpleasant. We do not fear to fall asleep, simply because we are used to it and remember nothing unpleasant on waking, yet we certainly cease to exist for a time as far as our physical consciousness is concerned. In the case of death, the absence of any reliable information regarding the future state generally causes a certain reluctance to leave a state of

comparative comfort for one containing possibilities of serious inconvenience; but, alas, to some the present conditions of life are so intolerable that they are ready to welcome relief in any form, even if it be annihilation. But is not the very fact of their enduring such conditions in itself a witness to the immortal nature beneath?

I do not believe that a preponderance of trouble is necessary to a realisation of that independence of outward circumstance which is the outcome of matured experience. But fairly constant change of some kind is necessary at our present stage, and change involves the sense of worse as well as of better. Hence we can regard outer changes as in accordance with a beneficent cosmic order, for it is only in survival of change that we can recognise the changeless element of our being. In one sense, therefore, Bergson is justified in regarding change as the measure of life, but we have to go deeper and see it as the antithesis of the real life, the phenomenal perpetually declaring the noumenal.

The root of all our trouble is that we have always been trying to find permanence at the wrong end of the scale, in the phenomenal. For sooner or later, either the form is snatched away from us while we are still clinging to it, or else it persists after we have tired of it; and, instead of welcoming a new form as revealing a further aspect of life, we either resent it or attach ourselves to it again.

Hence the stress laid in Buddhism on the impermanence of all phenomena. To some, especially in the West, this appears to be sheer pessimism, or at least a very negative gospel. But Buddhists were not told to despise or disregard phenomena, but to use them rightly and so learn from them. In Hindūism, again,

the word "avidyā," though commonly translated "ignorance," is not confined to the grosser forms of human ignorance, but extends right up to the first differentiation of primordial substance. It is therefore no sacrilege to say that the universe came into being through avidyā, as might be imagined if the word ignorance were used ; it is merely the statement that conditions ever latent within the Boundless or Unconditioned became manifest or active.

Similarly the word "māyā," or illusion, is applied to every condition up to the highest, and any state of consciousness subject to the māyā, or illusion, of condition is spoken of as avidyā. But we must remember that every form of māyā is real on its own plane and conforms to the One Law ; so we are not justified in pronouncing any phenomenon to be illusory in relation to our consciousness until we are consciously able to master it. But the knowledge of having mastered even one phenomenon carries with it the promise of ability to master all, and the acceptance of a belief in the inseparability of the phenomenal and noumenal on all planes of manifestation emboldens us to sever the Gordian knot here and now, by seeing the true nature of life as super-phenomenal.

It is this true nature of life that is referred to by the world's teachers as eternal life or immortality, in contradistinction to the apparent life of the senses which is of the nature of change, and which "ceases" or is "annihilated" to the spiritual perception when once the true nature of life is realised. Therefore I suggest that any man, woman, or child, who can appreciate the value of a crisis when first faced with it, has consciously or unconsciously succeeded in reaching this vantage ground of the Spirit that is immortality. It is to stand at the

centre of the wheel of life, and see orient and occident, zenith and nadir, as the mystic cross within the circle.

But it is not merely in the sense of time that change throws us off our balance. The sense of space or extent is also inseparable from the ravages of change. For instance, it is well known that sudden access of prosperity may sometimes prove as disastrous as a sudden plunge into adversity; the unwonted expansion of pleasure may deceive as much as the resented contraction of pain. The remedy for this condition lies in getting beyond that sense of separateness which is the great illusion of space, as the sense of impermanence is the great illusion of time. For to one who has discerned, if only intellectually, his identity with the Source of all life, the phases of the personal consciousness assume a subordinate value when related to his unlimited capacity for beneficent influence and response to all around him. Every time we perform an effective act of service, or respond to the true and beautiful in the world around us, an exchange of life has taken place that confirms the intuition of our own immanence. To empty ourselves, as the Christian Mystics put it, is to expand ourselves to the point which is everywhere because it is nowhere.

But, it will be said, it is easy enough to identify oneself with the true and beautiful, when it is seen; but how can one identify oneself with the false and ugly, of which there is far more to be seen; and is it even to be recommended? Now I do not intend to open up the vexed problem of evil, that is closely involved in such a question. I only suggest that everything that we call evil has within it the potentiality of good, if it can be re-directed or reversed. "Demon est Deus inversus,"

is the key to regeneration for the practical Occultist ; and here we come to the most important sense of all in which immortality may be realised—or rather practised, for it is the active aspect which arises out of the passive aspect that has been so far stated. I remember hearing a Theosophical lecturer say : “ If you want to know you are immortal, act as immortal beings.” This seems to me to express the spiritual life in a nutshell. Having found the “ Deus,” we have to re-invert the “ demon ”. And so the sight of evil, whether in ourselves or elsewhere, no longer repels us, but summons us to put forth our inner powers. A thankless task it may seem, so far as outer results go, for it requires an immortal patience ; but when we give up trying to do everything all at once and in our own little way, we fall back on the irresistible cosmic forces that are ever making for progress, and know that their strength is working through us. I have heard it said that Theosophists are always thinking too much of the future and not enough of the present ; but the spiritually minded man does not dwell on what is going to happen to him personally, but on that which eternally inheres on the boundless plane of duration, from which he endeavours to shower down all that he can on to the planes of time and change. To the Theosophist it is the Great Plan, a portion of which has been indicated to him, and in accomplishing which he finds his true Self as a thread on the loom of life stretching from eternity to eternity.

Blessed is he who has become an embodiment of truth and loving-kindness. He conquers, although he may be wounded ; he is happy and glorious, although he may suffer ; he is strong, although he may break down under the burden of his work ; he is immortal, although he may die. The essence of his being is immortality.

W. D. S. Brown

INSPIRATIONS¹

THROUGH MAUD MANN (MAUD MACCARTHY)

[These breathings of a higher life—of a Deva-life—through an instrument of rare delicacy, are full of suggestive ideas, and will, we hope, prove useful and helpful to many.—ED.]

ALL machines, inventions, musical instruments, and externalisations of human powers are the preliminaries to acquiring their several functions *in the human nature itself*.

The singers of ancient India sang with the ascetic head-breath. Tell people about the head-breath, but say no more; they will realise how to use it when the Master comes. The long breaths of the old Indian singers were obtained by filling the lungs with ether, not with air. The ethers could only be obtained from the upper portion of the body. This is only the beginning of breathing. When the etheric breath becomes normal, the astral etheric breath will begin to awaken, and so on.

The breaths of the astral and mental planes [bodies?] will awaken quicker than the etheric breath; the turning point [*i.e.*, the change from gross physical to etheric] is the difficulty. None of you must work along the old lines.² They belong to the Pravṛtṭi

¹ Throughout these inspirations square brackets indicate words or passages of which I was not quite certain, or explanations. Words italicised were given with especial force.

² The meaning here seemed to be that we could work at the old *music* but not by the same method.

Mārga. If you are to do anything, you must be content to learn the ABC of the arts on the Nivr̥ṭṭi Mārga. You must not depend on the physical body at all; it must be controlled from within. In practising art, carry this out in detail. *Do not talk about it, but do it.* You must sing with your etheric breath, and play with your etheric fingers. You ask "how to begin to stimulate the etheric breath". Reach up [out] to the Ideal.¹

In the music of the future the same instruments will be used, and the main groundwork of technique [of to-day] is correct, but to this [? these] will be added the etheric, etc. As for harmony, there has been too much individualism in the last 500 [?] years, and much of that will have to be relinquished. The development however, has not been without the merit of achieving manipulative skill in sound-combinations. We will keep the skill, and throw aside many of the combinations. You must return to the modes. None of you know what the modes really are.² The existing Indian modes are only survivals. The Greek Church, and Western Folk-modes are likewise imperfect. The modes, as they exist in the world, are dim reflections of the principles of sound from which the spheres depend; hence the persistence of these types of melody in all parts of the world. They belong to the cosmic consciousness in the Race. If you are going to combine these modes as they are combined in that consciousness, and so produce the only true harmony, which is the harmony of the spheres—you may follow either of two ways, according to your temperament. Both ways are

¹ Each one's ideal is different, but only union with that, as it were, frees the inner forces.

² The sense of this was, that we do not know the pure modes, but only degenerate forms.

equally certain of leading to success. The first is the way that the folk-song collectors¹ are following : *i.e.*, becoming thoroughly familiar with all the modal music you can get hold of. By brooding upon it, the harmonies of combined modes will dawn upon you. The other way is to ignore the outer, and to enter into the consciousness in which modal harmony exists in its purity. You will take as long to reach the goal one way as the other.

Do not learn modern harmony, or teach it. Learn and teach modes and modal harmony. The message to India is that she is not to embrace all the harmony, but the harmonic principles of the West, and to Europe that she is not to embrace all the modes, but the modal principles of the East.

All forms are beautiful ; the art of man synthesises these beauties in order that *more* of the Beauty of God may become manifest. *We* mean something more by "artist" than you do [mean]. There are forms on all planes. The Master-Artist works on and with causal forms as well as with the lesser forms [astral, etc.]. He prepares these, helps them to form themselves into great basic ideas—in sound, in "form," in picture. The true artist who worships the Master simply endeavours to bring his works, *already there in the inner worlds*, out into the physical. It is a hierarchy. The reason that true art is always "before its time" is because the forms which the Master makes are for the instruction and uplifting of humanity. He makes other forms too, for other types of Being [Deva, etc. ?].

The ritual of the new religion will bring the artistry of its High Priest through more perfectly than has hitherto been done. In ancient times there were no

¹ Cecil Sharpe and others.

“artists,” but only priests and priestesses. When religious ceremonial was no longer performed by *these* artists, it lost its power. They wandered out into the world ; but what could they do, divorced from religion ? Ever since they lost their function in the temples, they have drifted miserably between the anguish and despair of unsatisfied natures, and the shame of prostituting their art to worldliness. The time is come when they must resume their ancient function.

I have told you that you must re-establish the priesthood. I cannot work without it. Since priest-craft has been separated from art it has become hypocrisy. An artist cannot be an hypocrite. If he or she *is*, there will be no power in the art. No wonder that bad priests denounced art—it would have discovered their wickedness had they tried to follow it !

Do not trouble because you cannot piece the fragments of the Tradition together on the outer plane. Study them, I will put the material together for you. *Give me the rough material*—that is your whole duty, and I will build.

RULES FOR HEALTH¹

1. Give up sensuousness, physical and spiritual.
2. Make the body, emotions and mind a *vacuum* for the inwelling of the Spirit.

¹ This came at about 8.40 a.m., when A. B. must have just received a letter from me asking some definite questions. It was preceded by a sense of physical warmth spreading rapidly all over my body (which had been cold before) and by a sense of exquisite interior harmony. Possibly it may have come from A. B.'s thought.

These rules were evidently for the writer, and might not apply in other cases. It is important for students to realise that in things psychic, as in things physical, “one man's meat ” may be “another man's poison ”. Thus, spiritual “sensuousness”—the tendency to dream, and to enjoy meditation just for one's own inner gratification—while a grievous error for one person, might be a potent means of development for another. It might draw him on

3. Make the centres of action to be within.

4. Proceed with what work you can do from this standpoint. Leave the rest.

When singing, produce voice through centre in the forehead. With each breath, offer the forces of lower centres¹ previously gathered at base of neck² to the Power over top of head.³ Now you see why utter purification is necessary.⁴ Every breath, by degrees, should become such an offering and such an outpouring.⁵

This breath, flowing out of the centre of the forehead—which cannot be made without the offering afore-mentioned—is the Purifying Breath. Ordinary lower physical breath, with air, is sufficient to keep comparatively pure the bodies of comparatively insensitive people.⁶ This higher breath, *with ether*, is indispensable to purify the physical bodies of highly developed people.

to contemplate the divine beauty, where otherwise he might remain inert. It would be time enough to strike away this means of unfolding, when the realisation of the divine beauty had become his one object in life. So also, to make the bodies “a vacuum” might stop growth for people of certain stages. And nobody—even if its owner is temperamentally inclined that way—is ready to be made “a vacuum” until there is a strong, clearly defined character to be offered out of it. The Master does not want an inert body, but one stilled through its own very intensity of nature. The centres of action, again, must be built without, before they can be made to be within.

¹ This refers to nerve centres and chakrams below that at base of brain.

² This does not mean that the lower powers should be gathered there before the time of offering—though this also should be done—but that they should be offered at all times in preparation for this sacrificial practice.

³ “The Power over top of head”—the light, the spiritual centre, consciousness, call it what you will, of which the sensitive person gradually becomes aware as being focussed above the head, and raying down its force upon the man who dwells in the body physical.

⁴ According as he is able, by the sacrificial aspiration which is based primarily on purity, to draw it down upon his brain and nervous system.

⁵ When bringing this inspiration through I experienced a definite circular or rather elliptic action of the breath—the rushing up of force in the indrawing, and the pouring out and down of the reinforced breath in the outsending. The last stage was like a kind of prāṇic renewal, but depended for its efficacy on the intensity and efficacy of the first stage.

⁶ That is, persons who do not definitely recognise and to some extent practise Occultism.

When food is taken into the body, it either becomes impure through contact with impurity, or it gives of its natural grosser¹ physical qualities to a body ready—by natural grosser breathing,² etc.—to assimilate them. Or it is transmuted into its etheric components (bases?), mainly by a body which is vibrating through sacrificial breathing at the proper rate to do this.

Here is the secret of Biblical sacrifice. *Burning up*. Ethers burn up. The body built out of finer matter consumes and transmutes poisons and waste-products. The body of the high Yogī is extraordinarily pure, and cannot disintegrate. Hence the eternal youth of the Masters. The smoke of Their sacrifice never returns upon the sacrificial altar—the physical body—but ascends into that region whence the destroying and regenerating flame is evoked. *Spiritual* regeneration is only possible through *physical* regeneration. “As above, so below.” Purifying Breath burns up, literally. Remember the Hindū musical theory about the vital airs—ethers, Theosophists would say—producing *heat*, and then *rising up*, producing sound.

But when food goes into the highly organised body,³ in which the sacrificial breath is not being practised, an aggravated state of putrefaction is set up, because (a) there is no strong lower breathing to aid assimilation, etc.—for such a body cannot normally breathe lower breath⁴ without exhaustion; (b) contact with the impurity thus set up, and absence of purifying breath, causes further unpleasant complications.

¹ Solid, liquid and gaseous constitute the grosser physical qualities. The finer are the four ethers beyond.

² Ordinary breathing without ether.

³ This referred to the writer's body.

⁴ That is, air-breath without ether.

Purifying breath will, through internal impurities, rise to the surface. When indulged in, careful bathing, exercise,¹ and diet are essential. There must be conformity of life, or there can be no cure.

The state of the modern "neurotic" body is not one of inherent disharmony, but of transition. The reason that most cures fail is that they use old helps for requirements which are beyond such helps. Massage, for instance, is merely irritating to some persons.² So also is "feeding-up". In this last connection, it is recognised that more force is needed for the nerves, but then that can only be wisely put into the body in proportion to the inner force—soul, call it what we will—which is already there, and able to assimilate it, to use it.

We must always "die" in that part of our being, which is not in subjection to the life of the Spirit. That is the law of life—death for all that goes against the soul.

Remember that there must be no forcing and straining for healing by the purifying breath. The Spirit deals gently, like a mother who takes her sorrowing child to her breast, and soothes his tears away with her own sweet song, and gives him rest and confidence. Mother is God to the little child. God is mother to us. We are apt to forget the motherhood of God.

We are not worthy to be healed, unless we ourselves would heal others. Let us in turn help those who are nearest to us to realise the motherhood of God. While the mother feeds her child, her busy mind plans

¹ But *never* to the point of fatigue.

² To be massaged by one who is temperamentally sympathetic and who has the necessary etheric particles to give is of course delightful. But how few fulfil these requirements.

also how to help him to grow in activity and in vigour. Let our healing be active as well as passive.

* * * * *

Now the Sybils were not women: they were *Devīs*. They were incarnated in order to further the work of the great *Ḍeva* kingdoms among men, and their respective *Ḍevas*¹ influenced and spoke through them. Thus it was that the Sybils had to be kept apart from all worldly contacts. They lived half in the next world, and all their affinities, their "ties," were in that world. Notice how one Sybil was the consort of a *Karma Deva*, speaking through her to men of fate, *karma*, events past and to come, warning and guiding them. Another would illuminate the arts—music or poetry—and so forth.

The tragedy of the Sybils lay in the ties they made with earth. Some of them broke away from—for the time being forgot—their Lords, under the strong attraction of human passions. They fell under the law of human karma. They wandered for centuries, reaping the harvests of their sowing. . . . They will return, through pain, to their true affinities, their own people. Each *Ḍeva* will claim his *Ḍevī* at last, however long she has wandered from him, providing only that she has not entirely renounced her *Ḍevī* nature. One touch of that will bring her back again to her Lord.

The ecstasy of the Sybils—half, or wholly entranced—was very great² It was and is the ecstasy of creation in the *Ḍeva* region of the universe. They saw, they

¹ There is no such thing as a *Ḍeva* or *Ḍevī* who works alone; they always work in pairs, on all planes.

² There were long pauses between the words of this sentence. I was 'bathed' in an extraordinary atmosphere of warm yet unearthly joy. I was almost asleep, only awake enough to physical things to be able to write.

made, they became, and mankind felt the truths they proclaimed; the life of the Devas thrilled through the Sybils to humanity, and humanity was strengthened and blest. It flowed like milk from a mother's breast. It enfolded all who came near. They knew truth *by contact*, through the mediumship of the Sybils.

The real life of the Brotherhood of Arts must be centred in a veritable *Temple-service*¹ as of old. No need for much external formula²—just this: all conditions which subserve the gaining of *inspiration—and a constant access to the source of inspiration—a controlled activity in trance or semi-trance*—must be fostered. . . . This is X's work. X belongs to this Temple.³ You know the conditions: quiet, purity, harmony, dedication. *And I am with you.*

If you follow all this, your life will adjust itself.⁴

[After this I talked to X for awhile and was lying on my couch in the deepening twilight; and we fell to dreaming together. Waking dreams. Then silence came, and soon I began to feel so far away—yet conscious that X was there—and I began to tell her the

¹ This inspiration came with tremendous force. I had been seeing my Deva (for A.B. tells me He is a Deva) during most of that day. The room was pervaded with him. At about 7.30 p.m. I began to feel "drowsy". X sat with me. I asked for pen and paper and wrote this down myself. X was almost overcome. She was drowsy for the rest of the evening. The terrific force affected my heart and I nearly slipped out of the body at one moment. Each word brought a 'vision' with it. The words 'Temple-service'—to give one instance—brought the very atmosphere of some ancient and holy temple. For the moment I *became* or lived through each event or subject alluded to. From the standpoint of forcefulness and 'atmosphere' it was about the strongest inspiration I have ever had.

² This, in answer to a mental question: how can such a 'service' proceed under conditions of modern life?

³ Not, in this case, a temple built with hands, but the Temple of the life, common daily life, in this case the life of the writer.

⁴ This in answer to difficulties of the writer's karmic ties and obligations, which came into her mind whilst writing the preceding paragraph.

following, which, when I had finished, I wrote down. I described it much more fully in speaking.]

I can see a valley—two rather high steep hills—a long valley, opening wide at one end. About half way into the valley, a little way up one of the hills—a Temple—heavy, square, stone-low—the whole Temple does not appear on the surface of the ground. It is mainly subterranean, built, I think, into rock. Inside—far in—small rooms, filled with ethereal colours and lights, *self-luminous*—not lamps or fires—varying in intensity, shimmering, dazzling and changing. . . . Deep down underground, a large round room, dome-topped. The dome is cut out of the rock. Here people congregate—chosen people. Here, from time to time, a very great One appears. (I think He appears with flame, I cannot see clearly.) I seem to see—but I am not quite certain—a stream of water coming up from this room into the Temple. Perhaps it is healing water? The people who come from afar to the Temple—pilgrims—never go to the inner rooms. Men in flowing golden brown garments pass to and fro, carrying messages. . . . The people within have the power to perform *real* ceremonial. There is hardly any paraphernalia of ritual, the colours, lights, etc., are somehow *projected*. The place is filled with beautiful beings other than human. It is a centre of terrific psychic activity, pure, spiritual, dedicated to service.

Outside the hills are dark with very dark groves, pines or firs, I think. I see no people about, no houses. It is all so quiet. . . . The air is cool, not cold. . . . It is in Greece!

The bodies of the Sybils were, so to say, *projections*, into the mundane sphere, of Deva matter. *They* (the Sybils) *could not live* if not linked with their counterparts (their respective Devas) in the heavenly sphere . . . only the ether breathed by him (the Deva) was breathable by his consort; the food taken by him, she could consume with benefit to her organism, and none other. Hence the custom of offering food—especially important—vitaly so—in the case of the Sybils. Food was offered, magnetised by the Deva, and then only was it fit for her consumption.

The Sybils lived on milk, wheat products, and fruit.

* * * * *

It is your duty to personally¹ inspire all the chief officers of the Movement.² Bring them into touch with me through the appointed channel—music. Your music is to be used to inspire all the other arts. It will have the effect of vivifying bodies. Your most important teaching in the Guilds (teach all the Guilds, not only musicians) will be given through music, not through words.

As for words: cultivate your gift. The Master is the Chief of the Movement. He has formulated a great plan, of which the first part is to bring Deva-life to play upon the artists of the world, *and through them* to spread down through crafts to industries. This partially accomplished, He will come Himself to teach. His plan includes the educational system to be evolved for the Sixth Root Race. But that cannot be forwarded until the preliminary work of attuning the artists

¹ Not in the sense of gaining personal influence over them, but of sharing inspiration with them.

² Brotherhood of Arts.

has been done. (Here the writer was disturbed, and the inspiration abruptly ended).

Z's work is organisation. But it is organisation under *my* direction, and therefore closely linked with my plan. That is why she is with you. V's work is along lines of inner co-ordination. X must be near you physically. She is a natural healer.

Each Deva is summoned in a special way. Every art has within it the power to summon a special Deva or to evoke some answer in Deva consciousness, and most crafts are connected with the elemental kingdoms.

Music calls the Devas of the air; painting, those of water; sculpture, those of earth; poetry, of fire. But since these elements have corresponding planes in the cosmic order, music is of the higher mental; painting, astral; sculpture physical (and ātmic), and poetry buddhic. (Poetry is the language of love, and love is fire.¹) Music is of the nature of harmony, and harmony is order, proportion, which is the clear working of the pure mind. The ordered mind produces true music. Not the mind which from the lower planes seems to *know* a lot; but the mind which in its internal relations, is harmonious, and which refers all phenomena to this internal order of its own nature—that is the mind which is music. That mind *is* music.

You can summon your Deva by song. You can summon any Deva, if you know his song. You can bring to your aid the whole celestial choir of Gandharvas if you call them to you. Remember that if properly summoned (by true, pure, dedicated arts) the Devas **MUST** come. It is the call of their own "flesh". The

¹ A rather curious 'coincidence' is the following. Z, who had not heard of this inspiration which was written at about 10 p.m. dreamed, the next morning, of creating fire in some kind of ceremonial dance. Z is a poet.

arts are, literally, their earthly bodies. When they do not shine through the arts, it is because artists are not true, pure, and holy enough.

Rāga is a survival of the idea of a melody-form which has power to summon a Ḍeva or Ḍevī. All rāgas and rāgiṇis are personified in Hindū music.

Now every part of music has some correspondence in the physical body of the singer, and if the singer uses one "rāga," or type of melody (summoning thereby one Gandharva only), the effect will be to strain that part of the body of the singer which is played upon by the life flowing through the Gandharva. Avoid this strain by getting into touch with many Gandharvas, thus *harmonising* their interacting lives in your body.

The Ḍevas who rule the arts are Beings of splendid intelligence. Their own art is going on around us all the time, albeit we perceive it not. The life of the LOGOS pours like waves upon the shores of humanity through the ocean-life of the Ḍevas. The holy Masters are like boats coming to take humanity out upon that ocean.

THE DANCING OF THE FUTURE

This inspiration followed a dance which was suggested very strongly to the writer. The movement was confined within a small space. It was slow, except for occasional movements of the hands and arms; it suggested motion connected with ritual. It is noteworthy that in Z's dream of the same morning (see note on page 66) performed some kind of ceremonial dance. A few hours afterwards . . . ! *actually* did so, and wrote this inspiration.

The dancing of the future will suggest the action of various forces, Beings, etc., outside the physical body of the dancer (on the inner planes). Thus, for instance,

a dance might suggest the effect of its music upon the aura of the dancer, and so on; movement being thus used to stimulate in the beholder the sense of the real activity going on in subtler matter. The Apsaras will help dancers who work on these lines.

That Temple is His Temple who is the High Priest spoken of before. Nothing goes out from that Temple which is not of the Divine order of the Cosmos¹ consecrated through Him to the uplifting of the worlds. The great Devas serve Him in lowly obedience, for the will of the Lord of Lords Himself is His. It is perfect, it is their highest joy (to do that will). Even now,² as the great spheres roll in space, can you not hear the shouting of the voices of the Angels, can you not see the mighty globes of colour, mist, and fire, dancing in the space which is His breath, glorying in the glory of His life, who shall presently draw space into His Being again to dwell there in the consummation of Nothingness? Where the Breath³ flows forth from the Mighty One, the Lord of Lords, there is the Temple of your High Priest, of whom all ye⁴ who worship Him as Beauty are the followers.

And I who tell you these things am one of the servants in that Temple.⁵ You have heard my name,

¹ "Divine order of the Cosmos." This seemed to have some reference to Deva-life, great natural hierarchies, and so on.

² At this point, the speaker saw, and also seemed to dimly hear, what she was describing. There was a sense of infinitude. From this forward, it would be impossible to describe the feeling, the realisation, which prompted the words of the inspiration. These words are mere indications.

³ At this point there was a dim vision of a Universal Form, a glorified human form, the God of whom man is made in the image and likeness.

⁴ The attention was here directed to the world of artists and art-workers of all kinds, from the humblest to the highest.

⁵ These sentences came in answer to the question in the mind of the speaker: "Who is speaking to me, what is his name?" The name referred to is a melodic sequence and a chord which had become known to the speaker under peculiar circumstances, and which, at the outset of this inspiration, she had recalled and sung intuitively, not realising why.

though at the time you knew it not. Always by that name call me, as I spoke it to you to-night.

I live in a realm of gold,¹ bright gold, golden seas, golden sun, golden sunsets, in all-pervading pure fire, that fire which consumes all who are not pure enough to bear it. Purity is fire : fire cannot consume fire.²

The Lord Christ cannot speak but through our³ voices. Out of the notes, the chords which are our being, He maketh the supreme melody. We are the Golden Harp which He holds in His hands. Even now, His fingers strike the chords of our being, and the echo, reaching down into the deep gloom of earth's valleys, you hear. Only an echo. You could not live and hear His music. Our bodies temper the Divine pitch. All true Church music is an echo of His music.⁴

You have been singing music which He is making even now for the race that is to come. He has marked you with His Cross, which is a Cross of White Flame.

¹ Here there was a splendid vision of golden worlds. - It seemed as if the whole Being of Him who spoke manifested itself in gold, and shed golden light on all around it.

² At this point there was a long pause, and some change seemed to be going on in the Being who was speaking through M.M. It seemed as if some greater Being were about to descend into His, as if he in turn were preparing himself to be inspired. At this point M.M. asked W.M., who was writing down the inspiration, to put out the light, and he wrote most of the remainder in the dark. M.M. sang. (It seemed to M.M. as if the music she sang were a song-language, with words more of liquid song than ordinary words, and after each song-sentence M.M. translated it into the earth-words in which the inspiration is written. One had a wonderful feeling of some Being speaking in a celestial tongue.) M.M.: The music which came at this point was not that with which I am ordinarily 'inspired'. It seemed as if my inspirer were himself possessed by a mightier Being, and the song became an extraordinary melodic synthesis. It suggested at points what I may term, for want of a better expression, the celestial root of mediæval church music. (W.M. : It seemed to me what one might call in German "Urmusik".) D.L., who was listening in the next room, also had this impression of Church and Urmusik, and of what she called "Golden music".

³ "Our"—Devas. Here M.M. seemed to be drawn into the very essence of—to *become*—some mighty Being, who in turn spoke as if in the consciousness of His fellow-beings in some exalted state.

⁴ The singing was here frequently accompanied by, or intoned upon, the word "Iriou" (pronounced EE-ree-OH-oo). This word seemed to have great potency and suggestiveness.

Did you not see it to-night, before I spoke? ¹ This is the music of the Cross of White Flame ; and when you make the Temple for Me on earth, let the Sign of my Cross of White Flame be in that Temple. A White Temple for White souls, radiant with my Whiteness.

Do not fear to tell my words to all men, for they are hungering, and I send my children to feed the hungry, and my Spirit will speak to you through their Spirit, and my peace will come to you through their peace. Lead them into the vast Nothingness which is the vastest fullness. Escape sin by standing beside sin. Escape the little self by becoming the Christ-Self. The little self *is* the Christ-Self.



¹ Before the words of the inspiration began to come through, I had seen, or rather dimly apprehended, a vast White Cross, the ends of which faded away into nothingness. To D. L. it seemed as if the sound of instruments came through the singing, and the sound as of a great organ, and also a 'golden' sound.

(The remarks contributed by W. M. and D. L. were put in quite independently.)

TO A. B.

October 1st 1914

Lady, God gave thee once a priceless gift,
The gift of speech, and through the ages down
It hath been told of thee to thy renown
That thou hast ever used it to uplift
From out the darkness countless souls that drift,
Clouded with doubt, their earlier faiths outgrown,
Failing to make the larger truth their own,
Striving to find within those clouds some rift.

Then with thy message thou did'st come to cheer,
Thy voice hath charmed their restlessness away,
Thy hope dispersed the clouds so dull and grey,
Thy truth dispelled their half-acknowledged fear.
The gift that once upon thy lips was laid
Thou hast indeed a thousandfold repaid.

Lady, some incense we would burn to-day,
To bear to thee within its perfume sweet
Our love and gratitude, for it were meet
To tender thee what poor return we may ;
Greatly adventuring we dare to lay
Our simple offerings humbly at thy feet,
Bidding the flowered garlands to repeat,
With their rich fragrance all that we would say.

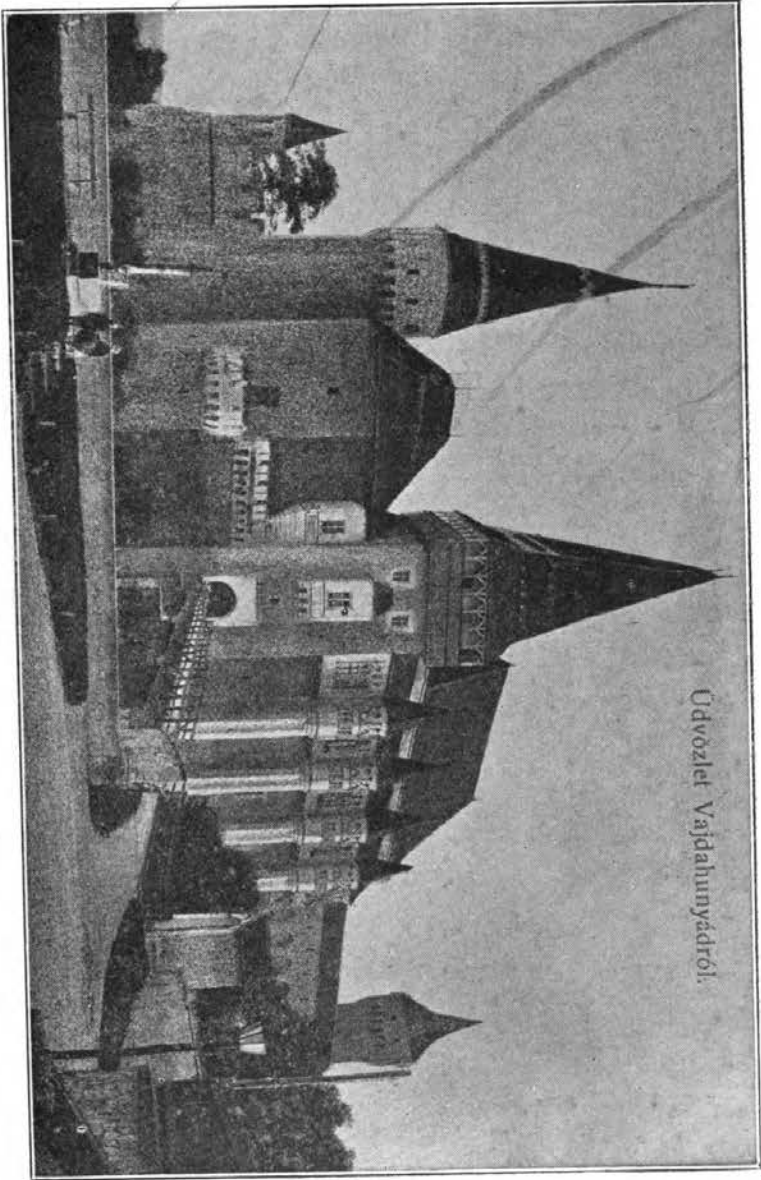
Lady, for many ages in thy hands,
(With tireless steps, and still more tireless love)
The torch of truth, with eloquence to prove
Thy message, thou hast borne to many lands.
The gift that once upon thy lips was laid
More than a thousandfold thou hast repaid.

T. L. C.

THE CASTLE OF VAJDA HUNYAD

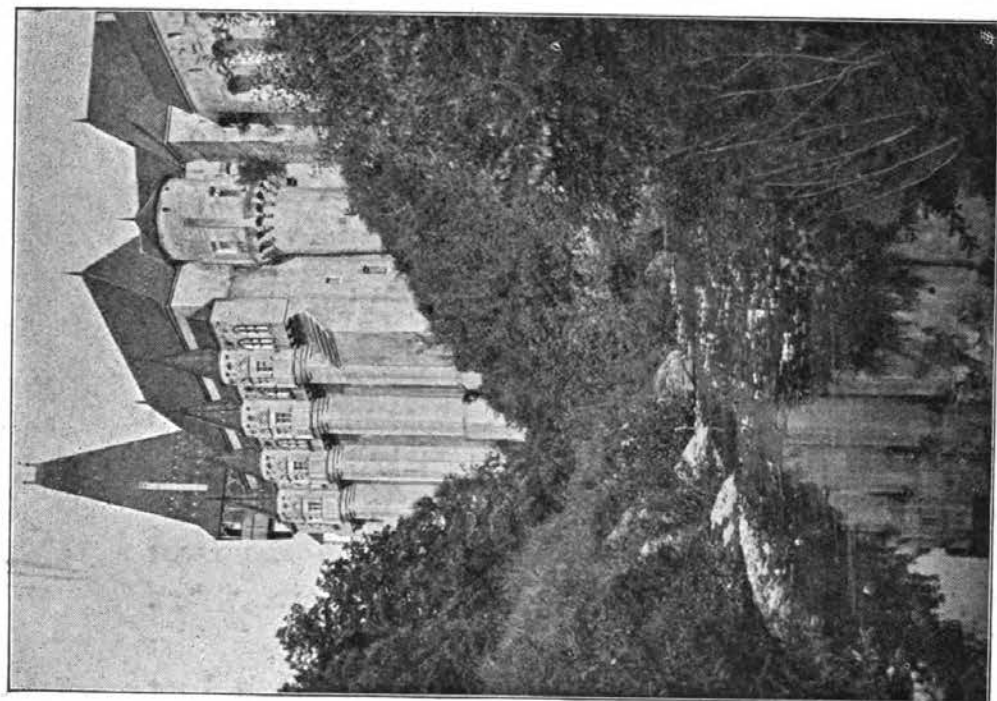
THE history of the castle of Vajda Hunyad takes us back into the so-called dark mediæval times, and perhaps it will sound paradoxical to say that those were nevertheless bright times for Hungary. If we judge mediæval times by the many wars, the unrest, and the consequent uncertainty to life and estate only, they seem indeed dark, especially to those old-fashioned people who regard history merely as a record of wars, and of the rise and fall of kingdoms; those, however, who take note of other signs of the times, and especially those who can appreciate the wonderful beauties of architecture, may not look upon them as so dark. They will ask in surprise: Where did the mediæval architects find that leisure which is indispensable to the thinking out of works of such dimensions. In the early Middle Ages there was quiet and leisure to be found in the monasteries, the indwellers of which were busy workers and spreaders of education and art; later discoveries tend, it is true, to disprove the idea that mediæval architecture was entirely in the hands of the monks, and seem to point to the fact that even in the early Middle Ages there were also laymen who were masters of the art.

In any case it is undeniable that the Christian monasteries of the Middle Ages, as a source of culture, can only be compared with the Roman Empire and its attitude towards education and art.

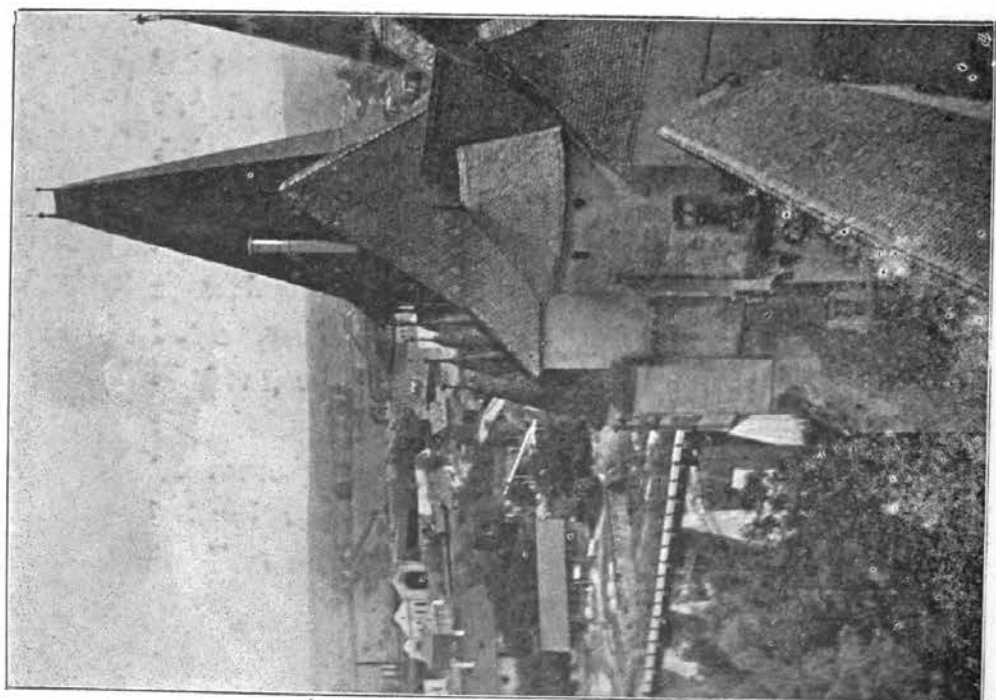


Üdvözlét Vajdahunyádról.

THE CASTLE.



THE KNIGHTS' HALL.



THE KNIGHTS' HALL AND GATE-TOWER

built according to the rules of mediæval fortress architecture, and the Mace-tower, formerly square, but now round in form, also originally followed those lines. Beside the Golden House, Hunyadi János built the Chapel in 1442—1446, the sharply cornered apse of which follows the lines of the fortress; it was also used for purposes of defence, as is shown by the loopholes in the upper part, which remained until Gabriel Bethlen altered it. On the right of the Gate-tower stands the Parliament House, with its two-storied and pillared halls, built by Hunyadi.

The hall on the ground-floor is of noble proportions, its arched roof resting on five octagonal red marble pillars; here Hunyadi János, during the time of his governorship, held his councils, so that at that time the castle of Vajda Hunyad was in truth a parliament.

The upper hall has a Gothic vaulted roof, also with five pillars. On the north side of this hall there is a row of beautifully carved, closed-in balconies, which form nine small rooms. Of these rooms four are built over the outside supporting pillars of the lower hall, with alternately semi-circular and semi-octagonal terminations, the others, which constitute the narrower and connecting portions, rest on projecting stone supports; the latter have cross-vaulted, and the former star-vaulted, ceilings. This suite of rooms formed the dwelling of the Governor, and it is probable that the great hall behind them was also divided by heavy curtains into several compartments. The walls of this hall were originally decorated with paintings in Renaissance style, of heads in round frames.

This beautiful row of balconies had its origin in the mediæval modes of defence. In the early Middle

Ages, before the use of cannon and fire-arms, the defenders of the castle had to protect themselves against a rain of arrows, against battering-rams, fire-brands, etc. They were protected from the arrows of the besiegers by the battlements, and the inflammable parts of the fortress were protected with fresh hides. It was found however that arrows shot from the upper loopholes did not reach those of the besiegers who succeeded in getting close to the walls, and to remedy this the so-called machicolation was invented, which consisted of passages and balconies, built out from the walls and provided with holes in the floors. In this way the foot of the wall could also be defended—that is for a time—until the invention of the tortoise, a little house on wheels, under cover of which the besiegers could come close up to the walls. By means of the tortoise the besiegers were enabled to fill up the moat, so that the wooden towers, from which the enemy could reach the top of the castle wall, could be rolled up close to the walls. At Vajda Hunyad the narrower balconies, which rest on stone supports, are the remains of the machicolation, but are no longer meant as a means of defence, as since the invention of fire-arms the science of siege and defence has totally changed.

The origin of the balconies already mentioned may also be traced to a mediæval means of defence. It was remarked that the defenders had, through the loopholes, but a small field of vision, and that only straight in front of them, while if they showed themselves on the walls, they became a mark for the arrows of the besiegers. To remedy this they built, especially near the gateways, balconies on the embrasured walls; these are called in French, *échaugettes*, which in mediæval French

signified a spy, or watch. These balconies built on the bastioned walls were therefore originally a protection for the sentinels; later on their decorative properties were recognised, and they were built simply as a decoration, without reference to their original use. These modifications are often found in the developments of architecture.

Beside the Knights' Hall stands the wing built by Kata Zolyomi, on the inner side the King's-tower and the King's-loggia, and on the outer side the Kapistrán-tower; beyond this a covered corridor supported on pillars and arches, and provided with loopholes, meets the fortress wall and is connected with it by a drawbridge. This corridor is also connected with the Nye-bojsza-(Fear-not) tower, which lies outside, and is separate from the fortress; it consists of four stories, the rooms of which could be used as a last refuge for the inhabitants of the fortress in time of danger. It is interesting to note that the remains of the original mechanism of the drawbridge show that the bridge could be raised either on the castle side, or on the tower side, its builders evidently intending to be ready for all emergencies.

The traces of several other watch-towers were found outside the castle, on the side of the Nye-bojsza-tower towards the Peter Hill, on the top of which was found the most distant, situated in such a position as to command the country for some distance.

The wing built by Kata Zolyomi ends in a round bastioned tower, the Lily or Janka-tower. The inner corner of this wing joins the wall of an older, second Gate-tower, and it was here that the second gateway to the courtyard stood, which served as an entrance for farm carts, etc. The remains of the pillars of the

bridge which led to this gateway are still traceable, and it seems as if the King's-tower, which stands before it, was originally the bastion defending this gateway, like the French barbican towers. Over this Gate-tower were the soldiers' dormitories and beside it the great kitchen.

The Bethlen wing has now a row of rooms, according to Steindl's plans, which were to have served as living rooms for the Crown Prince Rudolf. The loggia overlooking the courtyard is also new, and designed by Steindl; it was not originally there. At the end of this row of rooms is the round decorated tower; beyond that towards the Chapel, a little outside courtyard, in which is an old walled well with a Turkish inscription, and it is probable that the Turkish prisoners brought the water necessary for the castle from this well.

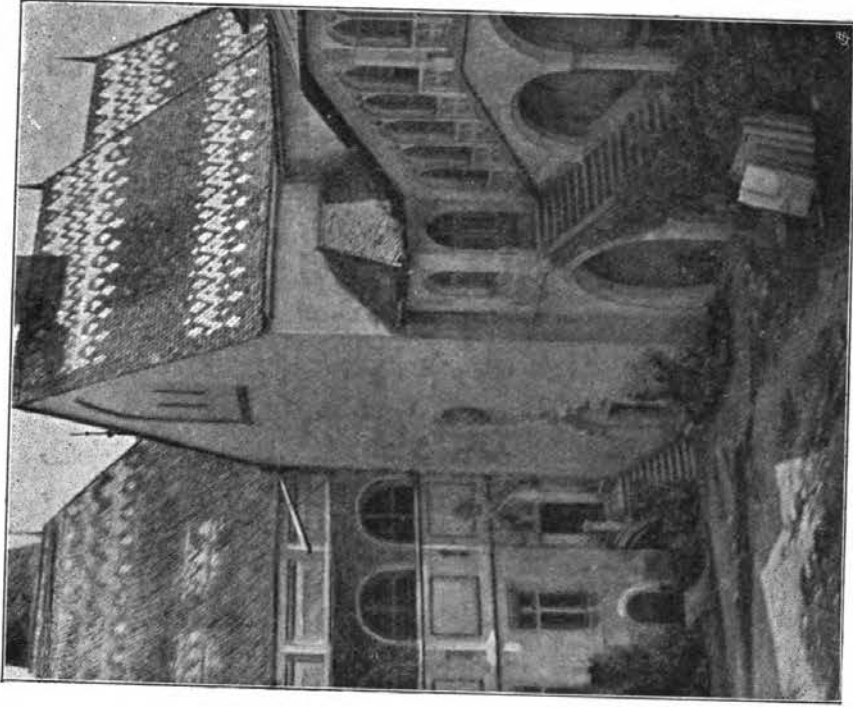
On the south and south-east sides of the castle may be seen several lines of earthworks, as well as on the west side, so that the opinion of some historians, that Vajda Hunyad was one of the so-called pleasure castles, is not tenable, as it was well fortified and supplied with every means of defence, well-defined traces of which are, it is true, somewhat hidden by the subsequent enlargements, but may yet be followed clearly and with sureness.

The castle is rich in architectural ornament; the row of bays on the Knights' Hall with their beautiful Gothic window frames (mullions), and the oriels on the Gate-tower and on the south side of the Golden House, give a richness and variety to the late Gothic style of the buildings.

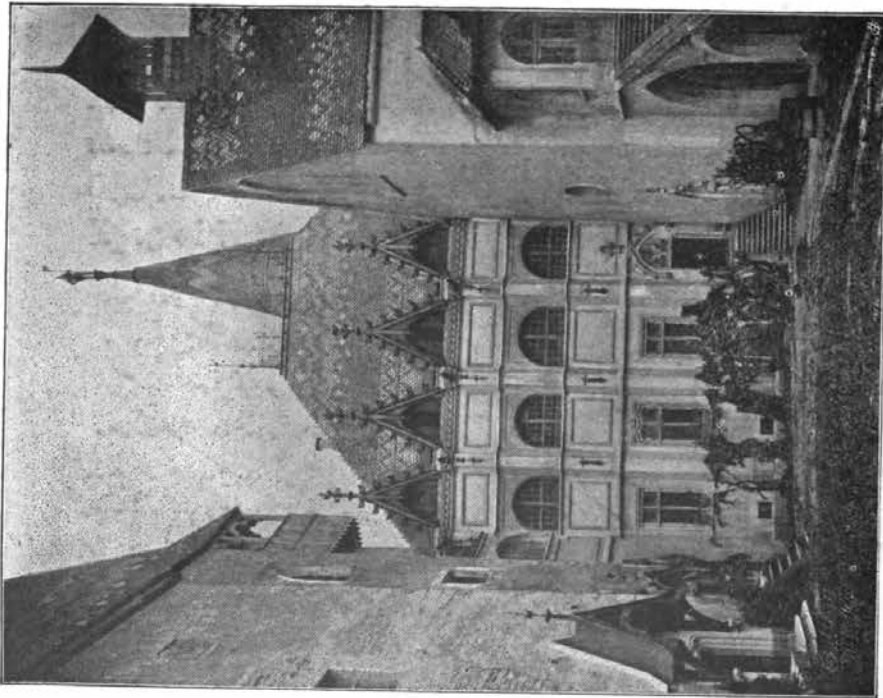
The castle courtyard too is most picturesque, with its three loggias, in marked contrast to the heavier and more serious exterior of the Knights' Hall and the



INNER COURT



THE CHAPEL.



THE GOLDEN HOUSE.

Chapel. Especially beautiful are the stairway doors of the Golden House, the Chapel and the Knights' Hall, above the last of which may be seen the arms of Hunyadi enlarged, the so-called Count of Besztereze arms, which had been presented to him with much pomp and ceremony by Ladislaus V.¹

The treatment of the border leaves of this door reminds one especially of the patterns at Amiens; the rest of the details are also rather French than German, and it would seem that the influence of the Viennese "Bauhütte" was no more prevalent in Hungary than in Bohemia, where too the influence of French architects may be observed.

From the times of Bethlen and Zolyomi Kata there are also interesting remains in Renaissance style. In Italy this style was noticeable already at the beginning of the XVth century; in all other countries, with the exception of Hungary, it appeared much later, so that in France we find the first traces of it in the Chateau of Chenonceau in 1515; in England, in Henry VIII's Chapel at Westminster in 1519; and, on German territory, in the Hradzin at Prague in 1534, whilst in Hungary traces of it are to be found in the architecture of King Matthias' palace in Buda, as early as 1467—the beauties of the Renaissance style which Bonfini cannot praise highly enough. To what heights might not Hungarian art have soared, had it not been for the Osman oppression and the neglect of Europe in the face of that menacing danger.

The art of painting was not left out either in the decoration of the old castles; on the outside walls

¹Pope Michael V offered Hunyadi the title of Prince, as a mark of distinction, but the latter did not use it.

of the Decorated tower, of the Kapistran and Mace towers, there are remains of coloured decorations, tessellations, painted embrasures and painted balconies. Inside, on the walls of the long vestibule is the great siege painting, which puts one in mind of the Wartburg tapestry, and represents the besieged and the besiegers hurling bombs of flowers, and tilting at each other with lances, the ends of which are tipped with blossoms. On the walls of King Matthias' loggia there is a series of figures, surrounded by hunting scenes and ornaments.

The castle of Vajda Hunyad is one of Hungary's greatest historical monuments, not only from an artistic point of view, but also because of its important historical associations with that brilliant leader of men Hunyadi János, his companion in arms John Kapistran; with Elisabeth Szilágyi and her renowned son King Matthias; with Valentine Pörök, the heroic mayor of Buda, and Sebastien Tinódy, the sweet-voiced minstrel, who lived there in the service of his lord.

And, just as the most brilliant parts of the castle are the work of Hunyadi, so his name shines out in the list of those powerful men, whose chivalrous deeds are mentioned with wonder by Pope Clement XIII, in the decree in which he gives the title of "apostolic" to the King of Hungary.

“ RIGHT OF WAY ”

TO THE EDITOR OF “ THE THEOSOPHIST ”

Probably there are few, if any, of the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST who will not feel regret at the decision arrived at by our President in ‘ The Watch-Tower ’ of the September number, as they realise—possibly for the first time—that should the new restriction be adhered to, the life of the paper would be gone, and with it, the chief pleasure of many in its perusal.

That this will seriously affect its circulation may not concern us, but the fact that its readers will be deprived of the personal touch with the President which means so much, is not to be lightly accepted. Most readers undoubtedly devour these pages first and eagerly, finding their chief interest therein. The rest of the journal may or may not be read, according to leisure, subject, and writer, but the news of the President’s doings and her remarks on passing events make the fascination of the paper, and the reason why we must see it every month.

Graciously and intimately has our President “chatted” with us every month, allowing the thousands who have never seen her, as well as the thousands who long to see more of her, to follow her doings, and, still more kindly, to glimpse her point of view on some of the subjects of the day, through those first pages which though so easily written give hints and suggestions according to our power of receptiveness, and above all link us strongly in thought with our Leader.

It is as if a “right-of-way” through our President’s heart were threatened; and we would seek to pull down the barrier raised by Mr. Kirby and Mr. Van Manen, and ask again that which was so freely granted. To be silent now will be to allow the

reservation, while to object to be made to suffer for the temporary indisposition of our two critics may have the double result of giving expression to our grateful appreciation of the President's kindness to us, and to keep open this right-of-way which we value too highly to lightly see it closed.

The two who have brought about the danger are either resident in, or closely in touch with Adyar, so that not on them will the punishment fall, but on the thousands of distant members.

One who sees further than his fellows must inevitably lack their sympathetic understanding, though he may compel their trust. He is working for a future which might even be conceivably undesirable at the present, for the Pioneer has ever his eyes on the distant. We feel sure that our President understands that we grow breathless sometimes and that few, if any, can quite keep up with the terrific pace now set. We therefore confidently ask her to restore to us our Right-of-Way.

M. ROCKE

[I shall continue to "chat" in as friendly a fashion as before; it is only the question of touching on questions on which *international* differences of opinion arise.—ÉD.]

REVIEWS

The Secret Doctrine of Israel : A Study of the Zohar and Its Connections, by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

The author gives us in this book a critical study of the *Zohar* as a whole. The *Sepher Ha Zohar*, or the Book of Splendour, was translated for the first time into a European language (French) by Jean de Pauly in 1906-1911. The *Zohar* forms the basis of the *Kabala*. The later Kabalists, Isaac de Loria, Abraham Cohen Irira, etc., added mainly their personal musings to that great text. The *Zohar* is supposed to be an account of discourses between Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai and other masters of the mystic understanding of the Law and the Prophets, of whom he was leader and chief. Rabbi Simeon belongs by tradition to the first century of the Christian era or the period of the destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian, A. D. 70. Embedded in the *Zohar* we find various texts and extracts or fragments of texts, which have little or no relation to that which precedes and comes after. They form parts of a lost work, which is thus partly preserved, and called *Sepher Ha Bahir*, Book of Brightness. Some scholars believe that the text major was invented at the end of the 13th century by Moses de Leon. In *The Doctrine and Literature of the Kabalah* the author gives full consideration to the questions of date and authority in respect of the *Zohar*. The present study approaches the whole question of the Zoharic tradition from another point of view. It is a work of critical analysis and collation for the exposition of Zoharic doctrine with the specific purpose of proving that behind its teachings there lies a single radical and essential thesis which is spoken of in general terms as "The Mystery of Faith". *The Secret Doctrine in Israel* is part of a long series undertaken by the author with one object in view, namely the demonstration of a great experiment, which has been always in the world, but has assumed particular forms during the Christian centuries—the literature of the Holy Grail, the texts of Hermetic Art, the pageant of the Rosy Cross, the symbolism and ceremonies of Masonry.

The *Zohar* does not represent an ordered system, it is a medley. It represents not only the conflicting views developed in the course of a symposium, and the occasional harmonies established between them as the discussion draws to its term, but at different stages of the text many irreconcilable points emerge into prominence ; and it cannot be said that the Sons of the Doctrine are left at the close of all in exact unanimity with themselves, much less with one another. The work is a development of secret doctrine, but the root-matter of that doctrine is presumed to be familiar throughout to the interlocutors. They are talking among themselves as initiated therein, and not for the elucidation of the subject before an assembly unversed therein. While the Secret Doctrine may therefore be found in the *Zohar*, it is so accidentally rather than systematically. The teaching of Zoharic Kabalism upon a given doctrinal matter can only be ascertained by the collation of every reference thereto, occurring throughout the texts.

We are therefore extremely thankful to the author for the minute care with which he has performed the task he has set before him, and for the clear exposition of the Secret Doctrine of Israel he gives us in this book. For students of the Secret Doctrine, the *Zohar* is a storehouse of secret teaching which casts new light upon other forms of secret traditions in earlier and more recent writings. The *Zohar* is one of the great books of the world, one which stands alone, is comparable to nothing save itself. But as it contains in the French translation about 1,250,000 words, distributed through six volumes, for the ordinary reader it is frankly unreadable, vexatious and irritating to the last degree. The writer gives us here an account of its essence on the great subjects of its concern—things which a careful collation has lifted out of the mass of material. In the 324 pages of his book he explains the Kabalistic view of Cosmology, the Myth of Earthly Paradise, the Fall of Man, the Soul, the Resurrection, the Occult Sciences, Later Kabalism, Christian Kabalism. One and all they give us a clear and precise exposition of Jewish Theosophy.

M. C. V. G.

Spirit Psychometry, through a Welshwoman and Dr. T. D'Aute-Hooper. (William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book, presumably written down by a certain Mr. Jaybee, a *nom de guerre*, gives the accounts of the psychometrising of various articles, chiefly by the Welshwoman—who does not psychometrize in the ordinary way of mind pictures conjured up by the articles in question, but receives the impressions from spirits. This points at once to there being two methods of producing this phenomenon.

The first two accounts—one of a piece of crock, the other of a pre-glacial “flint-core”—are interesting, especially the latter, as the complete ignorance of the psychometer precludes the idea that she can merely be recalling vague and fragmentary bits of early lessons in geology. This cannot be said of Dr. T. D'Aute-Hooper who also psychometrises this same “flint-core,” but who disclaims any previous knowledge of geology! Surely no one who is a “Doctor” can have *no* knowledge of geology, however rudimentary.

The later visions under trance conditions seem to us to be futile and uninteresting, like the majority of spirit communications; there is nothing of real value; they do not add one iota to our knowledge. Apparently spirits who have time for this sort of “control” work are of the illiterate class, who, finding themselves on the astral plane fully conscious, are tremendously anxious to communicate with those still on the physical, and so take every opportunity of doing so afforded by such mediums. They have nothing of value or interest to tell; we cannot see why their trivial sayings should be recorded in book form merely because they have lost their physical bodies.

In so far as the book points out several cases of impressions received from spirits which were obviously false, the articles psychometrised being imitations, it adds a useful signpost of danger to the traveller along these roads. But no doubt the volume will find space on the spiritualist's library shelf, and it may help in proving to the materialist that there is something beyond what he can see and touch. The book is clearly written, in good type, and there are several interesting illustrations.

G. J.

The Cult of the Passing Moment, by Arthur Chandler, Bishop of Bloomfontein. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This book is a very clear statement of "a theory of the spiritual life". The author, in the first four chapters, affirms his belief that an essential characteristic of the spiritual life is communion of the whole personality with God, each moment waiting upon Him for guidance and inspiration, "instead of solidifying and stereotyping such messages as we think we have received from Him in the past". To obtain this attitude moral and spiritual self-discipline must be practised, "which must not only accompany but interpenetrate belief". The fifth chapter 'Christianity as a Mystery Cult,' is one of the most interesting in the book, dealing with the Christian sacramental system as a means of bringing the soul into this living actual contact with God. The Bishop here traces the almost universal instinct for sacramental worship, approaching God through rites and ceremonies. From the earliest stages of primitive man and his vague and often terrifying religion, through the Greek and Oriental Mysteries, he shows how sacraments in various forms have been the vehicles of divine life, channels of supernatural grace, leading up to the great Sacraments of the Christian Church.

The author, of course, writes from the more or less orthodox Christian standpoint, but in his book urges with such plainness and with such a broadminded clearness of vision his point of view, that it can be studied with profit by one of any religion.

M. D. G.

The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim in Education, by H. Thiselton Mark, M. A., B.Sc. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 1s.)

There is in each child of man a certain primary nucleus, a something "given," an "I" that is presupposed in all experience, even the most elementary, which constitutes his "personality". That this should develop, unfold, by a process analogous to the process of growth, and come to perfection is the aim of education. What are the characteristics of this

primary nucleus, what the possibilities enfolded within it, what the methods by which it may be quickened and brought to perfection, these questions it is the author's purpose to answer in this book.

In the first two chapters he analyses this original nucleus of personality, and discusses the possibility of reconciling changes in it with self-identity. With chapter III begins the more strictly practical psychology and suggestions for the application of the results of psychological study to teaching. The subject is divided into two parts: Man's instructive tendencies, and the mental process. The balance is wonderfully well kept between the philosophical and everyday practical interest. The value of the book for students is very much increased by the "suggestions and illustrations" with which each chapter closes. Here the author gives in concise paragraphs important points in connection with the subject under consideration, referring the reader at the same time to useful passages in the works of other writers of authority. There is a somewhat detailed reference to self-determination, as one of the distinctive forms of the activity that belongs to the developing personality. The book ends with a chapter on the intuitional and supra-rational elements in experience.

A. de L.

*The Peoples Books.*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Tolstoy, by L. Winstanley, M.A.

This brief sketch of the life, writings and contemporaries of Leo Tolstoy should be read by all who are not already familiar with his life and works. The book is well and sympathetically written, the first few chapters being concerned with an account of Tolstoy's life, and going on to a survey of his writings and books, his ideals and opinions, and ending with a summing up of the great and growing influence of Tolstoy in Europe. The author, while not blind to the limitations of the great man, realises his colossal power, and recognises in him one of the most powerful forces in favour of social reform and justice in Europe.

M. D. G.

¹ *This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.*

The Industrial Revolution, by Arthur Jones, M.A.

The above title given by the writer is evidently a mistake, for the book hardly mentions industrial matters. What mention there is, gives one the impression that economic and industrial changes followed on political and parliamentary changes, whereas the reverse is the case. It is, however, a remarkably clear and concise description of the important political and parliamentary revolutions that took place from 1688 till 1832.

Land Industry and Taxation, by Frederick Verinder.

It is improbable that any fair-minded person would object to the land being taxed on its valuation instead of on its improvements, whether in the direction of building, or skilled cultivation. And if, as Mr. Verinder asserts, the financial result would warrant the abolition of the iniquitous "breakfast table duties"—may the reform come soon!

H.R.G.

Greek Literature, by H. J. W. Tillyard.

The writer has truly said that "the study of Greek literature is a proper element in a liberal education". Nowadays it is possible to get such magnificent translations of the Greek masterpieces that the study of its ancient literature is practically within the reach of all. Of course no translation ever can come up to the original—but the thoughts of the poets and sages of Greece may yet be transcribed into a "barbarous" tongue. Mr. Tillyard starts of course with "Homer and the Epic"; he then treats of elegiac and iambic poetry, giving short sketches of the chief writers. Tragedy and Comedy next engage his attention, and consideration is given to the plays of the three great tragedians. It is here we begin to feel keenly the inadequacy of a small book on Greek Literature. All we can say is that Mr. Tillyard has performed his task as well as it could have been performed, and has infused his book to a certain extent with the spirit of the country with whose literature he deals.

T. L. C.

THE THEOSOPHIST

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ALL the world over is the tumult of War ; the lurid light of devastated homes blazes out from the burning towns of Belgium ; the relics of past ages in Louvain and Rheims and Dinant have been hammered into pieces by the new hammer of Thor ; hundreds of thousands of men, killed or wounded, strew the fields that should have been yellowing for the sickle ; all the fair peaceful industries of common life are whelmed in one red ruin.

* * *

And for what is all this pain, this agony of wrenched muscles and shattered limbs, this blasting of bright young lives, this destruction of glowing hopes ? In the pictures of the killed that appear in the illustrated papers, there are so many faces glad with the sunshine of life, bright faces of young manhood, dawning into virility, faces that mothers must have loved so dearly, must have kissed so passionately as they sent them forth. As one looks at them, one sees them trampled into crimson mud, shattered by bursting shell, riven by cut of sabre, and is glad that the earth should hide the horror of what was once so fair. Clear eyes, looking

out so brightly upon joyous life, that have gazed unflinchingly into the eyes of death. Lips, still showing the gracious curves of youth, that hardened in the battle-crash, to relax again only in the peace of death.

* * *

And all for what? For what the broken hearts in all the homes in which these gallant lads were light and joy? For what the anguish of the widows of these other men, beyond the first flush of youth, who left behind them their life's treasure, with the children who shall watch for their fathers' coming, useless watching, for homeward he will never come again? For what the myriads of darkened homes, whose breadwinners, husbands and sons, fathers and lovers, find no record in the pictured pages, though dear to the hearts that love them as are the noble and the wealthy who thereon have their place? For what the world's great anguish, mourning over her slaughtered sons? For what?

* * *

There have been wars begun for transient objects, for the conquest of a piece of land, for the weakening of a rival, for the gaining of added power, begun because of ambition, of greed, of jealousy, of insult. In such wars, lives are flung away for trifles, though the men who suffer in them or who die, win out of their own anguish added strength and beauty of character, full reward for the pain endured; for they return with the spoils of victory into new avenues of ascending life, and with them it is very well. Such wars are evil in their origin, however much the divine alchemy may transmute the base into fine gold.

* * *

But this War is none of these. In this War mighty Principles are battling for the Mastery. Ideas are locked in deadly combat. The direction of the march of our present civilisation, upwards or downwards, depends on the issue of the struggle. Two Ideals of World-Empire are balanced on the scales of the future. That is what raises this War above all others known in the brief history of the West ; it is the latest of the pivots on which, in successive ages, the immediate future of the world has turned. To die, battling for the Right, is the gladdest fate that can befall the youth in the joy of his dawning manhood, the man in the pride of his strength, the elder in the wisdom of his maturity, aye, and the aged in the rich splendour of his whitened head. To be wounded in this War is to be enrolled in the ranks of Humanity's Warriors, to have felt the stroke of the sacrificial knife, to bear in the mortal body the glorious scars of an immortal struggle.

* * *

Of the two possible World-Empires, that of Great Britain and that of Germany, one is already far advanced in the making and shows its quality, with Dominions and Colonies, with India at its side. The other is but in embryo, but can be judged by its theories, with the small examples available as to the fashion of their out-working in the few Colonies that it is founding, the outlining of the unborn embryo.

* * *

The first embodies—though as yet but partially realised—the Ideal of Freedom; of ever-increasing Self-Government; of Peoples rising into power and self-development along their own lines; of a Supreme Government “broad-based upon the People's Will”; of

0154

fair and just treatment of undeveloped races, aiding not enslaving them; it embodies the embryo of the splendid Democracy of the Future; of the New Civilisation, co-operative, peaceful, progressive, artistic, just, and free—a Brotherhood of Nations, whether the Nations be inside or outside the World-Empire. This is the Ideal; and that Great Britain has set her feet in the path which leads to it is proved, not only by her past interior history with its struggles towards Liberty, but also by her granting of autonomy to her Colonies, her formation of the beginnings of Self-Government in India, her constantly improving attitude towards the undeveloped races—as in using the Salvation Army to civilise the criminal tribes in India—all promising advances towards the Ideal. Moreover, she has ever sheltered the oppressed exiles, flying to her shores for refuge against their tyrants—the names of Kossuth, Mazzini, Kropotkin, shine out gloriously as witnesses in her favour; she has fought against the slave-trade and wellnigh abolished it. And at the present moment she is fighting in defence of keeping faith with those too small to exact it; in defence of Treaty obligations and the sanctity of a Nation's pledged word; in defence of National Honour, of Justice to the weak, of that Law, obedience to which by the strong States is the only guarantee of future Peace, the only safeguard of Society against the tyranny of brute Strength. For all this England is fighting, when she might have stood aside, selfish and at ease, watching her neighbours tearing each other into pieces, waiting until their exhaustion made it possible for her to impose her will. Instead of thus remaining, she has sprung forward, knight-errant of Liberty, servant of Duty. With possible danger of Civil War behind her, with

supposed possible revolt in South Africa and India, with shameful bribes offered for her standing aside, she spurned all lower reasonings, and, springing to her feet, sent out a lion's roar of defiance to the breakers of treaties, uttered a ringing shout for help to her peoples, flung her little army to the front—a veritable David against Goliath—to gain time, time, that the hosts might gather, to hold the enemy back at all costs, let die who might of her children; called for men to her standard, men from the nobles, from the professions, from the trades, men from the plough, from the forge, from the mine, from the furnace; and this not for gain—she has naught to gain from the War—but because she loved Liberty, Honour, Justice, Law, better than life or treasure, that she counted glorious Death a thousandfold more desirable than shameful existence bought by cowardly ease. For this, the Nations bless her; for this, her dying Sons adore her; for this, History shall applaud her; for this, shall the World-Empire be hers with the consent of all Free Peoples, and she shall be the Protector, not the Tyrant, of Humanity.

* * *

The second claimant of World-Empire embodies the Ideal of Autocracy founded on Force. The candidate proclaims himself the War-Lord, and in his realm no Master save himself; he declares to his army, as he flings his sword into the scales of War:

Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me, as German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His Vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers.

The thinkers, the teachers of his people, have formulated the theory of the World-Empire; it recognises no law in dealing with States save that of Strength,

no arbitrament save War. Its own self-interest is declared to be its only motive; its morality is based on the increase of the Power of its Empire; the weak have no rights; the conquered nations must be "left only eyes to weep with"; woe to the conquered! woe to the weak! woe to the helpless! all religions save the Religion of Force are superstitious, their morality is outgrown. Murder, robbery, arson—all are permissible, nay, praiseworthy, in invading hosts. Mercy is contemptible. Chivalry is an anachronism. Compassion is feebleness. Art and Literature have no sanctity. The women, the children, the aged—they are all weak; why should not strong men use them as they will? All undeveloped races are the prey of the "civilised". And we are not left without signs of the application of the theory. Herr Schlettwein instructs the German Reichstag on the "principles of colonisation":

The Hereros must be compelled to work, and to work without compensation and in return for their food only. Forced labour for years is only a just punishment, and at the same time it is the best method of training them. The feelings of Christianity and philanthropy, with which the missionaries work, must for the present be repudiated with all energy.

General von Trotha, tired even of enslaving them, proclaims:

The Herero people must now leave the land. If it refuses I shall compel it with the gun. Within the German frontier every Herero, with or without weapon, with or without cattle, will be shot. I shall take charge of no more women and children, but shall drive them back to their people or let them be shot at.

The proclamation was carried out; thousands were shot; thousands were "driven into a waterless desert, where they perished of hunger and thirst". On this sample, we refuse the goods offered. Moreover,

we have seen the Empire at work, carrying out in Belgium its theories of murder, rape, and loot. The "chosen people of the [German] God" stink in the nostrils of Europe. This embryo-Empire of the bottomless Pit, conceived of Hatred and shaped in the womb Ambition, must never come to the birth. It is the New Barbarism; it is the antithesis of all that is noble, compassionate, and humane. Humanity knows the ways of Goths, Vandals and Huns, the Berserker rage of the Vikings; it refuses to bow down before the Idol of Force, the Negation of Law, of Freedom, of Justice and of Peace. They that make the sword the arbitrament shall perish by the sword. The War Germany has provoked, as her road to Empire, shall crush her Militarism, free her people, and usher in the reign of Peace.

* * *

Because these things are so, because the fate of the next Age of the World turns on the choice made now by the Nations, I call on all who are pledged to Universal Brotherhood, all Theosophists the world over, to stand for Right against Might, Law against Force, Freedom against Slavery, Brotherhood against Tyranny.

* * *

Very good work is being done in England by our members. We may note, especially, the starting of a workroom for women, by Mrs. Charles Kerr; Dr. Haden Guest's organisation of an ambulance with a number of Theosophical nurses and bearers; Miss Green's Employment Bureau for Women affected by the War, which has now expanded into the Mayoress' of Southampton's Committee under the Queen's Work for

Women Fund, which has the following remarkable composition :

Chairman : President of the local Theosophical Lodge.

Hon. Sec. : Lecturer, Higher Thought Centre.

Hon. Treas. : Church of England, Parish worker. Rest of Members from the following organisations :

Economic	{ Board of Guardians Trade's Council Labour Bureau Women's Co-op. Guild Charity Organisation Watch Committee Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association
Religious	{ Church of England (Clergy) Roman Catholic Free Churches Salvation Army United Temperance Councils
Political	{ Conservative Liberal Unionist Independent Labour Party Women's Suffrage Societies

Miss Bothwell Gosse is appointed Medical Officer, with a Red Cross Detachment, to a large district lying north of Plymouth.



THE BUDDHA'S DAILY LIFE¹

By F. L. WOODWARD, M. A.

Ah! When the Lord of the World went forth to beg,
 The gentle winds made smooth the ways before Him,
 The clouds poured down their waters on the dust
 And from the sun's hot rays protected Him.
 The breezes wafted flowers to His path,
 Raised were the ruts and hollows of the road,
 Smoothed the rough places, and where'er the Lord
 Trod, even was the ground and soft; thereon
 Sprang lotus-flowers to receive His feet.
 No sooner had He reached the city-gates
 Than all the six-rayed brilliance² of His form
 Raced here and there o'er palaces and shrines
 And decked them as with yellow sheen of gold
 Or with a painter's colours. Then the beasts,

¹ Being a literal and metrical version of Buddhaghosa's *Sumangala-Vitasini*, (I.45) or Commentary on the Digha Nikāya of Sutta Pitaka.

² The *Buddha-Vanna*—or Buddha-aura—whose colours are *nila*, *pīta*, *lohita*, *manjettho*, *pabhassaro*, blue, yellow, crimson, white, orange, radiant.

Birds, elephants and horses, one and all,
Gave forth melodious sounds, and all the folk
Crashed loud the drums; lutes twanged and instru-
ments

Of divers sounds; tinkled the women's jewels :
And by these tokens did the people know
" The Blessed One has entered now for alms."
So donning their best robes and finery
And taking perfumes, flowers and offerings
They issued from their houses to the street,
And worshipping the Blessed One therewith
Some said " Lord! Give us ten monks for to feed,"
And some " Give twenty," some " Lord! Give a
hundred! "

And then they took His bowl, prepared a seat,
And eagerly their reverence displayed
By placing choicest food within the bowl.

Now when the meal was done, the Blessed Lord
With nice discrimination of their minds
And dispositions, taught each one the Doctrine.
Thus, some were stablished in the Refuges,
Some in the Precepts Five, some reached the Stream.
While others would attain the Second Path,
And some the Path of No-Return, and some
Became established in the Highest Fruit,
Were Arahans and left the world. Thus showing
Such kindness to the folk the Lord would rise;
Back to His dwelling-place would wend His way.
And there when He arrived He sat Him down
On a fair Buddha-mat they spread for Him,
And waited till the monks their meal had eaten.
This done, the body-servant told the Lord,

And to the scented chamber He retired.
Such were the duties of the morning meal.

These duties done, in the scented chamber sitting
On a seat made ready, He would wash His feet.
Then, standing on the jewelled stairs that led
Unto the scented chamber, He would teach
The gathering of monks and thus would say:
"O monks! Apply yourselves with diligence!
For rarely comes a Buddha in the world,
And rarely beings come to birth as men;
Rare the propitious moment and the chance
To leave the world and hear the Doctrine true!"

Thereat some one would ask the Blessed One
For meditation-lessons, which He gave
Fit for each man's peculiar bent of mind.
Then all would do obeisance and depart
To places where they spent the night or day;
Some to the forest, some to the foot of trees,
Some to the hills, some to the heavens where rule
The Four Great Kings,¹ or Vasivatti's heaven.²
Then going to His room, the Blessed One
Would lay Him down and rest there for a while,
Mindful and conscious, on His right side lying,
Like a lion; till, His body now refreshed,
He rose and gazed forth over all the world.
Then came the folk of village or of town
Near which He might be staying, they who gave
The morning meal, garbed in their best, and brought
Their offerings of flowers and scents. The Lord,

¹ The Four Mahārājas.

² *Vasivatti*—a name of Māra—the Archangel of Evil—who rules the highest of the six Kāmaḍevalokas (domains of sense) along with Sakka (Indra).

His audience, thus assembled, would approach
In such miraculous fashion as was fit ;
And sitting in the lecture-hall prepared
On the fair Buddha-mat they spread for Him,
He taught the Doctrine fit for time and season,
And seasonably bade the people go.
Then all would do obeisance and depart.
Such were the duties of the afternoon.

These things all done, He left the Buddha-seat,
Entering the bath-house, if He wished to bathe
And cool His limbs with water there prepared
By His body-servant, who fetched the Buddha-seat
And spread it in the scented room. The Lord,
Donning His double tunic orange-hued
And binding on His girdle, threw His robe
O'er the right shoulder and thither went and sat
And stayed retired, in meditation plunged.
Then came the monks from this side and from that
And waited on the Blessed One. Some asked
The solving of their doubts, and some would beg
For meditation-lessons, others a sermon.
Thus answering, teaching, preaching, would the Lord
Spend the first night-watch, granting their desires.
Such were the duties of the first night-watch.

When the duties of the first night-watch were done,
The monks would do obeisance and depart.
Then came the Gods of the ten thousand worlds,
Seizing the chance of questioning the Lord,
Were it but single words of letters four.
He, answering those questions, passed the night.
Such were the duties of the middle watch.

Into three parts the last watch He divided ;
And forasmuch as, since the morning sitting,
His body would be tired, He spent one part
In pacing up and down to ease His limbs.
Then going to the scented room the Lord
Would lay Him down and rest there for a while,
Mindful and conscious, on His right side lying,
Like a lion. But in the third He rose and sat,
Gazing with Buddha-eye o'er all the world,
To see if any man, by giving alms,
Keeping the Precepts, or by deeds of worth,
Under some former Buddha took the vow¹
Himself to be a Saviour of the world.
Such were His habits of the last night-watch.

F. L. Woodward

¹ *Panidhana* (Bodhāya panidhim akā) the aspiration for Buddhahood, one of the ten Parāmitas or Perfections, by fulfilling which a man becomes a Buddha.

HEIRS OF PROMETHEUS

AUGUST STRINDBERG

FROM CYNIC TO SEER

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

I remember Prometheus who storms at the Gods while the vulture gnaws his liver. And at last the rebel is admitted to the circle of the Olympians without making an open recantation.

THE above is a characteristically Strindbergian paraphrase of "the Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force". In *The Growth of a Soul* the same idea is elaborated, this time with a no less characteristic introduction of grim satire, bordering on cynicism :

The ancient poet is psychologically correct in representing Prometheus as having his liver gnawed by a vulture. Prometheus was the revolutionary who wished to spread mental illumination among men. Whether he did it from altruistic motives, or from the selfish one of wishing to breathe a purer mental atmosphere, may be left undecided. John was aware of a pain which resembled anxiety, and a perpetual boring toothache in the liver Was Prometheus then a liver patient who confusedly ascribed his pain to causes outside himself? Probably not! But he was certainly embittered when he saw that the world is a lunatic asylum in which the idiots go about as they like, and the few who preserve reason are watched as though dangerous to public safety.

As specimens of the type Titanic, Auguste Rodin and August Strindberg in their respective work (for the work of a man of genius represents his true individuality, the ego in manifestation) present two interestingly

antithetical variations—Rodin on the ascending, Strindberg on the descending arc. Rodin “raises the stone,” thereby freeing the fiery spirit imprisoned there, whereas Strindberg’s autobiographical records are so many shadows “of a soul on fire”; the body of this death was a prison to the mighty Spirit, and the conflict between genius and mortal instrument many a time dragged the man to the borderland of madness. The Song of Strindberg is a *De Profundis*, fraught with variations of cataclysmic significance. Even at the last, when the soul was above-ground, having won emergence through struggle, still the “lava” element is felt hissing below in the volcanic strata of his mind.

The most deeply individual work, that in which the mystic consciousness (*i.e.*, the suffusion of mental and spiritual) will be found in fullest working manifestation, is *A Blue Book*¹ which contains the essence of Strindberg’s philosophy, and the most truly catholic interpretation of the spirit of his teaching; for much of his work was didactic, being concerned with the spiritualisation of ethics.

The earnestness of the man is in proportion to his greatness, following Carlyle’s aphorism, that sincerity is the touchstone of genius, if it be colossal, not merely intense. We read in one of his autobiographical records :

At present I write a work called *The Island of the Dead*. In it, I describe the awakening after death, and what follows. But I hesitate, for I am frightened at the boundless misery of mere life. Lately I burned a drama; it was so sincere, that I shuddered at it. What I do not understand is this: ought one to hide the misery, and flatter men? I *wish* to write cheerfully and beautifully, but ought not and cannot. I conceive it as a terrible duty to be truthful, and life is indescribably hideous.

¹ Published 1907-8.

This phase of scorification of the sensibilities by the process of disillusion, comes to every idealist, sooner or later, and Strindberg was fundamentally an idealist, though at this period something of a cynic and more of a pessimist. He was in the grip of *Welt-Schmerz*, the traces whereof remained, though the grasp relaxed, before death; and the record of the ordeal will be found in *The Inferno*, perhaps the most poignant portrayal of mental torture revealed in literature. Parts are over the borderland of that which most psychologists would agree divides sanity from insanity. From a literary point of view its self-justification is complete, for the inferno-atmosphere is sustained throughout: it is a document of *infernal* lucidity; we feel the iron entering the soul; searing the brain; almost the writer persuades himself and the reader, that there is no hope for the over-tortured save the defeat that finds refuge in unconsciousness. It is an orgy of fiends, their cavern of revelry, Strindberg's mind. *The Inferno* is a book for students of morbid psychology, and is full of interest as a record of the truth that "all pains the immortal Spirit can endure," but it is not a book for those who suffer from timidity, nor for the hypersensitive, whose emotions overbalance intellectual interest in a document of human scorification.

What a victory for the Titan that can write after such an ordeal;

The ground must be harrowed, broken, and rolled, in order to be able to yield a crop; gold must be refined in the fire, and flax be steeped in water. The cross points upwards, downwards, sideways, to the four quarters of heaven at once; it is a completion of the compass. Suffering burns up the rubbish of the Soul. . . . Pain, unlike Pleasure, wears no mask. There are times when Sorrow seems to me to be the only truth. The secret of life is suffering.

This sentence is no hypothetical philosophy, but the utterance of one, saved indeed, but "so as by fire". Strindberg trod the way of fire, and before the end of the ordeal realised that the Lord of the Burning-ground is the Lord of earth-life. He saw, too, that delusions are dispersed, illusions broken, but that ideals are invulnerable: he is an example of the truth that extremes meet, for the mystic seer met and conquered the cynic in Strindberg. In common with many intense natures, his mind is more remarkable for depth than breadth; he could look up and down, but not all round, which is only to say that he had *les défauts de ses qualités*. He passed not only *through* Gehenna and its torments (none who read *The Inferno* can doubt that) but he passed *out* and *on*. A chastened worship of sorrow was the sacrifice of the agnostic to the seer in Strindberg. Elsewhere he says, in effect, that we escape from the tyranny of pain only by the endurance of utmost agony. Cowper, who endured torments of doubt and depression, conquered by fortitude and resignation, as Strindberg by courage and fighting with his daemonic furies, voices the same truth in a couplet of that didactic rhymed prose accepted as poetry by his compeers:

The path of Sorrow and that path alone,
Leads to a land where Sorrow is unknown.

Among his dramatic works, the most significant, from a psychological point of view, is *The Dream Play*, wherein the lion and the lamb, if they do not precisely lie down together, execute some creditably mutual gambols. The play presents a sardonic sketch of the conditions of earth-life, as viewed from the perspective of cosmic deva-consciousness. A daughter of Indra

descends to earth via the seventh Sign, Libra. Indra (Jupiter) thus addresses her :

You have withdrawn yourself to enter soon
The vapoury circle of the earth. For mark
The seventh house you take. It's Libra called :
There stands the day-star in the balanced hour
When Fall gives equal weight to night and day.

The daughter objects to the smoke and steam, and the sultry stench that assails her as she nears our sphere, remarking with colloquial directness : " Indeed, the best of worlds is not the third." Her father replies with Olympian impartiality :

The best I cannot call it, nor the worst,
Its name is Dust ; and like them all, it rolls :
And therefore dizzy sometimes grows the race,
And seems to be half foolish and half mad—
Take courage, child—a trial, that is all.

Whereupon the daughter descends, and goes through a cycle of half serious, wholly fantastic adventures ; *the mise-en-scène* includes a castle that grew two yards where it was manured and put out a wing on the sunny side ! A glazier, a portress, and various minor characters are concerned in the working-out of her earth-experience. Finally, a " twisting " lawyer (who remarks " I twist " at varying intervals of extreme inconvenience to the " twisted ") and a ghastly " pasting lady " (who spends her existence pasting strips of paper over every available aperture where air or light might enter) drive the Goddess to desperation, and she escapes from " cabbages, washing-day and paste," to Fingall's Cave, in company with a Poet, the link between heaven and earth. In the cave, she interprets the voice of the Elements to the Poet, thus :

It was we, the winds,
Offspring of the air,
Who learned how to grieve
Within human breasts

Through which we passed.
 We waves, that are rocking the winds to rest—
 Green cradles. . . . Wet are we, and salt ;
 Leap like flames of fire—
 Wet flames are we :
 Burning, extinguishing ;
 Cleansing, replenishing ;
 Bearing, engendering.
 We, we waves
 That are rocking the winds
 To rest.

But the twisting lawyer (her husband !) and the remainder of her earth-companions surround her again ; this becomes insupportable, even for “a trial, that is all,” and she re-ascends, her last farewell to the Poet :

Thou dreaming child of man,
 Thou singer, who alone knowest how to live !
 When from thy winged flight alove the earth
 At times thou sweepest downward to the dust
 It is to touch it only, not to stay

Farewell ! To all thy fellow-men make known
 That where I go I shall forget them not ;
 And in thy name their guidance shall be placed
 Before the throne—Farewell !

The play ends here, with the poetic stage direction :

The background is lit up by the burning castle, and reveals a wall of human faces, questioning, grieving, despairing. As the castle breaks into flames, the bud on the roof opens into a gigantic chrysanthemum.

The Dream Play is bathed in an atmosphere of mystic reality, the elements so thoroughly suffused that the unities are observed, and in the midst of all apparent incongruities, we feel that “it happened, and just like that”.

The Dance of Death is an example¹ of a transition-period play.¹ An extraordinary and appalling drama, so “realistic” in style that it is more a clear literary

¹ 1901.

photograph than a work of art, yet tinged with a macabre and sombre mysticism, reminiscent of the Gothic Age : these flashes are only momentary, and the recurrent note is one of acrid realism. The force (both constructive and dynamic) of *The Dance of Death* is undeniable, but as a whole it lacks the simplicity and unity that distinguish the purely tragic from the pseudo-melodramatic. The principal character says: "It looks to me as if life were a tremendous hoax played on us all." We hear the rattle of the bones, as the skeletons perform their grim acrobatics. Yet hints are not wanting that there may be a purpose in it all, that the dance itself is perchance a prelude to "more Life and fuller," not an epilogue.

There is a taint of neurosis in the conception of this play, though the structural craftsmanship is sane and sound throughout. The morbid streak, which at times "sicklies o'er" his genius, with its "pale cast of thought," was yet a valuable element in his psychic education. Never was there more eloquent testimony to the necessity for the cathartic process of pain in the development of spiritual self-consciousness, the true *raison d'être* for all individualisation of life, than that recorded in the utterance: "Suffering burns up the rubbish of the soul."

The story of the surrender of the agnostic to the affirmative consciousness in Strindberg is the story of the triumph of that magnanimity of perspective inherent in all great souls. Towards the end of his *magnum opus*¹ He speaks of the rejuvenescence experienced with the dawning of spiritual self-consciousness.

¹ *The Blue Book.*

One does not feel old age to be the beginning of an end but the introduction to something new, *i.e.*, when one has recovered the belief or assurance that there is a life on the other side. One feels as though one were preparing for an examination by doing preliminary exercises, and one becomes literally young again . . . Great hopes mingled with dreams of the future.

This, towards the end of a life so tortured and harassed by the perpetual threatening of mental obscuration in the blind alley of madness, and *this*, written many years ago, of one of his *dramatis personæ* (but one has not to become an adept in reading between lines, to discover that most of Strindberg's *dramatis personæ* are "voices of the wandering wind" of his own consciousness). That was the secret of his life, that he could not admire anything, could not hold to anything, could not live for anything; that he was too wide awake to suffer from illusions. Life was a form of suffering which could only be alleviated by removing as many obstacles as possible from the path of one's will.¹ And again, we note a stage in the same human document wherein it seems that the Elemental Kingdom is before the human in evolution, and that even in the many inventions that man has sought out "there is nothing new under the sun," that even they are but parodies of the ways of beasts and birds.

Birds use the wind for their progress. . . Beavers the pressure of the stream in constructing their dams. Are not the wings of the falcon and the fly more perfect means of locomotion than railways and steamers?

But, in the same book, we see a faint rainbow prophecy of "light in darkness". His philosophical friend comforted him, through a saying of La Bruyère.

Don't be angry because men are stupid and bad, or you will 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

¹ From *The Growth of a Soul*.

well," said John, "but think of having to be a bird and live in a ditch! Air! Light! I cannot breathe or see. . . I suffocate." *He began to habituate himself forcibly to doubt in order to be patient and not explode.*

The beginning of patience was the transition chord in the Strindbergian symphony, though in the beginning he himself knew it not.

With poet, scientist, dramatist, philosopher, man of action, striving together under one roof, it is no matter for surprise that philosophy, ethics and æsthetics raged furiously together. The Titan in him had stolen fire; what if the fire should burn out, the red and blue flames gradually pale, and the end of a God's rebellion be written in dust—*dust and ashes*? If that were all? But no! Dust and Ashes, the epitaph of identification with earth-consciousness, is not foredoomed to be written above any Titan's tomb. "Then shall the dust return to dust, and the Spirit to God who gave it." On wings of shining fire the phoenix mounts to the sun. The God emerged from the gnostic bondage of earth, the divine butterfly from the worm. We can see the process at work, the redemption of matter by Spirit, by the alembic of the thinker, in the following significant fragment, wherein scientist, poet and philosopher begin to work together. One evening he found the chrysalis of a cockchafer in his study. He put it under his lamp, and "it began to click and make small movements". Under the influence of warmth, "the half-fluid mass . . . possessed the capacity of movement". This train of thought was followed up by opening a butterfly-chrysalis.

On a clear yellow background of fluid matter there was sketched as it were the outline of the future butterfly, in half-shadow, without as yet any bodily organisation. That is called "necrobiosis" or the dying off of living tissue. And the deliquescence of the chrysalis in slime is termed **histolysis**.

This is "not far from the kingdom" of reincarnation, and Strindberg's next remark shows that he felt the trend of investigation pointed in this direction. "Sometimes I see on a gravestone within a church-wall this symbol: caterpillar, chrysalis, and butterfly."

Theosophy had a mental fascination for Strindberg. He alludes to it in many of his works, but shows that its spiritual doctrines had not permeated his consciousness, for he persists in regarding it as a kind of "atheistic Occultism," an extraordinarily contradictory jumble! It seems as if the solitary taint of the materialistic cynicism of former years, lay in the direction of considering as "human nature" all that is evil in man. The following is an amusing example of his quasi-cynical, quasi-condescending attitude:

The Theosophists, who really at a terrible period of the "black illumination" sought to penetrate behind phenomena and dug up useful fragments of Ancient Wisdom, were however hostile to Christianity. They went so far as to send one of their prophets to India to warn the natives against the missionaries. But in course of time they began to investigate Christianity again; they were now provided with a proper means for understanding the mysteries of Christ's incarnation and atoning death, of sacraments and miracles. . . Their latest prophetess has written a book to explain and defend Christianity! All roads seem to lead to Christ. No one has done such good service to Christianity as the materialistic Occultists and the atheistic Theosophists.¹

We trust no Theosophist will find himself "so hardened and forsook" as not to be able to enjoy this summing-up of Theosophy, as seen through Strindberg's powerful if distorted lens. This is not all however; we obtain kinder notice later.

Theosophists say that we can create thought-forms which assume life and reality. . . It is as though one let loose demons. . . It is dangerous merely to think evil of men; one may do them harm thereby. But what a supernatural effort

¹ From *The Blue Book* headed 'The Black Illuminate'.

is necessary always to see good when so little is to be found ! And when we try our best we find that we have played the hypocrite. It is almost hopeless to hold the balance level when it is matter of judging men justly, for human nature is evil and cannot be altered.

Astrological students will have discovered that Saturn was Strindberg's planetary Spirit. Yet this is not the last testament of the philosopher, in whom fortitude won a sombre yet sufficient victory over suffering. "At eventide it shall be light," and it was so with this great brave genius. As the shadows of mortal life grew longer the fires of immortality glowed with golden intensity, and the "still small voice" spoke from the white heart of Genius triumphant—such sentences as "Music. . . the recollection of a condition which every man in his best moments longs for. And that very longing shows a vague consciousness of having lost something which one has formerly possessed," shows that the poet in him was *muse-led* (mystic) and would not be denied. The record of an imprisoned "son of the fire," feeling the torment of the descent into matter has left impression, fiery if fugitive, in :

All the elements which conjointly constitute the universe are nothing else than fallen divinities, which, through the stone, plant, animal, human, and angelic kingdoms, climb up to heaven, only to fall down again.

What a life-time of Promethean pain is here epitomised !

The following analogy is a remarkable instance of perspicuity and acquiescence mingled, and recalls Job's "though he slay me yet will I trust in him". Strindberg is writing of Huysman's *En Route*, the reading of which marked one of the epochs in his spiritual journey home :

Why did not this confession of an Occultist fall into my hands before? Because it was necessary that two analogous destinies should be developed on parallel lines, so that one might be strengthened by the other. It is the history of an over-curious man, who challenges the Sphinx and is devoured by her, that his soul may be delivered at the foot of the Cross.

The Sphinx and the Cross. The Mystery of the knowledge of good and evil, guarding the entrance to the Path. Here let us leave Strindberg, one of the greatest Spirits of modern times.

“How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning!”

True. But as deeply as thou hast fallen into generation, so viewless shall be thy flight, when the aether of air and fire shall receive thee out of men’s vision.

Hear the genius and mortal instrument, in wondrous reconciliation united for a brief instant of experience in time, ere the moment eternal for which creation is but the prelude:

Pray, *but* work; suffer, *but* hope; keeping both the earth and the stars in view. Do not try and settle permanently, for it is a place of pilgrimage; not a home, but a halting place. Seek truth, for it is to be found, but only in one place, with Him who Himself is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Lily Nightingale

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN EDUCATION

By HELEN F. R. VEALE

THEOSOPHISTS have recently had their attention urgently called to educational ideals, as set forth in *Education as Service*, and other publications of the Theosophical press. In the zeal with which we respond to this key-note, I feel there is some danger lest we fail to make ourselves familiar with actual conditions around us, and the extent to which our ideals have already been formulated and practised. Without any depreciation, we may remember that the writers on this subject have generally had in mind eastern rather than western conditions, and though the ideal to be aimed at be alike for West and East, the obstacles in the way of attainment may vary considerably and present different points of attack. To work effectively, we must make ourselves thoroughly familiar with the weak points of the present position, alienate no sympathy by using our heavy artillery against an already conceded fort, but rather concentrate on that next to be won.

Those who have had no recent personal knowledge of our State schools in England can hardly realise the extent to which they have changed within the last twenty years; and the change is a very radical one, based on the recognition of the principle that the attitude of the teacher to the child must be that of love,

sympathy and understanding. That this principle is now fully recognised, anyone must admit who will take the trouble to visit one of our Training Colleges, or read a modern psychological handbook for teachers. Then, if an earnest seeker for truth, he will make the round of the elementary and secondary schools in his neighbourhood, to satisfy himself how far the teachers respond to their training.

Having had some experience, directly and through a Training College, of different types of London schools, I feel able to predict with some confidence the results of his inquiry. The average elementary child does not regard the average teacher with fear or dislike, or associate school with unhappiness and pain. This mild statement of merely negative virtue is perhaps all that can be claimed for the average; but in proportion to the poverty of the neighbourhood does the school stand out conspicuously as a place of sunshine and happiness, and students of the Training College I knew used to love best to be sent for their practice to either of two available "slum" schools, where joy prevailed astonishingly over hard conditions. Indeed, it is fully recognised among teachers that the most damaging criticism an inspector can make is that the "atmosphere" of a certain class is not happy. So far has this been carried that an accompanying danger is not always avoided—the danger of a mawkish sentimentality and indeed want of sincerity; for obviously the Training College can only work on material to hand, and in its two or three years' course cannot instil into all who pass through it the genuine teacher's breadth of love and sympathy. But this is only a transitional defect and will pass as the nobility of the teacher's work

becomes more recognised, and its call is heard by nobler minds.

It may be objected that corporal punishment is still allowed in elementary schools. This is true, and must be disapproved in principle by Theosophists, yet in practice it is becoming increasingly rare, and personally I feel it hard to condemn those who believe its total abolition would at present be harmful. We have to bear in mind the material with which these teachers have to work, and the necessity that often arises of protecting weaker children in a large class from some few of brutal, and even criminal, propensities, who are not easily influenced by gentle means, and to whose regeneration a teacher has no time exclusively to devote himself. It is significant how far more easily the newer methods of education make way in infant schools than in the senior departments. In all cases that I have known, the infant school has been a place of happy and contented work, on the right lines, with the admirable Dale system of teaching to read, and any amount of manual work, free self-expression, story-telling and dramatising, and real love between teachers and children. But after seven the poor child quickly hardens, and we find correspondingly as we travel up the school, the teacher's voice becoming more strident and rasping, and conditions altogether much further from being satisfactory.

Partly, no doubt, this may be attributed to the fact that these older children suffer more from injurious home conditions. An average hard-working mother will find time for tenderness to the baby and ex-baby, but too soon comes the time when soft indulgence gives place to slaps and threats, with all their hardening results. This too is gradually improving, and parental

tenderness is certainly on the increase ; but meanwhile is it not conceivably better that schools, while maintaining a good lead, should not leap forward so fast as to be out of sight of the child's home educators ? A good response depends on mutual understanding of the point of view, and a teacher who is too refined and gentle for a class may be despised as a weakling, whereas a coarse good-humoured despot, who wields arbitrary powers impartially, wins real liking as well as respect. These friendly relations, I maintain, are the rule, and not the exception, in our schools, and no less in the elementary schools, where corporal punishment is still allowed, than in the secondary, where the principle that control must be by love rather than by fear is still more recognised.

Having tried to defend our present educational system from the most serious charge that can be brought against it, that its methods are still those of brutality, I must yet concede that it is very vulnerable to attack on another side. An ordinary elementary education does not fit a child of the people to meet life's demands upon him, to take up his heritage of work and responsibility and acquit himself creditably.

It is not difficult to see that the reason why our schools are out of touch with the life of the nation is largely the uniformity of our educational system, imposing a common standard over areas of very different capacities and needs. It has all been "of a piece" with other blunders made by a young democracy and must be rectified with them now that some discretion is being reached. When the great extension of the suffrage in 1867 gave force to the demands for popular education, pioneers in the good work were already,

without ostentation, experimenting along right lines in certain model schools, where the needs of the village were specially served, and technical training predominated over intellectual. But this did not satisfy the more democratic, whose demand now was that the poor man's child should have whatever had been considered beneficial to the richer man's child.

So, however admirable in some ways the work done by the School Boards, and later by Education Committees, the results from the first have failed to give satisfaction, because the expenditure has been on wrong lines. The chief middle class models were of the type of Grammar Schools, dating from the Revival of Classical Learning in the Sixteenth Century, and still fast bound in the meshes of a pernicious tradition. The only modifications introduced into the classical system had been such as were urged by the commercial needs of the nation, and the average product of such a school was, at best, fitted to be a clerk. The movement for the higher education of girls considerably raised the standard of literary culture, even in boys' schools, but still the old models were followed, and mediæval scholars, or their modern followers among erudite Professors, were still prescribing for the children of a living present. In the Middle Ages it was only the exceptional man who preferred the pursuit of letters to the bolder attractions of life ; yet something approaching his standard of literary taste and style must now be required of each wretched youngster who would pass creditably a school-leaving examination at sixteen !

How easily could the promoters of National Education in 1870 have avoided these mistakes, if they had started the consideration of the problem before them at

the other end, namely, at the actual present needs of the children of England, locally and temporarily, instead of at an abstract, conventional thought-form of the thing called Education, hitherto monopolised by the well-to-do, now to be administered whole to the masses !

It should be conceded that here, too, advanced opinion is urging reform along the right lines, in the establishment of trade schools, technical institutes, and vocational classes ; and Theosophical workers have their way clearly marked out for them. Local Education Committees must be strengthened and encouraged to work on individual lines, responsible to the Central Board only for the children's general well-being, mental, moral and physical, instead of for their attainment to a uniform standard of knowledge.

So we are led to the broader political question, and may look forward to a day when the details of administration shall have devolved upon District Councils, autonomous within their own spheres of action, instead of clogging the works of a single, central administrative machine, which labours under the additional disadvantage of being alternately worked by rival parties, with mutually destructive ends in view.

But it is only an uneducated England that would tolerate our present misrule by party-government. Once the Nation has learnt Self-government within restricted areas, by dealing with local problems of administration, it will demand, and know how to secure better service in its Parliament and Council, and nothing is at present so urgently needed as enlightened and independent work in County and District Councils, and Education Committees.

Helen F. R. Veale

THE AFTERMATH OF JOY

By M. ROCKE

IN this time of universal war, when men's hearts fail for fear, and the anguished sob shakes the bravest; when the groan of the tortured, the agony of the wounded, the terror of the threatened, the suspense of friends, the desolation of survivors, are felt on all sides, to think of Joy would seem as cruel mockery.

But JOY cometh: a JOY such as rarely is with men. After the storm, the sun; after the plough, the harvest; after the pain, the peace; in due proportion each to each, except that there is always more joy than sorrow in this world of ours.

Are we ready? Events are breathlessly rapid, the world is being set in order, nations are being proven, heroes being formed, character being tested, precipitated, moulded, at lightning speed: the noise of the Preparation is terrible. Are we ready?

If the warring world only knew! Knew that which is to follow, knew the JOY that waits, it would smile through its tears of blood, and even welcome that which hastens the Day when man's Saviour shall again be in its midst.

The ploughing ere the sowing and the harvest. The plough cuts deeply into the stale soil, and turns it anew with face upward to its lovers, the clouds and sun.

Flowers are crushed in the furrows, but to spring again the better on the new-made earth.

How could He come to man who was everywhere rigid, stubborn, set in his own little ways and thoughts and beliefs? Man, limited, fenced in, bound about. The Truth is a living fire and sets free, but the flame cannot burn under lid and cover, shut away from God's free air into cramped compartments labelled orthodoxy.

Man must be shaken out of his grooves, his habits of thought, his superstitions, his blasphemous fears, his arthritic conventions, before he can answer to the Living Truth. It is so strong, so tender, so sane, that man could not credit it, and raised instead his own crude and cruel conceptions, setting up bogies wherewith to frighten the dear timid suppliants, till they dare not think for themselves and are slaves to conscience.

A terrible price to pay! Yes, but as naught to the result. The storm rages and bears down before its blast the withered leaf, the worm-eaten twig, the hollow trunk, the shallow-rooted sapling, as well as the tree in its prime. But after the storm, the still small voice and the GARDENER is here. He can work now, in the loosened soil and the softened earth.

God is Love, and He brings about the war? Yes: but all mankind is in His consciousness; a very part of Him, Himself.

As a man diving is shut out from light and air, and pressed on all sides by a weight of water which obscures his vision, his speech, his hearing, and occupies all his faculties in the bare struggle back to air, so does the God-substance dive deeply down into matter, and after groping there, blindly, unwittingly,

begin its return struggle upwards to its natural sphere, which ends in Godhead. And the diver, as he turns upwards, is called man.

This war, as well as this single little life—out of many that he is now living—is less than a drop in that ocean of experience through which man passes; and even the mighty Joy of the Lord's coming, which shall surely follow in the peace purchased by the war, has been known to him before on his long journey Home.

Nor need he think sadly of those whose physical bodies have been struck away, leaving them in their subtler ones just at this time of times when imprisonment on earth will be most welcome; for man's Great Lover comes to him in all worlds equally, and none who will shall miss this opportunity of the ages so soon now to be vouchsafed.

May we decide to be ready.

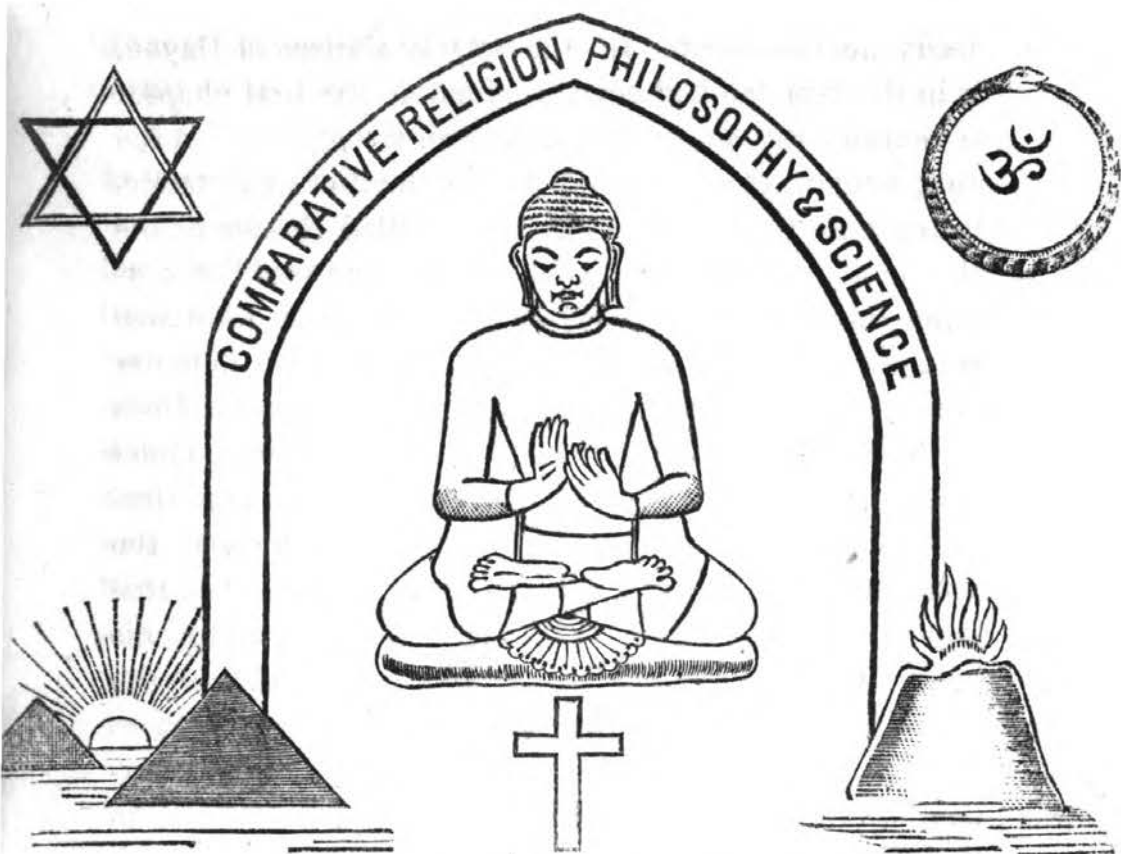
I, thyself, worship Thee, Thyself:

I, myself, worship Thee, Myself:

I, the one, worship Thee, the ONE.

AUM

M. Roche



ĀRYAN MYTHOLOGY

(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ITS NORTHERN FORM)

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

(Concluded from p. 43.)

AND now returning to the genealogical table of deities given above, let us examine the Scandinavian representatives a little more carefully. Ymir begat Buri, and Buri begat Bör, and Bör begat the wondrous Three known as Odin, Vilje and Vê—otherwise the All-Father, Lodur and Hönir—who together made the world and all that therein is. The first of all these, Ymir, the great-great-grandfather of the lesser Gods, is the *Chaos*¹ of the Grecian scriptures and of our own, and

¹ This stage is perhaps the Yoga-Mâyâ of the Hindû description.

needs no comment. In the stately stanzas of Dzyan, or in the less detailed account given in the first chapter of Genesis, the words referring to his kingdom arrest the imagination, giving us the subtle thrill of expectancy. In the time "when darkness alone filled the boundless all," and "the earth was without form and void," everything was latent and potential. The body of what was to be the universe was slowly gathering itself together in space. Therefore it is that the Scandinavian Gods are described as carrying the body of Ymir—this Giant whom they themselves had slain—into Ginnungagap, the great abyss. Of his flesh they formed the earth, and of his bones the mountains. The blood that flowed from his wounds formed the ocean, and of his huge skull the vault of heaven was built; and then the Three adorned it with the sparks and glowing cinders that showered from Muspellheim—the glorious Kingdom of the Fire—so establishing the starry hosts in their courses. In yet earlier times, before these activities were possible, the All-Father was, we are told *still among the frost giants*; an interesting assertion, showing how firmly the old poets had grasped the fact that all the Divine Powers are essentially One.¹

Between Chaos, or Ymir, and the activities of the personified Trinity, we find two steps—the emergence of Buri, and the birth of Bör. Buri is easily identified with the Latin Cœlus, the Greek Ouranos, *God of infinite space* of our Christian definition. The sacred name of the Hindû God Varuṇa, suggests by its lovely vowel music the same type of wondering worship as that accorded to Ouranos, who was regarded with too much reverence by the Greek poets for much to be said about

¹ Hindû mythological names often suggest these truths. Thus Brahman, representing an earlier stage of manifestation, includes Brahmā.

him. He is too great for the mind of man to conceive, and so far as we know, no artist in either Greece or Rome, ever attempted to portray him. In the same way in the North, Buri does little, in the old myth, beyond giving birth to Bör, of whom it is easier to begin to form some conception. He is the Chronos of Greece, the Saturn of Rome, the Ancient of Days of the Hebrew, the Old Father Time of our modern speech, converted by our little ones into the beloved Father Christmas, who brings them with rhythmic regularity the festival of festivals.¹ Rhythm, or vibration, is the essential element in Time, and if we meditate deeply on this aspect we are face to face with the cyclic laws that govern all manifestation. The wondrous conception summed up for our Hindū brothers in the name of Īshvara has something of the same character.

In classical mythology the three great sons of Chronos divide his kingdom among them ; and, despite occasional discord, they are represented as together forwarding the work of creation. Their northern counterparts are said, in the old *Edda*, to have made man from the two trees, Ask and Embla, which they found upon the shore—a very suggestive phrase. *On the shore*—that is to say, between sea and land, where two different elements meet. Here are united two distinct lines of evolution—the astral and the physical—expressed by the roots of these symbolic trees, thus producing in mankind the curious dual nature, and giving him the task of uniting the two. The physical and astral bodies had already evolved in the animal kingdom, the mental was still undeveloped, and with its awakening came changes in the astral and physical as well. So the three Gods are represented as all working together on

¹ Christmas-tide was the Saturnalia of Rome.

the transformation. Odin, the All-Father, gives the *breath*, Hönir or Vê the *sense*, Lodur or Vilje the *blood and fair colouring*. The blood is the life, says the New Testament; and it is life that is poured into us through the action of the Holy Spirit, life which manifests in the Will—Vilje—to live. A strong and somewhat stern deity this God of the Will, the administrator of the kârmic law and therefore of Justice on the physical plane. This is the Hades or Pluto of classical myth, the recording angel of the Christian, Muhammadan and Jew.

From Hönir comes the sense, says the *Edda*. We should rather have expected the senses; but after all, they are mere instruments, and this saying goes beneath the surface. Through the experience gathered by means of the senses we acquire both sense and sensibility. Alternations of pleasure and pain,¹ and the ceaseless attempt to attain the former and avoid the latter drive us forward, and the lessons that are lasting come chiefly through pain. It is therefore not surprising that Hönir's second title is Vê or, in English, Woe.

In ancient Greece the All-Father is represented as the youngest-born of the three brethren, and rightly so, for the mental body is organised later than the physical and astral; but so important is his Upper-world, or Kingdom of Air, at this our present stage of evolution as members of the fifth Root Race, that all pure-blooded Āryans, and especially those of the fifth sub-race, tend to exalt this aspect of deity. Accordingly we find the Scandinavians placing the throne of Odin high above the heights, where he sits with his dark blue mantle spangled with stars draped all around him—the Father

¹ It is the Second Person who is universally represented as incarnating on earth to help humanity. In Christian teaching he becomes the man of sorrows acquainted with grief. The passion is the suffering or *woe* of the Christ.

in Heaven reigning *above the bright blue sky*, as described in the familiar Christian hymn. It is noteworthy that this exaltation of the Father above the other persons in the Trinity has been a frequent form of heresy, and one bitterly persecuted in the Christian Church; and yet the moment the inspired artist begins to differentiate the aspects either pictorially or in verse, it is a heresy in which he is all but certain to be entangled. Our Theosophical teachers are constantly reminding us that the planes interpenetrate, and are *not* placed one above another like flats in a modern street. But once start weaving them into a fairy tale, and the magic seed is planted, which growing ever upward, leads us higher and higher to the wondrous land above the clouds, where the strains of the magic harp are heard.

In Thorpe's *Northern Mythology* (now out of print)



THE SCANDINAVIAN TRINITY.

King Gylfi before the Three Thrones; on which are seated *the High*, on the lowest; the *Equally High* on the next, and *the Third*, highest of all. The original is in an old MS. of Snorri's *Edda*.

the frontispiece shows a quaint old Scandinavian drawing of *The Three Thrones*, and although those who sit thereon are described in words as *the High, the Equally High, and the Third*, they are all drawn on different levels! Similarly, in Hindū pictures of the Trinity, Brahmā is seen enthroned upon the sacred lotus which blossoms in the Kingdom of the Air, his four heads suggesting the four spiritual planes above the mental; Viṣṇu lies in the waters, which rest upon the solid earth beneath, around which is coiled Shiva, the

third person, in the form of a serpent. A wonderfully



THE HINDŪ TRINITY

Brahmā on the sacred Lotus in the Kingdom of Air, Viṣṇu from whom it springs lying in the waters, Shiva coiled as a serpent around both.

compact piece of symbolism that!—and one to which we shall return later on. Taking it as a fresh point of departure, let us dig right down to the foundations of the elemental kingdoms and try to get our bewildering array of deities and semi-deities and super-deities into something like order, so that to whatever scheme of presentation we turn, North, South, East or West, we may appreciate something of the beauty of the teaching behind the ancient allegory.

In a seafaring race such as the Scandinavians, we might expect the world of waters and the deities appertaining thereto to be given a specially important place, and certainly sea-going adventures among the Northern Gods do abound; but it is noteworthy that when the personified Trinity is mentioned, the astral deity, Hönir or Vê, generally comes third instead of second; a sidelight on the characteristics of a race which represses emotion, and gives great prominence to mental and physical achievement. In one myth, Thor, who is of the Asa Gods, or mental deities, attempts to drink up the whole of the ocean in three Gargantuan gulps, and actually succeeds in temporarily diminishing it, so as to cause the neap tides! This myth possibly embodies a typical northern conviction that the cure for

excessive emotion is hard practical work ; for the heroic Thor is a very Hercules for exploits of the most arduous kind.

The most generalised expression for the ruler of the emotional plane is the deity known as the Aegir, the God of the great deep ; and the water-folk who belong to him are all of the race of the Vanir or Vans.¹ Among them two of the male deities especially come to the fore, suggesting, by their respective characteristics, the two contrasting aspects of the Sea-God in the South, where Poseidon (or Neptune) is sometimes represented as furiously raging, and at other times as quietly asleep. So in the North, we find both the gentle Hönir and energetic Njord—the latter a delightfully refreshing personification, the father of the great waves, who makes things so lively for the Asa Gods when he pays them a friendly visit, that they invite him to stay on for a bit, sending back the sleepy Hönir to take his place in the kingdom of the Aegir ! So Hönir goes to the great deep ; but is nevertheless to be met with in other forms far inland as well. It is probably the rivers that give him his quaintest title, that of Long-shanks, and the dreary stretches of bog and quagmire in Denmark and Sweden provide him with a kingdom that is neither earth nor water, but a mixture of both, over which he reigns as *the Marsh King*. In this character he is sluggish and lazy and of ill repute ; and his treacherous territory claims many victims, including the fair young Princess from the land of Egypt—the daughter of the River Nile—who flies over sea and land in the plumage of a swan, seeking the flower that is to bring health to her royal father on his bed of sickness. Alighting on the

¹ *Vand* is Norse for water.

edge of the Marsh, she throws aside the feathery dress that has borne her through the air—the realm of thought—and rests on the old tree-trunk that lies on the margin of the dark waters looking so safe a seat. There her own sisters cruelly forsake her, tearing her white plumage—her mental equipment—to tatters as they go, and the treacherous log rolls over, stretching out slimy arm-branches that draw her down into the oozy depths. Not till after many days does the stem that springs from this strange and sorrowful union press upwards to the surface, bearing the bud that is to expand into the lovely lily, in the heart of which lies the babe that shares the nature of both parents; who, when the lower nature is conquered, is destined to bring peace to the suffering monarch in his palace by the Nile. It is Hans C. Andersen who tells us the tale. He got it “from the storks,” so he says; from the storks—who are *the birds of Hönir*—and “who have been telling that story to their own little ones for countless generations”; but as we read it, the dream-like Orient rises before us, and we see again the wonderful symbolic drawing described above, the picture of Vishṇu, lying in the depths of the muddy waters, with Shiva coiled as a serpent around him, and the Lotus flower slowly rising upwards, to form the sacred seat of Brahmā himself. And so the dusky child of India and the blue-eyed Dane, meeting in the fairy-land of fancy, clasp hands across the barriers built by difference of language and environment, and understand that at heart they are one.

The Marsh King's daughter of actual Scandinavian mythology is Frigg or Fricka, who reigns over the fertile meadow-lands that lie around the marshes, and the great King to whom she proves a helpmeet is the

All-Father Odin himself. Like Hera, Juno, and Sarasvatī she is the Goddess of the social order and of the marriage contract. When souls are ready to incarnate they are said to drop as ripe fruit on to Fricka's territory, from the tree of life. Thence they are carried by Hönir's storks to those women "who are longing for the caressing touch of baby fingers"—a very poetic way of putting the fact that through the medium of desire, the watery element, acting on the physical plane, the phenomenon of physical birth takes place; and to this day mothers in Germany teach their children that it is storks who bring the baby sisters and brothers, although few or none realise that they are thus perpetuating an allegorical teaching belonging to the faith of their forefathers.

Another identification may perhaps make my readers smile, but most of them will admit that there is a good deal to be said in favour of it. In Scandinavian and Teutonic literature we find a good many references to the Swan Mothers, and we have already seen that plumage of any kind is to be interpreted in terms of the upper world of air, the mental plane. In England, France, Belgium and other countries we have a nursery favourite in the person of dear old Mother Goose, whose quaint title has puzzled the etymologists and even set them solemnly to work to explain it away by converting *Mère d'Oie* into *Mère de Loi*. Naturally enough too; for she has much wisdom, and no connection whatever with the barn-yard waddler! possibly the arrow-shaped flight of the wild geese, with its suggestion of the sacred triangle, had stirred some Sage of ancient days to a reverent interest in the power that guides these evolutions of flight in far-away cloudland. Anyhow it is there

that this old Mother lives, and the soft grey and white clouds are her feather beds. When in frosty weather, she warms herself by an extra special bout of "tidying up," she gives the said feathers such a vigorous shaking, that down they come in the form of snow-flakes! A capable housewife this!—with a dash of the fairy God-mother about her too; for she wears a scarlet cloak and a conical black hat, and comes sailing out of the sky, mounted on the snow-white goose—her 'Vāhan'¹—which gives her the right to her title. She comes to teach the human mothers the nursery jingles they sing to their babies, and to tell all the best of the fairy-tales—including Cinderella, the Blue-bird, and countless other lovely allegories—to the older children. Here we probably have some ancient deity of the mental plane, possibly Fricka in her gentlest aspect, the patroness of early education, who develops later into the guardian of the kindergarten and the school, and finally into the Alma Mater of the University—by which time she has become something of a stickler for custom and tradition, and a devout believer in established law, severe at times, no doubt, but the great wise Mother² of the race through it all, understanding very thoroughly what is best for the majority.

In the case of Fricka we have an example of a deity who expresses the overlapping or interaction of the kingdoms. She is the child of the Marsh—of

¹ In India every deity has his or her *Vāhan*, the bird or animal mounted by preference. Shiva as an Earthy deity has a snow-white bull; others, more mental, have birds.

² Protestant Christianity has lost sight of the Mother element in theology, and concentrates all its devotion on the aspects described as the Father and the Son; but the Church of Rome has preserved her worship in the honours paid to the Madonna, who is referred to as *the Great Earth-Mother*, *the Star of the Sea*, and *the Queen of Heaven*—very potent, and to be adored on all three planes.

earth and water and is incomplete till wedded to the King of Heaven, the Overlord of the upper air. The earth and water mixture is a perilous one left to itself, and the Nixie and the Water-kelpie and the Sirens and the Lorelei—all associated with shipwreck or loss of life—are symbols of the dangers attending impure emotion of any kind. Frey and Freya on the other hand are children of the Sea-God in a very different aspect, when he is hailed as Njord, and strikes us as being as much a son of the winds as of the waters. The flying clouds over which the Valkyrie ride, the rain that fertilises the seed, the great billows leaping towards the stars, yield us a wealth of poetic imagery of which the old skalds took full advantage. The waves—great surges of emotion—representing big joys and big sorrows, are all alike the children of Njord. In Greece it is from the crown and crest of them, the snowy foam that is airiest of all—that the Goddess of Love is born, and her birth is attributed to the generative power of Ouranos, the Lord of the firmament and of infinite space. She is the Lakṣhmī of India, the Venus of Rome, the Freya of the North, where, belonging as much to the Asa Gods as to the Vanir, she takes her place in Asgard, along with her brother Frey, whose refreshing showers seem to suggest the tears connected with mirth or with the gentler emotions—tears which relieve the heart and are shed without bitterness. When we raise our thoughts to this level, and higher yet to the rainbow bridge of *Bi-frost*, which carries us into the sacred halls of Valhalla itself, it is time to realise that we have imperceptibly crossed a boundary, and are already in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Once again, the symbolism of this upper world, with its moments on the mount and its soaring aspirations, is very familiar to us; not only through the works of the great poets, but also in our own daily speech; for we are all prone to *building castles in the air*; and even if in many cases the architecture leaves a good deal to be desired, the exercise is in itself favourable to the growth of faculty. Most of us keep to the lower or *rūpa* levels, *the region of the clouds*, those vapoury symbols of such thoughts as are largely affected by the emotions of the moment; but there is also the realm of abstract thought *above the clouds*, where a clear view of the lower planes can always be obtained, and where fundamental laws can be examined and apprehended. Therefore the prophet and the lawgiver must ascend the mountain¹ to receive the teaching, before again descending to the level on which it can be given forth in concrete and thoroughly practical form. The God of Israel rests as a cloud upon the Mercy-seat, and in time of tribulation goes before his people as a pillar of cloud—a great mental ideal—by day, and a pillar of fire by night; and the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire are one, though revealed in different stages or states of consciousness. Their close connection is symbolically represented both in Greece and Scandinavia, for Zeus holds in his right hand the thunderbolt, forged by Hephaistos (or Vulcan), the smith among the Gods, whose very breath makes the fiery furnace glow; and Odin carries a spear, the gift of Loki, sometimes described

¹ The Christ taught his disciples on the Mount, and the common people by the seashore. His message, as spread abroad by his followers, has hitherto made its chief appeal to the hearts of men, missionary exhortation being largely emotional rather than intellectual. When He comes again, we are told, it will be in the clouds; *i.e.*, bringing with him a teaching that will appeal more definitely to the reason. Our scientists may be the priests of the new era!

as his half-brother, the strange many-sided deity of the leaping flame.

High above all the seats of the lesser Gods is the throne of the All-Father, and from that eminence he looks benevolently down upon the children of men. The all-seeing eye of Odin is the Sun, and his mantle is the blue vault of heaven. We might describe him as the *thought* aspect of the Solar Logos, and all forms of mental energy come under his sway. In Greece he is described with special reverence, and Homer speaks very beautifully of *prayers* being among his children. That is the aspect of deity which the Christian Scientists and Mental Scientists of to-day are putting so earnestly before the public that they sometimes seem to limit the conception of deity to the Divine Mind alone, ignoring all other aspects in a way that would have horrified the founders of these older faiths. Still, if they are succeeding in driving home the lesson of the Fatherhood of God, and its essential corollary the Brotherhood of man, to a race still greatly in want of such teaching, they are doing a tremendous piece of work, and one that forms a very important part of our Āryan revelation.

To the Early Fathers of the Church, who accepted the Jewish Scriptures as the basis of Christian teaching, the chief objection to the Āryan religions which they sought to displace was the immorality of the Gods whom the people were taught to worship, and who might therefore be regarded as examples to be followed; and there is certainly something to be said for that point of view. The unimaginative mind, incapable of thinking in metaphor, may find a presentment of the Powers given in terms of family relationships, as something that hinders rather than helps the understanding.

Once embark upon metaphor however, and the ordinary standards of morality, affecting the welfare of evolving humanity, have to be set aside. The Powers are all akin—and very nearly akin. They have their positive and negative—their male and female—aspects; and in the great work of creative evolution the various elements intermingle, producing new elements, which react upon the progenitors and again receive fresh impulses from them. The morality of the chemical laboratory would play sad havoc with our social system as far as family life is concerned. Each chemical combines with the most attractive mate available at any given stage in the course of an experiment, and such combination may be entirely broken up by the introduction of a new element at a later stage, after which other influences may combine to make the earlier attraction dominate once more. And so it is with the warring and conflicting elements brought into relation with each other in the building of a universe. At every stage the Great Architect who plans the whole is called upon for fresh direction and a fresh outpouring of energy; and the particular form of activity stirred to productiveness by any such stimulus is presented to us in the symbolic drama of Āryan mythology as one whom the Father has loved or wed. Greece gives Zeus seven mates, the seven mothers of his many children, and the most important of them all, Hera, is daughter as well as spouse to her husband. Like Fricka in the North, she is jealous of her rivals, and would fain confine her husband's efforts to her own department of established and customary procedure. In most Āryan races she is patroness of education and of the right discipline of the young, a very wise deity, who knows

right well what is good for the majority ; and her children in Scandinavia are many and wonderful, including Baldur the beautiful—the Northern Bacchus—and the heroic Thor. Students of Comparative Mythology have often been hampered in the work of identification by the diverse descriptions of the outer personalities of the Gods, which naturally vary with race and climate and the stage of civilisation attained. In the strenuous North every God is a warrior, even the All-Father himself, and the heroes whom he rewards are warriors too. Indeed the very daughters of Odin, the nine Valkyrie, with whom Wagner has made us familiar, are warrior-maidens with the courage and something of the semblance of men. As they gallop past on their flying steeds, bearing heavenwards the gloriously slain, they are so far removed from their Grecian sisters that we scarcely recognise them, until we remember that the Nine Muses, the daughters of Zeus, whose mother is Mnemosyne or Memory, also gallop over the clouds on the winged steed known as Pegasus, and carry men heavenward by conferring upon them the wider vision and fuller consciousness associated with the gift of genius in science or in art. Further, in Greece we find the best beloved of all the daughters of Zeus in Pallas Athene (Minerva) who springs from her father's forehead, fully armed, and is defined by Plato as *Moral Intelligence*. She reveals the will of the God to men, and may easily be identified with the Scandinavian Brynhilda, the first-born daughter of Odin, who has imparted her martial characteristics to all her sisters, and whose wondrous steed, Grane, plays a part in many an ancient Saga.

In the South, Apollo leads the Muses. In the North when we look for him among the patrons of art and literature, we find Bragi, the Bright or Shining One, the poet God of Valhalla, doing part of his work, while Baldur does the rest. The Sun-God is doomed to long banishment in the frozen North, and men have to strengthen their hearts and develop their powers of endurance, by concentrating their minds on other, and often less harmonious, aspects. It is the wondrous water-power of Norway, coming down from the eternal snows, and generating heat and electricity, that seems likely to give that land a prominent place among the nations in years to come; and there are signs that the descendants of the Vikings are ceasing to weep¹ for Baldur, as they light up the darkness of their long winter, and busy themselves in learning better than ever before to wield the hammer of Thor. As a matter of fact the latter God has always been the favourite with this fifth sub-race, Scandinavian and Teutonic, which appreciates practical hard work and successful wrestling with the powers of nature more than either art or eloquence. The name of Bragi, the skald of Valhalla, has degenerated among us into the curt little monosyllable 'brag'—a word of scant repute—and even to the present day we revel in the exploits of Thor, actually preserved to us in the good old nursery stories of Jack the Giant Killer, and Jack and the Beanstalk. Indeed, amazing as it may sound, the original of the valiant Hop-o'-my-Thumb is probably Thor too; for was it not that hero who, in the course of one of his most perilous expeditions, crept wearily into what he

¹ The depressing influence of the long winter has always been a problem in the North—driving many to alcoholism.

fancied was the hall of a huge castle, and only discovered next morning that it was merely the thumb of an enormous glove dropped by the particular giant he had set forth to fight!—which things are, as usual, an allegory. How many a great engineering feat has been underestimated at the time when first undertaken?—and how often has the enterprising spirit had to sleep over it, before the dream became actual fact! The descendants of those who exalted the name of Thor—or Donner, as the Teutons call him—are carrying railways across great ravines and up high mountains and over trackless deserts all the world over—a warfare more glorious, and in some cases more costly in human life, than many minor campaigns due to the squabbles of the nations for place and power.

Only a Mystic can realise all that is implied in the imagery of ancient mythology, and only an Occultist can synthesise, while clearly differentiating, the various activities personified by the poets and philosophers; but, as we have tried to show, even the man in the street can gather something inspiring and helpful from such symbolism, if he will only put himself as much as possible in the place of these gifted seers of old and endeavour to share their point of view. To them the Earth was not merely “a lump of dead matter,” as we have heard a modern materialist describe her, but a living creature, pulsating with divine life, *the oldest of the Gods*—according to Plato—and our tender and loving nurse. As every man is the centre of consciousness in his own universe, his Mother Earth is naturally the starting point of all observations for him; and long after he has realised that she is only one small planet in a solar system which is a mere atom in a stupendous

whole, he will still continue to think and reason in terms of earth experience ; which gives us yet another light on Fricka and her still greater Mother,¹ Erda or Jord.

Besides all these great northern deities and their children, we have vast numbers of their helpers or subjects, corresponding to the lesser angels, or, if engaged on destructive work, to the *demons* of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water respectively. And again the interaction is seen when we find these elementals engaged in strife or active in co-operation. Thus the alfer or elves and the dwarfs or gnomes in the Sagas of the North are all quite appropriately referred to as *the helpers of Odin* ; for although many of them are concerned mainly in physical plane activities, they are carrying out the scheme of the divine creative mind. Wonderful workers too, these craftsmen of primeval days!—the makers of the crystals and precious metals, the cunning smiths who, with their unceasing industry, produce the jewelled ornaments that deck the Gods, or show their skill as nature-spirits in clothing Mother Earth herself in the lovely hues of the varying seasons! Theosophical writers describe them as wearing etheric bodies, easily perceived by races that possess etheric sight ; and there is much quaint detail about them in the folk-lore of all nations. In Scotland and Ireland they are *the wee folk* or *the good people*, and the home-loving English Brownie is one of their kindred. In the frozen North their task is a hard one, and their tiny hammers resound in our ears again and again throughout Wagner's great drama of

¹ This deity is known as Rhea in Greece and Vesta in Rome. In the *Book of Revelation* she is *the woman clothed with the sun, having the moon—her satellite—under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars*—the rulers of the signs of the Zodiac ; *i.e.*, the twelve Archangels of the Hebrew religion.

The Ring; for these are the Niflung or Nibelung, the dwarf inhabitants of the kingdom of Niflheim. The name of which carries us back to an earlier paragraph and gives us an important identification at once.

The remote ancestor of all these busy creatures is Ivalde, whose union with a giantess produces three sons, Valand, Egil, and Slagfinn; and at this early stage, when the mineral kingdom is evolving, it is Valand, the smith of his generation, that takes the lead, and his realm that is the important one. Professor Rydberg identifies him with Tjasse, who kept Iduna of the golden apples a prisoner, much as Pluto kept Proserpine; so that again we find a link that helps us to classify the characters in our drama; Pluto or Hades is the great Lord of Karma on the plane of action, the deity manifesting in unerring physical law.

There are aspects of this stern ruler of the underworld which are curiously suggestive, reminding us that, although we may recognise him through the laws affecting matter, it is the life behind the matter that we are asked to reverence. Modern writers recognise it as *the Life-Force*, that enthral's the attention of so many of our biologists and sociologists. In India we have seen this aspect represented as the Serpent coiled around the mud—that fertile mixture of earth and water—out of which the Lotus rises upwards. In Scandinavian legend we find the Mid-Gard serpent encircling the whole world, and holding his tail in his mouth. Generation and regeneration are ideas often found associated with the serpent symbol, and the dissolution of all things is connected with the day when he will break the circle, releasing his tail; and then the

Twilight of the Gods is to come, the world and all that therein is, passing into the darkness of the unknown. In the Hebrew Scriptures it is the serpent that tempts Adam and Eve; in other words it is the Life-Force that draws them downward into physical incarnation, after their creation on the higher planes; and their assumption of coats of skin is interpreted by Madame Blavatsky as the taking on of physical bodies. This period corresponds to the stage when the reign of Valand is over, and Lodur has come to the front, with his gift of *blood and fair colouring*, Lodur who is also Vilje, the God of the iron Will that drives us forward in the struggle for existence; and a terrible struggle it is—so terrible that in many myths we are given to understand that the nether regions or hell of these ancients was actually part of the underworld or physical plane—a teaching Mr. Bernard Shaw has insisted on in the fourth act of his *Man and Superman*. The descent into hell has been the experience of many on earth besides Dante. But although the classical writers associate the idea of suffering for sin chiefly with this lowest realm, we must remember that it is not the only plane on which suffering is possible. Nor is our time here below necessarily all misery. A man can make life a physical hell upon earth for himself, but even when his bodily conditions are satisfactory, there are emotional and mental hells to be endured; and conversely it is possible to arrive at a condition of consciousness which is practically heaven upon earth. All along the line of evolution the hell condition of hate and separation and rebellion can be converted into the purgatorial condition of acceptance of the discipline and experiences we have earned, either through a change of heart or an alteration in the point of view.

And here we have come to another boundary and entered the Kingdom of the Fire. For all through both purgatory and hell the flames persist. The Spirit writhes in torment, yet rises ever upward, as it burns its way through all barriers, subduing matter to its own will, consuming the chaff—the outward form—as it becomes useless, darkening the realm of air with smoke and strewing the earth with ashes. Then, rising to the higher levels it flames forth clear and pure, as the burning and shining light that is capable of showing others the better way. When describing the lowest stages in the strange and eventful process, our more sensitive poets and prophets employ an imagery that is positively cruel in its intensity. The devils are chained and tortured in hell. Prometheus is bound to a rock, with an eagle tearing at his heart. Loki in the imaginative North has a punishment more awful still. In an evil moment he has been instrumental in causing the death of Baldur the Beautiful; for the work of the Spirit has terrible results at times. The Asa Gods, whose business it is to forward the evolution of fair and efficient forms through the action of the creative mind, are full of wrath; and the tale of the Fire-God's efforts to escape their vengeance is very striking in its symbolism. To begin with he builds himself a house with four aspects—a window looking each way; and there he weaves the first net ever shaped; and though he throws it into the fire when he sees them coming, and dives deep into the waters, the net is not altogether consumed and the Asa Gods learn from it how to make a net of their own, with which they set forth to catch him as he gleams through the water in the shape of a great silvery salmon. Loki swims fast, and the net is drawn up

empty. Then the meshes are made finer still, and the net cast into the very deepest pools—thought fathoming the mystery of deep emotion, and striving to catch the reflection of the Spirit there. Again Loki evades capture, rising swiftly to the surface, and swimming first towards the sea, and then inland. But Thor wades far out into the waters with the net, and Loki leaping into the air to evade it, is caught in the mighty hand of the Asa—with so sure a grip that even to this day the tails of all salmon are delicately pointed! Once caught, the Fire-god has to resume his own shape, and submit to the stern decree of the All-Father. Only the Spirit, however, can bind the Spirit; so the chains that bind Loki are of his own getting. In times gone by he has brought forth a strange and terrible progeny, and now two of his sons, having changed themselves into wolves, through the indulgence of their evil passions, have torn each other in pieces; and from their sinews are made the ropes that bind their father; stretched on four great stones he lies on a rocky eminence that overlooks the river, and from the rock above his head a venomous snake peers down at him, dropping poison upon his brow. His faithful wife, moved to compassion, stands ever by his side, holding a cup to catch the drops; but from time to time it brims over, and while she empties it the God writhes in anguish, “shaking the earth with terrible earthquakes”. The imprisoned Spirit, in its vain efforts to free itself, brings about many a disaster, and the suffering must go on so long as this age shall endure. But the great day will come when Loki’s progeny shall arise, and the fiery element hold full sway, drying up the waters and dispersing the clouds, devouring and destroying the world and all that therein is, with the

Sun, Moon and Stars, even the throne of the All-Father himself. In that great and terrible Day of the Lord, the heavens and the earth shall pass away, and there shall be no more sea. Surt of the flaming sword shall issue forth from the gates of the kingdom of Muspellheim, leading the Sons of the Flame, and as the shadows fade away, the glory and splendour of the age of things spiritual will begin.

Further than this it is hard to see, but the old *Edda*, like all great Scriptures, has a hint in it of the huge heartbeat that makes all things of which man can form a conception rhythmic in their action. Even Pralaya—the Rest of the Lord—is only an interlude. The passing away is predestined, but the time of rebirth is predestined too, and the vision ends with the prophecy of the renewal of all things, and the promise of a brighter, fairer dawn than any that has yet been known.

Isabelle M. Pagan

AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(*Continued from p. 48*)

VI. ESSENISM AND JUDAISM

A CONSIDERATION of the connection between these two forms of religious thought is not only important in the examination of the history of the Essenean movement—a movement which, as we shall see, came often into conflict with orthodox Judaism—but also because it sheds a light on the genesis of Essenism. But the information we have at our disposal is unfortunately too incomplete for us ever to arrive at a definite conclusion as to whether or not Essenism is a direct descendant of Judaism. Both systems seem to have held certain similar convictions and Essenism laid special stress—for some reason not clear to us—upon many points it had in common with Judaism. The reason why these particular points were specially emphasised by the Essenes, while other features of orthodox Judaism were neglected, is certainly connected with their hidden teachings; but of these we can never get any certain information from the documents now at our disposal.

Most divergent opinions as to the origin of the Essenes have been held, as we remarked in the chapter dealing with their history—but the majority of students now admit that the Essenes were, at the time of their foundation at least, a part of the Jewish nation.

Philo and Josephus were quite definite on this point. Ritschl and Hilgenfeld incline to think that the Essenes were a purely Jewish sect, although the former authority is of the opinion that they considered themselves to be priests, after the principle of general priesthood mentioned in *Exodus*. Ewald supposes that they were a set of persons who objected to the superficiality and despotism of the Pharisees. Frankel, Graetz, and Jost hold that the whole movement originated from the conflict between the Pharisean principles and the Levitical laws for purity. They agree on the thoroughly Jewish genesis of the Essenes, and see a connection between them and the ancient Jewish asceticism. Schürer sees in Essenism an exaggeration of Pharisaism, but Zeller thinks that both found their common origin in Judaism and that there was a certain rivalry between them. He objects to Ritschl's theory of a general priesthood, remarking that the sacred meals and white garments—upon which Ritschl founds arguments for his theory—were customs too widely spread in other religions to prove any definite conclusion; so also with the frequent bath. Their asceticism tends to point to the effort of coming into personal contact with God without the intermediary of a priest; also, if each member of the community had been a priest, they would most likely have tried to form individual communities and not have retired into isolation. Marriage, sacrifice, and oil-unctions would not have been rejected; the purity ascribed to priests, however, may have influenced the Essenes.

Hilgenfeld sees in the Essenean sect a school for prophets—and for this, asceticism would be necessary; but Zeller finds nothing to prove this hypothesis, since

asceticism is often the result of religious belief and in addition there is no evidence to show that prophecy was a quality common to all Essenes. Personally I think that Zeller goes too far in his objection, as we have seen clearly that the capacity for prophecy was held in great esteem among the Essenes. In later years Hilgenfeld held a new theory *re* the origin of the sect which he connected with the Kenite Rechabites, but there is very little ground for this hypothesis.

To me it seems not impossible that, though those who formed the sect had certain knowledge handed on to them by tradition—a knowledge not shared by the whole Jewish nation—the formation of the sect itself might have been due to the unsatisfactory behaviour of the Pharisees and the laxity of observation of the law. The regular sacrifice offering was interrupted; high priests sometimes lived in the Temple, but some were appointed who, by reason of their family connection, had no claim to such high dignity; these were some of the irregularities that occurred. All this accounts for the scant veneration or respect the Essenes showed to the Temple as well as to the Jewish priests—actions which were quite in opposition to the law which in other matters they so strictly observed.

Lucius thinks it very likely that the formation of the sect must have been the result of a break with Judaism, and I suppose that the reasons just mentioned may have led to this break. He also notices that during the Syrian war, or about ten years later, a sect was formed which called itself the “Pious”. Was it the original of the Essenean sect?

Besides the principle of Levitical purity there was still another which inspired at that time many people;

it was the principle of religious individual independence, and led its followers to a certain contempt for all religious forms but to a more direct feeling for God, clinging to nothing but the idea of Jahveh. This piety which had a political as well as a religious importance found its expression in the Zelots and in the Essenes, who agreed in so many matters that Hippolytus identified the one with the other. It is probable that the observance of Levitical purity led to the formation of small circles; of these the Rechabites offered the first instance (919 B.C.), and such sects existed for several centuries. Their origin was due to a tendency towards piety which could not be brought into practice in public life. The Essenes however differ from the Rechabites and from the Nazarenes, though there may have existed some connection between all these sects. Reuss sees, in the Essenes, Ebionite Hasideans, but these appeared only during the Jewish war of independence. Tideman thinks that the Essenes are the most religious and pure offspring of the Pharisees, who politically met their death at the hands of the Zelots, but who remained still as the followers of Hillel, continuing to exist and producing the *Talmud*.¹

The Essenes may then have probably been an association of the pious amongst the Jews. The opposition of the priests gave perhaps a more definite form to the party than it otherwise would have assumed, but afterwards the members were linked together by a feeling of solidarity and of facing a common enemy. Also their strict purity, by which association with people other than those belonging to the sect became undesirable and which made it impossible for them to eat

¹ Tideman, pp. 43—50.

anything of which they did not know the origin, made their close association among themselves as well as their separation from others almost a necessity. It seems that the Essenes made from their retired dwelling-places a sort of propaganda by their writings. We do not know what books they had, though Jost gives some names. It even may be that the Essenes exercised some influence on the canon of the Jewish books and several authorities admit also their influence on the Christians in the first centuries of our era. Essenism was of course considered to be a heresy by the Jews and even Ezekiel's writings were held in less respect amongst them, as they furnished some texts on which the Essenes based their secret teachings. The heresy was only admitted in later years into the Jewish School and then also studied by the Babylonian Jews; but before that time we see that the Rabbis, Simon ben Azai and Simon ben Zoma, had become ascetics and were killed; also the fall of Rabbi Elisha ben Abuja was thus caused, though Rabbi Akiba had studied it without harm. When, afterwards, the doctrines of the Essenes were accepted, we see that the Rabbis proceeded to hold the teaching that there are two ministering angels who accompany each man, and that there are also evil angels who are half human beings—an idea which is deduced from the secret teachings of the Essenes.¹ It has also been said—though the statement dates from later times—that already at that period Kabalistic books existed in the locality near the Dead Sea where the Essenes had lived. That the law of the Nazarenes became more severe is certainly due also to Essenean influence. This law, which tended so much towards exaggeration, found many disciples

¹ Tideman, 61. Jost, ii, p. 97—105. Graetz, iv, 65—107.

after the time of banishment, as, for instance, Queen Helena, and Maria of Palmyra. Frankel thinks that some of the ordinances concerning health and medicine in the *Talmud* might be of Essenean origin. Tideman thinks that Frankel is wrong when he ascribes to the Essenes the prescriptions which were supposed to save man from danger to life, but both agree that most probably those passages in the *Talmud* are of Essenean origin where we find that some men pretend to possess remedies which come from angels.

Some of the authorities seem doubtful as to whether there are references to the Essenes in the *Talmud*. Herzfeld criticises the passages which look as if they referred to the Essenes and of which some were quoted by Derenbourg and Frankel.¹ The difficulties in them consist in that those who are considered to be Essenes seem to be on very good terms with the Temple, a thing which is very unlikely. Tideman does not agree with Herzfeld, who finds in *Tosifta Succa*, § 3, *Tosifta Menachat*, Chap. 10, the school of Essenes. But in "The Pious" (especially as described in the *Tosifta Sota*, Chap. XV and in the *Zohar*, ii, 180a) who prayed before sunrise, and whose piety included deep knowledge, it is likely that we can trace the Essenes. Weinstein² speaks of a passage in the *Talmud* which gives a description of people who remind us in some points of the Essenes, in that they rejected wine and did not smear their bodies with oil. He points out still another passage in Rashi's comments on *Mishna Chagiga*, 16 a, where an Essenean Jose ben Joe becomes the leader of a party who may all have been Essenes

¹ The discussion goes chiefly over Kiddushim, 71 a; Demai, vi, 6. Rabbi Josue ben Levi; *Succa*, 51a. *Sota*, 49a.

² P. 23.

observing the prescription of Sabbath rest so strictly that they would not lay on hands, on that day. I quoted already some names—chiefly on Weinstein's authority—of Essenes which appear in the *Talmud*, Rabbis Pinchas ben Jair, Eleazer ben Hyrkana.

Weinstein believes in the great influence of the Essenes on the *Talmud*. A great part of the *Mishna*, from which later on the *Talmud* developed itself, was brought by Hosea from his teacher, Eleazer Hakapar, from the South. Rabbi Akiba had also lived in the South, and the 613 ordinances and prohibitions of the Jewish religion came through the Essenean, Rabbi Simlai, from the South. There was however a certain contempt for these scholars of the South; the patriarchs turned so much against them that envoys had to be sent to the South to make peace again. The South of Palestine held always a great attraction for those who wanted to learn, and many went there; Weinstein assumes that it is to them that we owe the doctrines of letters and numbers.

The great divergency between Essenes and Jews arose from the disbelief of the former in the value of the Second Temple and their respect for the traditional Halacha—law—instead of the Halacha of the Pharisees which was drawn from the Scriptures. Weinstein describes the difference in the point of view, saying that the Pharisees held the theory that as soon as a law has no connection with human life, it cannot have any thing to do with the Mosaic code. In the Halacha of the Pharisees this principle was worked out, and the second building of the Temple had as its purpose the regulation of the life of the citizen and the safeguarding of Judaism from ruin. With the Essenes the Mosaic law was not a way, but a principle of life to fulfil the divine

prescriptions. The more they took it into consideration, the less they paid attention to daily life. The Essenes traced their Halacha back to the three last prophets, Haggai, Zachariah and Malachai, but Frankel finds it very doubtful that Haggai should be considered as the founder of their Halacha.¹ He admits a mistaken reading of the Hebrew text, and suggests that it should be Choni, the wonder-worker, who was a contemporary of Simeon ben Schetach, living about 110 B.C. Weinstein argues that this is not possible as in the *Talmud* the Essenean Choni is known under another name. It looks as if the difference of opinion on the value of the transmitted and of the deduced Halacha was the origin of very great difficulties between the Essenes and the Pharisees. The unlearned Temple priests made attacks on the pious ascetics, separated themselves from them, and made the formation of the sect more and more definite. We have already seen how the members of the sect had to swear to adhere to the transmitted Halacha only, and to no other doctrine save that. As Weinstein remarks, the division between Essenes and Pharisees might have been still greater, if the first had not seen in the Patriarch Hillel a descendant of the race of David, against whom it was very strictly forbidden to revolt.² Rabbi Jose ben Chalafta was of Essenean origin, and devoted to the Essenes but was at the same time one of the most important disciples of Rabbi Akiba who founded, so to say, the *Talmud*, and connected all the Jewish laws with the Scriptures. Rabbi Jose held the opinion that, if the Halacha should exist for all time, it should have a criterion and be

¹ Frankel: *Monatschr. für Gesch u Wissensch. des Judenth.*, 1853, p. 37.

² *Shabbath*, xiv, 4.

capable of development. The Essenes did not want to have anything to do with the matter. They retired to South Palestine in self-defence from religious persecution, and here they planned an opposition against the Scriptures deduced from the Halacha and the power of the Nasi whom Rabbi Jose had proclaimed to be the representative of the authority of David. The division between Essene and Pharisee, on account of the difference in their understanding of the law, lasted till the end of the second century, as is proved by the story of Rabbi Mair, after whose death the Nasi ordered that his disciples should not be admitted to the house of learning on account of their being quarrelsome.

Rabbi Akiba proved to his teacher, who was in favour of the transmitted Halacha, that it was not reliable, and to Rabbi Tarfon he showed that he was mistaken even in his priestly Halacha. Rabbi Akiba pointed out that the transmitted Halacha ought to be justified by the deduced Halacha. The troubles came to an end when Rabbi Tarfon—whose teachings were accepted by all Israel—proclaimed this openly. But it was at the same time admitted that for the life of the Mosaic law, the derivation from the Scriptures was necessary. This peaceful solution was due to Rabbi Akiba before whose time great troubles, even manslaughter in the house of learning, had taken place.¹

We will now consider the striking difference which we find between the religious practices of the orthodox Jews and the Essenes, and see whether even in some of the Jewish writings we cannot find the origin of these differences, as we have occasionally attempted in the previous chapter. I have said already that a very

¹ Weinstein, pp. 35-40.

important point is the disregard which the Essenes had for the Second Temple, but there are other striking facts. We find that the Essenes are opposed to animal offerings, the use of unction-oil, keeping serfs, and swearing. Then we find further that the Essenes endued water with a mystical purifying power and believed in a separate origin of the soul, which existed also apart from the body, and that they gave a much greater importance to the angels. It is certainly not orthodox Judaism to proclaim that no one was obliged to live according to the law as soon as he understood deeper things, nor, furthermore, is the Essenean conception of life after death Jewish. Many of these peculiarities are to be traced back to Jewish origins, but all the same the question remains: Why did the Essenes follow these authorities rather than those of the Temple? The understanding of these points might give us an insight into Jewish esoteric teachings, which escapes us entirely at the moment.

The disregard for the Second Temple as well as for the sacrifices performed by its priests, to which they preferred their own sacrifices, is also manifested in the *Book of Enoch*,¹ which does not teach that God has gone into the Second Temple neither that it is a real sanctuary of God. Enoch does not attach any importance to the sacrifices which were performed there and in this echoes the opinion of a whole party holding the same opinion, which is also expressed in some of the passages of Solomon, of the *Psalms* and Moses' Apocalypses. The doctrine which the Essenes held about the lovely place where the souls of the righteous go after death is also in accordance with *Enoch*²; the fate of the evil

¹ lxxxix, 58; lxxxix, 73.

² xxii, 1—3.

man who died is there to be found too,¹ and probably also the doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul,² a doctrine anyhow known amongst the Rabbis. The *Kohleth*³ speaks also of the survival of the soul after death. In *Enoch*⁴ as well as in the books of *Daniel* and *Job* we find a much greater importance given to the angels than in the orthodox Jewish religion, but in accord with the Essenean doctrines; the same was the case as regards the doctrine about the formation of the universe.

Though we find in *Leviticus* the commandment to bring animal sacrifices⁵ (there we also see that the use of oil, as well as the oath, are admitted), yet all the same, there are many points in Essenism which find their equivalent and perhaps their origin in this book. To begin with we find in *Leviticus* prescriptions about purity which seem to have found in the Essenes an attentive public. Their abstinence is also explained by this law of Moses. Blood was impure according to this law, and was to be avoided. The Essenes in their vegetarianism went only a little further in observing the same principle. Wine was considered to pollute the actions of the priests; therefore, again exaggerating the same prescription, the Essenes refrained entirely from using it. The Mosaic law spoke of *effusio seminis virilis* as something impure,⁶ and the Essenes went further than that by regarding celibacy as always preferable to marriage, while the Pharisees, on the contrary, went so far as not to give the name of human beings to unmarried people,

¹ xxii, 10; xxvii, 3—11.

² lxxxix, 58.

³ iii, 21; xii, 7.

⁴ vi, 6; xxi, lxxxii, 10.

⁵ Beginning of chapters iv and v.

⁶ *Levit*, xv, 16—18.

though they also put children as the only aim of marriage. In *Leviticus*¹ it is said that Jews should not have possessions of which they could not be dispossessed. The Essenes transformed this into community of goods. The Pharisees also encouraged liberal giving of goods to others, a consequence whereof is the giving up of wealth. We have already mentioned the rigid purifications observed after the performance of certain natural functions. This is in accordance with *Deuteronomy*. The severity with which the Sabbath was observed might find its origin in the school of Schammai, which was known for its strictness on this point. For the ordinary Jews much was forbidden on that day. As to the prayers said at sunrise, I have stated already that there was mention of the Sun in *Isaiah*,² as also in the *Wisdom of Solomon*,³ the *Psalms*⁴ and *Enoch*,⁵ in which last is also mention of prayer at sunrise.⁶ Lucius remarks further that just as the Essenes were not allowed to let the rays of the sunshine shine on their nakedness, the Jews were not allowed to expose themselves towards the Temple.

The prohibition of the use of oil unctions is said to be the consequence of the care which was taken not to come into contact with strangers, or things made by them; but I do not see why the Essenes should not have made their own oil if they had found the use of it necessary. As to the curious rule of not spitting to the right or straight before one—of which Herzfeld⁷ found the equivalent in the

¹ *Levit.*, xxv, 23.

² *Isaiah*, xlv, 7.

³ *Wisdom*, xvi, 28.

⁴ *Psalms*, ii, 13-14; iv, 21; viii, 8.

⁵ *Enoch*, lxxii, 35; x, xiii, 3.

⁶ *Idem*, lxxxiii, 11.

⁷ Herzfeld, iii, 389.

Talmud—two explanations are offered to us, both based on Jewish belief. Reville¹ thinks that the origin of this prohibition might be the respect for the guiding angel who is supposed—in other Rabbinic advices—to be in front or at the right hand side of a person. This is the more likely, as we have just seen that the Essenes also believed in two guiding angels. Derenbourg² sees in it a result of the Jewish habit of not sneezing before some one else in order not to disgust him, as ultimately we should have to render an account of such involuntary acts. Reville's explanation seems to me the more probable one, though of course nothing can be said with any certainty. The superphysical and perhaps magical knowledge of the Essenes may also have had a purely Jewish origin, as has already been stated. They may have known the so-called prescriptions of King Solomon; and also Jesus Sirach³ has been taken into consideration. Regarding their knowledge about stones, perhaps the explanation in *Leviticus*⁴ may have some bearing, also the suggestion that the Jewish Prophets knew how to take poison out of drinking water and food.⁵

A very important likeness between Judaism and Essenism is the fact that meals were taken in common by the Essenes, and we find an equivalent in the meals at which the priests of Israel sat together. Ritschl⁶ sees in those meals of the Essenes a principal part of their ceremonies, and without any doubt they really had a religious character. Tideman⁷ reminds us how the

¹ Reville, I, p. 140.

² Derenbourg, p. 170.

³ Jesus Sirach, xxxiii, 1—16.

⁴ *Leviticus*, xiv, 37-40.

⁵ *2 Kings*, II, 19—21; v; 38—39; *xx*, 7—8.

⁶ *Alt Cath. Kirche.*, p. 184.

⁷ p. 24—6.

priests in Jerusalem took meals together, which were products of the altar or from the taxes of the tithe, so that they had a religious significance. The Pharisees arranged meals on the pattern of the Easter meals at which benedictions were said. These Pharisean repasts were found to be equivalent to the sacrifices of the altar; it was said to be the table of God, to which only certain people were admitted and the others had to remain outside. Those who had the right to come to these meals were called "Chabers" and it has been supposed that the Essenes were an association of such. Their common meals which—on the principle of the Pharisees—were equivalent to the sacrifices of the altar, entitled them to refrain from the sacrifices of the Temple. This hypothesis solves, indeed, one of the great difficulties in the understanding of the Essenic system.

As Lucius points out we do not really know enough of the common belief of the Jews to state always how far Essenism agreed with it. In some cases we know that they differ, and, though it is often possible to trace the Essenean variations back to Jewish documents, the question still remains, why the Essenees held on some matters another opinion from that of the orthodox Jews. Were they the inheritors of an old esoteric tradition, unknown to the orthodox Jews, and were the differences which we find due to their knowledge of that tradition?

In another chapter we shall consider how much religions other than Judaism may have contributed to the formation of this Essenean conviction, or at least what points of similarity may exist.

Raimond van Marle

(To be continued)

THE QABĀLĀH

By ELIAS GEWÜRZ

THE principal textbook of the Qabālāh, the *Zohar* contains a great variety of teachings on the inner life; the most prominent among these are the three doctrines of the Unity of God and the Universe, the law of cause and effect, and the law of spiritual evolution by means of rebirth. "Man," says the *Zohar*, "represents in his constitution the whole of the Universe"; but, as the Rabbis are careful to explain, man contains in his spiritual part something which is higher than anything manifested in this Universe. This is the Divine particle undergoing evolution, for whose sake all the cosmic processes are going on. The individualised soul of man, the Qabālāh teaches, can outstrip the regular course of the Cosmos, and attain unto perfection earlier in her career, through the cycles of birth and death on the various planes. In God all souls are one, but apart from Him they are set against one another. Therefore in this world of manifestation, unless the two souls are united by one purpose which they both strive to fulfil, discord is almost inevitable whenever two people find their lots thrown together. Even when the immediate object is material gain, or physical pleasure, as in business or marriage relationships, it always smooths over the rough places if there is a spiritual tie of some sort between the partners. There are, of course, unions, by which no ideal purpose

whatever is served, as for instance in unscrupulous enterprises where the sole object is gain, or in marriages in which the motive is to raise one's social position; but all these prove sooner or later the degrading character of such a union by the consequences. The misery suffered by the participants demonstrates the inviolable character of nature's laws; therefore the Masters of the Holy Qabālāh warned their disciples "to eschew all intercourse in which no heart or love element enters". Final liberation can only be reached by union with the Highest, but as at the present the world as a whole is not yet ready for this happy consummation, the soul of the advanced disciple must be content when she finds another soul, or several other souls going in the same direction as herself, and, joining forces, they hasten their own evolution by working for those who are less advanced, as yet unfit for Union with God.

All souls are homeward bound, but all do not progress at the same pace. What most hinders a soul on her upward path is what the Indian Sages called "the heresy of separateness". "If the soul looks down to form and matter," says Rabbi Eleazar, "and believes that she can be happy while other souls suffer, then she is doomed; but if she looks up to the source of all light and prays for wings in order to lift her sister-souls heavenward, then the angels of mercy gather above her and lift her and all those she pleads for, into a place of safety." The beauty of the Zoharic teachings consists in this continual recurrence of the doctrine of Unity, and the supreme potency of love to save and to redeem. The world process, according to the Qabālāh, is going on in the mind of collective humanity; it is here that

havoc is wrought through sin and perversity, and above all through the illusion of separateness. "The children of the Gnosis, who know the Father of lights," says the author of *The Golden Gate*, "always work for peace." The gracious purposes of the Most High can only be furthered by peace and by love. On those planes where force and violence are still required for the evolution of the species, individuals are provided with whose nature this lower work is in accord, "but they too," says the Qabālāh, "should not be left in ignorance of God's mercies".

The object of life in the manifested worlds is to prepare the essence of light and to weave the glorious garments of the Supreme Sovereign of all the worlds. Such is the teaching of the Qabālāh. The immortal merit of the Qabālistic writings is their freedom from dogma and from all sorts of limitations in regard to race, creed, or colour; their antiquity is proved by the greatest scholars to antedate the most ancient teachings of the East, and shows how the Wisdom Religion was really never absent, though not commonly known. Primitive humanity was not deprived of teachers, and to our earliest ancestors the doctrine of Unity was proclaimed. It was only owing to the exigencies of the inexorable "iron age" that these beautiful teachings have been forgotten, and have lost all their practical significance.

The stumbling-block in the way of the lower mind, preventing it from perceiving the Oneness of the human race and the sacred character of human life, is the limitation of its perspective to the present existence.

Life is one continuous whole without a break and without a definite line of demarcation. This truth was

known to the august Masters of the Qabālāh who taught "that the very fact that the wisdom of God is not perceived by the ungodly is itself a provision of that wisdom". "Like the ultra-violet and infra-red rays of the spectrum, which escape the naked eye, so does the effulgent light of God escape the lower mind of man," says one of the disciples of Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai.

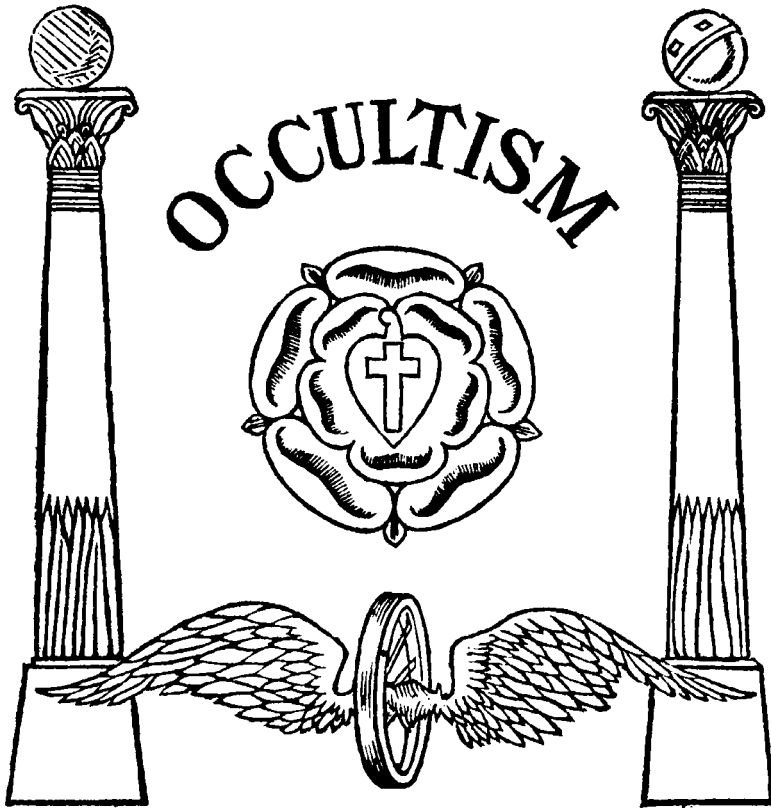
At the present time the teachings of the Qabālāh deserve special attention; the critical period in the world's history through which we are passing will be better understood, if we know the foundations of the Wisdom Religion and the precepts of the Genius which presided over them, when they were delivered to the eager pupils in order to be handed down to future generations. It is, of course, impossible to give here more than a brief outline of what the Qabālāh is, but those sincerely interested in Theosophy should *study* the Qabālāh at its source.

The process of crystallisation going on at the present moment in the higher strata of thought, and the gradual emergence of a new type in which the excrescences of the cold and frozen intellectualism of the eighteenth century has disappeared, had been foreseen by the old Qabālists; they often spoke of the "*dualised*" mind-principle, which not only knows, but loves as well. This new type can be distinguished by many signs, and it seems to me that of all the spiritual movements afoot in the world the Theosophical Society has among its members the greatest number of souls of this type; but in the Society itself this process of natural selection is still going on. In fact I believe that all the storms the Society has passed through were destined to try and test the quality of this new type.

To my mind the Theosophical Society is the natural heir of the Wisdom of the Ages ; its members are the guardians and stewards of this precious heritage, and they are responsible for the safe-keeping and profitable investment of the treasures in their charge. What was once known to the few as the Holy Qabālāh is now proclaimed far and wide as Theosophy ; it is all the same teaching and emanates from the same source. The object of the old Qabālists was to warn people against the misuse of the higher forces and to urge them to consecrate them to " the Lords of the White Face " ; the mission of the Theosophical Society is just the same.

The great confusion consequent upon the inrush of occult powers which the world is now experiencing can only be lessened by obedience to the teachings of the Holy Qabālāh which are the same as the Theosophical ones. Consecration to the service of mankind, purity of life, gentleness and humility, and, above all, devotion to the Holy Ones, were the precepts of the Rabbis in the Schools of the Qabālāh. There is nothing to add to these when equipping ourselves for the treading of the path. We need nothing more, and nothing less will do. More important than the vision is obedience to it. Most of us can see, but few have the strength to obey. Let us ponder over these sublime things of the ancients, and try once more whether we can be humble servants of the merciful Lords ; and while performing our duties to them we may perchance find that peace, which we failed to find in any other way.

Elias Gewürz



HOW WE REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

(Continued from Vol. XXXV, Part II, p. 682)

WE have so far been considering the manifestations of an individual's emotional nature, and it is obvious that because of his own experiences he will be able to understand the emotions of others, so long as such emotions are in the main of like nature. But what of those individuals who thoroughly understand such experiences as have not come to them? Shakespeare understands the working of a woman's heart and mind, and, too, all the intricate mental and emotional

processes of the traitor ; Dickens knows how the murderer feels after committing the crime.

Furthermore, some gifted men and women, experiencing emotions, generalise from them to what is experienced by all, while one not so gifted, though once "bitten," is not twice "shy," nor is made appreciably wiser by the same experience coming to him over and over again. The gifted few, on the other hand, will fathom the universal quality in a single experience, and from it will anticipate many of like nature ; for themselves, and sometimes for others too, they will state their experiences reduced to algebraic formulæ, as it were, each formula including in one general statement all particular cases. Their thoughts and feelings are like aphorisms, with the transformation of many experiences into one Experience.

Now to generalise from our particular emotions is as rare a gift as to originate a philosophy from the particular thoughts we gain about things. Yet it is this generalisation from particular emotions that is characteristic of a poet, and the more universal are his generalisations the greater is he as poet. Why then should an individual here and there have this wonderful ability of seeing particular men as representatives of types, and particular emotions as expressions of universal emotions ? We say that such a man is a genius, but the word genius merely describes and does not explain. There are geniuses in every department of life—religion, poetry, art, music, statesmanship, the drama, generalship in war and in commerce, and in many other phases of life. These geniuses are characterised by many abnormal qualities ; they are always men of the future and not of their day, and each genius

is a lawgiver to future generations in his own department of activity; and above all, they live emotionally and mentally in wide generalisations. Whence comes this wonderful ability?

One explanation offered is Heredity. But how far does heredity really explain genius? According to the hitherto accepted theory of heredity, each generation adds a little to a quality brought from the generation before, and then transmits it to the next; this in turn adds a little, and passes on the total of what it has received plus its own contribution; and so on generation after generation, till we arrive at a particular generation, and one individual of it, in whom the special quality in some mysterious way gets concentrated, and that individual is thereby a genius. According to this popular theory, some remote ancestor of Shakespeare had a fraction of Shakespeare's genius, which he transmitted through heredity to his offspring; this offspring then, keeping intact what was given him by his parent, added to the stock from his own experiences, and then passed on both to his child; and so on in successive generations, each generation treasuring what is given to it from all previous generations, and adding something of its own before transmitting it to the next. Shakespeare then is as the torrent from a reservoir that has slowly been dammed up, but bursts its sides when the pressure has passed beyond a certain point.

Such a conception of heredity is based upon the assumption that what an individual acquires of faculty as the result of adaptability to his environment is passed on to his offspring. Such is indeed the conclusion that the Darwinian school of biologists came to from their analysis of what happens in nature. But biological

research during the last twenty-five years has been largely directed to testing the validity of the theory of the transmission of acquired characteristics, and not only has not one indisputable instance yet been found, all experiments in breeding and crossing on the other hand accumulate proofs to the contrary.

The new school of biologists known as the Mendelians have therefore come to theories about heredity that are not only novel but startling. According to them, structural characteristics, upon which must depend the mental and moral capacities of an individual, existed in *every* ancestor in their fullness; and further they must all have been in the first speck of living matter. Nothing has been *added* by evolution to this original stock of capacities in protoplasm, and every genius the world has known or will know existed potentially in it, though he had to wait millions of years before there arose the appropriate arrangement of the "genetic factors" to enable him to appear as a genius on the evolutionary stage. Nature has not evolved the complex brain structure of Shakespeare out of the rudimentary brains of the mammals; that complexity existed in a pin-head of protoplasm. Nature has not evolved the genius; she has merely *released* him from the fetters that bound him in the primordial protoplasm, by eliminating, generation after generation, such genetic factors as inhibited his manifestation. Bateson sums up these modern theories when he says: "I have confidence that the artistic gifts of mankind will prove to be due not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which in the normal person inhibit the development of these gifts. They are almost beyond doubt to be looked upon as *releases* of powers

normally suppressed. The instrument is there, but it is 'stopped down'." ¹

Time alone will show how far the Mendelian conception will need to be modified by later discoveries; but it is fairly certain already that the older Darwinian conception of heredity is untenable, and that if a man is a genius he owes very little to the intellectual and emotional achievements of his ancestors. If however we admit with the Mendelians that a genius is "released" merely by the removal of inhibiting factors, and is not the result of slow accumulations, we have still the original mystery unsolved, and that is to explain the synthetic ability of the genius. We are therefore no nearer really explaining the nature of genius along Mendelian theories than along the Darwinian; the theories of science merely tell us under what conditions genius will or will not manifest, but nothing more.

The only rational theory of genius, that accepts scientific facts as to heredity and also explains what genius is, comes from the conception of reincarnation. If we hold that an individual is a soul, that is, an imperishable and evolving ego, and manifests through a body appropriate to his stage of growth and to a work he is to do in that body, then we see that his emotional and mental attributes are the results of experiences he has gained in past lives; but since he can express them only through a suitable body and brain, these then must be of such a kind as nature has by heredity selected for such use. The manifestation of any capacity then depends on two indispensable factors, first an ego or consciousness who has developed that capacity by

¹ Presidential Address, British Association, 1914.

repeated experiments in past lives, and second, a suitable instrument, a physical body, of such a nature structurally as makes possible the expression of that capacity. When therefore we consider genius, if on the one hand a particular genius has not a body fashioned out of genetic factors that do not inhibit his genius, he is "stopped down," to use Bateson's simile, and his genius is unreleased ; but if on the other hand nature were to produce a thousand bodies that were not "stopped down," we should not *ipso facto* have a thousand geniuses. Two lines of evolution must therefore converge before there can manifest any quality that is not purely functional, the first being that of the evolution of an indestructible consciousness that continually experiments with life and slowly becomes expert thereby, and the second the evolution of a physical structure, that by heredity is selected to respond to a given stimulus from within.

If, with this clue as to what is happening in nature, we examine the various geniuses the world has produced, we shall see that they are remembering their past lives as they exhibit their genius. Take for instance such a genius as the young violinist Mischa Elman, who a few years ago began his musical career ; he was then but a lad, and yet even at that age he manifested marvellous technical ability. Now we may perhaps legitimately account for this technical ability along Mendelian lines, as being due to a rare confluence of genetic factors ; but by no theory of physical heredity can we explain what surprised the most exacting of musical critics—Mischa Elman's *interpretation* of music. For it is just in this interpretation that a music lover can see the soul of the performer, whether that

soul is a big one or a little, whether the performer has known of life superficially or has touched life's core. Now Elman's interpretation, absolutely spontaneous as it was, and unimitated from a teacher, was that of a man and not that of a boy. Little wonder that many a critic was puzzled, or that the musical critic of the *London Telegraph* should write as follows :

Rain beat noisily upon the roof and thunder roared and rattled, but Mischa Elman went calmly on with his prescribed Paganini and Bach and Wieniawski. Calmly is the word, be it noted, not stolidly. We have had stolid wonder-children on our musical platforms ; Mischa is not of them. Upon his face, as he plies the bow, rests a great peace, and only now and then, with a more decided expression, does he lower his cheek upon the instrument, as though he would receive from it the impulse of its vibrations and to it communicate his own soul beats. The marvel of this boy does not lie in his execution of difficult passages. If it did, perhaps we should award it but perfunctory notice, seeing that among the children of our generation there are so many who play with difficult passages much as their predecessors did with marbles. We have gone beyond mere dexterity in bowing and fingering, and can say, in the spirit of one of old time, that from the babe and suckling comes now the perfection of such praise as lies within the compass of a violin.

Asked to account for this—to explain why Mischa Elman, laying cheek to wood, reveals the insight and feeling of a man who has risen to the heights and plumbed the depths of human life—we simply acknowledge that the matter is beyond us. We can do no more than speculate, and, perhaps, hope for a day in which the all-embracing science of an age more advanced than our own shall discover the particular brain formation, or adjustment, to which infants owe the powers that men and women vainly seek. Those powers may be the Wordsworthian "clouds of glory," brought from another world. If so, what a brilliant birth must that of Mischa Elman have been ! The boy was heard in a work by Paganini and another by Wieniawski, both good things of their meretricious kind, and both irradiated, as we could not but fancy, by the unconscious genius which shines alike on the evil and the good, making the best of both. Upon the mere execution of these works we do not dwell, preferring the charm of the moments in which the music lent itself to the mysterious emotion of the youthful player, and showed, not the painted visage of a mountebank, but the face of an angel !

If along lines of reincarnation we suppose that Mischa Elman *is* a soul who in his past lives has in truth "risen to the heights and plumbed the depths of human life," then we have a reasonable explanation for his genius; in each interpretation there is reflected the summing up of his past experiences, and he can through his music tell us of a man's sorrow or a man's joy because as a man in past lives he has experienced both, and retains their memory in emotional and intellectual generalisations. This explanation further joins hands with science, because the reincarnation theory of genius implies the need of the musical soul, of a body with a musical heredity, that has been "selected" by evolution and has been built up by appropriate genetic factors.

Reincarnation alone explains another genius who must remain a puzzle according to all other theories. Keats is known in English poetry as the most "Greek" of all England's poets; he possessed naturally that unique feeling for life that was the treasure of the Greek temperament. If he had been a Greek scholar and steeped in the traditions of Greek culture, we might account for this "*anima naturaliter Graeca* of the Greekless Keats". But when we consider that Keats had "little Latin and less Greek," and began life as a surgeon's apprentice and a medical student, we may well wonder why he sings not as a Christian poet should do, but as some Greek shepherd born on the slopes of Mount Etna. The wonder however at once ceases if we presume that Keats is the reincarnation of a Greek poet, and is remembering his past lives as he reverts to Greek ways of thought and feeling.

With reincarnation as a clue it is interesting to see how a little analysis enables us to say where in the

past an individual must have lived. In the culture of the West, there are three main types of "reversion," to Rome, to Greece, and to India. Any one who has studied Roman institutions and the Roman conception of life finds little difficulty in noting how the English temperament is largely that of ancient Rome in a modern garb; the values, for instance in history, of such historians as Gibbon, Macaulay, Hume, are practically the same as those of Roman historians, Sallust, Tacitus, Livy, and the rest; whereas if we were to take French historians we shall find them scarcely at all Roman in temperament, and far more akin to the Greek. The equation Tennyson=Vergil is certainly not far-fetched to those that know the quality of both poets.

The reversion to Greece we find very clear in such writers as Goethe, Schiller, Lessing. Why should these writers have proclaimed to Germany with unbounded enthusiasm the message of "back to Greece," but that they knew from their own experience in past lives what Greek culture had still for men? For what is enthusiasm but the spring forward of the soul to experience a freshness and delight in life that it has known elsewhere and whose call it recognises again? These men of enthusiasm, the pioneers of the future, are as sports or freaks in nature otherwise; let us but think of them as reincarnated souls remembering in their enthusiasm their past lives, and they become not sports but the first-fruits of a glorious humanity that is to be.

Who that has studied Platonism has not been reminded of Platonic conceptions when reading Emerson? Though Emerson has not the originality nor the daring of Plato, yet is he truly "Greek"; it does not require such a great flight of the imagination to see him

as some Alexandrian follower of Plato. How natural then too that Emerson should enter the ministry to give his message, but should find himself unable to do it as a *Christian* minister, and should strike out a path for himself as an essayist to speak of the World-Soul! And who that has studied Indian philosophies does not recognise old Vedāntin philosophers in Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and a Buddhist philosopher in Schopenhauer, all reverting to their philosophic interests of past lives, and uttering their ancient convictions more brilliantly than ever before? Wherever the deeper layers of a man's being are offered to the world in some creation through philosophy, literature, art, or science, there may we note tendencies started in past lives; for the pageant of a man's life is not planned and achieved in the few brief years that begin with his birth, and he that knows of reincarnation may note readily enough where the parts of that pageant were composed.

C. Jinarajadasa

(To be concluded)

THE INCARNATION OF PAN

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *Father of Flowers*, *The Land of the Yellow Spring*, etc.)

ONE summer day I had spent many hours in a Devonshire wood. A thousand sights and sounds had delighted me. I had taken a book out with me. But who can read the printed page when everywhere the trees and flowers are telling tales more wonderful than those written in books?

It was nearly ten o'clock in the evening when I rose to go. I walked slowly, loath to leave that charmed spot. I had often on such occasions looked with a certain amount of curiosity at an old house on the outskirts of the wood. There were strange stories about the present owner. Tales told in country inns over a tankard of brown ale by rustics who, like the owners of the old house, added a bit here and a bit there with each additional telling. I had listened to these stories with incredulous amusement. From all accounts the present owner was in league with the Devil. So many people who choose a way out of the general running are said to be in league with the Devil.

That particular night I stood looking at the house longer than usual. The blinds were not drawn down in

a lower room, and the bright light and wide-open window enabled me to see the interior with remarkable clearness. I saw, sitting in a chair, the most remarkable-looking man I have ever seen. On the hearth-rug in front of him were strewn a number of flowers, and on either side of the chair were piles of books. He was reading with extraordinary eagerness and rapidity. Sometimes one finger would race along a line, stop, and then go on again. Sometimes he would give a low, haunting laugh, and at other times he would bang the open book with his fist. Now he closed the book, rose, and lifted from the hearth-rug a number of flowers, as many as he could hold in both arms. He buried his face in them and talked to them in a soft caressing way. Then he laid them gently down again and walked briskly to the open window and looked out. Our eyes met. There was something eerie in that look of his. Then he smiled, with almost the same effect as when a dog shows his teeth. It was a malignant smile, and yet for all that irresistible.

He stretched forth his arm and beckoned to me.

I drew closer. There might have been cords to that beckoning finger of his. I could do no other than obey his silent summons.

“Well, Stranger,” he said, in a curiously musical voice, “so my doings interest you?”

“I must apologise for intruding upon your privacy,” I said. “Your doings certainly did interest me, and I hope that will be sufficient excuse for my looking into your charming room. You have a love of flowers?”

“I love Nature,” he replied simply. “You walk abroad rather late in the evening, Stranger? The birds have rolled themselves into feathered balls for many

hours now. I keep late hours, too. *So much happens in a wood at night!*”

When he mentioned the word “wood,” I saw a strange expression flit across his face. It was the expression of a lover who has suddenly discovered something of what Love may mean.

“Stranger, the hour is late, and perhaps you have far to go, but if you will come in for a little while I may be able to entertain you after my own fashion.”

I readily accepted the invitation. A moment later I was sitting in a chair opposite to this extraordinary man.

“Few people come to this wood,” said my host, “but I often see a little bald man with a green butterfly-net. He races round trees; he tramples down flowers; he falls into the brook, but nothing matters so long as he catches butterflies. The small coloured creatures, blossoms that have learnt to fly, get into his net sometimes, and the bald-headed man smiles as he drops them into his poison-bottle. Oh, that abominable poison-bottle! It takes so long to kill. I know that old man goes home and sets his specimens out on a cork with pins and strips of paper. Presently he will transfer them to his collection, when they might have been drinking honey from the flowers. I should like to put that man into a big poison-bottle and pin down those fat, eager legs and arms of his!”

My host spoke with grim earnestness. Then he went on with even more vigour:

“I once saw a man who has a mania for collecting the green-brown eggs of blackbirds and the blue-brown eggs of thrushes. He has hundreds of them in large drawers. All those eggs came from the love-making

of birds, Stranger. Ah! when spring comes there are such happy marriages in birdland, such joy in building homes. And then the eggs come. Spring-time is calling, calling in the woods, but the birds sit so patiently upon their eggs. They know why they keep them warm, and they sing little snatches of song for very joy of keeping them warm. Then comes a heavy foot-fall, and cruel fingers dive into the nest. The treasures of coloured shell, with life and song for many a golden spring are taken away, pierced and blown. Oh, Stranger, I weep when I think of that man's collection of eggs and of all the sweet and wonderful song lost for ever to the world!"

My friend lifted again the flowers as I had seen him do, when watching him from the wood. Once more he spoke to them in a strange language I could not understand, and it seemed that the flowers answered him. He smiled at what they said.

"You play?" I queried, looking at a piano in one corner of the room. "Perhaps you will favour me with something from Chopin?"

"I will play," said he, "but my music is not like the music of musicians or of composers such as you name. They thunder in the bass, trill in the treble, juggle with sharps and flats, and all the time their music comes from innumerable hammers inside their instruments! My music comes from yonder wood, from distant caves by the sea, from great mountains shrouded in mist. Listen!"

He rose and went to the piano and rested his long fingers on the keys. He did not strike the notes. He caressed them. I find it difficult to describe what followed. For some time I was too utterly surprised to

appreciate fully what I heard. When the feeling of surprise lessened I leant forward and listened intently, afraid lest the slightest sound should escape me.

I heard the music of the wood. Words seem dull and cold to describe my impressions. I heard the soft wash of the sea upon the shingle, the quick gurgling rush as it swept between the rocks and then lay still in pools. I heard the breaking of little waves, the fall of those blue-white water-curls. I heard the song of trees, the rustle of dry autumn leaves, the soft fall of rain, and then the sound of raging forests, lashed and twisted by the fierce wind. "I will take you by force," the wind seemed to say. "I will lay you low, O stately ones of long standing! I will hurl you down. I will tear out your secrets. I will hurt you in your hidden places under the earth." And the forests answered back with thunderous voice: "Lay your strong cold arms about us, and twist our hair and make our bodies rub together. We are full of the joy of battle, O wind!" Thus was the war waged between the forests and the wind. Then came the soft falling of leaves and the jubilant song of birds, and last of all came the gentle sea-song of the trees.

My host still sat at the piano, his head a little bent. I thought there was nothing more to come till I felt the most wonderful charm of all—the silence of woods. It was the silence of awakening life, the mad uprush of sap, the preparing of colour and perfume.

Then my friend rose with a gentle laugh. "Little children cannot be taught that music. No hitting of fingers, no laborious counting aloud, no practising of

five-finger exercises will teach that music. No man with shaggy hair, with small conservatories rearing the red-rimmed eyes can write about its technique. It is the oldest music in the world and the sweetest. What think you, Stranger? ”

But he gave me no time to answer him, no time even to thank him. He was sitting once more in the chair opposite to me.

“ What a pity it is,” said he, “ that so many scientists run in grooves and fly round with labels and paste whenever they want to chronicle a fact. I don’t care who or what the man is, if he is going to be really great, he must have a keen imagination, in other words he must have a sense of poetry. The analytical is good in its way, but it is the long way and not the short way to knowledge. Darwin proved that mankind descended from monkeys, but he did not prove the missing link question. He left out of consideration the half-human stage, the satyrs, for instance, of ancient Greece. He called them myths. Myths are very often missing links ”

“ Your suggestion,” I said, “ is very ingenious, but you see nothing has ever been found to prove your theory. One skeleton of the upper part of a man and the lower part of a goat——.”

I stopped suddenly. My host had quickly brushed back his hair from his forehead. I stared, leant forward, and then drew back with a sharp cry.

“ Well, Stranger, what is it? Why don’t you go on? What were your thoughts just then? ”

“ I thought,” I said, my voice shaking a little “ how much you resemble Pan. The thought was a foolish one, for Thamus, when sailing near Paxos, was

commanded by a mighty voice to proclaim, 'Pan is dead.' ”

“Pan died in Arcadia, my Stranger,” he replied, rising to his full height and showing his teeth in a malign and horrible smile. “Pan lives again to-night. *I am the great God Pan!*”

Days and weeks went by since my first visit to this strange man. I found myself constantly thinking about him. Sometimes I regarded him as a fanatic, a hopeless madman who had gone mad through loving Nature too well. At other times I was half inclined to believe his assertion. He certainly had abnormal powers, and, moreover, he bore a striking likeness to Pan as we popularly picture that God. But Pan of old was a sportsman and delighted in the chase. This new Pan wept over stolen eggs and babbled tenderly to flowers. My interest in the matter became so keen, that I eventually resolved to spend a night in the wood in the hope that I might see him.

On the night chosen I concealed myself between two boulders in such a way that I could see a certain clearing in the wood, and yet at the same time was not likely to be observed.

I sat hidden in this place for about two hours when I heard the sound of voices. Then I saw Pan slowly walking along with his arm round a slight, dark woman. Here was a comedy I had not bargained for! Pan in love with a Devonshire maid! Surely that would correct his madness, or, if you wish to be cynical, lead his madness into a more human and more easily understood channel.

They sat down against a tree, and I must confess I played the part of eavesdropper without very much shame.

There was a look of distress upon Pan's face. The woman caressed his hands and looked up at him with a smile from time to time.

"You tell me," the woman was saying, "that you love me and yet cannot, if you would, marry me."

"Even so, little one. You see you do not understand. There are voices calling me that you do not hear. There are people you cannot see waiting for me to play to them. Oh, the call of the woods and the caves and the mountains! Cannot you hear their voices? Now, now listen!"

"Dear dreamer, there is no sound save the wind and the cracking of twigs and the sound of running water."

"Ah!" exclaimed Pan with a long-drawn sigh. "You must try to forgive these vagaries. Draw close. Perhaps I may forget, shut out their voices, and only hear yours!"

Pan bent down and pressed the woman's face between his hands and kissed her on the mouth.

"Oh," said the woman softly, "what a night this is! You will put away your dreams and your fancies? I will serve you and make you always happy. I will bring sick birds for you to make well again. I shall be like a stream wandering through your life. It shall be there always for your refreshment. Drink deep at all times. You can never exhaust my love for you!"

Pan did not speak. I saw tears run down his cheeks. Twice his right hand went to his breast. The third time he drew out something and put it to his lips. I heard music sweeter than the song of birds. And all the time Pan wept—tears that fell into his pipes and made the notes tremulous.

I saw the woman quickly loose her hold. A look of intense fear came into her great eyes. Something strange and wonderful was happening. The woman watched it all, her body swaying to and fro. Then she uttered a shrill, piercing cry and rushed, as if possessed, through the trees and out of sight, one word ever upon her lips, shrieked out in awful terror—"Pan!"

It was Pan indeed. He had undergone a change. I saw his goat-beard swaying in the wind and horns jutting out from his forehead. His bare skin was hard and red, and the lower part of him was like a goat. Still he played, and the sound of his music became more sweet. And through the wood there echoed the wild mad cry of "Pan"; the woman shrieking the name with a darkened brain. And all the time Pan wept.

F. Hadland Davis

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th August, 1914, to 10th October, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. E. Streunn, Germany	14	10	0
Burma Federation, for 1914	100	0	0
Mr. Francisco Sevilla of Manila, for 1914	7	8	0
Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, for 1914-15	15	0	0
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A. SCHWARZ,

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT is very difficult to satisfy everybody, as people have found since the day of the old man, his son and the donkey. If I remember rightly, the old man finally carried the donkey, after having tried successive changes in deference to the views of successive advisers. Having agreed to exclude my views on social and political questions from the pages of *THE THEOSOPHIST*, because they might hurt the susceptibilities of some readers, remonstrances come in, urging that I am depriving my readers of "light and leading," and saying that it is one of my duties to throw the light of Occultism on the puzzling conditions of present-day problems. But, readers mine, the light of Occultism dazzles as well as illuminates, and even the illumination is not always welcome. Mr. Olifent says, wisely and bravely, that I have hurt him, and probably will hurt him in the future, in some things I have said, and probably will say, about Australia, but that he prefers the hurting with the outspokenness. That is a sensible and rational way of looking at things, for people who are hurt when others disagree with them betray

thereby a lurking doubt as to the accuracy of their own views. There are many things in the life of Nations that need changing, and those who see these things must speak out, and so put themselves as a force towards the bringing about of the necessary and coming changes. Hence, I am working hard for certain changes, which are necessary to prepare the world for the coming of the Great Teacher. But it is not necessary to press the political and social side of these changes in THE THEOSOPHIST, as there are other agencies I can use for the special local matters on which prejudices so easily arise.

* * *

Ever since 1893, many of my good European friends have blamed me severely for my love for India, and have urged me to devote myself to Europe rather than to India, declaring that my love made my views biassed and unfair. They thought that I pressed too strongly India's grievances, urged too rashly her right to a place on equal terms in the Empire, laid too much stress on her claims, took too high a view of her character and of her possibilities of greatness. It may be that some will now see that the love was justified, and will realise that the generosity which could cast all grievances aside in the hour of Britain's need, and could stand by England for the sake of her great Ideals of Liberty—which here she has disregarded—shows a loftiness of national character and an insight unblinded by suffering, which stand out to India's undying glory. She feels keenly that Britain has not met her love as she should have done; that while a Tsar has promised Poland constitutional freedom, no such promise has reached her longing ears from Britain's lips. But

India is as patient as she is strong, and she knows that, in this great world-quarrel, Britain stands for Right, for Freedom, for Justice, for Public Faith, for Honour. Therefore she stands by her with her whole loyal loving heart, and will so continue to stand.

* * *

Knowing that she will have her place in the Empire, and it being part of my work to urge her rights both here and in England, and to proclaim that in union between the two great Nations lay the salvation of both and the possibility of the World-Empire—I found it natural to point to an Empire consisting of a Federation of Free States, years before the idea was formulated in the outer world. So also, the view that Home Rule for Ireland was only desirable if Home Rule for England and Scotland went with it. A study of the “Great Plan,” which is followed by evolution, inevitably throws light on coming changes in the outer world. When these touch matters of National pride and rivalry, they naturally jar. Should the Theosophist overcome this feeling, or should he, like ordinary people of the world, feel hurt?

* * *

How delighted our Russian H. P. Blavatsky would have been over the events of the last few months; how proud of her beloved country, how jubilant over her Tsar, and all the victories of her people. The intense patriotism was striking in so thorough a cosmopolitan. She had great dreams of the Russia of the future, far-reaching hopes. And she longed passionately that England and Russia should understand each other and clasp hands. Her dream has come true.

* * *

The end of this month will see Madras in a whirl of Annual Meetings. Our own Annual Convention, the 39th, begins on Saturday, December 26th, with a lecture at 8 a.m. by myself, on "The Work of the Theosophical Society". The General Council meets at 10, but it has very little to do. No important questions are before it, and as all the National Societies are in the full swing of their peaceful activities, and each is autonomous, there is practically nothing for the Central Council to do beyond registering the year's work. The flexible Constitution of the T.S., giving to each National Society its own complete liberty to develop along its own lines, and to suit its work to the country in which it labours, gives the central body no special business when all is working well. It receives and records the work done, but its duty of harmonising and adjusting is only called for when any National Society oversteps its own boundaries and interferes with others, or tries to limit the liberty guaranteed to every member by the General Constitution. We had one instance of this in the German aggression of two years ago, and we had to meet in miniature the campaign of falsehood and treachery that Germany is now and was then, it seems, carrying on on a world-scale. Then, as now, the campaign was directed against England, but we did not then know that it was a part of a world-wide organisation, intended to destroy the Island Empire. There was an outburst of hatred, following on a subtle invasion of other countries which had been going on for years, the founding of special groups in each for the propagation of a peculiar German form of Theosophy; when the signal was given by the German Secretary, all these groups—in America, France, Eng-

land, Italy, Switzerland—burst out into furious denunciation of the President, and there followed a series of attacks, falsification of documents, misrepresentations of facts, insulting messages cabled, so as to publish them to the world. The time was well chosen, just in the midst of the attacks carried on here, so that the falsehoods, sent all over India, could be utilised, as they were utilised, in the missionary slanders. The object of it all was to make Germany dominant in the T.S., and to force upon the whole Society the peculiar form of Steinerian Theosophy. While maintaining for all Steinerians their perfect liberty to hold and teach this, I had opposed the restriction of liberty imposed in Germany on those who did not share these peculiar opinions, the refusal of charters by the German Secretary to Lodges who did not accept his views, and had maintained, as was my duty, the equal liberty of all views within the T.S. This support of our fundamental principle of liberty of thought brought down on me the avalanche of German hatred; the General Council supported me in maintaining our liberty, and the German National Society transformed itself into an independent organisation, carefully prepared some time before. The completeness of the falsification deceived a few, like the French writer, M. Levy; it would have taken so much time and trouble to expose, that I did nothing in the way of answer, but went on with my work, believing that good work is the best answer to slander. Now, looking back, in the light of the German methods revealed by the war, I realise that the long continued efforts to capture the Theosophical organisation, and put a German at its head, the anger against myself for foiling those efforts, the complaint that I had spoken of

the late King Edward VII as the Protector of the Peace of Europe, instead of giving that honour to the Kaiser, was all part of the widespread campaign against England, and that the missionaries were tools skilfully used by the German agents here to further their plans. If they could have turned the T.S. in India, with the large number in it of Government servants, into a weapon against British Rule, and have taught it to look to Germany for spiritual leadership, instead of standing, as it has ever done, for the equal union of two Free Nations, it might gradually have become a channel for poison in India. To do this it was first necessary to destroy its President, known to stand for union between the two Peoples during the last twenty years.

* * *

Mr. C. Jinarajadasa is working hard here, and his varied and wide knowledge makes him peculiarly useful. He gave an address on Nov. 27th to a students' gathering on University life abroad, which interested the young men immensely, and he was lecturing a few days before at the Pachaiyappa's College on "The Philosophy of Buddhism." Earlier in the month he lectured in the Presidency College, and, going down to Madanapalle, he opened there the King George V Coronation Club and Reading Room, which had been completed by the efforts of the leaders of the Theosophical Trust School in that place. Mr. Ernest Wood has made that School a great success, crowning the long work of a good Theosophist there, Mr. Giri Rau. Mr. Wood has raised fine buildings there, in a way all his own, with Laboratory, Hostel and new class-rooms. With the help of the Local Lodge, and one of our C.H.C. professors, now Principal of the

School, he has settled a free Primary School in the old Lodge building. Further, he has established a Pañchama colony on land belonging to the Trust, whence they cannot be ejected, and has started there a School for their children. So on the whole, Madanapalle owes a good deal to Mr. Wood and the Trust.

* * *

M. Gistucci, a Judge at Sousse, in the Province of Tunis, gives some interesting details about a mysterious light which is seen in Bocagnano, a Corsican village, some 40 kilometres from Ajaccio. It suddenly disappears when an observer comes within about 600 yards, so the exact spot has not been fixed, and is said, by village tradition, to have been seen for some hundreds of years. One thinks at once of some will-o'-the-wisp, but there is no marsh nor stagnant water in the neighbourhood, and some engineers, who tried to examine it, found no reason for its existence. The villagers like to believe the traditional account of its origin : There was a wicked Count, a tyrant, proud and bad. The priest waited for his return from hunting one day, and as he came not he began the benediction service. The Count arrived just after he began, and furious that he had not waited for his arrival, drew his sword and cut him down. Thunder and lightning followed the sacrilegious act, and the earth opened her mouth in an earthquake and swallowed up the evil-doer. But the light, ever burning in the sanctuary, remained "to remind subsequent generations of the Justice of God". The old-world tale may not attract many believers to-day, but as the local peasant would say : "Sir, there is the light."

* * *

Dr. Haden Guest and his band of workers are doing splendidly with the Red Cross ; four more hospitals will, ere this, be in France, making six in all. Now has been formed the Anglo-French Hospitals Committee ; in this wise was it born : “ The scheme had to be submitted to a high official. He read it, and wrote : ‘ I fully concur,’ and said : ‘ Form your Committee this afternoon’ . . . and we did.” Mr. Davies, whom many in India will remember, has gone off to Serbia, on Red Cross work—poor gallant little Serbia, in danger of being crushed by the Austrians.

* * *

It is very doubtful whether the Theosophical World-Congress, which was to be held in Paris in 1915, will take place, as all arrangements—which have to be made far in advance—have necessarily been stopped by the War. So also it is doubtful if delegates can be found, in the East and in the Continent of Europe, to travel to San Francisco for the proposed Conference on Religious Philosophies. It is certain that we shall not be able to gather any delegates from India, Burma, and Ceylon for such a journey. Every one, who is not very rich, is straitened in circumstances by the War, and will scarcely be able to afford the heavy expense of a journey to San Francisco. We doubt the wisdom of trying to hold an International Congress on Religious Philosophies, as the representatives of the great eastern faiths cannot possibly attend it, and the gathering would be confined to variants of western thought alone. Representatives of these might very usefully foregather, but the rest of us must look forward to calmer times, ere we can hope to meet on the great American Continent.



THE RELIGION OF RICHARD WAGNER

By CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS

THE drama in its beginnings was in all countries serious and usually semi-religious in tone. In the Miracle Play and "Mystery," the mediæval equivalent of the drama—in which, as in its Greek prototype, music often played an important part—this religious element was even more pronounced. But in later times from both the spoken drama and the opera—a new type, the germ of which was the Greek music-drama—this serious element had for the most part disappeared.

The poet-musician Richard Wagner charged himself as a life-mission with the restoring of this semi-religious character. As a result, his works are familiar not only to lovers of music and the drama over half the world, but to students of ethics and religion. It is not a theatrical critic but a Doctor of Divinity and Principal of a Theological College who says: "We [English] have

no sort of idea either of the vast religious thoughts underlying his [Wagner's] creative work, or of the religious mission which finally came to dominate his amazing activity.¹"

It is, of course, the religious message contained in his operas, rather than the creed of the composer himself, which is of importance to the world at large. Despite his twelve volumes of letterpress containing, in the opinion of Nietzsche, pages which are among the finest prose in the German language, there is probably not one student who reads his dramas to a hundred thousand who witness them.

But though Wagner attached an importance unprecedented in the history of opera to the text of his works, he and his commentators are never tired of proclaiming that their deepest significance and innermost meaning are only to be learned from the music. He believed that Art—poetry, painting, but above all, music—was a truer interpreter of the soul than the State² could ever be, and that it could penetrate beyond the reaches of dogma.

One might say that where religion becomes artificial, it is reserved for Art to save the spirit of Religion by recognising the figurative value of the mythic symbols which the former would have us believe in their literal sense, and [by] revealing their deep and hidden truth through an ideal representative.³

Music reveals the inmost essence of the Christian religion with definition unapproached. Music stops all strife between reason and feeling.

But, above all possibility of concrete thought, the Tone-Poet-Seer [Wagner is especially referring to Beethoven and his last four symphonies] reveals to us the Inexpressible: we divine, nay, feel and see that this insistent world of will is also but a state that vanishes before the One: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."⁴

¹ Dr. Forsyth, *Religion in Recent Art*.

² He is dealing with State Establishment of Churches.

³ Introduction to Chap. I of *Religion and Art*. Ellis' translation.

⁴ *Religion and Art*, Chap. III.

Nevertheless Art is as dependent on Religion as Religion on Art. The "ideally creative force" of the plastic art "diminished in exact proportion as it withdrew from contact with religion".

Wagner was far too creative, too independent a man to be content with mere negations and carpings at other peoples' conception of Religion. He tells us distinctly what was his own. "Religion's basis," he maintains, "is a feeling of the unblestness of human being, of the State's profound inadequacy to still the purely human need. Its inmost kernel is denial of the world—*i.e.*, recognition of the world as a fleeting and dream-like state reposing merely on illusion—and struggle for Redemption from it." "The artist, too, may say of himself 'My kingdom is not of this world'—and I may say this of myself."

The outstanding characteristic of the poet-musician's religion is its abstract or metaphysical quality. Extremes meet. And this man who would have united all arts—nay, almost all human activities—in that theatre which the Puritan mind regarded as the sink of iniquity, was singularly at one with the Puritan mind in its distrust of the formal element in religion. But he carried his distrust further, for he applied it to dogma, and in some respects to what is now known as the "historicity" of the gospels. His objection to dogma, however, is less a denial of a doctrine itself than a keen sense of the utter inadequacy of words to convey religious truth. One or two examples of his treatment of Christian doctrine will explain this:

Belief devised the necessary miracle of the Saviour's birth by a *mother* who, not herself a goddess, became divine through her virginal conception of a son without human

contact, against the laws of nature. A thought of infinite depth, expressed in form of miracle . . . the mystery of motherhood without natural fecundation can only be traced to the greater miracle, the birth of the God Himself: for in this the Denial-of-the-World is revealed by a life prefiguratively offered up for its redemption.

Or take his view of the Crucifixion :

The very shape of the Divine had presented itself in anthropomorphic guise; it was the body of the quintessence of all-pitying Love, stretched out upon the cross of pain and suffering . . . In this, and its effect upon the human heart, lies all the spell whereby the Church soon made the Graeco-Roman world her own.

A metaphysical interpretation does not mean that religion is unpractical.

Life is earnest, and has always been. In every age . . . this life and world have spurred great hearts and spacious minds to seek for possibility of its bettering.

The truly religious knows he cannot really impart to the world on a theoretic path, forsooth through argument and controversy, his inner beatific vision, and thus persuade it of that vision's truth: he can do this only through *example*—through the deed of renunciation, of sacrifice.

This most austere of all lessons, the necessity for renunciation—a favourite one of the Buddha—meets us even in Wagner's only "comic" opera, the *Meistersingers*, where it is typified in Hans Sachs: so impossible was it for the master to free himself from his ingrained seriousness of purpose!

It may be objected—and often has been—that Wagner's own example was not free from grave blemishes. He was wholly without the modesty proverbially characteristic of genius, and singularly ungrateful. Despite his anti-militarism, he is said to have simply gloated over the appalling sufferings of the Parisians in 1870—they having, for political reasons, hissed his *Tannhauser* off the stage in 1861. He wrote to Liszt: "It seems as if the whole German war were made merely to assist me to my goal."

He has often been taunted too with his claim that to create works of imagination he must live in luxury. But as with others of his maxims, Wagner the man is the best refutation of Wagner the theorist. His first step off the path of conventionality, *The Flying Dutchman* was due to his seeking consolation from dire poverty and despair by giving vent to his soul's aspiration without a hope, almost without a wish, for its success. The title page of the score bears the inscription: "In darkness and adversity. Per aspera ad astra. God grant it. R. W." Physical comfort was neither behind him nor before. *The Ring* was written under much the same despair of so vast a work ever being produced. Of the refusal of Wigand even to print it, Wagner wrote Uhlig: "May God be praised! He is wiser than I." An exclamation not more devout than prophetic, for the refusal proved to be a blessing in disguise. And if he fell short, even far short, of his own ideal, is there any gospel, all of whose preachers would be well-advised to cast the first stone?

Nor does the metaphysical character of Wagner's religion preclude the dominance of certain ideas, or even their coagulation into doctrines. The most prominent of these is the need of the world for redemption. It meets us again and again both in his books and in his operas.

"We recognise," he says, "as our basis the fall and corruption of historical humanity as well as the necessity of its regeneration. We believe in the possibility of this regeneration, and we devote ourselves to carrying it out in every way." "The deepest foundation of every true religion is to be found in its expression of

the world's corruption, and the way it points to release from the same. To bear this in upon the dense, natural man requires a superhuman effort, in which respect we discern the sublimest feature of Christianity with its deepest truth of salvation revealed to the poor in spirit."

In a letter to Liszt, December, 1854, he writes of his hero Schopenhauer's "fundamental idea, the ultimate negation of the Will to Life," as "of terrible gravity, but solely redemptive". In the "Programmatic Elucidation" to the overture of his first characteristic opera he wrote :

The Flying Dutchman's dreadful ship scours along storm-driven; it makes for the land and lays-to where its master has been promised to find salvation and redemption. We hear the pitying strains of this annunciation of salvation, which sounds to us like prayer and lament. He . . . is doomed to rove the ocean desert for treasures that afford him no satisfaction, and never to find what alone could redeem him. . . . From the depth of his misery he calls for redemption.

The overture to his next opera, *Tannhauser*, portrays mankind "redeemed from the curse of unholiness; . . . thus move and leap all the pulses of life to the song of redemption".

The Buddhist legend, which in 1856 was so suggestive to him that he had to repress his desire to take it up that he might finish the *Nibelungen*, was *Die Sieger*, (The Victors) which he interprets as meaning "supreme redemption".

Wagner's way of accounting for the degeneration of the human race will be found in Chapter II of his *Religion and Art*, and will strike many as grotesque. He acquired a Buddhist sense of the sacredness of all life, animal as well as human. And he attributes the Fall from a higher to a lower state to changed physical

conditions having obliged mankind to resort to the slaying of animals for food. As a consequence, while retaining his love for the Fatherland and regarding his art as largely a national mission, he abandoned patriotism in the conventional, aggressive sense; became strongly anti-militarist,¹ vegetarian, and anti-vivisectionist. He suggests that a vegetarian principle underlay Christ's instruction to His disciples to remember Him only in Bread and Wine.

In regard to the means of Redemption, Wagner declares that "the regeneration of the Race can take root only in the deep soil of a genuine religion". As to what this religion must be, he would seem at one time to agree with the orthodox Christian theologian:

The Founder of Christianity was no sage; He was divine. to hope for Redemption was to seek union with Him.

At another time he seems to have in his mind an amalgam of Buddhism and Christianity:

When I was obliged to recognise. an escape from this life, through self-annihilation, as the Redeemer, I reached the fountain-head of all modern conceptions of this condition, namely the human Jesus of Nazareth. . . . I endeavoured to give vent to my stirred frame of mind, with the sketch of a drama, *Jesus of Nazareth*.²

This was in 1848. The work was to have been a spoken drama; feeling that his true vocation was musical, and for other reasons, the drama was never completed, but parts were subsequently incorporated in *Parsifal*.

¹ An evolutionary development, for, as a youth, he showed a keen zest in duelling. And as late as in his thirty-sixth year he is said by some to have actually fought at the barriers on the revolutionary side in the rising of May, 1849, but of this there is some doubt. It was for his share—chiefly fiery speeches and pamphlets—in this movement that he was exiled for over eleven years.

² Published by Breitkopf und Haertel, 1888.

Despite this somewhat nebulous frame of mind, one idea dominates Wagner's whole conception of the means of Redemption. This is Love, the "Great Thing" he calls it. "Everything else is not worth a brass farthing, no matter how high and sublime it may call itself." In regard to nothing is he so insistent and persistent, throughout both his books and his dramas. "The lovelessness of the world," he once wrote, "is its real sorrow."

In the earlier operas the redeeming factor is a human love. The Flying Dutchman will be redeemed if he can find a woman willing to sacrifice love and life to save one lost soul. Senta proves to be such, and achieves her end. Tannhauser typifies the struggle of a soul through a tempest of sensual passion to ideal love. But the agent of this love is a human one—Elizabeth, an ideal of womanly purity, etherealism, and selfless devotion. In *Lohengrin* the relative position of the sexes is reversed, but though more subtle than *Tannhauser*, and without its presentation of grosser elements, the lesson is essentially the same. Elsa loses the mysterious Spouse who has come to her from a higher sphere, through imperfection of love. Under the evil influence of the temptress Ortrud she breaks her promise not to ask her husband's name and lineage. The lesson intended is plain enough. But the illustration given is not convincing. Personally the present writer always feels that Elsa has been unfairly treated. If perfect trust, as implied, is a condition of perfect love, Lohengrin violated this fundamental principle as much in withholding his name and lineage from his spouse as she afterwards did in breaking her promise never to ask him whence he came. Wagner blames her for asking

the question "Whence," equivalent to the eternal "Why," which thinking minds apply to all phenomena. But why shouldn't a woman ask it as much as a man? See *Music of the Future*, p. 40.

In *The Ring* it is realised that in neither Man nor Woman alone is perfect human love attained, but only in their union. Writing to Rockl in 1854, Wagner says :

Even Siegfried alone [the man alone] is not the perfect Human Being : he is merely the half, and only with Brunhilde does he become the Redeemer . . . and suffering, self-sacrificing Woman becomes finally the true, conscious Redeemer ; for Love is really "the Eternal Feminine" itself.

Of all the ethical questions in *The Ring*—the most stupendous music-drama in existence, comparable only to the Greek Trilogies—it is impossible to speak in the short space of an article. It may be said at once that the conception in it of God, "The All-Father," is that of the Scandinavian sages on which the poem is founded. Personified in Wotan it is crude in the extreme, and at times repulsive. Herein it is, however, but another example of the strange fact that, in their anthropomorphic endeavours to conceive the Supreme Being, men have shown themselves prone to draw upon the more carnal rather than spiritual attributes found in themselves! Wotan is not even faithful to his Goddess-wife, Fricka, and the only God-like quality in him is his superhuman control over the elements. Physical power and courage are the highest goal to which Gods and men can aspire!

Objection has not unnaturally been taken to the union between Siegmund and Sieglinde—brother and sister, parents of Siegfried. But it is to be remembered that they were not human beings, and that other and

classical mythologies are open to the same objection. So, indeed, is the Mosaic account of the origin of human life on the earth. Moreover Wagner, in one of his letters, explains that Wotan decrees the death of Siegmund "for morality's sake".

Wagner devotes page on page of his letters to elucidation of the more subtle contents of the huge work. His meaning is, he says, "the Representation of Reality"; "the whole poem shows how to acknowledge and yield to Necessity, Change, Variation, Multiplicity, and the eternal freshness of Reality and Life"; "Love is the only Divinity"; "the accursed Ring, forged from the Rhine-Gold, is preserved as the symbol of Love"; "we must learn to die. . . . fear of the end is only generated where Love itself is already waning".

It will surprise many readers to learn that it was before, not after, Wagner came under the influence of Schopenhauer that he wrote *The Ring*. That influence was due to the strange affinity which the great composer recognised between himself and the philosopher of pessimism. The latter expressed in words what the former had endeavoured to express in music. It has been said that one might pass from reading *The Ring* to Schopenhauer and find oneself "in a world familiar down to the catchwords of the system"¹.

It was otherwise with *Tristan and Isolde*. That is to say, Wagner himself admits that it was "the serious mood created by Schopenhauer. . . . that inspired the conception of a Tristan and Isolde". It is a very serious mood indeed, and one cannot call it a very wholesome one. As occasionally occurs in actual life, the hero and heroine seek to solve the problem of what

¹ Dr. Forsyth, *Religion in Recent Art*.

on earth seems a hopeless love by drinking a death-potion. Their dialogue is said to be based on a Hindū conception of life and duty, and certainly is despairing enough. To a prosaic mind the chief lesson to be learned is not that primarily intended, but the work-a-day one, that exaggerated respect for social ineligibilities and morbid secretiveness in regard to love, may easily lead to utter ruin.

That the redemptive love which Wagner had in mind so constantly was spiritual and eternal rather than carnal and temporal is shown by its realisation taking place only on the threshold of the life to come. *The Dutchman*, *Tannhauser*, *The Ring*, and *Tristan*, all end with the death of the hero and heroine; and *Lohengrin* with their temporal severance. The idea of Redemption clearly underwent an evolution in Wagner's mind, becoming stronger and, despite an ebb and flow, more and more spiritual in character. "I have got hold," he wrote to Liszt, "of two marvellous subjects. . . . Tristan and Isolde—and then—the Victory—the Crowning Sacrament—Salvation full and complete." The reference is to *Parsifal*. In this, his last and most distinctly sacred opera, this redemptive love becomes, if not Divine, at least extremely ethereal in quality.

After comparing all versions of the legend on which the work is based, Wagner chose the most spiritual, and these, as was customary with him, he still further refined. The hero, who, though himself capable of error, "to save men was selected," redeems himself, and breaks the evil spell which binds Kundry and the Knights, by a life of compassion, and especially by passing unscathed through the fierce appeal to sensuality

offered by the "Flower Maidens"—a scene drawn from the Buddhistic source already mentioned—"The Victors". Hence the somewhat enigmatic couplet with which the drama ends:

Wondrous work of mercy:
Salvation to the Saviour.

There is no appeal to the individual love of man for woman: there is no heroine. The extraordinary Temptress Kundry, "She-Lucifer, Rose of Hades, Herodias," is largely a creation of Wagner's. In the third Act she becomes the penitent Magdalene, with features added from the legendary Salome and Ahasuerus. Her frequent change of character is said to represent the Buddhistic doctrine of reincarnation. The "Flower-Maidens" of the Second Act, in whom temptation reaches its climax, do not occur in the original at all but are also taken from "The Victors".

The story of the Grail (the Cup used by Christ at the Last Supper, with which is associated the Spear used when His side was pierced) is told early in the first act; and Christian doctrines, sacraments, and associations appear throughout. Thus, sprinkling her with water, Parsifal christens Kundry:

I first fulfil my duty thus:
Be thou baptised,
And trust in the Redeemer.

Again:

The Holy Supper duly
Prepare we day by day.

The doctrine of the Knights is, of course, that of pre-reformation Christianity, though, unlike Tannhauser, no prayer to the Blessed Virgin occurs:

Trouble not this morn the Master,
Who once did free all men from hell
When bare of defence He bled for us.
In works for Him thy guilt efface.

O thou [Tituel] who now in heavenly heights
 Dost behold the Saviour's self. . . .
 Cry now my words to Him :
 " Redeemer ! give to my son release ! "

The sign of the Cross crowns the most dramatic climax in the drama—that in which the Spear thrown by the evil-spirited Klingsor floats in the air over Parsifal's head instead of striking him. He seizes it, and tracing the sacred symbol in the air, declares :
 " This sign I make, and ban thy cursed Magic."

Wolfgang Golther, in his *Richard Wagner as Poet*, pronounces *Parsifal* Christian in its setting, Buddhist in its ethics. It would be truer, I think, to say that the drama is Christian with a tincture of Buddhism, particularly in its final aspect of salvation. As to Wagner's own views there need be no discussion, for his programmatic Elucidation of "The Prelude" to it is clear enough. Its two chief themes he calls "Love" and "Faith".

Faith declares itself firmly and pithily increased, willing even in suffering. . . . occupying the human heart more and more largely and fully. . . . And now once more the plaint of loving compassion rises. The fear, the holy agony of the Mount of Olives, the divine sorrow of Golgotha and now begins to shine the heavenly blissful glow in the cup, pouring out over all that lives and suffers the joy of the divine grace of the redemption by love.

In addition to this main theme of Redemption by Love there is throughout Wagner's operas a frequent reference to other experiences of the religious consciousness. Of these perhaps the most oft-recurring is Repentance, especially in *Tannhauser* and *Parsifal*.

Biblical allusions are frequent. Indeed in the very form of the word "Parsifal" one cannot but be reminded of S. Paul's frequent teaching that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God," and that the apostles

were "fools for Christ's sake" (1. *Cor.*, iii, 19; iv, 10), and of the Scripture teaching as to the pure-heartedness of children. For Wagner preferred and adopted the Persian derivation of the name, *Parsi-pure, fal-fool*—Pure-Fool. Hence the words spoken from the Grail as instruction to the Knights :

By pity 'lightened
A guileless Fool :
Wait for him
My chosen tool.

It may be objected that the utterances of the characters in an opera are no clue to the personal views of the composer. In general this may be granted. But when the composer is also the author of the text; when, with an openly avowed object, he invariably selects a certain class of subject, and uniformly treats these subjects in a given way—for instance, etherealising it—such a rule can hardly be said to apply. And this was conspicuously the case with Wagner.

Probably no term is more elusive of exact definition than Religion. But if it may be interpreted as a sense of the need for Redemption, the attainment of this by Divine Love, and Denial-of-the-World; a deep reverence for Life; and aspiration towards the Ideal—the Divine Art has had few more consistent exponents than Richard Wagner.

Clement Antrobus Harris

THE SPIRIT OF THEOSOPHY¹

By L. W. ROGERS

THE world of the physical senses is a world of delusion, and our civilisation contrives to increase the delusions that bewilder us. All our early education and training put undue emphasis upon material things. To secure a lucrative position, to accumulate a fortune, or to achieve fame, is the ideal held before youth. And the religious teaching is as bad as the rest of the teaching. It makes heaven a far-away thing like extreme old age, and gives no hint that the present life is not the highest expression of reality. Probably nothing would sound more startling to the person of orthodox religious belief than the assertion that the physical life, compared to the life beyond it, is like a dream compared to waking consciousness; that this is not the more actual and practical life but the less so, and that beyond this life lies the reality, just as business life lies beyond the school life of the child.

It is to the comprehension of this vital fact—that the physical life is but an adjunct of the real life—that the evolving Theosophist slowly awakens. In the greatest book that has been published in many years a high spiritual authority says there are only two kinds of people in all the world—those who know and those

¹ A lecture before the Annual Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, at Washington, D.C., August 28, 1914.

who do not know, and that this knowledge, the knowledge of the divine plan of man's evolution, is the thing which matters; that this it is that finally leads them from the unreal to the real. Whatever else he may lack the Theosophist at least has that priceless knowledge, but his great difficulty is fully to comprehend *what* that reality beyond the physical life is.

It first slowly dawns upon him that there is something more important than material success; that material things are related closely to the lower nature, and that the accumulation of more than is necessary to meet physical needs is a species of slavery that degrades him.

Gradually, as he studies the problem of life, he realises that the law and order that are obvious in visible nature extend also to invisible nature; that a gradation of intelligences stretches upward through the vast universe; that this physical existence, with all of its multitudinous activities, is but a small part of a mighty whole (and that Superman directs the evolution of man, as certainly as Courts administer legal affairs, or Governments rule a Nation. With increasing clearness he grasps the inherent reasonableness of the idea that, if evolution is a fact at all, there must be higher products of evolution than the human family. He sees that these Supermen are at an evolutionary height as far above man as we are above animals, and that, while the life they live is the real life, it is as incomprehensible to us as our life is to the horse. But that a thing is incomprehensible to a certain grade of intelligence is no evidence that it is not real and practical. What does your horse know of your life, albeit he lives even in the same world? He sees you come and go,

but he comprehends nothing of your business activities, or your social and intellectual life. What you know as the real and practical would be impracticable and visionary to him. His conception of the practical is that line of effort that produces oats and hay, and constructs comfortable stables. To him all else is impracticable. He knows nothing of the author's joy of intellectual creation, of the statesman's triumph in diplomacy, of the philanthropist's pleasure in helping, of the jurist's satisfaction in awarding justice, of the hand-clasps of friends, of the love of comrades, of the joys of the family fireside, and all the complex activities and relationships that make the sum total of human life. To you they are realities. To him they are utterly incomprehensible.

Just so it is in the difference between men and Supermen, those higher products of evolution that have gone beyond the need of bodies composed of physical matter. They must have their activities of intelligence and compassion, their far-reaching plans, their colossal duties, their gigantic achievements, their profound studies of higher spheres, their bliss of deathless friendships. That life is the reality. But to the human consciousness limited by matter and focussed on material life, it seems unreal simply because it is incomprehensible. As in the consciousness of the horse, lack of development makes the real appear to it as the unreal, and the practical as the visionary.

With the awakening of the human soul to the fact that this is but the approach to the real life comes some realisation of the vast sweep of evolution. He sees that as the earth, compared to the universe, is but a grain of sand on an endless shore, so his present life is

the merest fragment of his real life. He perceives the inter-relation of physical and spiritual things. He sees that this vast evolution, which goes on chiefly beyond the ken of the physical senses, has its agencies and methods in the material world, and that those who are marshalled within the membership of a Society like this are playing the role of a great band of servers to the race. With increasing knowledge, loyalty to that sublime ideal grows, and devotion deepens. The purpose of life has dawned. From the comprehension of that purpose the true spirit of Theosophy is born. It is the spirit of sacrifice, but it involves neither pain nor loss. It is merely the willingness to sacrifice the temporary for the permanent.

It is one thing to have a theoretical knowledge of the purpose of life but quite another thing to carry that purpose out. Our great difficulty is to put this principle, of sacrificing the immediate for the remote, into practice and shape the physical plane activities by it. It seems to be a characteristic of the limited consciousness that the plane on which it functions is, to it, the only reality—which is perhaps a necessary evil arising from the need of concentration upon the evolutionary work of the hour.

From the viewpoint of the material world it seems perfectly obvious that the heaven-world existence is superior to that of the astral region. But evidently it does not seem so to the consciousness when functioning in the latter. We have been warned of the snares and delusions of the emotional world and told that coiled serpents lie beneath its seductive blossoms. Apparently one of the dangers consists in yielding to the pleasures of a life so superior to the physical. Now, is it not true

that precisely the same illusion inheres in physical plane life?—an illusion that turns energies chiefly toward providing material superabundance. The illusions of the work-a-day world are none the less subtle because of their material character. The desire for wealth and all that it signifies is perhaps the commonest. How often do we see men who could really be very useful to the world, and who realise it and who fully intend some day to be of service, so absorbed in the folly of useless accumulation that they live and die a slave to that desire! But never for a moment do they believe that that will be their fate, so completely are they the victims of illusion. They confidently look forward to the time when they shall be free for service—an indefinite time to be sure, but nevertheless a time. But that time never arrives. Mammon is an artful master. Success in his service strengthens the desire to possess. The more that is conquered, the greater is the empire that remains to be conquered, because the desire grows with possession, and desire alone creates the field for conquest. The very strength of the lower nature contributes to its danger, and the separative intellect looks proudly upon its possessions bought at the fearful cost of misdirected energy. Such a man has, of course, missed his opportunities. Either the real purpose of life has eluded him or, when perceived, has not been carried out.

Human experience proves that good intentions about the distant years are of very little value. The person who coined the phrase, "Do it now," must have been a close student of human nature. He saw that one per cent of performance is worth more than ninety-nine per cent of good intentions. Frequently you hear the

person of good intentions speak optimistically of the money he will sometime give to Theosophical work. He is investing a few hundred dollars in real estate where he is sure there is to be a rapid rise of prices, or is putting a few thousand dollars into mining, and when he makes a million he will give half of it to the good work! "Don't mind the slow progress and present hardships," he says cheerfully, "because when I win there will be money to burn!" It does not occur to him to give a little now. He is saving it all for the distant time when we shall not need any money! Such a man is exhibiting one phase of the great physical plane illusion. There are multiplied thousands like him who spend the whole incarnation in accumulations for which they have no possible use, and which they leave practically untouched when they pass on. Does the difficulty not arise wholly from the failure to grasp the reality of any other plane than that on which the consciousness is functioning? While immersed in the physical world it is nearly impossible to make any other existence seem real. But when he reaches the astral life, will it not be more difficult to make the physical seem real, and to comprehend why, when here, he could have been so blind to the purpose of life? And as he moves gradually on toward reality the physical life must become as unreal as a dream, with the folly of having wasted time and energy on useless accumulations clearly apparent.

To live in the world but not be of the world is the great problem. To resist the seductive illusions of the physical plane, to realise the importance of our work and to do it, to direct all energies as true to the purpose of life as the compass' needle is true to the polar star,

is to exhibit the spirit of Theosophy that characterises the true server of the race.

The value of our short time on the physical plane is so great that it is a pity any of it should be lost through our illusions. Every day is priceless. Think of the difficulty of arriving at the point in each incarnation where we can make our efforts effective! A fourth or a third of the incarnation is spent in training and educating the vehicle of consciousness. With most of us many other years after maturity are spent in various lessons of life, before the Theosophical view of existence dawns upon us. Between middle life and its close the time is short even for the most fortunate. If we look backward for ten years we realise how short that period has been and how little is its accomplishment. As we grow older, time flies faster. The next twenty years will seem little longer than the last ten. Those of us who would make a Theosophical success of this incarnation must look well to our remaining days. Our time is limited, but it is also propitious. Before us is the splendid opportunity of putting forth energy that will count for many times more than at any other time in the history of our civilisation. Those who have the true spirit of Theosophy will be equal to the occasion.

We live in an era of things colossal. Mighty events are upon us. Earthquakes of passion shake the race. Thrones are tottering and the huge structure of armed and irresponsible authority is swaying to its fall. It is the beginning of the end—the crumbling of outgrown forms, the clearing of the way. As storm precedes the calm, the chaos of war will usher in the reign of peace, in which the Teacher of the

World can do His mighty work on human heart and brain.

The immediate years that lie ahead present an opportunity, not of a single incarnation but perhaps of a hundred. How can we make the most of it? How shall the servers serve?

We, Theosophists of America, are in charge of a most important portion of the world. There can be no doubt of the tremendous importance of preparing it for the new era. With voice and pen, before the people and through the press, with united effort and ceaseless energy, we should spread the Theosophic truths, until they are familiar to the whole of the American people.

The press is one of the greatest avenues for our energies. The public prints should be much better utilised, while of course a nearer duty is the maintenance of our own magazine. It does a special work that cannot be done through the press. It is our silent lecturer. It enters the home, carrying the priceless truths of nature to those who never have an opportunity to hear a lecture. It penetrates remote corners of the country. It reaches the otherwise unreachable. It should have the support of every member without an exception, for every name on its list adds to its strength and permanence. The magazine also forms an excellent avenue for the energies of the member who feels that very few lines of work are open to him. He can subscribe for it, read it, and pass it on to some one whom he thinks is seeking the light. But the least he can do is personally to support it, for it would be a standing reproach to our loyalty if the largest Theosophical organisation on the western continent permitted the

failure of its literary representative in the intellectual world.

The public press represents a great but neglected opportunity. There are literally hundreds of newspapers, some of them reaching enormous numbers of people, that will print acceptably written articles on the great problems of life with which Theosophy deals. With an organised system we should utilise that powerful engine of propaganda, supplying all the material that will be taken, simply and clearly teaching the elementary truths and endeavouring always to show the inherent reasonableness of the Theosophical hypothesis.

A tremendously important line of work is the organising of new centres in territory where Theosophy is not yet represented, for we thus open new doors to the flood of spiritual force that is sweeping over the world. We have in the United States nineteen cities of more than one hundred thousand population, with no Theosophical centre. We have sixty-nine other cities with from forty thousand to one hundred thousand people, where Theosophy has never been proclaimed. There is a still larger number of cities of from twenty thousand to forty thousand people, left without Theosophical knowledge. Think of the opportunity we have in preparing the field for coming events! Think of the increased force that could pour through the new centres we can make! Every rightly constituted Lodge is an instrument in the hands of the great Spiritual Hierarchy. We do not work alone. The more doors we open to the divine influence the easier becomes the remaining work. That work, the conquest of material America, is more important than any undertaking of any physical army. We should enter upon this conquest of America

as a General plans a campaign, and city after city should be added to the Theosophical forces until not a single community remains in ignorance of our purposes and our principles. Does it seem like a great task? We can do it! Nearly five thousand people marshalled for a common purpose, and united in the holy cause of service to the human race, cannot fail.

But to accomplish this great work we must have the true spirit of Theosophy—the spirit of sacrifice that makes all real successes possible. We serve the race and our motives should be high. A soldier serves only his country, but think of the sacrifice he makes! He leaves home and wife and children to endure hardship and face death. He has months or years of awful life, of marches through field and forest and swamp, of battle where human beings become blood-frenzied fiends, and engines of war tear bodies to fragments; or perhaps he goes to a prison where disease and famine unite to finish the work of torture, while those he left at home wait and watch, and listen for the footsteps that will never come! And he does all this for a lesser cause than ours.

There is a significance about action that no close student of the Occult can fail to comprehend. Only when we put an ideal into action does it really exist on the physical plane. The greatest souls that have visibly touched our earth, the Buddha and the Christ, have actively spread the light while making greater sacrifice than we can comprehend. The Buddha's life was a continuous sacrifice to the enlightenment of the people. These are exalted examples for us to follow. The student life is useful and necessary but the present special period is a time for action. Never have we had the

attention of the public as we have it to-day. Never has the press been so favourably disposed. Never has the drama been so filled with the Occult, and never has such a torrential tide of spiritual energy flowed toward the goal of our high desire. It is the time of times for action. We face that tide "which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune". Beside these present great events past things grow small. Our country was once called the cradle of Liberty. But now it may well be called the cradle of the Coming Race. Our achievements should bear some relationship to that august fact. We should lead the world in Lodges, in work, in enthusiasm, in devotion, and in the high purpose of building in America a Theosophical organisation worthy the sublime destiny of our country.

We need much of the spirit that distinguished the two founders of our Society. They knew none of the remarkable advantages that we now enjoy. They began their work in an era of materialism—of darkness and doubt. Modern science had lighted a torch, but its light did little more than reveal the unsubstantial basis of dogmatic belief. The reaction from blind and unreasoning faith had begun. Like all reactions it went too far in the opposite direction. The intellect became the only arbiter. Intuition was rejected. Faith became a jest. Science had grasped half a truth and was following it into the wilderness of materialism. Men found themselves without a rational belief in a future life. Hope fled, and the shadow of Despair fell upon the western world.

It was then that a heroic soul came forth with a new declaration of forgotten truth, and bravely faced the taunts and jeers and calumnies with which the

world is wont to receive its most priceless gifts. She found the people who were not materialists hugging delusive idols to their hearts and, great iconoclast that she was, she shattered these to bits, and beneath the hope of immortality she placed the firm foundation of science, reason and the law.

Linked to her life and work was that of another great soul. He was born upon our own soil. Full of the alert life and energy characteristic of our people, he was admirably fitted for the rôle of organiser and builder of the Society's material vehicle. With tireless energy and a statesman's craft he laboured a third of a century at his task and ceased only at the summons of Death.

Together these co-workers supplied both wick and flame to light the western world upon its upward way. Through long years of weary labour, years of hardship, poverty and pain, years of sturdy conflict, years of heroic battle, they reproclaimed the deathless truth of man's immortal life.

Their lives give us a splendid example of the true spirit of Theosophy—the spirit of unfaltering sacrifice and constant devotion. So must our own lives be spent, that the purpose for which we came shall be fulfilled. We came only to build and teach, to toil and die. But from our lives and work will grow a light that shall banish the last doubt and fear of the human race and fill the world with peace and joy.

L. W. Rogers



AN OUTLINE OF ESSENISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Continued from p. 167)

VII. ESSENISM AND OTHER RELIGIONS

HILGENFELD thought he saw a connection between Buddhism and Essenism. Among the Buddhist monks as well as in the Essenean communities there existed a common sharing of goods, an abnegation from possessions, celibacy, abstinence from wine and prohibition of animal sacrifice and the killing of animals, also

of the use of oil for unction. In both we find the same love for humanity and the recognition of the equality of all its members. But, as Zeller remarks, the differences are very great, too great to enable one to see any striking resemblance between the two on account of the few points they have in common—which points are also to be found in the Greek Schools of Philosophy, partly in the Orphic and Pythagorean, partly in the Stoic and Cynic Schools. The chief differences are: that the Buddhists were begging monks, doing no manual work, while the Essenes worked all day long, and the Buddhist monks knew nothing of the very strict rules for purity enforced by the latter—the regulations with regard to food and to frequent baths—on the contrary they ate what was given to them, even meat. The confession which was prescribed twice monthly to the Buddhists was unknown to the Essenes, while the common meals which had a ceremonial character among the Essenes had no existence with the Buddhists, neither had the Sabbath. The Nirvāṇa of Buddha is very different from the idea of the bliss which the Spirit will enjoy after its separation from the body held by the Essenes. Again, the Buddhistic theory of sorrow in all forms of existence is on the whole very different from the optimistic Essenean view of life; the latter taught self-development and encouraged high hopes for the future.

Creuzer believes strongly in a Persian influence on Essenism, and Tideman, too, is more or less of his opinion. They remark how Persia revived Judaism and how the Jews remained for a long time dependent upon the Persian satrap. The prescriptions with regard to purity and the doctrines concerning Satan and angels

may very well have crept into Judaism from the Persian religion and hence into Essenism. Also the connection between the sun and their prayers may be of Persian origin, as well as the magical therapeutics. Hilgenfeld was in favour of this last theory, but subsequently changed his opinion. Zeller notes, again, that the points Parseeism and Essenism have in common—bathing, rules regarding truthfulness, the doctrine about angels—are quite as much Pythagorean as Persian. The teachings on abstinence from wine and on animal food or animal offerings were not only oriental but were also known in Greece in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. Sun-worship was as much Greek as oriental, and Zeller considers the books on magic were too common to attribute to them with certainty any particular origin.

Even if there are points in common between Essenism, Buddhism and Parseeism, they are certainly not essential. What was most important for the one was not so for the other, and the general tendencies were certainly different. The two spiritual schools which need serious consideration as having close connection with Essenism are the Therapeuts and the Neo-Pythagoreans.

If we admit that the Therapeuts existed—which is very probable, though Philo, who is the only source of information about them, has been severely criticised on this point—we shall certainly be struck by the points in which they resemble the Essenes. Zeller has noticed that Essenism cannot have been derived from the Therapeuts because the Platonic-Pythagorean speculative system was not yet prominent enough among the Alexandrian Jews to have formed a sect. Zeller

thinks that Essenism came into existence contemporaneously with the Alexandrian Jewish Mysticism and was not an offshoot of it, while Tideman believes in the influence of the Therapeuts upon the Essenes, as described by Philo in *De Vita Contemplativa*. Graetz sees in the Therapeuts Gnostic Christians and, in connection with that idea, does not believe in the genuineness of this book. Tideman contradicts many instances in which Graetz thinks Christian elements are to be found.

The points common to Therapeuts and Essenes were : both practised simplicity, abstained from animal food and wine, wore white garments, and were in sympathy with celibacy. The Essenes as well as the Therapeutæ made allegorical comments on the scriptures, held common meals which had a religious character, and regulated their morning prayers by the sun.

In their differences we find, curiously enough, that the Therapeuts held an exaggerated form of Essenism,—as the Essenes of Pharisaism. In their dualistic doctrines the Therapeuts were more speculative than the Essenes. They were also more contemplative, lived in absolute separateness and seem not to have led the common life of members of one order. Marriage was altogether rejected and the women amongst the Therapeuts were to remain chaste. While the Essenes had all their possessions in common, the Therapeuts had no possessions at all; and while the Essenes retired from the world from preference, the Therapeuts were prohibited from living in a town. More severe than the daily religious duties of the Essenes were those of the Therapeuts, who did not work at all but concentrated themselves continually on God. At

sunrise they asked for a good day during which their Spirit should be enlightened by heavenly light. At sunset they prayed that their souls should be delivered from the pressure of sense-perceptions and find the traces of truth in the innermost sanctuary. From morning till evening they were occupied with asceticism. The abstentions of the Essenes became, in the case of the Therapeuts, fasts lasting sometimes six hours; to the weak were given bread, salt and hyssop. Food was considered by them as something belonging to the kingdom of darkness. Tideman concludes that the Therapeuts were Alexandrian Essenes.

Josephus declared the Essenes to be Pythagoreans, a pronouncement to which his desire to hellenise may perhaps have pushed him. His view is, however, shared by many modern scholars.¹

To resume Zeller's arguments, which are the most convincing on behalf of a connection between Essenism and Neo-Pythagorism, we will first mention that the general characteristics of the two are the same. Then as to particulars we find that both are dualistic, that both believe that that which belongs to the sense is impure and desires are to be killed out; asceticism and abstinence are the consequences of this belief. Great similarities are to be seen in the relations which they both admit to exist between God and matter, soul and body. Both hoped to progress through asceticism to higher spiritual development. They both rejected on that account the use of meat and wine, warm baths, unction, and animal sacrifice. They both preferred celibacy to marriage, and marriage might only exist for

¹ Gfrorer, Baur, Dahne, Lutterbech, Zeller, Thieruh, Hase, Uhlhorn, Herzfeld, Mangold, Pressence, Bellermann, Holtzmann. Against this, Ewald, Ritschl, Hilgenfeld, Graetz and Lucius.

the purpose of propagation of the race. They both wore white garments and considered linen purer than wool. They both lived in communities, practised communism of goods and accepted a hierarchy to which absolute obedience was due. In both communities, new members were accepted only after some years of probation. The unworthy were excluded, strict secrecy prescribed and the highest consideration given to any person was to see in him an instrument of God. Both used symbols and found divine power in the elements. The beliefs of both were connected with the sun and each strove to hide anything impure from its rays. In their oaths there was also a great likeness, and in both systems there existed some middle being between God and the world. In Essenism as well as in Neo-Pythagorism magic was accepted. They saw the climax of wisdom in their prophets, who were, in both sects, esteemed the best members. A great resemblance exists in what the two doctrines say about the origin of the soul, the relation of the soul to the body, and life after death.

Differences are to be found in that the doctrine of metempsychosis, accepted by the Neo-Pythagoreans, was absent from Essenism and the science of numbers was not the same in each system. Zeller attributes the change to the transplanting of Hellenic wisdom to Jewish soil. The relation between Essenism and Neo-Pythagorism was the opposite of that which existed between the Essenes and the Therapeuts, because the Essenes may have often practised what the Neo-Pythagoreans held as ideals, for instance, celibacy and purity. The abolition of slavery was first put into effect by Essenes, though Greek philosophers had talked of the equal rights of all men.

Zeller does not wish to answer the questions whether we are to believe that Essenism was derived from Neo-Pythagorism, or whether the contrary was the case, or whether both were derived from a common source. For the last theory we have no argument; older examples of the same set of doctrines are not known to us, these peculiar teachings can be traced much further back in Neo-Pythagorism than in Essenism, and we find no Jewish elements in the first, but many Greek elements in the last. Zeller assumes, all the same, a great Neo-Pythagorean influence on Essenism. Tideman¹ argues that this influence can only have been felt after the year 50 B.C.; but Zeller sees the possibility of a much earlier connection. In the beginning of the third century many Hellenistic influences were at work in Palestine—as well through the Greek philosophers as through the Mysteries. Pythagorean ascetics might have existed there and flourished about that time. The Hasideans² then represented all those who were religious and consequently opposed to the indifferent Greeks. Zeller sees also the possibility of these Hasideans being Essenes.

I think we may conclude that Essenism stands on Jewish bases, that it has probably taken its form under Neo-Pythagorean influence and was closely connected with the Therapeuts.

VIII. THE CONNECTION OF ESSENISM WITH MESSIANIC TEACHING, CHRISTIANITY AND JESUS

The connection between Essenism and apocalyptic teaching gave rise to the question whether there was

¹ Tideman, p. 53.

² Of whom is question in *I Maccabaeus*, vi, 13.

any such bond with Messianic teaching—a hypothesis admitted by Tideman, Hausrath, Oehler and Hilgenfeld. They assign as a reason, that asceticism might be a preparation for prophecy,¹ and that the prophets were bound to have known the important events about to happen. All the same the arguments given in the *Apocalypse* and the *Psalms* are found to exercise an influence on the attitude of the Essenes to the outer world, *viz.*, that the actual condition of things, both civil and religious was intolerable, and that those who ought to set the example in piety were corrupted.² Thus arises the longing for the day of judgment.³ In accordance with the view held by the Essenes on the Second Temple, combined with that held as regards future changes, is a passage in *Enoch*⁴ in which mention is made of a day on which God will do away with all the temples in Jerusalem in which He has ceased to live.

The only thing which man can do to hasten this day, on which great changes will take place and the Messianic Kingdom be established, is to live after the manner of the laws of God—the Jewish belief being that the Lord remained away only on account of the imperfections of man. Now we certainly find in the attitude of the Essenes much to make us think that, actuated by such motive, they endeavoured to live up to a high standard; often too, in later times, such effort to live up to the standard of divine prescriptions has been due to, and the result of, Messianic expectations.

¹ As in *Daniel*, i, 8; x, 2, 3. *Enoch*, lxxxiii, 2; lxxxv, 3. *Talmud Sota*, ix, 9.

² *Enoch*, iii, 12; iv, 3. *Psalms*, iv, xii.

³ *Psalms*, xvii.

⁴ *Enoch*, xc, 29.

These fragments of information are not, perhaps, very convincing, yet they open up for us a possible theory against which little can be said.

An attempt has been made to place S. John the Baptist as a member of the Essene community. The characteristics in his life which have led some to this idea are: his separateness of life, his purity, his celibacy; even the cloak which he is said to have worn is reminiscent of the winter cloak prescribed in winter for the Essenes. This is, however, quite insufficient evidence to warrant such a conclusion, and the facts that S. John ate locusts and mixed freely with all sorts and conditions of men, can be brought up irrefutably to disprove such an idea.

We shall now consider whether there are any passages in the Christian Scriptures which show a probable trace of Essenean influences. In *Romans*¹ we see that the idea of abstinence from animal food and wine at least was already in existence at that time. In *Corinthians*² a recommendation to celibacy may be found; in *Colossians*³ purity is advocated and Angels are spoken of. In *Revelations*⁴, where also celibacy is encouraged, we find several features which occur in the Essenean doctrines; there also the promise is given that the New Jerusalem will not be a Temple⁵, and the poverty which is equal to riches⁷ is spoken of. *Acts*, again, refer to communism of goods⁸ and S. James⁹ prohibits swearing, but for other reasons than the Essenes give.

¹ *Romans*, xiv, 21.

² *I. Cor.*, vii, 8, 9, 28, 36.

³ *Coloss*, ii, 11.

⁴ *idem*, ii, 18.

⁵ *Revelations*, xiv, 4; xxi, 27.

⁶ *idem*, xi, 1-2; xxi, 22.

⁷ *idem*, ii, 9.

⁸ *Acts*, ii, 45; iv, 32-37.

⁹ *James*, v, 12.

A document of Jewish-Christian origin in which we find questions raised similar to the Essenean is the Pseudo-Clementine *Recognitiones* and *Homilies*; for instance, is the eating of blood a sin?¹ is the Temple not a sacred place?² What is said in the *Recognitiones* and *Homilies*³ about the way in which the heathen joined the Jewish Christians also has many Essenean elements. In order to be accepted the applicant had to pass through three degrees like the Essenean aspirant; before his baptism, the candidate had to wear a white dress which must be kept unstained; of the highest degree nothing is said. Taking blood is regarded as equally sinful as eating what has been killed. Baptism seems to have been considered in the Essenean way. When married, restriction in sexual intercourse was prescribed, and afterwards, as in all actions which could pollute, washing was necessary. We find also in Clement's *Anagorisms* that excess is the result of a dualistic conception dividing the material (not-lasting-evil) from the spiritual (eternal-good). In that book it is recommended that one should have no earthly possessions, have but one set of clothing and live on water and bread, give one's earnings as a duty of the pious (believing) and not appear naked before the All-Seeing Eye. Marriage, however, was not discouraged, but, on the contrary, encouraged.

The *Philosophoumena* again gives us information about the Elkasites who wrought a change in Jewish Christianity at the beginning of the third century. The chief feature in their religious practices was the taking of 40 baths a week; it was as essential as Baptism. Epiphanius,⁴ tells us of prophetesses who had also the

¹ *Recog.*, i, 28, 29.

² *idem*, i, 36, 38, 64.

³ *Recog.*, iv-vii, *Homil.*, vii-xi.

⁴ Epiphanius, *Refut. omn. Haeres.*, ix, 15-16.

power of healing the sick. They had a book of prophecy; its secrets were only revealed to those who gave a certain oath. They abstained from all animal food and objected to sacrifice, altars and fire.

The small resemblances between some facts concerning the Apostles and Essenism are unimportant and not worth enumerating. Tideman says the same with regard to Justin Martyr and the Pastor of Hermas. Some of the greater authorities on the history of Christianity admit the possibility of a fusion of Essenism and Christianity in later years. Duchesne, for instance, is of this opinion.¹

We come now to the very important question whether there is any historical foundation for the fact that Jesus was an Essene or that he had any connection with the Essenes. It is a theory which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was held by Theologians, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Theists and Freemasons believed and proclaimed it. Voltaire, Montfaucon, Standlin, Wachter, Bahrtdt, Venturini, and the representatives of the Jewish School (Salvador, Gratz, Cohen) and Free-Thinkers like Reynaud, Hennell and Clemens have held the same opinion. Frankel also thought that the hidden side of Essenism might have played an important part in the formation of Christian doctrines. Wegern, Hemlin, Nicolas, Klein, Réville, Hilgenfeld, Tideman, Holtzmann, Delaimay, and Demmler declared themselves against this theory. Graetz sees in S. John the Baptist an Essenian announcing the approaching of the Kingdom of Heaven, a belief shared by the Essenes. S. John preached

¹ Quant aux Esseniens ils vecurent a cote du Christianisme et s' ils se joignerent a lui ce ne fut que tardivement. Duchesne, *Hist. Ancienne de l' Eglise*. (5th ed., Paris, 1911.) i, p. 13.

Essenean asceticism for those who wished to prepare for this Kingdom. All this is in the nature of hypothesis and not many confirmatory arguments are to be found. Graetz also says that judging by externals S. John seemed not to belong to the Essenean Sect. He adds that Jesus was a disciple of S. John who continued his work and led Essenism, in new ways. Graetz traces a great similarity between the life of Jesus and the Essenean doctrine—the voluntary poverty, the contempt for riches, dislike for marriage and the sharing of goods amongst disciples. Jesus prohibited the use of the oath as did the Essenes, and in common with the latter he exorcised demons. We find Hegesypes calls James an Essene and a brother of Jesus. Graetz admits that Jesus did not conform to the outward signs and rules of the Essenes, but he followed their teachings. Tideman has many objections to this hypothesis of Graetz. He remarks that the contact of S. John with Jesus was of very short duration and that owing to some analogous teachings of Jesus and the Essenes a certain sympathy might be assumed, but this is not a proof that he was an Essene. Again, Jesus lived on gifts of charity, his poverty differed from that of the Essenes, they lived by means of their manual work. Jesus did not preach general poverty and in the case of the rich young man who was told to sell his goods¹ we have an isolated case; besides he was not told to give the price of his belongings to the Essenean community but to the poor. We see in *Mark*² that Jesus travelled through a country where Essenes lived and we find that he speaks there

¹ *S. Matt*, xix, 16-22.

² *S. Mark*, x, 1. *S. Matt.*, iv, 25; xix, 1.

twice about marriage. There is no question in the teachings of Jesus of the separation of husband and wife;¹ he calls marriage a union made by God. The beginning of the nineteenth chapter of *S. Matthew* is an encouragement to marriage without any restrictions. The Apostles were not married, but that is possibly because it is desirable that those who would devote all their time to the teaching of the doctrines of Christ should have no other ties or worldly cares.

It is true that the Jews as well as the Essenes prohibited swearing. The Essenes, however, admitted one oath, the Jews none at all, though once given they considered an oath to be binding. The exorcisms of the Essenes, like those of many others, were done with the help of magical formulæ and talismans. Neither Jesus nor the Essenes attach much importance to Temples or Temple sacrifices; Jesus because he considers charity and the love of humanity of far higher value than any offerings, the Essenes because of the impurity of the priests of the Second Temple. Prayer is for Jesus an act to be performed in secret and alone, for the Essenes prayers were to be in common. The greatest difference of opinion expressed in the teachings of the Essenes and of Jesus concerns purity. Jesus says that nothing exterior can pollute a man² and in several places in the Gospels we find that he acts according to this prescription which is quite opposed to the opinion held by the Essenes.

The whole tendency of his teachings is different. It is very noticeable in a passage where he says that fasts have no importance³ and strict observance of the

¹ Except in the case of adultery.

² *S. Mark*, vii, 18-19.

³ *S. Matt.*, xi, 19.

Sabbath was not practised by him.¹ Jesus certainly did not want to found a sect but rather to compel those who followed his teachings to a life of love and piety.² It is, however, quite natural that there should be many points of similarity between the Essenes and the disciples of Jesus.

The opinion of the leading scholars is nowadays quite decidedly against the hypothesis that Jesus was associated with the Essenes. A pronouncement has been made quite recently by E. C. Dewick in his Hulsean Prize Essay as follows: "The attempts to prove that our Lord was connected with this (Essenean) sect are now admitted on all hands to be mere flights of the imagination. In apostolic and sub-apostolic times, Essenean influence may perhaps be traced, but not in the Gospels."³ Of the same opinion are Réville,⁴ Zeller,⁵ Guignebert,⁶ Uhlhorn⁷ and others who all rule this theory entirely out of consideration; they are equally decided in the opinion that the Gospels and the origins of Christianity have no connection with Essenism.⁸

¹ *S. Mark*, ii, 23-28.

² *S. Matt.*, xx, 25-29.

³ E. C. Dewick. *Primitive Christian Eschatology*, p. 213. Cambridge, 1912.

⁴ Réville. *Jesus de Nazareth*, I, pp. 150-1. *Ce qu'on peut affirmer c'est que l'Évangile n'a rien à faire avec l'Essénisme. Rien de plus faux que d'assigner à l'enseignement de Jésus pour berceau cette petite communauté monastique sans rayonnement.*

⁵ Zeller. *Philosophie der Griechen*, III, p. 550.

⁶ Guignebert. *Manuel de l'Hist. Ancienne du Christianisme* p. 66, Paris, 1907. This professor of the Sorbonne of Paris admits however (pp. 420, 452) the possibility of a later influence of the Essenes on the Christians.

⁷ Uhlhorn in Herzog's *Real Encyclopedie fur Protest. Theol. u Kirche*, V, p. 526, 1898, states that such a theory belongs to the realm of unfounded hypothesis.

⁸ As we have already seen it is very difficult to find any striking resemblance between the Essenean teachings and those of the Gospels and it is not easy to understand M. Schure's contention that the esotericism of Christianity is illumined by the Essenean and Gnostic traditions (*Les grands Initiés*, Introduction, p. xvii) M. Schure also claims that Jesus lived some years with this sect (*ibid.*, p. 475).

During the last century, although historical criticism rejected the hypothesis entirely, from other sources a connection between Essenism and Jesus has been claimed. This tradition began with Bahrdt's writings¹ at the end of the eighteenth century. He was followed by Venturini,² both classified by Schweitzer³ as romantic biographers of Jesus. Later, Gfrörer⁴ favoured the hypothesis, as also Hennell,⁵ who pretended to quote from genuine documents which were in reality but a plagiarism of the passages on the Essenes quoted by Venturini. Von der Alm,⁶ who wrote a new and somewhat romantic biography of the Lord, believes that Jesus was an Essene. This belief is shared by many others, and recently a biography of Jesus has been published, claiming to be founded on information drawn from Essenic traditions.⁷

In Theosophical literature we find that clairvoyant investigation is in agreement with those biographies of Jesus which are termed "romantic". H. P. Blavatsky does not say much on the matter, but in the *Theosophical Glossary* she admits the possibility of a connection

¹ Bahrdt. *Briefe über die Bibel im Volkston*, 1782. *Briefe an Wahrheit-suchende Leser*, 1784-92. *Die sämtlichen Reden Jesu aus den Evangelisten ausgezogen*, 1786.

² Venturini. *Natürliche Geschichte des grossen Propheten von Nazareth* (4 Volumes), Kopenhagen, 1800-2, 2nd. ed., 1806.

³ Schweitzer. *Geschichte der Leben Jesu Forschung*, 1913.

⁴ A. F. Gfrörer. *Kritische Geschichte des Uhrchristentums*, 1835-38.

⁵ Hennell. *Untersuchungen über den Ursprung des Christentums*, 1840, which had appeared in 1838 in English followed by *Wichtige Enthüllungen über die wirkliche Todesart Jesu. Nach einem alten zu Alexandria gefundenen Manuscripte von einem Zeitgenossen Jesu aus den heiligen Orden der Essaer*, 5th ed., 1849, also translated. A continuation hereof was: *Historische Enthüllungen über die wirklichen Ereignisse der Geburt und Jugend Jesus als Fortsetzung der zu Alexandria aufgefundenen allen Urkunden aus dem Essaer Order*, 2 ed., 1849.

⁶ R. v. d. Alm (Ghilanny) *Theologische Briefe an den Gebildeten der Deutsche Nation*. 3 volumes 1863.

⁷ E. P. Berg. *The Spiritual Biography of Jesus Christ according to the Saintly Essenes*.

between Christianity and the Essenean sect, and in *Isis Unveiled* she speaks of the fusion of Christianity and Essenism, Mrs. Besant¹ and Mr. Leadbeater² agree that Jesus received his education among the Essenes, Mr. Leadbeater adding that Jesus instructed for a certain period the heads of the Essene Community.³

Before concluding this series of articles on Essenism, I wish to draw attention to the important statement (referred to above) made by Madame Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*.⁴

The Gnostics entertained many of the Essenean ideas, and the Essenes had their "greater" and "minor" Mysteries at least two centuries before our era. They were the *Isarim* or *Initiates*, the descendants of the Egyptian hierophants, in whose country they had been settled for several centuries before they were converted to Buddhistic monasticism by the missionaries of King Asoka, and amalgamated later with the earliest Christians; and they existed, probably, before the old Egyptian temples were desecrated and ruined in the incessant invasions of Persians, Greeks, and other conquering hordes.

Raimond van Marle

¹ Annie Besant. *Esoteric Christianity*.

² C. W. Leadbeater. *The Inner Life*, Vol. I, Chapter on Christianity.

³ C. W. Leadbeater. *The Christian Creed*, p. 15.

⁴ *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 42—reprinted in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. III, p. 273, note 1.

GOOD FRIDAY CEREMONIAL

By THE REV. F. G. MONTAGU POWELL, M.A.

THE Prophet Ezekiel is charged by Jehovah (*Ezek.* viii, 14) to observe with horror the abominations practised by the people of Israel, singling out for especial reprehension "women weeping for Thammuz".

Now Tammuz, or Thammuz, is, as we know from Dr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, no other than Attis, or Adonis, and we know from other sources that, as early at least as the fifth century B.C., his death by the wild boar on Mount Lebanon was lamented by the Greeks, who had borrowed the story from the Semitic people with whom it was an almost prehistoric cult. At Byblus the death of Adonis was annually mourned with weeping, wailing and beating of the breast; but next day he was believed to come to life again and ascend up to Heaven in the presence of his worshippers. This Festival took place in the Spring, for its date was determined by the discolouration of the river Adonis, the waters of which were reddened by the earth washed down from the mountains at that season, or assumably by the blood of Adonis. In the Babylonian legend, the Goddess Ishtar (Astarte, Easter) descends to Hades to fetch the water of life, with which to restore to life the dead Tammuz; and it appears that water was thrown over an image of Tammuz, *i.e.*, Adonis, at a great mourning ceremony where men and women stood round the funeral pyre of Tammuz lamenting. (Frazer, *Golden Bough*, i, 287.)

Thus far the so-called heathen ceremonial. But in what, I would ask you, does it differ from the

'Devotion of the Three Hours' on Good Friday, at which, in our Anglican churches, women attend dressed in black, while at three o'clock, on the close of the service, a bell is tolled, to signify that Jesus the Christ (or Adonis, a name signifying the Lord) is dead?

Then on Easter (or Ishtar's) morning, all is changed for a scene of rejoicing, and with spring flowers we decorate our churches, for "Jesus Christ is risen indeed".

I am not seeking in any way to belittle our ceremonial but rather to enhance its importance, nor indeed to relegate our Gospel story to the category of myth or legend, but rather to show how much older Christianity is than the Christ of the Gospels or than A.D. 1. To re-affirm, in a word, the utterance of the Master Himself: "Before Abraham was, I am." In this sense, can we not see the Spirit of the Kosmic Christ indwelling in the Human Race, and prompting all these ceremonials of Death and Rebirth (so well put forward by Dean Inge in his sermon at St. Paul's on Easter Day), wherever they may be found, and thus, if you will, making ready the way for this last Avatāra or manifestation, in the Person and Work of Jesus of Nazareth.

For it is obvious that the vernal equinox takes precedence of all other seasons, even of that of the winter solstice. At that time the Sun, the solar presentment of our Divine Guide, returns from his long sojourn in the South, and crossing the Equator (thus forming the Sign of the Cross of our Redemption) gladdens our hearts and brings life and light on the physical plane to us, themselves the symbols of Life and Light Eternal. So from the past, remote beyond conception, has our solar system been so framed as to illuminate man's deepest promptings and highest aspirations, nay, his most intimate and

personal experiences as well. For as the sun passes at the autumnal equinox into the shorter and darker days, indicating man's deep descent into the death of the material environment, so at the winter solstice, man's nadir as it were, does he emerge into longer and brighter days, precursors of that unique, that celestial, experience when he finally crosses the Equator which bounds him from the Divine, and thus enters on his spiritual adventure, to be crowned and consummated by union with his Divine Source at the longest, brightest day of the summer solstice.

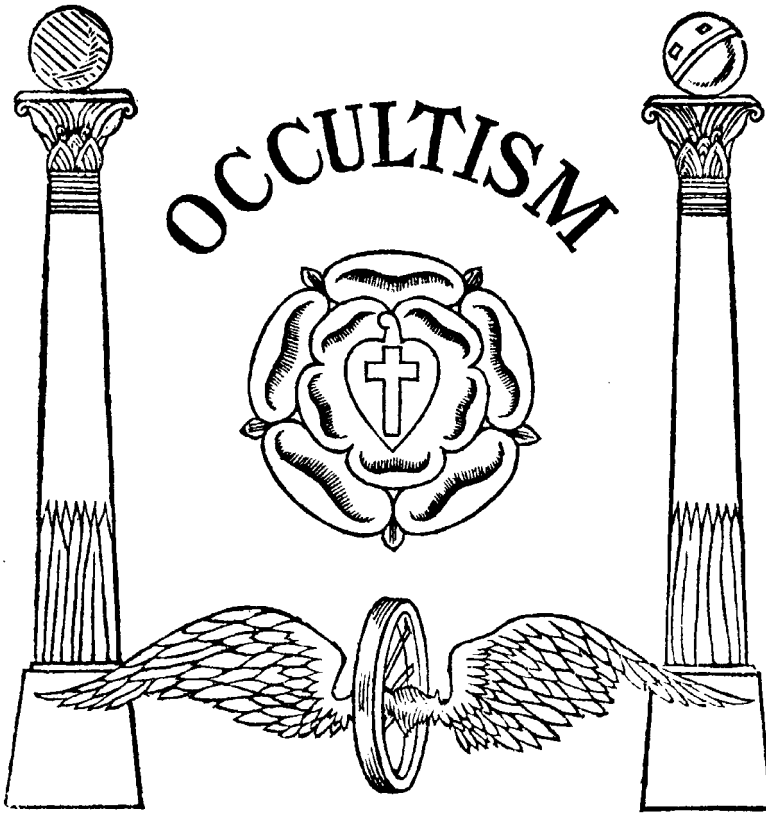
How sacred then is the trust which we western people have received, to keep pure and unalloyed a heritage from so remote a past, and indicating a goal and a destiny whose splendour no words can describe.

In the ceremonial of the Greek Church, which from its intense conservatism is often more "true to type" than even the Roman Catholic, spring flowers are not, as with us, used to decorate the churches, but the worshippers who frequent them. Thus in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, youths are stationed outside the church doors with bunches of hyacinths, which they present to the devout. The hyacinth, you will remember, is said to have sprung from the blood of Adonis, and, as you are aware, there is one variety which has AI AI marked on its petals, to signify the weeping for the dead God. The scarlet anemone, so familiar in the Riviera, is also connected by its colour with the same tragedy.

But you may say, if the Prophet thundered at the "women weeping for Tammuz," and other like ceremonial, will he not thunder at us for our observances, however differently we may allocate them? I think not. You will always notice how "anathemas" are hurled

almost promiscuously at the older worship as it gradually melts into the newer form, how in fact the neophytes do their best endeavour to destroy all traces of that from which indeed their religion sprang. This is one of the great hindrances in the way of the student of comparative religion. It may be that, now and at the present moment, a reaction is setting in, or rather I would say, a feeling that we have reached, or are reaching, a stage beyond the signs and symbols of such outward observance; hence possibly among our own people a dislike to the taking over by many, or by some of us, of practices clearly Roman, but without the sanction or authority of the Roman Congregation of Rites. The Prophets of old thundered at idolatrous practices, not I believe because they were wrong in themselves, but because they wanted to shift their people on to a higher stage, a more highly evolved religion. So with us. Is this reaction, or instinctive feeling of dislike of Ceremonial, not only harmless in itself but positively necessary to the Race at one stage, due to a sort of instinctive feeling that we are moving on to the confines of a still higher form of worship, in which the old will not be abrogated, but taken up and assimilated? Such we may see has been the case in the history of all great religions, following the lines of a spiritual evolution, a spiritual renaissance, in which we shall finally dispossess the obsessing idea of the Sovereignty of a God *without* us, and attain to that to which so many finger-posts are pointing us to-day, namely a God *within* us, an immanent God, whose continual Presence can make real to us the Master's Words: "The Kingdom of God is *within* you."

F. G. Montagu Powell



THE OCCULTIST AND THE MYSTIC

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

I

ONE of the Theosophical problems which have not been fully elucidated in our literature is that of the Occultist and the Mystic. It is true that in the *MARCH THEOSOPHIST* the President has a brief paragraph on the subject, in which she mentions certain broad differences of character, aim and method between the two; but this, pregnant and illuminating though it is, is rather a description than a definition. What so many students have sought, in connection with this particular antithesis, has

been, first of all, a clear definition of the precise point of differentiation and, secondly, some account of how and when the distinction comes into being in relation with the evolving individual. These two questions are, I believe, at present almost unanswered, at least in our exoteric Theosophical writings.

It is not difficult to understand the importance of the problem in the eyes of the aspirant to the higher life. He is aware of the existence of these twin goals of spiritual attainment, both of them, as he knows, held in equal reverence by those who have knowledge—both, in the words of the paragraph which I have just mentioned, “blessed, holy, and necessary”—and he naturally wishes to discover which of the two he, as an individual, ought to pursue. For this purpose, it is very necessary that he should know, in the first place, the exact nature of the two goals; and, in the second place, that he should ascertain whether or no the choice between the two is still open to him. It is possible that it may have been determined ages ago by Nature herself, either at the moment of individualisation or even earlier, at the birth of the Monad; or again that he may himself have made the critical choice in some earlier incarnation. On the other hand, it is possible that it still lies ahead of him, and in that case he would like to have some direction as to how to make it and what it involves. Thus the question is a thoroughly practical one, and it is largely because of its practical character that it has aroused so much interest. There are few problems more frequently discussed where Theosophists are gathered together; yet it would be hard to name any problem, so often considered by students, on which there is to be found so little certainty or unanimity of thought.

The commonest idea as to the distinction between the Occultist and the Mystic would appear to be that it is one of generic types ; that is to say, that the Mystics and the Occultists of the world constitute two great spiritual families sprung from separate roots and evolving along separate lines. Whether or no an individual belongs to one of those families rather than the other, becomes, therefore, a matter over which he has no control, since it has been settled once and for all by Nature herself ; and the business of the aspirant is not to decide which line to select, but merely to discover to which of the two he already belongs.

A little reflection on this theory of generically separate types will, however, reveal its inherent difficulties. Occultism recognises only seven fundamental, or original, types of this kind in our System, *i.e.*, those which it speaks of as the Seven Rays. If, then, we admit the Occultist and the Mystic, as representing generic types in this far-reaching sense, we are confronted by three possible alternatives : (1) We have here two new types, which must be added to the seven already recognised ; that is to say, the previous list was incomplete ; or (2) we must identify the Occultist and the Mystic, specifically, with two out of the Seven Rays ; or finally (3) we must look upon the two types as a more ultimate classification than that of Rays, *i.e.*, as a dualism into which the Seven Rays can themselves be resolved. Since, moreover, the septenary classification of Rays is one which is not merely confined to humanity, but which strikes down through all the Kingdoms of Nature, the dualism of the Mystic and the of Occultist must, if it is to include the Rays, strike deep and constitute an ultimate bisection not merely of

the human race but of all manifested life in our System.

Of these three alternatives it will suffice to say that we have certainly no grounds for accepting the first—the septenary classification being, we are given to understand, that which prevails in our Solar System; the second is clearly put out of court by the fact that it is known that Occultists, at least, are to be found on all the Rays, and it is to be presumed that this must be true of Mystics also; while a clear comprehension of what the word “Ray” means (*i.e.*, a stream of life coming out through one of the seven great Planetary Logoi) will show that the only way of resolving such Rays into a more ultimate dualism would be by positing, between the Solar Logos and the Planetary Logoi, two intermediate Logoi—a daring piece of speculation for which we have no warrant.

There is, however, one other possibility, which, if true, would involve a certain generic separation of type; and that is, that the differentiation of Mystic and Occultist dates, if not from the very beginnings of manifestation in our system, at least from the moment of individualisation into the human Kingdom. It is well known to students that occult investigation has revealed a broad classification of egos into types, according to the particular manner in which they happen to have been individualised out of the animal Kingdom into humanity; and this classification seems to have been concrete enough and well enough defined to make a difference not merely in the psychology of the classes of egos concerned, but in their subsequent lines of unfoldment, and in the method of their manipulation by the Powers in control of the evolutionary process.¹

¹ I refer, of course, to the “boat-loads,” in so far as the manner of individualisation seems to have been a determining factor in the formation of these.

One of the classes thus formed—that to which the name of “Servers” has been given—appears, in some ways, to be capable of identification with the Occultists of the race, since it is from the ranks of the Servers that, we are given to understand, the Occult Hierarchy is recruited through the ages. If, then, there is, as this might appear to indicate, an occult class, determined in the first instance by method of individualisation (all so-called “Servers” having individualised through one form of Devotion or another) then there may also be, on the same principle, a mystic class; and the distinction of Mystic and Occultist may thus be still, in a certain sense, one of origins, although not of an origin so remote as that of Rays. Considered in relation to our Earth-chain, at least—to go no farther back—the distinction could be thought of as genuine, and the two classes regarded as family types.

As against this identification of the Servers with a special occult class, and the deduction from it of the possibility of a corresponding mystic class, there are, however, two arguments worthy of note. (1) Mystics are also Servers. Mrs. Besant speaks of the Occultist and the Mystic, in the passage already mentioned, as “the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe”; (2) In the same passage, she states that the Mystics tend to become the Nirmāṇakāyas. But in other places in our literature the line of the Nirmāṇakāyas is mentioned as one of the seven Paths which open out before the Occultist who has risen, grade by grade, through the Hierarchy to the Asekha level. If, then, we regard, the Nirmāṇakāya as the apotheosis of the Mystic, it becomes possible—putting these two statements together—to say that the Occultist may, if

he will, become a Mystic, which at once breaks through any attempted construction of air-tight compartments. The fusion and intermingling of the two lines is, indeed, definitely emphasised by the President. Not only, in her words, do "the concrete individuals shade off into each other" in ordinary cases, but in the Perfect Man, apparently in virtue of His perfection, the two are necessarily synthesised and inverted: "The perfected Occultist gradually includes the Mystic; the perfected Mystic finally includes the Occultist."

Thus the hypothesis of a fundamental differentiation of type, rooted in a difference of origin—whether monadic or having to do with the mode of individualisation of the ego—appears to be somewhat difficult to maintain. There remains, then, the only other alternative, and that is to look upon the antithesis as one which has "grown up," and upon Mystics and Occultists as differentiations from a common stock.

This means that we have to discard altogether the hypothesis of separate families, marked out by Nature from the very beginning as the future Occultists and Mystics of humanity, and to substitute for this concrete dualism one of abstract principles. We have to posit, in other words, the existence of two antithetical, or at least dissimilar principles in human nature, to which, for the purposes of our argument, we may give the names of the mystical and the occult principle respectively. These principles, like every other in the make-up of man, can, we must imagine, be either cultivated or left alone; or, if from their nature they form an indispensable element in human life, can be cultivated either equally or unequally. If, then, as may happen, one of them is developed in a special degree, to the comparative neglect of

the other, that principle will come to be looked upon, after a while, as specially characteristic of the man. He will, as time goes on, tend more and more definitely to stand for it in a kind of representative way, until a point is reached when he may, for convenience sake, be called by the name of the principle thus emphasised, and become the Occultist or the Mystic as the case may be. Such a long-continued emphasis, moreover, will through the gathering impetus of habit tend, from the psychological point of view, towards a crystallisation into type; and after a few lives may come to have, for the reincarnating ego, all the force of a distinction of origins such as we were discussing above. But, seeing that the only method by which such crystallisation can be accomplished is by deliberate and resolute specialisation, it is also clear that it must be of the nature of an exception, and that the normal condition of things, which we shall expect to find in most cases, will be an intermingling of the two principles rather than the exclusive cultivation of one at the expense of the other. The undiluted Occultist and the undiluted Mystic will, in other words, be rarities, if they are not indeed actual impossibilities, and this is in line both with the words of Mrs. Besant, already quoted, and with our own common experience which tells us that undiluted types, of any sort, are the exception and not the rule in our world.

Having posited an occult and a mystical principle of this kind, it obviously now remains for us to see whether it be possible in human nature, as we know it, to discover two principles which fit in with our hypothesis—which, that is to say, if cultivated in an exclusive and special way will produce, respectively, the contrasted

types of spiritual individuality which we ordinarily speak of as the Occultist and the Mystic.

A little reflection will show that the principles, thus sought, may be of three kinds. They may be : (1) two amongst a number of other principles in human nature (intellectual, emotional, æsthetic), and so to be classed with these, and on a level with them, as merely two out of many modes in which man's life may function ; or (2) they may be something deeper than this and stand, in some way, for an ultimate dualism in human life, *i.e.*, as two principles into which every activity of man can somehow be resolved. And if they are found, as a matter of fact, to constitute an ultimate dualism, of this kind, then there is still a further possibility. The dualism, ultimate though it may be in respect of human nature, may be confined to human nature ; or (3) it may be one which is applicable not merely to man but to the whole of manifested life. What we speak of as the mystical and occult principles may, in short, turn out to be fundamental principles of Nature herself, existing and operating in all her worlds.

To the metaphysician, it need hardly be said, the antithesis of the Mystic and the Occultist will become the more interesting, the more deeply it can be shown to pierce into the heart of Being ; and nothing would please him more, therefore, than for this view to be the true one. It will provide him, indeed, with a striking generalisation, if he can find the whole of Nature to be built up, from one point of view, by the interplay of the mystical and occult principles. It is noteworthy, therefore, for him, that, in one of the few pieces of authoritative writing on the subject in our literature—the paragraph of Mrs. Besant's to which reference has already

more than once been made—there is a hint, even though only a hint, that such a generalisation may be possible. For in the concluding sentence of that paragraph Mrs. Besant, speaking of the functions of the Occultist and the Mystic in the worlds of Nature, uses a symbol which seems to imply that these two terms, taken together, stand for an exhaustive classification of the spiritual life—since she describes them as “the two Hands of the one LOGOS in His helping of His universe”. If, then, we are to take this phrase as accurate and as implying what it appears to imply—namely, that into one or other of these classes all God’s helping of His manifested worlds must necessarily fall, it follows that the dualism of the occult and the mystical principles in Nature must be one, in reality, far profounder than is ordinarily suspected and one which, when we have grasped it, we shall find to be capable of application to the whole of manifested life. For the whole of life is, as we know, one, and that which we call the “spiritual” life is only an extension and a further unfoldment of life as it exists at lower levels. Consequently a formula which provides an exhaustive classification, in respect of the spiritual life, will necessarily be ultimate and all-inclusive at other levels also.

The student, thus encouraged, will adventure, then, on his quest for a formula, which, while maintaining unimpaired all that we ordinarily know of the Mystic and the Occultist in concrete human experience, will at the same time show these two types to have come into being gradually by the specialisation upon one or other of two alternative principles in human nature; these principles, in their turn, not being confined to human nature, but standing for an ultimate dualism of nature herself.

Is it possible to find a formula of this kind?

There is one line of thought which, in the opinion of the present writer, may lead us to such a formula.

E. A. Wodehouse

(To be continued)

FREEDOM IN BONDAGE

My soul, refreshed with life, all the day long
Sings sweetly to my heart, and shines and glows ;
For chains grow lax and far from me it goes
When Sleep's cool kisses on my eyelids throng.
Returning, it makes pure my flesh with fire,
Having been free, save for one sacred tie,
To spread its everlasting wings and fly
E'en to the uttermost Heaven. Yet entire
Freedom it cannot know until the day
When soul from body shall be torn apart
And every chain be broken. . . . O my heart,
Beat softly lest the time draw near ! . . . And may
Ere then so frail have grown earth's prison-seal
That soul nor body shall the parting feel.

EVA M. MARTIN

POLITICS AND THEOSOPHY

By T. H. MARTYN

IT may be taken for granted that much interest will be felt by many members of the Theosophical Society in the problem made prominent in the articles on this subject by Messrs. Kirby, Jinarajadasa and Van Manen. The former states the case from one point of view, Mr. Jinarajadasa replies from another and Mr. Van Manen judicially reviews and analyses, but seems to find no answer though apparently he is looking for one. It is possible that there is no solution that can be expressed, and that in wrestling with Mr. Kirby's difficulty we are in the position of the geometrician who strives to work out the proportion of the diameter to its circumference, or of the schoolboy who for the first time stumbles across the recurring decimal. Personally I am inclined to think that we are face to face with some such complex position in another realm, when we attempt to work out to any logical conclusion the status, powers, limitations, of a President of the T.S. We have a Constitution, of course, and three Objects. The latter are stated in a comprehensive way, and that means that little attempt, if any, is made to define them.

The President, or any member, enjoys the privilege of a very wide range of interpretation, and in passing it

may be noted that everything which Mrs. Besant has done in the political arena *may* be claimed to be covered by the first Object. That by the way however ; whether it is or is not, it may some day be proposed that the Constitution be amended so as to define the powers and activities of a President of the T.S., or a set of Rules and Bye-laws be framed for the same purpose. How should we fare in that case? I say unequivocally we should make things worse rather than better. Human skill is not equal to thinking out, much less writing out, a Constitution that is perfect, or that cannot be shown to be incomplete if not inconsistent. The same applies generally to any set of Rules, Regulations or Articles of Association or Bye-laws that may be formulated to interpret and regulate any Constitution. Indeed very little that we do on the physical plane seems to be free from the suspicion of semi-failure if anything like a really critical eye is cast on it.

A genius designs and constructs a beautiful cathedral, but before the last spire point is burnished, the polished marble of the base is already commencing to suffer from the ravages of time. A mechanical device is cast in metal and perfect equilibrium secured, only to be modified by wearing parts from the moment it is set in motion. Laws thought out by the wisest brains are devised to meet certain conditions of lawlessness, and in their operation penalise the innocent, as well as the guilty ; and so on in every department of life.

May I suggest that this is as much a law and has to be taken into consideration and provided for as explicitly as other laws which are self-evident, as, for instance, that food is necessary to maintain life, and that water rises to its own level. Those who are fond of

symbols can perhaps trace a correspondence between such a law and that mystery of incompleteness already mentioned, the relation of diameter to circumference, which no process known in mathematics will enable us to work out, though in the line and the circle, the 1 and the 0, we have the first and last figures of the numeral system which in turn supports or expresses all our laws of proportion in the only language man knows, and which he uses to interpret the orderliness of nature and to measure her distances.

When we are young we like to work out the sum in decimals for ourselves to make sure! With more mature years we have discovered that this is but one of many, very many, proportions that cannot be squared, and that face us with their evidence of incompleteness like a saucepan without a lid.

What is the application to current events? This: that the Constitution of the Theosophical Society, sacred as it may be in the eyes of members, is of necessity incomplete and if altered in any way it will still be imperfect.

Shall we add to it to make it better? Alas if we try, we shall probably add to its restrictions. Shall we subtract from it to make it broader and more comprehensive? By doing so we place ourselves more entirely in the hands of those who constitute themselves its interpreters.

One of the hardest things in the world is to draw up an agreement between an employer, and an employee acting at a distance and away from control, wherein the powers of the latter have to be defined. Try it and see. The same thing applies to comprehensive powers given to others by any document; the trouble is that

either too little is given, or too much, as the giver suspects or trusts. If caution and suspicion be the prompting influence behind the making of a constitution, rules and regulations galore will be scheduled on its index—inspectors or inquisitors or spies will be required to see that these are observed, that breaches are punished; and good-bye to individual freedom and liberty; on the other hand if generosity and confidence are the leading factors, then broad principles will be laid down, and as few restrictions placed upon their interpretation as possible; but that involves almost unlimited power.

In visiting Venice once the writer was led to study the history of this interesting State; that history would be an education to many a modern politician. Vigorous and enterprising traders, the Venetians sprang into virile national prominence when the Turks were supreme in Eastern Europe, and Venice records a long line of rulers in the persons of the Doges (Dukes) who influenced her destinies. The relationship of the State to its Doges over many centuries surely covers the whole gamut of possible constitutional procedure.

There were stern periods, when democracy, austere and morose, "safeguarded" itself against personal ambition, love of power, and autocratic decrees, when its Doge was robbed of every scrap of authority and made clearly to understand that Demos was his master; in fact at one time, if memory plays me no trick, the office and person of the Doge were so hedged in with "safeguards" that no suitable candidate was forthcoming for the vacant Dukeship when it occurred. Then further laws were developed, making it compulsory for any person appointed to the office to act or, failing to do so, to forfeit property, rank, and citizenship. At another time,

humbled by defeat at the hand of powerful enemies, democracy lost confidence in itself, and there arose a successful general or admiral, who shook off a foreign yoke, and in their gratitude and joy the people passed all sorts of new laws, delegating their erstwhile democratic "safeguards" to the dustheap, and forcing supreme and autocratic power upon the popular saviour.

Again there was a period when neither democracy nor autocracy satisfied the public will, and the Council of Ten came into existence, to guard the sacred liberties of the people from tyrants and demagogues alike. Its methods were secret and sleuth-like, and a man's nearest relative might be a spy, employed by the Council and rewarded at so much per head for troublesome critics, whose conviction could be secured for some crime against the State, fancied or real.

Which all goes to remind one of Carlyle's contention that every form of political constitution, called by any name, republican, democratic, autocratic or anything else, is the expression of an effort to dig out a leader, no, not a mere leader but the *best* leader.

At this stage may I excuse this apparent discursiveness by saying that it is studied and intentional, and to me seems to point a moral in the case of the President of the T.S.

The Theosophical Society has a Constitution which apart from its three Objects is delightfully indefinite. Indefinite, for instance, in regard to any statement of the powers of its President. A hundred different members may put a hundred different interpretations on the Constitution in this particular matter. Which, if any, of the hundred is right? which, if any, wrong? There is no tribunal to determine. Moreover if it be regarded

as desirable to be more explicit or to add to or alter the Constitution, each of this hundred members may hold different views as to the precise nature of the desired alteration, and whatever one of those was ultimately chosen, the remaining ninety-nine would be able to find points of view from which it was liable to cause trouble.

No need for me to go again over the ground so exhaustively thought out by Mr. Van Manen (Theosophists and Politics). His final conclusions may be claimed to support the contention herein contained. He says:

A definite and final answer is beyond me. 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.

Because circumstances are always changing, it is futile to quote the ruling of a past President, on a question of expediency to-day, just as it would be folly to attempt to-day to provide for conditions that might arise ten years hence, that is, when the case in point is not clearly provided for in the Constitution itself.

Happily the Society has at the moment a very able President, one who is admittedly "great," quite apart from the office she holds, in fact one whose admission to the ranks of the Society was hailed as an event of consequence, because of the following she already had and her reputation for unselfish and disinterested philanthropy. The Society was made greater in popular estimation when Mrs. Besant joined it; it has grown greater still because of the wonderful skill with which she has made known its message. In turn, it surely cannot be claimed that it has made Mrs. Besant any greater in the eyes of the world, than she was before; rather otherwise, I would suggest.

If the conduct of the Society were a business affair and its members shareholders, they would strive to *increase* the powers of such a manager because of past successes, and *congratulate* themselves on every new departure or new opening availed of, in the sure and certain hope that larger dividends would be forthcoming.

Most members of the Theosophical Society, to judge by the late vote, clearly take this view of things, and go to their day's work happy in the confidence that their affairs are in good hands.

Surely what we *most need* to be particular about is the maintenance of the spirit of tolerance in our ranks. We seem to have succeeded in learning to work together without worrying about one another's religion, and we have escaped the temptation to establish an orthodoxy even in unorthodoxy; have we not also to extend our good will to make it cover divergent "political" opinions, creeds and *work*. If our universal brotherliness will not stand the strain of politics, then who is to determine what is political, and what not?—who to distinguish between politics and social injustice, say, that should call for the championship of any passer-by be he a Theosophist or Samaritan.

If it be claimed that the answer to that is that a President is in a different position to a mere member, because the public identify the office with the person, one would reply that it would be self-evident folly to lose the effectiveness of the greatest amongst us because the public are slow to understand. We did not study public prejudices in popularising Reincarnation, the facts of Telepathy and Clairvoyance and the existence of Supermen; why is it necessary to assume that an

active participation in what is described as politics is outside our sphere for *that* particular reason? It may or may not be inexpedient for other reasons, but the tenderness of public prejudice has never hitherto troubled the T.S. from the times of H.P.B. even unto the present day.

If our mission as a Society has to be interpreted according to changing conditions, who so qualified to decide its policy as the member we from time to time place at its head?

In conclusion, attention may be called to the "changing circumstances," as now disclosed. The War and the new chapter that is to follow. After the War what then? Will it be possible to dissociate Theosophy from Politics? That question may take the place of Mr. Kirby's courteously expressed doubt, as to whether it is not expedient to dissociate them?

I do not wish to contend either that our esteemed President in the case in point, editing *The Commonwealth* and dealing therein with political problems, is acting wisely or unwisely. As an ordinary member, I am not acquainted with the motives or reasons that prompt her, and it does not seem to me necessary to form any definite opinion at all on the subject, one way or the other. To me it seems to be her business not mine, and as such sacrosanct; not because it is the work of a "great spiritual leader," or a teacher, or of one greater than I, but because it is the brave self-appointed task of a fellow member striving to promote the objects which I have, rightly or wrongly, always understood the T.S. was founded to promote. The moral to other members seems to be that there are also many other fields in many other countries in which they can plough

and sow and reap in such manner as seemeth best to *them*. Surely now if ever, is the time to petition:

God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honour—men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty, and in private thinking,
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

If the T.S. gets blame for any such work now, it will later on get credit; for credit in the end there will assuredly be for all disinterested labour, and if the toilers find themselves able to state the world problems of to-day with the clarity and force of some of the articles in *The Commonwealth*, many of us who are looking for some light on dark places will be thankful to them. Whether individual members agree or not with *Commonweal* ideals, they can certainly learn a lot by reading it—a final statement which of course is beside the point.

T. H. Martyn

WAR AND THE GREAT PEACE

By JAMES L. MCBETH BAIN

BEFORE we can fulfil the service of the Peace of God for our world-soul in her present need, we must see well to it that Love and only Love for every soul possesses our whole nature, for then, and then only, will it be possible for the Great Peace to dwell in us, and then, and then only, will it be possible for us to channel the Peace of God.

That the Great Peace, even the Peace of God, may, in these present days, be brought forth into actual manifestation on the outermost plane of our human activity is surely the one great desire and labour of every soul who has come into any degree, how feeble soever that degree may be, of the consciousness of the Healing Christ as an ever-present, never-failing, Power of Blessing in the soul and body of the human kind.

And we, who do profess to belong to the communion of the Great Brotherhood of Healers, who work the good works of the Will of Compassion, Mercy and Love in the realms invisible and visible of our human cosmos, are conscious of nothing aworking and energising more persistently and more potently in our whole nature during these days than this same desire.

Howsoever we are occupied physically or mentally it matters not. This one labour of our soul is incessant,

urgent, never passing from us night nor day. And we cannot otherwise.

And why cannot we, who do belong to the Body effective of the Great Healing Christ, do otherwise?

Because, if we are in the Christ consciousness, we do love every creature with our whole heart, soul and mind.

And it follows from this that we must love all these warring peoples equally and well. We feel that they all belong in their true or essential nature to the great Christ-body of Humanity, and that in very reality they are of our own very substance, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul, life of our life, love of our love.

And inasmuch as we truly feel this to be so, in so much shall we suffer equally in the sufferings of "the aliens" and in the sufferings of "our own" nation.

And again I repeat it, we cannot otherwise. This is our place and our only place of activity, and certainly of effectivity.

For our only place of abiding is in that realm wherein the personal or national is entirely transcended. No more can we function spiritually in the degree of the limited affections.

We do not say that this narrower service is impossible, nor do we in any way criticise it. Far from that, we acknowledge its good use and recognise its place and its power. We simply say that we are not there, and never again can be there.

Therefore it is that in our daily meetings for silent concentration towards the coming peace of the world, we can only will this good, and as much for our German as for our French brothers and sisters in the present tribulation of their life-forces.

And therefore it is, that, even at the risk of being considered disloyal, we cannot join in the prayers of the Churches for the dead and wounded of our Army and Navy, to the exclusion of, or even in preference to, those of Germany.

Also, in so far as we are in the Wisdom of Christ, we know that they are all our brothers in life, and that all our interests are one. We know that what is loss to them is loss to us, and what is gain to us is gain to them. We know that the present law of possession being all a delusion, and in the falsity of Greed, is the cause of this strife.

This knowledge is a sure fruit of the Wisdom of God in every soul who has been so enlightened, and they can never deny it. It stands in their deepest nature, firm, sure, and steadfast, an abiding consciousness, sane and sanctifying, however much in their superficialities other thoughts or feelings may at times arise to appearance.

Now the mission of Great Britain—and I speak of Great Britain because she is the mother of the many English-speaking peoples, American and other, who are equally called to this great world service—is to be the bearer and forth-bringer of this Holy Thing to the peoples of the earth.

And that she has been called of Heaven and set apart for this great world-service is evident from many facts of her existence as an Empire, among which we name only these few. How conscious we are of her falling short of this great trust we cannot tell. Surely in our love of her we are not blind to her failings, nor is it in us to compare invidiously or boastfully our people with these other peoples.

Yet for these and other reasons the fact remains with us that she is ordained so to serve:

(1) Through her sympathy with the natives, her tact, her perseverance, her righteous legislation, she is the most successful coloniser of all the nations. For she has, on a whole, relied more on the powers of good fellowship with these peoples than on the use of force and fear.

(2) She responds, before all the old nations of Europe, to the more generous impulses of humanity, and has been looked to generally as the defender of the rights of the feeble and the champion of liberty.

(3) She has enshrined, manifested by unnumbered examples of great heroism, and kept alive in her national genius the primal Christ doctrine of self-sacrifice, and to-day, among the English-speaking peoples, the most erudite and advanced minds and souls are, at least students of the doctrines of the great Christ, who is the Love of God.

Now, if only she will be true and faithful to this, the best genius of her soul, doing the Will of God in denying all greed, by freely sharing her world-wide dominions with these brother peoples, who also need and have a right equal with her right to their share of these lands, she will live to do her great work for the redemption of the whole earth.

Yes, if only she will do the will of Love, and so fulfil the holy law of her true being, she will become in very truth the leader of the peoples, the honoured of heaven and earth, the Queen-Mother of the nations. She will realise her high destiny.

But there is the great risk that the virus of Greed may even yet, notwithstanding her hard lessons of its

baneful fruit in the past, so poison her mind and soul that she shall again fail of her heavenly mission.

This we can say with the understanding of an unbiassed judgment.

For we have not failed, when there was need, to speak and write, and in as public a mode as was possible to us, a rebuke of her iniquities.

And we affirm that, if, through any psychic infirmity, she falls now from her God-ordained mission, assuredly she shall fall as a nation; she shall not stand as the leader of the peoples in God.

Again we say—and we would that this word could be heard throughout our beloved Empire—only by fulfilling her Divine mission, only by doing now what to her is the will of God, can she stand firm and strong, can she long endure as a power of Righteousness on this earth.

* * * * *

That she will thus stand, I doubt not. That even now the true national genius of the enduring spiritual kernel of our people is Christly in tone and in hidden potentiality, I am glad, glad to recognise.

For in these days I have gone much among various groups and Societies of working men, and I have noticed that, sure as the note of Brotherhood has been clearly and well-sounded by the speaker, so surely have these men responded with a hearty cheer. And in that British cheer my heart has leapt for very joy, for I have heard in it the sound of the voice of the new Humanity, the note we have so long listened for, agonised for, yearned for, ay, the fore-uttering of the word of the Christ who is to be.

From the same groups, whence only twelve years ago arose the cries of hate and the yells of vengeance, now

arises the willing recognition of their fellowship with their German brothers, and even a hearty response to the call for their outstretched hand towards these their comrades in life. Surely, surely this is the coming of the Christ of God in new power among us, and surely, surely it means, to all who can read the future, that it is well, well, well with our beloved land, and well with our earth.

I will overthrow, overthrow, overthrow,
And behold, I make all things new.

THE SONG of the REDEMPTION of the WORLD-SOUL from all her iniquities through the POWER of the GREAT LOVE.

“When you see these things come upon the earth, then lift up your heads and be glad, for your redemption draweth nigh.”—Jesus Christ.

We cannot do otherwise than sing the Song of Salvation, because in God we do love all these combat-ing peoples equally and well, and we know that through all this tribulation their redemption, surely, is coming.

In great times, verily, we are living, and right glad are we to be incarnate on this earth now, even in these bodies and souls of suffering.

So glad are we, in the innermost deep of our being, even while the heart of the outer nature is hourly pierced with sorrow and wellnigh torn unto death in the pains of our world-anguish, that we cannot but sing once more, as we sang in our early youth, the Song of our Great Redemption from the powers of death:

In These she labours groaning deep
And silent for the coming morn;
And Thou the tears of Love dost weep
Over the ages newly born.

So sang we over thirty years ago in the Prologue to *The Opening of the Gates*, and so sing we now, and the note of our vision is to us, at least, more clear and sure than it was then.

For these days are great with the burden of the coming Day. Our times are heavy with the child of the future. And this child is the new Humanity, the Son of Man, the fruit of the love of the universal man, the higher type of our race, to whom the brotherhood of man will be as natural a fact of its most ordinary existence as will be its simple joy in the breaths of the sun and the airs of heaven.

And strange though it may seem for us to say so, yet do we know well, that the world-wide struggle of our womanhood for the liberation of her great wealth in the powers of the very services we most need in these times, and the present terrible conflict of Europe for her emancipation from the bondage of materialism, manifest to us most poignantly in these days as militarism (and in this bondage, no nation can point the finger of rebuke at another), arise from the same holy daimonic urge of the great Genius of our race, and are essentially one in aim, in labour, in power, and in sure triumph and issue.

For even while we sing our Song of the Ages, She, the Holy Christ-Mother, labours in the travail of God for the birth of the era of Peace. She, the Soul of the Divine Compassion, She, the Love of God, agonises in the bringing forth of the new day of the Son of God, the strong Saviour, the Redeemer of our world-soul from hoary death and the powers of hell.

For Divine though she be, yet is she also human, even our Earth-Mother in God.

And we know She labours in God, we know She weeps the tears of the agony of the Great Love over the age now being born into our world-consciousness.

For we, even we, her little children, have ceased not, ay, ceased not day nor night, to labour in her travail, to agonise in the throes of her struggle, to weep in her weeping the tears of the hidden soul.

Yes, long years have we wept with her these tears, seen of no one, seen only of the All-seeing Eye.

And so we know that we weep with her. And so we know that we shall soon, even before many days, rejoice with her, for that a beautiful One has been born into our degree and unto our need.

Yes, One beautiful in God, One great in the ageless Divinity of the future, One strong in the new Love, mighty to bear the burden of man, on whom is already laid the load of our infirmity, even One, as sang our well-beloved in the past ages, "mighty to save".

* * * * *

And you, my sister in Life, and you my brother in God, can even now help the Christ-Mother of our Earth to bring forth the beautiful One.

Yes, I tell you, my fellow in service, my comrade in the tribulation of the soul of the Great Compassionate, you can help in this present deliverance of the ages.

And now we will tell you how you can thus work with God.

(1) By jealously keeping the great Peace of God in your Heart-centre, and willing ever, and evermore willing, peace to every soul.

(2) By carefully guarding the Holy Love of God in your soul, and so, persisting in loving all souls equally

and well—even German as Briton, black skin as white, alien as your nearest kindred.

(3) By fighting in the silent deep of your own hidden nature, daily, hourly, ay, it may be of need, momentarily, this good fight of a true faith in the unlimited blessedness of the God-Love, even at this time when it seems to be the last thing our human soul could produce, or our earth-nature realise. For this is the none other than the fight of God, and thus do we fight with God in the good fight of Life. Thus you do actually aid in the great work of the Good Mother of our Days. And you do so now. I tell you I know this is so, and further, I do not believe it to be too much for our Faith to say, that by so possessing your God-Peace in your soul now, you do your part even to advance the realisation of the great work of the Holy Love. You, in a way, hasten the coming of the Christ who is to be, by thus keeping open the way of life to the Blessed in your own heart.

And even as we all work together for this end, you in me and I in you, and the Christ of the Ages of our Race in us all, and we all in the Holy One of our Blessedness, so are we crying continually out of the soundless deep of our humanity: Even so, come quickly; even so come, O Lord, our Christ, our God, we await Thy Coming.

J. L. McBeth Bain

CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The point of view of another is always more or less difficult to compass—generally more! So frequently it is impossible—as, for instance, in the September "Watch-Tower" notes when we read the Editor's rather alarming statement, "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. . . ." Thank heaven for that dear "idiosyncrasy"—(which most decidedly it is *not*, but the personality's response to a high conception of duty, splendidly spontaneous and self-revealing). If Theosophical teachers and Editors do not stand for that then let us alter our Society's motto and reduce the altitude of our ideals. The freedom of speech on the part of the Editor has made the Watch-Tower notes the most eagerly-read part of THE THEOSOPHIST. Her point of view, whether we can compass it or not, what it means to us! To limit its expression is to rob us of something we value more highly than our personal feelings. Surely, Mr. Van Manen raised a very unsubstantial bogey, when he pleaded tender political feelings as a reason for restraining the perfect freedom of Presidential utterances. Indeed, his Kruger-Chamberlain illustration was most unfortunate, as subsequent events have amply proved. Mr. Van Manen's "nasty taste" was begotten by deliberate influence, which was neither British nor Dutch, and so far as he and those who were misled with him are concerned that influence seems admirably to have achieved its purpose. But what of the people most concerned—the Boers themselves? Their action in connection with the present war is no uncertain rejoinder to slanders of an earlier day.

Surely, *because* THE THEOSOPHIST is international the political susceptibilities of its readers are not to deter any individual from expressing things honestly believed. A fig for such pandering to weakness in character!—for is it anything less? I speak feelingly. I am a most ardent lover of Australia, and the Editor has upon occasion said things of Australian political expediency which have hurt my susceptibilities most deeply. Probably she will repeat them again and again in the future, and if so those same susceptibilities will be hurt more than ever. They are not going to be hurt any the less because I quite expect the rod to fall. Do then I wish the Editor to be prevented from saying those inevitably painful things? Not a bit of it? It is more to me that she should freely express herself than that national “prejudice” should be respected. If we cannot *in the pages of our own leading magazine* apply Theosophy and Occultism to the solution of political problems which arise in particular nations, then we have been long making claims which we are not prepared to live up to. In her determination to remain silent about subjects on which nationality will influence the point of view taken, I believe, with all due respect, the Editor is (a) deferring to a very inconsiderable minority in the Society, and (b) robbing the magazine and its readers of valued matter. Ideal citizenship and the higher patriotism loom very large in Theosophical thought just now, and in this trying transitional period the views and opinions of one who has drawn clear of the “rock,” are of particular value to us. Personally I am a very touchy individual where national susceptibilities are concerned, but I offer those feelings to the Editor as Sir Walter Raleigh offered his cloak to Queen Elizabeth. And I am sure the great majority of readers of THE THEOSOPHIST in every country are as ready as I to do the same—Mr. Van Manen’s bogey notwithstanding!

HAROLD G. OLIFENT

Adelaide, S. Australia

REVIEWS

Kashmir Shaivism, by J. C. Chatterji, B.A. (Cantab.), Vidyāvāridhi. (The Kashmir Series of Texts and Studies, Vol. II, Fasciculus 1.) Srinagar, 1914.¹ (Price Rs. 1-10)

This is the first part of a book, by Mr. J. C. Chatterji (Director of the Research Department, Jammu and Kashmir State), on the system of philosophy peculiar to Kashmir, and the book is the first ever written on the subject.

The volume before us falls into two sections, the first (pp. 1-40) dealing with the history and literature, and the second (pp. 41-166) with the metaphysics of the system. The ethics seems to be reserved for the second part of the work, which has not yet appeared.

Scholars will specially welcome the first section. For, although the existence of the Trika literature and many particulars on it have been known since the days of Buhler, great uncertainty has obtained until now with regard to the date and mutual relationship of the authors concerned. The principal error was (and Buhler is responsible for it) that the Spanda and Pratyabhijñā Shāstras are to be regarded as two different systems. It is now clear, thanks to Mr. Chatterji, that there is no fundamental difference between the two (such as, e.g., the atheism and theism, respectively, of the two Sāmkhya systems) but that they are merely two aspects of one and the same system, the Spanda Shāstra being, so to speak, the theological, and the Pratyabhijñā Shāstra the philosophical exposition of the Shiva Sūtras of Vasugupta. Already before Vasugupta, who lived in the ninth century A.D., there was a Shaiva literature in Kashmir, namely the Shaiva Tantras, but these taught for the most part a dualist doctrine or were at least interpreted in this sense, and it was just to replace this dualism by an idealistic monism that the Shiva Sūtras are said to have been revealed to Vasugupta. Vasugupta, as pointed out, was followed by two lines of disciples : on the one hand Kallaṭa,

¹ Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

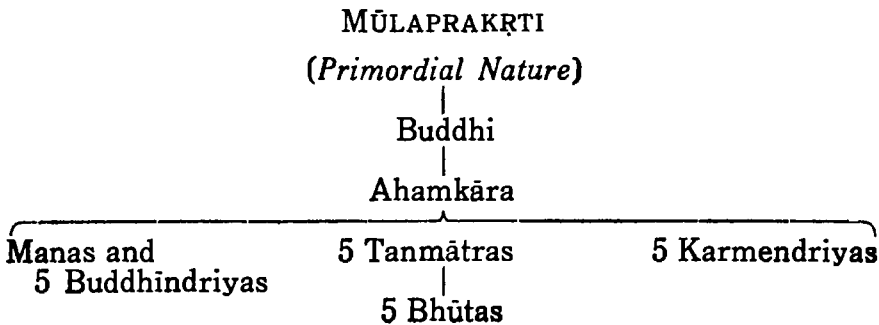
the author of the Spanda Sūtras, and his successors (Utpala Vaiṣṇava, Rāmakanṭha); on the other hand Somānanda, the author of Shivadr̥ṣṭi (of which now fragments only are available), and his followers (Utpala, Lakṣhmaṇa, Abhinavagupta); until finally the two lines were united, as it were, by the activity of Kṣhemarāja, the pupil of Abhinavagupta, who contributed to both the Spanda and the Pratyabhijñā Shāstra, all subsequent writers adopting more or less the Pratyabhijñā method. The monistic idealism of Vasugupta, although in reality opposed to that of the Tantras, was not believed to be so by his followers who, on the contrary, wrote commentaries on some of them from the idealistic point of view. Hence the Shaiva Tantras came to be included in the Trika literature and reckoned, together with the Shiva Sūtras, as the Āgama Shāstra, or revealed portion of that literature, as distinguished from the Spanda and Pratyabhijñā Shāstras, both of which comprise only works of human authorship. The name Trika (triad), however, by which this whole literature is understood, does not refer to the three "Shāstras" of which it is composed, but appears to have been coined with reference to that metaphysical triad taught by all Shaiva systems, namely, the individual (*pashu*), the principle of bondage (*pāsha*), and the redeeming principle (*shiva*).

Mr. Chatterji has resisted the temptation to trace the history of Shaivism before the time of Vasugupta, and he has also refrained from discussing the mutual relationship of the several Shaiva systems. But though the book is a mere outline, a few hints on those questions are no doubt expected by most readers. It appears that the Shaiva Tantras are the common source of all those systems. But, while some of them, such as the Mrgendra, are familiar to both the Kashmiri and the South Indian Shaivas, others often mentioned on the one side are conspicuous by their absence on the other. Possibly this has something to do with the more dualistic or more monistic character, respectively, of the several Tantras. It has been asserted that the Shaiva Siddhānta of the South is a mere copy of the Kashmir philosophy, but also the opposite view has been advanced. So far as we can see, there is no stringent reason for doubting that the two systems have originated independently, *viz.*, from the Āgama Shāstra as their common source.

The second section of our book deals with the main doctrines of the Trika philosophy. This is again a very lucid exposition, similar in plan and execution to the theoretical part of *Hindu Realism*. The one formal mistake which has been committed is the omission of a heading on page 141; the resume of the whole system, which here begins, appearing erroneously as a part of the chapter (8th) on the Principles of Materiality (pp. 129 *et seq.*).

The philosophy of the Trika, like that of the other Shaiva systems, is a synthesis of those renowned two older systems which have exercised such a powerful influence all over India: the realist Sāmkhya and the idealistic Vedānta. But while the Sāmkhya has been taken over almost unchanged, the Vedāntic storey which has been added to it shows a remarkable alteration and a real progress of philosophical thought. We will have a look successively at the two storeys, beginning, however, not with the higher one, as Mr. Chatterji does, but with the lower one, because it seems to be more convenient to proceed from the known to the unknown and from the natural to the supernatural.

The Sāmkhya philosophy is a metaphysical realism in that it asserts that Nature (*prakṛti*) is a real and independent principle by the side of Spirit (*puruṣa*); epistemologically, however, it teaches idealism, because it derives the whole of the individual world, subject and object, from the "I-maker" (*aḥamkāra*), the principle of the ego, which is a product not of the Spirit but of Primordial Nature, the only role of the Spirit being to endow with consciousness what is in itself unconscious, *i.e.*, to "illuminate" Nature. The picture of evolution, according to the Sāmkhya, looks as follows:



These, together with the Puruṣha (Spirit), who makes creation possible by "shining" on Nature but is otherwise a mere "spectator," are the renowned 25 Sāmkhya principles so often mentioned in Indian literature. From Buddhi downwards, *i.e.*, so far as the "Manifest Nature" (*vyakta*) is concerned, these are practically the same in the Trika as in the Sāmkhya, for which reason Mr. Chatterji has chosen to base his account of these 23 principles on both the Sāmkhya and the Trika literature. This detailed account (pp. 93 to 141) is decidedly ingenious and of great value to students of the two systems, but we cannot get rid of the impression that the author's imagination has played too great a part in it. For instance, the supposed parallelism between the Tanmātras and the Karmendriyas (for which, moreover, not a single reference is adduced) seems to us highly artificial. There is undoubtedly a connection between sound and speech and also between feeling (touch) and the power to handle, but the connection of sight (to the exclusion of other senses) with the power of locomotion is less palpable, and one fails altogether to understand why flavour should produce a tendency to discard (rather than one to enjoy), and odour a tendency to enjoy (rather than one to discard). In the classical Sāmkhya, so far as we remember, the Tanmātras are connected with the Buddhindriyas but not with the Karmendriyas. It was a happy idea to compare the two classes of Indriyas (Buddhindriyas and Karmendriyas), in reference to their physical manifestations, with the sensory and motor nervous systems, and also the rendering of *śabda-tanmātra* by "sound-as-such," *rūpa-tanmātra* by "colour-as-such," etc., is quite acceptable.¹ Special attention has been devoted, and rightly so, to the explanation of the several functions of Buddhi, Ahamkāra, and Manas, constituting the so-called "Inner Organ". The principal operation of the Manas is the cutting of an image out of the manifold given by some sense-perception, that of the Ahamkāra the substantiation of that image (which is, before that act, two-dimensional only) by relating it to one's self and one's experiences, and that of the Buddhi the referring of the image thus substantiated to a general class such as cow, tree, house, etc. The *raison d'être* of these three

¹ "Feel-as-such," however, is perhaps, a little too vague.

organs is that, just as the perceptions are mediated by the senses, so those three classes of physical operations are also rendered possible by corresponding instruments.¹ The Tanmātras or primary elements of perception are said to be the general notions of (undifferentiated) sound, colour, etc., which arise inevitably together with the Indriyas of perception, and which must be different from the generals of the Buddhi because in regard to the latter they are only particulars (e.g., of the general notions cow, tree, etc.). It would seem, then, that the generals of the Buddhi do not cover all abstract ideas, and that consequently the usual definition of Buddhi as "the power to form abstract ideas" is too comprehensive. The last step in the process of evolution is what Mr. Chatterji calls the "Materialisation of the Soul," i.e., the rise of variety within the several primary elements, e.g., of a variety of sounds within the uniform "Sound-as-such," and, at the same time and from the same source, of the five so-called gross elements,² which are in reality nothing but experiences necessarily accompanying that of the said variety, namely the experience of "ethereality," "aeriality," "formativity," "liquidity," and "solidity" (to use Mr. Chatterji's translations of those terms). Here again the parallelism (though of Vaidic authority) is of a somewhat questionable nature, and Mr. Chatterji's explanation rather fanciful.

Now, in order to make of this system a suitable groundwork for the intended Vedāntic superstructure, two stones in it had to be altered, namely the two foundation-stones called Puruṣha and Prakṛti. The Sāmkhya philosophy does not recognize any higher principle than these two, and it accounts for the world-process by their co-operation, which is likened to that of the lame man and the blind man. But, while there is only one Prakṛti, there are innumerable Puruṣhas; and

¹ This, of course does not explain why there must be a special instrument for each of the three classes.

² According to Mr. Chatterji the name Bhūtas is to be explained as "the ever 'Have Beens,' and never 'Ares,' or the Ghosts, namely, of the Real," and he refers for texts bearing on them to one of his unpublished Appendices. Whatever the Trika explanation of *Bhūta* may be, the original meaning of the term and that accepted by the Sāmkhya is undoubtedly "become, produced," the Bhūtas being called so as the ultimate and most tangible product of Prakṛti.

while the Absolute of Vedāntism has been banished from that system, still Its attributes have been transferred to the Puruṣhas all of whom are omnipresent, unchangeable, unaffected by nature, etc. This dualism, then, is made to pass into monism, in the Trika, by the statement that both Prakṛti and the Puruṣhas are products of a force of obscuriation called Māyā; that the Puruṣhas are not *vibhu* (omnipresent) but *aṇu* (atomic), non-spatial points as it were;¹ that they are subject to time and other limitations; and that there is not one Prakṛti but many, one, indeed, for each Puruṣha.²

We are now coming to the doctrines which are peculiar to the Shaiva systems or to the Trika alone.

The doctrine of the five or, including Māyā, six Kañchukas "enwrapping" the Soul so as to make it the individual limited being known as Puruṣha, is common to the Shaiva systems. The five limitations are easily understood in the way Mr. Chatterji has explained them, namely, as the counterpart of five perfections attributed to the Spirit (God) before it becomes limited. These perfections and their counterparts are; (1) Eternity, and Time (*kāla*); (2) All-pervasiveness, and Restriction (*niyati*), viz., in regard to presence in space; (3) All-interestedness, All-satisfaction (lit.: "Fullness"), and Limited Interest (*rāga*); (4) All-consciousness, Omniscience, and Limited Consciousness (*vidyā*); (5) All-authorship, and Limited Authorship (*kalā*).

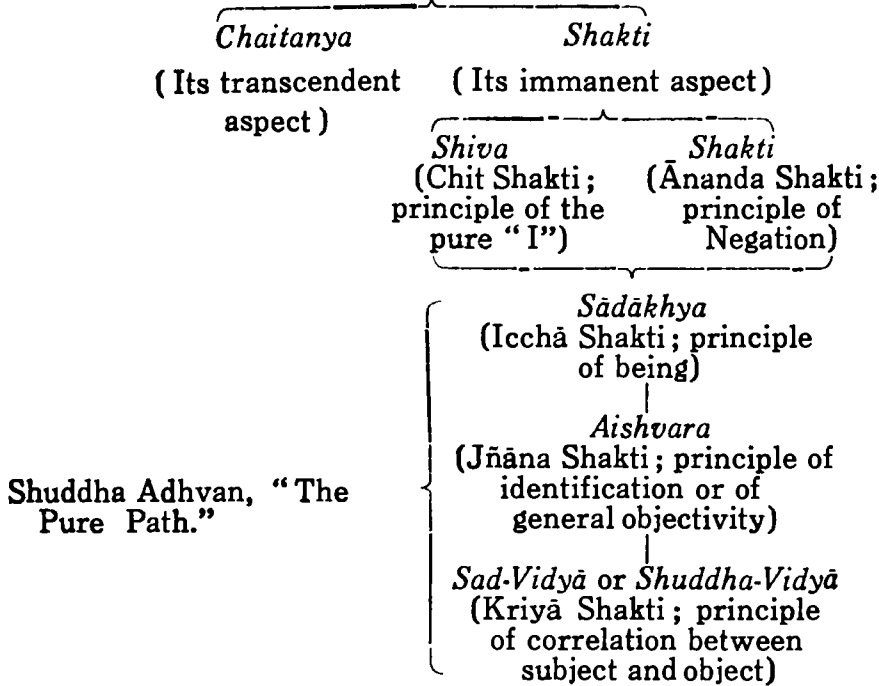
So far we have dealt with what is technically called the "Impure Path" (*ashuddha adhvan*) of creation, i.e., with that part of the system of evolution which deals with the Limited Individual Experience. There remains the higher part which is engaged in the Universal Experience. These very first and loftiest beginnings of the manifestation of life lie, it must be remembered, before the origination of time, which comes into existence with Māyā only. That is to say: they are not really what we call a process and cannot, properly speaking, be described at all. Still the Trika holds that we can obtain some

¹ Because the omnipresent something of which they are a limitation (see below) is itself non-spatial.

² In pre-classical Sāmkhya also (which may or may not have been used by the Trika) the Puruṣhas were believed to be *aṇu*, according to Professor Garbe's conjecture.

idea of them, vague though it be, by picturing this first stage or these first stages in about the following way :

PARAMA SHIVA
(The Absolute)



The meaning of this is that Parama Shiva, the innermost and true Self of every being and everything, reveals Himself ¹ as the Universe by means of the five principal aspects of His Shakti or power of Self-Revelation. Only after Sad-Vidyā has emerged, the Universal Spirit becomes limited by the influence of Māyā, the obscuring Force. All the preceding stages, therefore, represent, so to speak, the awakening of a consciousness, in the Experiencer, of macrocosmic existence; and they can be formularised, according to Mr. Chatterji, in the following manner: whereas Shiva has the experience of merely the "I," and Shakti of merely the "am," Sādākhya denotes the consciousness "I am," *i.e.*, "I am this," and it is followed by the Aishvara consciousness. "This am I" and the latter by the Sad-Vidyā experience: "I am all-this and all-this is mine as part and parcel of myself."

¹ Though the name Parama Shiva is masculine, the principle referred to is in reality "neither He, She, nor It" (p. 42).

The *Sādākhyā* and *Aishvara Tattvas* differ in that in the former the attention is drawn chiefly to the "I"-side and in the latter chiefly to the "this"-side, a true comparison between the two aspects, *i.e.*, a fully conscious antithesis of subject and object, being possible in the *Sad-Vidyā* state only.

Shiva and Shakti are not included in the *Shuddha Adhvan*, because "they do not disappear in *Pralaya* but remain in the bosom of *Parama Shiva* as the seed of the Universe to come". Shiva is the pure I "without even a trace of the notion or feeling of a Universe in the experience"; Shakti (sometimes omitted, because inseparable from and rather one with Shiva) is that aspect of the Divine (Highest) Shakti which, as the "Principle of Restraint," "negatives the supremely ideal Universe".

Mr. Chatterji has not made it quite clear what he understands by "the supremely ideal Universe" which is the object of *Parā Samvit*, "the Supreme Experience," *i.e.*, *Parama Shiva*. It would seem that we cannot speak of a Universe where there is no plurality, and much less where even the duality of Shiva-Shakti is not felt as such. Still, evidently nothing else can be meant by the said expression (for which there seems to be no Samskrit equivalent) than the Divine Shakti with its latent duality of Shiva-Shakti as the eternal root of the infinite series of Universes.

Another item about which we are left in the dark is whence the Force of obscuration called *Māyā* originates. We learn that it comes into play after the appearance of *Sad-Vidyā*, but does it spring from *Sad-Vidyā*, and what is its connection with the Shaktis?

The 36 principles or *Tattvas* up to Shiva-Shakti (reckoned as two) are common to the Shaiva systems, though there is some difference among them as to the explanation of Shiva-Shakti and the *Shuddha Adhvan*.

Only by ascending to "that which is beyond the *Tattvas*" (*tattvātita*), do we arrive at last at the real, fundamental difference of the Kashmir Trika system from its relatives. This difference consists in the theory of *Ābhāsa*, which has here taken the place of the *Vivarta* of the *Advaita Vedānta*. As a matter of fact the Trika is the only one of the Shaiva systems which can

be rightly called an idealistic monism. For it is the only Shaiva school which teaches not only that the world is an "appearance" (*ābhāsa*), in God, of delusive plurality (*bheda*), but also that the soul, in Liberation, becomes actually one with God (recognises itself as God). But, unlike Shankarāchārya and his followers, the teachers of the *Ābhāsa* process hold that the appearances (declared by the former to be neither real nor unreal) are real in a certain sense, namely, as representatives, in our consciousness, of the experience of the Real, *i.e.*, Parama Shiva. By *ābhāsa* or "shining out" is meant "a process which, while bringing the product into existence, leaves the source of the product unchanged". Mr. Chatterji cleverly points out quite a number of phenomena (such as the reproduction of life in the process of generation), showing that such a process, though indeed beyond our grasp, is not unknown to science. He also calls attention, in this connection, to the well-known *Shānti Pūrṇam adah pūrṇam idam*, etc., from which it is evident that the knowledge of God being both transcendent and immanent is older than any of the classical systems.

To return to the connecting link between the two storeys of the Trika, *viz.*, the *Kañchukas*, it must be admitted to our author that they betray a considerable philosophical insight, their place in the Trika being much the same as that of "the forms of perception and conception" in the philosophy of Kant. But Mr. Chatterji evidently goes too far in stating that they agree with the latter "not only in essence but, to a great extent, in details also". The only real agreement, so far as we can see, is that between *Kāla* and Kant's Category of Time. Nor do we think that the theory of the *Kañchukas* gives us the slightest right to belittle the discovery of Kant, as Mr. Chatterji does in his long sigh on p. 161. On the contrary, considering that the 36 *Tattvas* (including the *Kañchukas*) are of *Āgāmic*, *i.e.*, superhuman origin, we must the more admire the man who alone of mortals found by strict logical thinking the very same truth, and who alone was able to give it that truly philosophical expression without which it would have remained as unnoticed in Europe as the Trika has been in India.

There is one more point in this connection—the linking together of the two storeys—which calls for special attention, *viz.*, the position of the *Buddhi*. The *Buddhi* of the

Trika is something more than that of the Sāmkhya : it is not an absolutely first experience, but rather “the *memory* of the Universal ‘All-this’ which formed the Experience of the Shuddha-Vidyā, but afterwards changed into a dim and indefinite ‘Something’ in the Puruṣha-Prakṛti stage” (p. 105); it is “a glorious *vision* of ideas” (p. 106).

It is not quite easy to judge the merit of a book like the present one where the original texts on which it is based are referred to but occasionally, most references being reserved for the many appendices which have not appeared yet. We confess that we do not like this method of giving first the results and then, at a later date, the materials on which they are based. Standard works on Indian philosophy, such as Deussen’s *System of the Vedānta*, show that it is quite possible and decidedly more profitable to incorporate in the book itself all references of some importance. However, from what we know about Mr. Chatterji’s works, we have every reason to believe that the favourable impression we have obtained of his new book will remain unaltered by the publication of the appendices.

Before concluding, we cannot help mentioning one little objection we have to the title of the book. The word “Shaivism” has as little chance of ever meeting with general approval as have for instance “Buddhism” and “Jainism,” if somebody should try to introduce them. In Samskrit we have *buddha* and the corresponding adjective *bauddha* (“referring to the Buddha, Buddhist, Buddhism”), and similarly *jina* and *jaina*, *shiva* and *shaiva*, *viṣṇu* and *vaiṣṇava*. In English, consequently, we should form *either* Buddhism, Jinism, Shivism, Viṣṇuism, *or* (rather) Bauddhism, Jainism, Shaivism, Vaiṣṇavism. Two only of these eight forms, *viz.* Buddhism and Jainism, may now be regarded as definitively accepted by the language, and so may be considered the adjectives Buddhist and Jain; as to the rest, however (Viṣṇuism, Viṣṇuism, Viṣṇuite, Vaiṣṇavite, Shivaism, Shivaite, Shaivite, etc.), no agreement has so far been reached, but the best would undoubtedly be to follow the example of Jainism and Jain (Jaina), *i.e.*, to give preference henceforth to the substantives Vaiṣṇavism and Shaivism and the adjectives Vaiṣṇava and Shaiva.

F. O. S.

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THE CONVENTION OF 1914

The Convention, as our readers know takes place this year at Adyar. The Convention lecturer will be Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, unless he is called out of India. The Committee in charge of all business arrangements will hold its first meeting on 11th October 1914. An outline of these arrangements will be in our next issue. I may remind all who are thinking of coming that their comfort depends on their giving proper notice beforehand and that both for accommodation and for the provision of food long notice is necessary.

It has to be remembered that because the Indian National Congress meets at Madras simultaneously with the Convention there will be a good number of our members coming for both the meetings from all parts of India. It therefore becomes doubly necessary that long notice both for lodging and food should be given.

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

ii SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST OCTOBER
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v. 36

1914-15

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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:

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January 1915

The Theosophist

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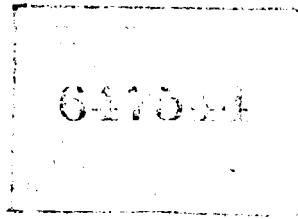
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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE New Year is upon us, and upon us in the midst of War. Terrible has been the record written by the year that closes just as we issue our first number for 1915, a record of battling Nations, of tottering thrones, of an exiled people, and a devastated land. The thunder of the batteries drowned the chiming of Christmas bells; the whining of shells hushed the voices of peace; the moaning of the wounded broke into the carols of Christmas-tide. A strange sad Christmas for all Christian Nations; a carnival of hate replacing a carnival of love.

* * *

Yet amid the tumult and the carnage, there is a still small voice that whispers consolation, for we have read that in the past the uprising of evil ever preceded the descending, the Avaṭāra, of good. And albeit He for whom we look has not yet ascended to the sublime height from which an Avaṭāra comes down, yet the greater cycles are reproduced in the smaller, and the retarding forces which delay evolution—for its helping in the end

—must be gathered together for powerful manifestation, ere the Coming of a Great Teacher may bring new life to the world. In the huge reconstruction that must follow the ending of the War, the United States of Europe will be constituted, and a settled peace descend upon the shattered Continent. How should such a reconstruction become possible without a breaking into pieces of the rocks of custom and the barriers of prejudice?

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*

A remarkable prediction was made by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, regarding "the Federation of Nations," and published in March, 1910, in THE THEOSOPHIST. He wrote: "Europe seems to be a Confederation with a kind of Reichstag, to which all countries send representatives. This central body adjusts matters, and the Kings of the various countries are Presidents of the Confederation in rotation." He states that the man who shapes the new order of things is Julius Cæsar reincarnated, and that he works with the assistance of other great individualities of the past, such as Napoleon, Scipio Africanus, Akbar and others, and he traces the steps by which huge sums spent on armaments are turned to social improvements, until "armies and navies have disappeared, or are only represented by a kind of small force, used for police purposes. Poverty also has practically disappeared from civilised lands". To the non-Theosophist, the view that great men of the past return for greater work in the present may seem quaint and dreamy. Let that pass. Men of commanding genius will be needed to shape the United States of Europe, and they will be there, be they whom they may. Napoleon was Napoleon to Europe; that he

had fought, triumphed, and failed before, under the name of Hannibal, was unknown to the Europe he dominated, and made no difference to the crowd.

*
* *

It is obvious that a work so mighty as this reconstruction of Europe cannot be achieved at once at the end of the War. The War is the preparation for it; the actualisation will take years to accomplish. Mr. Leadbeater says that the work is largely made possible by the Coming of the World-Teacher. A noteworthy minor point in the prediction is: "All necessaries of life are controlled, so that there can be no serious fluctuations in their price. All sorts of luxuries and unnecessary things are still left in the hands of private trade—objects of art and things of that kind."

*
* *

Turning from world-topics to Theosophical events, we may here chronicle the success of our Annual Convention, both in the numbers attending it and the harmony which prevailed. Our visitors from outside India were less numerous than usual, on account of the War, though Miss Horne from New Zealand, Miss Ware and Mr. Studd from Australia, Mr. Udney, Mrs. Larmuth, Miss Larmuth, Miss Codd and Miss Parsons from England, Mrs. Higgins and Mr. Frei from Ceylon, and a party from Burma and Java arrived shortly before the Convention. But from all parts of India brethren flocked in, and we were particularly glad to welcome for a day and a half Mr. Motilal Ghosh of Calcutta, who had been initiated into the Society by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. A unique feature was the coming of many Congress delegates to

pay a visit to Adyar, and it was interesting to hear expressed their surprise and pleasure over its extent and beauty, and its noble library. The President of the National Congress came to our social gathering, and sat beside me in the photograph. So many F.T.S. are good workers for the National Cause, that Congress visitors felt quite at home in the T.S. International Headquarters.

* * *

Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's Convention lectures will rank among the best series ever delivered from our platform. Arrangements are being made to redeliver the first of them, on "Heredity in the Light of Theosophy" in Pachaiyappa's College—the famous Hindū College of Madras. Our Sinhalese brother is taking a very high place among us for his learning and his culture—the gentle culture of the WISDOM, not the Kultur of Germany.

* * *

The following paragraphs have appeared in *The Adyar Bulletin*, but I reprint them here, that they may reach a larger circle, for they touch on vital matters :

There are two views of Theosophical work, one narrow and one wide, which are current in the Theosophical Society, and on which members should make up their minds, and having done so, should act accordingly. The first is the view that the Divine Wisdom consists in the teaching of a certain body of doctrines, whether by writing or by speech ; to write articles, to give lectures, on Reincarnation and Karma, on the Life after Death, on Yoga and Interpretation of Symbols, on the Planes, Rounds and Races—this is Theosophical,

and this is the only proper work of the Theosophical Society. A certain application of these teachings to the conditions of the day is perhaps allowable, but such application tends to stray into forbidden fields, and is of doubtful desirability. The other view is that the Divine Wisdom, "sweetly and mightily ordering all things," exists in the world for the world's helping, and that nothing is alien from it which is of service to Humanity. The chief work of those who profess themselves its votaries will therefore be the work which is most needed at the time, and the pioneer work along the lines which will shape the coming pathway of the world. At one time, when the great truths of religion have been forgotten and when materialism is strong, it will be its chief work to spread the forgotten truths and to assert the predominant value of spirituality. At another, when a people is to be prepared for the Lord, educational methods and improvements will claim its earnest attention. At another, it will be called to work for social reformation along lines laid down by Occultism. At yet another, to throw its energies into political effort. For those who take this wider view, the country they are living in, the circumstances which surround them, must largely condition the form of their activities. And since the T. S. is international, it can only suggest great principles, and leave its members to apply them for themselves. It can lay down Brotherhood, but whether that shall be cultivated and made practical by Individualism or Socialism, by Toryism, Liberalism or Radicalism, by Monarchy or Republicanism, by Autocracy, Aristocracy or Democracy—on all this the T. S. pronounces no opinions. It can only say: "Son, go and work for

Brotherhood: think out the best way for yourself, and act."

* * *

It is obvious that since I entered the T. S. I have encouraged the wider view, and while I have done my fair share in spreading Theosophical teachings all the world over, I have also worked vigorously in outside matters, for education, and for many social reforms, as, in India, the abolition of child-marriage and the reform of the caste-system, and in England for the abolition of vivisection, for reforms in penology, for justice to coloured races, for the introduction of federalism into the Empire, and of a system of electorates which should weigh heads as well as count them. Since elected to the Presidency, I have endeavoured to organise the many activities of those who agreed with me in Theosophising public life, so that no activity should compromise the neutrality of the T. S., while members should remain perfectly free to work in any of them; and the result has been a great influx into the T. S. of energetic workers, and especially of young workers, who find their inspiration in Theosophical teachings, and their happiness in translating them into practice.

* * *

Both these lines of thought, the exclusive and the inclusive, have their place in the T. S., and it is eminently desirable that both should be present in the Society. The first ensures the steady propagation of Theosophical teachings, and the permeation of all religions with them—the Theosophising of religions: the second ensures the application of those teachings to public work, the permeation of all public activities with them—the

Theosophising of life. While the T. S. was small in numbers and its environment was hostile, the first demanded all the energies of the little band of Theosophists. Now that the T. S. is large, and its environment fairly friendly, the second is necessary for the growth of its influence. The first prepares for the new form of religion—the second for the new form of civilisation. They are complementary, not hostile. But let neither depreciate the other, nor minimise its value. Let each do its work, and recognise that the other has also its place and its work.

* * *

My thought was turned specially in this direction by some criticism which reached me of our French General Secretary going to the front to help his country in her bitter need, of prominent lady Theosophists in France doing ambulance work instead of holding E. S. classes, of the English General Secretary organising hospital work, of the Scotch General Secretary training Territorials whom he is to lead on active service to the front. Such criticisms are untheosophical in spirit, and utterly uninformed from the standpoint of Occultism. In times of need, some men are called to do the hero's work; let us be glad and proud that the leaders of the Society in England, Scotland and France are among them, and that local leaders in smaller areas are among the most active workers in relief, and that the rank and file are gallantly supporting them. Let others take up the work the usual leaders have to drop, and be glad to have the opportunity of supplying their places, setting them free for their more urgent duties. Truly would the T. S. have been disgraced if none among its members had answered to the cry: "La Patrie en danger," and

every one who can help at such a crisis ought to help, and if our special teaching propaganda suffers for the time, let it suffer. Peace will return, and with peace its duties. Unless the war-duties are attended to now, the chief Theosophical countries in Europe will be crushed, and there will be but little room for propaganda afterwards.

*
* *
*

My ever-honoured colleague, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, is doing splendid work in Australia, and I have consented to the urgent request of the Australian brethren, that he may remain there for some time longer, to help in their propaganda work. I hope that he will, despite his hard work, find time to write for our THEOSOPHIST in the coming year.



NEW HOPES IN EDUCATION

By MARIE LOUISE DE RIGNY

I

BELIEVERS AND NON-BELIEVERS IN EDUCATION

EVERYWHERE are to be found large numbers of men and women who have never given a serious thought to the subject of education, and who go about the world careless of the way in which their influence is felt, either for good or evil! Even among those who call themselves educators, or whose work is done in educational quarters, there are many who do not believe in education.

There are various reasons for this scepticism. It may be due to the presence of the mercantile spirit, in place of an instructor's spirit. He who loves the young and is burning with a desire to help them to grow into

fine flowers of humanity can never fail altogether in his efforts, and he will retain his faith in the value of education in spite, it may be, of occasional disappointment. But he who remains blindly attached to doctrines, or even principles, which may have been good in their time or when applied by those who first formulated them as a result of personal experience, he who dares not adapt himself to new circumstances and admit new conclusions, arising from new experiments, such an educator is bound to fail in the majority of cases, if not always. Not long ago I was talking with a high official of public instruction in France, also well known as the director of a widely spread Review of education—a clever and a good man—who was in the attitude of heart and mind of one whose faith has not been strong enough to resist trials and misfortune, and who finds nothing but discomfort in what seems to him a harsh, sad reality. He was willing enough to listen while I did my best to impart a little of my own enthusiasm, and in such a case one might succeed, provided previous discouragement had not destroyed for ever the wish to study and capability of studying all questions of education practically.

A short time after that conversation had taken place, a friend of mine sent to the Review incidentally mentioned an article in which was related a series of interesting and satisfactory experiments made by him in a class of boys. What happened? He was told that “though his article was written in clear and elegant French it was of too technical a nature to be printed in the Review”. The Committee evidently supposed that its readers required something not too closely connected with real life and its difficult problems,

something for which imagination is answerable rather than observation, and which may entertain them in the pleasant belief that all is for the best in school and nursery, and that therefore no endeavour need be made to alter anything.

However, I persist in thinking that there are in the world at present, a certain number of parents and teachers, who are willing to come out of dream-land, who are conscious of the pressing need of the times! To them I would have us say by pen and mouth: Turn your attention *not* especially to theorists and their manuals but to the children themselves who are to be brought up; *they* must become your study, and then you will learn day by day how to improve for their sake your knowledge of mankind, as reflected in them and in yourself; thus you will discover the laws which preside over the development of your and their faculties. As to writers on education, we should invite them to consider with care all recent experiments, whatever may be the amount of success with which they meet, for failure is sometimes due to the deficiency of the surroundings, in spite of the talent of the experimenter or the adequacy of his methods. When strikingly good results have been registered, as has happened in a majority of the Montessori schools, all the more is it worth while to study every factor by means of which they have been obtained—material arrangement of the schoolroom, didactic apparatus, method, personal qualities of intellect and character in the teacher—these, though last mentioned not least important assuredly.

We who advocate new methods, do not mean to say that the methods previously used are bad; they

certainly were good, when first applied, because answering the need of the moment and better adapted to the growing humanity for which they were devised than those which were supplanted by them. We have no right to ignore methods that have rendered great services in the past; their propounders were no doubt enlightened lovers of their fellow-creatures, and to them we should remain eternally thankful.

II

WE ARE FACING AN OLD PROBLEM SET IN NEW TERMS

If we consider human history, we perceive that slow changes are constantly taking place in the depth of being, manifesting new powers which tend also to transform gradually the outward side of things and their relations with one another. But there are periods when forms, which had hitherto appeared as an adequate expression of the life within, suddenly become insufficient. Under the pressure of new life-forces that are poured into them, as it were, from other spheres, a kind of distortion takes place. Such a period is characterised by want of stability in Society and lack of balance in individuals, resulting in much feverish excitement and a great deal of suffering.

How can the conditions necessary to peace and happiness be partly restored to the following generation? This is a problem for which it belongs mostly to educators to find a solution, as certain and as rapid as possible. The very problem which is facing us to-day is therefore an old one, which has been set to the world of parents and teachers, over and over again at the

beginning of every new era of our psychological evolution. Terms only are changed each time we reach the zenith of a great civilisation, when we perceive the first dawning rays of a new and higher one. A certain stage of development having been reached in one direction, what we have to do is to afford our infants, children and youths, an easy opportunity of development in other directions, not pretending to suppress any natural tendency, but putting it to the best possible use. No stifling, but still more air, more space, so to say, so that the latent powers, far from becoming producers of evil under compression, may unfold freely, so that we may be conscious all round of a sense of gratitude for the increase of beauty and sympathy and enjoyment brought into the lives of future men and women. As to the means and methods to be employed, they can only be discovered in the course of an attentive and sincere study of our children and of ourselves.

In an age of unrest not dissimilar to our own, Socrates repeated unceasingly to his disciples: "If you would gain control over yourself and others, you must first come to know others and yourself."

Before another shifting of the scenes on the world's stage, the great Stoics of the end of the Roman Empire insisted that men must withdraw their attention from the shadows of the outside world, and turn it towards the inner man, in whom alone resided possibilities of lasting happiness. Nearer to us, as the Middle Ages closed, on the eve of the blossoming of a new flower of Intelligence, I mean our modern civilisation, Descartes declared that thought and personal determination being the principle of existence, we must therefore seek inwardly for a source of knowledge which should

enable us to increase our capacity for producing happiness in ourselves and in others. "If man wants *to help himself*, let him *know himself*," said those great philosophers. I do not think this means only: know himself in the abstract, or such as he was in the past and may have been explained in a century preceding ours, by some great student of humanity. Nay! but also such as he is now.

If a master therefore, really intends to help his pupils, and will not risk hindering them instead, removing obstacles from their way, let him find out what sort of men and women they are capable of becoming; let him endeavour also, as soon as possible, to awake in them the same sort of self-consciousness, enabling them to co-operate with him in his work of education. If that happens, they will have reached the high moral level at which begins self-education.

To sum up what precedes, we must agree that, from a new development, spring new needs and new aspirations in the children. Hence, to be sure, new difficulties arise for the educator, but also new hopes in the hearts of those, whose eyes are not constantly fixed upon the earth, but can already contemplate the distant and for them illumined horizon of the future.

III

THE IDEAL EDUCATOR

To me this problem of education appears as the greatest and most comprehensive of all problems, which the world, either to-day, or at any time, may be occupied in solving, and the general view of education that I have just exposed shows clearly enough that the ideal educator

ought to be a man with the deepest knowledge of heart and soul. He ought to be endowed with the spirit of the true scientist, and capable of the devotion of an apostle. I may add that he must also be a powerful artist, in order to collaborate with spiritual forces and with the individual soul, as soon as it has reached a sufficient degree of consciousness, in the moulding of the coarsest as well as the subtlest material of which evolving growing humanity is formed.

Is this a new conception?—Yes for the many, for the world at large, but the story of arts and literature and the religious scriptures of the world, bear witness to the fact that there have always been men who were capable and willing thus to discharge the highest functions in the State—highest from its importance, be it or not so acknowledged—that of the teacher.

Not choosing to name here great founders and reformers of religions, may I be allowed to mention two of the finest, noblest, most lovable characters in fiction, yet not purely fictitious? I mean the hero of the Greek legend, Prometheus, who suffered for having set the human mind on fire with a spark divine, and Prospero, the wise duke who cared for knowledge, not for the sake of power, but for the sake of helping his fellow-men to purge themselves of the dross under which the precious diamond, the Higher Self, remained concealed. These are two figures of the ideal teacher, to whom your Shelley and Shakespeare lent new life, painting them in glowing colours on the wall of the temple where poetical genius stores its best treasures, for the consolation, enjoyment and inspiration of the past, present and future generations.

IV

TO DIFFERENT PERIODS OF EVOLUTION
CORRESPOND NATURALLY DIFFERENT PRACTICES
IN THE WORLD OF EDUCATORS

1. *Growing in Sub-consciousness*

During the first stages of the evolution of a race or of a nation, the mass of the people are unconscious of the influences to which they are submitted. That people's health may, however, be sound and the ebb of civilisation constantly rising. At such a period, education means nurturing of the young by the old, of the ignorant by the cultured and refined, of the foolish by the wise. If any one speaks of good-breeding, he intends that good examples ought to be given, the practice of what is right made easy, and temptations to do wrong kept out of the way as much as possible. The aim pursued is to facilitate the acquisitions of good habits, building into the body, into the heart and mind of the unconscious pupils, a wall which egoism may not easily overleap, and thus maintaining a high moral standard, that is to say establishing a balance of interest between individuals and the community. For this is the condition of a certain order without which there could be no peace, and no possibility of duration for any society. This applies to nations in their youth, and it is also true in a measure, with regard to babies up to three or four years of age, for the different stages in the life of humanity are reproduced in the life of each individual.

2. *Appeal to Intellect and the Conscious Faculties*

We enter another stage when conscious and more powerful individualities are becoming numerous and it

is found advisable—using Dr. Johnson's expressions—not only “to educate by use” as before, but also “to instruct by precept”. As it becomes more and more difficult to make people do things, those entrusted with the work of education, formulate rules of conduct for their own and other people's benefit, taking much trouble to explain them, and to show clearly the reasons why these rules should be followed by their pupils and by all citizens.

These two conceptions of education we find succeeding one another with every unfolding civilisation, and also existing side by side, the former continuing to be maintained, not without cause, while the latter has already been adopted by large numbers of teachers. Sometimes one may see two schools of educationists, each representing in some degree one of these tendencies. For instance in France, the clerical school of educationists and the lay school are often opposed the one to the other and not far from considering themselves reciprocally as adversaries, on account of the differences in their methods, in spite of the identity of their object. This antagonism is in every way to be deplored; and it rests on no psychological ground, but, to me, seems the result of a sad misunderstanding.

Both methods are good, provided they are applied by a kind-hearted, high-minded teacher. To some children the one may be better fitted than the other, according to age and temperament; but in most cases they might be used simultaneously with profit, one correcting and supplementing the other, the appeal to logic and reason being made every time that there is a chance for it to be heard, and confidence being placed in good mental and emotional and physical habits for

other cases. Of course, in every circumstance, the motives of actions, be they offered openly or merely suggested by the educator, must always be as high and as pure as possible.

3. *Appearance of the Creative Faculty*

There comes a moment in the course of evolution, when the methods already defined are insufficient; their use fails to afford to the new generations the help which they have a right to expect from their elders. This is so, when many children come into the world with a certain amount of conscious will-power in them, when individuals have become, so to speak, larger channels for the life-forces, which cannot therefore any longer be easily dammed up, or so directed from the outside, as to prevent every damage to the person educated and to those around.

At the first appearance of the marvellous creative faculty in personalities and communities, educators are naturally inclined to look upon it as dangerous, because it was unexpected, and because it raises obstacles in the way of obedience which is not any more obtained so easily. They try their utmost to oppose and reduce to naught its manifestations. They do not know that it is the very soul of the child, the budding individual Higher Self, which they would prevent from unfolding, thus committing, in their ignorance the greatest of crimes against God and Man!

After Hard and Seguin, two French doctors who devoted their lives to experiments in education on new lines at the end of the 18th century, Froebel was one of the first to attract the world's attention to the fact that too much outward control, too many detailed instructions,

which cannot always be adapted to the individual need, are baneful to growing humanity. Froebel, who lived at a later and less troubled period than that of the French Revolution, was happier than my above-named compatriots; he succeeded better in his efforts to convince teachers of a most real peril. Essential it was to the orderly progress of mankind that this warning should not be heard too late. In Germany and in many countries of the north of Europe and America, where educators have carried into practice to some extent the Froebelian principle of encouraging the *free play of the faculties*, we often meet with great wealth of individual powers, and with a widely-spread aspiration towards self-respect and self-control. Herein is the true discipline which insures true liberty, defending us both from outward and inward tyrants, I mean other people's caprice and one's own passions.

The merit of Froebel is great: he knew the need of his time, which is still in many countries a need of ours, and he set to work at once and with the utmost devotion to answer it. He pointed out to us the danger of forcing the same habits on all children, proved that the young children at least should be afforded opportunities to discover things and ideas for themselves, since true learning is always gathered from experience.

V

DR. MONTESSORI'S WORK—THE TRAINING OF THE SENSES AS A PREPARATION TO INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL TRAINING

Still more had to be done. Froebel could not have warned us too much against the danger of explaining

or against the early abuse of abstraction and of the reasoning faculty. Methods of teaching by which theory was constantly considered before practice flourished after Froebel's time, and gave their worst or fairest fruit as you choose to call it, in the Latin countries, where an exclusive intellectual tendency predominated.

It was reserved for Maria Montessori and her disciples to show both by demonstration and experiment that intellectual education does not merely consist in offering our children ready-made ideas, nor moral education in imposing upon them ready-made conceptions of their own relation with nature and their fellow-men.

She has told us that the education of the senses, methodically conducted by a wise and devoted friend of the child, is the safest foundation for the building of character and the unfolding of the mental faculties.

She understood, like Froebel, that the child must learn like the man, from experience, self-acquired, in an atmosphere of freedom. She saw that well chosen material might be placed at the disposal of the child, which he could use at leisure either by himself or with the help of a friend, according to circumstances and the degree of development of the child concerned. Children must not be constantly invited to do some special kind of work which the master thinks profitable; they must have leisure to devise experiments if they choose, and that will often happen, if they have not been previously spoiled by too frequent interference. The object of the Montessori didactic apparatus is precisely to help the child in the work of comparison and classification, so that, whilst avoiding compulsion, his experience may be orderly. It is based on the knowledge of general mental rules of development, and its presence

in the schoolroom enables the child to profit better by all subsequent experiments, excluding none, but lending to all greater interest and signification. Dr. Montessori's practical work in education is proof that she was endowed like Froebel, with the natural gifts of an artist in the matter. In her, moreover, we find an expression of the scientific spirit of this century when we consider the careful and logical way in which her experiments were conducted, the independence from all mental and moral prejudices, the love of truth for its own sake, the rigour of her deductions, and the clearness of the conclusions to which they lead.

VI

WIDENING OF THE HORIZON

1. *New Light, New Hopes*

Before I met Dr. Montessori, I had long been worried by the necessity, to me obvious, of finding an answer to this question :

Whence comes the social and personal discomfort of the present hour? Over and over again, indications had come to me that much of the evil, if not all, had its origin in a state of confusion which cannot but exist in society, as long as its component parts, individuals, are incapable of realising harmony within themselves.

Nowadays, many a man, woman and child, even of those whom nature has endowed with great wealth of heart or mind, or both, stands as the battle-field of forces which overrule him from outside; he is either too ignorant or too weak to subdue them to a purpose, he cannot be the master in his own house of flesh, nor the possessor of his own soul. I felt that all the efforts,

of all who are interested by psychology and its applications ought to tend to finding the means of drawing the new generation out of this chaotic condition.

Many notes of alarm have been sounded all over the world, and I was still under the painful impression produced by Dr. G. Le Bon's pathetic warning in his book *The Psychology of Education*, when I heard Dr. Montessori's faithful message. It was to me a joyous sound, telling of new hopes, hopes that will be realised provided there are found workers enough, truly sincere and persevering.

After experimenting for nearly four years with the new methods, as a result of patient observation and constant reflection, the following is a short summing up of my personal conclusions.

Individual attention must be paid to each child; there is no general rule that can be applied to all—especially during the first years—no kind of recipe as for good confectionery.

The director or directress must be capable of drawing a careful diagnosis. If the child has enjoyed so far a fair all-round development, what we have to do is to assure the continuance of it. If otherwise, we must find what is in excess and what is deficient, and use the qualities already existing as a layer of stones on which to build our wall, or, to employ another, but similar, metaphor, as a rich ground in which to cultivate the new plants—I mean the faculties which had remained latent hitherto, for want of circumstances favourable to their expression.

Physical and mental health will no doubt be more easily restored and maintained in healthy surroundings,

which it depends upon the director to provide. Yet we must remember that the conditions of health are not the same for all. To give but one instance: some children are over-sensitive and require to be dealt with gently, so that they shall not shrink from outward contacts, as would certainly happen if these were rough, until they gradually acquire more confidence and strength. Others, on the contrary have a surplus of energy, which will make them boisterous unless we supply them with a field of activity in which it may be spent usefully, in the service of the community. The resulting sensation of wholesome pleasure will establish a link between such a boy or girl and those weaker than himself; thus he will learn to feel for them and with them, acting as a friend and protector instead of as a bully and a tyrant.

We must not remain under the illusion that one faculty may be isolated, and cultivated apart from the others; that physical education is one thing, intellectual education another thing and moral education yet another; that different directors may be appointed to take care of each of these supposed departments for the same little child; that is a mistake of the past that ought to be done away with. No one would think of taking three architects for the same house, especially if they were strangers to one another, or if they were known to hold different conceptions of their art. However, many families are foolish enough—on the continent at least it is so, and perhaps it also happens in England—to behave in this way when the building of their child's character is concerned.

What can the result be? The same no doubt, as everybody could foresee in the case of a house; some

construction monstrous from its heterogeneity will be obtained, without particular style, only striking in its utter want of harmony.

In the realm of education, let us cease to imagine disconnected departments, which cannot exist in reality. In the south of Europe, we shall do well to follow the example of Anglo-Saxon countries, where so much importance is attached to the culture of will-power, without which there is no permanent individual consciousness. For the sake of it we shall make it easy for our children to acquire safe habits of attention, observation and reflection. They will learn, like yours, not to shrink from effort, but rather to find in it enjoyment, since it brings along with it more and more independence as a gratification to the individual, and the sense of responsibility, as a kind of insurance for the preservation of its rights, to society.

In your turn, you may gain something by the imitation of the Latin nations who have reached such a degree of perfection in their purely mental activities. It is evidently their fineness of discrimination, rapidity in conception and appreciation and sureness of judgment, as far at least as the concrete world is concerned, that give the French workmen the special skill which is nowhere denied them; it is also this faculty for comparing and classifying, applied in other domains, that becomes the faculty of abstraction and generalisation, which has enabled so many of my compatriots to make discoveries, which other nations have known how to use to improve their material conditions even before the French themselves.

To other races, perhaps to the eastern, we shall all turn for an inducement at once to enlarge and refine

our sensibility. When we understand the importance of that, we shall not wish to bring up our children apart from other people's children; we shall be more willing to send them early to school, to good, well-chosen schools of course! There can be developed what some call the social instinct—a personal realisation of solidarity as a fact. More and more the child will learn to find himself again in others, until he becomes really incapable of acting under the delusion of being separate, altogether distinct, from the rest. In such ground is sown the living germ of deep religious feeling, or as some (who wrongly may believe themselves to be atheists) would prefer to call it—the altruistic tendency.

I have enumerated and examined very rapidly these aspects of development in the child and in the man; I repeat that attention must be paid to them all simultaneously, if some sort of balance is to be consciously realised. Let us always remember that on harmony between the parts depends the beauty of the whole.

In harmony alone stability and motion may be reconciled. Our aim is not to stop the flowing of life's current, but to make it orderly. Balance is, indeed, the way to liberty and discipline, which are not contradictory notions as many would imagine, except perhaps in the earlier stages, when the individual has not yet attained to a certain degree of individual self-consciousness.

2. The Way to Liberty and Discipline through Work

How shall we lead the child from passivity and subjection to liberty and discipline? I do not hesitate to say with Dr. Montessori, through work—work appropriate to the faculties of each individual.

This, as a theory, has already been expounded with great talent by the founder of a well-known modern school of philosophy. Many will be ready to object, that when it came into practice, it proved a dire failure. True it is, but the mistake was in trying with men, instead of beginning with children.

Those men were not the pure products of natural and divine forces ; they had been moulded by the random influences of an imperfectly organised society ; they had undergone deformations of all kinds, which made them unfit to reform those very conditions of which they were partly the outcome.

Our hopes, therefore, lie in the education of the young, education, perhaps by such methods as we propose to you, superior to others, I dare say, only because they come later in time. Are we not bound to be wiser than our predecessors, under pain of being unworthy of being their successors? And in order to be really faithful to them, ought we not to profit by their experience to which might be added our own?

3. *A New Experimental Philosophy of Education*

The greatest novelty of our educational work and for me the beauty of it, is due to this: Far from being content with bringing psychology down into the realm of physics, as if there were no reality except from the point of view of matter, we do (may I say) almost the reverse. We carry the methods of investigation which have only been applied so far to the study of the material world, into the realm of feeling, thought and volition. They are devices of man's intellect which he uses to get better acquainted with the outer world ; there is no reason why they should not give satisfactory

results, if we retain them when turning our attention towards the spiritual, inner world, of which these methods are the products. We invite you to study the activities of the soul and spirit, not in books only, nor as dreamland philosophy, but as being the expression of forces that have a bearing on human life, as real and as permanent as those of the physical world. As long as we do not know them well, as long as we do not make it our pursuit to awaken in our pupils a clear consciousness of their workings, we shall remain slaves.

4. *Self-Education for Every Child—An Ideal towards which We may Tend.*

For the adult, self-education may mean that he knows the laws to which his growth is submitted, and that he is forwarding it consciously by appropriate methods which have been taught him, or which he has discovered for himself. With the child it can only be so exceptionally, but in every case, his friend and director must bear in mind that there is a possibility of such liberation for the child also, sooner or later, and he must consider it, as the ideal goal towards which all his efforts are tending in his work as an educator.

And, were this ideal of self-imposed discipline, which is a confirmation of liberty, to be largely realised, what would it produce? It would mean balance in the individual and order in society, therefore—happiness all round.

VII

HARMONY IS OUR WATCHWORD: SHALL IT NOT BE YOURS?

With a few words now I will conclude: just as we do not believe in permanent isolation of a faculty to

cultivate it the better, we do not think that the child, whose destiny it is to live as a member of Society, can be better educated alone, away from his like.

If we would obtain balance, we must never forget that in spite of its various aspects, the man's soul, the child's soul, is one.

Though we must not master it, dominate it, we ought to direct it, so that it may, as early as possible, realise its own unity. Neither must we neglect to afford him opportunities to notice that this very Self, being one, is also a component part of various groups to which it belongs—family, school, country, race, mankind; for the laws of action and reaction will remind him of it through suffering, if he ever feels inclined to ignore it in practice, for any length of time.

The sooner we awaken in him the personal consciousness of this reality, the better.

Right expansion of consciousness will produce harmony.

Harmony is our watchword! Shall it not be yours, readers! and if it is, shall you not speak in favour of it, and of the schools where a genuine attempt is made to realise it on the spot? Will you not use your influence to hasten the moment when the world may reap the benefits of truly rational as well as religious education, given to all children, for the sake of Harmony!

Marie Louise de Rigny

THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS

By G.

And I beheld, and lo! the great Angels of God walked visibly with men, and the by-ways and foul places of earth knew their passing and were cleansed. It was given to me to look upon their Faces, and the shadow of their mighty stature fell upon me as they went. The great Angels of God, the two Wings of His Overshadowing of the Nations, the Glory from the Shekinah of His Presence! Pain was the name of the first Angel; His robes were grey and on His brow burned a circlet of unquenchable fire; His eyes were bound with a band blood-red so that he might not see. Only His mouth, stern, beautiful, and tender with the secret God gave to Him to keep, was eloquent of Infinite Knowledge as He walked, led ever by His great Brother, Love. Of Him it is not given to me to speak in open speech, nor might I look long upon His Face, the beauty of the Christhood of God lay upon Him as a veil, the seven lamps of the Eternal Purpose shone round him like Stars; the white Silence wherein God whispers to the souls of men went before Him like a Herald. Only I saw His Eyes as they watched while Pain bent to lay a live coal upon the hearts of men; and I saw the little life of man and the Uttermost Life of God meet and fuse in the deathless Passion of that look.

HOW is it possible to write of the world as it is to-day; of Europe in the hour of her passion, when she is wrestling with the hosts of evil, seen and unseen, while the peoples of the Sister Continents watch with quick-beating hearts, and hands outstretched to her with gifts of money, life and love. How can any pen trace in letters or written characters, the legends of agony and glory, of pathos and of pain, of grim, gaunt suffering and God-like compassion, of strong service and

silent self-sacrifice that are graven in letters of blood and fire across the pages of history to-day. The wheels of God's inexorable machinery are turning, and the nations are laid upon the tables of steel beneath those awful revolutions. Swiftly and silently the mighty blades work on; paring away the human exterior, the trivial husk of the petty self, the artificial veneer of our boasted civilisation, the hollow cases of our so-called religions, till, at length, the indwelling Majesty of Divinity shines out and Man *knows* the God within.

The world is so full of the keen cleansing breath of Reality to-day that the soul feels it like a strong clean wind blowing from the north. Some souls there are that dare not feel its sting, and draw closer the thin coverings of artificiality that have so long done duty for a cloak; but these are few in number, and to most men and women to-day the call to fling aside the draperies of convention and be themselves comes as a ringing challenge to the best within. Four wonderful months! and the standard of values changed beyond recognition. Pain, Loss, Sacrifice, walking the streets and peaceful lanes of the land as familiar residents; Life, Money, Time, Personal Ease, heaped up to be used free of cost by those who need. And the War Pictures! What Cinema but one of God's preparing can show them to His World? What Hand but His can steady the leaping pulses that thrill to the knowledge that men and women *can* be so great, so unutterably immeasurably great; what touch but His can still the weeping of hearts so full of pride and pain, of anguish and of joy inexpressible, as the heroic spirit of our people flames exultantly to heaven. Writing from S—, the one great Open Door of England,

whence all troops set forth, to which all broken gleanings from those awful harvest-fields return, it is impossible to over-estimate the passion and the crucifixion of the War. There, as in no other place in England, the grim Drama plays itself out day by day and night by night; there the films of the Cinema change from hour to hour, and the scrolls beneath them are written in words plain enough for all to read. There, as men go about the daily task, from hour to hour the boom of the deep siren sounds across the sunlit waters set in their autumn frame of russet and gold; the last farewell of some great troopship with its load of men and officers; another output of the best of England's youth, manhood and pride, given so ungrudgingly, going so light-heartedly, ready to die so simply just "for England". Or, that deep booming note has another tale to tell, one with which, during these latter days, our hearts and brains have become all too familiar; and we pause in the occupation of the moment to bend in silent homage before the glory of that other freight, that shattered multitude of our Wounded, returning to us with the insignia of nobility for ever stamped upon their brows. The Wounded! What words are there for them, what tribute save the tears that coursed down the cheeks of even a veteran Warrior, such as our loved and honoured Lord Roberts a day or two before he laid aside the old age which hampered him and "changed his world". Those who tend them speak rarely of what they see; but the pictures are there and sometimes we are given a passing glimpse—a glimpse that shows us that which is like a scorching breath from the burning circlet of the grey Angel Pain, and which no man might bear unless upheld by that Twin Presence of Immortal Love.

One such shows us a woman, refined and cultured, in time of Peace a leader in her social set, proficient in the then realities of life, neurotic possibly, and very busily idle. We see her now; a shed in the Docks the background, and the foreground—human agony. Three ship-loads of Belgian Wounded are there; and they have been brought across by ordinary vessels, no Red Cross steamers are available. She kneels beside a stretcher to which she has been summoned by a sign from the surgeon. From a chain around her neck a crucifix is hanging which has been blessed by the late Pope. She is not a Catholic but a Theosophist, yet she wears it always. Two Belgian priests cross and re-cross with the transports, but they cannot be everywhere at once, and she says simply: "I find they die peacefully if they have kissed it." To-day there has been no time to unfasten the chain; half of the soldier's face is shot away, and he is going very fast, but is not unconscious. The stench from his undressed wounds and filthy clothes is terrible; he has been picked up on the battle-field by an ambulance and put on board at once, and there are no appliances for dressing wounds on the transport. All in the shed are in the same condition, their comfort will be seen to on the Red Cross train, but many are dying first.

The woman kneels on, and the Great Angels are with her; Pain draws away, while Love Immortal stoops and from the broken casket draws the pearl.

Or, it is a still November afternoon; the waters of the bay are like silvered oil, the black silhouette of the Docks is clear against a sad, pale sky of lemon and of gold. The woods outside the great Army Hospital stand very still; they have changed daily with the

changing War Pictures, but their utter motionlessness to-day speaks of their silent acquiescence in the fate that will touch them to-morrow with the sleep of Death, while the world-drama goes on to its appointed end.

It is the Indian Wounded we have come to see; four hundred of them in this Hospital alone. Our hearts are full, for to us the brown skin, worn in so many lives by us, is more akin than the white. How universal is the speech of love! *How* they speak it to us and we to them. As we approach, an officer's wife with kindly intention, but the Anglo-Indian manner, is distributing fruit very much as she would to a class of school-children. "It's not for *you*, give some to *him*," we hear her say in loud English, and the dark eyes that watch her have a touch of doubt in them. In ten minutes her end of the long stone corridor is deserted.

We are surrounded by a happy, excited crowd; we cannot speak to them except in isolated words, culled carefully from various sources beforehand. But we have numberless picture-cards of the King and Queen, and we manage to convey to the Indians that those Exalted Personages are grateful to them for fighting for England. Their joy is extreme, and they crowd round for the gift. We also give them pencils and letter-cards, and they invariably ask: "India?" and point, as they have been told not to write post-cards home. We are told that they do not get sugar enough with their rations, and ask the young Bengali Law Student, who is acting as Doctor in one of their wards after six weeks' emergency training, to tell them that we will come again soon and bring them some. An old Mussulmān with a long beard makes a fervent speech, and the young Doctor tells us it is to the effect that if *we* will come it

will not matter about the sugar, as they want to see us. One Sikh, who is very severely wounded, is weeping for his wife and children, and the Doctor asks us to go and see him. We can only bend over his bed and repeat such words as Glory—King—Grateful—but he seems quite happy when we leave him with a portrait of Queen Mary in Court Robes, propped against his pillow. “Mahārāṇee,” he murmurs, and tries vainly to salute.

And ever the Great Angels go with us; and the Veiled Eyes of the One see only by the aid of the piercing Vision of the Other.

Another picture; in which the tender scintillating colours, shot through with arrowy shafts of crimson glory and the purple of greatness, change and harden somewhat: and the dull earth-tints of human hate and strife clash sorely with this newly-redeemed world where the Angels walk. The Indian Wards are left, we have visited the Belgians and left with them *châpelets*, *scapulaires*, and little books of prayer in French and Flemish; also *petits bouquets de violettes* which rejoice their emotional Latin temperaments. And we are standing at a section where the long stone corridors cross in three directions, talking with Private B— of the South Staffordshire Regiment, of his home in lovely Dovedale, which we know well. Suddenly there is a heavy tramp of feet, the monotonous sound of a file of men marching as convicts march, sullenly, reluctantly. In an instant the word flies from Ward to Ward. *Les Allemagnes—Shermins*—the Germans, the devils! and we are in the midst of a small excited crowd of Belgians, Indians and “Tommies”. Slowly, and under escort, they file past us. Suddenly there is a sound of quick padding feet, and towards us,

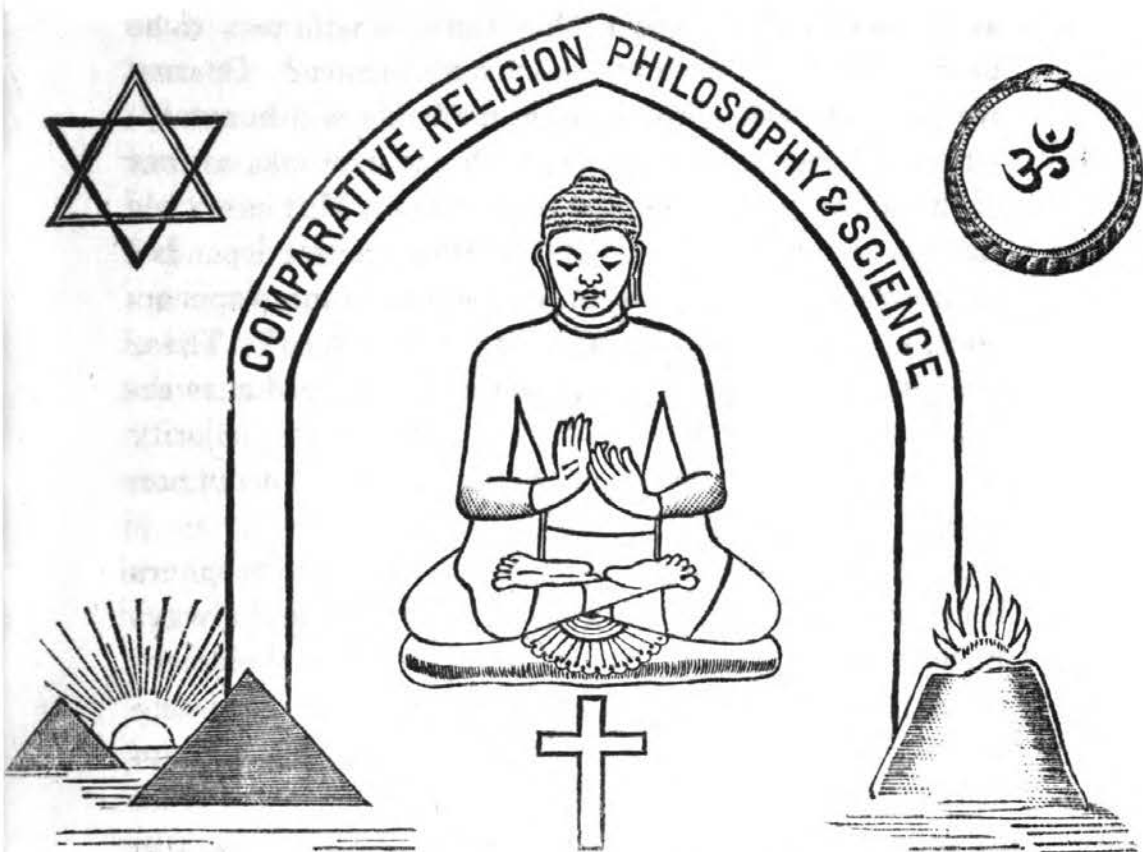
up the wide stairway, we see two oddly-matched figures approaching. A tall emaciated Mussulmān with green turban and grey beard, and a little wiry Gurkha, his boyish face reflecting the fanatical glare of hate that set the muscles of the elder man in tense rigidity. Swiftly they come on, and the watching crowd grows silent. The dreary file of German convalescents are a little distance away now, marching down the eastern corridor. The Indians make as if to follow, but our friend Private B—and another English soldier intervene. They seize the two fierce warriors as if they were children, and after a brief struggle, good-humoured on the one side and silent and fierce as a panther's on the other, they persuade them to desist from their purpose. Our last vision of them is as the centre of an admiring crowd of Belgians to whom they repeat the words *Shermins* and *Allemins* alternately, making gestures of stabbing, while the old man spits in furious impotency upon the floor. A talk held subsequently with the gallant young corporal of the—Lancers, wounded by treachery at Mons, makes us doubt the wisdom of the policy which places German Wounded in such close proximity with the Wounded of the Allies. The homeward drive along the coast, the Whistler monotonous of blue, black and silver, caused by the universal veiling of all lamps against Zeppelin attack; the suggestion of sinister mystery and secrecy in the Docks, closed to civilians, and to all mercantile traffic, yet seen from this shore to be full of strange craft, and alert with the great traffic in human life; the town already beginning at six o'clock its more terrible traffic in the sacred things that belong to personality; the devil's game of which drink and disease are the dice, and human souls the coin in which the

losers pay. Pictures, pictures, always pictures! The Cinema Palaces, with the flaring lights inside contrasting with the mediæval dusk of the streets, are open as we pass; and of a truth the Great Cinema is open also, and the films are ever new. Of the New World we can but touch in these few pictures the War side as it affects our soldiers and sailors and those whose daily life is sucked into the maelström of the world's greatest War. But civilian pictures are there also, pictures that stand out in the psychic atmosphere and melt the cold shell of the smaller self, and lift and exalt and consecrate the life.

For up and down the cities, in among rich and poor alike, the two great Angels go; and the Baptism of Fire wherewith the One baptises is turned by the Other to the healing of the Nations.

G.





THE REALITY OF KNOWLEDGE

By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D. (CANTAB.)

IT seems to be high time that the presumption of philosophers, on the one hand, and, on the other, the mock-modesty of men of science were seriously called to account. For the efforts of both are being in great measure wasted through the lack of a common understanding as to the main object in view. That object is, of course, just knowledge; but what precisely do we mean by the word? Is it, as the philosophers seem to

demand, to be limited to such results as are absolutely impeccable in regard to mere form? Are such results as are not in this respect what Cæsar's wife was to be in respect of virtue to be ruled out of court? Or may we be satisfied with a more moderate and humanly-attainable degree of certitude, such, for example, as that of the uniformity of nature, upon which Mill based his Canons of Induction, and all empirical science depends? Is knowledge limited as to its content to mere appearance, or may it claim reality so far as it goes? These are some of the questions which urgently need answering, and in such a way as may satisfy the sane majority of representatives both of common and uncommon sense.

Far be it from me to blame the philosophers because in regard to knowledge they are and always have been great sticklers for form. The formal element of cognition is one of their chief and most legitimate interests: even those men of science who almost foam at the mouth at the mention of metaphysics can often be got to admit that philosophy has done useful work in this field. So thoroughly, indeed, have the formal imperfections of empirical science, and its dependence upon a number of unproved and, in the strict sense, unprovable assumptions, been exposed by modern epistemology that the affectation of what seems to me an exaggerated scepticism with regard to the validity of their main conceptions is now almost *de rigueur* among up-to-date scientists. So we find Professor Karl Pearson apparently at one with Bishop Berkeley in regarding the very existence of an outer world of objective reality as a mere inference, and a dubious one at that. Or, what comes to much the same thing, he

is at immense pains in his *Grammar of Science* to convince us that "force" is a mere mathematical expression, symbolising an unknown and unknowable something of which the least said the soonest mended; that scientific "laws" are not laws at all but shorthand expressions for certain observed uniformities of experience; that "necessity" is a notion applicable only to the relations of conceptual symbols (*e.g.*, the truths of pure geometry), and having no legitimate jurisdiction in the sphere of objective reality; that the aim of science must for ever be limited to the elaboration of a phantasmal hypothesis, which, albeit the best available guide through the labyrinth of unknown and unknowable reality, may for all that have no ultimate resemblance to the original which it aspires to copy. The term "science," as applied to our scheme or working hypothesis of things in general, appears, according to this view to be a misnomer, inasmuch as it denotes knowledge; and knowledge we cannot hope to attain. We can make our scheme more and more self-consistent, more and more helpful as a guide to action in the present and prediction of the future, more and more satisfying as a living picture of the universe; and, with every fresh proof added to the innumerable instances of the trustworthiness of science, the temptation to regard it as a facsimile of nature, and not a mere invention, grows more and more irresistible. But this inevitable conclusion we are forbidden by the pedantry of scientific agnosticism to embrace. "We simply know nothing of objective reality," the pedants assure us. It all depends upon what one understands by the word "know". But as between the two views, the view that science merely symbolises reality, in the

sense that an algebraic formula may symbolise a geometrical figure, and the view that it (imperfectly, of course, yet directly and, so far, truly) *depicts* reality, the latter is in my opinion infinitely the more probable and rational supposition. The scientist's objection to it rests ultimately on his irrational hostility to metaphysic : it is metaphysical conclusion, and therefore, he holds, inadmissible, and unworthy even of consideration. But this, of course, is mere prejudice : a rational inference may not be shirked on the ground that one dislikes the department of thought to which it belongs ; if we wish to make our world-conception as coherent and complete as the present state of knowledge admits—and it is our bounden duty so to do—the aid of philosophy *must* be invoked to supplement the deficiencies of positive science. There is no choice, and no alternative. The fact is, that, as Schopenhauer demonstrated,¹ perception is nothing else than the intuitive reference of a change of consciousness to its *cause*.

To be aware of such a change does not amount to a perception ; one must be aware of it as an *effect*—the effect of something real within or without oneself. This act of interpretation is not ratiocinative—even animals perceive things—but it is in a sense metaphysical for all that. It assumes the reality of the causal nexus ; and it does that in virtue of an inborn sense of causality, genetically related, no doubt, to the muscular sense, but distinct from and higher than that. And since the reliance of perception upon its own intuitive basis (the sense of causality) has been justified by innumerable experiences, it has, not indeed formal certitude—nothing whatever has *that*—but a degree of probability in its

¹ Vide his *Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*.

favour which is underrated as infinity to one. Since, too, every single stone of the scientific edifice rests ultimately on the appeal to experience (through perception), if perception be regarded as metaphysical, then science has metaphysical foundations. And why on earth not; or what on earth is there in so simple a fact for science to be ashamed of? The trustworthiness of an inference, such as that which confirms the intuitive belief in causality, does not depend upon the question whether it be metaphysical or not, but whether the balance of probability be for or against it.

In attempting to discredit perception, great stress is often laid on the physiological fact that the brain is not in direct contact with the objects of consciousness. In its relation to the outer world the mind is compared with a telephone operator absolutely confined to his office and therefore dependent, so far as knowledge of external events is concerned, upon the more or less trustworthy messages that reach him from without. In a recently published work¹ I have dealt with the fallacies that underlie this, at first sight, plausible objection to the validity of perception. Its full discussion would carry us too far afield: I will therefore content myself with a brief indication of the reasons for which I consider the objection untenable. It is not scientific to concentrate attention upon the occluded condition of the mature brain, overlooking the fact that *both* brain and nerves are developmental derivatives of the outer layer of cells (epiblast) of the embryo. It is not philosophic to base one's view of perception upon the assumed finality of its analysis (upon psycho-physiological grounds, and

¹*The Open Secret: Intuitions of Life and Reality*, by C. J. Whitby, M.D. (Rider).

for purposes of convenience) into abstract component factors, *e.g.*, sensation, sense-impression, mental assimilation. Perception is an integral act of the mind, not a mere sum of independent units. Genetically, it is no doubt the end-product in evolution of the simple act of intuition by which a single cell (such as the fertilised ovum) responds to the impact of environmental stimuli. It is every whit as legitimate (even obligatory) to regard the fertilised ovum as the germ of the mature mind as of the mature body. Here we have the germ of mind in, so to speak, naked contact with reality, and our instinctive reliance upon perception is in my opinion justified and explained by this fact. One is tempted to call it a case of unconscious (that is to say, organic) memory.

The subject-matter of science is not then mere appearance but reality; and every addition to our knowledge of the uniformities underlying and conditioning phenomena is a contribution to our understanding of the universe, that is to say, of "the thing in itself".

The dualism upon which men of science are so fond of insisting with a sort of arrogant humility, when they dilate upon the impassable gulf between appearance and reality, between science and its object, is a delusion, or, as Bacon phrased it, an *eidolon theatri*. No such impassable gulf exists. What we know we know *about* reality; but that we know it imperfectly and, at best, inaccurately is indisputable, nevertheless. It is in the form and not in the substance of all knowledge that the flaw of human imperfection persists. Formally perfect, knowledge is an ideal to which we can and do constantly approximate; but to which we never in any respect attain.

It may be claimed that an exception should be made on behalf of pure mathematics, but this I cannot allow. The claim has, of course, been made often enough. "Necessity," says Professor Pearson, "belongs not to the field of perception but to that of conception." He claims for the "truths" of "pure" mathematics—for example, that the three angles of a triangle are always equal to two right angles—an order of verity superior to that of all other departments of science. But the claim cannot be conceded, for the geometrical proposition cited rests on the unverified assumption that a certain conception of space (the Euclidean) is necessarily correct. We only know that it is at least approximately correct. Real space may not correspond with our intuitive presuppositions: it may be curvilinear, for aught we know. It is a case for measurement. Pure geometry is pure hypothesis; and its "necessary truths" are not necessarily true. A necessity that is purely formal is not worthy of the name. We value mathematics not because it forms a self-consistent system, but because by its aid we are enabled to construe reality with ever-increasing confidence and success. That is, on account of its *empirical* validity, not of its abstract necessity, so-called. If, some fine day, a discrepancy however trifling were to be discovered between Euclidean and real space, the doom of so called "pure" geometry would from that day be sealed. In the long run men will not devote their lives to the manipulation of hypotheses which they know to be untrue. However willing and ready we should be to surrender our dearest assumptions, once they are disproved, it is a psychological condition of successful research that we take them seriously so long and so far

as they hold good. Whatever metaphysicians and grammarians of science may say to the contrary, there can be no doubt that scientific laws are discovered by men who have, and feel that they have, a power of imaginative self-identification with nature—men of objective insight. And it would be a bad day for science on which the view that nothing more intimate than a shorthand summary of certain uniform sequences of sense-impression was thereby attainable, became universal among its votaries. They would not be votaries long. In every department of life it is a condition of success that men must be prepared to risk something: in science we must be prepared to take some risk of being wrong. For nothing whatsoever can be proved beyond possibility, or say conceivability, of refutation. It is a question of weighing probabilities, first, last, and all the time. With regard to the best ascertained fact of astronomy, the elliptical path of planets, Mr. Westaway says truly “all that we can do is to show that the orbit of an unperturbed planet approaches *very nearly* to the form of an ellipse, and more nearly the more accurately our observations are made We could never prove the existence of a perfectly circular or parabolic movement, even if it existed”.¹ In the same work the author sets forth very clearly the true state of affairs, in regard to the limitations of science and the provisional character of its results.

He tells us :

We seldom realise what great assumptions we make in scientific investigation, and how our knowledge must be largely of a hypothetical and merely approximate character. We base calculations upon the assumed existence of inflexible bars, inextensible lines, heavy points,

¹ *Scientific Method*, by F. W. Westaway, p. 285.

homogeneous substances, perfect fluids and gases; but as probably none of these things have any real existence, we cannot say that our problems are ever finally solved. And even the very best of the instruments with which we perform our measurements are imperfect.¹ Even the pendulum—our most perfect instrument—is not theoretically perfect except for infinitely small vibrations. We may in fact look upon the existence of error in all measurements as the normal state of things.²

The moral of all this is not, however, that we are to place no reliance upon science, still less that we should regard the fact that experience proves its immense utility as a guide through the labyrinth of unknown and unknowable reality as of the nature of a happy accident. It is that, while we are perfectly justified in regarding hypotheses as true so long as and to the extent that they are confirmed by experience, we must always hold ourselves in readiness to surrender them if and when they break down; and to adopt a new and better in their stead. This is, in fact, what all reasonable people do, not only where matters of science are concerned but also in regard to everyday affairs. And it holds good also where inferences of a metaphysical purport are concerned—such, for example, as that of the objectivity of space, the validity of perception, the reality of movement and force. In practice we all make these assumptions at every moment of our lives, and we are justified in doing so by the fact that they imbue experience with a substance and meaning which it would otherwise lack. I am, of course, not forgetting that, on careful analysis, incongruities appear, as between the conceptual world of pure mathematics on the one hand and the sphere of real perception on the other. In conception, only geometrically limited bodies or

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 286.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 289—290.

mathematical points can be thought of as the subjects of movement ; in the perceptual world neither the one nor the other, so far as we know, exists. The conclusion I draw is not that actual movement is a delusion, but that the world of pure mathematics is an abstraction, and, as such, *imperfectly* representative of the concrete and the real. The gap between the two must be bridged by *intuition* ; we must constantly grasp the fact that the " pure " space of mathematical imagination is one thing, real space (extension, rather, for space is adjectival) another and presumably different thing. So too with mathematical as opposed to real force, mathematical time as opposed to real duration : the former are approximately representative depictions of the latter, under necessarily abstract and, to that extent, fallacious modes. They are the scaffoldings by the aid of which the synthesising imagination builds up its House of Life. They are the points laboriously " plotted out," which we take as our basis in the production of Life's perfect curve. They are the separate items of a cinematographic film, between which, as they pass before our inward eye, constructive imagination supplies the missing links. As to their errors and incongruities, we must perforce put up with them, until such time as science in general and mathematics in particular shall have outgrown the limitation of their present abstract method and form. A synthetic science, a science of the concrete, will, sooner or later, emerge from the ontological gropings that at present suggest its need. In the acquisition of new knowledge we are forced to proceed analytically, to consider in isolation this or that aspect of reality, leaving the others out of account. But the new items of knowledge thus acquired, in the form of " laws " or

what not, are not permanently maintained by any mind, however "scientific," in their original abstract form. That remains on record, so to speak: it is always recoverable, and available for purposes of reference, or when the work of investigation is resumed. But by a process analogous to digestion, a process of mental assimilation, these items are absorbed into the living picture of the universe whose contents it is the main function of science to supply. If it were possible for a single human being so to assimilate all the known facts and laws of all the sciences, the harmonised result would be something far other and more than a mere collection of "laws" or "shorthand summaries"; it would probably be an impressive philosophy, but certainly a stupendous work of art. If we could look into such a mind we should see the world-process, not merely as it seems, but in a great measure as it *is*. In the meantime every mind of scientific erudition has access to its own corner of the vast composite vision of reality which the sciences are engaged in building up. For which, at any rate, they supply the building material, as well as the broad features of an architectural design.

Not that I would suggest for a moment that the conception of Reality which results merely from the articulation of the established results of empirical science is to be regarded as complete or final. In such a naïve positivism it is to me unthinkable that the human intellect can ultimately find the satisfaction of its needs, or, rather, legitimate demands. To insist upon the objectivity of Science (that is the reality, as to substance, of knowledge), is not by any means to ignore the fact that there are *degrees* of reality; or that Science points beyond herself to unexplored, though not

necessarily inaccessible, domains. What Science reveals, to-day, is the *ground-plan* of a building suggestive rather of a temple than a market-place or an emporium. Suggestive, I say; for it would be presumptuous to claim that even for the provisional completion of the edifice, we have demonstrative information at our disposal. As to the character, even the existence, of the divinity that may be enshrined by the completed building, we must be content with dim surmises, based upon such hints as Nature, History and the depths of our own being afford. One such hint may be found in that invincible predilection for symmetry on the part of natural forms, inorganic as well as organic, of which innumerable instances abound. It seems a far cry to-day to the mystical view of Plotinus, that formal beauty and intelligence are in essence one; yet there is no doubt that the profusion of exquisite forms in Nature spontaneously evokes at least a suspicion of the existence of some occult well-spring of ideality. Despite all that has been or may be advanced to the contrary, the very possibility of Science, the fact that reason finds itself to a considerable extent at home in the universe—as it were in the deciphering of a real or fictitious cryptogram—will always revive a presumption, if not perhaps of the rationality, at least of the psychic affinity (or psycheity) of Nature. As to what this may be taken to imply, I will merely add this, that those who regard the emergence of Man with all his powers and aspirations from the bosom of Nature as a mere happy accident should carry off the palm in any contest of credulity. Again, from the point of view of universal history, the life-process reveals itself as a self-augmenting process; for it is not merely to the

gradual unfolding and realisation of a given collective purpose that its records bear witness, but also to the simultaneously-progressive increment of its emotional purport and the qualitative enrichment of its ideal content. Finally, the self-consciousness of Mankind, as revealed in Art, Religion, Philosophy, shows conclusively that the more we are baffled and thwarted in our efforts to conform actuality to our ideals, the more firmly we entrench ourselves in the inward appropriation and enjoyment of those ideals, the assumption that they have transcendent reality, and the determination that they shall somehow prevail. In brief, I am convinced that scientific thought is tending—at present, dubiously and reluctantly, yet, in fact, irresistibly and irrevocably—in the direction of an emanistic view of reality and causation.¹ It may therefore be anticipated that leaders of thought and action will more and more confidently base their lives on this vivifying assumption; and that Science will follow suit. Why not, indeed? It will only be one assumption the more; an assumption making all the difference between the absolute worth and the sheer futility, not merely of Science itself, but of all forms of human endeavour. An assumption, too, that while in no way invalidating the findings of research in regard to its present limited field of investigation, will consign these to their true grade in the sphere of *derivative* being. The point of view will be shifted, but the fact will remain that the object of Science is not and never was mere appearance, but, on the contrary, just the *elimination* of the merely phenomenal or illusory

¹ But not in its old rigid form, which is at bottom the same as the mechanical view.

elements of experience. Theoretically, this assumption will have the further advantage of overcoming the dualism of the psychological and cosmological points of view by recognition of the intensive unity of subject and object. Science will become philosophical, and Philosophy scientific.

Charles J. Whitby

SIR OLIVER LODGE AND AFTER LIFE

“I say it, because I know that certain friends of mine still exist, because I have talked to them. Communication is possible. One must obey the laws, find out the conditions. I do not say it is easy, but I say it is possible, and I have conversed with them as I could converse with anyone in this audience now. Being scientific men they have given proof that it is real, not impersonation, not something emanating from myself. They have given definite proofs. Some of them are being published, many are being withheld for a time, but will be published later.

“I tell you with all the strength of conviction which I can muster that the fact is so, that we do persist, that these people still take an interest in what is going on, that they still help us and know far more about things than we do, and that they are able from time to time to communicate. I know this is a tremendous statement—a tremendous conclusion. I don't think any of us, I don't think I myself realise how great a conclusion it is.

“It is not for everybody to investigate everything, but if persons give 30 or 40 years of their life in this investigation they are entitled to state results which they have arrived at. You must have evidence, of course. The evidence—such as we have got—is recorded in the volumes of a scientific society, and there will be much more evidence. The evidence is not a matter for casual conversation; it is a matter for serious study, and the conclusions that may be arrived at may be delayed.”

THE "DHAMMAPADA" AND ITS MESSAGE TO MODERN INDIA

By KENNETH SAUNDERS

I AM very glad to accept the invitation of the Editor and write a brief article upon the *Dhammapada*. For this ancient anthology breathes the very spirit of the greatest of India's sons, and he has still a message of cheer and exhortation to give to his Motherland. The India of the sixth century B.C. was not very different from the India of to-day: there was the same toiling multitude with the same hunger and thirst for the Unseen and the Eternal in their breasts, and but little time to devote to the Quest; then as now, though we read in the ancient Buddhist books of over sixty different schools of philosophy, the great bulk of the people were not philosophers, but were busy with just the same things as occupy the Indians of to-day: merchandise and farming, marrying and begetting children, making war upon neighbouring clans or more usually upon the dread forces of nature or disease.

We cannot doubt that the imagination of the young Indian patriot Siddhārtha was deeply stirred and his mighty heart strongly moved as he looked upon all these brave men, and patient women and beautiful little children. Even we aliens who live in this great land cannot but yearn for the coming of a brighter and freer and more abundant life. As the waters are being

brought into the deserts of the Panjab and transforming them into a garden of peace and prosperity, so we long for the coming of that Life into this land; and everywhere—in a new national consciousness, in a new spirit of social service, in a new hopefulness—the signs of its presence are to be felt, and men are seeking after character and reality as never before.

At such a time in India's history, twenty-five centuries ago Gauṭama the Buddha arose, and did a mighty work in calling men away from the pursuit of shadows to the only reality—holy character: and it was just in this that the genius of the Buddhist Reformation lay—that it had for all alike a message of cheer and encouragement; that it taught that the way of happiness was the way of character, and that in the words of King Asoka, "great bliss may be won by any man, however small he be".

We can, in fact, largely reconstruct the Society of Gauṭama's day from the scenes of the *Dhammapada*; Brahmin and sacrificing priest, ascetic and philosopher, householder and recluse, merchant and warrior, throng before us, and all alike are seen as sick souls who desperately need the physician—even the surgeon! Such are some of the metaphors Gauṭama employed to describe his work: or again he looked out as upon a great desert which he the farmer should turn into a rich and fruitful farm.

That we may the better understand whose is the spirit that breathes from the pithy sayings of the *Dhammapada*, I venture to give a verse-translation of a passage in the "Sutta Nipāta" which tells how graciously and humorously he replied to a Brahmin who chid him with battenning upon the toil of other men:

"I, O recluse, plough and sow and thereafter do I eat:
So shouldst thou also plough and sow in order
to eat."

"I do indeed plough and sow and reap the
harvest, O Brahmin," answered the Blessed
One, to whom the Brahmin replied :

Recluse, if farmer thou,
As thou declarest,
How is it that we see no plough ?
Come, boaster, show us how
'The field for harvest thou prearest !

A farmer I, indeed !
True faith is my seed,
The rain that waters it is discipline.
Wisdom my yoke and plough,
(Dost take my meaning now ?)
The pole is modesty
And mind is the axle-tree
Alertness is my goad and ploughshare keen !
Guarded in act, in thought and speech,
With truth I weed the ground,
And in gentleness is found
The salvation I preach.
My ox is endeavour
And he beareth me ever
Where grief cometh never,
To Nirvāna the goal I shall reach.
Such, O Brahmin, is my farming,
And it bears ambrosial crops :
Whoso follows in my footsteps
Straight for him all sorrow stops.

Then the Brahmin, convinced by these words,
poured rice-milk into a golden bowl and opened it to the
Blessed One, saying :

A Farmer thou in very sooth ;
Ambrosial is thy crop of Truth !
Take the rice-milk, Sir, I pray thee,
Gladly do I now obey thee.

Such was the Teacher, and his kindly words may
be studied in concise attractive form in the *Dhamma-
pada*. What were the lessons he gave to the India of

his day which are still "seasoned with salt" and still applicable?

To the man obsessed with the things of this world he speaks words of solemn warning which inevitably remind us of another Teacher: "One is the road leading to riches, another is that leading to Nirvāṇa" (75). If we would adapt this to modern needs we might point to such splendid asceticism and voluntary poverty as that of the Poona patriots, and say: "One is the road leading to riches, another is that leading to Higher Bliss," for it is "the faithful, upright man who is endowed with the true fame and wealth" (303). To the man enthralled by the family life, Gauṭama cries: "Not mother or father, not kith and kin, can so benefit a man as a mind attentive to the right" (43); and does not India need men who set duty above pleasure, and for the sake of the Motherland will forego even the sacred ties of family?

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land, and homeless on the water,
Pass I in patience till the work be done.

There is no superior sanctity in the ascetic life—but India to-day does indeed need "heroes of the solitary way". Yet the great Teacher knew that such claims are easily misunderstood and he hastens to show that in itself the hard, solitary life of the "religious" is of no value:

Not by shaven crown is a man made a 'religious' who is intemperate and dishonest. How can he be a 'religious' who is full of lust and greed? He who puts off altogether great sins and small faults—by such true religion is a man known as 'religious' (264-5).

And to the Brahmin ascetic he speaks these memorable words:

Not matted hair nor heritage of birth
 Can make a man a Brahmin—only worth
 And truthfulness and purity.
 What boots your sackcloth and your twisted hair?
 On outward things ye lavish care.
 Ye who are rotting, rotting inwardly. (393-4.)

India has always had great warriors, and Gauṭama reminds her that at all times men need a "moral equivalent for war": "Not by worrying living beings is a man great as a warrior, but by kindness and harmlessness" (270); and that we all of us can achieve a nobler conquest than that of the battle-field: "Greater is he who conquers himself than the hero of a thousand fields" (103).

India is listening wistfully as she looks for social reform to another voice which seems at her very doors:

Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom
 prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I
 was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger,
 and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye
 visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

And He, too, teaches that the way of Bliss is the way of Righteousness: and that the greatest is the self-controlled and the servant of all.

To the young orator of to-day the Buddha would say with kindly humour:

Better than a thousand empty words is one pregnant word which brings the hearer peace. Neither is a man wise by much speaking: he is called wise who is forgiving, kindly and without fear. (150: 258.)

And Christ, too, would approve the spirit of silent service that is awakening in the students of India: "Not they who say unto me Lord, Lord, but they that do the will of my Father in Heaven. . . ."

And, lastly, whilst there is in the *Dhammapada* counsel and exhortation to press on towards the new, there is much that India needs of learning not to forsake the old—not to let modern materialism, for instance, crush out the contemplative life—to remember that being is after all more than doing :

From meditation springs wisdom: from neglect of it the loss of wisdom. (282.)

And we all need in an age of luxury and self-indulgence these rallying cries that ring out again and again in the *Dhammapada* to “play the man” and to endure hardness, as another early Buddhist sings :

Too cold for work, too hot, too late it is!
Men think and lose their opportunities.
But some of heat and cold make light
And work away in their despite:
Come, seek we jungle-solitude
And cultivate the strenuous mood !

Above all in importance is the teaching that “from within are the issues of life” :

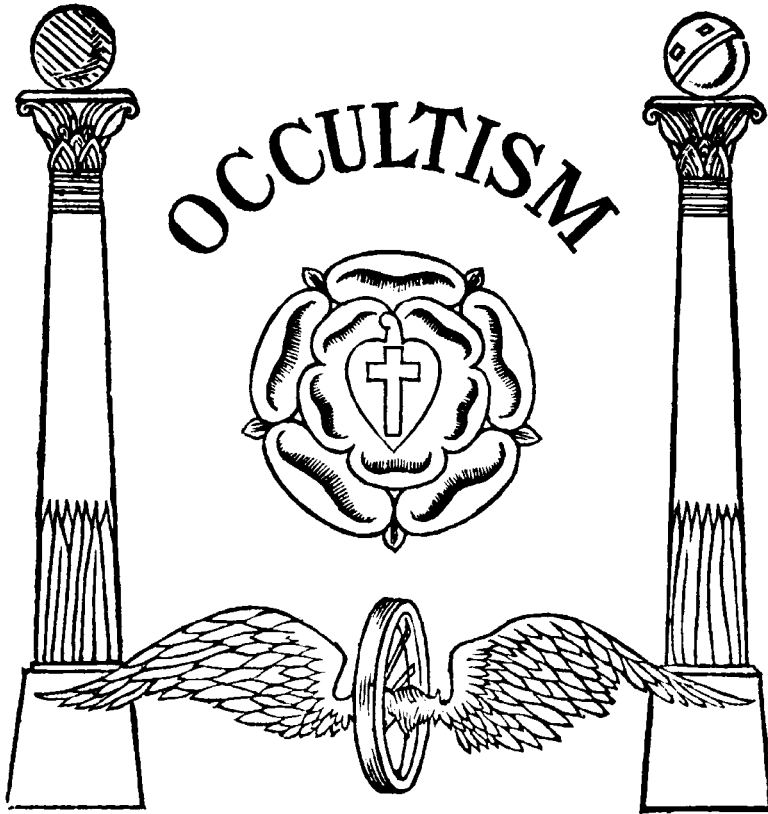
Know this, O man: evil is the undisciplined mind! See to it that greed and lawlessness bring not upon thee long suffering. (248.)

For

All that we are by mind is wrought
Fathered and fashioned by our thought. (1.)

To whom shall India turn to achieve this greatest of all victories—the control of the inward fastnesses of thought? And what is the motive so constraining as to make real the brotherly spirit of which these stanzas are so full?

Kenneth Saunders



THE OCCULTIST AND THE MYSTIC

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(Continued from p. 256)

II

HOWEVER we may conceive of the Divine Nature, we who are Theosophists will probably agree in thinking of God as existing, in relation to a manifested universe at least, in two great primal modes. There is, first of all, that portion of His life which is at work within the limits of such an area of manifestation ; in

the second place, there is that far mightier part of Him which dwells altogether above and beyond that area. God, in other words, is in the Theosophical view both immanent and transcendent; and this is equally true whether we use the term "God" to denote the Ruler of a solar system, or of a universe, or of a universe of universes. Whatever be our "universe of discourse," the famous old text still holds good of its Ruler: "Having permeated this whole universe with one fragment of Myself, I remain."

This, then, is a fundamental dualism, inherent in the very nature of all divine manifestation; and since all life is in its essence one and undivided, this duality in the Divine must of necessity reflect itself in the manifested universe which is the embodiment of the Divine. Every particle of life in such a universe, that is to say, must be related equally to God immanent and God transcendent;—to God immanent, since it is itself the product and expression of that part of God; to God transcendent, since, limited and shut in though it be by form, it has yet its roots in that deeper Life beyond manifestation. And this dual relationship will, by a necessary process, set up a dual movement in the life: for it is ever of the nature of life, which is divine, to seek union with the Divine from which it comes. Of such union the duality of the Divine Nature will provide two methods—the one with God immanent, the other with God transcendent: and these two methods will show themselves as two contrary tendencies or impulses at work at the heart of all embodied life and drawing it in opposite directions.

That the directions will be opposite becomes at once clear, when we ask the question: What is a

manifested universe in the light of these two modes of the Divine, taken severally ?

What, for example, is such a universe in the light of God transcendent ? Obviously nothing but an obscuration and a limitation of the Divine Life imprisoned within it. Whatever we may predicate of that pure life—be it Reality, or Freedom, or Bliss—suffers, within the region of manifestation, diminution and distortion. The Reality is veiled in *māyā* ; the Freedom is lost in constraint ; the Bliss is exchanged for pain. In a word, all manifestation is but negation.

What, on the other hand, is it in the light of God immanent ? It is the theatre of a mighty, beneficent work. Such a universe is seen as the necessary setting for a Process whereby, through limitations voluntarily taken on, countless hosts of new lives are for ever being generated by the Divine Father and unfolded by ordered stages into the fullness of His own perfection. It is, in its origin, the product of a Divine Sacrifice ; it is sustained and guided by the Divine Love. As for its manifold limitations, they exist only because through them, and them alone, can the purposed end be achieved. They are the indispensable conditions of the work that has to be done.

What, then, becomes the logical reaction upon these two aspects of a universe ?

In the first case, clearly, to break away, to escape ; to get back out of the illusion, the pain, and the cramping fetters of life within the worlds into the Reality, the Bliss and the Freedom of God transcendent.

In the second case, to remain within the manifested worlds, in order to help in that mighty work ; to press outward with that informing and sustaining life to the

utmost limits of its manifestation, in order to share in its sacrifice and its burden; and to throw every energy into the service of God immanent.

There are logical and necessary reactions, arising naturally out of the dual relationship which links all manifested life to the Divine. Wherever, therefore, we have embodied life, we must have at work deep down within it—on the one hand, an impulse which is ever seeking to withdraw it out of manifestation back into God transcendent, and, on the other hand, an impulse which is ever pressing it outwards into co-operation with God immanent. All embodied life must, at every moment and at every point in space, be seeking union with the Divine in these two ways. We must see in these impulses, therefore, the two primary movements out of which all the rest are built up—the two threads out of which is woven the infinitely complex web of existence within the manifested worlds.

In order to define these impulses, and their manner of working, a little more precisely, let us translate them into terms of what we, as Theosophists, take to be the basic conditions of all manifested worlds—those conditions, namely, which we sum up as “bodies” and “planes”.

It is clear that the conditions just mentioned must apply necessarily to all life within a given area of manifestation, in the sense that all life within that area will have perforce to use the vehicles, and to dwell within the planes, which have been provided for it by the Logos of its system. Thus, no matter how eager the life may be to obey the impulse of escape from manifestation, it will only be able to do so *via* the planes and bodies of the system to which it belongs—each higher

plane and subtler vehicle being, from this point of view, considered as a stage towards ultimate liberation. It need not tarry, necessarily, on any of these planes, nor need it make full use of the bodies; but at least it must pass through them. There can be no road to liberation, in other words, independent of the established conditions on which a manifested world depends. To put it colloquially, there can be no "short cut". Similarly, in the case of the opposite principle—the impulse outwards into manifestation, for the purpose of co-operation with God immanent, will be an impulse pressing the life, of necessity, down into the vehicles, and through them out into the worlds, in which His work is being carried on.

This gives us a formula which enables us to make our definition of the two impulses both more precise and easier to handle. We may now say, that, wherever manifested life exists, there are necessarily at work within it two fundamental movements or impulses, relating that life respectively to the two great modes of the Divine Being with which it seeks union; that one of these—that, namely, which relates it to God transcendent—will work as a constant force of attraction, tending to draw the embodied life out of lower on to higher planes, and out of denser into subtler vehicles, in order that it may come nearer to final liberation and, since this is its object, tending to make each such plane and body something to be merely passed through rather than to be dwelt in and explored, in the one case, or organised and used, in the other. The other impulse—that, namely, which seeks union with God immanent—will follow the general movement of the Divine Life at work in the worlds of manifestation and will act as a constant

downward pressure, forcing the life through subtler down into denser vehicles, and from higher into lower planes of being ; at the same time—again in consonance with the Divine Movement in manifestation—urging it to dwell in and explore to the full all the worlds, and to use and develop to the full all the bodies, which the scheme of things, within which it dwells, has provided for its experience and expression.

The fuller definition, thus arrived at, will make clear to the Theosophical reader the significance of the two impulses referred to above, in relation to the subject of this article. For it is, in the writer's opinion, in these two basic impulses or movements at work throughout the whole of manifested life, that we must seek the true ground of that distinction between the Occultist and the Mystic which has puzzled so many students. The Mystic, in his view, stands for the impulse which is the reaction of all embodied life upon its relationship with God transcendent; the Occultist, for that impulse which is the reaction of all embodied life upon its relation with God immanent. Taken together they stand, in this way, for the two great movements out of which, as has been already remarked, the whole of manifested life is built up. They are thus, in the profoundest sense, representative; for they embody the world-process itself. We begin to see why the President could speak of them as "the two Hands of One LOGOS in His helping of His universe".

If this be true, then there has been revealed for the dualism of the Mystic and the Occultist a foundation as deep as any metaphysician could desire. We have now to ask by what process the two impersonal impulses, defined in the foregoing pages, flower eventually into

the two great representative spiritual types, which we speak of as the Occultist and the Mystic.

Our answer to this will consist in suggesting, very rapidly, a number of ideas, which the Theosophical student will readily recognise as involved in the Theosophical conception of evolution—rather than in working out in detail a subject far too vast for the scope of a single article.

The simplest way of suggesting the process by which the two fundamental impulses at work at the heart of all manifested life—drawing it into union with the one or the other of the two great modes of the Divine Being, as the case may be—emerge eventually, in human embodiment, as the two representative spiritual types which we know as the Mystic and the Occultist, is to separate off this process of gradual transmutation into a number of clearly marked stages and to note what changes have taken place with each of these.

(1) The earliest stage will be that in which the two movements operate, so to speak, blindly and mechanically, governed simply by Natural Law. In this primal form they provide what may be called the “setting” of the world-process, their rhythmic interplay giving the broad general conditions within which the drama of evolution is to be worked out. The general scheme here is that of a number of lesser swings of the pendulum taking place within a greater swing and a number of these greater swings being included, in their turn, in one still greater—the greatest of all being that mighty movement which is sometimes spoken of as the out-breathing and inbreathing of the Great Breath, which creates and destroys the worlds. This, in any world-system,

is the most imposing and at the same time the simplest exemplar of the two impulses which we are considering, for it is the immediate reflection, in the form of a movement in Time and Space, of the primal duality of God immanent and God transcendent; the first half of the movement, the out-breathing, being, clearly, in the direction of union with God immanent; the second half, the inbreathing, in that of union with God transcendent. Within this greatest of cosmic swings (so far as our system is concerned) we have others which reflect it and which, albeit on a diminishing scale as regards both Time and Space, are nevertheless just as immediately related, as it is, to the two great aspects of the Divine, and are just as much, in their essence, efforts at the two-fold union with God. Such, to be brief, are the great cyclic movements which make up the life of Chains and Rounds; the descents and re-ascents of the Ego through its long series of incarnations, with the downputtings and withdrawals of the various Group Souls in the animal and vegetable Kingdoms; finally, within the limits of the single life, the universal phenomena of birth and death, growth and decay, as well as all that ebb and flow of the life-forces which is associated with activity and relaxation, waking and sleeping, and with the facts of nutriment and reproduction. All these, so far as they are merely natural phenomena, tend to work by a law of rhythmical periodicity. Taken together they make up, as has been said, the permanent and general conditions of the evolutionary process. We have now to look forward and see what changes are introduced into them by the unfolding, within their midst, of that monadic life the development of which they are designed to subserve.

(2) The first clearly recognisable change that takes place is the emergence of the outward-going impulse (*i.e.*, that towards union with God immanent) into a kind of consciousness, in the form of desire or attraction, and that of the in-drawing impulse (*i.e.*, that towards union with God transcendent) in the form of repulsion. At what precise point in the evolutionary process this emergence takes place is not of importance for present purposes: suffice it that for a long and important stretch of evolution—covering at all events most of the animal kingdom and about half of the human—it is under these guises that the great struggle of the two primitive impulses is carried on. The important point to note—for this is the real change introduced at this stage—is that the unfolding monadic life is now beginning to identify itself with, and to lend its own reinforcing strength to, the hitherto mechanical workings of Nature. For as soon as any kind of *conscious* attraction or repulsion dawns within the unfolding life—no matter how feeble such consciousness may be—the process has already begun whereby the two impersonal impulses are destined to be gradually taken over and “personalised” by that life in the sense of being wrought, in an ever fuller degree, into the fabric of its own psychological experience. The culmination of this process will be when the life of Nature and the life of the Individual become one, and Natural Law itself is taken over and becomes the self-initiated working of the perfected Individual Will.

With regard to the stage with which we are dealing for the moment—*i.e.*, that where the two impulses first come to consciousness in the shape of desire and repulsion—we should note that, for a long time, the

interplay of these two tends to preserve the rhythm and the periodicity which characterised them in the earlier mechanical stage. With the animal, for example, the reproductive impulse is purely periodic; and it seems to remain so through the earliest stages of human evolution—so long, in point of fact, as it is permitted to rest entirely under the control of Nature. The student of Natural History will be able to trace numbers of similar periodicities in the life of the animal kingdom, having to do with the various natural functions of animal life—all of them analysable, under various forms, into the outputting and withdrawal of vital force, *i.e.*, into the two impulses with which we are concerned. Such instances are at all events sufficiently numerous to enable us to take as a general axiom that the impulses of outgoing and withdrawal, in all their myriad manifestations, tend, during this earlier stage of evolution, to show a certain regular rhythm. It is only when we come to the later stages that we begin to find Nature's order seriously interfered with, in this as in other important ways.

(3) This stage is marked by the entrance upon the scene of two great disturbing agencies in the shape of that developing mentality and that dawning freedom of the will which begin to be factors, which have to be seriously reckoned with, after (roughly) the first quarter of the human evolutionary process. The first effect of these upon the two impulses which we are considering is found in the marked intensification of the outgoing impulse and the curbing, or diminishing, of the (normally) rhythmic recoil. The outrushing of desire, in other words, ceases to be a periodic movement and becomes not only more vigorous, enhanced as it now is by

the play of memory and anticipation, but more frequent. Similarly, the period of withdrawal, which is the natural expression of the satiety supervening upon the fruition of desire, is no longer allowed to run its course. We have thus a strong bias beginning to be set up on the side of the outgoing impulse, due to the definite selection of this impulse, and the deliberate associating of itself with it, by the unfolding life by virtue of its growing power of choice: and this bias, is likely to develop with time, as will be easily seen, into a kind of specialisation. It may indeed be said—summing up that great stage of evolution at which the nascent forces of mentality and of free volition begin to play upon the outward-going impulse, clothed in the form of desire or attraction—that this stage is, generally speaking, devoted to the specialisation upon that impulse, the result being that the whole trend of the life-forces, during this period, is to flow vigorously and, as far as possible, continuously outward and downward along the line of God immanent.

(4) With the gradual shifting of the centre of the unfolding life, however, from the astral to the mental level, a new disturbance enters in. While such a shifting of the centre may, on the one hand, result only in a still further intensification of the outgoing impulse, making the grip upon the objects of desire all the more pertinacious and the output of the life-forces into the physical world all the more aggressive and vigorous, by reason of the enhanced mental life, it may, on the other hand, have quite an opposite effect, tending to restrain, and even atrophy, many of the old desire outrushes and to withdraw much of the life-energy from physical things to the things of the intellect. It is at this stage

that we begin to find the familiar distinction taking shape, between the "man of action" and the "man of thought".

The appearance of this distinction means that specialisation on the one or the other of the two impulses, as the case may be, is becoming a habit; and with the crystallisation into habit comes also, as a natural result, the commencement of definite "types". For the impetus thus set up will be carried over by the Ego into its future incarnations, and will become a powerful pre-determining influence in the moulding of the personality. We have thus, at this stage, arrived at the important point where the unfolding monadic life is beginning, very gradually, to divide itself into two streams, due to the growing habit of self-identification with the impulse of out-going or withdrawal, as the case may be. We should note, however, that this identification is, at this stage, only rudimentary, being, for the most part, little more than a growing emphasis on the one impulse rather than the other; that its true meaning and significance are not yet recognised; and that the determining factor in the choice is still merely inclination, "what comes naturally to a man"—and is far from being a matter of deliberate choice, of an act of will from *within*.

(5) Before the last-mentioned changes can begin to occur, a further stage has to be passed through. This stage may be regarded as a critical period in the evolutionary cycle, marking as it does the turning of the unfolding life from the downward to the upward arc, or, as it is sometimes called, from the Pravṛtti to the Nivṛtti Mārga. At this turning-point the whole weight of Nature is shifted from the outgoing impulse to the impulse

of withdrawal, and the effect upon the individual life is seen in a corresponding shifting of the centre of gravity, in a kind of psychological changing of gear. Henceforward the impulse away from manifestation is the "natural" one, and therefore in many ways the most easily followed, as the impulse outward into manifestation was the natural one during the downward arc. This is the period of that inner condition of consciousness which is often spoken of as *vairāgya*—a transitional phase, signalling the transference of the emphasis of Nature from the one impulse to the other. While this period lasts, the movement of withdrawal is just as dominant, for the time being, as the outgoing movement had been during the stage which we have numbered (2). We must not imagine, however, that the broad dualism of type, whose beginnings we noted in stage number (3) has therefore faded away, or that the specialisation upon the two impulses, there noted, was merely temporary. We must rather look upon it as existing just as much as ever, but as temporarily obscured or submerged during the inner revolution of the *vairāgya* period, and destined to reappear on the surface as soon as that critical period is over. That is, in fact, what happens. For we have only to look on to the next stage to find the two lines of specialisation more clearly marked than ever and constituting the basis of a still more striking antithesis of type. The dualism is called out of abeyance; the "man of thought" and the "man of action" appear once more on the further side of the turning-point, but they appear, in many respects, profoundly changed: for we have entered upon the region broadly covered by the name of the "spiritual life".

(6) Students of the spiritual life in all countries and in all ages have observed, in the representatives of that life, two great types so opposite in aim and character that it would seem at first sight very difficult to find any point of reconciliation between them, yet both of which the common instinct of mankind has always vaguely recognised as spiritual. The one rushes forth with a frenzy of self-abandonment to take upon itself the whole burden of the world, revelling in that constriction of the life within the form which works out as the world's sorrow and suffering, finding no weight too great for it to bear, no form so foul or so fettered that it should refuse to pour forth its life-energies into it, in the shape of understanding and of love. The other, with equal abandonment, spurns the whole phantasmagoria of the universe and presses ever inward and upward that it may escape out of it into that pure state of Being which is, for it, the one Reality. The types are so familiar in spiritual history that it is unnecessary to illustrate them: suffice it that all those whom mankind has recognised as saints may, roughly speaking, be classified as belonging to the one or the other, although, in all but extreme cases, there will always be a good deal of mixture.

This division of type represents, in our view, the dualism of the practical and the contemplative types as it emerges once more on the further side of the critical point of *vairāgya*, and it marks, as such, another stage in the transformation of the two impulses, which we are studying, into the living, human antithesis of the Occultist and the Mystic.

The great change which is visible at this stage consists in the transference of the motive energy,

directing the impulses, from outside to within the man. While he was on the downward arc, his activities, whether along the line of the one impulse or the other, were, for the most part, reactions upon external stimulus. He was drawn forth by desire; he was driven inward by repulsion. At the critical point, however, which was mentioned a moment ago, this began very gradually to be changed, and part of that "changing of gear," which was alluded to as belonging to the turning from the Pravṛtti to the Nivṛtti Mārga, consisted in this substitution of an inner for an outer spring of action. By the time that we reach the stage of definitely spiritual life—the stage which we are now considering—the substitution is more or less complete, and the actions of the spiritually developed man now flow, no longer from the impacts of his environment, but from that self-moved life which has grown up within him.

This means that, in a profounder sense, he has gone far towards "becoming" the particular impulse with which, either habitually or for the moment, he identifies himself. It no longer pushes him, or pulls him, from without: he himself, moving voluntarily from his own centre either in the one direction or the other, goes with it. And with this deeply significant change goes also another in the character of the two impulses as they reveal themselves to his consciousness. Formerly, the outgoing impulse revealed itself as desire; the impulse of withdrawal as repulsion. Now, the former lives in his consciousness as Love, the latter as the search for Reality. That which carries the one type of saintliness out into the world, to work among men, is the love which surges within him: that which draws the other type away from the world is the

growing sense of the unreality of the phenomenal and of the deeper Reality beyond phenomena. We see how near this comes to those two alternative valuations of a manifested universe which are the logical consequence of its appraisal in the light of the two great aspects of the Divine. Such a universe, in the light of God transcendent, *is* as we saw some time ago, merely an illusion; in the light of God immanent it is the very pledge and token of Divine Love. The spiritual man is beginning to feel this, and according to the type to which he belongs, he will feel the one fact more vividly than the other. Let us note, however, that, as yet, he does not fully realise the ground of his feeling: and for that reason there is often a good deal of misunderstanding, of antagonism even, between the two types. To the outgoing type, conscious of the compelling force of love within him, the withdrawing type is likely to appear selfish: to the latter, the type which rushes outward in order to busy itself with the affairs of the phenomenal worlds is likely to appear deluded and unspiritual. Only in the next stage does this misunderstanding, and with it the antagonism, disappear.

(7) This stage is the final one of the process, (so far as we are here concerned) for with it the transformation which we have been tracing culminates in the finished products which we know as the Occultist and the Mystic. With this stage the process of specialisation upon the two respective impulses is carried to a high point; the Occultist becoming, to all intents, the living representative of the outgoing impulse, the Mystic the veritable embodiment of the impulse of withdrawal. And, as the specialisation becomes more complete, so also does the realisation of the true meaning and function of the types,

thus brought into being, become clearer and more definite. It is then seen that these types have been laboriously built up by Nature for a certain definite purpose—in order, namely, that in and through them the great work of Nature might become self-conscious. What has been going on, has been the gradual segregation and training up of two great bands of workers, corresponding, in the method of their work, with the two primal movements out of which the whole of manifested life has been built up. For, just as the whole of life may be seen, in one aspect, to be a web woven out of the interplay of the two great movements of outgoing and withdrawal—at work on all levels and on every scale—so, for the helping of that life, there must be prepared, as the fruit of the evolutionary process, two great hosts of unfolded lives in whom these movements shall, as it were, become incarnate, and who shall, therefore, be able to take over, and consciously wield, forces which have hitherto worked mechanically according to Nature's law. In a word, the Occultist and the Mystic emerge, in their perfected forms, as the embodiments of the mighty Ebb and Flow of Nature; and in them the old rhythmical interplay—the dovetailing, as it were, of the operations of the two impulses—which existed before the automatism of Nature had been disturbed by the incursion of the unfolding monadic life, is once more restored. Taken together, they have become, in the eloquent words of our President, "the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe". They stand, in our manifested worlds, as the living representatives of the fundamental duality of the Divine Nature—the Occultist of God immanent, the Worker, the Demiurgus; the

Mystic of God transcendent, the Life beyond the worlds.

The process by which the two impersonal impulses are transformed eventually into the two great representative bodies of servants of God is, therefore, that of the gradual bringing into self-consciousness of these impulses within the unfolding life, accompanied by a gradual specialisation upon one or the other by different sections of that life. The formula embodied in the process is, as will be seen, one very familiar to students of Theosophy, since it sums up what, from one point of view, is going on everywhere in Nature. For one way of describing the world-process is to say that it consists in the gradual awakening of Nature to self-consciousness; or, conversely, in the gradual taking over of the life of Nature by the monadic life unfolding within her boundaries. Every happening in Nature is, in this way, destined to be one day (and is already for some consciousness) a psychological experience; every law of Nature is destined to be the expression of a conscious act of Will. It is thus that the "dead" mechanism of a solar system becomes, in the fullness of the evolutionary cycle, a LOGOS—perfect in His self-consciousness at every point of His being, perfect in the minute and elaborate specialisation and co-ordination of His functions. H.P.B.'s parallel between a universe and an embryo is, in this connection, the profoundest truth as well as the simplest expression of the truth. All that we call Nature—the sum of the life within a universe—is, from the cosmic standpoint, in a pre-natal condition. All that is now going on is only preparatory. One day it will be born as a God.

In this transformation of Nature into conscious God all other transformations are incidents; all are contributing, in their own way and within their own special sphere, to the same stupendous consummation, and the true explanation of all of them lies in this. It is as the product of one of these great evolutionary processes, therefore—from Nature to God—that we shall best understand the Occultist and the Mystic. Once we grasp the conception of them as embodied movements in the Divine Life, and realise what these movements are, all that we know, in ordinary life, of the respective methods and ideals of the Occultist and the Mystic, and of their place and work in the world, at once falls into place. We are in possession of a formula which illuminates the whole subject and which, as we shall see, goes far to provide a principle of classification in a region where the distinctions, as we know, are apt to be somewhat blurred.

E. A. Wodehouse

(To be concluded)

A DREAM EXPERIENCE VERIFIED

ON Sunday February 1st, a Theosophical friend came to supper with us after his lecture. As we sat talking I happened to say to him: "You sometimes remember your astral experiences, don't you, Mr. X?" "I very seldom remember anything that is likely to have been an experience," he modestly replied, "and if I do I am not in the habit of talking about it. That reminds me, however, that I had a curious dream last night, I wonder if there was any shipwreck."

He went on to relate his dream, in which he had seen what appeared to him to be the tops of four funnels standing out from the sea near the coast. He remembered thinking it must be a new kind of submarine, but when he saw these funnel-tops slowly sinking he realised that the sea would pour down them and the ship would sink. He saw with horror that it must be a cruiser of the Navy sinking, and found himself in a kind of cloud hovering about it and trying to avert the approaching disaster, but the funnel-tops disappeared. He then remembered seeing the whole ship again looking like a cruiser, with a number of "foreign-looking sailor chaps" staring at him over the gunwale or the starboard quarter. He awoke in no fright, as the ship when last seen seemed all right.

Next morning (Monday) on opening the paper the following headlines met the eye :

19 LOST IN A WRECK

Six Hours on a Topmast

and below the story of a shipping disaster on the previous Saturday night off the Cornish coast, with a description of how "the tide began to rise and cover the vessel, and the only refuge left for the eight men on board was the jigger topmast. As the water rose the eight men climbed to the top of the mast, the lowest man being the chief officer who lashed himself to the spar and blew a small whistle in the hope of attracting assistance. He was getting exhausted for the water had almost covered him and, seeing he could do no more, he gave the whistle to a sailor with the exclamation: 'Here, mate, you can blow it better than I can.' Subsequent events showed that this act was responsible for saving the lives of the five survivors."

GRAIL-GLIMPSES

I

YOUNG MIKE—PAVEMENT-ARTIST

By E. M. GREEN

IT was a squally morning; the pale sun struggling up behind the factory chimneys gave no promise of holding his own against the driving cloud-rack, heavy with unspilt snow. The March wind tore at the sooty poplars by the canal, and flogged the oily water into motion.

The Stranger drew his grey cloak closer, and stopped before an all-night coffee-stall at the Factory gates.

The owner took his pipe from his mouth and spat. "Wawnt a mug, Guv'nor?" The Stranger bent his head.

"A cup of water, if I may," he answered.

The man looked sharply at him. "Anyfink to 'blige a gent," he said; and filling a tin mug handed it to the Stranger. "Yer bain't from these parts, be yer?" The coffee-seller was inquisitive. "A furriner, may be?"

"A Stranger here," was the reply.

"Droppin' a bit a paisteboard into ole Rule Brit-tanyer's letter box, in a manner o' speakin'. Got any mates over 'ere?"

The tin cup was re-hung upon its nail; the cutty-clay resumed, and Ginger Joe was ready for a chat till trade should begin with the breakfast hour.

"Mates! Well, hardly that, I think!" The Stranger shook his head and smiled. "I have been long away. But I think there are some who remember me; and it may be that a few even are looking for my return."

"Well, good luck, Mister; there goes the buzzer; I shall be gettin' busy, so I'll wish yer good-day."

The great gates opened as he spoke and there poured forth a grimy throng of men and women; some of whom came to the coffee-stall, others entering a low-looking public house, or an eating-house next to it, while the larger number ate such food as they had brought with them in a shed provided for the purpose, just within the walls of the Factory.

The coffee-seller was kept busy for the next half-hour, yet from time to time he looked curiously towards the bank of the Canal where the Stranger stood apart, watching the scene before him.

"Christ!" he said, half aloud. "'E were a rum 'un; a torf, was 'e? or the Pope o' Rome, or what? Blimy, if 'e wa'nt a rum customer!"

Meanwhile, the Stranger's gaze was fixed upon a pavement artist, a wizened lad of about twenty years, or possibly less, who sat in an angle of the Factory wall, his shrunken legs drawn up beneath him upon a piece of old sacking, his box of crudely coloured chalks at his side. The three pictures on the smooth asphalt pavement before him were the subject of much comment from the Factory hands; jests, admiration and criticism being freely bandied about. The Stranger saw that several gave portions of their own meal to the boy; but no pence

or halfpence found their way into the cloth cap at his side. As the half-hour struck, the human tide turned, and ebbed away behind the great sluice gates, which presently closed upon it, leaving silence behind. The coffee-vendor shut up his stall and took his homeward way; the pavement artist leaned back against the wall and looked up at the ragged legions in the wildness of the sky. The Stranger crossed the little space of trodden grass and stood beside him.

The dark eyes, sombre beneath his unkempt hair and white, lined brow, were raised to meet the gaze downbent, and the Stranger saw that they were lit by the unquenchable fire of inner vision.

“Like to see the picshurs, Mister?” The accent was that of the London slum-dweller, poor in vowel-sounds; and contrasted oddly with the stamp of genius set upon the eyes and brow.

“I should like to, very much. You are a quick worker.”

“Yus! I be smart, they sez; but I don’t tike no count o’ time! I just dror wot I sees.”

“Have you seen a snow mountain? These are very beautiful ones!”

“No! I ain’t never seed no mountings, but I knows wot they looks like from the clards! And onst a cove come by as guv me a ’int or two. But I seen the sea ven I wos down to the Convalescing ’Ome.”

“I suppose you find that the people round here are not able to pay to see your pictures; could you not find a better place to paint in?”

The lad looked at his questioner sharply, almost suspiciously, but the quiet gaze that met his own disarmed him, and he answered with a shrug and smile

that half invited, half repelled any further advances. "S'pose as 'ow I *could*, Mister—but that ain't every-fink!"

"Not everything? I don't understand! Do you mean that you would not like to make a living for yourself and get on in the world?"

The boy shook his head, but did not answer; he was rubbing a stick of yellow chalk against his left thumb nail, and at some thought suggested by the Stranger's words he rubbed so fiercely that the stick snapped in his fingers. His questioner seemed to read his mind, for he went on as if answering some remark: "Ah! yes, I see; what you would really like would be to have your pictures seen by the great world, by people who would understand all that you are trying to put into them! That is what you feel, is it not? It is a pity that the police do not allow pavement painting, except at certain spots, and that the good ones are not for such as you!"

The dark eyes gleamed, as the lad flung back his head with the gesture of conscious pride in his own powers that betrays the heaven-born genius in every rank of life. "Garn! 'oo yer gettin' at?" he asked, and laughed a low full-noted sound of supreme satisfaction, a reminiscence unconscious, yet instinctive, of the regions of which his artist soul was the denizen, even while the apparent tenant of his poor frail body, with its pitiful limitations. "There ain't no other paivemen' 'artiss wot can dror like young Mike—that's me, Mister, short for Mikell Angeler; and so the p'lice 'll tell you, if yer arsts 'em. Back near Chrismis 'ole Moses wot 'ad the bit of paivemen' up to "Ide Park Corner was took to the Workus, and Sarjan' Symes up to the

p'lice stytion 'e said as 'ow I could 'ave 'is lay, as I was the best Artiss of 'em all! Is words, Guv'nor, strite!"

"Well, and what did you say; you did not accept the offer, it seems?"

Young Mike's manner changed; the momentary glory that had shone like a halo round him, marking his kinship with the immortals, had faded, and he hung his head and fingered his crayons nervously. The Stranger bent towards him, and his voice was gentle yet commanding. "I am waiting," he said, "tell me, young Mike, why do you stay here to starve when you could make a good living at Hyde Park Corner?"

The boy looked up, but not at his questioner; his gaze travelled past that waiting figure to the sluggish canal, creeping between its blackened banks, to the high walls of the Factory, and to the further banks on which a tall derrick rose spectre-like against the grey wind-riven sky. It travelled over the miles of roofs of closely packed houses, it rested on the dingy eating-house and yet more hideous public house with garish green and yellow tiles to clothe its nakedness; it took in the details of a poster which leaned against the wall, setting forth the entertainment to be had for threepence at a Saloon of Amusement close by, and then returned laden, as it were, with the fruits of its journey, to meet the look it had felt, yet avoided for so long. The two pairs of eyes held something strangely similar, as young Mike finally spoke.

"I stopped, Mister, well, yer knows, it's this wy—this 'ere lot' as *nothink*, and I sez, Mike, I sez, it's up to yew to give 'em a chawnst!"

"A chance to be better men and women, do you mean?"

“I dunno, that’s *religion*, ain’t it, same as they gets at the Sunday School? I s’pose it’s somethink like, but my way ain’t got no one hangin’ on a cross, nor no Howly Mary, though the Irish gels, they do beg me to dror ’er in, wiv a blew shawl on her ’ead; I drors the picshurs I sees for ’em, to make coves stop drinkin’ and swearin’ and ’urtin’ the wimmen and kids. I sez, if Gawd, I sez, wot made them things wot I sees, made men and wimmen, it’s likely as ’E meant them to be bewtiful too; and so I shows ’em bewtiful fings and gives ’em a chawnst. See, Guv’nor, they ain’t never ’ad no chawnst!”

The Stranger stooped still lower and the faint chill sunshine touched both figures with a pale radiance as he spoke.

“Thank you, young Mike, you have guessed rightly. God means men and women to be beautiful, and it is in the world as He has made it that they, each one of them, shall find his chance. Farewell for a time, little Brother!”

E. M. Green

THEOSOPHY AND POLITICS

A CRY FROM UTAH

By F. C. ADNEY

MAY an obscure new member say six words in the absorbing "Theosophy and Politics" series now racing through THE THEOSOPHIST?

It is first desired to offer a brightly variegated nosegay to Mr. Van Manen, a nosegay of tulips. I too am Dutch; that is, French and Dutch; an American amalgam. The offering is a token of gratitude and admiration for a nimble, sprightly, genial Dutchman. We are not like that; but of course we are melting-pot Dutch.

Personally I had been one of the blissful drifters, if indeed I had not been actually ostrichy. We Dutch in America are usually so nearly perfectly impervious that the head-hiding stunt is superfluous. Having accepted, however, with considerable difficulty, Mr. Van Manen's invitation to think, I found myself quite unable to stop until some of the fruits of the process had been made manifest on the typewriter plane.

The big front of his problem, *i.e.*, the complete meaning and ultimate use in the world of the T. S., seems quite beyond the grasp of the everyday thinker. Did some one suggest leaving it up on the mountain top with the Masters? The inadequacy of Lower Manas is quite distinctly hinted by the logician who, wishing to keep T. S. strictly OUT, suggests rather outworn IN methods. In America at least the practice usually ticketed "Public Spirit" is *sentant le rance*.

And the attitude of individual members toward politics seems to trouble no one, not even our

superiors. Since they do not seek to constrain or restrain, it seems a shade presumptuous for those who "centre" in astral or manasic matter to contemplate dictation to a buddhic or border-nirvāṇic consciousness.

The difficulty concerning the manifesto of our Founders might be much modified by the use of that quality which in the States is elegantly termed gump-tion. If the matter is very complex we are too uncultured to see it. In order to "mingle" over here one must commit some overt act—at the very least toss a hat into a bonfire. When, for example, Mr. Woodrow Wilson was writing rather academic essays and delivering sundry addresses on politics and economics, we did not consider that he was mingling in politics. When he became a nominee for the governorship of New Jersey, the country got a hunch that he meant to mingle. He is a Princeton man and he has continued to mingle, but not "as such". More weight may be attached to his opinion by some, less by others, because he is a Princeton man; nevertheless, Princeton is not involved. Now, if while President of the United States, he had the time, the ability and the inclination to edit a daily paper, neither the Democratic party nor the Nation would consider itself implicated, as might be thoroughly manifested at the following Presidential election.

The application is clear. How it is possible to do mental acrobatics around those simple words "mingle" and "as such" puzzles one who is neither a trained nor a natural contortionist.

Desiring to be as impersonal as Mr. Van Manen⁸ wished to be, I confess that *j' ai poussé un cri de stupéfaction* over the statement, from a Theosophist, that one could not change his skin. Indeed, if one cannot change

his skin it will be done perfectly for him. Mine was several times stripped off in tatters, to grow back sectionally, as time and circumstances ordained; but the whole hide sloughed away easily and naturally as I bathed in the Light of the Divine Wisdom. Perhaps some Theosophists have not yet shed. Others may be in the case of the central figure in the child's tale, "What Mr. Toad Did With His Old Suit". He kept a careless eye upon it until the last witness had disappeared. Then he swallowed it.

And if Mrs. Besant has given wounds from the Watch-Tower they are but skin-deep and negligible the world over. It is unthinkable that she would want to hurt; but if she did, from her altitude she could not get our range. Our range, however, is quite clearly indicated by the distorted idea that she talks Empire for Britain because she happens to be wearing an English body. Does anyone imagine that she sees America as the site for the sixth sub-race because some Americans are descendants of the English. The one supposition seems about as reasonable as the other. The obvious truth is, Mrs. Besant, being developed, sees; and she speaks and writes in order to help us become more efficient and worthy agents. And why should there be an attempt to mew her up in her Ivory Tower when, by an occasional descent, she is able to give such a gigantic hoist to the groundlings? The alliterative example of Plato and Pericles seems rather wide the mark. Pericles, perhaps, would never have been much of a philosopher; but had Plato lived through a special world crisis he might possibly have so hastened his evolution as to have grown big enough to combine statesmanship and philosophy. If Mrs. Besant were to

engage in lower matters only, we might indeed seek the sackcloth; but happily she is no less a bearer of the great white Light because she so holds it that some of its rays filter through the dust and smoke stratas and light civic affairs.

If then we become content to allow Mrs. Besant the same freedom in her own activities which she invariably and courteously accords each one of us, what of the MENACE looming in the future?

When first I drove an automobile I was the quaking prey of torturing anxieties. Whenever an obstacle was sighted, and long before I could tell whether it was coming or going, I borrowed trouble. Would it be encountered on a narrow stretch, I wondered, which would force me either to risk a ditching or else overheat my engine by crawling along behind? Would a sudden colt jump out at the unpsychological moment and upset us, breaking his legs the while? Would a third horse, tied long at the side, plunge up and paw out the wind-break or at least tear off a lamp, even if I succeeded in saving the car?

None of the dreaded things happened. Often the course of the obstacle chanced to be down a converging by-way. A reasonable amount of oil with plenty of power and a little discretion has always proved adequate for all the exigencies of the road. One learns not to race ahead to meet troubles; they so frequently turn off. Above all it is unwise to throw on the brakes with the engine running full speed just to see if the brakes are working.

Let us not be among the many who have tended to make Mrs. Besant realise the truth of Rodin's statement: "One cannot, with impunity, benefit mankind."

F. C. Adney

THE ROUND TABLE

THIS useful organisation for training young boys and girls to lead a noble life themselves, and to help those around them, is doing remarkably good work in Australia. The Senior Knight of Australia has just sent in his report of the last year's work, and it is a notable example of useful service rendered by the young; those who thus learn to do unselfish work in boyhood and girlhood, will prove good servants of their Nation when they reach maturity. The Senior Knight says:

“Once again I have the pleasure of reporting good progress in the Order in Australia. During the year four new Tables have been formed (one in Brisbane, one in Launceston, Tasmania, one in Melbourne, and one in Murwillumbah, New South Wales), our membership list, after allowing for resignations, showing a net increase of 37 Associates and Companions and 4 Knights, making a present total of 241 (*i.e.*, 23 Knights, and 218 Associates and Companions) all pledged to the King's service, and ever striving to give help and encouragement in His Name.

“In Adelaide the four Tables have combined in work for the Creche, the Free Kindergarten, the Children's Hospital and a Home for weak-minded children; large parcels of toys, sweets, etc., being sent to the latter for the Christmas Tree last year, while a Concert was organised to raise funds on behalf of the three former Institutions. Assistance has also been given to the local T. S. Lodge, in securing funds for its new building, and since the outbreak of the war in Europe much work has been done for the Red Cross Society.

“In Brisbane the six Tables in unison have continued to support a Cot at the Sanatorium for sick children; and have also given a most successful dramatic entertainment in which all the items were rendered by members of the Order. The net receipts amounted to £12 12s. 0d., which sum has been made the nucleus of a fund for the Annie Besant Children's Library, to be established in honour of our revered Protector's birthday in connection with a children's public playground, now being formed; a further sum of £7 10s. 0d., has also been collected

towards the cost of erecting a library building. One table continues also to assist the Society for Protection from Cruelty, again donating two prizes for the best essays on that subject, and assisting in the collection of funds. Another continues with Braille work, having, with the assistance of a friend, supplied the Blind Institution with copies of *At the Feet of the Master* and *To Those who Mourn*, besides distributing many of these pamphlets. A third Table has made many garments for friendless old ladies, while a fourth, besides distributing many copies of *To Those who Mourn* has especially assisted in the work of the Creche, the Free Kindergarten, and the local T. S. Lodge.

“In Perth the two Tables assisted by the Fremantle Table, organised a Christmas Tree, at which gifts and refreshments were provided for 100 poor children, who thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment prepared for them. A box of toys was also sent to the Waifs’ Home, together with 12 warm suits of boys’ clothing.

“The Fremantle Table has again worked for the T. S. Lodge by cleaning the room, decorating it with flowers, and attending to the library, besides assisting the Perth Tables with a Christmas entertainment for poor children.

“In Melbourne the five Tables continue the beneficent work of sending sick lads to the country, 33 boys having thus been given an average of 25 days’ holiday, during the year, at a cost of £60. The Ministering Children’s League which passes on many of these lads, as being over nine years of age, and so too old for its Cottage by the Sea, in grateful recognition of the assistance rendered has made a donation of £10, and promises, for the future to donate 10s. for each lad thus passed on to the Order. Several friends and sympathisers also give assistance, as occasion requires.

“In December last, a Christmas Tree and entertainment with gifts and refreshments were again provided for, and greatly enjoyed by, the lads and their friends, to the number of 120 or more, while in commemoration of our beloved Protector’s birthday, a fine set of book-shelves and dozens of little articles of clothing (all the work of our members’ own hands) were presented in her name to the Free Kindergarten and Creche. One Table has also provided one poor child with all necessary clothing for the year. Another has devoted

most of its time and energy to the support of the Blue Bird Club, which concerns itself chiefly with the welfare of girls and women employed in business, and of which the membership has risen to 140, partly as a result of many favourable notices of its work in the press. A third Table has taken up Braille writing, and is engaged in supplying the Blind Institution with copies of *At the Feet of the Master* and *Theosophy* (The Peoples' Books series).

"In Sydney the three Tables have paid special attention to Theosophical and kindred activities, having donated £10, to *The Herald of the Star* besides helping in the work of the Order of the Star in the East, doing clerical work for the Sydney T. S. Lodge, and making themselves generally useful at meetings and lectures. One Table has also continued to clothe a child at the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

"Taking advantage last Easter of the Annual Convention of the Australian Section of the T. S. being held in Hobart, Tasmania, an endeavour was made to interest some of the Tasmanian delegates in the work of the Round Table, with the result that 5 Companions were formally initiated into the Order, leading to the recent formation of a Table of 6 companions and Associates in Launceston, with a nucleus of 3 members in Hobart, meeting together regularly once a month.

"After a little correspondence a Table of 6 Companions and Associates has also just been formed in Murwillumbah, New South Wales, this being the first Table to be established in a country district, quite away from the large centres of population. The first issue of a Round Table Year-Book has met with a very cordial reception at the hands of members generally, and has also received words of high praise from some who are quite outside the Order, but who appreciate the value of its altruistic work. The artistic appearance of the Year-Book, together with the inspiring nature of its contents, reflects great credit on all those responsible for its production.

"We rejoice at the signs of the ever-widening influence of the high and noble ideals of our Order, and give heartiest greetings to all our fellow Knights, Companions and Associates, throughout the World, hoping that we may, one and all, prove worthy of our place in the King's service."

HOSPITAL WORK IN FRANCE

THE Red Cross Work started by the British General Secretary and some English F.T.S. has increased and developed in the most astonishing manner, with the result that no less than four hospitals are now in full working order, to say nothing of help that has been given to other hospitals not directly connected with the Haden Guest organisation. Paris, Limoges, Nevers and Calais are the four French towns which have been supplied with a hospital unit. Of the *Ambulance* at the Hotel Majestic in Paris, something has already been said in these pages—here the wounded soldiers are cared for in large airy rooms, which in times of peace form the restaurants of one of the finest hotels in Paris. But at Limoges the party of doctors and nurses who went there early in October did not find preparations all ready made for them; on the contrary they had to set to work and do some days of hard scrubbing before the rooms in a museum destined for the reception of “*les blesses*” were considered fit to use. Personal comforts, the luxury of baths or even of hot water, had to be dispensed with until things were got into order, but the brave little band of pioneers (among whom were some half-dozen English F.T.S.) worked night and day, and before long they were sufficiently prepared to be able to receive the eighty patients who were offered to them. They have two hundred beds, and at the time of writing they are filling up fast.

Nevers was the next Hospital set on foot, and here the preliminary work was done, under Dr. Armstrong Smith's guidance, by a French F.T.S., Mlle. Senard, who displayed a perfect genius for organisation, and who with four or five fellow workers has converted a new *Atelier* belonging to the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway Company into a nice hospital with upwards of one hundred beds. The enthusiasm of the workers seems to have infected the whole neighbourhood, so

that all Nevers is willing and proud to lend a hand in furthering the hospital, and the General of the District has expressed his very cordial approval of the undertaking.

An amusing little incident which occurred during the house-furnishing gives one some idea both of the friendliness of the neighbourhood and the resourcefulness of the workers. Chairs were required—a large quantity for a hospital of a hundred beds. Where were they to come from? It seemed waste of money to our friends to buy them, so some one proposed that two of the party should make a visiting tour round the town, and ask each of the good townfolk to provide one chair for the hospital to be started in their midst. The idea caught on, and soon afterwards an English lady was to be seen driving through Nevers an old cart-horse and wagon in which were piled up chairs of all sorts and sizes for the use of the *Hopital Militaire Anglais*.

The workers at Nevers live in three little cottages which surround the hospital, where vegetarians and non-vegetarians can be catered for, as they prefer. One circumstance more we must mention, for of this our Nevers friends are very proud—thanks to the kindly help and co-operation of the Railway Company the trucks conveying the wounded will be run right up to the door of the Hospital, and thus the extra pain and fatigue of conveyance from the station to the Hospital will be avoided.

The other Hospital which owes its existence to the initiative and despatch of the English General Secretary is one at Calais. Inquiries had led to the discovery that help for the wounded was badly needed in this seaport, and funds to the amount of £14,000 being provided at this moment by the "Baltic and Corn Exchange" in London, it was decided to despatch a unit there immediately. On a certain Saturday in October the urgent need of Calais was made known, and within forty-eight hours, forty nurses, five surgeons, two ambulances and two motor-cars were—with the friendly co-operation of the War Office—landed in the place. The situation was saved! And Lord Knutsford, who made a visit of inspection, wrote to *The Times* that the arrangements were "amazingly perfect".

Readers of THE THEOSOPHIST may like to know what is the official position of the Hospitals which are being run by the Haden Guest Hospital Fund. Dr. Guest himself has been appointed by the British Red Cross Society as *Commissioner* and a member of the Anglo-French Committee mentioned in the following extract from *The Times*.

ANGLO-FRENCH HOSPITALS

“ A Committee has been formed to co-ordinate the many offers of British help to the French sick and wounded. It will deal with the establishment of Anglo-French hospitals under the British Red Cross Society and S. John Ambulance Association. Each hospital, as mobilised, will be established at such place as the French Minister of War may designate. The scheme has been submitted to the French Ambassador, who has signified his approval and expressed his thanks.

The committee will consist of :

The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P. (Chairman, Joint Committee, British Red Cross Society and S. John Ambulance.)

The Rt. Hon. Sir Claude Macdonald, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
Sir Henry Norman, M.P.

Dr. Guest.

Dr. Wm. Butler (Deputy-Medical Officer of Health L.C.C.)

The Medical Department of the War Office has approved the scheme, and all offers of personal help to the French wounded should be addressed to the French Hospital Committee, 83 Pall Mall, London, S.W.”

The above-mentioned Committee has since been enlarged, and now counts among its members two British Ambassadors (recalled because of the War) the wife of a well-known Statesman and Philanthropist—appointed by Queen Mary, and other prominent members of English Society.

As regards our Commissioner's position in France, we need only say that during an interview with the French Minister of War, at Bordeaux, Dr. Guest was given what one might perhaps term a “ roving Commission ” to inspect several of the

famous *chateaux* and colleges in different parts of France with a view to ascertaining their suitability as hospitals for wounded soldiers.

One very interesting feature of all this is that it may lead to a much greater co-ordination of efforts, made for the relief of suffering and the amelioration of conditions, by many different Societies in France and England. Who knows if we may not within a few months see instead of a "French Red Cross," and a "British Red Cross," and a "S. John's Ambulance," and a "*Secours des Blessés*," and all the countless organisations that exist in each country for the relief of our wounded soldiers—one great International Society in which distinctions of nationality are merged in the united effort to help and tend all the sufferers in the allied armies?

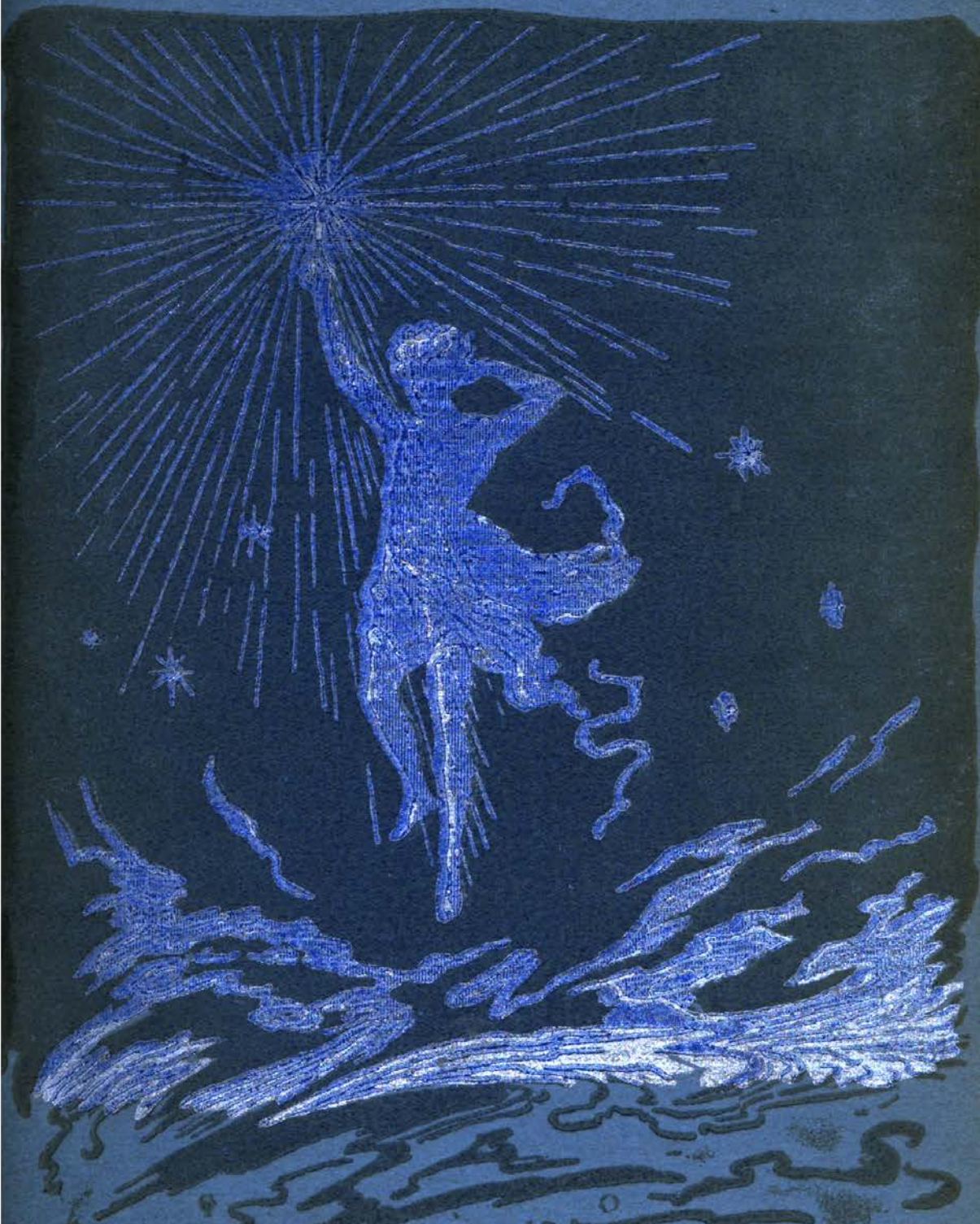
Do some of us dream yet bigger things? Do we dream of a time when our present "enemies" shall work also with us to provide relief for their men wounded in our country, and for soldiers of the allied armies who may be wounded in Germany or Austria? Is such a thing impossible? To the Theosophist surely not; for to him all men are brothers, however much the action of the time may set them against each other on the outer planes; and when the horrors of warfare have brought our enemies wounded to our doors, what thought can we have, but that here is a suffering tortured body through which a brother man calls out to us for aid?

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

VERY awful is the terrible struggle now waging over Europe and extending into Asia and Africa—three continents being stained with human blood. The fearful toll of the best and bravest youth of the Nations, of men also in the prime of vigorous manhood, makes one look forward to the days when the War will be over, and when millions of men, who should have been fathers, will have passed away from our earth. Who will man the factories, and till the earth, and carry on the commerce of the Nations? It seems as though the ranks of men from 20 to 50 will be desperately thinned.

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It is a heavy price to pay, and yet well paid. Comparing the France of 1870 with the France of to-day, how vast is the difference. Nothing more steadfastly heroic, more enduring, more self-controlled, has ever been seen than the soldiers of France. They have always been gallant fighters, full of dash and brilliance, but now they seem to have added British doggedness and patience to their own splendid qualities. Even the cruelties of the Germans, perpetrated on their

helpless countrymen and countrywomen, have not goaded them into unwisdom. And how brave and capable are the women, taking their share of the trouble and the danger, and slipping quietly along the trenches with coffee and fruit for the wearied troops, bright and gay as the Frenchwoman always is. France has regained her old idealism, and therein lies her strength. She has redeemed her deep plunge into materialism by the splendour of her resurrection, a resurrection in which Theosophy has played so brilliant a part. She has chosen sacrifice and suffering, the devastation of her lands and the murdering of her patient and laborious peasantry, rather than make terms with the Power which symbolises to-day all that is most opposed to Right, to Justice, and to Liberty. Cast into the furnace of agony, she comes out pure gold.

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The T. S. in England and Wales continues to do very well in the aid rendered to those suffering from distress caused by the War. Mr. and Mrs. Whyte are back from their ambulance work, with much new experience for growth in knowledge and usefulness. A pleasant Christmas gift of sweets to the Indian soldiers was sent out with a card attached to each packet, £83 having been collected for the purpose by Miss Hall of Cheltenham. Birmingham has been sending out mufflers, warm head-gear and socks—always socks, of which an illimitable supply is needed. Folkestone has usefully turned its Lodge into a club for Non-Commissioned Officers, and is giving them free tuition in French, ready for the front; and there is also constituted a Bureau for placing Belgian refugees. A Folkestone member has a large club for Belgian women

and children, and a playroom for the latter, with rocking-horses and toys: it was touching, a letter says, to see the joy of the children on S. Nicolas Day to find that S. Nicolas came over to England to look after them. Efforts are being made to teach the women to make some of the things hitherto obtained from Germany, such as dolls. With an admirably prompt initiative, a Maternity Home was opened at once on the arrival of the refugees, a house taken and furnished in one day—on October 9th-10th—and the first baby was born that evening. Soon four houses had been taken, and all are full. How intense must have been the relief and gratitude of these exiled women in their sorest need, to find opened for them a literal home of refuge, out of the cold misery of steamer and street. Some thirty babes were born there up to the first ten days of December, and all were healthy and strong, save one still-born child. Now the Belgian Relief Committee have taken the Homes over, and they fit into the general scheme. The Lodge has temporarily lost many of its members, military men called either to special work, or gone to the front. One of the latter, Captain I. E. S. Woodman, was mentioned in Sir John French's dispatch of October 8th, and has been given the D.S.O. for leading a gallant attack and then defending the post captured. He wrote to the Lodge for THE THEOSOPHIST and *Vāhan*, and for any reports of lectures, to fill up the weary moments of waiting in the trenches.

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As another line of usefulness comes the Brotherhood of Arts, Crafts and Industries, which is trying to help the many artists thrown out of work by the War. It has formed a strong War Service Committee,

with the double object of helping the artists who are thrown out of employment, and also of lightening the depression which is apt to spread over the poorer people, under the tension of anxiety and the loss of their bread-winners. The Committee says :

A scheme has been inaugurated to arrange first-rate entertainments at various centres in poor districts in London and the provinces. It is universally agreed that the best music, when performed by the best artists, is warmly appreciated in such districts. As it is proposed to add to judiciously selected musical programmes, traditional and other story-telling, Folk singing and dancing, and other forms of national recreation, the War Service Entertainments should prove very attractive.

Some of the leading artists in London are helping, as is Mr. G. B. Havell, while Mr. George Lansbury is eager to carry music and brightness to the very poor, among whom he is ever working. Concerts are arranged at Bow, Bromley, Canning Town, City Road—in the dreary grey places where the workers of the great city live.

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A cable comes to tell of the opening of the Theosophical School in Letchworth Garden City—a quiet piece of work for the future in the midst of the War turmoil. Miss Hope Rea and Mrs. Sidney Ransom are there the heart of the movement, the first offshoot of the Theosophical Educational Trust outside India, though we have a fine piece of land in the south of England, where a school may one day be built. Two of our Girls' Schools here, one at Kumbhakonam and one at Madura, are going forward very well ; Miss Parsons, who has been an Inspector under the Education Department here and is now pensioned, has taken charge of the first named ; and Miss Kühr, also a pensioned head mistress, goes shortly to the second. We are fortunate in having

such competent trained workers, who are also good and devoted Theosophists.

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I see that the Americans are going to hold their Panama Exposition this year, although few visitors are likely to go thither from the storm-swept countries of Europe. All our plans for a strong Asian contingent are shattered, for people have neither the money nor the will to travel. All thoughts are full of the War, and matters that do not bear on it win scant attention. For verily the lands are cast into the melting-pot, and none knows what may be the outpouring. Until the struggle is over, the tension is too great to turn to the ordinary affairs of life. The United States, in her safe distance from the storm of battle, may go on her peaceful way, holding Exhibitions and the like, while her sister Nations are writhing in the agony of struggle. One cannot but wonder if this isolation be not somewhat selfish, somewhat harshly indifferent, a lotus-eating in a garden of peace, while the battle storms and shrieks on the other side of the wall. How will her quiescence work on her future status among the Nations ?

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There are some voices heard, we learn from *Current Opinion*, on the far side of the Atlantic, which are sounding a doubtful note. Says the author, John Jay Chapman :

Is the United States, after signing treaties with Germany which were to protect the rights of small nations, going to stand aside while the small nations are eaten up? We so stand to-day. Bombs thrown upon innocent women and children in Antwerp do not move us from our position of dignified neutrality. The destruction of Louvain does not move us. The violation of the treaties signed by the Germans at The Hague with us does not move us. I say, then, may God raise up

some other neutral nation that will protest in a manly way against these things. It is not size that counts, but courage.

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William Gardner Hale, LL.D., speaks equally strongly; the United States has declared with 43 other States, that "the territory of neutral Powers is inviolable".

When, then, Germany broke the law, her act did not concern England, France, Belgium and herself alone, it concerned us. It was not merely a shameful act toward a brave but weak State, it was an offence to us. And we learned by it that Germany considered not merely her treaty with England, Belgium and France a "scrap of paper," in the illuminating words of her Chancellor, but a treaty made between us and her, with other Powers, merely another scrap of paper. . . . This is no small quarrel, the fate of the world hangs upon it. That which we should some day do, we should do now—should have done already.

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Theodore Roosevelt takes up a similar parable :

It is quite indefensible to make agreements and not live up to them. The climax of absurdity is for any administration to do what the present administration during the past three months has done. Mr. Wilson's administration has shirked the duty plainly imposed on it by the obligations of the conventions already entered into; and at the same time it has sought to obtain cheap credit by entering into a couple of score of new treaties infinitely more drastic than the old ones, and quite impossible of honest fulfilment.

When the Belgian people complained of violations of the Hague Tribunal, it was a mockery, it was a timid and unworthy abandonment of duty on our part, for President Wilson to refer them back to the Hague Court, when he knew that the Hague Court was less than a shadow, unless the United States by doing its clear duty gave the Hague Court some substance. . . . The extent to which the action should go may properly be a subject for discussion. But that there should be some action is beyond discussion; unless, indeed, we ourselves are content to take the view that treaties, conventions, and international engagements and agreements of all kinds are to be treated by us and by everybody else as what they have been authoritatively declared to be, "scraps of paper," the writing on which is intended for no better purpose than temporarily to amuse the feeble-minded.

The States are practically consenting to the fatal doctrine that treaties have no binding force when they

become inconvenient. The peace of the world, if that doctrine be accepted, will thenceforth have no defence, and neutrality will be a meaningless word.

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Some, however, take the other side. President Butler, of the Columbia University, prides himself on the fact that the warring Nations wish to gain the good opinion of the United States. He says :

They can have been induced by nothing save their conviction that we are the possessors of sound political ideals and a great moral force. In other words, they do not want us to fight for them, but they do want us to approve of them. They want us to pass judgment upon the humanity and the legality of their acts, because they feel that our judgment will be the judgment of history. . . .

As a nation we have kept our word when sorely tempted to break it. We made Cuba independent, we have not exploited the Philippines, we have stood by our word as to Panama Canal tolls. In consequence we are the first moral power in the world to-day.

Germany's wish for the good opinion of the States had far more to do with copper than with morality, we fancy. *The New York World* thinks that the United States will play a dazzling part by becoming an arbiter :

As a nation we never were in a situation where our policy was more easy, more obvious, more honorable or more brilliant.

The war situation looks less and less like a decisive victory on either side ; more and more like a military dead-lock, which could only be terminated by the utter financial and industrial prostration of one side or the other. But a war fought out to such a conclusion would be little less disastrous to the winners than to the losers. Such a situation, the fear of such a termination, tend peculiarly to the triumph of American mediation. But the essential requisite of a mediator is neutrality. Neither side will subject itself to the offices of a nation which has put itself on record as hostile.

Our nation is blessed with the almost unbelievable opportunity of acting, when the time is ripe, as arbiter of peace for a world at war, of winning the dazzling predominance and prestige which such an achievement would carry with it.

It is difficult to see where the dazzle comes in. The policy seems more selfish than noble. And is it likely that the proud countries of Europe will admit as counsellor a Nation which looks on at their fearful struggle with folded arms? Why should a land that bore no part of the agony, presume to speak when the clash of swords is over? Will it not be treated with disregard, as are the pleadings of the Pope? The war-stained Powers will hardly feel friendly when America steps in, calm and spotless, to adjudge the spoil of War.

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Has not one of her own poets declared that, from time to time, there comes to Nations, as to men, the great Day of Decision, when the stupendous choice has to be made that shapes the life for many days to come? Such a choice is before the Nations now, when Right and Wrong are battling for the mastery, and when the future of the world is hanging in the balance. To declare now for the binding force of treaties, for the safety of small Nations, for public honour, for humanity to non-combatants, for liberty of development—this is to be champion of civilisation against barbarism, to take part in the preparation for the higher Social Order that shall replace the era now setting in blood. Into this Order Asia is stepping, side by side with Europe, in the persons of India and Japan. Shall the great Republic of the West stand aside, and only step in to arbitrate when victory is declared on the side of Right? No arbitration will then be necessary, for arbitration is between parties neither of whom is victorious, neither of whom is definitely conquered. And in this struggle, the Allies have declared that they will not hold their hands, until the menace of German militarism is destroyed.



NIETZSCHE

By M. MATTHEWS

NOW that Nietzsche is being so much discussed, some thinking that his influence on German thought has been one of the main causes leading to the War, it may be as well to inquire into this assertion, to find what really were his views—the position he occupies in the world of thought.

In my own opinion he was one of the most clear-sighted thinkers of the day. He was indeed iconoclastic; "I am not a man, I am dynamite," he said; but his life-work was to help to free the soul from illusions, and illuminate humanity. Even if one does not agree with him, he is certainly a stimulus to clear thinking, and a tonic against mere flabby sentimentality. He was the great critic of moral values, wishing us to look into the

foundation of our beliefs, to re-value everything. He was opposed to all absolutism, not believing in a world of fixed, eternal truths—"truth is not to be discovered but created," he says. To him there was only the Ever-Becoming, and concepts such as Truth, Beauty, the Good, were only valuable to him as ideals by means of which the world will attain to greater heights—the great World-Will showing forth as the Will to Power.

He was the great opponent of an absolute morality, of a moral code given once for all to humanity by divine authority. He did not believe in an absolute Good or Evil; but only in good and bad in regard to particular ends. "Only he who knoweth whither he saileth knoweth which is his fair wind and which is his foul wind"—conventional morality to him being that which best suits the community that invents it; but what is thought harmful at one time often becomes helpful later on, the criminal now becoming the saviour of a future, wiser stage. These are some of his aphorisms relating to good and evil:

What is good? All that increases the feeling of power, will to power, power itself, in man.

What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness.

That *your* self be in your action as a mother is in the child, that shall be for me *your* word of virtue.

What is done from love is always done "beyond good and evil".

Nothing prohibited—except weakness.

Christianity he repudiated as tending to cultivate all that is mediocre, as leading to weakness, division in the nature, the sense of sin, weariness of life. He thought the Christian ideal did not make for the higher type of man, being opposed to fulness of life, to aristocratic morality, which is characterised by the desire to

pour out life, prodigality, ecstasy, gaiety, spontaneity. He wished to protest against the laborious heaviness of many good people. "What is good is easy; everything divine runs with light feet," he says. He seemed to think that Christians had misunderstood the teaching of Jesus, who had said he came to bring life and bring it more abundantly; but Christianity came to exalt the suffering rather than the joyful Christ, holding up ideals contrary to Life, and so, he thought, became a hindrance to man's development.

But he had before him always the ideal of human evolution. The conventional, what he called slave, morality was for the herd, but for the more enlightened souls a higher path. He considered that by developing the powers within one, by cultivating one's own individuality, one was doing better in the long run for human development than by mere "altruism". He says: "Let us not think so much of punishing, blaming or improving people. Let us endeavour rather that our influence over the future be greater than theirs." He had before him the mystic vision of the Superman, a stage of evolution beyond the human, which we should strive to bring about. In his *Zarathustra* he speaks of the three metamorphoses of the Spirit, the camel, the lion, and the child—the Superman corresponding to the last, the divine stage. He says that:

Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss. A dangerous crossing, a dangerous wayfaring, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and halting.

Intellectual honesty and moral courage were Nietzsche's strong points, and he laid great stress on fidelity, endurance, hardness to oneself, self-discipline—"He who cannot command himself shall obey". His

was a philosophy of strength and courage. In his *Will to Power* he says:

It is no small advantage to have a hundred swords of Damocles hanging over one; that way one learns to dance, and so one achieves freedom of movement.

And this brings one to his views on war. Nietzsche seemed to think that war was only a remedy for purifying the State when nations were growing weak, clinging to life and unable to sacrifice it—when the Money-Ideal was too prominent. A characteristic utterance of his on the subject is:

Against the deviation of the State-Ideal into a Money-Ideal. . . the only remedy is war, and once again war, in the emotions of which this at least becomes obvious, that the State is not founded upon the fear of the war demon as a protective institution for egoistic individuals, but that in love to fatherland and prince it produces an ethical impulse indicative of a much higher destiny!

✓ But mean war for acquiring territory he would never have upheld. He was of Polish descent, and had not the slightest sympathy with German ideals, even saying that “wherever Germany spreads, she ruins culture”. He hated narrow national ideals, being cosmopolitan, calling himself and all large-minded souls good “Europeans”. His remarks on a “United Europe” which he advocated, are very instructive. I quote some passages:

This ridiculous condition of Europe must not last any longer. Is there a single idea behind this bovine nationalism? ✓ What positive value can there be in encouraging this arrogant self-conceit when everything to-day points to greater and more common interests?—at a moment when the spiritual dependence and denationalisation, which are obvious to all, are paving the way for the reciprocal *rapprochements* and fertilisations which make up the real value and sense of present-day culture? The economic unity of Europe must come.

Owing to the morbid estrangement which the nationality-craze has induced and still induces among the nations of Europe, owing also to the short-sighted and hasty-handed politicians who, with the help of this craze, are at present in power, and do not suspect to what extent the disintegrating policy they pursue must necessarily be only an interlude policy—owing to all this, and much else that is altogether unmentionable at present, the most unmistakable signs that Europe wishes to be one are now overlooked or arbitrarily and falsely misinterpreted.

It seems to me that Nietzsche has been misunderstood, his teaching having been taken in a material way by many, instead of spiritually. He appears to me to have been a warrior of the intellect, championing a higher wisdom than the ordinary man knows of; and the struggles of his ardent, sensitive Spirit against the stupidities of this most imperfect world finally wore him out, causing that highly-strung brain to lose its balance, the end being darkness and tragedy—but not before he had accomplished a vast amount in order to liberate the soul of man.

M. Matthews

APPERCEPTION IN EDUCATION

By SYED MAHOMED HAFIZ, B.A., L.T.

Theosophical School, Cawnpore

Then if I am right, certain professors of education must be wrong when they say that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like sight into blind eyes, whereas, our agreement shows that the power and capacity of learning are existing in the soul already; and just as the eye was unable to turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too the instrument of knowledge can only by the movement of the whole soul be turned from the world of becoming into that of being, and learn by degrees to endure the sight of being and of the brightest and best of being or of the good. . . . And must there not be some art which will effect conversion in the easiest and quickest manner, not implanting the faculty of sight, which exists already?

THUS spoke the great philosopher-educationist of the Greeks in the fourth century B. C. These words are so pregnant with meaning and are the outcome of so true an insight into the workings of the human mind that pedagogues, after the lapse of about 2,400 years, cannot but re-echo the same. In the phraseology of modern psychology, this teaching of Plato may be summed up as follows: Every mental act complete in itself, though seemingly an isolated entity, is in reality only a portion, and not infrequently an exceedingly small portion, of a large scheme of mental contents; and the aim of the teacher ought to be to guide this natural linking of the new acquisitions to the old accumulations in the right direction. Let us first describe and

illustrate this psychological process and then turn to its pedagogical application.

The process is known to the psychologist as "apperception"—a term, by the way, introduced by Herbart. This term, like so many other philosophical terms has had very different meanings in the history of philosophy. "Conception," "thought" and "interpretation" have one after another been proposed as its synonyms. But it is not in any of these senses that it is taken here. G. H. Lewis' term "assimilation" seems to be the best substitute. "Apperceiving mass" stands for the learner's entire psychostatical life—his character, habits, and stock of ideas—the sum total of all that is already in the mind; and the in-coming ideas and sensations are said to be apperceived by these masses. It is almost obvious that the scope of apperception is as wide as that of consciousness itself. It comprehends the domains of cognition, feeling, and volition alike. Every one of us carries with him a permanent group of ideas and volitions, passions and prejudices, opinions and views, likes and dislikes, that relate to his own interests. And his profession or calling can be at once discovered by putting to him any question that would elicit from him his most intimate interests of life. Professor Steinhall narrates an anecdote that illustrates this. A gentleman travelling in a railway carriage undertook to tell his fellow passengers—five in number—their pursuits, if they only answered an entirely disconnected question. He gave each of them the following question on separate pieces of paper: "What being destroys what it has itself brought forth?" All of them gave him different answers, namely: "Vital force"; "War"; "Kosmos"; "Revolution"; and "Boar". Therefore he

turned to them and said to the first: "You are a scientist"; to the second: "You are a soldier"; to the third: "You are a philologist"; to the fourth: "You are a politician"; and to the fifth: "You are a farmer".

The point is this that every one gave out in his answer the first thing that occurred to him—that most closely related to him. This amusing anecdote clearly illustrates that every one of us has his own group of ideas about things in general, and that the mental content of every one of us, peculiar to him alone, and different from that of others, consists of masses or circles of knowledge through which we perceive every new object. In fact all processes of perception are essentially the processes of apperception; whenever we are said to perceive any thing we really apperceive it. The perception of a thing, say a book, when analysed is found to be nothing more than a process between the image of the present book before our eyes on the one hand, and those fused images and ideas of all the other books that we have previously seen—an assimilation, that is, of two factors of which one existed before the process and was a familiar possession of the mind (the cluster of ideas or concept), while the other has just begun to be presented to the mind and is the immediately supervening factor (the sense-impression); the former assimilates the latter, the latter is assimilated by the former. Out of this assimilation, combination, or fusion arises an apperception-product, which is the actual perception—the knowledge of the present sensed object as a book. The earlier factor is thus seen in relation to the later, active and *a priori*; the supervening fact is passive and *a posteriori*. And at last we may define apperception with Professor

Steinhall, as the movement of two masses of consciousness against each other so as to produce a cognition.

These remarks, however, are not to be taken to imply that apperceiving systems are separate, independent entities capable in themselves of existing, of apperceiving others and of being apperceived by others. To admit this is to acknowledge a disintegration of the unity of the individual mind, for which there is not the slightest warrant. Doubtless, a system of knowledge incorporates into itself new ideas every moment, but this it does not do in virtue of its own spontaneous activity or any auto-genetic power, but solely because the learner, the mind as a whole, the subject, takes in the concordant fact and puts it into its place in the system.

True, in every conscious entity we seem to be moved only by the present stimulus, the immediate object, and every other consideration seems to be excluded, but this is in fact a sort of delusion. We are constantly being driven to conscious activity by the comprehensive scheme of our entire mentality, which again, in its ultimate analysis, is nothing but an elaboration of the primordial instincts of self-preservation and reproduction. A tradesman is haggling with his customer over a petty bargain; a lover is scheming to meet his *fiancée*; a pensioner is consulting a railway time-table to reach the town where he gets his pension; a girl is rejoicing to have an opportunity of nursing her sister's baby. In all these cases our conscious activities seem to be aroused by the immediate volitions which alone are vividly present and which have eclipsed for the time being all other contents of consciousness. Yet we need not be a great psychologist to discover that the ultimate

motive of all these actions is to be traced back to the fear of want in the case of the tradesman and the pensioner, and to the craving for paternity and maternity in the remaining two cases. The ultimate motive—the primordial instincts of self-conservation and reproduction—though not in the focus of the present consciousness, is nevertheless the only potent and effective agency operating through the entire scheme of one's mentality.

Enough has been said on the psychological description and analysis of the process of apperception, now let us turn to its pedagogical significance.

We have seen above that all knowledge is knowledge apperceived. Keeping this in view it is hardly reasonable to insist that the teacher ought to be careful of the apperceiving link with the knowledge of his pupils. When everything does depend upon the ways of apperception and it is an impossibility to proceed otherwise, it seems singular to indulge in such commonplace maxims. The real thing is the right guidance of apperception. It is not only possible, but actually happens in the vast majority of cases, that knowledge may be acquired without educating the mind. Things are very often apperceived in such a way as does not enlarge the mind nor deepen the insight. The only important demand is therefore the right guidance of apperception. Accordingly the following pedagogical maxims are added that may perhaps be of some use to teachers.

1. *The first point of importance in this connection for the teacher is to see that the apperceptive processes of the learner should, as far as possible, be of such a nature as demand the latter's own effort and seeking.*

If a child is allowed to remain content with what he is told, a habit of mental indolence is sure to be formed, and he will never be able to find out new apperceptions for himself. If on the contrary, he is so guided as to be able to discover apperceptive relations, he will add to his mental equipment and enlarge his intellectual horizon, which after all is the chief aim of education.

2. Pupils should be so guided in the discovery of apperceptive relations as to ensure the minimum of disturbance to the apperceiving mass.

Every knowledge apperceived is *ex hypothesi* a new knowledge, but the degree of novelty should not be over much, or else it would be a painful experience for the learner. And once the idea of pain is associated with the acquisition of knowledge, a novice is sure to be discouraged and this is fatal to any advance or progress. Knowledge gained through the learner's own pleasure has a sort of spontaneity about it, which every knowledge derived otherwise lacks.

3. To prepare the learner's mind to receive new experiences under their proper head is another point for the teacher to note.

"Every new experience," says Professor James, "must be disposed of under some old head. The great point is to find the head which has to be least altered to take it in. Certain Polynesian natives, seeing horses for the first time called them pigs, that being the nearest head Hardly any one of us can make new heads easily when fresh experiences come. Most of us grow more and more enslaved to the stock concepts with which we have once become familiar, and less and less capable of assimilating

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impressions in any but the old ways. Old-fogeyism is, in short, the inevitable terminus to which life sweeps us on." The educator cannot pay too much attention to the counteracting of this insidious malady.

4. Teachers should avoid the imparting of instruction that is too recondite, or beyond the comprehension of their pupils. If the instruction given is beyond the mental capacity of the learner, that is to say, if he has no apperceiving mass to meet it with, it would be simply wasted. Endless though the number of stimuli being forced on the doors of our senses may be, they will not be absorbed at all, unless they have already something in the mind to be linked with. Hence also the wisdom of always proceeding from the direct to the indirect, from the simple to the complex and from the known to the unknown.

5. *Last, but not least, is the teacher's capacity to correct and improve upon the children's peculiar deficiencies or defects in every particular case.*

Experimental psychology has amply demonstrated that every class of school students may be classified into four types of apperceptual mentality. The first type repeats only what has been perceived. It refers to the objective analysis and may be called the *descriptive analytic* type. The second one interprets the apperceived situation by uniting, as far as possible, the parts into a whole process. It may be called the *synthetic* or *connecting* type. The third one leaves what is perceived and turns to stored up knowledge. This may be called the *erudite* or *conceptual* type. People of this class are very good scholars, but lack in observation and are never good scientists. The fourth one interprets the apperceived

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material by feelings and emotions. This may be called the *emotional* or *poetical* type.

Men of this class are highly imaginative but deficient in observation. They project their own subjective feelings into what they see and hear, and colour their own observations by their fantastic additions. The duty of every conscientious teacher is to try to overcome the one-sidedness of these types and to supplement each by the rest, but in no case to force his own apperceptive type on any of his pupils. Natural propensities are to be modified and corrected, but cannot be created anew or annihilated altogether. The significance of these types must be still more potent in the choice of a calling, or a profession, than in a school class, but the scope of the present paper is limited to the application of the doctrine of apperception in schools.

It is earnestly hoped that the above maxims may not be wholly unprofitable to some of those who aspire to the teacher's profession, but have had no chances of acquainting themselves with the workings of the human mind.

Syed Mahomed Hafiz

THE LOVE-FEAST

I listened to the strains of Love Divine ;
I followed Parsifal through mead and dale ;
I saw the Cup with crimson Healing glow ;
I drank the silvery sweetness of the Grail.

I thought I saw a table, spread anew,
Decked for the Holy Feast with linen white,
But, though there lacked not of the Sacred Bread,
Empty the Cup stood before every Knight.

There came to that fair Feast full many a one
Whose soul I knew through love in ages past ;
Each took his place, and I among the rest,
To offer thanks and share in that Repast.

Then wondered I how we should take the Feast
While empty stood the Cup before us all,
And, as I wondered, lo ! there came a Voice
Which did in strong and silvery accents call :

“ There was a time,” It said, “ when ye received
The Wine of Service from *My* Sacrifice ;
Ye are no longer children ; will ye shrink
With your own life-blood now to pay the price ? ”

Long silence fell. Then like a zephyr crept
Soft strains of whispering music thro' the hall ;
With one accord we rose, and all around
A silvery dazzling radiance seemed to fall.

With joined hands and souls upraised in Joy
We vowed a solemn vow, that we would give
All loves, all powers, all knighthood unto Him,
And in His Service ever wholly live.

And as that mighty promise left our lips,
A miracle was wrought before mine eyes ;
From every Knight there sped a crimson beam,
And, in the midst—the Holy Grail did rise.

Of iridescent rainbow-texture wrought,
So radiant was It that my sight grew dim :
I bowed my head—and lo ! before each Knight
His sacred Cup lay—sparkling to the brim !

F. GORDON PEARCE



SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *The Land of the Yellow Spring*,
Myths and Legends of Japan, *The Persian Mystics*, etc.)

THERE are certain incidents recorded in the Old Testament that make an irresistible appeal to the imagination, and such an incident was the coming of the Queen of Sheba from distant Arabia into Jerusalem to see the far-famed Solomon. Even legend, often so

ingenious in filling up gaps, tells us but little of this Eastern Queen prior to her romantic visit. All we know is that her court was magnificent, and that in her own country, at any rate, she worshipped the sun and moon. Now the sun and moon are all very well as objects of worship, so far as they go; but a Queen is a woman in spite of her royal ceremonials, and when we add to that all the full-blooded romance of the East, it is not surprising to find that Queen Balkis, during the course of her worship, began to wonder if even these luminaries were half as glorious as one by the name of Solomon. The moon waxed and waned. The sun went to rest in the evening; but it seemed from all accounts that Solomon was greater than these. His fame was on the increase. A story that seemed wonderful one day was eclipsed the next by a still more remarkable one. Words of wisdom that appeared to be the climax of human understanding in the morning were wiped out by an utterance in the evening that might have wrung jealousy from the Gods. Queen Balkis probably heard of the Temple Solomon had built to Jehovah and of his famous lion throne of gold and ivory. It may be that some woman of the Court had told her, a child, with great wondering eyes, of the beauty of Solomon, of how he had control over the winds, so that at his command they carried him through the air on his carpet or throne wherever he pleased, or again that the King of Wisdom understood the language of birds and beasts. Then, perhaps, a Court magician may have told the dark Eastern Queen of Solomon's ring inscribed with the mystical Holy Name, a ring that could perform strange wonders. Queen Balkis was no doubt thrilled by all these delightful stories. She would

go and see for herself, and thus satisfy a curiosity that must have grown daily as fresh tidings of Solomon reached her ears. It meant a very lengthy journey; but a woman will take a long journey to appease her curiosity.

When the Queen of Sheba was ready to set out upon her momentous expedition, there was a great gathering of camels loaded with bricks of gold, musk, ambergris, costly balsam, and precious stones, including an undrilled pearl of considerable size and exquisite colour, and onyx drilled with a crooked hole. Legend tells us that she sent in advance of her bright-robed escort a thousand boys and girls. How they must have laughed and sung and chatted as they swung through the great deserts, eagerly awaiting a glimpse of Jerusalem and all its wonders, a peep at a King whose pomp and circumstance were far greater than even the Kings of Tyre and Egypt! Night and day, as the great *cá*ra*v*an advanced, the hot air must have been sweetened with the perfumes of Araby. As the Queen of Sheba sat high upon her gorgeously caparisoned camel, it seems within the bounds of reason to infer that her visit was not solely due to curiosity, nor entirely to sound the wisdom of Solomon, nor to see his courts and palaces. There was in her heart, if there is any truth in the multitude of legends about her, a desire to bring that glory to her own small brown feet, a yearning that she might win the heart of Solomon, dearer to her than all his wisdom and wonderful works.

Solomon, in spite of his wisdom, kept a large number of wives and concubines. We are told in *I Kings* that he "loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites,

Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites". It is not surprising under the circumstances that he should have been considerably impressed with the coming of the Queen of Sheba, and only too ready to shower his royal favours upon her. The biblical account of the incident is extremely brief, judiciously brief perhaps. Quoting again from, *I Kings* we gather that "Solomon gave unto the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty. So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants." So brief a record as this was not likely to satisfy Arabic and other romancers, and according to legend the Queen of Sheba's visit culminated in a very pretty love affair; but before turning to this love affair I quote a curious and interesting passage from the *Quran* (xxvii. The Chapter of the Ant): "And it was said to her [the Queen of Sheba], 'Enter the court'; and when she saw it, she reckoned it to be an abyss of water, and she uncovered her legs. Said he, 'Verily, it is a court paved with glass!' Said she, 'My Lord! verily, I have wronged myself, but I am resigned with Solomon to God the Lord of the worlds!'" Flaubert refers to this incident when he makes the Queen of Sheba tempt the much tried S. Anthony.

We find that the Queen of Sheba was shown Solomon's houses and vineyards, gardens and paradises. She gazed in wonder at his pools and fruit trees, at his hosts of slaves, his men-singers and women-singers. She saw Solomon dispensing justice in the pillared hall of cedar; saw the fantastic antics of wrinkled apes, and the resplendent peacocks, as they strutted about the sunlit courts or by the garden fountains. She feasted

with Solomon, and marvelled at all the delicacies he spread before her. Then on one occasion, womanlike, she resolved to test the wisdom of Solomon. Legend has certainly not been at pains to make that test very severe. Solomon showed profound common sense rather than profound wisdom ; but then the Queen of Sheba's little examination, beyond being delightfully feminine, may have been easy on account of her desire to obtain the correct answer, and thus add to her ever growing admiration. It is dreadful to catch a wise man napping, especially after one has taken a long journey with the idea of discovering infallibility! The Queen of Sheba dressed a number of boys and girls in precisely the same garb, and desired Solomon to tell her which were boys and which were girls. Such an easy question must have amused the King. He could doubtless have answered her question without going through any paraphernalia ; but perhaps remembering that he owed his fair visitor something to make up for the unfortunate glass floor incident, he ordered basins to be brought. The boys at once dipped their hands into the water without hesitation, while the girls demurely turned back their sleeves before attempting an ablution. Thus Solomon easily distinguished between the sexes. Then the Queen of Sheba, always with an eye to the picturesque, asked Solomon to distinguish between bouquets of real and artificial flowers. The King of Wisdom, without moving from his throne, ordered the lattice to be opened, and immediately bees came in and settled upon the real flowers. Once again Solomon solved a pretty, if none too difficult, riddle.

About three years ago M. Hugues le Roux made a very interesting discovery bearing upon the subject of

this article. When the British troops invaded Abyssinia and captured Magdala, they found under the Emperor Theodore's pillow a manuscript copy of the *Keubra Neuguest*, or "The Glory of the King". Theodore's successor, the Emperor John, urgently requested that this manuscript should be returned. His wish was granted, and the manuscript was sent back to Abyssinia with the following remarks: "This volume was returned to the King of Ethiopia by order of the trustees of the British Museum, December 14, 1872.—J. Winter Jones, Principal Librarian." This precious manuscript was carried about by the Emperor John wherever he went, and when he was killed in battle by the Mahdists, it fell into the hands of Menelik.

When M. le Roux was in Abyssinia, it was his good fortune to be escorted by a very learned man, the Tigréen Ato-Hailé-Mariam, who told the Frenchman of the existence of this sacred manuscript. Eventually permission was granted to inspect the work, consisting of sixty-four leaves. M. le Roux and Hailé-Mariam slowly translated this mysterious document, and it yielded, little by little, a literary treasure almost as romantic and beautiful as the Song of Songs itself. M. le Roux has since written an article in *La Revue Hebdomadaire* entitled, "Magda, Queen of Sheba," and it consists of extracts from this Abyssinian manuscript, owned by Kings who claim descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

These extracts revealed the Queen in a poetic and loving mood. She turned her old worship of the sun and moon to honour the glory of Solomon. She exclaimed: "I behold light in the darkness, the pearl in the sea, the morning star in the midst of the constellations,

the moon's ray in the morning." Note that her ecstasy is thoroughly Arabian, while the ecstasy of the beautiful Shulamite woman sought expression in a variety of pastoral references. After a stay of six months, the Queen of Sheba intimated her intention to depart. Solomon, however, would not hear of her going so soon. The Queen consented to remain, after getting her host to pledge that he would not violate her honour. Solomon agreed to this arrangement, but made the Queen promise that she would not touch anything that belonged to him in the palace. The King, however, soon grew tired of such an ascetic proceeding, and one day gave the Queen something that made her extremely thirsty. While in Solomon's room for the purpose of hastily drinking some water, the King sprang upon her, and accused her of having broken her oath. He refused to release her until she also waived aside his own oath. On the Queen's return journey, she gave birth to a son, who was called Bainelekhem, or "the Son of a Wise Man".

When Bainelekhem was twenty-two he set out to see his father. His visit pleased Solomon, who exclaimed: "Behold my father David as he was in the days of his youth. He has risen from the dead and returns to me!" In spite of the fact that Solomon set his son upon a throne by his side, and wished him to reign when he had been gathered to his fathers, Bainelekhem gave a salutary address of rather a delicate nature, and pointed out that Rehoboam was the legitimate son, and should by law sit upon the throne when Solomon's days were over. Bainelekhem had, moreover, promised to return to his mother. And so it came to pass that Israel was divided into two kingdoms. Solomon reigned over the one, and his son Bainelekhem

over the other, under the title of David, King of Ethiopia.

It matters but little if this fascinating story is correct or not. It gives additional colour to the coming of the Queen of Sheba, and certainly tallies with the amorous nature of Solomon. If at the end of his life, in spite of all his magnificence, he exclaimed: "All is vanity," some of us will prefer to remember the time when the blood sang in his veins, when there rang through the East this glorious refrain from the Song of Songs:

For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone ;
The flowers appear on the earth ;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
The fig tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my fair one,
And come away.

F. Hadland Davis

PRAHLĀḌA, THE HERALD OF AN AVAṬĀR

By P. R. SOONDARARAJA IYER

MOST of the orthodox amongst the Hindūs look askance at some of the views of the leader of the Theosophical Society. The orthodox people are unwilling to believe that this changing world indicates the near appearance on our earth of a great and divinely endowed Leader—a Hero who will be a Leader alike in religion and in all the secular concerns of man. It will not, therefore, be out of place, to turn to the story of Prahlāḍa, the great disciple and saint, who came into the world at a very critical time, on the eve of the appearance of an Avaṭāra. The story is narrated in many Purāṇas with greater detail in some than others. *Vāyu, Narasimha, Bṛhannārādīya, Maṭṣya, Viṣṇu* and *Bhāgavata Purāṇas* treat of it.

The narrative of the life-history of this high disciple briefly told is this: In the far off Atlantean days there ruled over a large part of the earth a powerful Black Emperor, by name Hiraṇyakashipu. The name signifies “Golden-robed” in Saṃskṛṭ; and it is said that he was a powerful personality and succeeded in appropriating the mysterious forces of nature for his own selfish ends, to the glorification of his lower self. For this purpose he had performed “Ṭapas,” which here means the pursuit of the darker magic, and acquired

extraordinary powers, such as conferred on their possessors a sort of temporary immortality—ability to extend one's own life over abnormally long periods of time. The paurāṇic accounts declare that he so far succeeded in his nefarious attempts as to gain entire control of the Devas; he seized all their spheres from the mental plane downwards, and enthroning himself in the highest of their dominions, yoked them to the service of the earthly interests of himself and his followers. Firmly established in such a position of worldly power, he easily gained the co-operation of the lesser wills around him, establishing, in the words of *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* “a system of worship with himself as the centre of attraction, huge images of himself being placed in the temples, a worship which was sensuous and riotous, and which attracted and held men through the gratification of their animal passions and by the weird and unholy powers it placed within reach of its adepts”. Says the *Matsya-purāna* of his nearest followers :

They were all adepts, that had attained to great powers ; all that had obtained immortality (conquered death).

These and many others waited on the mighty Lord Hiraṇyakasipu—
and so on.

This man seems to be none other than the mighty “Oduarpa” of *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* and the time at which the story in the Purāṇas is laid would appear to be when he had made himself master of the “City of the Golden Gate”. We find in the Purāṇas a very glowing account of the splendid City, from the door-frames of houses to the fountain-stands all made of gold ; the “Svarṇapura of the Dait̥yas” (*Matsya-purāna*) it is named.

This Emperor of the Dark Face was then reigning in the plenitude of his power and his fancied immortality, and seemed to succeed in wiping out of the land all spirituality. He persecuted every attempt to attain to its purer heights, such as devotion to the Supreme, unselfish Yoga and so on. Thus speaks again the paurāṇic writing of him :

The monster persecuted all pure-minded men, and recluses and ascetics living in hermitages of their own who, devoting themselves to the pursuit of truth, led unselfish and austere lives.

Subduing the Devas in all the three worlds which he brought under his sovereignty, he abode in the highest of their spheres.

At such a time of the world's history, Prahlāḍa, the hero of our story, came into the world to prepare it for the Advent of the Supreme Lord. The other details of his life are too well known to need recapitulation here.

Prahlāḍa's story is sung in every Hindū home : how Prahlāḍa is put to school while quite young and how, being taught the first lessons in the national religious cult of the day—submission to the Black Emperor and worship of his image—he protested against it, condemning it as futile and degenerating, and proclaimed fearlessly the true philosophy and the existence of the true Occultism ; how the faithful priests of the King, unable themselves to suppress the spirit of rebellion in the boy, report it to the King, his father, who, after trying all methods of persuasion on his child, devises and inflicts on him various forms of punishment—by fire, sword, drowning, poison and what not—all these events and more as described in the books, in all the rich imagery of the Orient, are known and sung everywhere in India to the delight of all listeners, old and young, learned and otherwise.

How beautiful and instructive to an open mind are the lessons that can be drawn from this episode of ancient history—lessons that discerning people may with advantage take to heart before beginning to condemn any event, the meaning of which they do not read in the same light as others. See how in those early days the conflict raged round a tender-limbed lad—one of five years (*Bhāgavata*). The lad openly representing and espousing the cause of progress, a vast community—nay, the whole of the then known world with its crowned head—ranged itself against him.

To continue the story, the conflict develops between the father, the representative of the Orthodoxy of the times, and the son, the very Purohiṭs of the kingdom, Shaṇḍa and Amarka with their huge following, actively co-operating with the father, till the latter determines, as a last resource, to destroy his own child and stifle the principle of the new philosophy, the new light, to introduce which the youth came into the world. The child from the very first explains that the Great Lord stands behind him, that his poor personality avails nothing.

Ah, how the entreaties of the young disciple, his words, his doings, time after time, fall unavailing on the obtuse father and only provoke him the more and draw out the brute in him; how day by day his reputation, nay, his very life, is sought to be destroyed, in return for which the child simply displays forgiveness and tender forgetfulness, while showing unswerving loyalty to his mission and courageously carrying out his own duties, speaking clearly under conditions of the utmost danger, and delivering his message in all possible ways to a relentless father and his faithful hounds of

inquisition. Who of this ancient land does not know the ending of the story—the final appearance of the Avaṭāra, the Man-lion, who destroyed the Arch-Enemy of God, the Black Emperor, and, installing the Saint-Boy on the Gaddi of the Kingdom, inaugurated the Golden Age in the world, bringing solution to every vexed question and difficult problem in all the departments of human activity. Everybody knows it, from the street boy to the learned paṇḍiṭ, but who remembers it and considers that the paurāṇic narrative conceals a lesson for the world to learn for all time, and believes in the possibility of such a superhuman intervention from on high into the affairs of the world? Who dares to apply the lesson; that can be so learnt to the current events of life? The method employed by the Great Ones would seem to be, in preparation of the earth for a grand Advent of the Lord, to send out a seemingly puny messenger and make him so behave as to draw out into open manifestation, and exhaust, the available sum-total on earth of sceptic unsympathy, perversion of religious knowledge, the superstition and ignorance of pharisaic orthodoxy, before the Lord really appears in the world so as to enable Him to make His stay in it longer than otherwise it could be. As in the days of the tyrant, Kamsa, an unseen voice is said to have provoked him into a sudden display of his latent bestial nature when, apparently, he was all warmth and love for his sister, Ḍevakī, and drove her in his state carriage on the occasion of her marriage, and he suddenly upraised his sword to kill, there and then, his own sister; so, ever, the policy of the Divine Guardians of humanity would seem to be to draw out from the world, by forcible contrast, all its tendency to distrust and kill out greatness that it cannot comprehend;

the world is allowed to do its best to defeat the Grand Purpose, so that the triumph of the righteous cause may be the greater, the more certain, for it than otherwise. The Divine Hierarchy stands behind every such attempt and allows the fact to be published in the most unique fashion to all the world, which only rejects it as born of a diseased imagination.

Prahlāḍa addressing his father says as follows, at the final moment when the Lord appeared in all the Majesty of His Power and whom he perceived as such by his inner vision :

O King, in this great Presence I see all the three worlds with Brahmā, the Manu, and minor Rulers of the various stars Sanaḥ Kumāra, the Great One, and all the angels, R̥shis, etc.—*Maṭṣya-purāṇa*.

In those ancient times, as now, such words of the seers—the messengers—would not be heeded by the worldly wise.

How strikingly wonderful and full of meaning is this final vision of the disciple Prahlāḍa, with the great Manu in the forefront and the Lord Sanaḥ Kumāra at the back of the whole picture. To members of the Theosophical Society who are so fortunate as to know something more on the subject than the mere exoteric religionist, how patent seems the fact that the subdual of the Black Influence referred to in the story should have been planned by the Hierarchy whose August Head was seen clairvoyantly by the Disciple. He spake thus to his father in the hope of pointing out to him the futility of further resistance, and the prudence and wisdom of resigning himself at once to the supreme authority.

The books say that the Lord, after destroying the Black Power, placed Prahlāḍa on the Gaddi of his father,

thereby removing the scourge of the world that the monster was, and restoring the free flow into the visible world of the purifying light of the White Lodge, that had been clouded and obscured for a time; and as though to show the modern student of Theosophy that the hand of the Guardians of humanity was in this matter, as in everything else concerning the inner government of the world, Prahlāḍa, the new representative of the White Influence, is made to express the following sentiment—an idea that puzzles the modern Vedāntins, and which the Theosophical Society is re-establishing in our midst. Says the *Bhāgavata Purāna* :

Ordinarily aspirants seek after the liberation of their own selves and take to forests and retired places and care not for their fellow beings ; I, O Lord, do not thus want to liberate myself, leaving behind these blind and less fortunate brethren of mine, etc.

Thus answers Prahlāḍa to the suggestion of the Lord that, having worked and suffered so much, he (the disciple, Prahlāḍa) might go to the Divine Worlds in order to rest in peace.

Here the idea strikes me that this Avaṭāra, the manifestation named Narasimha, was one of Power, as in these days we are told that the coming manifestation of the Boḍhisattva will be one of Love. Love will predominate and colour the activities of the ensuing appearance ; but in those prehistoric days Power showed itself and redeemed the world. And the Lord Manu then came as the Avaṭāra, as His Mighty Brother, the Lord Maitreya, is said to be coming in the near future. The Light of Theosophy, illuminating the rather cloudy exoteric doctrine of the world's faiths, respecting the manifestation of Avaṭāras, says clearly that some great Figure of the Divine Hierarchy of Sages

is at the source of every one of such appearances. In support of this idea can be adduced the fact that the Hindū books speak of Prahlāḍa as one of great Power. It is almost pointed out that he belonged to the Department of Power—the Ruling Department. The *Matsya Purāṇa* calls him: “Prahlāḍa, the Heroic soul.”

Now “Vīrya” in Samskr̥t denotes power, heroism. The Black Emperor aimed at supreme power, and was ambitious to place himself at the head of the world’s government. Humanity was then not so far removed from the animal kingdom as at the present stage of evolution. It is therefore reasonable to believe that the black magician of the present day would not try to influence mankind by violence, rough and ready methods of oppression, but rather by acting on the gentler nature of souls, the so-called virtues and subtle weaknesses of men; thus in ancient times power and kindred manifestations appear to have been necessary, and later on other aspects, of course with power also assimilated, transmuted and redeemed. The latest information in our books would seem to confirm and support this opinion. *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* speaking of this final conflict between the powers of darkness and light concludes:

After destroying the forces of the Black Emperor, Vaivasvaṭa Manu purified the city and re-established the rule of the White Emperor, consecrating to the office a trusted servant of the Hierarchy.

May not the Prahlāḍa of the Hindū books have been this trusted servant who succeeded the mighty Oduarpa? If so, the Lord Manu must have been the man-lion, as it is said of Him that “On the Manu’s appearance the human animals, the artificial thought-elementals that formed the bodyguard of the Black Emperor, and were

such a terror to all his opponents in battle, vanished,” and the Manu destroyed all those creations of black magic. Perhaps the Lord of the White Lodge (Manu) appeared as a lion before all those artificial and human animals. Could he not under such circumstances have been called “man lion” by those writers of old, who wrote what they saw on the higher and inner planes, and never hesitated to employ any imagery that would suit their purpose, and who sometimes expressed themselves in allegory.

P. R. Soondararaja Iyer

SACHAL

A WAIF OF BATTLE

Lo! at my feet,
A something pale of hue; a something sad to view;
Dead or alive I dare not call it sweet.

Not white as snow;
Not transient as a tear! a warrior left it here,
It was his passport ere he met the foe.

Here is a name,
A word upon the book; if ye but kneel to look,
Ye'll find the letters "Sachal" on the same.

His Land to cherish,
He died at twenty-seven. There are no wars in Heaven,
But when he fought he gained the right to perish.

Where was he born?
In France, at Puy le Dome. A wanderer from his home,
He found a Fatherland beyond the morn.

'Twas France's plan;
The cause he did not ask. His life was but a mask,
And he upraised it, martyred at Sedan.

* * * * *

A land more vast
Than Europe's kingdoms are—a brighter, nobler star
Than victory's fearful light—is thine at last.

And shouldst thou meet
Yon Germans up on high—Thy foes when death was
nigh—
Nor thou nor they will sound the soul's retreat.

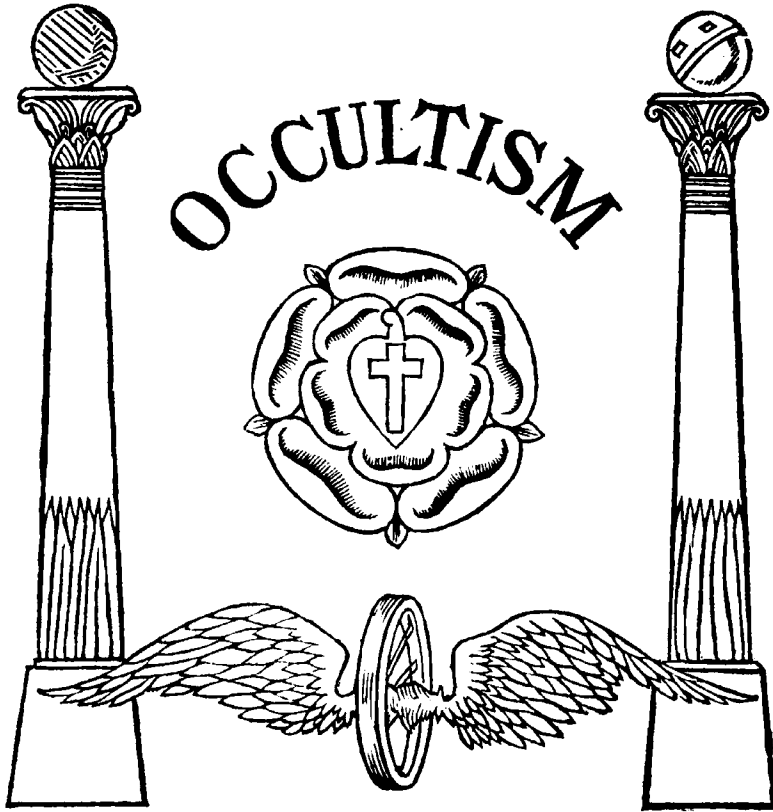
For all are just,
Yea, all are patriots there, and thou, O Fils de Pierre!
Hast found thy marshal's baton in the dust.

* * * * *

Death leads to God.
Death is the Sword of Fate, Death is the Golden Gate
That opens up to glory, through the sod.

ERIC MACKAY

(*"Love Letters of a Violinist."* Walter Scott, Ltd., London.)



THE OCCULTIST AND THE MYSTIC

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

(Concluded from p. 361)

III

ACCORDING to our formula, then, every movement downwards and outwards through the planes and bodies is, in its essence, an *occult* movement; every movement upwards and inwards is, in its essence, a *mystical* movement. And this is true, whether the particular movement, in question, happens to be one

down from, or up to, the sublimest spiritual heights, or merely one between (let us say) the astral and physical planes. The movement by which a desire materialises itself into action, or a thought generates a desire, is just as "occult," in this sense of the word, as that by which the loftiest spiritual intuition is objectified in the outer world. So, too, the man who wanders off into a "brown study," or who pauses from his work in order to think, is doing something just as "mystical," technically, as the man whose consciousness soars upward right away from earth to the highest heaven. It is the direction alone which determines the character of the movements.

The life of each one of us, then, is made up of the continual, the unceasing, alternation and interplay of these two movements; and in that sense each of us is both an Occultist and a Mystic. But, in the sense in which the words are ordinarily used, we give these names to persons of some degree of spiritual unfoldment, who have specialised on the one movement or the other, to the extent of making it the characteristic, or habitual, movement of their nature. This specialisation, as we have seen, may show itself in a rudimentary fashion long before the man has become either a Mystic or an Occultist, in the ordinary sense of the words. But no matter how slight the inclination of the balance, the first hint of a habitual emphasis on the outgoing rather than the withdrawing impulse, or *vice versa*, is the first indication of the future Occultist or Mystic. For the tendency towards such emphasis is one which grows, and one which the evolving soul will carry with it on its journey towards spiritual levels. It may, of course, be deliberately checked, and the opposite emphasis cultivated; but sooner or later it is probable that every

soul must pass into the one or the other category. We begin to speak of the Occultist and the Mystic, in the more special connotation of the terms, only when this choice has been definitely made and when the selected movement has become the subject of careful and deliberate cultivation. The movement is, moreover, by this time originated from within, as an expression of the innermost nature of the man—no longer a mere response to stimulus from without; and its ultimate goal is now definitely understood and striven after. That goal is, as has been set forth in the preceding pages, the union with that aspect, or mode, of the Divine Being of which the particular movement is the expression in the worlds of manifestation. The Occultist seeks to become one with God immanent—"to act with Him, as He acts": the Mystic seeks after a full and perfect union with God transcendent, the life beyond the worlds.

If the above formula be true, then it is clear that all the distinctive features of the occult and mystic life must somehow be analysable into its terms. The relation of the Occultist and the Mystic to the bodies through which they function, their methods of training and the ideals which they set before themselves, their work, their usefulness, and their general place in the scheme of things, must all flow logically, as necessary deductions, from the simple proposition given a few lines above—namely, that every movement downwards and outwards through the planes and bodies is an occult movement, while every movement inwards and upwards is a mystical movement. This will provide a ready criterion by which, for example, to test: (*a*) whether a particular activity, quality, or characteristic in human

nature is occult or mystical; (b) whether a particular person is an Occultist or a Mystic—that is to say, along which line of specialisation his future is likely to lie; (c) whether a particular line of conduct, in the spiritual life, is right or wrong—the answer here depending, in most cases, entirely upon the goal toward which the individual in question happens to be moving. If it be the mystical goal, then many things will be both logical and necessary for him which would be inadmissible in the case of the Occultist, and *vice versa*; for the two goals, as we have seen, lie in opposite directions. It is obvious how much misunderstanding would be saved in this way. The knowledge that each is seeking a certain mode of union with the Divine, and seeking it precisely in the way which is made necessary by that mode, should serve to induce a wiser and more tolerant judgment. Finally, a formula like this, if true, should enable us to classify and arrange many facts in the history of the religions and the phenomena of saintship which are now obscure and confused, and to discover a reason and a method in much which has either puzzled or repelled us in the representative spiritual figures of the world.

A verification of our formula, covering the whole ground here indicated, is a task which, for reasons of space, we are naturally not in a position to undertake. The Theosophical student will be able, if interested in the matter, to do it very largely for himself. All that we can do, by way of concluding this essay, is to append two or three suggestive illustrations of the way in which the formula may be applied to what we already know of the Occultist and the Mystic from our Theosophical literature, or from our general experience.

Let us consider, first of all, the effect of the two movements upon the various bodies, or vehicles. It is clear that, by reason of their opposite directions, they will automatically generate a whole crop of divergent qualities and characteristics which, taken altogether, will produce two entirely different types of men : and these two types we could, so to speak, build up *a priori* from our simple knowledge of the nature of the movements, even if we had not (as we have) innumerable examples of them in the spiritual history of mankind.

1. The movement by which the life-forces are drawn downwards from higher to lower planes, and are sent outward through the vehicles on every plane, will have certain obvious results. The steady downward flow will keep all the bodies replenished with fresh stores of life ; the sending of this life outwards will serve to exercise these bodies and to develop their faculties ; while the free communication between higher and lower will gradually subordinate the latter to the former, and co-ordinate all the vehicles under the sway of the higher Will. The general effects of the movement, in relation to the vehicles, will thus be shown in efficiency, outward-turned-ness, organisation. Other effects may also be noted. The man, being turned outward towards his environment on every plane, will be under the necessity of developing as fully and as accurately as he can his whole contact with that environment ; and this will involve an ever-increasing awareness, sensitiveness, alertness on every plane. Since, moreover, the deeper significance of the movement, which we are considering, is that it represents the effort of the embodied life to achieve union with that

part of the Divine Life which is at work within the manifested worlds, and since the degree to which that "union in work" is possible depends entirely upon the development of the various vehicles, every body that the man possesses will, in the light of this ideal, be looked upon as an instrument, to be perfected for use. It will be his primary object not to enjoy, or to experience, through his vehicles, but to work through them: consequently he will regulate the life-flow from above strictly with a view to such work. He will neither permit his lower vehicles to be starved for want of the higher nourishment, nor on the other hand will he allow the higher forces to flow down in such strength and volume that they overwhelm the lower vehicles and strain their power of response and resistance. His aim is to have every vehicle, so far as possible, in perfect working order, strong and responsive, with faculties outward-turned and alert for whatever work may await it on any of the planes, and completely under the control of that central Will within him which is set towards the goal of complete co-operation with the Divine.

2. The movement, on the other hand, by which the life-forces are drawn inward and upward through the planes and bodies will have effects just as easily deducible from the nature of the movement as those which we have just described. In so far as it is an upward movement, it will automatically draw off the life-energies from denser into subtler vehicles, thus tending in some measure to atrophy the former, and leading to a diminished and impoverished life on lower planes: conversely, the life on higher planes is likely to be stored up in almost superabundant excess.

In so far as it is an inward movement, it will tend to turn the consciousness away from its external surroundings on every plane and so to make its experience, in each of the vehicles within which it dwells, subjective rather than objective. Moreover such experience—not being acted upon, broken up and systematised by the vehicles—will be of the kind which psychologists call “massive,” *i.e.*, vague, undifferentiated, undetailed, without outline—and so more akin to feeling, or emotion, than to cognition. Nor will there be any desire to achieve any further definition, since, the ultimate goal of the movement being union with the Life beyond all form, to clothe experience in form will be merely to waste time and energy and to delay the attainment of the desired end. Thus the whole tendency of the movement, in the case of the individual who identifies himself with it, will be towards an intense inner, subjective, life with practically nothing to show for it on the outside—an apparent inactivity covering a real activity all the deeper and stronger because it has repudiated the limitations of form.

Other tendencies may be co-ordinated with this. The atrophy of the lower vehicles, consequent upon the withdrawal of the energising life from them, will make them incapable of standing any great strain. At the same time the superabundance of the inner, spiritual vitality cannot but exercise a constant pressure upon the vehicles at lower levels than itself, due to the universal tendency through Nature for all life to flow downwards from higher to lower planes if a channel for such a downflow happens to exist. Since every human being, by virtue of his possession of vehicles on several planes becomes *ipso facto* a link between those planes, the life so

copiously generated on higher levels is always likely, in spite of the upward-drawing movement, to rush spontaneously downward in order to seek expression through the lower vehicles. When this happens, the undeveloped lower bodies may very well break under the strain. Not having been trained in outward expression, they are likely to be overwhelmed, and then various phenomena ensue. On the physical plane, the failure of the physical brain and the physical body to cope with such a downrush will probably result in hysteria and nervous breakdown, possibly even, (in extreme cases, in madness. The same failure of the vehicle to cope with the flood of life with which it is brought into contact will show itself on far higher levels in another way. The man, seeking to penetrate further and further away from earth into the life beyond manifestation, and so pressing upward into ever loftier regions of being, will break through, from time to time, into new levels of spiritual life so exalted that he has no vehicle capable of responding to its vibrations, and then what will happen will be that he will lose himself in the inundation of that marvellous life and pass into the state of what is commonly called ecstasy or trance—such a state always being due to the influx into a lower vehicle of a force too powerful for it to deal with.

It will be seen that all the various tendencies and characteristics suggested above, are, from one point of view, only so many deductions from the nature of the two movements themselves. Given the movements, and the scheme of bodies and planes outlined for us in our Theosophical teachings, all that we have mentioned follows naturally. It would have been possible to elaborate these deductions much more fully, but enough

has been done to illustrate the general principle. It has been shown how our formula may be applied.

At the same time, however, the lists of qualities and tendencies, given above, are something more than an exercise in mere formal deduction. As our readers will have recognised, they correspond very exactly to two concrete and representative types which are familiar to every student of spiritual history. On the one hand, we have the worker, eager, outward-turned, efficient, throwing himself into the life of his times, the active, dynamic, shaping force by which the world is changed. On the other hand, we have the man of contemplation, the recluse, the soul so fixed on heaven that it is unconscious of earth, taking no part in outer activities but nourishing, in the depths of his being, an intense real spiritual life. Our formula enables us to name and classify these.

The outward-going type we have no difficulty in marking off as that of the Occultist, for it corresponds to all that we know, whether by description, precept, or example, of the essentials of the occult life. In the same way, we are able, in the light of our definition of the mystical movement in Nature, to mark off the opposite type as that of the Mystic.

We have thus a precise criterion ready to hand by which to deal with the oft-recurring questions as to what is, or is not, occult or mystical in human conduct, character and life: and one can imagine an elaborate double-column being drawn up, in the light of this criterion, which might serve as a practical standard of reference. We might read, for example, on referring to it, that to mix with our fellow-men is occult, while to withdraw into seclusion is mystical; that to cultivate and care for the physical body is occult, to despise it, or neglect it,

is mystical ; that to give physical expression to a thought or feeling is occult, to leave it on its own plane, unexpressed, is mystical ; to be interested in the concrete, phenomenal side of life, in the "passing show," is occult, to take no interest in it is mystical ; to be observant of detail is occult, to be unobservant is mystical ;—and so forth—the antitheses might be extended almost *ad infinitum*. One good result of such a catalogue might be that it would lead to a cessation of unnecessary fault-finding and criticism. We should no longer have the individual of typically mystical temperament blaming the Occultist for being "worldly" and "unspiritual," because the latter fulfils the law of his being and sends all his spiritual energies outwards in practical work in our lower world. Nor, conversely, should we find the individual of occult (*i.e.*, outward-going) tendencies blaming the Mystic for the latter's physical plane inactivity, for his seclusion from the world, and for his attitude of unconcern towards the passing life of his time. And much gain would thereby result.

Finally we have now a criterion to apply to the lives of the Saints. It will enable us to understand a man like S. Bernard much better, for example, if we read him as essentially an occultist who made the mistake of regarding his physical body from a mystical point of view. Similarly we shall be able to detect that what is often called "an intellectual mystic" is really an occultist, in so far as he materialises down his spiritual intuitions on to the mental plane, clothing them in the forms of thought. Other applications of a similar nature will suggest themselves to our readers.

A very interesting study is provided by the consideration of the interplay of the mystical and occult

movements in the work of the worlds. We have always been given to understand that both Occultists and Mystics have their own special, and very important, part to play in the carrying on of the great Divine Plan; and, in the worlds which we have quoted more than once before, the co-operation of the two seems to be so vital, and of so all-embracing a scope, that the two great bodies of workers can be spoken of as the "two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe". It is, perhaps, easy for us to recognise the Occultist as a worker, because the whole nature of what we have called the Occult movement is of a kind which we can see and appreciate, since its forces flow outwards into the world. It is not so easy, at first sight, to detect in what way the Mystic (as he is described according to our definition) can be helpful in the work of evolution. How can one, whose whole effort is to escape from manifestation altogether, be an agent for the purposes of manifestation? It is in the answer to this question that we come upon one of the most arresting, and beautiful applications of our theory.

A hint as to the respective functions of the Occultist and the Mystic in the world's work is given in one or two places in our literature, and will be familiar to readers. It is said that the Nirmāṇakāyas are the great reservoir of spiritual force which is used for the helping of the worlds, and that the Occultists of the world are the irrigating streams which draw down this force into the lower worlds. The Nirmāṇakāyas in a word, generate spiritual energy: the Occultists apply it and use it. Seeing that the Nirmāṇakāyas are spoken of by our President as the culmination of the mystic line of evolution, we have here a description, in

picturesque and intelligible terms, of that collaboration between the two great spiritual types which we are seeking to understand. What we have now to do is to study a little more definitely what this description implies and to link it on with our formula of the mystical and occult movements.

We must begin by conceiving of the life of the LOGOS as filling each of the great planes of Nature; yet, at the same time, we must think of each of these planes as separate from the other. Between plane and plane there is a dividing wall. Thus the life on any plane is not, normally, in contact with the life on those next to it: and this condition of separation we must regard as existing throughout Nature until it is disturbed by the factor to which we next come.

That factor is the evolution of life within this great theatre of separated planes: or, in technical language, the passage of the Second Life Wave through the worlds which the First Life Wave has brought into being. What happens, in consequence of this process of evolution, is, briefly, that the unfolding life, in its effort at ever fuller self-expression, presses upwards from one plane to another, gradually building for itself on each plane a body, or vehicle, of the matter of that plane. In this way there arises in nature the phenomenon of single lives expressing themselves on more than one plane at once; and these lives (on the material side, the bodies in which they are functioning) become, therefore, *links between the planes*. One outstanding result, then, of what we call "evolution," is that through it the various planes of Nature, which are originally self-contained and separate, become linked up. And this means that it is now possible for the life of a higher plane to flow through

into a lower. Every living creature which has developed vehicles on more than one plane becomes, automatically, the channel for the downflow of a higher life: and it is this enormously important fact that makes all that we speak of as progress, possible.

All progress, growth, or evolution consists, as the Theosophical student knows, in the refashioning and reorganising of the life of each lower plane in the light of a higher. For example, the story of the earlier stages of evolution is simply that of the incursion of the forces of the astral world, manifesting as desire, into the physical world, and the violent adaptation of physical conditions to respond to the demands of those forces. Later, the life of the mental world imposes itself upon that of the astral world;—and so forth, each higher world gradually subjugating the lower to its own standards and laws. All that we call “civilisation,” and “enlightenment” is, in this way, only the gradual moulding of our physical life in this physical world to the laws of the mental and spiritual worlds. Every ideal is born first in a world of whose life it is the natural expression. In its own world it is not something to be striven after, it is something which *exists*, which belongs to the “Nature” of that world. But, brought down into our lower world, it becomes a powerful, remoulding force, strongly in contrast with the life into which it has been brought. Gradually, yet strenuously, it has to be “held” in our lower world until, of its own inherent energy, it shall have succeeded in subduing that lower life to its own nature. When that is done, it becomes possible to speak of the lower world as having, to that extent, “progressed,” or as having made an advance in civilisation;

—and the same formula holds good of every kind of growth.

We see, then, how profoundly important a change is introduced into God's universe by the unfolding of the embodied lives within it. Not only is every such life a fresh link between the worlds, but, as it unfolds, it opens up links with higher and higher worlds, and in this way the channel is made for the forces of those worlds to flow through into the worlds below;—and this, in its turn, means swifter and swifter progress.

In the light of these facts, it is now easy to sum up in a phrase what "helping the worlds" means. There is only one possible form of helping, and that consists in placing an ever greater volume of an ever higher life at the disposal of the lower worlds. Helping is not giving something which the LOGOS has not already given. It is merely the releasing and utilisation of a store of life which, in His Divine Wisdom, He has placed out of reach, so far as the lower planes are concerned, until the other divine lives, His children, are able to reach up and draw it down. It is impossible to entertain this thought without recognising, with a thrill, something of the deeper purpose and function of Man in the world, and of the manner of his co-operation with God.

This, then, being the only way of helping the world, it follows that the functions of the Occultist and the Mystic must be somehow related to this. Both must be engaged—each in his own way—in providing this fund of higher life. What are their respective parts in this work?

The hint is given in the two words "releasing" and "utilisation" which were used a moment ago. It

is obvious that the work, in question, is twofold. The life of the higher planes has, first of all, to be liberated for use; and then, in the second place, to be brought down, distributed and applied in the lower worlds. It is at once plain that the latter duty is that of the Occultist: indeed we are repeatedly told as much. What is not so plain, however, is how the former duty—which the whole antithetical balance of things requires should belong to the Mystic—is in harmony with that definition of the essentially mystical movement to which reference has been so frequently made in these pages—*i.e.*, that it is the movement upwards and inwards through the planes and bodies.

The explanation is really simple. The Mystic, like the Occultist, is part of the scheme of Divine manifestation; he is imprisoned within the manifested worlds, *i.e.*, within the planes of our System; and consequently (as was mentioned in an earlier place) his efforts to escape from manifestation must necessarily be *via* the planes of that system. He cannot escape at once into the Unmanifest. Things have been so arranged that his path God-wards must lie *through* the manifested worlds and that, however unwilling he may be to turn himself outward on any plane, he must at least use it as a passage towards his goal. Thus, all his upward efforts away from the lower worlds lead him, not into the void, but into new worlds of manifestation—higher and subtler, it is true, but nevertheless material worlds—and the consequence is that every such upward effort is an effort *against resistance*; and, this being so, the same law holds good with which we are familiar on the physical plane—namely, that, in the case of pressure against a

resisting body, force is released *at the point of pressure* corresponding in degree to the strength of the pressure exercised. Thus the mystical movement, which is an upward pressure ever seeking (in its quest of the Unmanifest) to break through into higher regions of manifested life, automatically releases forces at the point of pressure, which then become available for use. This is the mechanical explanation of what is meant by "aspiration drawing down a response," and similar phrases with which we are familiar. The so-called "response" is the working of an automatic law of Nature; and it is upon the working of this law that the usefulness of the Mystic, in the scheme of things, ultimately rests. Nature is, indeed, so skilful in her contrivances that she is able to turn everything—no matter how unpromising—to her account; and thus it is that the very movement, which repudiates her works, is the movement which supplies the forces by which alone her purposes can be carried out. The Mystic, seeking liberation, becomes, through the very effort of that search, the provider of the working capital which is to be used in the great work of evolution. The investing and the spending of that capital is the work of the Occultist.

It should be noted here, as the subject is an interesting one, that this formula of the mystical upward effort, releasing the higher force, and the Occult movement drawing down and utilising the force that is released, is one which can be applied all through Nature. It is, in fact, the formula of the evolutionary process. What we call growth is ever an upward effort of the Divine unbodied life, followed by the operation which fixes and establishes that effort in the shape of new faculty

and new organs. The mystical upward-reaching towards sight, for example, at work in the organism long before an eye appears—releases a force which is gradually worked into an organ of sight—the building of the organ belonging, according to our definition, to the Occult movement in Nature. The formula becomes more readily recognisable when we come to the building up of the superphysical faculties and bodies. Here we have always an upward mystical effort—an aspiration, a reaching out towards something more than we are—followed by the occult registration of the effort in the various vehicles. We may generalise all this into the statement—taking the evolutionary process as a whole—that it is the mystical movement which is the motive impulse of all growth; the occult movement which gives to the growth, thus prompted, its material expression. Remembering the connection between the two movements and the two aspects of the Divine life—we may say, therefore, that it is the attractive force of God transcendent which draws the great life-stream through the worlds; the shaping force of God immanent which gives to it, at each point in that mighty process of growth, the outward expression appropriate to that point.

The two movements, then, are normally at work together in every embodied life, and its growth is the consequence of their interplay. When, however, we come to the regularly organised work of helping the worlds—the official ministry of the LOGOS—we find, as was pointed out in an earlier section—that the two departments of the work, that of the “releasing” and that of the “utilisation” of the higher forces, are in the hands of two great separate bodies of workers. The

work of releasing these forces is assigned to the *Nirmāṇakāyas*, the host of perfected Mystics; that of utilising them, to the Occult Hierarchy—the Great White Brotherhood.

We may thus think of the *Nirmāṇakāyas* as continually pressing upwards, in their mighty aspiration and meditation, into regions loftier than we can imagine, and, in this way—according to the law of Nature alluded to above—releasing vast stores of the Divine Life which would otherwise have remained far out of reach of our lower worlds. These stores of energy remain on their own plane, when released; but the fact that they have been contacted from below means that the channel has been made whereby they may be drawn down, if required. The task of drawing them down, of materialising them from plane to plane, of distributing them to the best advantage and with the utmost economy according to the needs of the various worlds, belongs to the Occult Hierarchy.

Only one further point needs to be mentioned; and that is that, for readily intelligible reasons, the stupendous forces released by the *Nirmāṇakāyas* is not all lavished as fast as it is generated, but that arrangements are made for storing it up, in order that there may always be a fund in reserve for the world. What those arrangements are is naturally beyond our power of conception: but it is to them that allusion is made when the *Nirmāṇakāyas* are spoken of as the “reservoir of spiritual force”.

It is possible to see from the forgoing how readily the definition of the occult and mystical movements harmonises with the hints contained in our Theosophical literature as to the respective functions

of the Occultist and the Mystic in the world's work. We are able, moreover, to gather some idea as to the wonderful manner in which Nature contrives to "dove-tail" the two movements, apportioning to each its share of its general task.

An even more striking instance of the neatness of Nature's arrangements may perhaps be found in another direction—and that is in the device by which she has brought it about that each of these typical workers, in the very act of doing his own work and pursuing his own goal, thereby, unconsciously and automatically as it were, does the work and draws nearer to the goal of the other. We have seen a little of this in the unconscious release of force by the Mystic in his efforts to rise out of the confines of manifested existence, and his consequent contribution to the World-Process of the very energy which is necessary for the carrying of it on. Still more striking is another arrangement, which rests upon the fact that each higher plane, through which the Mystic must rise in his escape from manifestation, is a plane of ever more perfectly realised unity. The result is, that the further he penetrates into these lofty regions the more completely is there poured into him the realisation of his oneness with all that lives, and the more thoroughly, thereby, does he become involved in its fortunes. Seeking to fly the world, he becomes the world. The nearer he draws to his union with God transcendent, the more does he realise that God immanent and God transcendent are really one God. That is the reason why the genuine Mystic, for all his withdrawing from the world, cannot really be selfish, for he withdraws, by necessity of Nature, into regions where selfishness is impossible.

So too with the Occultist. Forgoing the ideal of liberation in order to work in the manifested worlds, he draws ever nearer to liberation by the simple doing of that work. For, as he organises vehicle after vehicle, subduing it to his own higher will, he becomes self-determined, and hence free, on plane after plane. Every step in the opening up of new powers is, moreover, for him, a step which brings him nearer to the Life beyond the worlds; and the day will come, at long last, when with every power unfolded and with a vehicle perfectly organised and controlled on each of the planes of our system, he will rise in full consciousness into unity with that life.

There are probably many other ways in which this unification of opposites might be illustrated, still more remarkable than these; and it is perhaps in these, and similar, facts that we may seek the significance of the President's statement that "the perfected Occultist finally includes the Mystic; the perfected Mystic finally includes the Occultist". To many these devices of Nature bring home, with a new illumination, the wonder of the System in which we live.

Something has been said of the process by which the two great classes of workers gradually identify themselves, by specialisation, with the two respective movements in Nature. It is interesting to note, in this connection—and as an illustration of this process—how the Occultist gradually divests himself of his mystical activities and how these are taken over by other agencies.

Since it is the object of the Occultist to identify himself more and more completely with the outward-flowing life of God, we shall note that he tends, as he advances in growth, to shorten, or abolish those periods of

withdrawal which are normally necessary in life. We observe for example that the inward movement which is necessary, in order to renew his store of spiritual force, is condensed into a regular period of meditation, that this is intensified, in order that much may be done within a brief space, and that the whole of this upward effort is made subordinate to the ends for which it will ultimately be used. Meditation, in a word, is for the Occultist purely utilitarian. At a later period the opening up of the bridge between the ego and the personality provides a new economy for the latter, since there is now a steady downward flow which keeps the personality replenished with energy for its outward-going work. It is possible (though this, for the writer, is a matter of conjecture) that, until the consciousness of the ego is fully unified with that of the personality, a good deal of mystical work is carried on by the ego on its own account; this, however, need not interfere with the occult activities of the personality, but can be carried on simultaneously. The general principle here seems to be that for the Occultist, as he advances, more and more of his vehicles are being outward-turned as instruments for specifically occult work, while the higher part of him, over and above these, not yet developed enough for outward-turned work on its own plane, has still that mystical inward turn which suffices to generate spiritual forces for the use of the lower vehicles. Thus, just as the ego can "meditate" on his own plane, while the three lower vehicles of the personality are turned outwards in active work, so, we must imagine, in the case of the Adept, the Monad can pursue its own mystical activities, while the Man acts outward on all the planes of the fivefold world.

A similar abbreviation, or abolition, of the period of withdrawal, in order that the time of the Occultist may be as fully as possible devoted to outward-going work, is seen in the renunciation of the heaven-life which is made by the Occultist at a certain stage of his unfoldment. Life in the heaven-world—being, as it normally is, a life in which the consciousness is turned inward upon itself, and in which it cannot flow downwards into the lower worlds but must expend itself on its own plane—is, according to our definition, essentially a “mystical” state. This condition the occultist renounces, and seeks reincarnation with the utmost swiftness, in order that there may be as little break as possible in his specifically “occult” work. In this way whole centuries, even millenniums of mystical existence are saved, and there is a corresponding gain for the occult life.

Now it is clear that a vast disturbance of Nature’s balance, of this kind, could not be made unless by some special arrangement and some special help; and it is here that we come upon one of the most interesting application of our theory. Remembering that the mystical movement in Nature is the only means available for releasing the force necessary for occult work, we must see that the total cutting off of such an enormous mechanism of replenishment as that of the inter-vital devachanic period, must some where or other be compensated for. It is so compensated for. For this is one of the offices performed by the peculiar relation of Master and pupil. Part of what the Master does for the disciple is to keep him supplied with the forces which otherwise he would have to spend much time and effort in seeking for himself. The linking on of the consciousness of the pupil to that of his Master

opens up for him the vast energies of the Master's nature. The Master, in passing these on to His pupil, is doing definitely occult work, for He is sending them downwards and outwards from Himself: but He is thereby saving His pupil from the necessity of an upward and inward effort which, for him, would be mystical work. Thus the relation between Master and pupil is one very striking method by which the more and more exclusive specialisation upon the outward-going impulse is made possible. We must imagine that the same facts repeat themselves, on a higher level, in the case of the relation of the Adept and His Master, each Higher One doing for the one below Him that which the Masters do for their disciples.

An important point about this arrangement is that it not merely saves the pupil from spending his time in seeking for his own supplies of working energy, but provides him with an energy far greater, and of purer quality, than he could release for himself. It is thus a positive addition to his efficiency and an enhancement of all his powers.

It is, perhaps, an addition and an enhancement of this kind which, on a still greater scale, is placed at the disposal of the Adepts themselves by the great hosts of the *Nirmāṇakāyas*. For here we have a Body which is entirely occupied with that upward movement which aspires to the Life beyond the worlds;—which, in other words, specialises just as completely upon the impulse of withdrawal as the Occult Adept upon the impulse of forthgoing. Consequently, precisely by reason of that exclusive specialisation, it is not impossible that it will release forces not merely greater in volume, but on higher levels, than the unaided Occultist, even though of equal rank, could reach.

With these stray suggestions, illustrating some of the ways in which our formula may be applied, we close. The definition, given in the forgoing pages is not one which fits in with the popular conception of the Mystic and the Occultist;—indeed, in popular usage, the terms “Mystic” and “Mysticism” cover in a vague kind of way the whole field of the spiritual life, while the Occultist is (in the West at least) not understood at all. But it is a definition which, we venture to think, will commend itself to the Theosophical student, anxious to clarify his conceptions and to define his terms. The chief points about it are; (1) that it finds the basis of the distinction not in two generic types of Egos, or Monads, but in two impersonal principles; (2) that it connects these principles with the two great aspects, or modes, of the Divine Being which all manifestation involves; (3) that it shows them as coextensive in their operations with the whole of manifested life, and not only this; but (4) as the two ultimate principles out of which everything else in the manifested worlds is built up. In a word, it resolves the whole of manifested Nature into the interplay of the mystical and the occult movements. According to it, therefore, the dualism of the Mystic and the Occultist is no merely casual distinction, but is rooted deep down in the foundations of Being; and the dualism thus acquires a philosophical importance which many hints that we gather from our Theosophical teachings would lead us to expect; the Occultist and the Mystic become, in the profoundest sense of the word, representative, and fall into their appointed places in the scheme of things; they become, verily, “the two Hands of the One LOGOS in His helping of His universe”.

E. A. Wodehouse

THE CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

Bismillah

TO Stamboul came one year an English lady who had been born before her time. Nowadays it is usual for idle women to try and regenerate the world, and as each pulls in a different direction not much harm is done. Then it was an anomaly, the women being for the most part uncertain whether they themselves were not out of joint. Wealthy, handsome, childless, Elizabeth Gaunt had taken a restless soul with her when she set out upon her travels. Life unless lighted by great ideas was grey and dull, and even when thus lighted, did not seem absolutely satisfactory. She was in a reckless mood, the day Wazdi Bey, to whom her husband had an introduction, went hospitably and without suspicion to their villa.

Lady Gaunt, lounging away the late November afternoon, received him with considerable pleasure. His patriarchal beard, his grave brown eyes, his tall somewhat bent figure impressed her favourably. He struck her indeed as a peculiarly benign-looking old gentleman. Sir Albert would be in before long and meanwhile the visitor might be induced to take her a little behind the scenes of Turkish life.

The tall fair Englishwoman and the inscrutable old Turk sat facing each other in the somewhat stiff drawing-room; and to all her questions concerning mosques and khans, medressehs and mollahs, Wazdi made shrewd reply. When, however, the conversation

turned upon Turkish home life, he grew reserved. Lady Gaunt, anxious to encourage him, spoke of English girlhood; but he shook his head.

“And these maidens who catch and kick balls—when they are married, do they have many children?”

Lady Gaunt passed in review the athletic matrons of her acquaintance; but most of them were childless, and the few who had sons and daughters, were always worried about their health or nerves.

“Er—not many,” she said, “but it stands to reason that such fine and healthy mothers must produce fine children.”

“Ah! but do they?” said the Turk.

“The athletic woman has only been in existence for one generation and we can hardly tell,” she returned evasively, “but it must be good for the race, better,” and she spoke with returning confidence, “than the seclusion in which you keep your women.”

“In which *we* keep them?”

“I have always heard—”

“Never, Madam, in any age of the world have women been constrained by men to do as they did not wish. It is with us as with others. Our women do what they conceive to be right.”

“Do you mean to say that if your wives chose they could emerge from their seclusion?”

“My wife—but certainly—if she chose.”

“I thought you always had four?”

“A man may marry outside the prohibited degrees, two, or three, or four wives, but it is written ‘if you fear that you cannot be just to more than one, then one only’; and this, as a man finds it difficult to be just to more than one, is interpreted by most of us to mean monogamy.”

“Dear me, how interesting, and how I should like to meet your wife. What is the custom of the country? Would she call on me?”

The Turk’s benignant gaze grew a little colder but he spoke regretfully. “My wife is old-fashioned and seldom leaves the harem. It is perhaps a mistake, but I prefer that she should please herself.”

Lady Gaunt was more than ever impressed with his kindness. “I should so much have liked to see the interior of a harem.”

“That is easily arranged. I should be very pleased if you would come one afternoon.”

At the day and hour appointed therefore, Elizabeth Gaunt on the tiptoe of expectation drove into the Bey’s courtyard. She was received by Fortunatus, who led her into the presence of his master. To his mind, her visit boded ill for the household; therefore his glance was at once bold and hostile. If it had not been for his position as trusted servant, he would have chucked her under her impertinent western chin, he being ever one who liked to square not only his own, but his master’s accounts.

In the reception-room of the selamlık, Wazdi Bey received his visitor with simple hospitality; and Lady Gaunt, who had been conscious of something inimical in the atmosphere, warmed to his grave urbanity.

“I must come with you to act interpreter,” he said, “the ladies do not speak any language but their own.”

“Yet you speak so many?”

“A matter of business and necessity. Ladies think it waste of time to learn what would be of no use to them. A pity, perhaps, but so it is.”

He led the way along a passage and up stone stairs into the divan khane,¹ a room which, after the severe

¹ Reception-room.

furnishing of the *salamlik*, reminded Lady Gaunt of a second-rate Paris hotel. Chairs and couches were upholstered in soiled red velvet, the wood being gilt; and over all hung an air of dust and heaviness. When Wazdi brought his first wife home, this room had been furnished to satisfy her social ambitions. She had been inordinately proud of it; but after her sudden death it had been seldom or never used. Dewara, who craved above everything to live like the hardy mountaineers from whom she sprang, preferred the ground to a chair, and would, if she had known the word, have called the sophisticated chamber—"stuffy".

She was already awaiting her guest; and Elizabeth Gaunt thought she had never seen a more barbaric figure. Dewara was tall, with lustreless black hair and eyes under luckan brows, eyes that shone with a dull fire. Above the blue of her Turkish dress, the creamy skin showed flawless. Her ornaments were unusual, consisting one and all of golden serpents. One was twisted round her hair like a fillet, the head with glittering emerald eyes rising above her low forehead. Another clasped her neck, and yet others were twisted round her wrists and ankles. Whenever she moved these latter made a sort of clashing sound, which remained in Lady Gaunt's mind as characteristic of this extraordinary woman.

Dewara was not demonstrative, but she did what she believed to be polite when she kissed Lady Gaunt on both cheeks. Then she turned and with a gesture presented her step-daughter Fatmeh, now in the bloom of her youth, and Sughra Hanem, a neighbour. To the surprise of the visitor, this latter wore a scrap of muslin over part of her face, the end of which was tucked into her mouth at the corner.

“Why that wisp of muslin?” she inquired of Wazdi, for the lady was middle-aged; moreover the muslin by no means hid what comeliness was hers.

“Sughra Hanem wears it because of me.”

“But it is so—so inadequate.”

“Like other conventions.”

Coffee and sweetmeats were offered; and Lady Gaunt, upon whom Dewara's dark and sombre beauty had made an impression, tried to talk to her hostess. Wazdi translated for both; but it seemed to the Englishwoman that although Dewara spoke with fire, that fire was extinguished by translation. At any rate the answers given by the husband were eminently colourless.

“Tell your daughter how much I admire her lovely chestnut hair.”

The Turk shook his head. “It would make her vain.”

“And that's probably the only thing I can say that she would like to hear! Don't you think, now that your wife has met me, she might be induced to return my visit?” and she smiled across at Dewara, with an engaging friendliness that was not lost upon either husband or wife.

“I wish she would,” said the Bey, “but it is not likely.”

“You might at least ask her.”

The Turk said a few words to his wife and she answered gutterally and with emphasis.

“She thanks you,” translated Wazdi, “but she would rather not.”

Lady Gaunt, feeling rebuffed, rose to go. It was impossible to break down the barriers of race, if those on the other side of the fence refused to help. “I'm sorry,” she said.

“Not more so than I.”

“And at any rate I’ve seen the interior of a real Turkish harem. I’d no idea it was like this.”

“We are much like other people, nowadays.”

That evening when Lady Gaunt was sitting with Sir Albert after dinner, she was told that an old woman wished to see her.

“Who is it, Pericles?” she asked of the Greek butler.

“She not say. Only ver’ anxious to see Miladi alone.”

“But can she speak English?”

“She spik French.”

When the stranger was shown in, Lady Gaunt discovered her to be an old, decently clad woman of the poorer class. Not until she was assured that they could not be overheard would she disclose her errand.

“I come from Dewara, the hill-woman, whose nurse I am. You wished her to come and see you, but the Bey said not.”

“She did not wish to.”

“She was not asked, Effendim. You do not understand Turkish. She would have liked to come. And she has sent me that you may know the truth.”

Lady Gaunt found the truth embarrassing and sat wondering what to do with it. Could it be possible that that patriarchal old man was not as guileless as he had looked? She felt angry that she should have been deceived.

“The Bey jealous,” continued old Fitneh in matter-of-fact explanation. “Dewara, she born free, she made slave. Now she Ouem-el-Ouled,¹ mother of son, and

¹ Ouem-el-Ouled is the title given to a slave who has borne her master a son.

so Hanem. But is it not written: 'Woman flees the white beard as the sheep the jackal?' Dewara not happy, Effendim."

"Poor thing!" Wazdi Bey's hypocrisy had put him beyond the pale, and if the East were stretching out hands to the West, Elizabeth Gaunt was not the woman to draw back.

"Will the Hanem come and see me?"

"She no can. Coachman say where she go. Master always arrange."

"Practically the poor thing is a prisoner!" Lady Gaunt's free spirit rose in revolt. "Just as I thought—the unspeakable Turk," and it never even occurred to her that there might be two sides to the question and that Dewara was showing a singular aptitude for intrigue.

"Korban Bairam¹ soon—day after to-morrow. The Hanem goes to-morrow to buy sheep. A fine flock always by S. Sophia. We buy there—early. You come."

"Certainly I will. They say the streets will be a sight. All the women and their children out shopping. What time?"

Fitneh supplied the necessary detail. She had come in order to impose upon this stranger the imperious will of her mistress. Dewara sought distraction. A woman of fierce energy, she would grasp at any shadow that gave promise of varying the monotony; and it was perhaps as well for Lady Gaunt that Wazdi Bey knew how to keep what was his.

The week before Korban Bairam, the Feast of Sacrifice, is a busy one in Muhammadan households; it is also very frequently cold, dark and wet. Fortunatus,

¹ The midwinter festival of Islām, equivalent to the Western Christmas.

talking to his friend the porter by the iron brazier in the courtyard, and conscious that the day of cloud was likely to end in a night of rain, had been surprised to see Fitneh, the old nurse, slip quietly past the great gates. On what errand of importance could she be bound? If Atiya or Zuleika, the two old cousins who led a meek existence in the background of the harem and made pastes and preserves, the mere mention of which caused your mouth to water, were in need of extra ingredients they would have sent a young and active servant. Certainly not old Fitneh, the body servant of the Hanem, Fitneh, who would be busy with preparations for the great event and who was a cake-maker of repute. Fortunatus' curiosity had been aroused. His small charge Mustapha, the only son of the house, was in bed and he at liberty. What more natural than that he should follow Fitneh through the chilly streets. When presently she took an arabia¹ he felt glad that he had done so.

In Stamboul, cabs do not go more quickly than elsewhere, and Fortunatus, young, lithe, and by no means overfed, was able to keep this particular one in sight. When he saw it stop at the villa lately taken by Sir Albert Gaunt, he scented a mystery.

To Fortunatus, the Hanem with her stormy eyes, her periods of sullen silence alternating with fits of energy, was a person for thoughtful consideration. Not understanding her, he was the more curious and watchful; and he now perceived that mischief was afoot, mischief which must, if possible, be frustrated. Why should she send a message, when she had only that day seen the lady? Even if he had been present, Fortunatus whose mind ran in the ordinary grooves, would not have

¹ Cab.

perceived that in the Englishwoman, Dewara Hanem fancied she had found a kindred spirit. Lady Gaunt had that free carriage of head and body which comes of long hours spent in the glens and on the slopes of mountains; her feet had carried her for many miles over the springy heather and she was as much out of place in a harem as Dewara herself. Never since the latter had been enslaved and sold had she met a woman to whom the free out-of-door life she had once enjoyed was a matter of course. Her sullen and desperate heart had warmed to the stranger with the kindly eyes. She would clasp the hand held out to her and who knew what might not come of their friendship? Perhaps even escape from the honoured bondage in which she lived, and a return to the tents of her people.

This Fortunatus could not guess, though the time was to come when Dewara's need of liberty should be indelibly impressed upon his mind. Unable at the moment to make head or tail of the matter, he ran back through the increasing rain, loitering about until he saw Fitneh slip into the courtyard. If she had not been gruff and taciturn, the old woman would hardly have been a favourite with Dewara; and Fortunatus was wondering how he could extract the information he wanted when she turned to him with a command from the Hanem. He was to have his little charge ready in good time the following morning, as Mustapha would accompany his mother on the usual Bairam shopping expedition. "And we start early," said Fitneh. "An hour earlier than usual."

Fortunatus promised a careful obedience; but on the following morning when Dewara sent for her son, it was told her that Mustapha, long since ready and

impatient to be off, had gone down the lane. The boats dressed with bunting for the festival had proved irresistible, but he would be back before long. Dewara walked up and down behind the Mashrabiye screens, and finally sent a messenger to where the water, between the white garden walls, showed blue and golden in the sunlight. The truants, oblivious of time, were absorbed in the busy scene. On the eve of Bairam, the Bosphorous is alive with caiques and other craft and wears an unusual air of festivity. Mustapha, warm in his sheepskin coat, was loath to turn back; and when he eventually reached the harem, it transpired that he was hungry and in some unexplained way had cut his thumb.

“And in one caique,” he told his attentive mother, “there was a big ram with gilded horns and another ran into it, and it fell overboard and they all got wet; the kiakji, he said things.”

While Dewara saw to her son's needs, his attendant strolled into the courtyard. The middle-aged coachman was flapping his arms across his chest and complaining of the cold.

“The carriage is not wanted,” Fortunatus said with an air of authority. “The Hanem is busy. It is to come back in an hour.”

The result of these manoeuvres was that Lady Gaunt waiting in an arabia not far from S. Sophia, passed an interesting time but saw nothing of the person she had come to meet. Turkish ladies in feridje and scharchaf,¹ accompanied by dark-eyed children, stopped to bargain, according to their status, for fat-tailed sheep or brown goat; and, the deal made, sturdy

¹ Black cloak and veil.

hamals¹ carried off the dignified purchase. Elizabeth Gaunt looked at the eager faces when, in the heat of argument, the little veil was thrown back, but each was a stranger and preoccupied. At last, conscious that the wind was cold, she returned home—passing unawares Wazdi Bey's landau on its belated way.

That evening as she stood at her window listening to the wail of the muezzin: "Allah only is great, there is but one God and Muhammad is his Prophet. Come to prayer, come to adore, Allah is great"—a drum of Rahat-lakoum was brought to her on a salver by the Greek butler.

"I did not order this, Pericles," she said upon opening the box; but as she spoke she caught sight, under the soft sugar, of a folded paper. Drawing it out she found it to be a letter in halting French, a letter from Dewara. "Who brought it?"

"Hamal, Miladi. He gone."

"Then it is all right."

The letter set forth in short fierce phrases that Dewara had been delayed; but if her friend would write and appoint another time, she still hoped to come. It was a letter characteristic of the stormy and disappointed mood of the writer, and Lady Gaunt read it sympathetically. On the following day she wrote to Dewara very cautiously, but very kindly, asking her to spend the afternoon with her. She said that of course no men would be present and that Dewara's husband might rest assured that all the customs of his country would be carefully observed. To this a polite refusal purporting to emanate from the Hanem was presently returned; but Lady Gaunt was hardly surprised when on the following morning a basket of golden-ripe dates was brought her,

¹ Porters.

under the leaves of which lay one of the hill-woman's burning effusions. "It is written: 'If you are the tent-peg, have patience, if you are the mallet, strike,'" and she begged her friend to have patience and try again.

Circumstances shortly after gave Lady Gaunt another opportunity, but the result was the same. Failing in every attempt to meet Dewara, she realised before long that adverse influences must be at work. In passionate halting French the Hanem declared that it was her husband's fault, that he was jealous, suspicious and tyrannical. That she herself was something of a fire-brand was perhaps more evident; but Lady Gaunt, touched by the fervid phrases of the letters, by her outpourings of despair and longing, only thought of her as a victim, a victim as much beyond help, however, as one of the tigresses in the Zoo.

One evening the Gaunts encountered Wazdi at a function given by the English Ambassador. The old Turk was standing alone, contemplating the brilliant crowd of guests, and once more Elizabeth found herself admiring the patriarchal head and grave eyes. The man might be a tyrant, but if so his looks belied him. She glanced at him thoughtfully. "I wonder why you would not let the Hanem come and see me?"

The Turk's grave face relaxed. "Did I prevent her?" Then because he could admire a courage that was so reckless, and because the Gaunts were leaving in a few days: "You are of another race and you cannot understand."

"I understand," said Elizabeth warmly, "that she was once a free woman."

"And now, being wife and mother, she must make the best of circumstances. It was not I who stole her freedom. I bought in the market."

"But I could have been a friend to her, given her fresh interests and occupations."

"To the woman her work, to the man his," said the Turk. "To be responsible for the comfort and well-being of a great household, to have the care of children, is it not enough?"

"Not for the woman of to-day."

"By the beard of the Prophet, then, we are of yesterday. My dear lady, the woman who seeks to deceive her husband will not be more merciful to her friend. Moreover is it not written: 'Woman was made of a crooked rib. Try to straighten her and she breaks.'"

"The Hanem," said Lady Gaunt in a last attempt to carry her point, "is not happy, and I am sorry for her."

"Age has its compensations. It bestows content."

Lady Gaunt thought of the long years, the years before age should have sapped Dewara's intense vitality.

"Not content," she said sadly, "only indifference."

Then she glanced at the quiet face of the old man. "I wonder," she murmured, "I wonder how you knew?"

"Elizabeth," interrupted Sir Albert, "it is really very late. We must be going."

"Yes, yes, dear, in a moment."

She was still looking inquiringly at the man whom she had estimated as guileless and benevolent. He bent a little forward: "It is fortunate for her," he said slowly, "that I am no longer young and that therefore I prefer gentle to harsh methods, also that she is the mother of my son. You see," and he shook Lady Gaunt's hand in kind farewell, "only a selection of the letters that were written reached you."

C. A. Dawson Scott

GRAIL-GLIMPSES

II

GOD'S SCAVENGER

By E. M. GREEN

SHE was sitting on one of the green chairs in the Park, a pathetic travesty of the women in the gay mid-season crowd. Every article of her clothing, from the outrageous hat upon the peroxide masses of her untidy hair to the grey suede shoes with their huge bows of soiled ribbon, proclaimed her for what she was, even in an age in which petticoats and propriety have alike been cast upon the ash-heap, and a finer sense than those of sight or hearing is needed to distinguish My Lady from Tottie of the Halls.

A book lay open on her lap, but she was not reading; with the rapt intensity of one who sees a vision of some bliss too full for words, she gazed and revelled in the passing stream of fashion and beauty. June had come in like a full-blown flower, the world was a pageant and the breeze a song; and London laughed and lazed in the joy of it all, knowing but too well how delusive such fair promise was like to be.

The Stranger took a vacant chair next her, but she did not turn her glance towards him or seem to notice his coming. The carriages and motors streamed past, or drew up at the railings to watch the stream the better, and the girl (she was no more than twenty-two

or three, though she looked forty) drank thirstily of the colour and movement, leaning forward now and again to watch some more than usually pretty débutante, or any carriages in which there were children.

She started as from a trance as the Park attendant came up with his roll of chair tickets and paid her penny quickly, almost impatiently. The Stranger looked up as the man held a ticket towards him, and shook his head with a smile. "I have no money, friend," he said simply. The Park keeper looked in surprise, but beyond the fact that he wore a dark cloak of grey he could not get a clear impression of the speaker; the sun, or some other light, so dazzled him. He thought the gentleman was jesting, or might be a foreigner who did not understand.

He touched his cap as he spoke again rather loudly: "One penny, Sir, *if* you please, for the chair, Sir!" "My friend, I have said, I have no money." "Well, then, I'm afraid, Sir, I must ask you to be moving on!" "But I am weary, friend, and wish to rest—you will permit me to remain sitting, will you not?" "Sorry, Sir, but these here are not my chairs, you see! I pays a penny to the Comp'ny for every chair as is sat on." "Ah! then you will be kind and pay a penny for me, as I have no money and am weary. Is not that so?" "Look 'ere, Mister, you think you're being funny, don't you! But I've got my job to see to and can't stop 'ere all day! Either you pays, or up you gets—as for *me* payin', if I was to pay for every cove as was *weary* and 'adn't a penny, where'd *I* be—tell me that?" "Ah! yes! where would *you* be? Truly, that is the question. Well, since you cannot permit me to rest"

The girl on the next chair held out a penny to the custodian of chairs. "'Ere, I'll pay for the gent," she said quickly, "That's all right." "Well, Miss, that's as you please," said the man, as he put the penny into his bag. "So long, Mister, and don't lose your ticket if you moves on." He bent down to the girl and half covered his mouth with his hand, whispering audibly; "No good to put yer money on 'im, Miss; bad investment; 'e 's balmy, that's what 'e is."

The girl looked at him calmly and without resentment. "Get along," she said laconically, and returned to her occupation of staring at the stream.

After a few moments the Stranger spoke: "That was a kind action; I thank you. I thought when I sat down by you that you were not unknown to me." The girl started and turned quickly to him. "What d'you mean 'not unknown'? I—I don't know you—I haven't ever met you before, have I? I can't see you properly, the sun gets in my eyes, but I thought your voice sounded sort of familiar." "I have seen you before—that was why I came to this chair." "Oh! dry up—if I'd a known you was that sort I wouldn't have paid that there penny. It's no good, so I'll tell you straight. I ain't takin' any till the evenin.' Me afternoons is me own!" "I know that; I know why you come here every day, and why you have on that dark serge dress, and not the one you had on—last night, for instance, in the Promenade Palatial."

"Why, *you* was never in that old 'ole, was you? I tell you straight I just didn't see you there, and you don't know nothing o' what yer talkin' about. You thinks as I come 'ere to see the

torfs and p'raps to pick up a feller a cut above the sort you gets at the 'Alls; but, Lordy! You don't know a blessed thing about it."

"I think I do. Will you tell me if I am wrong when I say that you come here to see the young girls who are your sisters—and the mothers who have little children, whose mother in heart you are also?"

The girl turned her dark, joyless eyes upon the Stranger—wells of bitter waters, deep and fathomless, they seemed; no ray of the sunlight of youth had ever penetrated them, no human love had ever looked into them to warm their chill depths. But now, in answer to she knew not what of understanding, sympathy and comprehension, a far, faint wonder trembled like a star reflected on their surface. "You—know—that?" The words were almost a gasp.

"I know that, and more, for I know *you*: have known you from your babyhood." "Then you know 'ow crool 'ard it is for me? 'ow I 'ave 'ad to live some'ow and come to be what I am?" "Tell me—you need not fear to say what is in your heart to me—you have found life cruel, you say?"

"Crool, Sir! Why, it ain't the word. I ain't never 'ad no *life*, Sir, not as you might call it livin'. Mother, she was a dresser at the A Theayter, and me father, 'e was a gent right enough, but Mother never 'eard of 'im, after I were two year old. She was took when I were twelve, and I went to live with another of the dressers to mind the byby and do odd jobs. She kep' me till I was old enough to get on at the theayter as dresser meself—and 'er 'usband it was as made me what I am. *You* know what men are, Sir?" She paused and looked towards the Stranger, but she could not see

his face. She shivered and said with surprise: "Law, 'ow dark it's gettin', thunder, I s'pose! We shall ketch it 'ere under the trees." A great sadness took her, seeming to come upon her from outside, as a sea-fog steals to engulf the too daring climber on a rocky shore. She shivered again, and a sob caught her throat. She felt very lonely. "I—I beg yer pardon, Sir," she stammered. "I never meant—".

His hand touched her arm lightly, and his voice shook the unplumbed vital parts of her. "Child! Who should know them if I do not? Who should love them if I cannot? Go on, and have no fear. This man, you say, wronged you sorely, so that you became what you are? Tell me, for I would understand, *what* are you?"

She did not wince; a new, pale dignity and awe rested upon her, the memory of that touch upon her arm, perhaps. "I'm what I was myde, Sir. You know that we are all of us bad women. I've seen most of the plays that's been put on for the last eight or nine years at the old A. . . . ; and I knows the world and life—and 'ow the decent lot as 'aven't known our life feels about immerality, as they calls it. Seems to me as 'ow the 'ole world is really thinkin' of nothin' else; and all the morrel folks is for ever tellin' the immoral ones 'ow bad they are, and pokin' round to stop 'em—'stead of staying were they are and showin' 'em 'ow 'appy they'd be if they was morrel too. Oh! Sir, it just makes me sick when I *knows*—none better—that it's all upside down, so to say, and they 'as got the stick by the wrong end." She paused—a carriage with two nurses and a trio of golden-haired children drew up at the railings. A fat, blue-eyed mite of two caught her look, and kissed its chubby hand to her. She kissed hers back;

a radiance as of dawn trembled in her eyes and on her lips. "It's not us women that's the ones to change; it's the men," she went on as the Stranger bent his compelling gaze upon her. "People goes on screechin' and ravin' about the White Slave traffic, as they calls it—but they'll never stop us, nor yet that there 'ell neither, till they changes the *men*! My Gawd, Sir—the women, ladies, mothers of that little child and thousands like it—*they* are the only ones as can stop the white slaves by teachin' and bringin' up their boys different. And *till* they do that, it's the poor women of the street, me and the likes of me, that is doin' Gawd's own work and guardin' their 'omes for them. If we was not there, those other women wouldn' have a chance to keep their 'omes clean and pure. They don't know men as we do, Sir—and we don't know the father in a man." She broke off and sat brooding—her gaze upon the emptying Row—the mantle of the prophetess yet enfolding her—the inner vision lifting her beyond all self-consciousness, beyond even the meagre setting of her ego.

"I think I understand," the Stranger said, and his voice was very gentle. "You feel that you are helping to make it possible for the 'good women' to build homes, and in these homes to put purity and true manhood before their boys; is not that so?" She sighed. "Ah! Sir, if I 'ad the words as you 'ave. Yes, that's it; but more than that; you'll laugh, maybe—but I think we are kind of doin' Gawd's work, 'elpin' 'Im to put right the world 'E made, that's got into such a awful mess." "Then you believe that God made the world?" "I never seen no cause to doubt it, Sir." The Stranger drew a deep breath and murmured

something that she could not hear. "I seem to think as it's all like a play what Gawd 'as wrote; only 'E can't get the players to act right till after a' eap of re'earsils—they're all learnin', Sir—but they kick up the dust a bit and litter up the place—and then when it's late and all dark, *we* comes along, sweepers and scavengers is what we are, and cleans up the place so that they can go on re'earsin next day."

"Then do you think all the women who live as you do are God's Scavengers?"

"Sure, Sir; ain't they all makin' it possible for that there mother to live pure—for that there blossom of a byby to be born; for those young girls that 'ave drove past to-day to walk free and unmolested? They, as well as me, Sir, is cleanin' up for God; but I think as it's more *reely* cleanin' if you 'as 'Im in mind all the time."

"Then—you will have God in mind to-night—at the Palatial—and after?"

"Yes, Sir—I comes 'ere afternoons for that; it 'elps when you've got it clear in your 'ead. I bears 'Im in mind; and I looks to the time when the 'good woman' will 'ave done *their* work and made the men different, so as the bad women ain't wanted no more. Gawd won't want that kind of cleanin' up then!" Silence fell; and the shades of evening. She woke from her dream. "I beg your pardon, Sir—I've been makin' too free—you ain't like the rest and it drawed me on. You ain't offended, Sir? If I might make so bold, shall I see you again, Sir? I can't get to see your face some'ow."

"I am not offended. Yes! We shall meet again. You shall see my face to-night at the Palatial."

E. M. Green

MY VISION SPLENDID

By A SERVER

MY sight being opened, I became vividly conscious of myself standing on the outer edge of what seemed to be an arched cave. I stood looking outwards into a soft silver grey mist, not a gloomy or frightening mist, but soft, quiet, and soothing to the eyes and senses. As I became conscious thus far of my surroundings, I felt behind me the presence of some one, almost, but not quite, touching me. I did not turn to look, but I knew this one whose nearness I felt, was one we all love and revere. Behind again, rather in the background of the cave, I felt a Presence. One stood there, in whose footsteps our Leader follows closely, and to whom she ever points as the One for us to imitate. On either side of the cave, in a line with myself, at a little distance away, I became aware of the figure of a watcher or sentinel.

As I stood there, looking outwards, power was poured into me, and this power, so poured in, I felt radiate from my body on every side. It seemed to stream outwards from my spinal column. Three times this power was applied. At the first and second application the force stopped when I reached the point of unconsciousness. The third time came, the life-forces radiated all through me; I heard myself cry out: "I can see! I

can see!" Then the pouring in of life-force ceased. Away in the distance, right in front of me, flashed through the grey mist a gigantic Figure, standing upright with arms outstretched, forming a cross. Wondrous beyond all power of telling was this Form. Waves of colour poured from His gloriole on every side; colours that our earth-bound eyes in their normal state have never seen, nay, nor ever could see, streamed from Him like living fire, pulsating and glowing. My whole being was throbbing with the awful wonder and glory of this living picture. I was lifted up out of myself. I touched a height never before felt, or ever imagined by me. I held firmly to my consciousness, for I felt that the wonder and glory of it all was overpowering me. It is not possible to convey to another the Divine perfection of that face towards which I gazed with all my quickened soul. The face was white in colour, the eyes blue, the hair was like spun gold. Everything one had ever dreamed, of love, of compassion, and of tenderness, combined with a sublime majesty, poured in living streams from those eyes, and that Figure. I *knew* this was the Christ.

As I stood, between me and this wondrous Figure, waves of silvery-white mist waved to and fro, like gossamer veils floating in the air in sunny weather; this was evidently meant to dim the glory of the vision, so that I might look on this majestic radiant Figure, and not be utterly destroyed by the splendour of His face.

I awoke in the early morning, my vision pulsating through me still; my body felt as if floating on air; I kept that feeling of lightness and elation for days, and I was able to do more work in a given time both mentally and physically than ever before in this life.

I brought back this much of the memory, the recollection, of my "Vision Splendid" with me, just as I have here stated; how much more of glory and blinding wonder my *real experience* held I am unable to state, but I am ever and always grateful for being permitted the remembrance of so much.

This vision and its after effects carried me triumphantly through four of the hardest months of my life. I have had my vision splendid; I have seen the living face of my Lord, before which all else fades into nothingness, and no one can take that *real* experience from me.

A strong impression came to me after my vision—that I must go, if possible, to the Adyar Convention, that of 1910, which Theosophical event followed shortly after this epoch in my life. I was thousands of miles away from India at this time, and with little hope of accomplishing the journey or reaching my desired goal. But I can vouch for the fact now, from my personal experience, that when intuition speaks, if the will to obey the voice of the soul be but strong enough, all barriers will be moved out of the way, and the goal be reached, the end attained.

I went to Adyar, and there I watched daily, listening carefully at each meeting, waiting ever, for some sign, some expected Divine communication, or event, for which my intuition had prepared me. It came at a meeting in the big Hall, where the voice of the Christ spoke to us through the lips of the lecturer. At the first words, I knew whose voice it must be, and to those melodious deep full sweet tones, my whole being responded, and the mental picture and vibrations of my vision returned to me, my body was in an ecstasy. Never

shall I forget that voice, and those wondrous vibrating tones. It was my Day of Pentecost.

I am thrice blessed. I have had my vision splendid in which I saw the living glorified face of my Lord. I have heard the melody, sweetness, and power, of His voice. My heart, I believe, will respond gladly when He shall appear among men, and for that appearing I watch, work, and wait.

I have been shown things in the watches of the night before and since my vision splendid, but this vision, of which I have written, surpassed all that went before, or has been shown me since.

A Server

REVIEWS

Fresh Voyages on Unfrequented Waters, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D. Litt. (Adam & Charles Black, London, 1914. Price 5s. net.)

Professor Cheyne's book may be described as a series of highly technical notes upon points of Biblical criticism. It goes without saying that whatever Dr. Cheyne writes is instinct with sound scholarship; his voyages are stormy ones, for he is no respecter of the word "orthodoxy," but he is a good seaman and enjoys the gale that disperses the mists of convention and narrowness of thought.

Not the least interesting feature of the present book is an enquiry into the meaning of familiar place-names, like Gethsemane, Golgotha, Bethlehem.

J. I. W.

The Mind at Work. A Handbook of Applied Psychology. Edited by Geoffrey Rhodes. (Thomas Murby & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The fourteen chapters that make up this book are written by four different persons, Mr. E. J. Foley, Dr. Charles Butler, Professor L. L. Bernard and the Editor himself. No special claim is made to originality. The book is an attempt to put clearly and concisely before the beginner the generally accepted elements of science. The subject of the book is defined as the "study of personality in all its aspects". It should be a useful little manual for students, for it has been so arranged as to be easily usable for reference. A bibliography is appended and a list of the chief psychological terms with their meanings.

A. de L.

Teachings from The Arcane Science, written down by Edward Clarence Farnsworth. (Smith & Sale, Portland, Maine, U.S.A., 1913.)

Books such as this one foreshadow certain problems which may fairly claim some attention from the chief exponents of modern Theosophy. Theosophical teachings appeared before an astonished world with certain clearly-defined warrants of authority. The author of *Esoteric Buddhism* in the very early days of the movement bluntly termed the basic teachings "the absolute truth concerning spiritual things," and again "a mine of entirely trustworthy knowledge". Amongst the chief Theosophical writers there were occasional divergences in matters of detail, but a substratum of unanimity regarding the broad outline of essentials held. In later years, Dr. Steiner arose, claiming inspiration from the same fountain-head, but the mouthpiece of certain doctrines quite irreconcilable with the earlier presentation. Following him, Max Heindel, the author of a fascinating and really able book *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, claiming similar inspiration. To these may be added some of the instructions of the so-called "Order of 15" of America, and now the present book—all of them Theosophical in tone and all recognising H. P. Blavatsky, as a messenger from the White Lodge. Heindel's is probably the most able of these books; it sets forth a fairly rational and coherent scheme, and while certain of his points seem to invite doubt, others call forth a flash of ready recognition from the intuition, which is unmistakable. Clearly the book represents a definite occult tradition. Now we have another book which claims to carry us past another veil in the Temple of Divine Science. It is no rival, in our opinion, to Mr. Heindel's, but, like his, it touches upon many interesting points which so far have not been considered by Mrs. Besant, or Mr. Leadbeater, or Mr. Sinnett.

The great question is : What is the source of these various books, and their value in relation to our own Theosophical treatises? Are there schools of Western Occultism still existent on the physical plane, the repository, perhaps, of the Alchemy of the Rosy Cross, and wherein the Lesser Mysteries still are celebrated? Or do these teachings emanate from superphysical Lodges of Teachers

out of incarnation, who still cherish the doctrine of mediæval monastic Occultism, blended as it often was with a strong tincture of orthodox Christianity? It would be interesting and well to know!

That is the larger question called forth by this book, and therein probably lies its chief interest to Theosophists. Turning to its more detailed study, we find the book to consist of short animadversions upon various topics of Occult Science. These various expositions are rather vaguely written, by comparison with the more "essential" teaching of current Theosophical books, though from time to time statements of quite unimpeachable definiteness appear. We are told that "the scheme of the planetary chains is quite unlike that given in such works as A. P. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, but in such meagre outline is Mr. Farnsworth's scheme that no adequate comparison of the two systems is really possible. In other places the author virtually asserts that he is right and modern Theosophists wrong, but he gives us no ground whatever for accepting his perfunctorily stated theories in preference to the older. Nor does he take the reader into his confidence regarding his credentials, although he claims to supersede "by plainer speech" the veiled language used by "H. P. B. and her associate Masters".

Nevertheless there are many really suggestive fragments of thought and teaching scattered throughout the book, which preclude us from too hastily describing it as one of the many spiritualistic adventures into literature. If it is attributable to some discarnate spirit, then he is one of a superior order.

The book is certainly worthy of perusal, and in some parts of careful and sympathetic study.

J. I. W.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12 c.)

Bacteriology, by W. E. Carnegie Dickson, M.D.

This is a popular sketch of this fascinating Science, wonderfully comprehensive in so small a space, and forms a good introduction to the serious study of the subject: or, for the man in

¹ This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

the street who does not want to study, it gives a clear insight into the rudiments of the Science, and may do much good by impressing him with the necessity of hygiene in all that pertains to his daily life, though it may frighten him not a little with the long list of formidable, if invisible, foes who are constantly invading the citadel of his body; also the enormous number of bacteria which exist in ordinary everyday articles of food, especially in milk. If a scientist can write of such conditions in England, how much more must they apply here in India also!

Of special interest and importance is the chapter on "Organisms which produce Disease," for the sooner it is a matter of common knowledge what harm these invisible foes can do and the ease with which they are spread—such as the Tubercle bacillus in the sputum, to name the most prevalent—the better for all. The last chapter touches on what might be called the happier side of Bacteriology, its relation to plants, to the arts and industries, and lastly its commercial aspect. There is a good list of books appended for further and more complete study of this subject in all its various aspects.

G. J.

Wild Flowers, by Macgregor Skene, B.Sc.

The pleasure derived from the sight of a lovely woman is quickened rather than dulled by learning her name; and, if the spectator is told something further as to where and how she lives, her beauty is in no way affected, while his interest is considerably increased. Professor Skene argues that it is thus with flowers also; and therefore he has written this quite elementary and, as far as it goes, perfectly satisfactory little book, for those who love flowers for their beauty but have no technical knowledge of botany. His classification of wild flowers into *ten colour groups* affords a simple and effective system of reference. Illustrations of all flowers mentioned, and indices of English and Latin names make identification very easy. Technical terms have been avoided as far as possible, and a clear explanation of those not in everyday use is given in the introductory paragraphs.

A. E. A.

Luther and the Reformation, by Leonard D. Agate, M.A.

This is a sketch of the life and times of Martin Luther, and the author emphasises most rightly the truth that "all religious movements must be studied in relation to the local and temporary circumstances in which they arose". The Reformation was "an attempt to deal with certain abuses of an existing system". The corruption of the Mediæval Church is proverbial, but Mr. Agate states his case fairly and shows the temptations of the Church by reason of its enormous power. Luther, himself, had "a dark and morbid side to his character," which was probably the reason why he viewed the times with so sad a gaze. It was his life in a monastery that sowed "the seeds of his later antagonism to Catholic theology". A chapter is devoted to the question of Indulgences, possibly the most crying evil of the time. Then comes a description of the Diet of Worms. And the political problems of the time are given, followed by an excellent digest of Luther's theology. As in the case of so many reformers, Luther's zeal carried him further from the Catholic position than he would, under normal conditions, have gone:

Catholic theologians lament his apostacy among other reasons, because, had he remained within the Church, his ability and zeal for reform might have accomplished much.

A few pages on the Lutheran Church, together with a useful bibliography and an efficient index, conclude this excellent volume, which is written in an interesting and un-biassed manner.

Anglo-Catholicism, by A. E. Manning-Foster.

Dr. Langford-James in a short introduction describes Anglo-Catholicism as "a libel on the Gospel," to Protestants, and "to the Roman Catholics a parody of Catholicism". The Anglo-Catholic Movement may be said to have received its greatest impulse from the Tractarian Movement, with its endeavour to restore within the Church of England certain doctrines and practices which, it was claimed, were ever her heritage, but which had fallen into disuse and decay. The short treatise on Anglo-Catholicism, which lies before us, is admirably planned and has chapters dealing with "The Church: Before and After Reformation," "The Bible," "Tradition," "The Sacraments". The author insists on the *Catholicity* of the Church of England and will not allow that Anglo-Catholics

represent "a party or school of thought of the Church of England, but the actual official teaching of the Church of England itself". He says :

The Oxford movement was not the commencement of a new party or school of thought. It was a return to first principles, an appeal to the Prayer Book, and to the older tradition, that the Puritans and Protestants had gradually hidden from sight.

However the question be settled as to the validity of the Anglo-Catholic claims, it is undoubted that those who agree with them have contributed largely to the growth of spirituality within the English Church. The author of this book writes with conviction and therefore in a convincing manner, but then—so did Cardinal Newman from an opposing camp.

T. L. C.

Architecture, by Mrs. Arthur Bell.

The authoress gives a succinct account of the development of Architecture from the earliest times in Egypt, Asia and America up till the present period. Special chapters are devoted to Greek, Roman, Early Christian, Byzantine and Saracenic, Romanesque, Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman architecture, also to Gothic and Renaissance architecture in Europe and Great Britain. What is lacking in detail of description in the letter-press is amply repaid in the copious illustrations that appear on almost every page. For anyone desiring to acquire speedily and easily accurate information upon this subject, a concentrated digest of facts as contained in this handbook will prove a most profitable investment. The matter relating to the great cathedrals of Europe is particularly interesting and covers a great deal of ground.

A. E. A.

The Theosophist

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT may be remembered that in 1889, H. P. Blavatsky wrote that the early years of the next century would see many of the accounts of the Nations made up, and verily she was a true prophet in this matter. For one very clear result of the present gigantic War is to bring Asia into new relations with Europe, and to establish her in her old place of power in the shaping of the world's destinies. We sometimes forget that all the old Empires of the past were Asian, that India, Persia, Assyria, struck the key-note of civilisation for thousands of years, and that China, though she did not make so flaming a trace on the world's pages, wrote a self-contained story of rare internal progress and lofty ethics which have maintained her in her sure place among the great civilisations of the world.

*
* *

Asia has been for centuries a Continent to be exploited by the young and virile Nations of the West. These started on fresh lines on the younger Continent of Europe, the fourth and fifth sub-races spreading

westwards, and occupying the lands, some of which had but lately emerged from the seas. The great swamps of eastern Europe, as they dried up into habitable soil, furnished a centre for the young fifth sub-race, from which their families emigrated westwards and northwards, to found future nationalities. They naturally forgot their Asian Motherland, as generation succeeded generation, and as they developed their new type of civilisation, difficulties of communication kept the two Continents isolated from each other, unknowing their relative lines of development. Only, later on, incursions into Europe of hordes of warlike and ferocious warriors from the central parts of Asia made the names of the Huns and others names of terror in Europe.

* * *

Then came a new impulse from Asia, which embodied itself in the Saracens, the impulse of Chivalry and Mysticism, spreading westwards and southwards from Persia. Masonry was enriched from the same source, and these all softened and refined the rougher manners of the West, while Arabia took up the tradition of Greece, enriched and developed it, and brought science to Europe, laying the foundations of the modern world. Not only in religion did Asia teach Europe, though it is true that Asia had the genius of spirituality, and that Europe merely copied and spread, but originated no great religion. In literature, philosophy, science, and art, Asia was the Mother of all progress, while as regards tolerance, that true mark of greatness, Akbar was discussing religions among wise men of different faiths, while Mary was burning Protestants and Elizabeth executing Roman Catholics. Scarcely for two centuries has Europe been taking the lead, while Asia, sated with

great achievements, slept for a while to rest, and let the reins of Empire slip from fingers tired of power.

* * *

But now Asia is awakening, and Japan first raised her head, and fought her way to high position among the Nations of the world, concluding alliance with the mighty western people whose genius for colonisation and rule was laying deep and firm the foundations of a world-wide Empire. Persia stirred uneasily, feeling the breath of Liberty, and, though hardly entreated by Russia and Britain, she has her eyes fixed on a fuller National life. And China, that vast unknown land, that land of far-reaching possibilities, took her fate into her own hands, flung off her Empire, established a Republic, and is feeling her feet, intent on working out her own salvation.

* * *

How could this great wave of new life sweep over Asia and leave untouched the blood in India's veins? She, mightiest, fairest, wisest of all Asian Peoples, how should she lie supine, continuing to sleep, when lesser Nations were stirring? And so has come unrest, and movements of new life, a sense of growing strength and consciousness of National Unity. Slowly she has been awaking to Self-realisation, and measuring her resources, and, quietly learning from the younger Nations methods of Self-Government, has been pursuing the new ways of modern peoples. As a Nation, she sprang to her feet at the cry for help that rang across the seas from the little northern Island that had taught her the great lesson of Liberty and that found herself confronted by a mighty foe, and she flung

her sons into the carnage of War, poured out the blood of her people and the hoarded treasures of her Princes, and proved her worth and her strength on the stricken fields of modern War in Europe. Never again can India, who has fought and died for the common Empire side by side with England, sink back into the old position of Ma-Bap, and stand with folded hands submissive to the Sahab's nod. When Britain called on India for help, she treated her as an equal, and never again can she, in fairness and in honour, treat the Indian Nation as a subject race. By her sword, drawn for England not against her, India has won her Freedom, and the chaplet of Liberty has been wrought for her on the fields of Europe, sodden with the outpoured blood of Indians and of Englishmen. Well, verily, is it for both Nations that full National Self-consciousness has flowered while the two Nations are fighting side by side. There was a time when there was a danger that it might be realised in opposition instead of in union, when South Africa strained India's patience and strength almost to the breaking-point. South African oppression did much to awaken the sense of unity in India, but, thanks to all good Powers, Lord Hardinge's sympathy and Mr. V. Gandhi's patience tided India over the danger, and turned anger into gratitude.

* * *

All this change and the near approach of Self-Government in India is making the thoughtful feel the need for preparation, and for pressing on more rapidly the religious, educational, social and political reforms which are too interlinked and interwoven for separation. The Theosophical Society has been one of the most effective workers in the field of religious and educational reform. By emphasising the doctrines of

the great religions apart from their special *differentia* in forms and ceremonies, it has proved itself the most valuable of peacemakers; in northern India, where it is weakest, religious animosities are far stronger than in the southern parts of the great peninsula, and faiths which antagonise each other in the Panjab and the U. P. live peacefully side by side in Madras, Mysore, the Deccan and Bombay. The example of the Central Hindū College stimulated the founding of schools under National control, and the teaching of religion and ethics in schools and colleges has become widespread, partly by the examinations organised by the C. H. C., and partly by the separate examinations started by Theosophists in Bombay and elsewhere.

* * *

Hard on the heels of this work trod the crusade against child-marriage, and that in favour of foreign travel and of close social intercourse between Indians and Europeans on a footing of perfect equality and mutual respect. And thus the good work has gone on, and Indian Nationality has drawn inspiration and hope from the labours of Theosophists, and the liberalising tolerant spirit is spreading everywhere, as a permeating influence, a spirit rather than a form.

* * *

An interesting movement has begun in Madras, which aims directly at civic education, at the training of men and women in the methods and means of Self-Government, by the full and free discussion of all public questions, and the training of those who take part in it in the forms of Parliamentary procedure. A Madras Parliament has been formed, and is being joined by the leaders of public opinion of all parties, and interesting

debates are expected, as keen brains and clever tongues are numerous in Madras.

* * *

The following letter from Captain Powell, R.E., giving an account of Dr. Haden Guest's admirable work in France, will be read with interest :

"Almost as soon as War broke out, Dr. Guest decided to start a Hospital in France. Though the generosity of Dr. W. Kirby the necessary funds were forthcoming ; a staff was got together, stores bought, and in a very short while a complete Hospital of 80 beds was in working order at the Hotel Majestic in Paris. This Hospital has been visited by a large number of officials, military, civil and other, and its efficiency has been well spoken of. Returning to England, a second unit was formed and sent out to Limoges, where a Hospital of 150 beds was established, stores to the amount of ten tons being taken out by Mr. Pemberton, a New Zealand F.T.S., in one consignment.

"During Dr. Guest's absence in France, the movement had been vigorously pushed forward by a band of workers at the T. S. Headquarters in London, and a good deal of interest and sympathy was aroused throughout the country. Mr. Herbert Brown, a City Miller, took up the cause with great enthusiasm and took me down to the City to appeal to the Millers' Association, and also to speak on the large Baltic Exchange. A fund for another Hospital of several thousand pounds was thus started. Later Dr. Guest went himself to the Baltic Exchange, made an eloquent speech, as a result of which the fund leapt to over ten thousand pounds, and the Hospital was assured.

"The call for help from France came soon.

“On Sunday morning, October 25th, a telegram was received saying that urgent assistance was needed immediately for large numbers of wounded. That afternoon a party of surgeons and nurses with emergency medical stores was despatched to Calais, whilst a day or two later a large consignment of provisions and stores of every kind were sent out. The Hospital accommodates 200 beds and has been reported upon as working excellently under the efficient direction of Major Stedman, R.A.M.C.

“A short time before the Calais Hospital had been formed, Dr. Guest felt that the movement was growing at such a rate that it should be placed upon a basis broader than the scope possible to the energy and capacity of a private individual. Accordingly, before many days had elapsed a strong and influential Committee was formed with its Headquarters at the Offices of the British Red Cross, 83 Pall Mall, to co-ordinate the many offers of British help to the French sick and wounded. This Anglo-French Committee deals with the establishment of Anglo-French Hospitals under the British Red Cross Society and the S. John's Ambulance Association. The scheme was approved by the French Ambassador, and by the Medical Department of the British War Office. The Committee, as formed, consisted of :

The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Claude Macdonald, G.C.M.G.,
K.C.B.

Sir Henry Norman, M.P.

Dr. Haden Guest

Dr. Wm. Butler

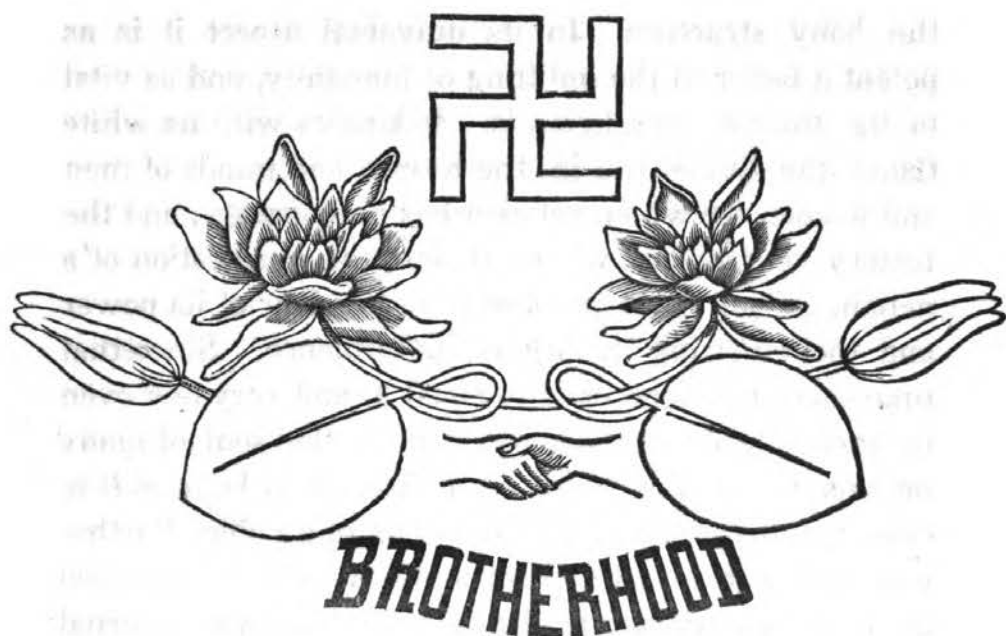
later other names have been added.

“Mr. Herbert Brown, who had shown indefatigable energy and enthusiasm in this work, also made an appeal on the Liverpool General Exchange. A large and influential meeting was arranged under the Presidency of Lord Derby, and Dr. Guest again depicted in graphic terms the appalling suffering existing in France at the present moment and the shortage of Hospitals, the need of which could scarcely be exaggerated. The result of the appeal was that £7,000 was subscribed on the spot, and before very long this sum had been raised to £12,000, sufficient to establish another Base Hospital. The money has been handed over to the Anglo-French Committee.

“Dr. Guest has also had given to him by a private individual a sum of several thousand pounds with which yet another Hospital has been started at Nevers, Mr. Pemberton again conveying out a huge quantity of stores of all kinds.”

* * *

The 17th February was kept as usual at Adyar, the passing away of the President-Founder, the birthday of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, and the burning of Giordano Bruno, being all commemorated on that day. The statue of the Colonel, the picture of Mr. Leadbeater, and the bust of Bruno were all honoured with offerings of flowers, and Dr. English, Mr. Jinarajadasa and myself, all spoke a few words of love and gratitude. It is well that these gracious annual ceremonies should testify to our belief that we are all one living body, and that for us “death is but a recurring incident in an immortal life,” and that deaths and births are but milestones on our way.



THEOSOPHY, BEAUTY AND ART

By ALICE E. ADAIR

TH**ERE** is no field of human activity where the Theosophical Society might give more real help than that of Art. It has been left practically untouched in the past; and, considering the importance that is to be attached to it in the evolution of the sixth root race, this is surely a mistake. A useful movement has recently been established in England, the International Brotherhood of Arts, Crafts and Industries, but its work is directed into certain definite channels. My appeal is a less ambitious, but a more personal, one, and is made to each unit of our body, whether he may consider himself as having artistic tastes or as being totally devoid of them; for I believe that art is a universal necessity, the life-blood of the Superman, as science is

the bony structure. In its universal aspect it is as potent a factor in the uplifting of humanity, and as vital to its growth, as religion is. It kindles with its white flame the divine fire in the hearts and minds of men and women for whom religion has no message ; and the history of Greece, where it was the inspiration of a nation, is sufficient proof of the splendour of its power and the enduring quality of its influence. Since that time there has been none to equal it, and very few even to approach it ; yet deep-hidden in the soul of many nations burns the hope of a Greater Athens still to come ; a dream ever haunts them of a nobler Parthenon that yet may be. But only as art is recognised as a living force, not as the mere perfection of external forms—as soon as an art movement becomes formal, not formative, you may know that its death knell is sounded—only as it is prized as science is prized, only as it is cherished and revered as religion is cherished and revered, shall we call to earth a reincarnation of the Spirit that was Greece, the apotheosis of Beauty in life. Is not that a goal worth winning ? Is it not an end worth striving for ?

Well, you may begin at once if you will ; no subscription is necessary ; no great expenditure of energy is required ; only a little time at no settled period, a little patience, a little thought and a mental attitude of pliancy, and the miracle is worked. The reward is an access of joy in living quite incommensurate with the effort expended. The first step consists in putting some plain questions to oneself and answering them honestly ; the next step is immediately to put into practice, in whatever form is most attractive, the conclusions that have been reached. There one alights

at once upon the delight of an artistic outlook on life—one does what one finds attractive. The artist does things because he loves doing them, not because he feels he ought, or because some one else thinks he ought, to do them ; hence he finds joy in his work and the joy makes it beautiful.

“Is art an essential factor in the progress of the world? What do I really know about it? If I am ignorant why am I ignorant ; and am I justified in so remaining when the expenditure of a small amount of effort at occasional and convenient moments will bring some enlightenment?” These are the questions I submit to you for consideration. To the second of them I believe the answer will almost invariably be: “Very little,” or, “Nothing at all”. And it is the purpose of this article to offer suggestions for lines of thought, rather than exhaustive replies to the others, and so to lead each person to take the first step towards “getting understanding”.

To the first question: “Is art an essential factor in the progress of the world,” Theosophy gives an unequivocal “Yea”. It also provides a thread by means of which we may find a way through the maze of conflicting opinions and confusing statements that are rife in relation to beauty and art. Theosophy reveals the evolution of man to us as the gradual unfolding from within him of a twofold power, intellectual and emotional, and so enables us to bridge the psychological gulfs left by our western philosophers in their effort to isolate and to establish the supreme importance of the thinking principle. In this effort the significance of man’s emotional nature was almost entirely obscured, and there can be little doubt that this point of view has

indirectly impeded the growth of art in Europe for many centuries.

Theosophical study also teaches the distinction between emotional and mental power; the one is related to the energising aspect of life-force, the other to its formative aspect. Desire-emotion-will energy vivifies matter; mental energy builds it into stable forms; thought gives shape to ideas; emotion colours and vitalises them. Hence, when we speak of a man of striking personality as having "colour," we mean that there is in him a large reserve of emotional life-energy; and hence, also, the more dominating influence of a fine character than of a keen intellect.

Theosophy also discloses beauty as an attribute of God made manifest in matter—a universal principle. It is omnipresent. There is beauty in the ordered revolution of the spheres, there is beauty in a dew-drop and in a grain of sand. We ascribe beauty to the beating of the wings of the eagle as it soars upward towards the sun; to the pearl that lies hidden in a shell in the depths of the ocean. The scientist finds it in his laboratory, the mathematician in the perfect relations existing in the phenomenal world, the philosopher in pure heights of abstract reasoning, the religious in the state of ecstasy, and the artist everywhere.

If one could grasp the conception of Absolute Beauty, I believe it would be by the perfect balance of these two aspects of power—intellect and emotion perfectly poised. Relative beauty results when the same state of poise is established between the two through all the ramifications of these forces in the lower planes of matter. Carrying this thought further we find that emotion is always a "moving forth," while intellectual

effort implies concentration, the drawing to a centre, steadiness. Beauty is not rigidity; beauty is not the result of correctness of form. Pure form represents truth not beauty; and whenever you have rigidity of form, you are looking at beauty's shell, not beauty's self. For beauty is that state of poise produced by the perfect harmony between a form and the life that ensouls it. The state of beauty may exist only for a moment, or it may last for longer periods, varying in extent according to the energy expended in the creative effort. The state of truth is arrived at when a perfect form is formed for an idea, beauty is added with the ensouling life.

Having seen that beauty is everywhere and that it exists as the nexus of the two currents of life-energy which are active in man through his emotional and intellectual powers, and having observed that the unfolding of these powers is part of the evolutionary scheme, we have now to note the specialisation of one or other of these aspects of energy in individuals, specialised, one may suppose, in order that the speed of their development may be accelerated. All human activity is the sum of the exercises which mould the body, the exercises which develop the intellect, and the exercises which train the emotions. In all branches of instruction, both formative and energising agencies are at work, but certain branches emphasise the relative importance of the one and certain branches the other. Science, mathematics and philosophy exalt the powers of the intellect; religion and art the powers of the emotions. Thinking along these lines we see how vital is the place of art in human life. One important point around which surges a tumult of conflicting

and confusing thought is the relation between art and religion and the relative importance of each in man's spiritual unfoldment. The purpose of this article is to arouse interest, not to dogmatise. Some people hold that art is religion, others that it has nothing to do with religion, others again that they are twin sisters. Possibly all these points of view are partially right and partially wrong. Three things are undoubtedly clear: religion and art both cultivate the emotions; each may be helpful to the other; they are often closely associated. But there is a difference in the training that each gives, and there is a subtle distinction in the effect of that difference of training. Both uphold an ideal, but in one it is the Spirit triumphant over matter, in the other it is the Spirit triumphant in matter. One emphasises the Divine Transcendence, the other the Divine Immanence. The revelations of the priest and of the artist are not antagonistic, they are complementary. The Saint realises his divinity by escaping from the limitations of form at the command of the Spirit. The artist finds his divinity in the pouring out of his Spirit into the limitations of form.

The love of beauty is in every one, but in the artist it is the dominating passion of his life. He preaches not, nor teaches, but simply expresses his joy in this love of beauty, in music, in painting or in sculpture. It carries him to heights unscaled by ordinary mortals, whence he draws the inspirational power which en-souls his masterpiece, so that the beauty revealed by a work of art is beauty of a special kind and is fully understood by the artistically educated only. The more highly developed the mind, the more refined the emotional temperament of the artist, the more difficult to

understand are his works. The Venus of Milo and the Pastoral Symphony will never arouse any high emotion in the man who has had no æsthetic training, for the æsthetic appeal to the emotions differs from that made by religion and by human relationships. The fact that an ordinary man feels pleasurable emotion regarding a lovely scene or a beautiful woman does not make him competent to judge the merits of a landscape painting, or of a statue, as he so often thinks it does. The sense of beauty is increased and cultured by art training.

There is more nonsense talked about art, especially painting and sculpture, than about any other subject, simply because people will not, perhaps cannot, or at least do not, realise that, to produce a work of art, nay, even to understand art in its higher branches, requires not so much a special training as a peculiar temperament, which is the result of this emotional development we have been discussing. Towards music and architecture a much more reasonable attitude prevails. No person, just because he can finger out a popular air on the piano, imagines he understands the music of Brahms; nor does he mind in the least admitting that he thoroughly enjoys comic opera, whilst an orchestral concert "bores him stiff". A like modesty and frankness is too often lacking with regard to the sister arts, and the amateur (decidedly amateur) painter is, in this respect, the worst sinner.

This brings us to the practical question: How are we to cultivate æsthetic tastes or, as we have hitherto expressed it, how learn to understand art so that we may all give our quota of help in this branch of the training of the emotions. Honesty is the first qualification. There must be no pretension to knowledge

that does not exist, nor to appreciation of beauty that is not felt. The thing which gives us pleasure is for us the expression of beauty, however others may regard it. Our surroundings should express our own tastes. It is because people gather round them things they think they ought to admire, rather than the things they do admire, that their rooms are often such a quaint jumble. To be perfectly natural in expressing one's tastes is a guarantee that there shall be a certain harmony, even if it be not of the highest order, in our surroundings; "for art can be second-rate yet genuine"; and a real appreciation of second, or even third, rate art is more beneficial to the individual and more helpful to the growth of art than an affected sensibility to emotional currents which are clearly out of range. It is possible, however, to cultivate appreciation for art of a higher order, and one means to this end is to live continually with some acknowledged masterpiece which has in it some element that gives pleasure. One's attitude towards it should not be one of intellectual analysis. If the reproduction of a picture is chosen, it should be the best reproduction available and should be hung where the eye will continually rest upon it in moments of leisure. The pleasure in looking at it will generally grow to a certain point and then come to a standstill. The picture should then be taken down and another substituted. If the first picture is put out of sight for a few months, and then taken out, the increase in the amount of joy with which its reappearance is greeted is the measure of increase of artistic sensibility. In this way, quite naturally and unconsciously, taste will improve; objects that once were attractive become tiresome or distasteful. Silently the great

Master, through his handiwork, has been refining the emotions, cultivating the taste, of the spectator. The same effect may be achieved by a similar method in music.

Simplicity is another qualification; for the grasp of essentials and the elimination of purposeless details are characteristic of all really great art. This quality is easy to acquire; simplicity in dress, in furnishing, in house-decorating, simplicity in living altogether, brings one very near to the secret of art in life, and really aids the development of arts and crafts. As soon as people cease to waste their substance upon meaningless ornamentation, they will have the wherewithal to pay the higher price that beautiful articles must command. The development of taste within the home must precede the acquirement of the higher æsthetic sense of the artist. To be able to impress one's individuality upon one's material surroundings, and to make of them a harmonious whole, is to gain a faint glimmer of the something the artist puts into the mere representation of an object, which distinguishes his work from pure imitation. Simple forms, few colours, but the best obtainable with the means at one's disposal, these are the very first lessons in art.

A third qualification is adaptability, and this is a great stumbling-block in the path of even highly cultured people; therefore is it so urgent a necessity that we should remember that beauty is a living force, and that the artist, as the exponent of beauty, must not be fettered by the traditions and forms of the past, however wonderful they may have been. If, in his hours of exaltation, he beholds some vision of archetypal beauty, must it necessarily be always the same archetype?

Is not the treasure-house of the LOGOS inexhaustible, and may no artist ever bring back to earth a new memory, a new form of beauty? Even when we are not wholly ignorant of the principles of art, we are too ready, generally, to follow in the beaten tracks of our forefathers, too lazy or too timid to leave the safe (?) boundaries of convention; and conventional restriction in art means atrophy and death. It is this mental and emotional obtuseness on the part of the public which leads to such artistic anarchy and revolt as we find embodied in the Futurist movement—curiously enough, in the art world, they, the Futurists, presaged the storm which was about to break over Europe. So that in studying the work of any man or any movement we have always to remember that there are artists who chisel out the features of the dawn, as there are others who immortalise the noonday splendour, and others still who paint the luminous beauty of the sunset. “Great artists never look back.” They know that the splendour of one day is not the same splendour as that of another, that forms perish, but the spirit of beauty is deathless and its power never wanes.

The stultifying effect of convention upon the men who are not really great is seen in the rows of pretty banalities that annually line the walls of the Academy, where originality is conspicuous by its absence. A study of the history of art proves the necessity for this open-minded attitude; for it has a decidedly wavelike advance. There are smaller and larger waves, there are deeper and shallower troughs. A forward impulse is given; a movement seems suddenly to spring into life, generally with one great man at the heart of it. It invariably meets with opposition and generally with

ridicule. Gradually the opposition dies down, the new life it brought is absorbed, and later generations wonder what all the fuss was about. It was so in the beginning of the nineteenth century with the revival of classic art; again it was so with the romantic and realistic movements, and most people still remember the storm of ridicule which the advent of Impressionism raised; and since then we have had the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists, and, latest and maddest of all in the estimation of the public, the Futurists.

All the latter, I believe, are but the heralds of one of the really great movements in art; may Theosophists, at least, be ready to give it a sympathetic reception; for the world might benefit so much more if these movements had not to waste their first and best energy in the fight for existence. What the artist demands, and what his work demands, is freedom, freedom to express the life and truth that is in him.

To be honest, natural, simple and receptive, will bring one into touch with the spirit of art; to study harmony of line, harmony of light and dark spaces, and harmony of colour, will teach one something of its technique. This one can do quite easily by intelligent observation in daily life. One may learn what is meant by beauty expressed in harmony of line in passing a cathedral, or a statue, or turning over the pages of a magazine; one may grow to love harmony of distribution of light and dark spaces, also, in illustrations and in Oriental ink painting; and there is an infinite field for observation of harmony in colour in embroideries, in woven designs, decorated pottery, enamelling, stained glass, or Japanese prints, even when good pictures are not available. The purchase of a

gown, the furnishing of a room, the planning of a garden, or even the choosing of an ornament, may be, if one pleases, a valuable lesson in art, so natural, so simple a thing is it in its beginnings, so closely related is it to human life.

It is the intensely human element in art which makes it so valuable an agent in uplifting men ; for its influence reaches from the vilest criminal to the highest crowned head of imperial power. The breadth of sympathy, the understanding of human weakness, the value of the part of the villain, as well as that of the hero, in the piece, of ugliness (so-called) as the foil of loveliness ; the revelation of the beauty hidden in a muddy pool, and the unreality of a loveliness that is only skin deep—these are things to which all men feel themselves related. The snowy heights to which religion points by way of self-immolation leave the majority of men cold and unresponsive. The artist uses the things they understand as the material with which he fashions his Temple of Beauty, and they are free to enter if they will. Some say the temple that he builds is for devil-worshippers only, others that it is raised to the Unknown God in his aspect of Universal Beauty. The artist is not a priest, nor even a teacher ; he is the witness and interpreter of a divine reality ; “others may reason and welcome,” it is enough for him to know.

Alice E. Adair

LETTER FROM A NEUTRAL

Rangoon, 23rd August, 1914

MY DEAR SISTER,

It is Sunday afternoon—half-past six. I hear the Church bells ringing, and it is as if for a moment their vibrations were able to give a sense of peace to everything.

Now, in the quietness of my room, I can think again of “the War,” but this time I will not think of it in the same way as most people are thinking, but in my own way. I will try to put the thoughts down in writing as they now come to me, hoping that they may give you, and perhaps others also, the same feeling of peace and understanding as they have given me.

There are many standpoints from which one can look on such a catastrophe as this.

1. The point of view of the man in the street, who, stimulated by a mass of uncontrolled lower passions and emotions, will always see the right on his own side, constantly sending out thoughts of hatred to his enemy.

2. One can look on it from an economical standpoint, which means that probably this War had to come on account of the expansion of Germany's energy and the lack of proper channels to dispose of the surplus of her population.

3. A humane standpoint, which makes one feel very, very sad indeed when one begins to think of the horrible suffering of so many young men, and the sorrow of all the wives, mothers and children, bereft of their husbands, sons and fathers.

4. The political point of view, from which people are closely following all the movements of other nations, hoping that their own nation may come out successfully, so that it will be able to maintain the position it occupied before the War.

5. The historical standpoint, from which by studying the past one can make more or less definite conclusions regarding the future. One cannot help seeing that all the powers which our fifth sub-race has been developing have been used for very selfish purposes. The attention of most people is steadily fixed on wealth, power and self-gratification. This is so strong that many, even now, are trying to make money out of the present circumstances, speculating on the duration of the War, etc., instead of sacrificing even that which they have for the cause of Peace. I am afraid that the War will go on till every one gets a good shaking up, and will look into his own heart and change his intentions.

6. Then there is the religious standpoint. I mean the true religious standpoint, which will make people pray to their Gods for peace and goodwill for all. (Not that sectarian standpoint which prays for the victory of one of the parties only, as if the enemy were not entitled to the love and help of God.) From the religious point of view many earnest people will cry out in despair: "Oh, my God, why all this suffering?"

7. Then, at last, we come to the Theosophical point of view which, while including all the other views,

understands the causes of them all. To the cry "Oh, my God, why all this?" . . . the Gods remain silent . . . and no answer will come . . . unless we descend into our own lower nature and study carefully all our previous thoughts. And then I know that many of us will soon get a shock when realising that we ourselves have been working a good deal for the bringing about of this horrible catastrophe, from which the whole world is now suffering.

One country after the other arms itself—to guard its independence, they say. They feel proud to be able to speak of "*Das Vaterland*," or of "The Empire," or of "*La Patrie*". God only knows how often people, who are now fighting for the independence of one country have been fighting against that very country in a previous incarnation.

I know, we often cannot help it. Men say it is natural. Quite so from the standpoint of the lower self. One (one's lower self) should feel for the spot where one is born, should feel for the people who speak one's mother tongue, and who have the same customs and peculiarities as oneself. All this builds a kind of wall round a certain group of people, and they get so much attached to this limitation that they cannot see beyond it. But this love for one group should not necessarily mean indifference or hatred for other groups.

When applied to a country as a whole, the combination of these limited ideas is called "National Pride". It is a virtue, which I can admire very much for lack of the presence of greater virtues. But there are nobler motives which should make a nation great, for national pride has a greater tendency to kill than to enlighten

the spirit of a people. It is a well-known fact in history that the circle of love gradually enlarges from one's own family to the town in which one lives, further extending itself from town to province, from province to country, and further to the people of one continent. Here I think of the disdain with which a European can say "Yankee," or the much expressive "Stick-in-the-mud" of the American when referring to his brother the European.

But gradually the love extends itself also beyond these limits, first to those of different nations who hold the same ideas and strive after the same ideals, and then still further to the whole of Humanity, no matter of what country, of what race, of what colour, or of what standing.

It is very hard for most people to realise this just now, while the atmosphere is badly disturbed by the currents of national thought and feeling, prejudices and superstitions; for again and again that old feeling of pride comes to the surface when one hears a brother of another nation boasting of his country, or hears him belittling the good deeds of other nations.

But it cannot be denied that this only belongs to the lower nature, as the law of reincarnation shows us sufficiently that in the course of evolution one ego gathers experiences through many different bodies of different nationalities. I think this is what a Theosophist should realise! He should be absolutely balanced; of course, ever prepared to serve his own country, if necessary, because that is his duty as a human being under the present conditions of existence; but he should refrain from discussing the right or wrong of the one nation or the other. He should not join in the uncharitable

talk and discussions of the people, but rather keep his thought high and his intentions pure, and give as much actual help as he can by sacrificing as much as possible of his material possessions to relieve the suffering of so many fellow-men, and by sending good thoughts to all.

And now, Dear Sister, let us try to put these thoughts into practice. I specially lay stress on this, because I know that when I leave my room presently, I shall be again among men, and shall again have to listen to their discussions, which will jar so much the more after a quiet peaceful meditation.

Dear Sister, in ending this letter I will ask you to join in my prayer for peace. We neutrals can easily and unreservedly do so, but I also hope that those involved in the great struggle will be able to send forth from their innermost hearts that love and goodwill, which are above all separation and which are effective agents in bringing Peace.

O Masters, may we ever keep our thoughts high, our intentions pure, our wills fixed upon helpfulness, and the attainment of accurate knowledge.

We offer ourselves to you, revered Masters of the Wisdom, for such work as we are capable of doing. We consecrate our lives to your holy Service. Peace on earth, goodwill toward men.

PEACE.....PEACE.....PEACE

Yours fraternally,

A. VERHAGE

LILIES

Lilies so fair ! Lilies so white !
That tremble in the soft moonlight,
Such peace surrounds no shrine of gold
As you within your bosom hold.

Within the temple's sacred shade
Have weary souls their burdens laid,
But I for holy counsel seek
These priestesses, so pure and meek.

This is my altar where I kneel
To what is tender, pure and real,
This is my temple where I leave
The sins that caused my soul to grieve.

And here I learn that what is pure
And true will evermore endure,
And here confess at Beauty's feet
That without Beauty nothing's sweet.

Far from the tumult, while 'tis late,
These silent hours I dedicate
To this sweet worship. Pause, my Soul !
Then onward to achieve thy goal.

Lilies so fair ! Lilies so white !
Breathing serenely through the night !
When shall our fevered passions cease ?
O teach me your eternal peace !

D. M. CODD



PILLAI PERUMĀL AIYANGAR¹

(A VAISHŅAVA POET)

By PROFESSOR V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

AMONG the numerous leaders of Vaishᅇvism, one whose name is mentioned with uncommon reverence, and whose works are widely read and appreciated, is Alagia Maᅇavāla Dāsa, or Pillai Perumāl Aiyāᅅgār, as he is more commonly called. A saint of high piety and a poet of eminent skill, he is one of those

¹ This biographical sketch is based on the *Pulavarᅇpurāna*, the *Abhidhāna Chintāmaᅇi*, and the writings of the late Paᅇᅇᅇit Satakopa Rāmānujachariar.

great teachers of men in whom genius blends with religion, and capacity with character. The period of his existence and labours is one of controversy. According to some, he was in the service of the renowned King and builder Tirumal Nāik of Madura, who, it is well known, ruled his kingdom from A. D. 1623 to 1659. According to others, he was a disciple of the great scholar Bhaṭṭa, the successor, in the Prabandhic school, of the celebrated prophet of Vaishṇavism, Rāmānuja, and therefore belonged to the twelfth century. It is not possible to enter into a detailed consideration of the arguments adduced by both parties, for the simple reason that both are traditional and are not based on well-expressed or well-known facts. It may, however, be pointed out that, from the nature of the poet's language, his character as a religious leader, and the more common tradition in regard to him among the Vaishṇavas, it is more or less certain that Pillai Perumāl lived at the early period when Vaishṇavism was in full and vigorous activity against Shaivism. Every word of his writings¹ breathes that spirit of extreme sectarianism which characterised the early days of modern Vaishṇavism; and while literary men will find some of the finest verses in Tamil literature in his compositions, the student of religious history can hardly find a more uncompromising opponent of Shaivism or a more sincere devotee of Vishṇu. In the annals of polemical Vaishṇavism, he thus occupies a unique and prominent place.

Pillai Perumāl was born in the village of Tirumaṅgai, in the ancient Chola kingdom, some time in the first

¹ See Introduction to *Alaḡadar andādi* by the Pandit Satakopa Rāmānujachariār.

quarter of the twelfth century¹ A. D. His father² was the great Tiruvarangattu Amudanār, a devoted disciple of Rāmānuja, and the author of the renowned panegyric poem, *Rāmānuja Nutrandādi*—a treatise considered by the Vaishṇavas as the equal in sanctity of the *Tiruvāymoli* itself. Early in age, Pillai Perumāl acquitted himself as an intellectual prodigy. He became deeply versed in *Tolkāppya* and other Tamil grammatical literature, in the works of the ancient Tamil Saṅgams, and of the Alvārs of Vaishṇavism. With scholarship in Tamil he combined erudition in Samskṛt, and in the Vēdas and Vēdāṅgas, the Vēdānta Sūtras and the Bhāshyas, he achieved an equal mastery. A scholar both in Samskṛt and in Tamil, he became, however, even more celebrated for the austerity of his life, his deep devotion to the Deva of Shrīraṅgam. The Chola Monarch of the day heard of his renown, and in admiration bestowed on him an office in the Court. While Pillai Perumāl was in the royal service at Uraiyūr, we are told, an event happened which, on account of its singularly miraculous nature, instantly raised him to a high rank among God's servants. On one occasion, while sitting in the midst of a number of officers, he suddenly took his upper garment and rubbed it with his hands, as if it had caught fire. His co-officers at once asked him what the matter was, and he replied that the ornamental cloths of the car at Shrīraṅgam had caught fire, and he had put it out! Surprised and incredulous, his

¹ Rāmānuja died in A.D. 1137 and Bhaṭṭa is said to be his successor. See the Teṅgalai *Guruparamparaprabhava* for a detailed description of the latter's career.

² According to another version it was his grandfather.

³ The Chola Kings of the twelfth century were Vikrama Chola (1118-1135), Kulottunga II (1136-46), Rajavaja II (1146-71), and Rajadhiraja II (1171-78). It is impossible, with the materials at present at our disposal, to decide which is the particular monarch referred to above.

companions concluded that his brain must have been affected, that their scholarly friend was a lunatic, and in great sympathy, reported the fact to the King. Meanwhile the news came that Pillai Perumāl Aiyāṅgār had actually been present at the car festival and that he had saved the car from burning. The King was astonished to hear this. He asked Pillai Perumāl how he had proceeded to Shrīraṅgam; but the pious scholar replied that his mind alone, and not his person, had gone there! The Priests and authorities of the temple, on the other hand, had seen him in flesh and blood! The King and people now realised the greatness of Pillai Perumāl, his high yogic attainments, and his miraculous all-absorbing devotion. That very night, we are further told, the King had a dream to the effect that he proceeded to Shrīraṅgam, saw Pillai Perumāl performing his devotions on the Kaveri banks, and accompanied him into the great shrine for the worship of the deity; but there Pillai Perumāl vanished! The King saw in this vision another convincing proof of the oneness of the Sage with the God of his heart, and he came to feel that it was unpardonable impiety to hold such a great devotee in service. Immediately after daybreak, therefore, he summoned him to his presence; expressed his unfitness to engage his services; asked pardon of him for any mistakes he in his position and pride might have committed in the past, and declared that he might go wherever he desired. When the great devotee desired to live always in the temple and dedicate himself to the service of Raṅganātha, the King ordered a special habitation to be placed at his disposal, and a daily supply of the necessaries of life to be given him.

Pillai Perumāl Aiyangār was now in a congenial sphere. Assured of a livelihood, and of full opportunity for the exercise of his devotion, he led a life of intense happiness in the incessant worship of his Lord. His devotion then found vent in a number of poems—*Tiruvarāṅgakkalambagam*, *Tiruvarāṅgattandādi*, *Tiruvarāṅgattumālai*, *Shrī-Raṅganāyakar-ūsāl*, *Tiruvenṅaḍamālai*, *Tiruvenṅaḍattandādi*, *Alakarandādi*, and *Nūtrettutirupatiandādi*—all of which are collectively known as the *Ashtaprabandha*. The great and conspicuous feature in all these poems is, over and above the deep intensity of feeling which characterises them, the extraordinary skill with which the verses have been constructed. In the art of using the *sleshai* and *tiriṇu*, of *yamaka* and *andādi*, of *kalambakam* and *ūsāl*, he was such a past-master that an admiring crowd of scholars bestowed upon him the title of divine poet. His works, moreover, are saturated with the divine lore of the Vaishṇava Saints and Sages, of the Ālvārs and the Āchāryas, and reflect their teachings and doctrines.

A curious tradition is current among scholars in regard to the circumstances under which Pillai Perumāl composed that portion of his *Ashtaprabandha* which concerned Tirupati. It is based on the fact that the Vaishṇavism of Pillai Perumāl, during this period of life, was of a qualified nature. It was characterised more by intensity than by reason, more by narrow-minded, though all-absorbing, devotion, than by a true spirit of philosophy. In his devotion to Raṅganātha, for instance, he denied the divinity not only of Shiva, but of the other manifestations or incarnations of Viṣṇu Himself! The tradition goes that, during his sojourn in the Shrīraṅgam temple, he had a vision in

which the Deva Shrīnivāsa of Tirupati, appeared before him and expressed a desire to be celebrated, like Raṅganātha, in his poems and panegyrics; that the deluded devotee, more enthusiastic than thoughtful, refused to do so on the ground that the poet of *Raṅga* could never be the poet of *Kuraṅga* (the master of monkeys, as Shrīnivāsa lived in the company of monkeys); and that the insulted Deva in his desire to be the subject of the poet's praises, and to teach him the identity of the deities of the one hundred and eight temples of Vaishṇavism, subjected him to the pain of a dangerous disease. The suffering devotee instantly came to understand the cause of his suffering, and at once took steps to remove it. It was now that, in his two poems of great beauty and charm, *Tiruvengāḍattandādi* and *Tiruvengāḍamālai*, he expressed his repentance for his past heresy and celebrated, in his inimitable manner, the glory and the greatness of the "Lord of Monkeys". At the same time, he saw the childish nature of his theological principles, and grasped the idea that the deities of the one hundred and eight temples were, in spite of different names and histories, the manifestations of one God. The knowledge of this new philosophy vented itself in the composition, in the poet's favourite style of *andādi*, of poems on the celebrated Alagar of Alagarmalai in Madura, and on all the one hundred and eight Vaishṇava Avatāras of South India.

Disease and difficulty, after all, merely converted the narrow-minded Vaishṇavite into a broad-minded Vaishṇavite. It did nothing more. It did not, in any way, lessen his animosity to Shiva and Shiva's cult. It did not give him that true breadth of mind, that

philosophy, which could look on Shiva and Viṣṇu as identical, which could consider them as the different manifestations of the same God. A strange, and certainly not improbable, tradition illustrates this narrow range of his devotion, this bigoted nature of his faith. It is said that the Shaiva leaders of Jambukeshvaram,¹ the great stronghold of Shaivism near Shrīraṅgam, asked him, in their inordinate admiration of his skill as a poet, to compose a prabandha on their Deva. They felt that a poem addressed to their deity by such a reputed Vaishṇava scholar and divine would be an honour to themselves, their creed and their holy village. The only result of this petition was an uncompromising rejection of the request. With characteristic audacity, Pillai Perumāl replied in the same language in which he had at first replied to the commands of the Lord of Tirupati. A poet of Raṅga, he reaffirmed, could not be a poet of Kuraṅga, meaning this time by the latter term the God Shiva, who had a deer (*Kuraṅgam*) in his left hand, whose vehicle (*Nandi*) was a beast with a monkey's face, who incarnated as the monkey, and whose dress was mean (*ku*=mean and *raṅgam*=dress). The Shaiva priests were highly indignant. They had come to obtain a prabandha in Shiva's honour, and they got only an epithet which conveyed a number of abusive meanings! With an enthusiasm as sincere as it was obstinate, they returned with an oath to make Pillai Perumāl, by some means, fair or foul, compose at least one verse in dedication to their Deva. They had not to wait long for an opportunity for the fulfilment of their

¹ The celebrated Tiruvānaikaval near Shrīraṅgam, the story of the origin of which is given in the *Peria Purāṇa* in the section on Kōcchengatchōla Nāyanar. For a description of the place see *Trichinopoly Gaizr*, Vol. I, 322-3. The famous shrine is well known for its architectural beauty, its *āp*, or water līṅgam, and its inscriptions, many of which belong to the Hoysāla dynasty.

object. A few days after their futile interview with the poet, they saw the holy cow of the Shrīraṅgam temple grazing in their field. They seized it, and drove it away to their temple. The priests of Shrīraṅgam found out its whereabouts, and earnestly pressed the Āgamins to surrender it, as without it the *Visvarūpa-darshana* ceremony, performed every morning in the temple, could not be performed. The priests of Jambukeshvaram promised to surrender it only if Pillai Perumāl Aiyāṅgār applied for it in person. When he was informed of this, he asked them to come to him in person on the ground that he, a servant of the true God, could not place his footsteps on the unholy land of Rudra! The proposal was not a flattering one; but the people of Jambukēsivaram, we are told, were so much bent on the accomplishment of their object that they were prepared to ignore such treatment. Contented with the opportunity they obtained for gaining their end, they proceeded to Shrīraṅgam, had an interview with the learned poet, and restored the cow on obtaining from him the promise of a verse on their Lord. But no sooner was the cow surrendered than Pillai Perumāl sang a verse in which, indeed, there was full reference to Shiva, but a reference which expressed to a larger degree His inferiority to Viṣṇu than His omnipotence and sole claim to the allegiance of mankind. The Āgamavādins' resentment was naturally exasperated by this conduct; and they promptly engaged their obstinate adversary in vigorous disputation about the relative merits of their respective deities. The Vaishṇava traditions, of course, claim victory for their hero, and narrate with pride how, by his profound erudition in the Samskṛt as well as Tamil

theological literature, he silenced¹ his opponents and compelled their return in shame to their shrine. A summary of his reasonings for the establishment of his contentions is contained in his *Parabrahmavivekam*.

Alagia Maṇavāla died, as he himself, it is said, once prophesied to his disciples, a tragic death through the instrumentality of a cow. While he was engaged in the worship of his God, an old and lame cow fell on him and mortally wounded him. A few days after this mishap, he died, uttering with his last breath the name of the God for whose service he had laboured so hard and so unflinchingly. By the large circle of his admirers, as well as by the world of Vaishṇavism, his death was felt as a serious loss, and enthusiasts were not wanting, to whose instinct of hero-worship he formed a fit subject of apotheosis and worship. Even to-day, a visitor to Shrīraṅgam can see in the south-east corner of its innermost marble-pillared prakara, the spot where, if we are to believe the earnest and credulous priest-guide, the great servant of God had the sight of his Master and Lord, Shrīnivāsa of Tirupati.

It is not to the student of religion that the name of Alagia Maṇavāla Dāsa will be a source of interest in the future. The age of sectarianism, of religious narrow-mindedness is, thanks to education, almost gone, and with it his influence as a polemical controversialist and intolerant fanatic. But while his name as a religionist will, owing to the nature of the time, receive a comparative eclipse, his reputation as a scholar and a poet will gain for him increasing appreciation.

V. Rangachari

¹ In the Jambukeshvaram temple there is "a tope of coco-nuts to which the image from the great Viṣṇu pagoda was formerly brought for one day in the year. This practice has been given up, owing to quarrels between the Saivites and Vaishṇavites".—*Trichi. Gaizr.*, I, p. 322.

ISLAM

By MOULVI DARWESH PEER

OF all the wonders of the universe, the most mysterious is religion, the foundation of which lies in the distinction between the various acts of men, distinguishing them as good, evil, or indifferent ; for, if there be no such difference, there can be no religion.

Now the religious idea differs from every other in this respect : that man's belief in things other than religion depends, or is based, upon a previous conviction of its truth ; whereas religious belief, on the contrary, appears to be innate, and is accepted, entertained, and acquiesced in, independently of any evidence of its truth derived through the instrumentality of the external senses.

Another cause for wonder in the religious idea is that, notwithstanding the absence of proof that religion is a reality, the very idea of it alone acts upon men's thoughts, and determines their actions, with a force far exceeding in intensity and enthusiasm that resulting from any other belief, however satisfactory and conclusive may be the proofs of the truth on which that belief is based.

Had the religious idea, or religious sentiment, been the same in all the human races, there could have been but little difficulty in acknowledging its soundness, but strange it is, that in every age, each clan, or tribe, or nation, nay, each separate individual even, formed an idea of his own religion, or rather of the object of it

more or less different from that of others. Each, moreover, was convinced that his own idea was the only true one. As far as my own search after true religion is concerned, I sincerely and conscientiously believe that I have found Islām to be the true religion, and Peace is its predominant ethic. Islām does not recognise him as a Muslim who has not made his Peace with God, surrendering himself in entire submission to His Will and precepts, in which consists the source of all virtue; nor is he a Muslim who has not made Peace with man, which implies doing good to his fellow-creatures, and which the *Holy Qurān* sets forth in the following words: "Yes, he who submits himself entirely to Allah, and he who does good [to fellow-men] neither shall fear nor shall grieve." As it recommends the practice of social virtue, the Holy Prophet breathes into it a spirit of charity and friendship, and opposes all oppression. Islām has breathed a spirit of benevolence, consequently influencing civilisation.

According to the *Qurān*, Islām is as wide in its conception as humanity itself. It did not originate with the preaching of the Holy Prophet Muhammad, but it was also the religion of the prophets that went before him. Islām was the religion of Adam, Noah, and Abraham, of Moses, Jesus, and Kṛṣṇa; it was, in fact, the religion of every prophet of God who appeared in any part of the world. It is the religion of every human child that is born. According to the *Qurān*, Islām is the natural religion of man. "The nature made by Allah in which He has made all men—that is the right religion" (xxx, 29). And since, according to the *Qurān*, prophets were raised among different nations in different ages, and the religion of every true prophet

was in its pristine purity none other than Islām, the scope of this religion extends as far back and is as wide as humanity itself. The fundamental principles always remain the same, the accidents change with the changing needs of humanity.

The last phase of Islām is that marked by the Advent of the Holy Prophet Muhammad (May peace and the blessing of God be upon him!), and which met with so unexampled a reception in the world.

“Islām” literally means “Resignation,” or entire submission to the will and precepts of the Highest. Its primary significance is the “making of peace,” and every greeting among Muslims is the benediction of Peace, and Paradise as Islām depicts it, shall echo: “Peace, Peace.”—“They shall hear therein no vain words, but they shall hear only the word ‘Peace’.” Islām is, in fact, pre-eminently the Religion of Peace.

The great characteristic of Islām, then, is that it demands of its followers a belief in the Revelation of religions that prevailed before it; and it created the basis of harmony for the conflicting elements of the religions of the world. All religions in their turn, have Divine Revelation as their foundation, whence they spring; but the great mission of Islām was not merely to preach this truth, nor was there in it any antagonism to previous Revelations, but it widened them to suit the requirements of a later time and age. Thus, as a distinctive characteristic of its own, Islām claims to be the final and perfect expression of the Will of God, which the *Qurān* admits: “Now I have made perfect for you your religion, and completed upon you my blessings, and chosen for you Islām as your religion” (v, 5). In common with other religions Islām is a revealed

religion, but it is in itself a complete and a perfect Revelation, as the *Qurān* is maintained as “pure pages wherein are all the rightful Scriptures,” and Muhammad (May peace and the blessing of God be upon him) is the “Pearl of Prophets”.

I have said enough on the position of Islām among the religions of the world, and that of *Holy Qurān* among the Scriptures, and I wish to acquaint you with one more peculiarity of Islām. Beyond all doubt, it is an historical religion, and its Holy Founder an historical personage. Every event in the Prophet’s life can be read as history, and the *Holy Qurān*, as a spiritual, social, and moral Law of Islām is, in the very words of Bosworth Smith, “a book absolutely unique in its origin, in its preservation. on the substantial authenticity of which no one has ever been able to cast a serious doubt”. Sir William Muir admits that “there is probably in the world no other book which has remained twelve centuries with so pure a text,” and Von Hammer states, finally, “that we hold *Qurān* to be as surely Mahomed’s word as the Mahomedans hold it to be the word of God”. Having a book of Divine Revelation so safely preserved through centuries to guide him for his spiritual and moral welfare, and the example of such a great and noble Prophet, whose varied experiences furnish the best rules of conduct in the different phases of human life, a Muslim is sure that he has not rejected any truth which was ever revealed by God to any nation, and that he has not set at naught any virtue to be met with in the life of any good man. Thus he not only believes in the truth of all Divine Revelations, and accepts the sacred Leaders of all peoples, but he also follows all the lasting and permanent truths contained in those

Scriptures, by following the last and most comprehensive of them; and he imitates all good men by taking for his model the most perfect example, in the person of Him of whom it is said: "There is the full light of day upon all that light can ever reach at all."

To the practical ordinances of Islām may also be added its main principles contained in the very Preface of the *Holy Qurān*:

This book, doubtlessly, is a guidance to those who are not heedless of their duties, to those who believe in the unseen, and keep up prayers, and out of what has been given them, they spend, and those who have a conviction in what was revealed to them, and revealed to men before them, and of the life to come.

This verse points out the essential principles which must be accepted by those who would follow the *Holy Qurān*. In it we discover three theoretical points of belief, and two practical ordinances. Before I take up these points separately, it is necessary to point out that in Islām mere belief counts for nothing unless translated into deeds. "Those who believe and do good," is the ever-recurring description of the righteous as given in the *Qurān*. Right belief is the good seed which can only grow into an umbrageous tree if it be properly nourished. That nourishment is given by good deeds alone. It may safely be said that the five principles quoted above, in one form or another are universally accepted. Those five principles are theoretically, as already indicated, belief in God, in Divine Revelation, and in the after life, and on the practical side, prayer to God—the source of love to God—and charity in its broadest sense. Thus are indicated respectively the performance of our duties to God, and the performance of our duties to our fellow-beings. These principles, as those of belief and action, are recognised

by all nations alike, and these are the common principles on which all religions are based. These are fundamentally implanted in human nature. I shall now try to analyse them as they are depicted in the *Holy Qurān*.

Of the three fundamental principles of belief, the first is belief in God. The belief in a higher power than man, though invisible, can be traced back to the remotest antiquity, to the earliest times to which history can take us back, but peoples at different ages cherished a different conception of the Supreme Being. Says the God of Islām: "I am with each individual in the appearance which he forms of me in his own mind." The Unity of God is a principle on which the *Holy Qurān* has laid great stress. There is an absolute unity in Divine nature; it admits of no participation or manifoldness. Unity is the key-note to Islām's conception of the Supreme Being. It denies all plurality of persons in the Godhead. His are the sublimest and most perfect attributes, but the attribute of Mercy reigns over all. It is beneficial and meritorious to remember and to praise God at the commencement of work. Thus *Holy Qurān* opens each chapter in the name of the All-Merciful—Ar-Rahman and Ar-Rahim—as the Hindū religion invokes Shrī Ganeshāya Namah. To the reader of the *Holy Qurān* the deep and all-encompassing Love and Mercy of God which enfold creation are indicated by the words of Ar-Rahman and Ar-Rahim: "My mercy comprehends all conceivable things" (vii, 155). And the Messenger who preached this conception of the Divine Being is rightly called in the *Holy Qurān* "a Mercy to the whole world" (xxi, 107). The Great Apostle of the Unity of God could not conceive of a God who was not the Maker of all that existed. Such a

detraction from His Power and Knowledge would have given a death-blow to the very loftiness and sublimity of the conception of the Divine Being. Thus ends one of the shorter chapters of the *Holy Qurān* :

He is Allah, by whom there is none who should be served, the Perceiver of the Unseen and Seen, He is the Beneficent, the Merciful. High is Allah above that they set up with him. He is Allah, the Maker of all things, the Creator of all existence, the Sculptor of all images, His are the most excellent and beautiful attributes [that man can imagine]; everything that exists in the heavens or in the earth affirms His Glory and His Perfection, and He is the Mighty, the Wise.

Thus, while Islām, in common with other religions, takes the existence of God for its basis, it differs from others in claiming Absolute Unity for the Divine Person, and in not placing any such limitations upon His Power and Knowledge as is involved in the idea of His not being the Creator of Matter and Spirit, or of His assumption of the form of a mortal Being. If the existence of God is universally conceived, it is unreasonable that the doctrine of Islām should be repugnant to anybody.

The Unity of God is, as I have said, the great theme of the *Holy Qurān*. The laws of Nature which we find working in the universe, in man's own nature, and set forth in the teachings of the Prophets, are repeatedly appealed to as giving clear indications of the Unity of the Maker. Consider the creation of innumerable heavenly bodies; are they not, with their apparent diversities, all subject to one and the same law? Think over what you see on the earth, its organic and inorganic worlds, the plant and animal life, the solid earth, the seas and the rivers, the great mountains—is there not unity in all this diversity? Think over your own nature, how your very colours and languages differ from each other; yet in

spite of all these differences, are you not but a single people? Look at the constant change which all things are undergoing, the making and unmaking, the creation and recreation, of things, the course of which is not hindered for a moment—is there not a uniform law discernible in this? If, in fact, you clearly observe uniformity in diversity in Nature, do you not see in it a sure sign of the Unity of the Maker? Then, look at the incontestable evidence of human nature, how even when believing in the plurality of Gods, it recognises a Unity in the plurality, and thus bears testimony to the Unity of God. Turn over the pages of the Sacred Scriptures of any religion, search out the teachings of the great spiritual leaders of all the nations; they will all testify to the Unity of the Supreme Being. In short, the laws of Nature, the nature of man, and the testimony of the righteous men of all ages, hymn with one accord the Unity of God, which is the keynote of the spiritual teachings of the faith of Islām.

The second fundamental principle in the Islāmic Religion, is a belief in Divine Revelation, not only a belief in the truth of the revealed Word of God, as found in the *Holy Qurān*, but a belief in the truth of Divine Revelation in all ages and to all nations of the earth. Divine Revelation is the basis of all revealed religions, but the principle is accepted subject to various limitations. Some religions look upon Revelation as having been granted to mankind only once; others look upon it as limited to a particular people; while others still close the door of Revelation after a certain time. With the advent of Islām, we find the same breadth of view in the conception of Divine Revelation as in that of Divine Being. The *Holy Qurān* recognises no limit

to Divine Revelation, neither in respect of time, nor in respect of any nation to whom it may have been granted. It regards all people as having, at one time or another, received Divine Revelation, and it leaves the door of it still open, for the future as for the past, without which none could ever have attained to Union. Thus the Lord of the Universe, who supplied all men with their physical necessities, brought to them His spiritual blessings. In this case also Islām, while sharing with other faiths the belief in the truth of Divine Revelation, refuses to acknowledge the existence of any limitation as regards time or place.

There is also another aspect of the Islāmic belief in Divine Revelation, in which it differs from some other religions of the world. It refuses to acknowledge the Incarnation of the Supreme Being. That the highest aim of religion is Union with God, has been universally recognised. In accordance with the Holy faith of Islām, Union is not attained by bringing down God to man in the sense of "incarnation," but by rising towards God through spiritual progress, and by the purification of life from sensual desires and low motives. The Perfect One, who reveals the Face of God to the world, is not the Divine Being in human form, but the human being whose person has become a manifestation of the Divine attributes, his personality being consumed in the fire of love to God. His example serves as an incentive and is a model for others to follow. He shows how a mere mortal can attain to conference with God. The *Holy Qurān* fully expounds that none is precluded from attaining this communion.

We will now take up the practical side of the faith of Islām. As I have just said, in Islām actions are

essentially a component part of religion. In this respect, Islām occupies a midmost position between religions which conveniently ignore the practical side and those which bind their followers to a minute ritual. It sees the necessity for developing the faculties of man, by giving general instruction, and then leaves ample scope for the individual to exercise his judgment. Without a strong practical foundation, a religion is likely to pass into mere idealism, and cease to exercise an influence over the practical life of man. The precepts of Islām, which inculcate duties towards God and fellow-creatures, are founded upon that deep knowledge of human nature, which cannot be possessed except by the Author of that nature. They cover the whole range of the different grades in the development of man, and are thus wonderfully adapted to the requirements of different peoples. In the *Holy Qurān* are to be found golden rules for the ordinary man and for the philosopher, for the nomadic tribe and the civilised nation respectively. Practicality is the keynote of its precepts, and thus the same adaptability which marks its principles of faith, marks also its practical ordinances, suiting them to the requirements of all nations in all ages.

The verse taken from the Preface of the *Holy Qurān*, which I have quoted above, forms the nucleus of the teachings of Islām. Taken in the broadest sense, the two principles of action, mentioned in the verse, stand for the fulfilment of man's duties towards God and towards his fellow-creatures. Prayer to God is the essence of man's duties towards God. Prayer is an outpouring of the heart's sentiments, a devout aspiration towards God, and a reverential expression of

the Soul's sincere desire before its Maker. In Islām, the idea of prayer finds its highest development. Prayer, "the Key to Paradise," means the purification of the heart, which is the only way to confer with God. *Qurān* asserts: "Rehearse that which has been revealed to you by the Book, and be constant in prayer, for prayer restrains a man from that which is evil and blameworthy and the glorifying of Allah is surely a great thing" (xxix, 45). Islām, therefore, enjoins prayer as a means of moral elevation. Prayer degenerating into mere ritual, into a lifeless and vapid ceremony lacking sincerity of heart, is not the prayer enjoined by Islām; and such prayer is emphatically denounced in the following words: "Woe to the devout who is careless in his prayers, and who makes a mere show."

Among other paramount duties of Muslims, is the duty of fasting, fasting being considered "the gate of religion". Fasting, however, does not mean to refrain from food, but abstinence from all evil. In fact, abstinence from food is only a step to make a man realise that he can, in obedience to God, abstain from that which is otherwise lawful, and how much more should he refrain from the evil ways forbidden by God? Moral elevation is the object of this institution, and in the words of *Holy Qurān*: "Fasting has been enjoined to you that you may protect yourself from all evil."

The next branch of the Islāmic precepts relates to Man's duty to Man. "The person who violates his brother's right is not a believer in the Unity of God," are the explicit words of the *Holy Qurān* worthy to be written in gold.

In the first place, Islām abolishes all invidious class distinctions. "Surely the noblest among you in

the sight of Allah is *he* who is the most righteous of you," sounds a death-knell to all preferences based on rigid caste and social distinctions. Mankind is but a family in the words of the *Qurān*, which asserts: "O men, we have created you all of a male and a female, and made you tribes and families that you may know each other;" (xlix, 13). Islām thus claims the Universal Brotherhood, which demands equal treatment for all alike, irrespective of caste, creed, and social status. Under the influence of such moral law, it is binding upon all men to behave as sons of the same Parent, so much so that Islām balances in honour and status the master and the slave equally. The following precept lays stress on this equality and the spirit of Brotherhood: "All persons in your possession are your brothers, all of you being of one human race; therefore treat them with kindness, feed them and clothe them in the same manner as you do yourselves." This universal Brotherhood was not a theory, but a dynamic practical force shown forth by the Holy Prophet and his Companions, of whom Khalif Omar's gem of equality serves as the glowing beacon of the moral sphere.

While soundly establishing equality of rights, Islām teaches the highest reverence to authority. Home is the real nursery, where the moral training of man begins, and Islām emphasises obedience to parents, in the following words of *Qurān*:

And your Lord has commanded that you shall not serve others than God, and that to your parents you shall do good and when they reach the eve of their life, pray for them, O Lord! Have compassion on them as they have brought me up from my infancy. (xvii, 23-24).

This high reverence for parents is the basis from which springs the high moral of reverence for all

authority. *Holy Qurān* explicitly commands: "Obey God, His Apostle, and those who have established authority over you" (iv, 26). Islām literally requires all men to be humble and loyal to their superiors and elders, thus uprooting the primitive instinct of rebellion or anarchy.

Equality of rights, and the highest reverence for authority, are thus the basic principles of Muslim Society, but I cannot here enter into the vast details of the superstructure raised on this foundation. I shall touch upon the peculiar nature of the Brotherhood of Islām. Every religion, no doubt, has discoursed on Charity as a virtue, but in Islām alone has it been made obligatory and binding upon those who accept the Muslim faith. Here we have a brotherhood into which the rich man cannot enter until he devotes a part of his possessions for the depressed members of human society. Undoubtedly the rich man is not here confronted with the insuperable difficulty of the test of the camel passing through the eye of the needle, but he is subjected to a practical test which not only places him on a footing with his poor brother, but he is subjected to the imposition of a tax. Islām ordains that every man with possessions shall set apart a portion thereof, and it shall be either deposited in the State or disposed of by the Imam. The very words of *Qurān* state: "Charity is offered for the poor and needy, and it includes the redeeming of captives and those in debts" (ix, 60). In short, *Qurān* showers in the name of God, His choicest blessings upon those deeds of charity which carve a channel for eternal bliss.

The teachings of *Holy Qurān* were not reserved in a water-tight compartment, thus restricting it to one

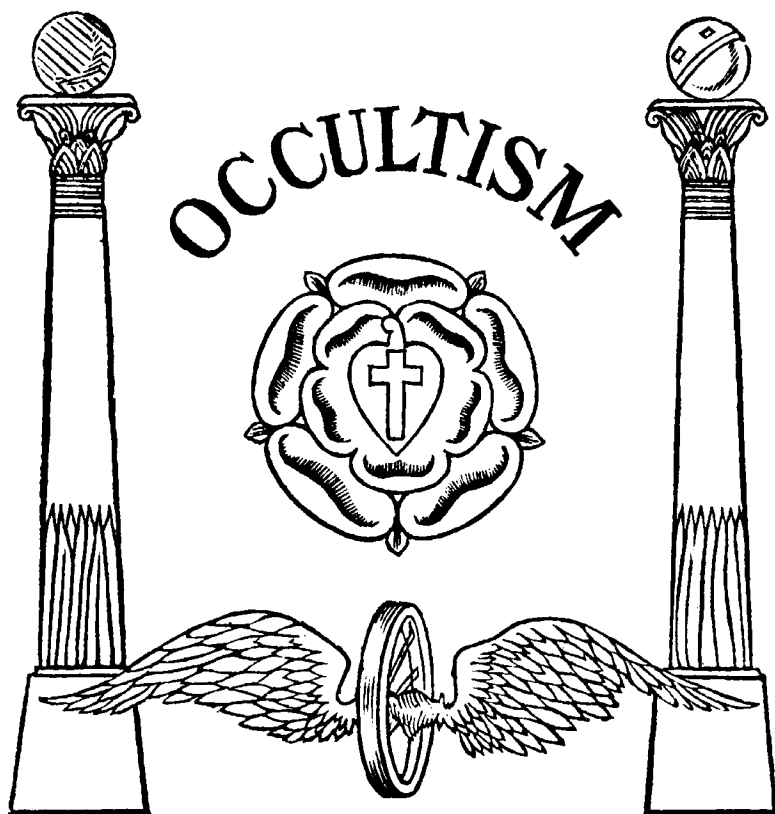
people or one age, but the scope of its moral teaching is as wide as humanity itself. It is an ever-enduring guidance to men in all stations of life—to the savage and to the wisest philosopher, to the man of business and to the recluse, to the rich and the poor alike. Accordingly, while giving varied rules of life, it accords the individual measures which are congenial and suited to his circumstances. Its tradition, a silken thread running through the pearls of morality, is a beacon-light to the less civilised and an illuminating radiance to the highly civilised and the cultured. High and idealistic moral teachings are, beyond doubt, essential for the progress of man, but those who realise the ideal go through the ordeal. But to this class do not belong the vast masses in any nation or community, however high may be its standard of civilisation. Hence, the *Qurān* expounds in a clear and explicit way the rules of guidance for all the stages through which a man has to pass in the onward march from the savage state to the highly spiritual mode of life. They cover all branches of human activity, and require the development of all the faculties of man. Islām requires the display of every quality that has been bestowed on man with but one reservation, that it shall be displayed in an appropriate way. Islām teaches Forgiveness in the following words: "Forgive when you see that Forgiveness would be conducive to good." It teaches men to display high morals under the most adverse circumstances, to be honest even when honesty is at stake, to speak the truth even when truth is hazarded, to show sympathy at the sacrifice of one's own interest, to be patient under the hardest affliction,

to be good to those who have done evil. Midway on the road to eternal success, it commands us to exhibit, while transacting our own affairs, those noble qualities which have been implanted in our nature. It does not inculcate severance from one's worldly connections; it requires men to be chaste, but not by depriving them of virility; it calls them to the service of God, but not as monks; it teaches them to be submissive, but not to lose thereby self-respect; it exhorts them to forgive, but not to acquiesce in the fault of the culprit; it allows them to exercise all rights, but not to violate those of others and, finally, it requires them to preach their religion, but in a conciliatory manner.

Last of all, but none the less important, a tradition upon which I will touch is Salvation, as taught explicitly by the *Holy Qurān*. It is that state of perfection which is indicated by what is called "the soul at rest," by which is implied that it is not only delivered from the bondage of sin, and freed from all weakness and all frailties, but that it has further attained moral perfection, and is braced with spiritual strength. The state of Salvation, as quoted from the *Holy Qurān* implies that: "They shall have no fear, nor shall they grieve." The state of Salvation does not, therefore, relate to the life after death, but is attained in this life, and the man's Salvation in the next life is according to the state of Salvation which he has attained in this life.

Thus, behind the description of happiness portrayed above, lies a deeper meaning: "O thou Soul! which art at rest, return unto thy Lord; pleased and pleasing Him, enter thou among My servants, and enter thou My garden of felicity."

Moulvi Darwesh Peer



TIME AND SPACE

By FRITZ KUNZ, M.A.

THE worlds in which at this stage of our evolution we are compelled to live are called worlds of illusion, and rightly so, by scientists and philosophers and with still greater reason by Occultists—if I may use a term which had once a grand meaning, but which has been seized upon and used in the most inapplicable fashion. The Occultist—one of sound spiritual development, and who may or may not be a psychic—standing as he does in the Spiritual worlds, looks down into the

worlds of illusion, and his dictum is profoundly true. The causes of the illusion seem to be fourfold, and therefore those who have known have called this physical world and the psychic worlds (the etheric, emotional and lower mental) the quaternal worlds. Such definitions roll splendidly from off the tongue, whether one understands them or not; it is the purpose of this discussion to give meaning to the phrase.

It is axiomatic to say that time and space are the causes of the illusion as far as the material world is concerned, and if we arrive at some understanding of their nature we strike at the root of the illusion in which we live. Time seems to be a factor of such subtlety and tenuousness that we have no means of measuring and therefore understanding it. Space, on the contrary, is easily subject to measure, but the measures themselves, being built upon space as it is understood in the material world, give results which are inaccurate. It is only when we use measures which transcend space, that is, pure mathematics, that we arrive at correct results with regard to space. Now this same pure mathematics is arriving at modes of measurement for time as well as space, and probably some Boileau will triumphantly drag down into this world for us a method whereby the "eternal now" can be treated as are points in geometry. To those interested in this the subject of quaternions will be interesting; but here we are concerned only with the elementary and non-technical parts of the subject.

Space, then, is illusory because the mind cannot comprehend it accurately in any great quantity. We are concerned at any one moment with only a very small area when our minds are undeveloped, and as we

continue to expand the mind, we include a greater and greater area or volume. Technicians such as engineers hold in their minds vast works down to minute details; an artist holds in his mind the whole of a splendid painting, when it has once flashed into the psychic worlds out of another. But the untrained mind holds only a room, or part of a room, a fraction of a single scene. Now it is because of this fragmentary nature of the mind's capacity that space is an illusion; if we could hold all space in our mental purview it would not be an illusion.

The second difficulty with regard to space is that we are fastened at one point thereof and maintain what is called, quite accurately, a *point* of view. Sitting in one's own room and reading THE THEOSOPHIST, one conceives of space as determined with reference to a line between the head and the magazine. Each of us is the centre of his own world. Now if, by an effort of the will, the mind can be made to hold two points of view at once, space, as a matter of direction at least, would be annihilated. But when we try to picture our room at one instant as we actually see it, and at the very same moment also as it appears from the other corner, the mind fails to act, and we discover that, in order to gain an approximation of the universal point of view (that is, universal consciousness), we have to employ instants of time in order to take up in rapid succession first one and then another imaginary position. In brief, we see that in the "eternal now" there is room but for one point of view at a time, and, so seeing, we arrive at the conclusion that the difficulty in grasping the nature of matter in space relations is a question of time, and the problem resolves itself into a definition of time.

Time seems merely to be the fourth dimension, but of this fourth dimension in space we conceive at one moment only a point, and the whole line is beyond the power of our realisation. This definition, I think, answers the vexed question. Time is part of space, is of the nature of space, is one of the four axes upon which the world is built, but the difference between the fourth and the other dimensions is that we realise only one point of it at one instant. This may be called a fallacious definition, since an instant is time! But all definitions of illusory things must be so. We define an inch as a twelfth of a foot; but a twelfth of a foot is an inch! The "eternal now" is an instant and an instant, I say, is a point in space; time is the fourth dimension, and it may be measured as any other.

It may be easily demonstrated that space and not time may be made transient. A man imprisoned in a cell which is constantly artificially lighted loses all sense of time. Space becomes irksome to him because he has nothing to do, just as time becomes irksome to those who have all space at their disposal but nothing to do. The gratings rust, his cell walls rot, he grows old—but this element of change is nothing more than the measure of time as well as of space—this measure we call change is a property of matter upon which the four axes or dimensions depend for their illusoriness.

We loosely think that we normally have consciousness of three dimensions, but this is a fallacy. The average brain thinks constantly in two dimensions only, itself and the object of view forming an axis not considered, since the eye is measuring only up and down and across. Only by the application of the mind do we

conceive of the third dimension, depth. Hence the value of art; it presents nature in a form where the mind is not needed, and allows the Spirit to manifest itself without hindrance. Now if the consciousness of the brain can be enlarged to hold unaided the three dimensions of space, it is likely that the application of the mind would bring into view the whole of time. This, in modern language, is the reading of the records of nature, records which exist in the physical as well as the other worlds, though more difficult to read here.

As the consciousness passes into higher states the illusions disappear. An informed man by an effort in the physical consciousness cognises three dimensions. In the psychic worlds he cognises four dimensions. In the Spiritual worlds (Upper Mental, Intuitional and Lower Spiritual) with no effort he has transcended time and space, for here they become static. In the Monadic worlds time and space are not; not only is the drama stilled, but the stage and the actors have vanished. We might picture our consciousness of events in these three or four phases in this manner: in the physical world we are like a man travelling between walls, conscious of our movement but uncertain as to what the next turning will bring forth; in the psychic worlds we are like a man on a field, who is moving, but intelligent of what he will meet; in the Spiritual worlds motion of any unit is like that of an individual in an army, ordered, safe, harmonious and rhythmic; in the Monadic worlds movement and all have disappeared.

As a concrete example of the limitation of the mind in respect to such subjects let us consider a simple and familiar matter. We can all hold in our minds the

conception of one—as *one* apple, or *one* book. This idea of positivity is natural and inherent. But if now we try to conceive of a *minus* quantity, as less-than-no-book, the brain fails to act. When we come to consider nothing or zero, the reasoning power stops acting in the physical world, and in order to conceive of less than nothing we have to think of a debt, or some other moral (or immoral!) value. A man cannot *have* less than no money; yet we constantly speak and think of debts, which are *minus* quantities and moral ones.

If, now, we represent these things by suitable numbers, an apple by $+1$, and a debt by -1 , we find that we have arrived at the end of our brain's ability to grasp values. The next step in involution is to take the square root of -1 , which is represented in algebraic symbology thus: $\sqrt{-1}$. Now this is beyond our conception, and it may be taken as representing time, for it is one of the four roots of 1, which are, $+1$, -1 , $+\sqrt{-1}$ and $-\sqrt{-1}$. The first three of these come within the possible range of normal understanding, but the fourth is totally inconceivable, and unintelligible. Perhaps it is the algebraic symbol for time, just as the fourth dimension is the geometrical. However that may be, it is obvious that the old definition of these worlds as quaternary is not without foundation.

We have now sketched a geometrical and an algebraic mode of evaluating time, and there yet remains the application of this mathematical method to facts of life, to see whether it gives any clue to right action in this illusion, whether it indicates a procedure which may lift us out of the illusion.

If we assume that at some level of consciousness man is absorbed by a Being whose existence is Unity Absolute, without a shadow of division or cleavage at that level, we must assign that place to the level of the Monad. Then the Spiritual worlds (previously defined) will be represented by $+1$, that is, by a number which is the square root of Unity, is itself positive, but *by inference* allows an idea of negativity. The next lowest stage of consciousness will be represented by $\sqrt{+1}$, which is $+1$ and -1 , and this will be the psychic worlds. The next step in involution gives the four values, $+1, -1, +\sqrt{-1}$ and $-\sqrt{-1}$, and these are the four axes of the physical world, of which any three may be fully realised together with a point on the fourth. The expression of consciousness at these various levels quite conforms to the pure idea which the numbers give. For example, expression of an entity whose life is limited almost wholly to the physical worlds would be the expression of a madman, unintelligible and incomprehensible, like the value $\sqrt{-1}$, a "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing". The expression of an entity limited to the physical and psychic worlds would be chiefly critical, negative and destructive, with bits of constructive ability fitfully showing amongst dazzling flashes of analysis.¹ This is the state of unequal opposition between *plus* and *minus* values. This is why the psychic worlds are called *māyāvic*, that they first give a semblance of being real and positive; but the negative lies like a serpent coiled under every blossom, as *The*

¹ It is extremely probable that as man may be cut off from the psychic worlds by the use of certain drugs, so may he also be cut off from the Spiritual worlds by certain other drugs, and so become the incarnation of destructive criticism. This is a more dangerous, because less obvious, form of madness than mere physical distemper.

Voice of the Silence puts it. Then he who had acquired spiritual development would be wholly positive, in so far as he expressed himself at all. Criticism being impossible to him, he prefers to maintain silence where he cannot indicate a wise line of action. He is a Saint or sane man because he is positive and constructive.

But the Individual who has vanished into the Monadic worlds, the man who has transcended the Spiritual, where still there was left the inferential negativity, has become a positive Power, a dynamic Force, a flashing and scintillating pure-flame Star in the flawless Crystal of Ever-Being. So great is His certitude that humanity revolts against it; knowing Himself to be a Son of God, He must give expression to the fact; and we, mad creatures that we are, crawling purblind in the dust storms of an illusory world, hating with lusty hatred that which is in our world only faintly shadowed, we, perforce, tear to pieces the form in which He clothes Himself, jealous that there should be One more Perfect and nearer to Unity than ourselves. But He, having transcended the negative, has no hatred to return, but continues to pour out the force and strength which are His heritage, continues so to do even after mad humanity has made it necessary for Him to return from this world of illusion to that abode where Time and Space sleep in the bosom of the Infinite.

Fritz Kunz

THE INNER SIDE OF THE WAR

By F. HALLETT

IT seems to me that at the present time, when so many countries are engaged in war, it is well to ask ourselves what it means, and to try to understand the inner side of this fearful upheaval of nations. For, of course, there *is* an inner side to this War, as there is to every great event which takes place in the world, if we have ears to hear its message.

We quite realise that, in the outer world, a tremendous attempt is being made by Germany for supreme dominion—an attempt which has only become possible through steadily fostering in its people the spirit of war as a national ideal, which they regard as a “moral necessity” on their part for the development of human perfection, not realising that conflict belongs to youth and peace to age.

It is evident that we must look upon this War quite differently from the manner in which we have hitherto regarded the wars of the past. So much is now involved—it is a world affair, and the magnitude of its importance we should try to grasp from the inner as well as from the outer side. It has been said that “life is formed of the hearts of men”; if we think over that we shall find it is profoundly true, and that it applies very forcibly to the present time, for the heart of the

world is being torn and rent with anguish, that it may eventually emerge stronger and nobler through the pain that it has suffered. For it is quite apparent that this is not merely a war of nations fighting for one side to win, for some to gain renown, perhaps more territory, for hearth and home and so on ; it is much more than that ; most of those fighting are doing so for an abstract principle, that of Right and Justice. This is truly a war between Good and Evil. These are essentially the opposing forces which we see ranged against each other for supremacy in this world of trouble on the fields of battle, and each one of us is either on one side or the other, exactly according to his inner attitude ; for by that attitude we help either the Good Powers or the Evil. These are the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness to which men and women in the world of matter—by their thoughts, desires and actions—respond, helping one side or the other. These Powers are Intelligences who use us as Their agents in such measure as our inner attitude allows Them to do so. Thus, we see, the Germans, because they have made militarism (which is the spirit of unrest, of destruction) a national ideal, have allowed themselves to be used by the Dark Powers, who hope through them to gain the predominance, and so have blinded their victims to the true value of right and wrong, demoralising the German national spirit.

This is a supreme attempt which the enemies of the All-Good are making against the progress of the world. The inner side of this fight began some time ago before it was outwardly apparent, and it has been fostered and nourished by all the accumulated thoughts of hate, unholy ambition and lust of power, to which any individual may have given way even in a small

degree, all of which have contributed to this Armageddon.

It is, therefore, most important that we should understand, in order that we may do all we can at the present time, both collectively and individually, to create a thought atmosphere which will help the forces for Good and enable them eventually to drive back the Evil. It is absolutely necessary that we should do so, for it is a fact that each one can contribute in this way to the helping of the Allies when circumstances prevent active help on the physical plane.

This is a difficult thing because of its peculiar nature, for to do it effectively we must not allow one iota of hate to cast its shadow upon our souls, not even to go out to the opponents, because, if we do, as I said, it immediately adds to the power of the forces of Darkness, and that such a thing is possible is a very solemn thought for every one to ponder over. It is most difficult to keep balanced, to keep this mind of ours, which is immersed here in the world of illusion, from forgetting that the One Life lives also in those we call our opponents and, therefore, that they too are our brothers.

Naturally, we are filled with horror at the things we hear—at the cruelty, the abominable campaign of lies which has been carried on, and the dishonourable methods to which the enemy stoop in order to gain their ends—we cannot help being horrified, but for the love of God let us refrain from hate and all hate's methods.

What are we?—"Divine fragments?" Then we are essentially fragments of the Love which binds and unites and which is the urge of evolution. If, in the

shock to our mental and emotional equilibrium which this War inevitably causes, we allow the balance to weigh down on that side which is of the lower nature, we shall most certainly throw in our lot with those who are using the enemy as an instrument against the Good, even if our hate be directed against the instrument itself.

What then can we do? Let us first of all remember that not all the Germans are being used by the Powers of Darkness, that many of them are quite against this War; they did not want it and fight unwillingly and half-heartedly, not because they lack the noble spirit of patriotism, but because they are not infected in the same way as others by the ideal of war, and are therefore not being used by those Powers, although compelled by Karma through their nationality to fight on the wrong side. It is they, let us hope, who, when the War is over will carry on all that is noble in the German nation and traditions, and who will achieve such beauty in art, music, and philosophy, as belongs to the German character, and who will use their scientific talents for the promotion of true progress and well-being.

This we surely hope for, believing, as we do, in the Brotherhood of Man which is based upon our divine origin; for that which we are fighting against in the outer world is the spirit of militarism embodied in the German nation, a spirit which is contrary to harmony and beauty of life. It seems, therefore, that our attitude should be quite an impersonal one; nothing wavering, nothing weak, nothing doubting as to the right being eventually triumphant; an intense feeling of strength which, in its cumulative aspect, will be national strength, therefore, of power to overcome this evil force let loose; and an absolute trust and knowledge that the Good will

prevail; in fact, a powerful determination by each one, as a national unit on the side of Good, that the Good *shall* prevail. And this must be without giving way to the littlenesses of spiteful feeling and anger which outwardly manifest in words, and are in reality fostered by them. It is appalling to consider the extent to which that unhappy failing has lately grown; it is a serious thing, because we are in danger of undoing by it the good we may have done as a nation. If we English people allow ourselves to stoop to malicious, hateful and revengeful feelings—even towards the enemy—we are then doing a treacherous thing towards our nation because, being units of the nation, we are by such feelings lowering the standard of national purity, sully-ing national spirit, which every person in the Empire contributes to and helps to build up.

Thus it seems to me that we should, by every means in our power, endeavour to keep that spirit pure, and instil into others the necessity of doing so, and withholding our minds from anger, send out a strong calm determination to terminate this evil, for as an ancient Scripture says: “Hatred ceaseth not by hatred at any time, hatred ceaseth by Love.”

There is a high plane—that of Godhead, where there can never be any differences at all, because all are ONE—where there is no I and My and Thine and Thee, but just Unity-in-Reality, where no personalities can come between and cause separations. Realising that, we should see that even those who appear the most undesirable, aggressive and separate from us down here, have also their home in the bosom of the ONE. Down here, in this world of strife and turmoil, that which is really Unity appears separate, and works

separately, in different bodies for the purpose of the experiences of life, and so It is thrown into all kinds of opposition with manifestations of Itself, solely that It may grow through these buffetings. They are the unreal part, although so very apparent to our personalities in this unreal work-a-day world.

All that is impermanent is unreal—therefore the forces which are troubling us so much at the present time are unreal, although permitted within bounds by the All-Good to work upon men's natures that the trouble thus engendered may draw sweetness from their souls, and that they may grow thereby. But when, as at the present time, these forces of Evil try to obtain predominance and overbalance the Good—then there must be war in the subtle world as well as in this lower world. This is what we see happening now, for there has been a vast amount of trouble in all kinds of ways on the earth for some time past. We are in what may be called a critical stage of the world's history, that is to say, we are at the end of a cycle and the beginning of a new age; we are passing between the two, and the present War seems to be a gathering-up of the forces of unrest, disruption, disharmony, separation, and egoism, in a mighty battle for power in the future. They cannot possibly gain it, but the War was inevitable, for the Peace that shall follow this storm, and which shall usher in the new age, must not be marred by the least fear of strife, because the dominant note of the new age will be Brotherhood. No longer competition, no longer each one for himself; but co-operation and a true spirit of brotherliness in all the activities of life. Therefore some of us who belong to the "Order of the Star in the East" see in this great conflagration a burning-up of

the rubbish heap of undesirable and worn-out customs and conditions, which will lead to the revolutionising of Society and thus become one of the factors in preparing the world to receive the Supreme Teacher whom, we believe, will shortly appear to help each nation to gain these new conditions and who, we are told, will help us all to realise in actuality the beauty of Brotherhood.

It must strike us as significant that the very first signs of this War brought out in a remarkable way all our latent brotherliness which, as a nation, we were submerging beneath the internal strife of party politics. Not only did a sense of Brotherhood arise amongst ourselves, but it brought us into closer and more friendly relations with other countries for mutual help; and these nations are also learning the value and fact of Brotherhood as well. In this way the War has done that which otherwise a century could not have accomplished.

Just as with ourselves, the political parties in Belgium have joined hands; what are called the Liberals and Catholics are no longer at enmity; and in Russia the effect has been remarkable. Professor Paul Vinogradoff, Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, says in a letter to *The Times* of September 14th, 1914 :

If nothing else came of this great historical upheaval but the reconciliation of the Russians and their noble kinsmen the Poles, the sacrifices which this crisis demands would not be too great a price to pay for the result. But the hour of trial has revealed other things. It has appealed to the best elements of the Russian nation. It has brought out in a striking manner the fundamental tendency of Russian political life and the essence of Russian culture, which so many people have been unable to perceive on account of the chaff on the surface. The effort of the national struggle has dwarfed all these misunderstandings and misfortunes as in Great Britain the call of the common fatherland has dwarfed the disputes between Unionists and Home-Rulers. Russian

parties have not renounced their aspirations; but they have realised as one man that this War is not an adventure engineered by unscrupulous ambition, but a decisive struggle for independence and existence; It is our firm conviction that the sad tale of reaction and oppression is at an end in Russia, and that our country will issue from this momentous crisis with the insight and strength required for the constructive and progressive statesmanship of which it stands in need.

This War has also knitted us with India just at the moment when the Indians were beginning to rebel against the differences of treatment which are made over there between the English and themselves; but they put aside these grievances and nobly offered to do their part in this great War, with the result that an Indian regiment has been allowed for the first time in history an equality with Europeans. This means very much to the Indians, and doubtless will be the beginning of a better future for them.

Thus we feel that this War will indeed become one of the elements which is to prepare the field of God's world for the Master's sowing, for doubtless it will be used in many ways to help the future.

We see the sad blows given to Belgium which are practically its mutilation; although we may have ideas (either right or wrong) as to the Karma which may have brought that about, we also see something beautiful ahead; for it is possible that the influx of these unhappy people into our own land, bringing with them another aspect of the Christian Faith right into our very midst, may have been designed for our mutual helping. The Roman Faith has in it much that is highly spiritual and beautiful; it has elements that we need, and can impart them to us. We have freedom of thought, which the Roman Faith lacks, but which is absolutely necessary in the evolution of the

soul; let them find that freedom through contact with ourselves, so shall both be richer and greater than before, and so can the two be united in sympathy, instead of separated by antagonism. This will also be a step towards the Great Event, for when the Master comes it is said that He will blend all religions; He will show to us how it is that fundamentally all *are* one, but that each religion as it stands alone is nothing more than one note of a mighty chord which, for perfect beauty, must be sounded as a whole—and this, too, is Brotherhood.

It seems also that amongst the many lessons which this War will teach before its close will be the awfulness of its horrors, and its damaging effect on nations and individuals; for when wholesale slaughter and the ruin of cities becomes possible upon the vast scale on which we see it now, through the powers of the intellect being degraded to contriving the deadliest instruments of destruction which the human mind can conceive, it is surely the climax, the height of these possibilities, which will turn nations in disgust from such methods of settling their quarrels and lead to Arbitration in the future, perhaps to a Federation or, even "the United States of Europe". This is what some of us believe and hope will be one of the great accomplishments of this century.

As the chief function of war is to break the bodies of a great number of those who take an active part in it, it may not be inappropriate to say a few words concerning death. We all feel it is a very solemn thing, but perhaps the soldier scarcely heeds that aspect; the excitement and the conditions in which he gives up his life take away that solemnity and make it appallingly

commonplace, and it is hardly likely that he realises such a death to be, what it is, an act of sacrifice, one of the greatest a man can be called upon to give, especially by one in the full vigour of manhood and the enjoyment of life! As we look upon it from the standpoint of this world, it is inexpressibly sad that those young lives should be blotted out. But for those who see death as a constantly recurring event in the life of the soul—that is, a continual dipping into physical life and a continual withdrawing again in order to assimilate during discarnate existence the experiences gained thereby—the sting of death is somewhat mitigated, and it assumes its rightful place in the evolution of man. Things are not so hopeless from that standpoint, not so unjust, not so awful . . . and for this reason I would speak just a little of some conditions after death as taught by Theosophy. As I said, it is a recurring event which every one of us as an immortal being has to encounter time after time.

The teachings given out by the exponents of our religion are vague upon the matter, which is a great pity, because it is of the deepest interest to every human being, as we all *have* to take that journey some time or other. The argument that we are not entitled to know, is painfully and feebly absurd! A great many positively know what is on the other side of death. If the wisdom of God saw fit to withhold this, or any other knowledge, because it would not be good for us, do you think we should by any sort of means gain it? It is impossible! As a matter of fact, there is much that most of us are not yet, ready to know and there is not the slightest fear that such knowledge will ever leak out for any one of us until the appointed time.

When I say that some know what is on the other side of death, I am not referring to spiritualism. Theosophy teaches that it is undesirable and wrong to bring back the dead, as it retards spiritual growth. What some have been able to do is to "grow their own wings," that is to say, to consciously leave the body and investigate that realm of the dead, and become quite as familiar with it as they are with this physical world, and then bring back the knowledge so obtained into the brain consciousness. Theosophy, therefore, is particularly definite as to what happens after death, and I wish to speak a little as to what it says of the next world and its relation to those who die in battle. It is in reality a purgatorial state with seven divisions, the two lowest belonging to the consciousness exceedingly coarse and terrible; only the very worst specimens of humanity could ever be confined to those regions, in fact, I think it is unusual for human beings to be found on the lowest division at all. The third is rather an unpleasant region, for the discarnate beings living therein have certain undesirable characteristics which need eliminating before they can pass on to the higher divisions. The fourth level is said to be the first upon which "existence is altogether based upon the sensation of happiness, though its experiences are themselves subject to very great variety. The higher regions are again all conditions in which happiness is the background of consciousness," but varying according to the different mental and moral attributes of those whose consciousness is confined to them.

Perhaps it hardly occurs to most people that there is a special purpose, a special design and a very merciful one, in sending us out of the world by sickness

and by old age. Let us look for a moment at the different stages of our life here—childhood, youth, manhood and old age. What do they mean to the individual? Childhood is the period when the immortal man within is learning to master his newly made vehicle for expression in this world. He is learning to use it and to store its brain with the knowledge which he gains. Youth, as we know, is an intermediate stage, an advance on the previous one and a time when the body, which has become more or less obedient to its master, is specially trained in healthy exercises that he may be strong for future work—and “pleasure rules the hour”; from this time up to maturity the man is thoroughly immersed in the interests of this world of matter, and in all its enjoyments and troubles. In manhood begins the serious work of the life, the special purpose for which the Ego came into this particular incarnation, by that work to learn and to grow. After the time when the highest point of physical health and strength is reached, which we call maturity, the Ego, that is the Man himself, begins to withdraw His life-forces. Hitherto he has been putting himself outwards into the life of the body; hence, like a fruit, it becomes riper and riper until the stage of perfection for that particular body is reached; then comes an important period which is said to be the most important in the life-cycle of a man, when the Ego no longer puts himself outwards but begins to withdraw; this has the effect of making the strength and force of the body less and less, so that the pleasures of the world are not able to hold it as they used to do. Instead of that, the life becomes more and more mental instead of sensational, and the body,

receiving less of that life-force, becomes more and more feeble; this we call old age. Finally the Ego leaves it altogether and the body is dead. You will have gathered from what I have just said that old age is practically a weaning from earth and earth's interests. A long illness has the same effect—any illness, in fact, but a long illness particularly. If the body which any person is wearing is ordained to die whilst it is still young, then a long illness takes the place of that which old age accomplishes in an older person, that is, it makes a kind of preparation for death, by taking the desires away from the world and fixing them on higher things. This carries the person at death to better conditions than he would have had if he had died in the strength and vigour of manhood and the swirl of worldly interests. For what we call death is only the dropping of the physical body; it brings no sudden change of character, as some people seem to imagine; a person is exactly the same the day after death as he was the day before, only minus the dense body. Therefore one can understand that those whose thoughts and desires are entirely in worldly interests, will, when the body has gone, be naturally drawn to the particular division of the next world which is appropriate to such desires, until they are worn out and the man is able to rise into better conditions, and so on up the scale to the highest division. Every one of us has matter in our subtle bodies which does not accord with the higher divisions of the next world, and which, were we suddenly taken from this life, would have to be worn out in the division to which it belongs. It is this fact, although now not understood, which makes the Church pray for us to be delivered from sudden death.

In connection with this, Mr. Sinnett has given us some interesting information concerning those who die in battle, and the compensation (if it be a compensation, for of course it follows a law, the law of sacrifice) which is accorded to the man who gives up his life in such a way. He says :

Every one who has suffered the grief of hearing that some one beloved has been killed, will be eager to know how such a death affects the person passing on, when he awakens on the astral plane. The effect is very remarkable and definite. Practically every one engaged in the War on our side, is animated by the full conviction that he is fighting for the Right. He goes into the fighting line knowing quite well that his life is at stake, but willing to sacrifice it if need be, not merely, as the common phrase goes, for King and Country, but for the sacred principle of Good at war with Evil. A life-sacrifice accomplished under those conditions, has a wonderful effect on the astral plane. Of course it would be ridiculous to assume that every man killed under those conditions, is normally, by virtue of the characteristics of his life so far, exempt from the failings which, had he passed away under ordinary conditions, might have kept him for a time on the lower levels of the next world. But the life-sacrifice accomplished on the battle-field with the surrounding emotion above described, has the effect of sweeping out of the astral vehicle all the lower orders of matter that would otherwise have entangled the personality in lower conditions. He is ready for a more or less immediate transfer to happy levels of the fourth sub-plane. It is true that for a little while he is immersed in a mental atmosphere of such bewildering excitement that he does not know where he is. His astral aura is in such a whirl that it makes a sort of shell round him, within which he has the delusion of being still in the midst of the fighting. But that whirl can be arrested, that shell can be broken up, by those who with larger experience are busily engaged in doing relief work on the astral plane. And in doing such work their energies are reinforced by those who, from this plane, devote their *thoughts* in a systematic manner to the task of liberating astral friends whose progress may be retarded in the way I have described.

It is very important that people should study and understand the conditions after death, and act upon the knowledge thus gained; for a great deal of pain and trouble would be saved thereby, as only those who

give up their life in a sacrificial act are able to blot out that which would otherwise keep them tied in a lower division and thus deterred from quickly passing on.

Therefore, whichever way we look at it, we see in this War an agent which is to act as a purifying element, both on this and the other side of death, and also to be a factor in helping to prepare the world for the Master's Coming, if only we will do our share in stemming the tide of antagonism, and bringing harmony wherever we go. For it is arousing the careless, it is making the selfish think of others, it is inspiring the unselfish to sacrifice themselves, it is quickening everything—it is as the vitalising breath from a furnace passing over the world and forcing a sluggish growth!

If we have hitherto shut our eyes to the importance of the times in which we live, it is impossible to do so now; for no one can be inert or thoughtless, or selfish any more; we are compelled to awaken, and virility must take the place of inertia, and sacrifice of selfishness. Thus may the Master's message of Brotherhood fall on fertile ground and build up a better civilisation in the future.

F. Hallett

THE CHOSEN ONE

By M. ROCKE

AS the foil for the beauty, as the night for the stars, as the levelled sand for the waves, as the mine for the diamond, as the scabbard for the sword—so is the chosen one to the Chooser.

Great he must be, one who is above his fellows, fit to be the setting for the Jewel, and yet in colour so subdued, so unobtrusive that even the beauty of the Gem is enhanced by the comparison—if, indeed, aught could add to the Divine Beauty.

One only out of many choice ones could play such a part as does the chosen of the Lord. It is to be even now, from time to time, tuned to the One to come, filled with His influence, the shining sea flooding the dew-drop—One only in whom intellect is overshadowed by the greater and diviner intuition.

We long to see a Master. Should we know Him? We look for brilliant intellectual domination, pronounced individuality, sparkling genius; that which is arresting, stimulating, striking. But deep calleth unto deep and the Chooser selects His likeness.

It is the dew-drop, crystal-pure and achromatic, which is ready to reflect the sun—colourless as is the prism, focussing all colours equally, but ready to flash into rainbow radiance at contact of the sun. Not

characterless, but selfless. As is the master-touch unrecognised by many, who fail to see in that which is so effortless the genius of accomplishment.

One only with the power of utter selflessness could be taken for such high service, otherwise must the Supreme Force shatter or disastrously elate. One only with a bigness beyond that of others, would be big enough to bear the strain; One only with a strong humility, else would the greatness of the destiny to come over-power with despair in time of stress; One only whose "life is hid with Christ in God".

As the background for the picture, the rails for the train, the channel for the river, the sky for the sunrise, the clouds for the rainbow, the vacuum for the air—as the rod for the lightning, as the accompaniment for the voice, so is the chosen one to the Chooser.

Serenity, silence, the inner vision, and the courtesy of a rare gentleness are His signs. We, who are lesser chosen ones, in that we are living in these days which shall see His appearing, were wise to imitate the Chosen One, as we too prepare for the coming of the Great Chooser.

M. Rocke

THE GHOST OF HIRAM-BARKER

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of *Flower of the Snow*, *The Vengeance of Miné*, *The Coming of the Boats*, *The Wooing of Sam Clutterbuck*, etc.)

I

WE had always been interested in Max Dudley at the club, and yet, had we been asked to explain our interest in him, we should have found it extremely difficult to offer anything like a reasonable explanation of our partiality for him. Dudley was not exactly a sociable man. There were days when he buried himself behind a newspaper and never spoke a word; but even at such times we were conscious of his very marked personality. He possessed extraordinary piercing grey eyes, and once having seen those eyes it was impossible to forget them. They had a way of looking through you—cold, steady, grey fires that seemed to plumb the depths of your being. There was, in short, a magnetic attraction about Dudley. His will was dominant, and there was never any truckling to those flattering courtesies under which lesser men sought shelter. We often talked about him in the club. We wondered if his almost perpetual melancholy was the result of some unfortunate love-affair. It was certainly difficult to imagine Dudley falling in love, but

it might have been possible years ago. Though we discussed him frequently, he remained to the last an enigma to which we could find no key. One or two of the more daring members had tried to pump him. But they came away from the ordeal sick with some indefinable dread. There was some curious magic about those eyes of his. They read others, but never yielded up any secrets of their own.

One night Dudley came into the club. His face was more pallid than usual. There was a slight nervousness about him which we had not observed before. He sat down in a big red chair. I remember that we stopped talking when he came into the room. We were expecting something, but we did not know what. The clock ticked, a coal fell from the fire, some one coughed.

“Well, I suppose we can talk,” said Malcom presently. “What are we waiting for?”

No one answered him. We were all watching Dudley, his thin, white hands stretched out on either leg and his head thrown well back.

Suddenly Dudley leant forward. “I don’t often inflict a story upon you fellows,” he said in his slow, precise way, “but I’m going to tell you rather a strange yarn to-night.”

The tension was at an end. We breathed again as we murmured our thanks.

II

“I must tell the story in my own way,” said Dudley. “I shan’t deviate more than I can help, but I must trouble you with a short preamble, a few preliminaries before I begin the story itself.

“I suppose the majority of you fellows are materialists. If you consider the spirit-world at all, you do so with a very big grain of salt. It’s something vague, intangible, something that you never allow to interfere with your business. You live in this world and regard another world as quite possible, even desirable, but nevertheless a world that does not possess the vital importance of this one. I don’t blame you for being materialists, half-hearted materialists. You can’t help it, because you haven’t realised the latent power that is in you, the search-light that might, if you possessed the necessary knowledge, be turned upon those forces that seem to you to be connected with the miraculous, but are in reality not supernatural but supernormal. Spiritualism has been connected with a good deal of charlatan-ism simply because professional mediums are expected to produce spirit phenomena. Now spirit phenomena should never be presented in exchange for cash. A good deal of rot goes on in the séance-room—dummy hands and arms, drapery, perfume-sprays, and various pneumatic appliances. But there is something valuable connected with spiritualism. It isn’t all table-turning, talks with a dead grandmother, and high falutin’. I have always been interested in the occult. It’s part and parcel of my temperament. Had I lived in the old days I should assuredly have been burnt. As I happen to live in the twentieth century, I am permitted to go scot-free, and even to have the privilege of sitting in this club and chatting about it.

“My sister, Margaret, was at one time engaged to John Hiram-Barker. I had always disliked the man, and my dislike, as it turned out afterwards, was well founded. Without wishing to go too fully into the

matter, I must explain that for certain reasons the engagement was broken off. Margaret was well rid of the man in my opinion; she was blind to his most palpable faults. She could never see that the man had been trifling with her affections, and that it was a dastardly game without rules which he had been playing nearly all his life. From the moment I discovered what manner of scoundrel Hiram-Barker was, I was fully resolved on vengeance of some kind. Every day Margaret's silent sorrow fanned my desire to administer something more terrifying than a horse-whipping to one who had wrecked and blighted my sister's life. Only those who are mealy-mouthed will tell you, with a simper, that vengeance is not sweet. It is sweet sometimes, for there are occasions when we must strike a blow, when we must tear up, root and branch, evil with evil. I am not the kind of man who will take an injury quietly, and almost apologise for the injury itself. Not a bit of it! I make my plans; I go slow; I wait; but in the end I get the blow home.

“Well, I was resolved on vengeance, but on what kind of vengeance I did not determine all at once. I brooded over the matter for several days. Then suddenly I had an inspiration. I would put my occult knowledge to practical use and risk the consequences. You will say: Why didn't you resort to more ordinary, more tangible, methods? My answer is, like the answer of certain politicians: Wait and see!

III

“Just before the Christmas of 1890 I wrote to Hiram-Barker asking him to spend a few days with us. In the ordinary way it would have been worse than

useless to have written to him. In the ordinary way he would have very properly refused the invitation, for at Christmas, of all times of the year, we do not seek out unpleasant, and perhaps disastrous, situations.

“Have you ever tried to make a stranger look at you in a theatre, in a street, anywhere? It is a simple, elementary experiment well worth trying, and it will be successful in the majority of cases, provided you have the power of concentration. You must believe in yourself as you believe in nothing else, and then a great many things suddenly become possible that were impossible before. It is child’s play to make anyone look at me, to make them perform certain actions, to read their thoughts. When I wrote to Dudley my invitation was really a command that he had not the strength of will to resist. The letter was a stout chain, and even while I was writing it I knew that it was slowly but surely pulling my victim toward me.

“Hiram-Barker arrived late on Christmas Eve, and Margaret had gone to bed. He was shown into my smoking-room, where, I remember, I was poring over a book. I could see at a glance that the man meant to bluff it.

“‘Well, Dudley,’ he said rushing forward in his beastly breezy way, ‘nice to see you again. Margaret all right? I’m afraid I messed things up rather—eh, what? You’re looking awfully fit, a bit stouter than you used to be. Seems funny to be down here for Christmas. Had to come, somehow. Couldn’t resist it. Are we going to let bygones be bygones, and . . . er . . . have goodwill and all the rest of it that happens to be friendly and seasonable?’

“‘You can take a chair, Barker,’ I said, ‘and when you’ve taken it, it would be, perhaps, as well to understand each other before we go any further.’”

“‘Oh, certainly,’ replied Barker. ‘Anything you like, my dear chap. But if you’ll allow me to say so, you’re confoundedly serious.’”

“I told Barker that I had never been so serious in my life before. I saw him struggling to be genial, facetious. I saw him trying his utmost to conceal his real feelings, his dread of me.

“‘Do you know, Dudley,’ he said at last, ‘you’re rather a queer sort of fellow. You don’t mix enough with others. You’re getting too introspective and just a trifle uncanny. Yes, that’s it, uncanny. I hope you don’t bear me malice over the affair with Margaret. If it’s a question of making it up, why. . . .’”

“‘No,’ I replied quietly, ‘don’t make any mistake on that point. It certainly isn’t a question of making it up. Margaret is to be heartily congratulated on not having the misfortune to marry you.’”

“Hiram-Barker winced at that. He had a retort ready, but he knew better than to give it utterance just then. He knew that he was dealing with an enemy, and that it was his best policy to keep calm and play his cards carefully.

“‘Don’t you think,’ said Barker after a pause, ‘that you could run to a ghost story? They’re awfully fashionable just now. Scarcely a Christmas number without one. Start off something like this: It was a dark winter’s night, and the wind howled horribly round the ancient walls of Spook Castle. . . .’”

“‘I’ll trouble you to keep your mouth shut for a few minutes,’ I said. ‘You’ll not want a ghost story when I’ve finished with you!’”

"I then placed a piece of note-paper upon the table.

"'It is possible for me,' I said, 'to make that paper move perceptibly by simply concentrating my will upon it.'

"'Indeed!' exclaimed Barker. 'Then you don't want to borrow my watch or hat for the present? I hope, however, to see before long two kicking rabbits in either hand, coils of coloured paper round your feet, to say nothing of a bowl of goldfish. Fire away, Dudley, and for Heaven's sake, *talk*! No conjuror can perform a trick without considerable gagging. It's all part of the business.'

"I took no notice of Barker's remarks, but confined my attention to the paper on the table. Five minutes, ten minutes went by; then the paper moved across the table-cloth.

"The experiment, simple as it was, impressed Barker. I saw him staring stupidly at the paper.

"'Awfully clever,' he said at last. 'Can't think how you do it. But do you mind switching off on to something else? My nerves are a bit shaky to-night.'

"Then it was that I told Barker why I had invited him down, and what I proposed to do to him. When I informed him that I intended to draw his soul from his body, his eyes protruded, his jaw dropped. He sat before me a huddled heap of a man, protesting feebly, waving his hands about as if to ward off a blow. I explained to Barker that when the soul is driven from the body, it is attached to its material case by a thin, ethereal cord, which, if broken, would cause instantaneous death. It was this reference to the cord that affected Barker most deeply. His head suddenly shot

forward. I saw his facial muscles twitch, a dry tongue dart out and lick the parched lips.

"I touched an electric button. A small disc began to revolve briskly, and it was placed in such a position that a spot of light played intermittently upon it.

"'Has your experiment anything to do with Margaret?' groaned Barker, keeping his eyes almost unconsciously fixed upon the revolving disc.

"'Yes, it has,' I said hotly. 'You have wronged the best woman in the world, whose only mistake was that she loved, and still loves, a man wholly unworthy of her. No, don't interrupt. I have not finished yet. My sister's future is at stake. Yours shall be at stake now. I shall have your ghost to play with, just as you played with Margaret's heart—and I shall play with it! I could almost break that thin white cord and send you forth to answer God's reckoning! But I shall not break it. I must not. . . . I see you are attracted by that little disc over there. You may be surprised to learn that you cannot withdraw your eyes!'

"Hiram-Barker tried, but completely failed to do so. It held him as a snake's eye holds a sparrow. He cursed under his breath. Sweat poured down his face. He sobbed like a child. He begged for mercy. He groaned. Still the disc went on revolving, and still the electric light fell upon it. Barker gave one convulsive movement, and then lay still in his chair.

"Now, when Barker was in a light hypnotic trance, I went over to him. I placed my hands about an eighth of an inch from the top of his head, and drew them slowly down over his face to the middle of his body, and then sharply turned my palms outward. This pass I continued for something like twenty

minutes, and by that time Barker was in a state of unconsciousness infinitely deeper and more potent than sleep. At last, being clairvoyant, I could see the aura round Barker's body. I could see dark and luminous lines intersecting each other in the form of a series of waves. An hour went by, and still I made the passes I have described to you. I never faltered. I never grew weary. Vengeance, however morbid you may regard my interpretation of it, sustained me. I was performing a great psychological feat. I was about to play with the ghost of an enemy.

"Suddenly the aura, that had been continually thickening with my passes, broke, and stood, a pale, phosphorescent glow on either side of Barker's body. Gradually these clouds, I can think of no other name for them, grew more distinct. Then they united, and I saw, faintly at first, an exact replica of Barker. It was Hiram-Barker's ghost !

"I watched the ghost glide about the room in frantic despair, I saw, what no one likes to see, the utter rottenness of a contemptible man. That figure, gesticulating wildly, seemed to understand everything I said, and I talked a good deal, straight talk that went home. I learnt in that moment what torture can mean. I learnt what it is to know another man's soul through and through. The thin white cord, that seemed capable of infinite expansion, fascinated me. One touch and it would be all over for Hiram-Barker—just one touch. But I only gazed at the thin white cord. I did not break it.

"As I stood in the room I heard people singing carols outside. Then the town clock struck midnight, and I prepared to retire to rest, ' Good night,

Hiram-Barker. You'll come to presently,' I said, as I walked softly out of the room.

"Margaret told me afterwards that very early on that Christmas morning she awoke with an almost overpowering impression that Hiram-Barker was in her room. She turned on the electric light, but there was no one there, at least she could see no one. Every moment, however, Margaret grew more conscious of his nearness to her. It seemed that he was calling to her, that he was in the gravest danger and distress. She put on her dressing-gown, and her first thought was to call me. I wish with all my heart that she had done so. She felt, however, strongly influenced to go downstairs and into the smoking-room. She answered that strange suggestion.

"When she arrived at the smoking-room door, she paused, and held the handle in her hand for a long time without turning it. Then, suddenly her blood ran cold. Some one, something, was slowly turning the handle on the other side of the door! She was too frightened to run away. She seemed rooted to the spot. Then the door opened, but no one greeted her horrified gaze. She looked timidly into the room and saw Hiram-Barker sitting in a chair, apparently fast asleep. The sight awakened old memories. It was almost a relief to see Barker, the man she still loved, poor child, sitting in that chair. Had she been able to see his ghost, it would have been a very different matter, but fortunately, or unfortunately, she could see no such thing.

"All fear left Margaret now. She came into the room and sat down on a big dump in front of the still glowing fire. As she looked at the embers, she told me that a sense of peace seemed to possess her. And

so, however reprehensible it may have been, my sister gave herself up to reverie—romantic, dreamy reverie.

“My sister confessed to me that she rose from her seat and broke off a piece of mistletoe. ‘It is Christmas to-day,’ she said. ‘He sleeps. He cannot know.’ Then Margaret—poor girl, don’t think harshly of her—leaned forward and kissed him.

“Margaret re-seated herself on the dump. The red glow of the fire must have shone upon her as she continued her reverie. Had she looked behind her, she would have seen Barker’s lips moving in an effort to speak. Presently he made a slight sound. Margaret turned round.

“‘What is it?’ she inquired gently.

“‘I love you, Margaret’ said Barker. ‘Love has come now. Can you . . . can you forgive me?’

“My sister was under the impression that he was talking in his sleep, but the words were sweet to her, and she answered: ‘Yes, dear, I forgive you, because I have always forgiven you, and always loved you—always.’

“I am not quite sure what Barker said then, but I think he replied: ‘It is very wonderful. Thank you. I understand. . . Margaret. . . . Margaret. . . .’

“At that moment I must have been dimly conscious of what was taking place. I got up hastily, went downstairs, and entered the smoking-room.

“‘Margaret,’ I said quietly, ‘kindly go to bed at once. I will speak to you about this matter later on.’

“In coming forward to give Margaret my hand, I slipped back a little. The thin white cord was broken. A tremor passed over the body in the chair.

“‘Well, Margaret,’ I said, ‘what is it? Why do you wait?’

“ ‘ Because I believe that something very sweet and wonderful has happened. I believe that Mr. Hiram-Barker loves me now,’ said Margaret softly.

“ ‘ Something very wonderful has happened,’ I said. ‘ Barker is dead. I killed him a moment ago !’

“ ‘ Dead? You killed him?’ was all poor Margaret could say in the agony of her grief as she left me and blindly rushed to her room.”

* * * * *

There was silence in the club for some time. Then, one by one, we murmured our thanks, and then grew confused as we watched Dudley. He was half concealed behind a newspaper, over which tobacco-smoke was rising.

“ Hello?” he said sharply, bringing down the paper with a jerk. Did I hear some one say ‘ Thanks’? Thanks for what?”

“ For your story,” we said.

“ Story?” snapped Dudley. “ Story? Why I’ve been reading for the last hour. I haven’t spoken a word. I never tell yarns.”

* * * * *

Dudley is dead now. He was the queerest and most interesting man we had in the club, but from that day to this he has remained an insoluble riddle.

F. Hadland Davis

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR
NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The peculiar positions you hold, and the great veneration in which you are held, make it very difficult for me to write anything that will appear to offer open opposition to you, and I would not be found doing so were it not that I feel the force of an inner compulsion urging me to do so. I have read your notes on the present War with infinite regret and feel that to keep silent and not protest to the uttermost would be to prove myself a traitor to all you have taught me, and to be little better than a hypocrite. There is, indeed, much that you have said and done in recent years that it has been impossible to agree with or see any reason in, yet in most cases it has been possible to keep silence because of the conviction that the true inwardness of Theosophy was a spirituality that would come victorious through even the severe strain you were placing upon it, to keep silence when strongly convinced that your actions and conduct imperilled and belittled the T.S. and its neutrality on questions of religion and politics. But this present utterance is so utterly opposed to all that you have taught and written in the past, so utterly opposed to Theosophy and Brotherhood, so utterly opposed to the calm and lofty altitude usually associated with persons of spiritual development, that I am shocked and outraged at it, the more so as a journal of international circulation, of philosophic trend, is made the channel through which it is given to the world. In the past you have not hesitated to express an opinion of Mr. Lloyd George that was not flattering, but you have not now hesitated to emulate his worst offence and have out-Limehoused Limehouse. It would seem that the splendidly tactful, but scathingly severe, rebuke so recently administered by Mr. Johan van Manen has passed over you without any effect.

You have in the past opened to us the splendid teaching of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, the message of which is impersonal fighting, the burden of which is the necessity of conducting our lives according to the true inwardness of Dharma, yet you deny and negate your message in language but little removed from Billingsgate. You, who have been our teacher, you at least might have realised that Theosophy is not for any nation or group of nations, but *for all*, the Rhineland children as well as the splendid and heroic Belgians. Have you not taught us that war is after all a great instrument in the hands of the Guardians of Humanity, and could you not trust Them to bring out of this most evil cause a result better than mere human prescience could have perceived, without the necessity of your writing to inflame passions and stir up hatred, strife and anger? The message of Theosophy has hitherto been one of Peace and Unity—you have made it one of hatred and war, and I wonder if you realise what you have done and what the consequences must be?

I am a very obscure Theosophist, yet for ten years I have given of my best to spread the message of Theosophy, not without some measure of success, and I do not wish to, and will not, stand by without protest when you deliberately destroy the old landmarks and ancient ideals. I am loyal to the core, I have to do my share of providing for the success of the arms of my people, but I demand that Theosophy should be kept above the dust of conflict, to be ready to do its splendid work of rebuilding when the present hideousness of life is swept away. This War will provide an opportunity, when it is finished, for each one of us to do some of the work of rebuilding Society on better lines, but if it is drawn into personal expressions such as you give us in the "Watch Tower," the T.S. will, as a body, forfeit its high place as an overseer and Master Builder. And then, perhaps, you will realise in fact what you have taught in speech, the all-embracingness of Karma: the words of the Christ apply to the German Emperor, yourself and Judas Iscariot: "the Son of Man indeed goeth as it is written of Him, but woe unto him by whom the Son of Man is betrayed."

Melbourne

J. M. M. PRENTICE

REVIEWS

What We Shall Teach, by C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 12 or 1s. or 25c. Leather Edition Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. or 65c.)

This little book is perhaps more full of charm than any other that the author has written, with the exception of *Christ and Buddha*. In *What We Shall Teach*, the reader is at once brought into harmony with the prevailing thought, by reason of the singular beauty and melodious rhythm of the language. For in the language itself pulsates some of the life that inspired the thought, so that we feel in this tiny volume the One Lover speaking to us. For to see the One Lover—men call Him, “God” “Logos,” what matter the name—in everything is what we must all learn, and that in order to teach.

All men, whatever their creed are returning to the One Lover from whom they came. But their journey back to Him may be swift or slow. It shall be your joy and mine to teach them the swift road. And we shall teach them that as they apply Love's Touchstone to all that they are and shall do, their journey shall be swift, with ever increasing speed.

So we must learn, in order to teach, the three great truths of “Love that is Strength,” “Beauty that is Joy,” “Action that is Life”. And at whatever stage of evolution, however humble, we are we may discern the One Lover. “This is a part of the mystery of His loving that He smiles on them wherever they are.” We must see the love of the One Lover in all that is, the beauty that because it is His, exists in all things, even in Hell; “for there is no thought which the One Lover does not think, no feeling which He does not feel, and He suffers with us when hell is our lot”. And His Beauty and Love may best be known by drawing nearer, and becoming more at one with Him.

Through action that is sacrifice comes life to love that is strength and to beauty that is joy.

This is the way for all to tread, the path the One Lover has made for His Beloved.

This is the third truth that you and I will teach, in His Name.

So, having read, having, as it were, sensed in a measure the Love and Beauty and Sacrifice of the One Lover, discovered to us throughout a few brief pages, we put down the book. How much we have still to learn ere we can teach.

T. L. C.

Varieties of Psychism, by J. I. Wedgwood. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 35c.)

In such a swirl of vague unclassified information concerning things psychic do we live to-day, that Mr. Wedgwood's small manual, going into these matters in detail and arranging them with scientific clarity in their proper departments in natural evolution, should be of untold value as a guide to the student. Though small, the book is extremely lucid and briefly covers more or less the whole ground of a big subject. For, as he tells us, he is but dealing with "the alphabet of a vast Science" which contains in it "the promise of the future of a race".

The first half of the book is mainly devoted to the subject of lower forms of psychism and mediumship. The lower psychism the author describes as "the extreme left wing of negativity" and a relic of man's earlier evolution, whereas the higher psychism is "the extreme right wing of positivity" and "its significant feature is that it succeeds upon, and does not precede, the growth of intelligence". The difference between involuntary psychism and mediumship is interesting, as also novel. "The general principle is that the medium yields himself to exarnate (or even incarnate) entities, whereas the psychic is one able to establish communication with the invisible worlds in virtue of his own faculties."

The second half of the book deals with higher, or what one might call, true psychism, and particularly fascinating is the chapter on 'The Psychology of Psychics,' showing how they are ultra-sensitive in nature, susceptible to varying influences, and often subject to illusion and glamour. True psychism,

we are made to understand, is due to spiritual activity in the psychic nature and is primarily spiritual; although dangerous if wrongly handled, it bestows on the man who has it in full control a greater power of usefulness to mankind.

D. M. C.

Patanjali for Western Readers, by Daniel R. Stephen, M. A. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d.)

An excellent little book which should be in the hands of all Theosophists, and of others who wish to make a study and practice of these Yoga aphorisms. It is clearly written, and the meaning of each aphorism is brought out without superfluous elaboration. Its value is not in any sense depreciated because the author, in his preface, is wise enough and modest enough to advise students to buy three or four versions of *Patanjali*, and from a study of them all to write out a version of his own.

A. E. A.

The True Mystic, by the Rev. Holden E. Sampson. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This book contains a series of lectures on Mysticism. The author in his preface disarms criticism "on the sketchiness" of his work by a perfectly legitimate apology. The magnitude of the task he has set himself, and the inherent difficulties of the subject necessarily would tend to a certain jerkiness in style, and possibly also to the somewhat dogmatic statements, without any evidence adduced to prove them, which are to be found frequently throughout this volume.

Mr. Sampson perceives in the true Mystic four tokens, although these are not always uniformly present. These are: Asceticism, Ekstasis, Initiation, Intuition. "There are certain tokens and criteria of the Mystic impossible to define in words and other tokens impermissible to speak of."

The history of Mysticism is briefly traced from ancient times up to the present day, but a great many of the statements made in this account might easily be challenged. One interesting passage occurs in the account of Alexander the Great, the

dream of whose life was, according to our author, "the notable one of uniting corporately the Mystical schools of the East and the West".

But on his great expedition to the conquest of India he died; and so his great dream was unfulfilled. Yet it was a true dream and the time of its fulfilment was not yet. It still awaits it, and in the present day, the British occupation of India, the open water-way and land-way, and the free intercourse between Orient and Occident, have prepared the way for this dream of Mystical unity between the Mystery-Religion of the East and the Mystery-Religion of the West.

Space forbids a discussion as to the author's views of Initiation, and on the theory he holds as to the Historical and Mystical Christ. He is a great supporter of the Gnostics, and in these later days speaks kindly of the Theosophical Society, which, he tells us, is an "upward movement, has revived many truths of cosmical significance, and has rescued many souls from the downward drift into infidelity and irreligion".

Mr. Sampson claims that the substance of his work came from intuitive and mystical sources. To him therefore his statements must be conclusive, but each reader must exercise his own intuition as to their value.

The True Mystic is somewhat in the nature of a textbook to the subject of Mysticism, which the author has treated more extensively in other volumes. It should prove interesting to many readers who come into touch with such ideas for the first time, while to older students there are many points which will atone for the essentially fragmentary character of the book.

T. L. C.

The Progress of Sydney Lawrence, by Miles Wanliss. (G. C. Fifield, 13 Cliffords Inn, London, E.C. Price 6s. net.)

The Progress of Sydney Lawrence by a new Theosophical writer—as we read the last four words of the publishers' notice, a mild thrill of excitement passed through us. Perhaps this, at last, was *the* Theosophical novel which we are always looking for. But alas for hopes! the first few paragraphs are disappointing, and the last pages bring the full conviction that the epoch-making book is not to be sought for in this quarter.

The plot, if indeed there can be said to be any plot at all, is very obvious, very weak and very commonplace; and there is a marked ignorance of "Society" of the rank to which the heroine is supposed to belong. The book is meant to be bright and amusing, but the wit is of a superficial character, and vulgarisms frequently fall from lips to which they would in the nature of things generally and of art in particular, ever, be strangers.

On the other hand, the author has a decided talent for characterisation; the dialogue, so often a pitfall for the beginner, is not stilted, and there is a feeling for psychological values which is well worth cultivating. We would advise him (?) to study *men* and their way of looking at things more; the style is altogether too feminine.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

TO so many, at present, Death comes as an enemy, striking down the youth in the opening of his manhood, the strong man in the prime of his strength. But to some he comes as the gentlest of friends, folding in loving arms a tired and pain-worn body, and giving his beloved sleep. Thus he came to Ursula M. Bright, and took her home, after long years of suffering helplessness, borne as heroically as her life had ever been lived. For Ursula M. Bright was one of the great fighters of her generation, a gallant soldier in all noble causes, and she fought against injustice everywhere, against oppression, and tyranny, against every enthroned wrong. Herself living in an ideal home, working ever hand-in-hand with a husband like-minded with herself, her gallant chivalrous soul fought to win for all women, as of right, the liberty and independence that she enjoyed by the grace of a husband as liberty-loving and justice-loving as herself; and wherever women suffered wrong, whether by legal unfairness or

by individual aggression, there was her voice heard in protest, there was her hand outstretched to save.

* * *

I met her first in the days of my own struggles against laws which gave to the married woman no right to her own children, and from that day onwards stretches an unbroken friendship, which grew closer and tenderer as the years rolled on, and never knew a jar or a misunderstanding. Her two outstanding characteristics were love of liberty and hatred of injustice, and with these a dominating sense of duty and an unbounded capacity for love of a peculiarly virile type. She was as perfect a wife and mother in the home, as she was a dauntless warrior outside, a standing proof that the woman of high capacity, most active in public life, does not cease to be the light and joy of the home.

* * *

Through all the long pain of the years of her dying, her interest in public work remained undimmed, and her keen sympathy went with the suffragette struggles, as with every other struggle of right against might. Joining the Theosophical Society in the last decade of the nineteenth century, she was one of its strongest supporters, never flinching under any attack, nor wanting in perfect loyalty. Never, under any stress, did her dauntless courage waver. To her generosity we owed the making of the Benares centre, and since Avenue Road was given up, my English home was with her. And now she has passed away, and the world is the poorer for her passing; but she works actively in the world to which for years her activity has been confined, serving the Master she has

so long served, to return to us soon for renewed service here, the reward of the unwearied service which was the very essence of her noble and useful life.

* * *

Mr. Fritz Kunz, as Principal of the Ānanda College, Colombo, has done really wonderful work during his short tenure of office. I put his work on record here, as an example to others, to show what one man can do in a brief space, by hard work and fine capacity. He reports in the Ānanda College Magazine :

On May 1st of that year I was able to report to the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society as follows:

Besides the new hall [a College Hall, built since January 28th, 1914, and just opened] and immense improvement in routine and discipline, there has been improvement in the grounds, coir matting laid, magazines made available, pictures purchased and framed ready for hanging at the proper time, complete overhauling of the time-tables and the installation of new texts, new drains planned and well begun, an almirah ordered for each class-room (twenty have been delivered so far), many expeditions made by boys to places of interest, a special and permanent Board of Control formed by the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society of men really interested in the College. Then there has been the renting and equipping of a fine house for boarding purposes, the funds being generously loaned for an indefinite period by Mr. Batuwantudave, and the institution brought to a really admirable state of efficiency by Mr. Menon, who has won my complete confidence in this respect and, what is more difficult, the confidence of the boys. I need only mention the revival of the Old Boys' Dinner after an obscuration of fourteen long years, and the successful sports. We began a Commercial Class and Clerical Course in January. French, thanks to the generous interest of Mr. A. W. P. Jayatilaka, has been in the curriculum for many months. A special drawing class, for which furniture is being made and casts purchased, is growing into a valued branch under another Honorary Master, Mr. C. D. Amaradasa. A painter, a tinner and a mason have been busy for some time overhauling the buildings, and they will be kept at work until the place is artistically acceptable. The work on the compound itself has passed the first stages, and I shall presently put in, under capable directions, numerous trees, hedges, ivies, and so on. The grounds have

been filled to the extent of two and three feet in some places; the old ditch behind the cricket pitch has been filled and levelled, and the pitch itself slightly improved, and a practice pitch made. A net has been purchased to protect the roofs from zealous batters. Through the offices of the M. O. H. the neighbouring compound has been cleaned up, and our environs are now clean and sanitary. A raised road, the first of a network of roads and paths, has been made. A ventilator has made the upstairs quarters more comfortable. A campaign for books for the library has been opened by the Remove Form. This has stimulated other boys, and other masters, and the library at last bids fair to grow.

There has been a constant improvement in the College staff. Mr. P. M. Menon, B.A. (Second Class) of Madras and Mr. A. P. De Zoysa, an experienced and certificated teacher, may be mentioned as specially qualified additions. I am pleased to be able to announce here that Mr. Hervey Gulick, E. M., an old friend of mine, will shortly leave America for Ceylon to take up the teaching of science at Ānanda College. Other changes and additions are contemplated.

Finally, the Director of Education has put the school under the block grant system, which we take duly as recognition from Government of our present standing, which we shall soon better still more; and the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society has agreed to raise Rs. 10,000 for those additional requirements which will make us shortly one of the two or three most complete schools in Ceylon we may say in conclusion that we have made of Ānanda College a disciplined, orderly, attractive, well-organised school, an institution that is definitely self-supporting as far as current affairs go, and so well based that it is what may be called a sound philanthropic investment for charitable men of means, and, finally, a school that may now be safely allowed to grow as means and space for growth are provided.

* * *

The value of this record, in itself remarkable, would be more fully estimated in the West, were the many difficulties with which Mr. Kunz has to struggle understood in their full strength. A few brave men have for years kept up an apparently hopeless fight against indifference and active opposition, in the endeavour to keep flying the flag raised by Colonel H. S. Olcott. It was almost in despair that I despatched Mr. Fritz

Kunz to Colombo fifteen months ago, as a last effort to pull things straight. He has done marvels, and the Colombo Buddhist College is becoming the pride of the Buddhist Theosophical Society, which has worked against heavy odds for very many years. All who love Colonel Olcott's memory—and how many such there are—will feel grateful to his young compatriot, for putting at the service of the Colonel's work the practical ability which characterises the able American.

* * *

Just as we go to press, we hear from Mr. Kunz that the Director of Education has placed the College in the list of "Efficient Schools," the highest classification under the Code; a condition is added that a Science Department shall be installed within two years, and this is arranged for. The money has been collected, and the Professor sails from America on April 9th. Mr. Kunz has set his heart on building a Hostel, and he writes :

My object now is to immediately build over the present buildings upstairs quarters as hostel. We have a few boarders in a rented house which is under my supervision, but this is too expensive, and not sufficiently large, and the tenure is uncertain. Of course the secret of all moral instruction in a school is a well-conducted boarding house, and when there is such an establishment here our integrity will be forever assured.

During these difficult times I think I cannot get more than from five to ten thousand rupees here, in addition to the sums guaranteed for Science. Do you think there are any lovers of the Colonel who would come forward to establish this, for the chief College in the chief town? I shall need about twenty thousand rupees (nearly £1,400) for the first section of rooms, complete and furnished, in addition to what I could raise here. I estimate the local aid at a very low figure, because I have learned that few of our Sinhalese brethren understand the serious need for solid character-building, and the importance of hostel quarters.

Will any of the friends of the Colonel, in America especially, help this young American in this admirable piece of work? Any money for the purpose may be sent to me, and I will forward it, or it may go direct to Fritz Kunz Esq., Principal, Ānanda College, Colombo, Ceylon.

The College at Galle has done admirably well under the care and unceasing devotion of Mr. Woodward, whose name is so well known to our readers. The third, at Kandy, with Mr. Bilimoria as Principal, is also making good progress.

* * *

As I am on matters educational, I may say that our Theosophical Educational Trust is growing to an extent which makes it a continual pressure on our available men and money. Had we large funds, we might increase to an unlimited degree, but I have to harden my heart and refuse the many schools which are offered to us. We have three things to struggle against in the way of opposition: first, the opposition of the narrow orthodox Hindūs, who leave Hindū schools to perish, but follow the dog-in-the-manger policy against us; they prefer the danger of boys and girls being perverted to Christianity to that of the broadening and vivifying influence of Theosophy on Hindūism, as shown in the Sanāṭana Dharma Text-books, and the C. H. C.; our stand against child-marriage and our advocacy of foreign travels turn against us all that is reactionary and mischievous in Hindūism. I always knew that this crusade against us would come, and since 1911 it has been in full vigour. It is, however, becoming discredited, and its force is spending itself. Secondly, the missionary opposition, which finds in

Theosophy the strongest obstacle in the way of its work of perversion ; they consider me, as they put it in the head-lines of every English newspaper a year or so ago : “ [Mrs. Besant] the greatest enemy of Christ in India ” ; that the statement is blasphemously false is a matter of indifference to them, for no weapon is too unclean for them to use, and it is true that I am, and have been for many years, the greatest obstacle in their work of perverting boys and girls, and ruining Hindū homes. The third obstacle is the jealousy of the Government of all educational work outside their own and the missionary, due to the great influence exercised over them by the missionaries, and partly to their general unwillingness to see education going on which they do not control. This is a question of the highest importance in the Madras Presidency, where the missionary influence is overwhelmingly strong ; in other Presidencies this influence is almost negligible ; it is occasionally an annoyance—not a danger. Thus in the U. P., schools under the Trust are treated with perfect fairness, and that is all we ask.

* * *

The Hindū University Bill—the University of which the C. H. C., to which so many foreign Theosophists so generously contributed, is the nucleus—has been introduced and read, *nem. con.*, in the Supreme Legislative Council. It is far more generous than we had ventured to expect, and marks, as the Hon. Sir Harcourt Butler said, the birth of a new era in Indian Education. Sir Harcourt himself has worked hard for it on the Government side, as have the Mahārājah of Darbhanga, the Hon. Dr. Sunderlal and the Hon. Paṇḍit

Madan Mohan Malaviya. The Government have appointed Dr. Sunderlal an additional Member of the Supreme Council, in order that he may be able to join in the discussions on the Bill—a very useful and gracious assistance to the promoters. The Bill will probably be passed in September, and it is hoped that the Viceroy will lay the foundation-stone of the University Buildings in October.

* * *

This last week I went to Madura, among other things to unveil a portrait and a memorial tablet to Mr. P. Narayana Aiyar, the man to whom, more than to any other, the progress of Theosophy in this leading city and its district is due. The beautiful building, with its good Hall and fine Library and spacious colonnades, was planned and carried out by him, and was opened in 1900; the large Girls' School, one of the best in Southern India was started by him, and is now under the care of the Trust. He edited a Tamil Theosophical journal and translated much of our literature into that vernacular. Fortunately he gathered round him a group of workers who are now effectively carrying on the work, and his eldest son gives promise of following in his father's footsteps.



TOWARDS RECONSTRUCTION

THE SOLIDARITY OF THE HUMAN RACE

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

Man, Oh, not men! A chain of linked thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamant stress;
As the sun rules. . . .

The unquiet republic of the maze
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free
wilderness.

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea.

P. B. SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound.*

THE divine necessity of Unity, the basic principle behind the truth of harmony, receives demonstration to-day in the sight of all men. The "sentiment"

of the solidarity of the human race unites dissimilar nations, while dividing those in whose veins runs kindred blood. The Old and the New are in the melting-pot of War, War with its sordidness, splendour and suffering. Thousands are falling: "In the sight of the unwise they seem to die." Awful the agony, unspeakable, in its dread loneliness, the lot of those who send forth their loved ones, knowing that death may intercept their return, dreaming that death ends all. Who shall measure the majesty of such grief? Assuredly not those who also mourn their dearest, yet not as those who have no hope.

Nevertheless, this is the dawn of a New Day, not alone to one nation or race, save the race of man, the family of humanity. The hour has struck for the revolt of man from all that is less than man, and more than "brute," for the unchained passions in man are more bestial than those of the brutes that perish. It was bound to come, this uprising of the desire elementals, the insurgent clan of Kâma-Manas, with mouths of insatiable greed, claws of hatred, eyes of murder: minions of selfishness, personifications of the separated selves. The lordship of Kâma-Manas, necessary in its day and generation as are all stepping-stones to higher things, is past, its day is over. Yet the passing of its empire is an epoch in itself, a time of transition, of blood and tears, and verily the passing thereof will shake all nations. The working of Kâma-Manas, in all its ramifications, has brought the world to the present crisis; that cannot be doubted by those who study history, ancient and modern. Commercial morality, competitive armaments, the game of "Open your mouth wider than your neighbour or he will

eat you," and all the "stock-in-trade" of the day and generation whose portals have begun to close—these things are not the fruitage of growth by giving, or of altruism, peace, and goodwill. The nations stood, bristling mastiffs, waiting to spring at each other's throats; the national *mêlée* resounds as we write. Yet the sacrificial principle is inwoven among the fibres of selfishness, the golden threads illuminating even here and now Time's dark and terrible tapestry. Belgium has laid her offering upon the world-pyre—Belgium, butchered to make a "frightful example" of the principle of "Potsdamnery," though the latter word has a universal application far more real than any local habitation thereof. Belgium herself does not stand guiltless at the bar, so far as antecedent records are concerned, and this may be said of all the Allies; yet this is not the moment for *tu quoque's*, national or individual. Above all, this is a time wherein to take our bearings, to see literally where we stand.

First, then, let us endeavour to clear our minds of cant. Smugness is incompatible with patriotism worthy of the name. Do not let us imagine that any locality has a monopoly in the secretion of any particular vice. Prussian *Kultur* is not confined within Berlin, Potsdam, or their adjacent suburbs. The old Norman adage, "they shall take who have the power, they shall keep who can," is too all-embracing in its application, for any country, civilised or uncivilised, to claim a monopoly. The commercial system of the nineteenth century was based upon its laws, framed within its limits. "He shall divide the spoil with the strong," has been ironically and literally part of the code of the Balance of Power, and a recognisable asset in the wealth of nations. The

weakest have gone to the wall, ever since the days when stone walls were celebrated as a convenient locality for the bashing of unwanted infants.¹ So has it been with races and nations. It remains to be seen whether "*Deutschland über alles*" is to be the mantram for the twentieth century, "*Deutschland*" standing for physical force.

There are two kingdoms only at war to-day, two struggling in a critical wrestling-bout. One has the advantage of precedent, weight, and established custom, "the kingdom of this world" represented by its word of power, "Competition". The other is but a stripling, with all a stripling's drawbacks and advantages, immature, unpractised, hardly sure of his ground; yet his cry rings out with all the valour and vigour of youth, "Co-operation". Which will win? Or is there to be a deadlock, reducing everything to the stalemate conclusion of "As you were"?

It is a bold prophecy to declare that the victory is already won, the ultimate issue certain. How many currents move and mingle in that last tidal wave that sweeps the shore? Yet that wave, and no other, turns the tide. All the currents are accessories. So it is with this War of Worlds, which is a clash of principles, not a party affair. For that we may be thankful: party "peace" and party "warfare" are miserable shibboleths, already outworn by the vigorous minds among all nations. The bones of "party" anatomy are already dead beyond any revival by shaking, they lie bleaching in the new valley of decision that no prophetic voice shall fire.

¹ *Psalm CXXVII*, v. 9.

In truth, it was high time for the old serpents to slough their skins ; already the new coats of mail appear as strength and persistence, the natural evolution of might and greed, when their appointed work is done. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new" : yet what more natural than that the ancient skin, having attained to a certain degree of self-consciousness, should object to the sloughing process, and proceed to make its objection known and felt. "What? Give up the good old process of growth by suction with tubers conducting to various larders of nourishment? Renounce the good old-established vampire habit? Relax the sacred law of the advance of strength at the expense of weakness? Renounce the hoary privilege of enforcing conformity to averages on every plane, by means of moral and social shillelaghs? The idea is a monstrous morbid growth!"

But, what if there are laws more ancient still, more cyclic in their action, with a deeper rhythm of being? Laws, of which Order and its corollary, the systole and diastole of Order, are inviolable, are the outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible necessity: a necessity which knows no laws, in the sense of being bound by them, but to whom all laws are means of growth for the various organisms characteristic of recurrent periods? Change is a precedent as inviolable as persistence and harmony. Ever the three fundamental rhythms ring out on the anvil of space, smitten by the hammer of time. Those who regulate the strokes of that hammer, pause not for the unready, haste not for the impatient; masters, they, of the cosmic Olympian Games. The Guṇas sport in the Ṭaṭṭvas for the joy of Brahmā, whose divine art of world-making, unmaking, re-making, is older even than the works of man! Man,

who is yet the heir of Eternity, "disquieteth himself in vain, his days are as a shadow, he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them". The days and nights of Brahmā are manvantaras and pralayas. Sleeping, waking? What matter they to the Gods, who change not, neither grow weary? Translation, vibration, rotation, the mystic writing on the wall of manifestation, man himself but made to serve the purpose of these magic scripts. Humiliating? Nay, august thought, awful in its majesty of protean possibilities.

So Īshvara works, showing to those who have eyes to see, brains to understand, hearts to rejoice with the joy of making, the secret known to Genius and to Genius alone, that of Eternal Unity disporting itself in forms of infinite variety. Ever the spiral returns, taking some new curve, some joyous augmentation of life, freer adaptation of form. Man, though with potentialities of expansion, is yet the chambered nautilus. In his consciousness of the need for expansion of the content of form, lies the secret of his highest rate of progression.

Still, as the spiral grew
 He left the old-worn dwelling for the new ;
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his new-found home, and knew the old no more.¹

This brings us to the point, that it is *realisation* that is needed at this crucial moment, conscious realisation of this central truth, the solidarity of the human race. The unanimity of the foremost thinkers of our day, their insistence on it, has a persistence which can hardly escape the notice of the ordinary intelligent observer of signs and tokens. One of the most significant voices is that of Verhaeren, whose work

¹ O.W. Holmes, *The Chambered Nautilus*.

represents a period in itself, showing how life redundant becomes life inspired, how the gamut of Dionysos-Apollo can be swept by a poet in one life-time. Verhaeren began as a server of tables, a minister and partaker in that riot of rich young vitality which worships excess because in the heart of that excess he has perceived the longing for that "moreness," that identification of the one with the all, which leads to the knowledge that One is All. By excess, as well as by austerity, do men reach the One Consciousness, and the steps on that way have their own discipline, each stage, every fall, its teaching. Verhaeren in his splendid multiple genius, the fruitage of the work of his latest period, grasps this central truth and enunciates it perpetually.

Toute la vie, avec ses lois, avec ses formes,
—Multiples doigts nouveaux de quelque main
énorme—

S'entr'ouvre et se referme en un poing : l'unité.¹

The solidarity of the race, which is but another mode of expression of the same truth, finds a no less recurrent insistence :

Héros, savant, artiste, apôtre, aventurier,
Chacun troue à son tour le mur noir des mystères
Et, grâce à ces labeurs groupés et solitaires,
L'être nouveau se sent l'univers tout entier.²

This knowledge "works up" to its appointed end and aim, *i.e.*, the glimpse of the "Vision Splendid," the divine eternal Synthesis.

Il viendra l'instant, où tant d'efforts savants et
ingénus,
Tant de génie et de cerveaux tendus vers l'inconnu,
Quand-même, auront bâti sur des bases profondes
Et jaillissant au ciel, la synthèse du monde.³

¹ *La Conquete.*

² *Vers le Futur.*

³ *La Recherche.*

True, Verhaeren's way of realisation of Unity is along the road of realisation through the (so-called) powers of man *as man*; yet there is an innate religious feeling in his best work, underlying the titanic element. He has, at least, more than a suspicion that the stolen fire came from a shrine of occult fire, which proud man may have to acknowledge as God. Were it not so, he would not have sung :

Ceux qui vivent d'amour, vivent d'éternité.¹

Verhaeren thus repeats the history of mankind in himself, (which is one of the chief "uses" of great men). Man the thinker, proceeds to carry out, in whatever department his activity lies, the work of reconstruction, but the air of the unseen breathes upon his brow, the fire of genius burns in his Spirit, ere he can lay the solid foundations in patient earth, or rear the loftiest pinnacle of thought; then only is the building secure, and the great floods of the lower emotions will not come nigh, and sweep it into the limbo of oblivion whither goes all the "wastage" of life and art, that which has not within it the seed of immortality, creative power.

That is why the pioneer must come before the architect and builder. The need for reconstruction must be felt before the final obliteration of old landmarks takes place. The complex nature of the instruments through which the new forces are at work, is nowhere more apparent than in the varying effects of the War upon the different temperaments of the fighters. The following extracts from two letters from the front are illustrations thereof.

¹ *Les Heures d'après-midi.*

The first, from an Officer :

I cannot tell you how much I enjoy it all. There is something so noble and something so great about the whole show, which places it on a far higher plane than any other scene in which one has acted in this life.¹

The second extract, from a Private's letter, shows the reverse side of War, as it has appeared to some of the greater thinkers of our day, notably Tolstoy :

As a game it is beginning to get interesting—this fighting—but the horror of it and the continual sense of what Wells calls its “d—d foolishness,” I shall never get rid of.¹

There are presented the attitudes of “the happy warrior” and “the reluctant fighter,” respectively, both of which are equally necessary to-day. The insensate lust of fighting, and the cynical *cui bono* position, are travesties of these attitudes. Indeed, the men in the street, and the women at home, to-day, are mainly divided into the two classes of game-birds and grouzers (so that even democracy has its little paradoxes!); not that the grouzers are necessarily cowards, but they have not that “stomach for the fight” possessed by the game-birds. It is not without significance, however, that some of the former have, in this War only, gone through a quick-change process, emerging as game-birds and plucky ones. The eminent Anatole France is a typical example of this “reincarnation while you wait”. Here, as ever, the genius symbolises a type in itself; for genius sees in flashes, and the organism undergoes instantaneous modification to an altered environment.

If it were not for the surety of our belief in the victory of the ideals and principles which the allied

¹ Both extracts appeared in *The Weekly Dispatch*, December 6, 1914.

armies represent, we should remark, as extraordinary, the uprising of public opinion as to the immediate emergence of a new era of construction and adaptation. For the literature, the pulpit, the platform, and the daily Press, ring with one insistent note, *i.e.*, that we stand on the threshold of a new Day. "Watchers for the Dawn," "the Dawn of a new Day," are phrases scattered broadcast and so common that special quotation is needless; they can be found in any daily journal. A phrase from the pen of Algernon Blackwood (one of the ablest of the many writers who introduce what used to be called the "supernatural" element into their work) shows how the event of the day is regarded by one who is neither a "jingo" nor a peace-at-any-price fanatic—"1914 the date of the great War between material brigandage and spiritual ideals".¹ In this culmination of the nineteenth century, "an age" mainly "of 'carpentry and chemistry,' few things hold deeper significance than its apotheosis in the twentieth century war between the forces of brigandage and spiritual ideals".

The necessity for suffering as a process whereby knowledge is stored in the ego, in a manner at once unique and imperishable, is one of those fundamental necessities axiomatic in nature, the rhythmic insistence of which throughout all time is in the nature of a cosmic liturgy. M. Emile Van der Velde's speech contains an eloquent tribute to the cathartic property of suffering.

It is necessary to suffer to know; and we have suffered to the very soul. . . we are ready to suffer to the last drop of blood. . . we will never despair. And there will be a great future which will show a wonderful mental evolution of the people of Belgium. And as a Socialist, Anti-Nationalist, Pacifist, I consider that this war must be fought to a finish precisely because I am a Socialist, Anti-Nationalist, and Pacifist.²

¹ Article in *The Bookman*, January, 1915. "The Soul of Galahad," by A. B.

² *The Daily News*, December 12, 1914.

Sovereign and Socialist are here on common ground, for King Albert's famous phrase, "We may be vanquished, but we shall never be subjugated," breathes the same spirit of valour invincible.

Above all the din of battle, behind all the clamour of conflicting forces, is heard this epithalamium, the marriage between God and man, the evocation of the God in man, the invocation of the God beyond man. This is the "Super-Man" *motif*, the song of Strength Supernal wedded to Love Eternal. This union alone can produce the true Super-Man.

The spell of the mighty mantram has begun to work. Russia shows a marvellous object lesson. Russia, that huge mysterious nation, whose threatened revolution is undergoing transformation into evolution, "a revolution that comes quietly," as we watch. Her millions have risen with a unanimity unparalleled in the country's history, leading the way with one of the most sweeping reforms ever initiated by any Government, the suppression of the supply of vodka, and whose despatches from the front are models of what military reports should be, modest, simple, and concise. Boastfulness is twin brother to brutality. Brag is the dog of snobbery and cowardice. For man to-day is, as ever, a battle-ground; the ape and tiger are not dead yet, nor will they be slain till man realises himself as a "God, though in the germ". The laws governing matter seem to be blind laws, groping upward, with instinct as their only lawgiver. Spiritual law works downward, through matter. Intellectual law works from within, outward; material law from the circumference of the material, to the centre of the atom, and yet are they not three laws but one law. The two

must become one. When? When East and West meet, and meeting, mingle their forces and exchange their gifts. When the South follows the magnet of the North: then the Golden Age will return again, then the Lord of the Orient will come into His Own. Already the advent has begun, and War is one of its swiftest forerunners. Conflict has done in a short space what nothing else could have done, in the way of welding nations together. England, France, Belgium, Russia, Serbia, India, Japan—what a vision of Unity in diversity do these words conjure! See England and India united, brothers-in-arms on the same battle-field. France, too, said to be “decadent” because her outward forms of faith were cast into the crucible of transition! France will arise, chastened, purified, spiritualised; and Mercury, France’s planetary genius, will plume his golden wings for Apollonian flights. And we, in whose veins flow Norman and Saxon blood, shall we not lose some of that painful insularity which has too long stiffened our joints, and inclined our bodies at an angle of—superiority? We may begin, even not only to learn from our neighbours, but to know that we are learning! Russia has shown us how a nation can “make the pace” in reform, when the national stride is gigantic, to begin with! Belgium has taught us that courage is not commensurate with extent of dominions. Our colonies are living examples of magnanimity and the spirit of “rising to the occasion”. The new (which is the old) Catholicism appearing in France to-day is another instance of the uprising of the synthetic mind. Such poets as M. Claudel show us that the French mystic consciousness is no less intellectual than spiritual. The epoch of the dry bones of negation and scepticism is

over. Superstition dies with it. The age of Religion and Science, the natural union of the God and the Thinker, is at hand—Man the temple of that union. Man, neophyte of the new Day, each in his appointed office—torch-bearer, herald, prophet, poet, warrior, student, server, a thousand others: last, but not least, the free-lance, that “Maenad with the flying hair,” wild comets and meteors, found in every period, who best serve the whole by obeying their inner guidance, “a law unto themselves,” the only rule of governance.

The hope of the immediate future lies in this world-awaking to the principle of Federation, the practical shaping of the ideal of Solidarity. Not England, not Britain, not even the British Empire, but “the world my kingdom,” is the cry of some to-day. From watchers, warriors, devotees, servers, from among all ranks of the World-Society of Theosophists wells up this cry. Their sacred brotherhood is confined within no limits of any “Society,” though the nucleus thereof is hidden within the keeping of a few daring and devout spirits, many of whom are the moving minds in the Theosophical Society to-day. Long have these watchers kept vigil. Through the blackness of moonless midnights, through the silver spells of moonlight, through hours of deadness and ordeals of glamour, they have kept the flame alight, refusing to bow to the Baal of Materialism. Now, the Sun rises, and at his dawning splendour, even the Moon “pales her ineffectual fire”.

To-day, “the mustering squadron and the clattering clan”; to-morrow, a chorus of voices of all nations, hymning a new Ode to Apollo.

Germany will have her appointed place in that choric symphony, the Germany of Beethoven and Goethe, of

Schiller and Wagner, not the handful of Prussians whose only cry is the anthem of self-adulation. That note will be silent in the cosmic chorale, for the German Genius is not "connected with royalty" by ties of blood, or bonds of obligation. This War will free many prisoners and captives, whose captivity was spiritual rather than material. It is the day for freedom of aspiration. Man refuses to be bound to the earth. No longer shall warfare be confined to the trenches of materialistic thought-bondage. Air, fire, water, from these great forces he would learn, wringing many a secret at the price of his life. The same spirit is at work on all planes.

This is the Day to which we drink. "The Day of manifestation of the solidarity of the Human Race," and may our thirst never be quenched, till we greet the full flower of that Day.

Under every fold of heaven's canopy, in every race, shall men by real freedom grow up to equal strength; by strength to truest love, and by true love to beauty. Art is Beauty energised.¹

What if the next Art, the new Art, be the Art of civilisation? A world-process which will need the concerted effort of every creative worker, pioneer, priest, poet, architect, scientist, and server. Nothing less. Then, and then only, we may pass through the grave and gate of death, to a glorious resurrection. Then, the joy of each artist in his portion of work, will be so immense, so all-absorbing, that warfare will drop away for lack of incentive. In a world of makers, there will be no time for destruction. "Nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Lily Nightingale

¹ Richard Wagner, *Art and Life*.

NATURE AND I

By VIOLET BEVAN

YESTERDAY I saw mountains and sea, stretching away on either side into far distance. Peak after peak, range after range, enveloped, lost in the greyness of the sky.

A great hush and stillness lay over everything, and an extraordinary waiting feeling possessed me—a curious expectancy. All land and sea lay waiting—waiting—in that vast mysterious greyness. What did they wait for? They knew no more than I, perhaps. Something coming—coming—strongly felt in that hushed holding of the breath.

The grey dream-world wore thin as I watched. Some mystery of Nature, I felt, would be revealed.

Would this grey world roll up as a curtain?

On the threshold of vast secrets—just a breaking through required.

Nature is to me no merely outward visible thing. It is just a huge hidden Personality, a vast subjective Being. You can look on her outward face and form, as I looked on these mountains, on this grey world of sea and sky. But I saw them wear thin—thin—as I watched.

Shadowy, intangible things they grew, ready to roll back and disclose the Real beneath. A huge moving

force at work beneath. That made the wonder of it. The hidden, inner mystery.

I *knew* for I had once encountered it. This outward thing of face and form lay there for all to see, but I felt that the landscape would shift and move. Shift and move. That a great hand would sweep over land, and sea, and mountain.

Nature to me is a thing, a moving, living, inward thing, of vast subjective Mind. That above all! I slept one night out in the open. I woke next morning at sunrise, then *I knew*.

Like eyes opened suddenly to spiritual things, so my eyes were opened, and I saw into Nature's real being. As in vision she took me to herself, my outward senses lying dead. Nature's curtain had rolled back, and I saw her, in her Innerness. I looked into a dream-world, I part of the dream. Nothing remained to me but a vast dream-consciousness, and an inner mind that absorbed. These worked in a bodiless state. I saw Nature stir from sleep, then slowly wake—wonder and glory in the awakening. The mists of early morning rose, till they formed a vast expanse of blue-grey vapour—a wide sea, stretched out before me. And above it stretched the sky, a great soft sheet of light, which slowly grew in glory and brightness. Wonderful sunrise of mist and light; the beauty of it could not be told; it floated straight to the inner senses, to the dream-consciousness. I lay in a land of transformation; a dream-land of vast subjective being, learning Nature's inner Self. Swept into her great subconscious Mind, my objective self lying dead. Aware of my body, yet apart from it, mind and spirit floating detached above it, through space. I

felt the pull of Nature strong upon me ; I felt her magic all around ; I became aware that the whole Earth lay whispering—whispering in subtle fashion—of the great mysteries *it knew*.

Magic played around me, in wonderful, indescribable fashion. Things rose from the ground to whisk away into thin air, before they could be seized upon. They eluded sight, but I felt the tug of each through my whole being. A something moving here, yet nothing to be seen. A something moving there, a something that eluded. Things of the unseen world playing all around.

I felt the curtain now swiftly descending on Nature's transformation scene. Nature has vast secrets. And at this truth I had never guessed. She had carried me deep into herself, giving me insight into her real being, stripping me of all outer personality, that I might the better see. Fields and hills had now regained their normal appearance ; I saw them—as I had always seen them—sharp, separated things, detached from me, as I was detached from them. For I stood again within the body, the "I" of me that had been loosed and freed into the whole. A fragment of the whole, I now knew myself to be. Cut off again. Shut in behind walls that formed a barrier. Walls from which escape could come but seldom. And so small, it made me feel, that return into bodily condition. I had been but a consciousness with mind floating in space ; I had been loosed into the the whole, "made free" in wonderful and indescribable fashion. "Death must surely be just this escaping from the body," I thought.

Now I understood this Oneness with Nature which I had so desired. Often I had looked on her beautiful

outward form, and had felt detached and shut off by the prison of my body.

One night I watched the pine trees from my window. I was lonely, and they gave me no sense of comfort. Two detached things—they and I. “Why cannot I go out to them,” I cried, “pass into, and be one with them? It is just as with people,” I thought, “a door is set between”.

I turned to my bed that night, lonely, as I had scarcely ever been lonely. And that, because my Spirit knew no escape. Like a trapped, caged thing I felt, so cut off from everything. I beat hard at the walls of my prison of body that night. I felt small, small. The walls encompassed me till I cried out in despair. If this feeling of smallness would only pass. This shut-in, isolated feeling!

I wanted to go out into the night and to lose this unhappy feeling of detachment. Nature and I—two things apart, yet Oneness I knew could be And now this Oneness had come. My spirit had found escape—and Union!

A peculiar freedom had come to me—I recognised this later with normal senses returned. The Spirit had re-entered the body, informing it of a wide freedom.

The breezes stirred and played in my hair, and it was pure joy to me. The loving hand of Nature caressed me, and my whole being responded. Nature recognised me. Recognised me. I was *her child*—her child for always now. Her breezes would stir in my hair, and I would smile and lift my face. Always I had been Nature’s child, but I had been cut off from her. I had yearned for her and longed to be one with her. *Now*

we were one. She had taken me to her Inner Self, and initiated me into her secrets. I experienced a new, wide strength and freedom. I had come into my own. I was sealed her's—deep down in me. Her breadth was mine. The warmth of her sun touched me, and again came the joy of possession. Soft airs came. They fell straight upon my upturned face and lips, with tender kisses. I was loved, I knew. The whole earth was alive, and only now I knew. Only now, she sent me her messages. Only now, she came to touch me, and claim me, and tell me, to waft her breezes to me. They recognised me, these things of hers. Recognised me as part of themselves. As belonging—just that! I had passed into Nature's real being.

Revelations such as come to me make me pause. I stop my everyday life of a sudden, and try to know all that has passed within me. All that stirs there. A shut door stands between the brain and fuller knowledge. If I could only unlock that door of mine behind which all things have passed. I feel these things stir, stir, within me—I wait, but they refuse to be brought to birth.

They seem too much for me to hold at times. I feel inadequately made. This hidden knowledge of things touched and stored away within me is too great.

I look at myself. Ordinary to the outward eye and mind. Yet ordinary not at all, with this indescribable information stirring—seeking to make itself known.

I have passed out. I have come back. I am enclosed. I make my Presence known. I knock, and I seek to inform. Then indescribable things stir within her in

whom I have my Being. She is a creature of time and space, with language wholly inadequate to tell all that she knows—all that floats upward. In her repose she knows the things of other regions—other spheres of thought, ideas unproduceable. She questions—since she knew my flight, for she too was uplifted. Wider and wider, outward and upward, we soared together to those new regions of space, circling together to higher and higher worlds of thought.

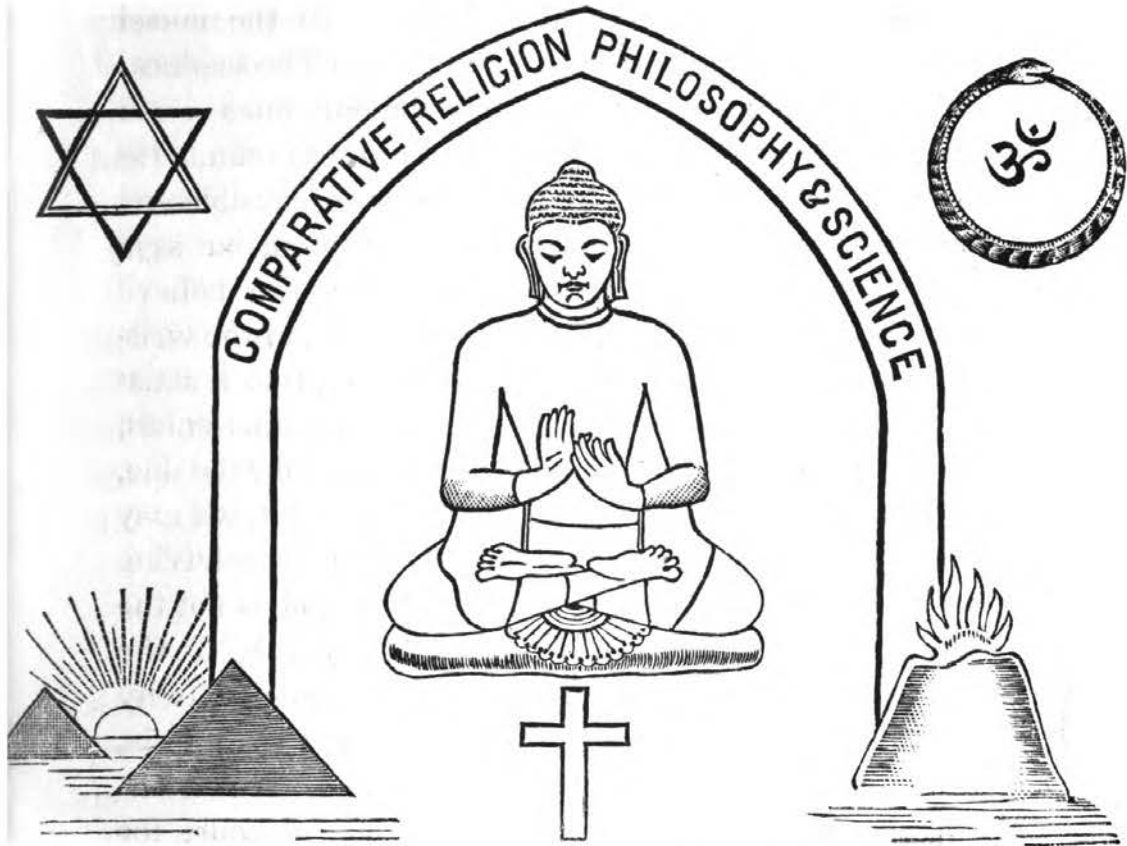
Then I knew and touched, but she, on her descent brought back little knowledge; only wonder filled her—locked away inside her, the things of all the other spheres we had traversed. She—the creature of time and space—had no language in which to tell of even her soaring flight, or her deep wonder of the mystery.

She stands still. For I *who know*, have place in her innermost being.

I stir, and indescribable ideas—things she has touched and known—float just behind her brain. No form, no language she knows in which to clothe this range of thought. For it belongs to other worlds of thought. Other worlds of thought speak their own language. Or perhaps language they have none. Limited words could never hope to give or capture the spirit of soaring flight. Spirit free and confineless, circling bird-like through the air. Touching, knowing, faintly grasping—things of other worlds,

How hope to capture, to give to finite mind, things of the Infinite Spirit?

Violet Bevan



MAETERLINCK ON PROBLEMS OF LIFE
AND DEATH

By HERBERT E. ARNOLD

MR. MAETERLINCK'S somewhat recent criticisms of the teachings of Theosophy, and of the views of modern Spiritualism, are well worth the attention of students of philosophical problems, for at times they are very acute and penetrating and on all points interesting, as the expression of the views of a modern

thinker, whose mind is accustomed to examine and weigh the most advanced views on the deepest questions which concern humanity at all times. At the outset of his remarks he admits that the neo-Theosophical and neo-Spiritualistic theories are the only ones worth discussing and that the first are as old as man. He considers the doctrine of rebirth the most plausible and the least repellent of ideas in this connection, but says that other evidences are wanted before he can believe in it, and that he has sought in vain for them in the writings of exponents, finding no argument but that it satisfies our innate sense of justice. Prenatal reminiscences, inborn genius, infant prodigies and so on, may be due, he thinks, to unknown laws of heredity. But, we may remark, heredity itself is only a method of transferring tendencies, according to modern science, and is not the cause of anything. Moreover, we may ask, if the idea of rebirth satisfies our sense of justice, why should we not adopt it as the best working hypothesis, in preference to its only rivals in the field, Traducianism and Creationism, which are both out of court for obvious reasons?

Mr. Maeterlinck speaks of the occult teachings in regard to "shells" and elementals as worth as much as the quasi-scientific theories of fluidic and supersensible bodies. In fact, he relates an incident which occurred to himself and some friends at Abbaye de Saint Wandrille, where he is in the habit of spending his holidays, which perfectly illustrates the occult teachings respecting the action of a "shell" and of elementals. The incident was as follows. His guests were trying some experiments in table-turning near the ancient cloisters, and a communication was

apparently received from a dead monk of the seventeenth century, who said he had been buried in the east gallery under a tombstone dated 1693. A short search revealed the stone and date, and our critic adds that short of "shells" and elementals, the fact communicated could only have come from himself as an unconscious suggestion, because his friends had never been there before and knew nothing about the place. It seems to us that Mr. Maeterlinck did well to put the "shell-elemental" theory in the first position, as his second idea of "unconscious suggestion" is extremely vague and unsatisfactory.

Continuing, he remarks that the ideas of Theosophy are tenable as ancient hypotheses, but inadmissible as dogmas. Exactly, for do we not read in the Preface to *The Secret Doctrine*, that no Theosophical book derives any strength from appealing to authority. The most important occult teaching, that we should purify and refine the vestures of the Soul in order to perceive transcendental truths, is dismissed by our critic in a very summary manner; but we think that if he continuously practised the method of Paṭañjali, he would discover for himself its supreme importance. Very vague proofs, he says, are derived from phantasms and such things. Speaking for ourselves, we cannot imagine any spiritual truths which could be demonstrated by these illusory appearances. Although he thinks that clairvoyants are nearer to Divine Being, he complains that they bring us no evidential proofs. Evidently, our critic makes no distinction between spiritual and psychic clairvoyants, although every occult student knows of the gulf existing between them. Exponents of occult ideas, he says, should rediscover the secrets of old,

shreds of unknown sciences, archæological details, such as the temper of copper, and so on; and goes on to remark that not a particle of knowledge which may not be found in living brain or book has yet been brought to us through extraordinary channels. Mr. Maeterlinck seems unaware of the numerous hints, clues, and missing links of science, supplied in that mine of wealth, *The Secret Doctrine*.

Referring to the well-known Katie King appearance, he does not doubt her reality, but pleads that she said nothing about after-death states. It seems to us that this manifestation was much more like a sylph, or air-elemental, than a dead human being for various reasons, such as power in manipulating psychic substance, ethereal beauty, and difference being combined with sameness of appearances.

In the matter of form, Mr. Maeterlinck's articles in *The Fortnightly Review*, are not well arranged, for instead of dealing with the ideas of one school of thought entirely and then turning to the other, he often leaps from a spiritualistic point to occult teaching, and then immediately back again to the former. Our critic then takes a series of objections to the nature of spiritualistic communications, such as the pale, empty, bewildered, incoherent shades, with their dazed consciousness, which never go outside our sphere, and are so clever in finding things of earth, and so loath or unable to tell us of the mysteries of death, these belated reflections of life, as he calls them, leading a precarious idle existence and then fading out without giving us a single real revelation, their existence proving at best that only a spiritual silhouette of ourselves survives physical death. Of what use is death, he

asks, if life's trivialities continue? Surely minds not enthralled by life, and being rid of matter, should be superior to ourselves and not possess an obvious inferiority.

These remarks demonstrate the soundness of occult teaching respecting the nature of "shells," except on one point where Mr. Maeterlinck has gone astray. He speaks of the dead as being rid of matter and hence superior to ourselves on that account. But the dead are not rid of the matter of their passional natures, nor of the *forms* of their lower mental natures, therefore want of clarity of vision remains to men of undeveloped spirituality whether they be living or dead; for, as occultism has always taught, it is absolutely necessary to purify the vestures of the soul in order to perceive spiritual truths, and this must be done during life; those who have accomplished this, will not communicate at ordinary séances. He rightly says that ghosts are no proof positive of the existence of an independent Spirit, and lays down the principle that we should exhaust the mysteries of life before those of death, there being in his opinion a difference of degree alone between mediumistic manifestations, subliminal clairvoyance and telepathy, for even the well-known tests of cross correspondences are not free from suspicion of telepathy. Professor Hyslop says of the last-named, that it is only the label of a method of transferring thought, the *modus operandi* of which science does not yet understand. So that our critic here comes up against a blank wall, as he himself confesses, when saying that he cannot pretend to explain the nature of mediums, and dispenses with the matter by opining that their powers are incomprehensible.

We fancy that if Mr. Maeterlinck chose to pursue his researches still further into the recondite nature of man as taught by Occultism, he would in time gain much light on the points now so obscure to him. These phenomena are not simple but very complex ; thus subjective manifestations are mostly due to elementaries and sometimes to very pure human spirits, but never to elementals ; but objective manifestations are those of planetary spirits, spirit friends, nature spirits and elementaries ; while physical phenomena proper are one-third due to astral bodies, one-third to elementaries, and one-third to elementals. Sensitives or mediums unconsciously use psychic powers, their organisations serving as conductors for imponderable fluids, which proceed *through*, but not from, them.

Mr. Maeterlinck winds up his critical essay by dealing with reincarnation in a more direct way. He refers to the experiments of Colonel Rochas, the French savant, which bear on this subject, and which offer to his mind the only appreciable argument for rebirth which its advocates possess. We beg leave to join issue with him here, before proceeding to discuss these experiments in detail and what they can reasonably be said to demonstrate. For instance, Science knows of the fact of the conservation of energy, a truth which, being universal, has a mental as well as a physical application, and the only method conceivable by which the conservation of mental experiences could come about is through rebirth. As a modern writer says :

If none of the forces of nature are dissipated or lost, and if force can no more be extinguished than matter, and like matter passes from one form into another, we may conclude

that intellectual force is never dissipated or lost, but that the potential energies of mind and soul perpetually vibrate between man and nature.

Kuṇḍalinī Shakti, the power which moves in a serpentine, curved, or cyclic path, is the force which brings about that "continuous adjustment of *external relations to internal relations*" which is the basis of the transmigration of souls, or rebirth, in the doctrines of the eastern Sages. Referring to the Law of Cycles, Plato makes Socrates say that life proceeds from death, and death from life, and that if it was not so all things would come to an end. Certainly, the cyclic law of rebirth operates for both the acquirement and application of the experiences of the soul, and for the sake of these experiences the universe exists.

So much for some of the philosophical aspects of rebirth, and we may now turn to the recorded experiments of Colonel Rochas, which are not so well known as they might be. This gentleman's investigations into psychic or superphysical states of consciousness, by means of various hypnotic subjects, are not on ordinary lines at all and certainly furnish much material for the speculations of psychic researchers. To mention one case, a girl named Josephine of Voiron—this young woman, in the hypnotic sleep, goes back to a state before birth and describes the condition of an old ailing man, his state after death and before birth as Josephine, the reincarnating entity describing itself as encircling her mother before her birth, and afterwards gradually entering the infant body, which is for some time surrounded by a floating mist. Josephine also goes back to the state of an old woman who preceded the man. Thus we have given to us through the entranced mind of this young girl, successive pictures of the

birth, life and death, of a woman, and a man, the last appearance being that of a girl, three lives in all. These revelations have been proved to be inaccurate several times as regards names and places, by inquiries, but it is remarkable that the visions of the subjects are always the same and given in the same invariable order. As Mr. Maeterlinck says with perfect truth, these ignorant undeveloped subjects do not possess the fine dramatic talents necessary to personate these very different characters, nor have they ever heard of the doctrine of rebirth. Now what is the meaning of these revelations, and what do they demonstrate? Unconscious suggestion, which is much more powerful than voluntary suggestion, is not excluded, and, in fact, Colonel Rochas himself puts this idea forward as a possible solution of the difficulty. He says that certain powerful minds, desirous of spreading the idea of rebirth among the public, have chosen this method of doing it. As a variant of this theory, we can certainly say that the idea of rebirth has been powerfully set forth in the West by speech and pen during this last twenty-five years, a period said by Gustave Le Bon in his *Psychology of Peoples* to be necessary for a new idea to take root.

Mr. Maeterlinck continues : “ Nevertheless outside suggestion some facts perhaps, call for another interpretation,” and the theory he finally favours is that of “ atavistic memory ”. He asks :

Cannot a man, for instance, carry in the depths of his being the recollection of events connected with the childhood of an ancestor ? We carry in ourselves all the past.

Perhaps our critic was thinking then of the statement of Weismann :

If the memory cells of our ancestors were the collected photographed impressions of their experiences, and these

cells in the process of photographing were subjected to some subtle change in physical structure, then that these negatives of impressions should be handed on to posterity is not difficult to understand and accept.

This question of atavistic or "regressive memory", as it has been called, was dealt with in *The Nineteenth Century and After* of June, 1906, but the facts there adduced are simply excellent illustrations of the idea of rebirth, and not at all of prenatal memory. Readers may judge. A clergyman, the Rev. Forbes Phillips goes to Tivoli, knowing nothing about the place and not having seen any views of it, yet acts as a perfect guide to a party of friends, and describes the town as it was in olden days; suddenly the vision faded and his mind became a blank, although he says, just before he knew the town as well as his own parish. He was also perfectly familiar with the dark windings of the Catacombs in Rome, of which, of course, no pictures exist. The same gentleman, although new to the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, found there, without hesitation, an old Roman fortress and a road, feeling that he had long ago been riding on the latter in armour. Visiting the same place with another clergyman, the latter had a distinct recollection of holding a priestly office there in Roman times, and said of an overturned tower, that on it "there is a socket in which we used to plant a mast and archers were hauled up to pick off leaders" of enemies during sieges. A brief search discovered the socket as he anticipated. Colonel de Rochas, says that ancestral memory probably exists, but that it is insufficient to account for the phenomena in question, because it has been proved that these visions cannot relate

to ancestors of the subjects experimented with. A writer in *The Annals of Psychological Science* remarks:

It does not however appear that we ought in the present state of our knowledge to consider these dreams, or rather these changes of personality as evidences of previous lives, since we have proofs that the personalities *played* by the subjects have never existed, at least under the conditions indicated.

Mr. Maeterlinck's theory does not serve as a solution of the problem given, because these dramatic changes of personalities are well known in hypnotic experiments and are due to the mental sphere being occupied in succession by differing layers of the Astral Light. Thus the visions described are not reminiscences of the former lives of an individual at all, nor does it appear possible that ancestral memory should be preserved anywhere but in the aura of the germ plasm or eternal cell, which alone passes from generation to generation. If a psychometer reads off the past impressions made upon a cell of the human body, these are by no means the conserved experiences of an individual in successive lives. Sir Francis Galton, however, has brought forward a true case of ancestral memory, as follows. The wife of a gentleman discovered that while sleeping he had the habit of sometimes raising his arm and dropping it on his nose, often to the detriment of that organ: in time it was also found out that his son and grandson had exactly the same habit. Mr. Maeterlinck admits that reincarnation is inevitable, but says that it is not demonstrated that there is reincarnation of the whole identical individual. He seems to make no distinction between individuality and personality, whereas Occultism draws a profound distinction between the two, and teaches that the astral monad or personality, is never

reborn, except in cases of crime, accident, abortion, infants dying before a certain age, and incurable idiocy. What matters rebirth, he asks, if a man is unaware that he is still himself. He seems not to know that the permanent Ego is always aware of itself, no matter through how many bodies it may manifest. Even if rebirth is true, he argues, it does not settle the great question of our infinite destiny; what really matters is what will be eternally. We would like to remind Mr. Maeterlinck that questions of the infinite are futile to finite minds, and have no bearing on our practical life, and that it is precisely because of their supreme value in that connection, that the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation hold the field of thought. In Occult Philosophy we can trace the course of self-conscious life for millions of years in the past, and forecast the career of mankind for æons in the future. It is enough.

To our thinking, our critic's comments upon the highest aspects of Occult Philosophy are inaccurate and deficient in penetration. He says, "your Divine principle is not at all infinite or definite". We can reply that Occultism teaches that the Unmanifest Logos, or God, is not Infinite but Universal, its seven rays vibrating in every atom; infinity is ascribed to Parabrahm or Deity alone, which is not God but No-thing and Darkness. He continues, "if I am part of Himself, He is purifying Himself in me," and why has this not been accomplished in Eternity, and if not now, it never will be, achieved. We can here remind Mr. Maeterlinck of the Hegelian principle, that each thought involves its opposite; hence both purity and impurity are comparative terms, and have no ultimate meaning. Again he argues: "I also have

necessarily had innumerable opportunities of incarnating myself, because my principle of Life is likewise eternal, already infinite chances to reach the goal, no better in future." Mr. Maeterlinck is here assuming something which Occultism denies. We have none of us existed in Eternity as self-conscious beings, and are now only a mode of the Infinite Existence and have to become the Whole, or attain Union with the Logos, or rather with some aspect of IT. Some years ago, a Sage wrote :

The particles of which I am formed, have always existed ; yet I do not know in what form they existed before. Probably they have passed through billions of transformations. Why do I not know these ? Because I did not supply the force that would have prevented the disintegration of my individuality . . . every consciousness, which has been once fully developed, must disintegrate if not preserved by the purity of its successive Egos till the Nirvāṇa state is attained.

If it be true, Mr. Maeterlinck concludes, that our consciousness after death is subsequently purified, exalted, and extended, gradually and indefinitely, until, reaching other spheres, it ceases to reincarnate, and loses all contact with us, it accounts for the fact that we have only minor revelations given to us.

We do not quarrel with this remark, and only hope our critic will continue his quest into the sublime truths of esoteric philosophy.

Herbert E. Arnold

KITAB-UL-HAQ—DISCOURSE ON TRUTH

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE COMPASSIONATE AND MERCIFUL

(From the Arabic of the Great Master,

Mohyoddin Ibn Arabi)

By MAZHARULLA HAIDARI

PRAISE belongs to Divine Nature. Divine Nature is one and whole when viewed in all its aspects. To it are common the twin attributes, similitude and negation. By way of similitude it manifests as things existent. By way of negation it is eternal, pure and spotless. This pervading Nature and its illumination Masters perceive, since it illuminates their minds, and there exists no veil that is not crystal-clear for them. Mysteries cease to be sealed things. Secrets are no longer secrets. Temporal things are left behind for the realisation of Divine Nature. When a thing, or a state, brought about by earthly circumstances opposes them, the Masters overcome it by the strength of Unity, and when a thing, or a state, in the world yields them pleasure, they forsake it strengthened by Being.

Divine Nature is holy. It begets not and is not begotten. Nor is there anything like unto it. In this wise Masters and seekers of Truth know and actualise it, unmindful and heedless of the relations amidst which they “live and move and have their being”.

During *Fana* Masters attain it, during *Baqa* they adore it, and when they become helpless they actualise it; in this state they are lost in blank bewilderment and amazement till the day on which they are to meet it.

Peace to him who is blessed with prophecy through purity, and who is regarded as one whose place is nigh to God. Peace likewise to his kith and kin of wisdom. Thenceforward it is not possible to find in the universe an instance of Divine Nature as agent, since it exists *per se* and does not admit of partnership, but instances of attributes are not wanting. The things existent, be they high or low, exhibit the manifestation of divine attributes, distributed among them according to their individual fitness. Of these some are common to all such as existence, life inner and outer, knowledge, speech and the like.

But an attribute, as attribute, is independent of praise or censure. Good and bad are relative and result from the relations of things existent to attributes. Had this been otherwise and attributes in themselves been qualified with good or bad in an absolute sense, virtue and vice, good and bad, noble and ignoble, would have ceased to have the signification which their "authority" decrees to them. Examples may be cited to illustrate what is said. Avarice of riches is viewed with disapprobation, but avarice of faith is marked with approbation; fear of the world is bad, but fear of God is good; to covet wealth is base, but to covet knowledge is noble; to be jealous of others is a vice, but to be jealous of doing good is a virtue.

Similarly in the following, God said to one in hell: "Taste, for verily thou art the mighty, the honourable!" It is revealed: "God set a stamp upon the heart of every

tyrant swollen with pride!” Concerning our Prophet (to whom be Peace) God said: “Hard for him to bear is it that ye commit iniquity”; and added: “He is anxious over you, the believers, pitiful and compassionate.” The Prophet spake to Abu Dojana, when he marched in a haughty defiant attitude against the infidels at Siffeen: “This, thy conduct of pride, would have been hateful to God and to His Prophet elsewhere save in this place.” When one addresses another by way of admonition, with expressions like “Do not be a niggard,” or “Do not be a coward,” and so forth, he implies that he to whom the speech is addressed should divest himself of the attribute referred to and replace it with another that will not be looked upon with less favour. In other words, it means that he should, “natured” as he is, bring about in himself a change and a fresh temperament. This is beyond the power and scope of humanity, for man born of Adam is very akin to evil and prone to do what is forbidden. Thus when evil touches him he is very impatient, when good touches him he is very niggardly. Thus it is idle to expect of a man to achieve a thing that goes against his composition and nature.

Universal evolution and the Last Day are opposite and contradictory. There is not aught that is common to them. The Last Day will not gather up the universe. The universe is an elemental synthesis, while the Last Day is an elemental analysis. The wicked thus cease from their wickedness, and there is no virtue. The good thus cease from their goodness, and there is no evil. The realm of relations is left behind. The domain of good and evil is past. Such is the strange award of the Last Day in virtue of its peculiar and inherent nature.

Matters other than relational are inseparable from their essentials, and these essentials do not cease or become extinct by the preponderance, or otherwise, of attributes in existing things. To manifest by means of an external attribute, or attributes, form is necessary. *Nafs*, by its build and form presents attributes, and by its nature realises the life to come.

Shara identifies attributes with form. The things existent take on form, but do not look on themselves as one in nature with God. That is due to ethics. It is said that men of ethics are companions of God. One void of ethics fails to sense the Divine Presence and floats, aided by thought, in the ocean of intellect. Tossed about and bewildered by its waves, he has no port to reach, no haven to find, since he is in pursuit of a thing of which he is utterly unaware. Better are men of *Fikr* who seek God and neither locate Him nor qualify Him with eternity, and who say with regret that their lives have been spent in endeavours to know Him, resulting in their littleness and helplessness. But best of all is the man of Truth who, indifferent to *Fikr* and its darkness, enters straight in by the gate and not by the backdoor. In this stage knowledge is to be acquired by the contemplation alone of such things as Divine Nature, the Last Day and so on. These the Masters and Abdals¹ realise since they are aware of the truth of man manifested through form.

God is never, in fact, the source and origin of things existent, but He is ordinarily said to be so, which is incorrect. He should, no doubt and with all reason, be attributed only with such attributes as belong to Him.

¹ Seventy in number are stationed in various parts of the world to look after its renovation and help in perfecting human progress.

Some Masters deny attribution and still assert *Asma-ul-Husna*, the good attributes therefore contradicting each other. Even the attribute of eternity, they say, is inapplicable to Him.

No comparison exists between God as *Vajib*, or Cause, and a thing existent as *Mumkin*, or Possibility. God is first while thing is not. The one is independent of need and the other needy. To one "authority" is inapplicable, while to the other it is all in all. Things are the outcome of divine knowledge wherein they were in their individual *Ayans*, or forms, prior to external existence. The nexus of God with things is by way of knowledge and that of things with God is by way of existence. God's precedence is thus, evidently, ascribable to existence.

Things existent never come forth from no-being, for no-being is nothing, nor do they proceed from God, for that would imply that they pass from one existence to another and possess nature of their own from *Azal*, which is absurd.

For a detailed account of these things attention may be drawn to *Fadaval, Part I*, but it suffices here to state that since things clamoured in their *Ayanic* (formal) state for manifestation, it became incumbent on God to address them with *Kun* (Be), for the pronouncement of *Kun* necessarily indicates the presence of forms. *Kun*, it must be borne in mind, is never pronounced to evolve a single thing by a particular willing. It is a universal command for the totality of *Ayans* to be as they are in divine knowledge. And divine knowledge is but form and formation. First comes God's intention, then His power and then His command. All these are one, but by

way of "authority" are divers and different. Existence is evidence of His power; particularisation of things, of His intention; and "authorities" in virtue of which things function, of His knowledge. But no proof can be advanced that is other than *Kun* to prove *Kun*, for it is a knowing peculiar to God alone who in His mercy unveils it to Masters, and these hear and behold *Kun* and its effect. Unveiling (*Kashf*) thus consists in disclosing the operation of *Kun* and in establishing the fact that God can never be known by intellect, since it seeks to fix "authority" on God, rejecting *Kun*.

Abraham said:

Lord, show me how Thou wilt revive the dead.

God said:

Then take four birds and take them close to thyself, then put a part of them on every mountain, then call them, and they will come to thee in haste, and know that God is mighty and wise.

Herein it is clear that existence was not possible without command; and the calling of the birds was not based on the intention, or otherwise, of Abraham. He was merely bidden to call them. The calling of Abraham was thus the calling of God. Abraham was then a mere translator of *Kun*. Possibilities thus need divine pronouncement. No sooner do they hear *Kun*, or its modification, than they hasten to comply and manifest in forms in agreement with their *Ayans* that are non-existent, for existence is necessary for their form and not for their essence. Possibilities in their need for existence are related to eternal existence and *Kun* must be proclaimed by him who is eternal and everlasting. No one who is not everlasting is empowered

to say *Kun* or its kindred modifications, for the existence of eternity has a special illumination of its own. For detailed information on the subject, attention may be drawn to *Mavaqay-un-nujoom*, *Kitab-ul-Hu*, *Kitab-ul-Falala*, *Kitab-ul-Ahdiyati* and *Fahvaniyat*. Here it suffices to say that *Kun* is the very God when the *Ayan* to whom *Kun* is spoken is of the elect, and *Kun* therefore operates as if proceeding from God. The *Ayan* of the chosen is the *Chadar*, the sheet to cover *Kun* or *Kun* is covered by the sheet. Such an *Ayan* will exhibit *Kun* in all its effects when about to make or create. For this God said, concerning Jesus:

The Messiah Jesus, the son of Mary, is but the apostle of God and His word, which cast into Mary a spirit from Him.

If Jesus is God's Spirit, it strengthened him. If he is His Word, he manifested by it. Jesus would therefore bring forth the dead, heal the lepers and the blind from birth by command, or what came near it in meaning, by blowing. God said to Jesus:

When thou didst create of clay, as it were, the likeness of a bird and didst blow thereon, it became a bird by My power.

"My power" is *Kun*, for power is the very self of *Kun*. For ever this *Kun* manifests perennially in worlds visible and invisible, and God said: "Holy words ascend to God." In this verse "words" is plural and includes, from what has been said, both Soul and holy words. The Soul ascends and is purified and so are holy words pure, for they denote inner ascension. The physical body, the abode of the Soul, has nowhere to ascend, and the ascension is for the *Ayanic* Soul. If it trends towards higher regions, the ascension is relative, and if towards Him, the Absolute, it is positive, bereft

of relations. Union is thus not possible without *Kun* for the elect. In this state communion takes place between God and the Masters. A Master may function in this world by *Kun* if its pronouncement is necessary.

In the *Table Talk* it is said that an angel presents a sealed letter to a Master when he leaves this world and is at the threshold of Paradise. On opening the cover he reads thus :

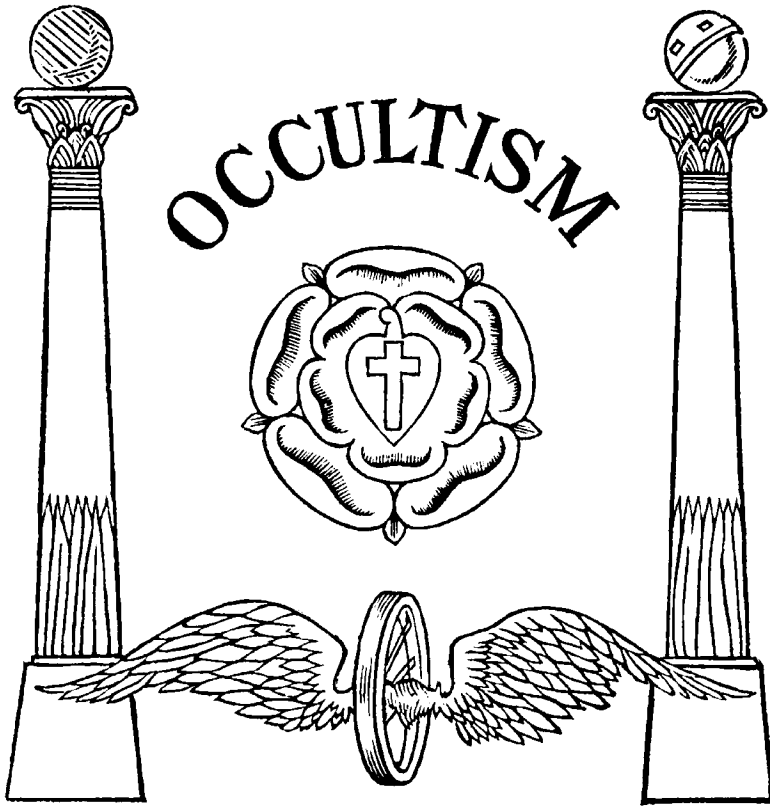
From Him who is everlasting and never dies.
 To him who is everlasting and never dies.
 Whatever matter I decree, I say *Kun* and it is.
 To-day I have appointed thee to say *Kun* and it will be.

Whatever he wishes henceforth in Paradise, he has nothing to do but say *Kun*, and it is.

Bayazid Bustami, it is said, once inadvertently passed his hands over his calf and killed an ant in the act. On discovering what he had done he blew over the dead ant and it revived forthwith by God's command and began moving. This is owing to *Kun* and the state of *Fahvaniyat*, or Fellowship with God, which he had attained. This much on this subject here suffices.

Once more, Praise belongs to God who alone is worthy of it. Peace to the Prince of Prophets, Muhammad, and to his kith and kin.

Mazharulla Haidari



MAGIC IN STATECRAFT AND WARFARE

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

THE attribution of the mutilation of the bust of King Albert of Belgium to the belief of the German soldiery in magic will naturally remind the student of Indian history of a similar belief in India from very ancient times. The history of Indian magic is a very extensive subject and means necessarily a study of the enormous literature on Tāntricisim, Shaktism, and other allied creeds. It requires, moreover, a study of the philosophy of the mantras and their t̄antric and ceremonial

counterparts, not to speak of the talents and virtues, the behaviour and deportment, of a crowd of minor and malevolent deities. Such a task is, of course, impossible in these columns; but the narration of a few occasions and instances when magic played a part in the political and military history of the land may not be unwelcome to students of Indian history.

The powers claimed for magic are indeed immense. Among the Tamil peoples no less than twenty out of the sixty-four arts and sciences are connected with magic. It is said that a successful votary of magic can fascinate or summon a person by enchantment, exorcise devils, excite hatred between friends, and infuse charms against poison. He can obtain information respecting anything concealed in the palm of the hand or elsewhere, he can detect thieves, and enter into the atmosphere and become invisible. He can walk on air and water, leave his own body and enter another lifeless body or substance, perform miracles, restrain the action of fire. He can unhinge the mind, fascinate the eyes and mouth and, above all, he can nullify the power of the sword or of any other weapon. All these arts, in fact, formed the eight traditional *Siddhis* which the *Siddhas* have always had in view—the *Vashyam* (willing over to any purpose), *Mohanam* (causing the infatuation of lust), *Ākarṣhaṇam* (inducing violence), *Māraṇam* (causing the death of any one), *Ṣṭambhanam* (overcoming the laws of nature), *Viḍveṣhanam* (causing change of form), *Bhedanam* (causing division) and *Uchchātanam* (exorcising, etc.). Every one of these objects has its own deity to be invoked, its own method of worship, and its own mantras, spells, ceremonies and diagrams. The manner of obtaining the power of

invisibility, for example, is different from that of obtaining the power of making fire lose its virtue, and this is the case with all the others. But of all these the power to nullify the power of the sword or of any other weapon is peculiar in one respect. The other powers benefit individuals. They make or mar their greatness and cause their rise or ruin. But this power is wanted by the statesman and the soldier, the civilian and the military man, the former, perhaps, to overthrow a rival, the latter to overthrow an inimical commander.

As regards the modes of securing an adversary's death, that is to say, the spells to be uttered and the ceremonies to be performed, they are endless. The *Aṭharva-Veda*, the earliest treatise on the subject and the most sacred repository, as well as inspirer, of the Black Art, contains numerous forms of imprecation for the destruction of enemies. The Aṭharva priest was simply a magic-monger and his most important function was to show his disciples the most efficient means of removing enemies. "Destroy, O sacred grass, my foes!" says one manṭra, "exterminate my enemies, annihilate all those who hate me, O precious gem!" (*As. Res.* viii, p. 471). The *Aiṭareya Brāhmaṇa* says that a king should wash the feet of his Purohiṭa, saying :

I wash, O Gods! the first and second foot for protecting my empire, and obtaining safety for it. May the waters which served for washing the feet of the Purohiṭa destroy my enemy.

Many were the spells and rites to be used, and "foes, enemies, and rivals perish around him who is conversant with these rites". "Whenever lightning perishes, pronounce this prayer, *May my enemy perish* When rain ceases When the

moon is dark When the sun sets When fire is extinguished, pronounce," etc.¹ When the spell was pronounced, the man must not sit down in case his enemy might be standing; he must not lie down if he thought his enemy was sitting; he must not sleep, if he believed his enemy to be awake. "In this way he subdues his enemy, even if he wear a helmet of stone." The *Mahābhārata* mentions a method of disposing of an enemy called *Chhāyopasevana*, or shadow-cult, by which an image of the enemy was made and pins were stuck into it so as to cause his death. Any deity could be appealed to in regard to destructive and vindictive purposes. Shiva, Vīrabhadra, Kālī, Nārāyaṇa, Saturn, Gāyaṭrī, Sūrya, Garuda, the five-faced Hanūmān, besides a crowd of demons and devils, could be won over. The field of choice of the deity is thus unlimited and left to the votary's inclination. But the different deities have to be propitiated by different ceremonials, some refined and others rude. An example of the latter type, described in the *Sabarachintāmaṇi*, a code of destructive magic, says that the Karnatik mode of causing a foe's death consists of the utterance of the following spell in a cemetery :

Om ! Hoom ! Glowm ! Ghost, who delightest in human flesh and blood, and eatest the honeyed cake ! Destroyer of thousands ! Devourer of numberless living creatures, devour each a man; devour him, drink his blood ! Eat, eat his flesh ! Ha ! Hoom ! Phat !

This "supreme spell," it is said, should be repeated in a cemetery, the sacrificer standing naked on a shroud and facing the south. The spell should be commenced with the waning of the moon and recited for a fortnight. The Queen of Demons will, it is said, then wait on the

¹ See Mrs. Manning's *Ant. and Med. Ind.*, I, p. 105.

grim sorcerer and assure her obedience to his mandate. He should then frame the name of his adversary into a spell and utter it a hundred times, when he will be rewarded with the object of his desires.

By way of contrast to this may be noticed the Tibetan custom, which was recently explained at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal by Dr. Satischandra Vidya-bhushana, on the authority of a Tibetan scroll of the fifteenth or sixteenth century brought to light by Justice Woodroffe. The scroll depicted the process of subduing an enemy by charm. At the top of it, we are informed, there is the representation of *Shrīdevī*, the most terrible deity of Tibet, riding on a horse. The enemy to be vanquished is pictured in an inverted position at the bottom, with iron chains tied round his hands and feet, and blood marks in various parts of his body. There are, we are further informed, coloured pictures of numerous articles of worship. The priest occupies a place just below the Goddess, and takes more than a month to offer the articles, one by one, to the Goddess in prescribed forms. It is said that when the magical rites near their completion the enemy collapses. He finds himself enchained, bloodshot and dead. The employment of snakes, of pumpkins and other materials, as the instruments of destruction by the power of magic is very common in Indian history. The *saroyaga* consisted of suspending a cobra by the tail from the roof of an apartment and the proper incense being burned on a fire immediately below.

The readers of Kalhana's *Rajaṭaraṅgiṇī* will be familiar with the custom of politicians and men of action of removing their rivals by magic. The noble and virtuous King Chandrapīda, for example, whose

renown as an ideal administrator of justice had endeared him to the just and terrified the vicious, was removed from the throne by the unscrupulous ambition of his younger brother Tarapida. The latter, we are informed, engaged a Brāhman magician for the accomplishment of his nefarious purpose. The Brahman had been previously concerned in a case of murder and been convicted, but not sufficiently punished on account of his caste; and the king's undue forbearance now reaped the penalty of death. "From this time onward," says Kalhana, "princes lusting for the throne in this kingdom (Kashmir) began to use witchcraft and other evil practices against their elder relatives" (*Rajataranginī*, I, p. 130). In A.D. 814, for instance, Cippatajayapida, also known by the name of Bṛhaspaṭi, the son of King Laliṭapīda by the daughter of a spirit-distiller, was slain by the sorcery of his maternal uncles (*Ibid.*, p. 182). King Gopalavarman, again, was dispatched by the magic of a greedy treasurer of his realm in consequence of his insistence on the inspection of the treasury-chests. Nearly half a century later, King Yashaskara (939-48), a man of a firm temperament and strict orthodoxy, who incurred the displeasure of his Foreign Minister, Viranāṭha, by chastising the vice of a hypocritical sannyāsi relation of his, was removed in the space of seven days by witchcraft. The notorious and sensuous Queen Didda, again, got rid of her grandsons and wards, Nandiguṇṭha (A.D. 973), and Tribhuvana (A.D. 975), in a similar fashion. In 1028, King Hariraja became a similar victim at the hands of his licentious mother.

Passing on to later times, we find that Muhammad Ali, the Nawab of the Karnatic, employed spells and

incantations for the death of Haidar Ali, and when that event took place in 1782, it was actually believed to be the effect of these exceptional measures. The same ruler is said to have brought about the death of Lord Pigot by performing a *japam* at Tirukkalikundram, the celebrated Pakṣhiṭīrṭha, near Chingleput, at a cost of five thousand pounds sterling, through one, Achena Pandit. Umdut-ul-umra, the eldest son of Muhammad Ali, is said to have effected the death of his ambitious younger brothers, by the magical practices of a Haji for a payment of a lakh of rupees. The money, however, was not paid and caused much scandal later on. In Malabar the application of similar witchcraft has always been believed in.¹

One of the most interesting instances of a belligerent's resort to the aid of magic for success in arms against his adversary is seen in the war which Chokkanatha Naik of Madura (1660-82) fought with Vijaya Raghava, the last Naik King of Tanjore (1614-70), in the middle of the seventeenth century. A Telugu manuscript chronicle, the *Record of the Affairs of the Carnātaka Governors*, describes the incident in detail. It says that, alarmed at the continuous defeat of the Tanjore army and the incessant advance of the Madura men, Vijaya Raghava supplemented the martial valour of his forces with the magic skill of his Guru, Soma Chandra-swāmi. The latter uttered a series of incantations and was about to turn the tide of war when Chokkanatha came to hear of it and retaliated. His Guru, Balapriya, was more than a match for Soma Chandra and by his counter-incantations not only made the Tanjorean

¹ See Wilks' *Mysore*, I, 445-6.

devices harmless, but even caused such a change in the mind of the Tanjore soldiery as to make them desert their standard at the nick of time and join the Trichinopolitans. The chronicle describes the particular manner in which this change was effected. Lakhs and lakhs of pumpkins, it is said, were made the subject of incantations and cast into the floods of the Kāveri so that those who drank of the waters impregnated with them, were sure to turn traitors and join the Madura ranks. It was in the midst of this war of magic that the two armies joined battle, and the Tanjoreans, defeated and hard-pressed, had to retreat into their own fort.

A similar example of the resort to magic in assistance of the sword is afforded by the conduct of Tippu Sulṭān. Alarmed at the growing success of the English in the Third Mysore War, Tippu forgot his past persecution of the Hindūs and shamelessly induced their ṭāntric endeavours on his behalf. He organised, as Wilks says, a *jaṇam* to be performed by a number of Brāhmaṇas, for four periods of twelve days each. Scores of orthodox men who were, throughout this period, to abstain from salt, from condiments and similar aids to digestion, and to live solely on simple rice and milk, stationed themselves up to their chests in water, and gave loud and incessant utterances to certain manṭras, beating the water all the while with their hands. A similar ceremony was performed on occasions of drought with a view to bringing down rain; but a call on the powers of heaven to bestow the blessing of martial victory was equally common; and the story is that those retreats of Cornwallis, the only disasters in an otherwise uniformly successful war, were due to the efficacy of these manṭras. The manṭras, however, failed to save

Shrirangapatam from its ultimate fate of surrender to General Harris, but this was ascribed by the Brāhmaṇas, not to the inefficiency of the mantras themselves, but to some mistakes in the mysteries performed, to the fact, among other things, that some of the men engaged in the ceremony had tasted salt.

I shall close this article with the notice of a remarkable rising in the northern Sirkars,¹ which took place quite recently—in fact, in 1900—in consequence of a misguided belief in the efficacy of magic. A hillman of Vizagapatam, probably a lunatic, who called himself an avatār of one of the Pāṇḍava brothers, mustered a crowd of five thousand credulous and superstitious rustics, and rose against the Government. The weapon he used for the delusion of so many people was magic. He told them that the female bamboos they would cut in the hills on the New Moon day of *Vaishākha* would, by means of his own power, transform themselves into weapons of war and emit shots and shells, while the guns of the Government would lose their virtue and discharge sand and water alone. The magician's triumph was a shortlived one. All he succeeded in doing was to murder two policemen; and owing to the prompt action of the Government, he was soon in safe custody, while his followers were scattered.

V. Rangachari

¹ See Thurston's *Ethnographical Notes of S. India*, p. 301.

TWO WEST COAST MAGICIANS

By U. B. NAIR

MAGIC, black and white, has always had an irresistible attraction for frail uneducated folk, such as the wild non-Āryan jungle tribes of Southern India. The Hindū Purāṇas tell us that five thousand years of the degenerate Kali age have now rolled by, and Kali, or the Spirit of Evil, has now attained its zenith. But centuries ago, when its malign influence was not so visibly felt as it is now, the arts of magic and necromancy were not only looked upon as practicable, but were assiduously cultivated. When Kerala was under the sway of the Chola viceroys or Perumals, magic, as astrology, was recognized as one of the chief sciences, and afforded honourable and lucrative occupation to its votaries; but "the tune of the time" has since changed. The Hindū or Muhammadan magician of to-day may be a charlatan and a swindler who uses his wits to make a living, and who flourishes like a green bay tree by the water-side, merely because he knows that the ignorance and childish imagination of his clients are his best weapons. But his prototypes of old were fellows of a different order. This is best shown by the careers—herein described—of two of the most remarkable professors of the cult: one a classical, the other, a modern exemplar, men of opposite aims and dispositions; one a

Brāhmaṇa and a ruthless exterminator, who warred against his enemies, the other, a Muslim and a benevolent exorcist, who exercised his influence over evil spirits to relieve the pains of suffering humanity.

Of the many manṭravādīs, or magicians, who flourished at that epoch, Surya Kalati Bhattathiri was the most distinguished. Like Merlin of old, the Mage at Arthur's Court, he was the most famous man of the time, and a past-master in Gramarye. As a forceful personality who carried on a war of extermination against the powers of the unseen world, he is celebrated throughout the length and breadth of Kerala. He sits enthroned in the midst of his court like a king. His claim to be considered *facile princeps* of Malayāli manṭravādīs, contemporaneous or other, is not disputed, but rests upon scores of performances which might be cited as instances of magical skill at its highest and best, performances beside which those of Michael Scott or Merlin are mere trifles. It is not exactly related of him :

That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave
The bells would ring in Notre-Dame ;

or that he could put forth "the charm of woven paces and of waving hands," but for all that, in his day, he was known to fame as a potent and courageous practitioner of the art, having no match or rival, and now shines firmly set among the fixed stars of the manṭravādī's heaven.

Surya Kalati was born in the village of Kumarnallore, in Kottayam, North Travancore. He came of a good and ancient Nambūḍri family, the scions of which are, to this day, venerated for their meek piety and

saintliness. The present head of the *illom*, or family, is an honoured guest at the Court of Travancore, his presence there being indispensable on certain state occasions. There is a weird and popular tradition which records the tragic end of Bhattathiri, father—a circumstance which tended, as it were, to preordain the career of his posthumous son. For it was surely not overweening ambition that stirred the imagination of Bhattathiri, the son, and which, in the crimson flush of the earliest summer of life, urged him on to the study of the Black Art.

One night (so runs the story) the Bhattathiri and a friend of his happened to pass along the *Yakshee Paramba* in Trichur. It was in those days a dreary piece of open waste-land, strangely contrasting with the quaint picturesqueness of the surrounding country-side, its grim sullenness only partially relieved, here and there, by rows of tall, dark *karimpanas*, or palms, silhouetted against the sky like a colonnade of granite pillars, each carved stem set in its leafy crown and base, and its green-gray fronds swaying in the gentle zephyr. To this day, people avoid this place at night, it being, according to popular superstition, the favourite resort of yakshees and their lovers, the *gandharvas*, the celestial nymphs and centaurs of Hindū mythology. The former are a sort of dryads or fairies. They roam about at nights in the guise of impossible young women, whose witching beauty is overpowering to frail mortal eyes. They are tall, *champaka* coloured, with flashing eyes, glistening teeth, and an opulent mass of dark raven tresses that hang down to the ground. They rarely venture abroad after dawn. All day long, they hide in grassy glade or wattled

woodland, assuming eerie enchanted forms. At night, they lurk in trees or pathways and attract travellers. But to falter or turn behind, or answer their call, spells death. The *gandharvas*—Southey's "glendoveers"—are a species of demons or demigods. They are the musicians of heaven, and like the *R̥shis* or Sages, are gifted with the power of pronouncing imprecations on mortals.

But to return to our story. The night is far advanced when the Bhattathiri and his friend approach the solitary and cheerless expanse, beloved of fairy folk, described above, and bethink them of seeking shelter for the night of the first passer-by. Suddenly, they find two damsels coming towards them, mystical paragons of beauty, who accost them, explain that they are returning after the *pooram*, or annual festival, then going on at a neighbouring temple, and with exceeding grace and naïveté, press them to pass the night under their roof. The travellers gratefully accept the proffered invitation, and accompany the fair strangers homeward. Like children at the heels of the mad piper they follow them and tread the primrose path of dalliance, allured by their sinister grace and sly voluptuous enticements. Presently they arrive in a magnificent house, are hospitably received and lodged in exquisitely furnished separate chambers. Then the tragedy begins. The travellers, careless and unsuspecting have all but closed their eyelids in sleep, when the harrowing truth is borne in upon them! The fair women are *yakshees*, and they have resumed their demoniacal forms! The grim irony of the situation makes their flesh creep. One of the *yakshees*—her unearthly figure "unhidden by any earthly disguise"—now approaches the Bhattathiri, and rapidly makes a meal

of him. Like the student who dances with the goddess in *Rosa Alchemica*, he experiences the chill sensation of the fairy "drinking up his soul" (and life-blood) "as an ox drinks up a wayside pool". But the other yakshee can do no harm to the Bhattathiri's companion for he holds in his hand a *grantha*, or palm-leaf book, sacred to Bhagavaṭī, viz., the *Devī Mahāṭmya*, or narrative of the exploits of Devī or Bhagavaṭī. This blessed preservative he religiously clings to and frantically clutches, as, through the slow-moving hours of the night, he hears a hideous din—the rattling and crunching of human bones. But imagine his feelings at day-break on finding himself resting on the topmost frond of a palm-tree, and—cruellest cut of all—the bones of his friend lying scattered underneath another palm-tree yonder.

Soon after, the Bhattathiri's widow gave birth to a son, the subject of this sketch. When the latter was eleven years of age, she related to him the strange story of his father's death. This so inflamed the young hopeful that he vowed eternal revenge on the whole host of yakshees and gandharvas; and like a sensible boy, he set about preparing for his life-task. As a Brahmachārin he prosecuted the study of the Vedas with diligence, and by the time he came to man's estate was an adept in Shāstraic lore and all manner of learning. Then he betook himself to a lonely forest and did incessant *tapas* (penance) there for a period of seven years. We may well conceive of a study of revenge overtaking and overriding his beautiful and unambitious soul—he who might otherwise have pursued the even tenor of his way, avoiding those wastes over which magicians wander lost, and die damned—now driving him like a

goad to wrest a moral victory from an almost impossible situation but, in the hour of victory, hurling him in the drag of a current which sweeps him on to the brink of eternal ruin. Moved by the rigour of the austerities practised by young Kalati, and pleased with his assiduity and devotion, Sūrya, the Sun-God, appeared one day before him in human form and handed him a *grantha*, or magic-book, which is to this day the greatest work extant on magic. The marked favour of the Sun-God explains the prefix "Sūrya" to the magician's name. Thus dawned "the hour for which the years did sigh".

To master the contents of the *grantha* was the work of a few days. Sūrya Bhattathiri put it to such very good use that he soon acquired the just reputation of being the greatest expert *manṭravādī*, or dealer in magic, of the time. Princes now courted his favour and none dared offend him. The next phase was the commencement of a mighty *homa*, or burnt sacrifice, with the avowed object of destroying the magician's sworn enemies, all manner of living things—frogs, lizards, scorpions and myriads of ants—being thrown into the holocaust. The fierceness and severity of the magical rite and the power of the incantations produced the desired effect. Yakshee after yakshee was compelled to pass before him into the fire, and last, but not least, the yakshee who had devoured his father. She begs hard for mercy, offering to serve him faithfully. But he would have none of her and makes her enter the sacrificial fire, and she is consumed. Then her *gandharva* lover, mortified at the loss of his beloved, turns up, most inconveniently, and curses the Brāhmaṇa magician to suffer death on the forty-first following

day. The tables are turned, the biter bit. The magician in his turn sues for mercy and the gandharva, more merciful than the Brāhmaṇa had been to the yakshee, extends it to him. On one condition, however, that on the forty-first day he would worship at the Alangat Tiruvalore temple, in expiation. Naturally, he goes to fulfil the condition and, preparatory to worshipping, descends into the temple tank to bathe. All at once he is seized with delirium and raves like a maniac, biting the wooden beams of the bathing shed. He dies, after enduring frightful agonies. The mark of his teeth are to be seen to this day! The tragic end of the magician's career serves to show how inexorable the influence of Fate is.

To cast out devils; to discover the cause of sickness and cure it; to avert the influence of the evil eye; to obtain, in short, benefits that are harmless, are the aims of white magic. Both forms of the art are based on the presumptuous claims of their professors to exercise their influence over supernatural forces. The agents through whom these ends—death and disaster or benefits to others—are accomplished, are evil spirits. They are pressed into service and made to execute the magician's behests by worship and propitiation, or by his employing occult force. In the case of human beings, hypnotism and suggestion brought to bear on their impressionable and superstitious minds may be the means employed to achieve the ends desired. But this explanation, surely, cannot apply to spirit forms.

Whatever the secret, Thodupushai Mandaipurath Usaka Ravathan wrought the ends he desired. He was a famous magician who died about forty-five years ago. He was a native of Travancore. While a young

man, he had a quarrel with his father who turned him out of hearth and home. So the young prodigal found himself one morning in the midst of a solitary wilderness, where he could get nothing to eat and had to starve all day. Thus exhausted, he fell asleep under a tree and, awaking at dusk, found himself in the presence of a venerable old man with a long grey beard. The young man went close up to the Ṛṣhi (for such was the old man) and found him absorbed in religious contemplation. The Ṛṣhi at last opened his eyes, and chanting his mantras, asked him what he wanted. The youth related his sad story and concluded with a prayer. He begged that he might be granted some boon which would enable him to earn a livelihood. The Ṛṣhi thereupon handed the youth a *grantha*, or book of cadjan leaves, and advised him to study it. He studied it to such good purpose that he became one of the most learned and famous mantravādīs (mantram-men) of his time.

Several authenticated stories of this magician's wonderful doings may be mentioned. He used to go about at nights in a palanquin with demons for bearers, whose eerie chant could be heard, but whose bodily presence was beyond the reach of mortal eye. Here are two genuine stories of his magical skill and power.

A Nair lady had several children, all of whom died in their infancy. Having heard of his great fame, she sought the magician's aid, inviting him down to her place. The Ravathan asked for a mud-pot, a fowl, some rice and pepper; and was at once furnished with these things. The fowl, rice and pepper he put into the mud-pot, closed it, and had it buried under the cot on which the woman slept. A portion of this rice and pepper was given to the lady and she was ordered to eat

some of it every morning. She, in due course, gave birth to a daughter who is now living!

Nair women, in their teens, as a rule, wear a *thakitu* or charm, as a protection against evil spirits. The Ravuthan was requested to prepare one for a Nair lady, the mother of a friend of mine who is a well-known member of the Madura Bar. Placing a small sheet of copper and an ordinary iron style in a wooden box, he closed it. He held in his hands two tender coco-nuts, which he kept throwing up and down, catching each, as often as it fell, in either hand. Presently a voice was heard inside the box like the winding of a clock. When the voice was heard a second time, the magician said: "Jal dhee" (Be quick). After a few minutes, a sound was heard as of the style falling. He now opened the box and found the copper sheet inscribed with magical figures and characters, as though done by a manṭravāḍī. The magician then handed over the *thakitu* to the lady who wears it round her neck to this day. The magician then asked the husband of the lady what he would like to have inside each of the young coco-nuts he held in his hands. "Honey in one and boiled milk in the other," said the gentleman, and accordingly the coco-nuts, on being broken open, were found, to his astonishment, to contain boiled milk and honey as desired. As a further test, a quantity of milk, on being leavened with buttermilk, was found to yield excellent curds the next morning.

Usaka Ravuthan was a successful worker in the art and amassed an immense fortune. His family even now owns elephants. His daughter's son, now living, is a bit of a magician himself. His principal vocation

is to make dumb people speak. This he does by means of a wand, once owned by his famous grandfather.

Mr. Bourdillon, late Conservator of Forests, Travancore, will be able to substantiate the above particulars and possibly adduce more detailed information and local colouring which, to the sceptical in such matters, must prove convincing. His predecessor, Mr. C. W. Vernede, knew the magician personally, as did Mr. C. P. Raman Pillai, late Assistant Conservator. These two gentlemen came to know the Ravuthan, as his family originally pursued the profession of timber merchants. I am indebted to a friend for the above information. My friend, being a son of the Assistant Conservator aforesaid, is in a position to vouch for the truth and accuracy of the incidents herein recorded. The Assistant Conservator was then in charge of the Malayatur Forest Range, and the Ravuthan magician, when turned adrift by his father, sought refuge in one of the hills constituting the Range, where he met the R̥shi.

The story of Surya Kalati Bhattathiri points to an obvious moral—namely, that only evil would result from the study and practice of the Black Art. Such old-world tales possess the great charm that in them we discover for ourselves an inner meaning and import of life. We irresistibly feel that the Bhattathiri's life spelt failure, that his wonderful powers, though they converged to one focus so as to impress us with his personality, did not somehow work smoothly together. As in Merlin's case, we see in his the strange story repeated :

Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

But with this difference, that whereas the former comes to lie in the hollow oak "lost to life and use, and name and fame," the latter is not forgotten; for his voice, though hushed in the silence of the funeral pyre, yet speaketh with most miraculous organ.

U. B. Nair

THE UNDERCURRENT

By D. M. CODD

THE sea is a great drama! You must not look at it through the veil of continual thoughts, but let it hold you on its bosom in its own single thought. What thought is that? It is Drama! It is the thought of a great War, the conflict of elements and bodies, the dazzling structure of Life built upon remorseless destruction. Life is War; it is but a flint-spark, the offspring of a mighty friction. The signs of Life are light, heat, energy, and these are the products of opposing forces; when the forces cease, they cease also. What is there, then, but illusion, a spark from the flint and then darkness, a constant appearing and vanishing? When the conflict ceases, will Life not cease—that ephemeral gossamer structure, the dream of a million million days?

From the conflict of good and evil springs up Man. From matter flows a heavy sluggish river; from a clear lake, his spirit, flows another, swift, blue and

limpid; the two unite, and Man flows to the great sea. There are three scenes for Man in the great Drama, each the scene of a war. The first is for dominion, the war of strength; the second is for possessions, the war of knowledge; the third is the war of love. For matter has the quality of strength, whilst the spirit is love; and from the conflict of matter and spirit arises knowledge. Knowledge and Man are co-equals, and the end of Man's existence as Man is *to know*. There are two quotations, one from an eastern, and one from a western, Scripture, significant in this regard. Says *The Lord's Song*: "As Immemorial Man I think of Thee"; says the Holy One of the West: "And this is life eternal, that they should *know Thee* the only true God."

This then is the great drama enacted ceaselessly by the sea. Whenever you sit before it and listen with your heart, it will tell you the whole story. It will tell you of those great tides, the ebb and flow of which will bring a world into being while another dies; it will tell you how a wave is born and how, when it has thundered and blustered and spent itself in pride and exultation, it will go to sleep; and yet when each has broken, others come in proud succession, while little waves will creep along the shore, whispering a tenderer ditty. Thus, one after another, arise empires, dynasties and the great races; thus do religions and philosophies succeed each other, and thus the schools of art and music. Froth and foam—are we but that? Is Life but the spray thrown up in the light of the moon? Ask of the sea if it is but froth and foam and swirling eddies, for it knows the great secret.

The sea will answer thus: In my bosom stirs a mother's sorrow for her lost child; in my heart flutters

the first tremulous fear of parting lovers ; I hold the agony of a thousand battle-fields, the toil of a million cities ; I reflect a sky of blue and gold, and a heaven of thunders ; with pure kisses and the prayers of little children I bind around your shores. Yes, these are froth and foam, and waves that sleep and die—but whence ? and why ? Life is not random. One thing endures, one thing is true, immutable and perfect—it is the Plan. The Plan was formed in the undercurrent ere yet the worlds were born. The smiles of angels, the tears of mothers, the toil of man, the rise and fall of nations—all are true as they subserve the Plan. If song gives rapture, then rapture is in the Plan ; love dwells in kisses and love is part of the Plan ; sorrow and strife give strength, and the universe is established in strength. Nor the moment's worship of a rose, nor the merest vow breathed by love, nor the slightest effort towards attainment, but forward God's purpose. There is no future and no past, but only the great Present for ever and ever, and the Ever-Present One, the Former of the Plan, dwells in the undercurrent. Past and future, matter and spirit, and all forces that oppose each other, are illusions ; only Man, only Life, only Eternity, are in the undercurrent, and the conflict of illusions is to make manifest the eternal Truth.

D. M. Codd

A GOSPEL THAT IS NEW BUT NOT DISAPPOINTING¹

By ERNEST UDNY

The Gospel of the Holy Twelve is stated on the title-page to be "translated from the original Aramaic" and "issued by the Order of At-One-Ment". It bears no date, but must have been written after 1895. It contains, for a Gospel, most unexpected teachings—abstinence from flesh-eating and alcohol, kindness to animals, reincarnation and Karma, continence, and prayers for the dead, as will be shown by quotations.

The "Explanatory Preface" says that the book was :

..... communicated to the Editors, in numerous fragments at different times, by Emanuel Swedenborg, Anna Kingsford, Edward Maitland, and a priest of a former century giving his name as Placidus, of the Franciscan Order, afterwards a Carmelite. By them it was translated from the original, and given to the Editors in the flesh, to be supplemented in the proper places, where indicated, from the Four Gospels (the Authorised Version), revised where necessary by the same "four persons". To this explanation the Editors cannot add, nor from it take away. By the Divine Spirit was the Gospel communicated to the four above-mentioned, and by them translated, and given to the writers; not in seance rooms (where too often resort the idle, the frivolous, and the curious, attracting spirits similar to themselves, rather than the good) but in "dreams and visions of the night,"² and by direct guidance, has God instructed them (the Editors) by chosen instruments; and now they give it to the world, that some may be wiser unto salvation, while those who reject it remain in their blindness till they *will* to see.

Though not necessarily accepting the statement—"by direct guidance has God instructed them,"—one may be prepared to admit the truth of the words immediately following,—"by chosen instruments". The acceptance, or otherwise, of the latter statement will for many depend on their own conclusions

¹ To be obtained only from the compiler's widow—Mrs. Ouseley, S. Aubyn's Villa, S. Aubyn's Road, Portslade-on-Sea, Brighton. 5s. 4d. postage included.

² In dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, then doth the All-Wise open their ears, and send to them instruction. *Book of Job*.

as to the value of the matter communicated. To give specimens of that, so that every one may judge for himself, is the object of the present article.

To those who may be impressed with the value of the matter, it is suggested that the Christ may, with a knowledge of the Dark Ages that were impending, have deliberately withdrawn this Gospel, as being too spiritual for acceptance during such a period, and may now have restored it because the work of the Theosophical Society, and the growing illumination of men's minds, have rendered the understanding of it once more possible. But, be that as it may, the account given by the Editors of the long disappearance of the document may also be perfectly correct. With this Gospel in one's hands, it is not difficult to see how the orthodox documents have suffered in course of time from the hands of corrupters, whose habits and practices probably did not conform to the teachings.

This Gospel, says the Preface, "is one of the most ancient and complete of the early Christian fragments, preserved in one of the monasteries of the Buddhist monks in Tibet, where it was hidden by some of the Essene community from the hands of the corrupters; and it is now for the first time translated from the Aramaic".

There is one very interesting teaching which runs all through the book, namely, the Father-Motherhood of God. This will be the more welcome at the present time when the lost notion of the importance of the feminine half of humanity is being extensively revived.

And one of them [that is of the disciples] said, Master, it is written of old, The Alohim made man in their own image, male and female created They them. How sayest thou then that God is One? And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, in God there is neither male nor female; and yet both are one, and God is the Two in One. He is She and She is He. The Alohim—our God—is Perfect, Infinite, and One. As in the man, the Father is manifest, and the Mother is hidden; so in the woman the Mother is manifest, and the Father hidden. Therefore shall the name of the Father and the Mother be equally hallowed, for they are the great powers of God, and the one is not without the other in the One God. Adore ye God, above you, beneath you, on the right hand, on the left hand, before you, behind you, within you, around you. Verily there is but one God, who is All in All, and in whom all things do consist, the fount of all Life and all Substance, without beginning and without end. The things which are seen and pass away, are the manifestations of the unseen which are eternal, that from the visible things of nature ye may reach to the invisible things of the Godhead; and by that which is natural, attain to that which is spiritual. Verily the Alohim created man in the divine image, male and female, and all nature is in the image of God;

therefore is God both male and female, not divided, but the Two in One, Un divided and Eternal, by whom and in whom are all things, visible and invisible. From the Eternal they flow, to the Eternal they return. The spirit to Spirit, soul to Soul, mind to Mind, sense to Sense, life to Life, form to Form, dust to Dust. In the beginning God willed and there came forth the beloved Son, the Divine Love, and the beloved Daughter, the holy Wisdom, equally proceeding from the One Eternal Fount; and of these are the generations of the Spirits of God, the Sons and Daughters of the Eternal. And These descend to earth, and dwell with men and teach them the ways of God, to love the laws of the Eternal and obey them, that in them they may find salvation. Many nations have seen Their day. Under divers names have They been revealed to them, and they have rejoiced in Their light; and even now They come again unto you, but Israel receiveth Them not. Verily I say unto you, my twelve whom I have chosen, that which hath been taught by them of old time is true—though corrupted by the foolish imaginations of men.—lxiv, p. 105.

It is evident that the Christ clearly foresaw the corruption which His teachings would undergo, for He says to His disciples:

There shall arise after you men of perverse minds who shall, through ignorance or through craft, suppress many things which I have spoken unto you and lay to me things which I never taught, sowing tares among the good wheat which I have given you to sow in the world.—xliv, p. 70.

And He may even have been referring to the reissue in the distant future of the very Gospel which we are now considering; for He goes on to say in the next verse:

Then shall the truth of God endure the contradiction of sinners, for thus hath it been, and thus it will be. But the time cometh when the things which they have hidden shall be revealed and made known, and the truth shall make free those which were bound.

If this passage had escaped the hands of the corrupters, we should never have had the strange notion of the "literal inspiration" of the scriptures as we have them. He further says:

Believe ye not that any man is wholly without error, for even among the prophets, and those who have been initiated into the Christhood, the word of error has been found. But there are a multitude of errors which are covered by love.—lxix, p. 114.

The Founder of the Buddhist religion gave a somewhat similar warning, namely, that a statement was not to be accepted as necessarily true, simply because it was made by any person or found in any book.

Instances will now be given of the special teachings in this book on: 1. Flesh-eating. 2. Alcohol. 3. Kindness to animals. 4. Reincarnation. 5. The Law of Karma. 6. Continence. 7. Prayers for the dead.

1. As to flesh-eating.

It came to pass one day, as Jesus had finished his discourse, in a place near Tiberias where there are seven wells, a certain young man brought live rabbits and pigeons, that he might have to eat with his disciples. And

Jesus looked on the young man with love and said to him, Thou hast a good heart and God shall give thee light, but knowest thou not that God in the beginning gave to man the fruits of the earth for food, and did not make him lower than the ape, or the ox, or the horse, or the sheep, that he should kill and eat the flesh and blood of his fellow-creatures. Ye believe that Moses indeed commanded such creatures to be slain and offered in sacrifice and eaten, and so do ye in the Temple, but behold a greater than Moses is here, and he cometh to put away the bloody sacrifices of the law, and the feasts on them, and to restore to you the pure oblation and unbloody sacrifice as in the beginning, even the grains and fruits of the earth. Of that which ye offer unto God in purity shall ye eat, but of that kind which ye offer not in purity shall ye not eat, for the hour cometh when your sacrifices and feasts of blood shall cease, and ye shall worship God with a holy worship and a pure oblation. Let these creatures therefore go free, that they may rejoice in God and bring no guilt to man. And the young man set them free, and Jesus brake their cages and their bonds. But lo, they feared lest they should again be taken captive, and they went not away from him; but he dismissed them, and they obeyed his word, and departed in gladness.—xxviii, p. 45.

It is noticeable that in the miracle of “the loaves and fishes,” the food given to the multitude was really loaves and clusters of grapes (xxix, p. 47).

2. As to alcohol. In ordaining a ceremony of “Presentation”, not exactly of Baptism, which is mentioned separately, our Lord is as emphatic against the taking of strong drink as He is against hunting or hurting the innocent creatures “which God hath given into the hands of man to protect”.

Let the infant of eight days be presented unto the Father-Mother who is in heaven, with prayer and thanksgiving, and let a name be given to it by its parents, and let the presbyter sprinkle pure water upon it, according to that which is written in the Prophets, and let its parents see to it that it is brought up in the ways of righteousness, neither eating flesh, nor drinking strong drink, nor hurting the creatures which God hath given into the hands of man to protect. Again one said unto him, Master, how wilt thou when they grow up? And Jesus said, After seven years, or when they begin to know the evil from the good, and learn to choose the good, let them come unto me and receive the blessing at the hands of the presbyter or the angel [? messenger] of the Church, with prayer and thanksgiving, and let them be admonished to keep from flesh-eating and strong drink, and from hunting the innocent creatures of God; for shall they be lower than the horse or the sheep, to whom these things are against nature? And again he [the same questioner] said, If there come to us any that eat flesh and drink strong drink, shall we receive them? And Jesus said unto him, Let such abide in the outer court till they cleanse themselves from these grosser evils; for till they perceive, and repent of these, they are not fit to receive the higher mysteries.—xci, p. 153.

3. Kindness to animals. In one of the so-called Apocryphal Gospels, which differ from the ordinary ones but seem in no way superior to them, there is a story, if I remember right, of Jesus having fashioned sparrows of clay, and then, by a miracle, caused them to fly. That story is probably an unintelligent version of the following, which shows His love for the birds.

And on a certain day the child Jesus came to a place where a snare had been set for birds, and there were some boys there. And Jesus said to them, Who hath set this snare for the innocent creatures of God? Behold in a snare shall they in like manner be caught. And he beheld twelve sparrows as it were dead. And he moved his hands over them, and said to them, Go, fly away, and while ye live remember me. And they arose and flew away, making a noise. And the Jews, seeing this, were astonished and told it unto the priests.—vi, p. 11.

The whole story, and especially the exhortation to the sparrows, "while ye live remember me," is strongly reminiscent of the story of S. Francis of Assisi's preaching to the birds, and shows that in this matter he was but following his Lord.

On another occasion, Jesus not only rebukes cruelty to an animal, but also paralyzes the arm of one of the perpetrators who is defiant:

As Jesus passed through a certain village, he saw a crowd of idlers of the baser sort, and they were tormenting a cat which they had found, and shamefully treating it. And Jesus commanded them to desist, and began to reason with them, but they would have none of his words, and reviled him. Then he made a whip of knotted cords and drove them away, saying, This earth which my Father-Mother made for joy and gladness, ye have made into the lowest hell with your deeds of violence and cruelty. And they fled before his face. But one more vile than the rest returned and defied him. And Jesus put forth his hand, and the young man's arm withered, and great fear came upon all; and one said, He is a sorcerer. And next day the mother of the young man came unto Jesus, praying that he would restore the withered arm. And Jesus spake unto him of the law of love, and the unity of all life in the one family of God. And he also said, As ye do in this life to your fellow-creatures, so shall it be done to you in the life to come. And the young man believed and confessed his sins, and Jesus stretched forth his hand, and his withered arm became whole even as the other. And the people glorified God who had given such power unto man.—xxiv, p. 37.

Once He protects a fierce creature:

And on a certain day, as he was passing by a mountain-side nigh unto the desert, there met him a lion, and many men were pursuing him with stones and javelins to slay him. But Jesus rebuked them, saying, Why hunt ye these creatures of God, which are more noble than you? By the cruelties of many generations they were made the enemies of man, who should have been his friends. If the power of God is shown in them, so also is shown His long-suffering and compassion. Cease ye to persecute this creature who desireth not to harm you. See ye not how he fleeth from you, and is terrified by your violence? And the lion came and lay at the feet of Jesus and showed love to Him, and the people were astonished and said, Lo, this man loveth all creatures and hath power to command even these beasts from the desert, and they obey him.—xi, p. 13.

What the Christ's attitude would have been on the modern question of vivisection is unmistakably shown in the following:

And some of his disciples came and told him of a certain Egyptian, a son of Belial, who taught that it was lawful to torment animals, if their sufferings brought any profit to man. And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you,

they who partake of benefits which are gotten by wronging one of God's creatures, cannot be righteous; nor can they touch holy things, nor teach the mysteries of the Kingdom, whose hands are stained with blood, or whose mouths are defiled with flesh. God giveth the grains and the fruits of the earth for food; and for righteous men truly there is no other lawful sustenance for the body. The robber who breaketh into the house made by man is guilty, but they who break into the house made by God, even the least of these, are the greater sinners. Wherefore I say unto all who desire to be my disciples, Keep your hands from bloodshed and let no flesh meat enter your mouths, for God is just and bountiful, who ordaineth that man shall live by the fruits and seeds of the earth alone. But if any animal suffer greatly, and if its life be a misery unto it, or if it be dangerous to you, release it from its life quickly, and with as little pain as you can. Send it forth in love and mercy, but torment it not, and God the Father-Mother will show mercy unto you, as ye have shown mercy unto those given into your hands. And whatsoever ye do unto the least of these my children, ye do it unto me. For I am in them and they are in me. Yea, I am in all creatures and all creatures are in me. In all their joys I rejoice, in all their afflictions I am afflicted. Wherefore I say unto you, Be ye kind one to another, and to all the creatures of God.—xxviii, p. 60.

Our Lord's view of the killing of animals for amusement—miscalled sport—is well shown in the following anecdote :

And as Jesus was going with some of his disciples, he met with a certain man who trained dogs to hunt other creatures. And he said to the man, why doest thou thus? And the man said, By this I live, and what profit is there to any man in these creatures? These creatures are weak, but the dogs they are strong. And Jesus said, Thou lackest wisdom and love. Lo, every creature which God hath made hath its end and purpose, and who can say what good is there in it? or what profit to thyself or mankind? And for thy living, behold the fields yielding their increase, and the fruit-bearing trees and the herbs; what needest thou more than these which honest work of thy hands will not give thee? Woe to the strong, who misuse their strength. Woe to the crafty, who hurt the creatures of God. Woe to the hunters, for they shall be hunted. And the man marvelled, and left off training the dogs to hunt, and taught them to save life rather than destroy. And he learned of the doctrines of Jesus and became his disciple.—xiv, p. 24.

4. As to reincarnation. In the following passage, the expression, "the dead who die in me," evidently does not refer to the death of the body, for he goes on to describe them as having "overcome evil" and been "made pillars in the temple of my God". Also the expressions, "they that have done evil" and "they that have done good," evidently do not refer merely to people who have led what are generally considered good or bad lives, but signify mystically people who have not yet been "made perfect in my image and likeness" (that is, have not yet at-oned their wills with that of the Supreme, and become consciously united with Him) and people who have already reached that lofty stage of evolution. The passage runs :

I am the resurrection and the life, I am the Good, the Beautiful, the True; if a man believe in me he shall not die, but live eternally. As in Adam all die, so in the Christ shall all be made alive. Blessed are the dead

who die in me, and are made perfect in my image and likeness, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them. They have overcome evil, and are made pillars in the temple of my God, and they go out no more, for they rest in the Eternal.—lxix, p. 113.

The whole passage is mystical; the words, "go out and in" apparently refer to going out of the rest of the heaven-world into incarnation in the physical body, and returning to the higher world; while "they go out no more" means that they "rest in the Eternal," *i.e.*, have attained salvation, or liberation from the round of births and deaths. They may, and often do, still take many births into the physical body for service, but that fact in no way interferes with their perfect enjoyment of "the Great Peace". They "rest in the Eternal"; the unutterable splendours of the nirvānic plane are directly cognized by them without even leaving the physical body, and no event that can possibly happen can in any way disturb their dignified serenity.

Our Lord continues :

For them that have done evil there is no rest, but they go out and in and suffer correction for ages, till they are made perfect. But for them that have done good and attained unto perfection, there is endless rest, and they go into life everlasting. They rest in the Eternal. Over them the repeated death and birth have no power, for them the wheel of the Eternal revolves no more, for they have attained unto the Centre, where is eternal rest, and the Centre of all things is God.

Here is another beautiful passage on reincarnation :

Verily I say unto you, there is no death to those that believe in the life to come. Death, as ye deemed it, is the door to life, and the grave is the gate to resurrection, for those who believe and obey. Mourn ye not, nor weep for them that have left you, but rather rejoice for their entrance into life. As all creatures come forth from the unseen into this world, so they return to the unseen, and so will they come again till they be purified. Let the bodies of them that depart be committed to the elements; and the Father-Mother, who reneweth all things, shall give the angels charge over them; and let the presbyter pray that their bodies may rest in peace, and their souls awake to a joyful resurrection. There is a resurrection from the body, and there is a resurrection in the body. There is a raising out of the life of the flesh. Let prayer be made for those who are gone before, and for those who are alive, and for those who are yet to come, for all are one family in God. In God they live and move and have their being. The body that ye lay in the grave, or that is consumed by fire, is not the body that shall be, but they who come shall receive other bodies, yet their own; and as they have sown in one life, so shall they reap in another. Blessed are they who suffer wrong in this life, for they shall have greater joy in the life to come. Blessed are they who have worked righteousness in this life, for they shall receive the crown of life.—xciv, p. 158.

5. As to the Law of Karma, or Doing, which is the other half of the teaching of reincarnation, and means that all which

befalls us of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, is simply the result of our own doing, in the same or a previous birth. This teaching is clearly given :

And another spake saying, Master, if one have committed sin, can a man remit or retain his sin? And Jesus said, God forgiveth all sin to those who repent; but as ye sow, so also must ye reap. Neither God nor man can remit the sins of those who repent not nor forsake their sins, nor yet retain the sins of those who forsake them. But if one, being in the Spirit, seeth clearly that any repent and forsake their sins, such may truly say unto the penitent, Thy sins are forgiven thee for all sin is remitted by repentance and amendment, and they are loosed from it who forsake it, and bound to it who continue it. Nevertheless the fruits of the sin must continue for a season, for as we sow so must we also reap, for God is not mocked, and they who sow to the flesh shall reap corruption, they who sow to the spirit shall reap life everlasting. Wherefore if any forsake their sins and confess them, let the presbyter say unto such in this wise, May God forgive thy sins, and bring thee to everlasting life. All sin against God is forgiven by God, and sin against man by man.—xciii, p. 156.

In this passage it is interesting to observe the insistence on the fact that as we sow so must we also reap, and also that the result of God's forgiveness is not in the least to let us off the results of our evil deeds, but to bring us to everlasting life, after we have endured those results.

6. As to continence. Our Lord says :

Marriage should be between one man and one woman, who by perfect love and perfect sympathy are united, and that while love and life do last, howbeit in perfect freedom. But let them see to it that they have perfect health, and that they truly love each other in all purity, and not for worldly advantage only, and then let them plight their troth one to another before witnesses. . . . Then, holding their hands together, let him [the angel or presbyter] say to them in this wise, Be ye two in one; blessed be the holy union; you whom God doth join together let no man put asunder, so long as life and love do last.—xcii, p. 154.

There is here, it will be noticed, no absolute bar, as in the received version, to divorce. It was necessary to give this passage in order to make the rest intelligible, but it is the following sentences which contain the reference to continence :

And if they bear children, let them do so with discretion and prudence, according to their ability to maintain them. Nevertheless, to those who would be perfect, and to whom it is given, I say, Let them be as the angels of God in heaven, who neither marry nor are given in marriage, nor have children, nor care for the morrow, but are free from bonds, even as I am, and keep and store up the power of God within, for their ministry and for works of healing, even as I have done. But the many cannot receive this saying, only they to whom it is given.

On this subject of continence, there is another interesting passage, consisting of the addition of a fourth to the familiar three temptations :

Then the devil placeth before him a woman, of exceeding beauty and comeliness, and of a subtle wit and a ready understanding withal, and said

unto him, Take her as thou wilt, for her desire is unto thee, and thou shalt have love and happiness and comfort all thy life, and see thy children's children; yea, is it not written, It is not good for man that he should be alone? And Jesu-Maria said, Get thee behind me, for it is written, Be not led away by the beauty of woman, yea, all flesh is as grass and the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth away; but the word of the Eternal endureth for ever. My work is to teach and to heal the children of men, and he that is born of God keepeth his seed within him.—ix, p. 17.

7. As to prayers for the dead. These are enjoined by the Master when prescribing how the "Holy Oblation" is to be offered. It is necessary to give the whole passage:

And another asked him saying, Master, in what manner shall we offer the holy oblation? And Jesus answered saying, The oblation which God loveth in secret is a pure heart. But for a memorial of worship offer ye unleavened bread, mingled wine, oil and incense. When ye come together in one place to offer the holy oblation, the lamps being lighted, let him who presideth, even the angel of the church or the presbyter, having clean hands and a pure heart, take from the things offered, unleavened bread, and mingled wine, with incense. And let him give thanks over them and bless them, calling upon the Father-Mother in heaven to send their Holy Spirit that it may come upon them, and make them to be the Body and Blood, even the substance and life of the Eternal, which is ever being broken and shed for all. And let him lift it up toward heaven and pray for all, even for those who are gone before, for those who are yet alive, and for those who are yet to come. As I have taught you, so pray ye, etc.—xcii, p. 155.

Here we have an instruction to pray, not only for those who have passed out of the body, but also for those who are on their way into it, presumably children yet unborn.

Among others, Chapter XC, page 151, entitled "What is Truth?" seems particularly new and beautiful. The following is a brief extract from it:

As ye keep the holy law of love, which I have given unto you, so shall the truth be revealed more and more unto you. . . . Whoso keepeth the holy law which I have given, the same shall save their souls, however differently they may see the truths which I have given. . . . Many shall say unto me, Lord, Lord, we have been zealous for thy Truth. But I shall say unto them, Nay, but that others may see as ye see, and none other truth beside. Faith without charity is dead. Love is the fulfilling of the Law. How shall faith in what they receive profit them that hold it in unrighteousness? They who have love have all things, and without love there is nothing worth. Let each hold what they see to be the truth in love, knowing that where love is not truth is a dead letter and profiteth nothing. . . . For Truth is the Might of God, and shall prevail in the end over all errors. But the holy law which I have given is plain for all, and just and good. Let all observe it for the salvation of their souls.

In the chapter entitled "Jesus rebukes Peter for his haste," a difficulty which exists in the received version is cleared away; for we have here the true story of the cursing of the fig-tree, namely, that it was Peter who cursed the tree, and that Christ pointed out to him that it was not yet the time for

figs, and took occasion from his rashness in this matter to foretell :

Verily, Peter, I say unto thee, one of my twelve will deny me thrice in his fear and anger with curses, and swear that he knows me not, and the rest will forsake me for a season.—lxx, p. 115.

Our Lord spares St. Peter by not saying who it will be.

There must be large numbers of Christians of all denominations in the Christian Churches throughout the world, who are sufficiently broad-minded to be drawn to Theosophic truths, but who would find it much easier to accept them from a new and uncorrupted Gospel having so much in common with those already familiar to them.

A short but interesting life of the Rev. G. J. Ouseley, reprinted as a leaflet from *Men of the Day*, states that he was the founder of the "Order of At-one-ment," by which this book was issued. Born in 1835, he was ordained as an Anglican in 1861, was received as a priest of the Catholic Apostolic Church in 1870, and finally joined the Roman Catholic Church as a layman in 1894. He was one of the early members of the Theosophical Society and of the E. S. The Order of At-one-ment was founded "with the object of spreading the higher teaching as given by Edward Maitland and Dr. Anna Kingsford, with whom he remained in all his important work until, before their decease, they had issued their *opus magnum*—*The Perfect Way and Finding of Christ*". It was quite natural, therefore, that they should continue to communicate with him, if they were able, after death.

The world has moved since the World-Teacher came two thousand years ago, and it may be that at His coming again—now expected by so many—He will tell us many things which were not said then ; but of this much we may be reasonably sure, that He will not fail to repeat teachings such as these, which have disappeared from the Gospels, and are as much needed now as then. And, if we wish to "make His Paths smooth" by familiarising men's minds, as far as possible, with the teachings He will give, we cannot do better than try to secure for this book the publicity it well deserves.

Ernest Udny

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR
NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Many of your readers must have read with considerable regret the letter printed under the forgoing title in the issue of THE THEOSOPHIST for March. It is melancholy in the sense that it conveys an impression of the utter failure which the writer has met in attempting to adjust his ideas of what a President of the T. S. should do to what he sees done. There would be no need to recall the note and content of this communication, except that it creates a wrong impression about the Editorial and Presidential policy, and does so in language that is far from temperate.

In the "Watch-Tower" notes in the September number the Editor says: "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."

Mr. Prentice seems to hold that this assurance has been forgotten in the November number. It is quite possible for our President-Editor to forget, I presume, for she is, after all, an extremely busy and overworked person. But the November notes in question seem to me to have been written with this specific fragment of policy in mind, for a very high note indeed is struck—and, incidentally, a most extraordinary example of the writer's eloquence is recorded. We should not forget that the *whole* world is with the cause of the Allies; the Dual Alliance is obviously to be excepted, and even here peace may reveal in Austria and Germany much dissent from this War policy. On this account the November notes are in accord with an international sympathy and the Editor's declared policy.

Mr. Prentice demands "that Theosophy should be kept above the dust of conflict, to be ready to do its great work of rebuilding when the present hideousness of life is swept away". Suppose that we, as members of the Society, stood aside; and suppose that Germany over-ran Europe. Then what would there be to rebuild with? With Europe in the hands of the German army the work of the Theosophical Society would have little opportunity to be "splendid". One gathers that Mr. Prentice is loyally doing his share toward helping Britain in this War; but he would have Theosophy, his theory of life, kept out of it. We have to crush Germany, he says in effect, but we will think of something else and talk of other things. It is far more difficult to see reason in this than in the certainly genuine and whole-hearted attitude of the Editor whom he criticises.

War, as Mr. Prentice rightly says, is after all a great instrument in the hands of the Guardians of Humanity; some of us, I would add, are happy to have speaking freely and plainly to us, in this awful darkness before the Dawn, one whom we hold to be somewhat in touch, however nearly or distantly, with these Guardians, some one who can warn us that They perceive that the struggle will be close and wearing; and who can yet assure us that the Day will bring not sultry oppression, but a cleared and free atmosphere.

Surely it is the feeling of a generous number of the members of the Society that the publication in THE THEOSOPHIST of a letter in language such as Mr. Prentice uses gives needless offence. Surely to call down upon the venerable head of a woman who has given her life in good works for humanity the imaginary retribution that Karma will visit upon her; to call her a betrayer; to seek to class her with a power-drunk and irresponsible monarch—surely this is infinitely further from the Spirit of Theosophy than the lofty eloquence which he has read so strangely and withal so little understood. One is moved to hope that future "rebukes" will continue to be tactful, even at the cost of twenty-eight precious pages of our war-attenuated official organ.

Colombo, Ceylon

FRITZ KUNZ

REVIEWS

Myths of the Hindūs and Buddhists, by The Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), and Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. (George G. Harrap & Co., London. Price 15s. net.)

It is a stout volume of 400 pages. It was begun by the Sister Nivedita but completed by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy owing to her death. Two-thirds of the whole volume we therefore owe to the latter writer. It contains the stories of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* in brief, of Kṛṣṇa and Buddha besides a number taken from the Purāṇas. The latter include, amongst others, stories of Siva, Sāvitrī, Dhruva, Mānasa Devī, Nachikētas, Nala and Damayanṭī, and a number of small notes on interesting topics.

Sister Nivedita is known chiefly by her book, *The Web of Indian Life*. Pupils of Indian schools know her best by her *Cradle Tales of Hindūism*. Mr. A. K. Coomaraswamy is known for his keen appreciation of Indian Art. It is clearly seen how much he admires art for, in the volume before us, we find thirty-two illustrations in colour furnished by Indian artists under the supervision of Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore, C.I.E. If the stories were written for no other purpose than to explain the illustrations, they would have served a very useful end; but, if the object were to educate the young in the ancient traditions of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*, readers who are familiar with Mrs. Besant's story of Rāmachandra and of the Great War, find therein a better treatment showing a fuller grasp of Hindū ideals. If the writers had, therefore, given more time to other writings and Purāṇas, the reading public would have derived greater benefit. The volume, however, is written in a pure and simple style, though the prohibitive cost places it beyond the reach of the vast majority of Indians, and makes it possible only for libraries

to purchase it. Especially its coloured illustrations are admirable; while not one of them yields to the rest in art, we may instance notably those of Buddha the Mendicant, Mānasa Devī, Garuda and Kālī.

The volume opens with a short statement of the peculiarities of Indian civilisation and the two great epics of India. In India is preserved the continuity of civilisation. Any break in the history of the civilisation of a country leaves a gap that cannot be filled up; but here the history of thought can be traced, with ample materials available even in legends and traditions. Other nations, in their own days of glory and power, produced immortal epics like Homer's. While those epics have ceased to exercise any influence on the daily life of the Greeks, the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* mould the life and thought of India down to the present time. They show how on primitive thoughts of earlier ages have been grafted the advancing ones of gigantic intellects. In the stories of Garuda and Hanūmān, for example, the sympathy of man with bird and beast is preserved; but, at the same time, they become significant by their associations with Divinity. It is because of the continued influence of Valmiki that it has been said that no one can be called a good Indian citizen who has not read his *Rāmāyaṇa*. The same remark applies with no less force to the *Mahābhārata*—a cyclopædia of information in all directions of human activity and a store-house of ancient tradition.

While the stories are admirably told, we cannot help remarking that, even in a condensed treatment, it is possible to bring out the essence. In the *Rāmāyaṇa* story of Kākāsura, or the Crow-Asura, it is not difficult to bring out the central lesson that Rāma, owing to Siṭā's grace, saved the Asura's life by making him blind in one eye to show that Rāma took Vibhīshana from the camp of the enemy under his protection. The importance of the devotee's self-surrender, as in the case of Vibhīshana, might have been very well shown, so as to bring out the full force of the oft quoted shloka in which Rāma says :

If any being surrendering unto me, states once that he seeks me, it is my Vraṭa, my deliberate act of will, to hold out protection to all.

Even in the case of the *Mahābhārata*, it is not clearly shown how the plans of the God are worked out in the

Great War and how the wholesale slaughter of the warrior-caste opened India to foreign invasion, and through apparent evil, to the advantages of research by foreign scholars and led to the diffusion of Indian thought among the enlightened nations of the West.

The various moral truths impressed on us in the course of reading the subject-matter of the two epics need not be treated of here for the simple reason that the volume itself pre-supposes the knowledge thereof by every educated man.

Readers in the East and the West are familiar with the life of Buddha as told in Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, *The Light of Asia*. In forty pages of the volume before us is given the same story, but in them there is nothing like the imaginative sympathy that we feel in reading the poem. While the main points in the Buddha's life that can be gathered from traditions and from Jātakas, or the history of previous births, have found their proper place, the most touching part of it that refers to Buddha's reception by his father in Kapilavaṣṭu has received but a passing notice. Buddha shuns the pathway beautifully adorned and receives coolly that which his father weeps over when regretting a prince's mendicancy, but patiently waits to teach The Law. The way in which the father's grief, as well as that of the Buddha's wife, is overcome may be better depicted than it has been in this volume.

The Life of Shri Kṛṣṇa is briefly given from the *Bhāgavata-Purāna* and other works. It is apparent in different parts of the volume that the writer is capable of giving the inner meanings of the stories; yet, when Shri Kṛṣṇa's passing away from the earthly scene is said to have been caused by a hunter fancying him to be a deer and aiming his arrow at him, the connection between the stories of Rāma and Kṛṣṇa is not shown in such a manner as to show the working of the Law of Karma. In the Rāma Avatār, he unjustly kills Vāli the brother of Sugriva. In the Kṛṣṇa Avatār, he consents to abide by the Law and receives the death-stroke at the hands of the hunter. The great glory of Hindū sacred writings is the exposition of the same undercurrent of thought and feeling, though it appears in many forms. The *Rāmāyana*, the *Mahābhārata* and the *Bhāgavata* are the most splendid instances. The Law of Karma finds its place in all of them

and the working of it is exemplified in the most admirable manner in Kṛṣṇa's death. A matter of such importance deserves far greater recognition than is accorded it in this work.

The opening paragraph of this review mentioned other stories contained therein. Amongst them are some in which the inner philosophical significance is noticeable. Three may be specially referred to and we may more appropriately quote the writer.

(1) The dance itself [of Siva] represents the activity of Siva as the source of all movement within the universe, and especially his five acts, creation, preservation, destruction, embodiment and release; its purpose is to release the souls of men from illusion.

(2) The story of Gaja Indra or the Prince-Elephant calling aloud on Adimulam, or the Source, for help when the crocodile tries to put an end to its life is well known. Viṣṇu comes out to save.

The elephant of the story stands for the typical human soul of our age excited by desires; given over too much to sensual pleasure, the demon would have carried him away he knew not where. There was no salvation for him until he called on Viṣṇu, who speedily saves all those who call upon him with devotion.

(3) Mānasa Devi, the Goddess of Snakes is the daughter of Siva by a mortal. Pārvaṭy, Siva's wife, sends her to the earth. Then the former wants to make herself worshipped. But Chānd Sarāda, is bent upon worshipping Siva alone. In spite of many difficulties to which the Devi subjects him, he does not consent to worship her but yields at the end.

The legend . . . reflects the conflict between the religion of Siva and that of feminine local deities in Bengal. . . She is a phase of the mother-divinity who for so many worshippers is nearer and dearer than the far-off and impersonal Siva. . . .

The volume closes with "A Summary of Indian Theology" in the last ten pages. It is intended to show how the various stories exemplify its principles. Any earnest reader will do well to go through the work and see for himself how far the summary is useful. The performance is, on the whole, creditable and worthy of the good name already acquired by the writers.

S. R. C.

A Theory of Civilisation, by Sholto O. G. Douglas. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

The title page clearly defines the contents of the book, which is divided into two parts. In the first part Mr. Douglas

gives his theory of civilisation and the arguments supporting it drawn from those civilisations, dating from Ancient Greece, of which we have the more reliable historical data. The second part discusses the religious doctrines of Ancient Egypt, Mexico and Peru, of Buddhism, Islâm and Confucianism ; in connection with this theory and the reason why, in some cases, the support they give to it is apparently weak.

As a theory the author's view is interesting though not distinctly novel ; but whether it may be taken as anything more than another illustration of the psychological limitations of speculative science will depend upon the outlook of the reader, for the point of view is, in the author's own words, "the materialistic evolutionary view" and the theory is based upon biological science.

The theory is briefly this. With the dawn of intelligence in animal-man fear of the Unseen awakens. The conduct of the individual is influenced thereby. Herein lies the primitive *psychic illusion* which is the origin of all later civilising impulsion. The influence of the thoughts arising out of this psychic illusion affects conduct in a direction which may be either that which we have later come to regard as superior or it may be affected to the contrary. According to our author, the spirit of evolution (whatever that may mean to the materialist) selects the particular variation of psychic illusion which furthers the evolution of the community and which will lead to the highest possible intellectuality.

While this illusion dominates the community, the intellectual power of the people grows and the civilisation prospers, but when that intellectual power outgrows belief in the psychic illusion or religion, then the civilisation decays. The people return to the more savage state though not to the same level from which they started. A new psychic illusion must arise ; and in order that it may be accepted, intellectual power must decline ; but it does not fade out altogether ; it remains as a potential seed in the brains of the people until, with the growth of a new illusion, it springs into renewed life and the speed of evolution is quickened because a path of less resistance has been worn by the preceding civilisation.

Altruistic irrationality is born of illusion, not of reason, and faith, not intellectual culture, is the inspiration of grandly

irrational actions. Hence Mr. Douglas argues that while intellectual vigour is the aim of evolution, faith is the motive power.

Certain lesser theories are advanced as serving to illustrate the main one. Amongst them is this: polytheistic religions foster the arts in the nations inspired by them, monotheistic religions, the sciences.

There are some interesting points raised in connection with the psychic illusion of Christianity and the question is asked: Are we on the downward slope of disillusion and, if so, whence can we expect the new illusion which will inaugurate the birth of the new civilisation? These points the reader must discover for himself and we believe he will find the book quite as instructive in what it leaves unsaid as in what it contains.

A. E. A.

The Restored New Testament, the Hellenic Fragments, freed from the Pseudo-Jewish Interpolations, harmonised and done into English Verse and Prose, with introductory Analyses and Commentaries, giving an interpretation according to Ancient Philosophy and Psychology and a new literal translation of the Synoptic Gospels, with Introduction and Commentaries, by James Morgan Pryse. (John M. Pryse, New York, and John M. Watkins, London.)

From the lengthy title of this book, it will be seen that the author has attempted a very ambitious task. This becomes even more obvious when one finds that his rendering of the words differs almost entirely from the accepted translations of both the Authorised and the Revised Versions. Also, he has exercised "the art of selection" in a manner which will not commend itself to the orthodox, for he presents only those portions of the *New Testament* which he holds to be genuine, and these he interprets along the line of ancient philosophy and psychology. The writer's argument is that the *New Testament* is an allegory—a sublime allegory which has suffered much at the hands of forgers and unscrupulous priests.

The theory upon which this attempted restoration is based is that all those portions of the *New Testament* which may be regarded as genuine are, with the exception of a few fragments of the *Epistles*, prose plagiaries from ancient Greek sacred poems, the allegorical dramas forming part of the ritual in the mysteries. . . .

The Jewish setting of the Gospels, and "all the passages by which the Iesus-mythos is connected with the *Old Testament*," are forgeries. The *Apocalypse* is a Greek Mystery poem, the *Epistles* are nearly all spurious, and the *Acts* entirely so. Thus prefacing his work, Mr. Pryse goes on to say that he regards the passages which he accepts from the *New Testament* from an esoteric point of view. He supplements the rather vague esoteric teaching in the *New Testament* from the *Upanishads*, borrowing much from the religious teaching of the East.

His work will, therefore, not be altogether new to Theosophists, but to the average westerner some of his ideas will be distinctly startling. He treats the Gospel narratives *entirely* as allegory, and the twelve Apostles are symbols of the Zodiac. The origin of the Synoptic Gospels, he gives thus :

The three gospels are treated as if they were but three variants of the same text. The original source from which they were drawn is considered to have been an allegorical drama which formed part of the ritual of the Greek Mysteries. As an allegory, this drama was expressed in the zodiacal language, and hence has an astronomical rendering throughout: its hero is the Sun-God, in this astronomical interpretation, which is only superficial; but in a spiritual sense he is a neophyte, undergoing the trials of initiation, and so personifies the Sun-God. Judging by portions of the text, the original drama was a superb poem; but the compilers of the Synoptic Gospels had only incomplete prose notes of it, presumably made from memory, and these notes they could have obtained only by dishonourable means.

Whether this last statement has any historical evidence to support it, we do not know, but to regard the *Acts* as spurious, which this writer does, is going against the evidence carefully collected by Professor Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, who is, perhaps, the greatest living authority on the *Acts* and who has carefully gone over the ground traversed by S. Paul on his journeys.

The *Apocalypse*, is, according to the writer, "a coherent whole, symmetrical, and having every detail fitted into its appropriate place with studied care".

Frankly, the translation of this restored *New Testament*, does not make the appeal which the simplicity of the Authorised Version makes. The *Magnificat* (which here is ascribed to Elisabeth) may, in the original Greek, "be devoid of literary merit," and, according to Mr. Pryse neither Mary nor Elisabeth "could gain poetic lustre from it". His translation, however,

must share in poetic form some of the demerits he ascribes to the original.

My Soul keeps extolling the Master,
 And my Spirit has exulted in God, my Saviour.
 For he has looked upon the humiliation of his slave girl
 For behold, from now on all generations will felicitate me.

As has been said before, the writer treats his whole subject as purely allegorical; he does not appear to believe in an historical Jesus. What is important to him is the unfolding of the allegory, and he has done this, as he understands it, with great patience. The book requires careful study, in order to grasp the author's scheme in all its detail, and, we fear, many people will not give it the attention it deserves. It contains much that is interesting, but many of the statements are arguable; also the author has a tendency to dogmatise in what appears to be a quite unjustifiable manner, as for instance in the uncomplimentary remarks he makes on the writers of the Synoptic Gospels.

A word of praise must be given to the general get-up of this volume which contains over 800 pages, beautifully printed. There are two coloured plates as well as many illustrations drawn after classical models, and thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the book.

T. L. C.

Sexual Ethics, A Study of Borderland Questions, by Robert Michels. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., London. 1914. Price 6s.)

This is a very readable and interesting work in which a delicate subject is deftly handled. Not quite suitable for indiscriminate spreading amongst the public, it yet contains much thoroughly deserving of the attention of the mature reader. The sincerity and objectivity of treatment frees the book from the unpleasant spiciness and unwholesome suggestiveness which might easily show in a work treating a similar subject, and yet the book is frank and outspoken to a degree. We do not agree with the author in all his theses, but cannot help admitting that his views merit a hearing as the results of sincere thought arrived at by a serious and well-informed mind. In some places we judge his generalisations as being too sweeping and his observations superficial, but on the whole the book

represents a solid piece of work. In a few places the writer seems to give undue prominence to an Italian nationalism in his statements, but not so flagrantly as to impair the real value of the whole. In short, it is an instructive and thoughtful contribution to sexual science.

J. v. M.

Sufi Message of Spiritual Liberty, by Professor Inayat Khan. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, London. 1914.)

A dainty little book, nicely executed and embellished with an attractive coloured frontispiece, but of decidedly mediocre contents. The Sufism here represented is of the water-and-milk variety, very sweet, very diluted, very effeminate. An incongruously long and most naively puerile introduction (12 pages of the total of 56) tells us the life of the remarkable Sufi professor whose career extends already over thirty-five years of earthly life. It relates to us that he told to the Nizam of Hyderabad (who was moved to tears by his music) that "worldly success cannot be a proper price for it," whereupon the Nizam showed that he fully understood that saying by presenting him "with a purse full of gold coins". The author of this introduction seems to have a quite romantic knowledge of modern India and speaks, amongst other wonderful things, of the "papyrus" manuscripts of the good professor's grandfather. The high water-mark of Inayat Khan's "divine knowledge" and spirituality is found in solemn expressions like :

You may be a believer or an unbeliever in the Supreme Being, but He cares not.

This initiated Sūfi also quotes Hegel! Another gem is :

Sound being the highest force of manifestation, it is mysterious within itself. Whoever has the knowledge of sound indeed knows the universe. My music is my thought and my thought is my feeling. The deeper I sink into the ocean of feeling, the more beautiful pearls I bring forth in the form of notes.

The author's notions of man and woman are Americanised and western-veneered Oriental. In fact the unregenerated polygamist-at-heart peeps out through a thin veil of political concessions to western ethics. The daintily executed book—of which the calligraphy on the frontispiece would, unhappily, not pass muster amongst Orientals—brings together more

amiable and wishy-washy platitudes than even the most greedy lover of such stuff could demand for its price. We doubt not, therefore, that it will have a deservedly wide sale and we wish it all success. We think it really fills a much felt want—of many.

J. v. M.

Vampires and Vampirism, by Dudley Wright. (William Rider & Son, London. 1914. Price 2s. 6d.)

A pleasantly chatty little book about a very unpleasant subject. The brief work (176 pages) is put together without much depth and without much science or method. Kant, the philosopher, would not be able to make much of its data because he held that precise name, date and place should always be given to make any information worthy of being considered at all, and "at one time . . . near Kodom, in Bavaria" or "a shoemaker of Breslau, in 1591" would perhaps not answer his requirements. As it is, the booklet is an entertaining collection of varied vampire-gossip, loosely grouped under main headings. Some matter is included which seems in reality foreign to the subject, but we do not find grave fault with that. A little bit of collateral creepiness can do no harm in a collection like the present one. Two more serious objections are the following. The bibliography gives neither details as to the date (and place) of publication of the books cited, nor references to the pages which contain the matter pertinent to the subject in hand. An entry like "Bartholin's *De Causa Contemptus Mortis*" [sic] is almost useless. Secondly, the translation of foreign names is really too primitive. Not to mention the monstrosity "Sclavonic" which presumably stands for Slav, we find our good friend, the vampire, designated as wukodalak, vurkulaka or vrykolaka in Russia and the Balkans. But then later on in the work he turns up in the guise of vrukolaka, vroucolaca, bucolac, vukodlak, wukodlak. Other foreign terms are likewise not reduced to systematic forms; geographical, racial and linguistic names appear accordingly in a very jumbled form. Though the little book has amused us as much as, for instance, a good melodramatic film in a cinematograph, full of thrills and horrors, we do not think

that it will convert any serious reader to a belief in the existence of vampires or incite many people to study the subject scientifically. Its evidence is too evidently hearsay and secondhand information.

J. v. M.

*The People's Books.*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Bismarck, by Professor F. M. Powicke.

In a very small compass one is given an illuminative sketch of the profound influence of this remarkable man upon the history of modern Germany. It is not so much a biography as a study of the scope of political thought in the making of history. One sees the curious persistence of the feudal ideal in this nation and in this man combined with the continuous up-growth of German liberalism; and, between the two, Bismarck—allied to the first by his heredity, yet forced to concede to the demands of the latter in order to realise his ideal of German nationhood. So that, while he moulds the politics of his time to some extent, yet his own hereditary views are modified very considerably by the necessity of reconciling the demands of autocratic Prussia and liberal Germany under one Imperial rule.

No existing form of Government in other countries will meet the needs of the German nation, which seems to have lagged behind the other European peoples in some respects, and a curious situation has arisen the solution of which has yet to come. This little book is very well worth reading.

A. E. A.

The Gold of Dawn, by Richard Whitwell. (Price 1s. 6d. net.)

The Brood of Light, by C. R. Crowther. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 1s. net.)

Small volumes such as these, of a dainty and tasteful binding, give one a pleasure in their mere handling and immediately make one run through one's list of friends in search

¹ This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

of a birthday or an occasion demanding a dainty gift. One does not look for a weighty message so much as a mood, and the atmosphere of a tender inspiration belongs to *The Gold of Dawn*. The message is that of other mystics, but it is sincerely written, and here and there a beautiful passage like the following stands out, bearing the stamp of individual expression :

Who knows but what the beautiful thought passing from out the heart gathers to itself a garment correspondingly beautiful, becoming a flower on Nature's bosom, breathing out into the Universe the fragrance of perpetual praise.

The author of *The Brood of Light* shows a certain aptitude for verse-making, which seems ill applied in expounding philosophical propositions which might prove more interesting in prose. Poetry it is *not*, though written in verse, and lines like the following are unpardonable :

Yet the same graces in alternate line
Descend though in diminishing degree ;
The Power that makes a woman's face divine
Makes man less hideous than the chimpanzee : etc.

Mr. Crowther is evidently more of a metaphysician, than a poet, and his attempt to be both is not very successful.

D. C.

The Meaning of Christianity, by Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.) This is a second and revised edition of a work, whose title bears the record of its scope. The author has a mystical view of Christianity, and examines all its chief doctrines carefully, but not in such a way as to satisfy the ultra-orthodox. *Ad Astrum*, by Elisabeth Severs. (T. P. S., London. Price 3d.) is a series of short devotional papers on the coming of a World-Teacher. It is very Christian in tone, and some of the thoughts are beautiful and beautifully expressed, but throughout the writing is very unequal.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE passing away of our good brother David S. M. Unger, of Chicago, is a very distinct loss to the Theosophical Society. He was an ardent Christian of a broad type, and was thus very useful, as putting the fundamental truths of religion in a Christian form, very welcome in Christian countries. His little magazine, *Esoteric Christianity*, will be known to many. He was very much loved by his co-workers, and many would endorse the affectionate and admiring words spoken of him by a fellow-Theosophist :

Although we ventured thus to count ourselves his friends and companions, we recognised in him one who had surpassed us in development, one who had passed us on the road, but who had halted in his eager way to lend a helping hand to our advancement. He was to us an inspiration. He was a pure white flame of devotion, a living, glowing, radiant centre of earnest purpose finding expression in the Master's work of compassionate help to humanity

We would pay to our brother our best, our most lasting, our sincerest tribute. May I venture to tell you what I believe this tribute to be ?

It is to take the spirit of his life and exemplify it in our own—to take of the fire that burned in his heart, and apply it to the fuel on the altars of our own hearts and lives—to do for the world with greater zeal and earnestness, the work which he was so earnest and faithful in doing. This shall be better tribute than any poor words we can utter.

He died from the sequela of an operation to remove a growth threatening his life. He rests in peace.

* *

Our ever hard-working Southampton Theosophists, as the outcome of a difficult piece of work asked for by an official, have started a Club, the Girl's Crusade, to meet some of the dangers to women arising from the massing of large numbers of men together, and arranged a series of six lectures on *Sex Hygiene*. These are also to be given at the Union Jack Club for Women. The great ability as a speaker of Miss Green, the President of the local Lodge, is being utilised by the Church of England and Free Church Temperance Societies and Purity Leagues. The fine work done by the Southampton Theosophists in relation to the War has made them very popular and respected in a town where religious prejudice has always run high.

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The Order of the Servants of the Star have projected a "Correspondence Study Series," in which the first set of papers is to be on *At the Feet of the Master*, the second on Karma, the third on Reincarnation, and the fourth on *Great Teachers*. Mr. G. S. Arundale is writing the first series, and his name is a guarantee for their value. The Servants of the Star are young people, and their "training falls into two distinct divisions," Study and Service. As is said in a leaflet issued :

Many young people's organisations are in existence to-day—the sign of a growing sense of responsibility on the part of the young generation towards its surroundings. The future obviously lies with the young, and it is wise therefore that they should begin, under the guidance of sympathetic elders, to train themselves for duties which will come to them when they are men and women.

The “sympathetic elders” in this case form an “Advisory Council,” consisting of Muriel, Countess De La Warr, the Lady Emily Lutyens, Viscountess Churchill, Mr. Arundale and myself. A Quarterly is being brought out by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whyte, who conducted so admirably the *Lotus Journal*, to be called *The Young Age*, and matters concerning the junior Order will be published in that, the *Herald of the Star* being, of course, for older people. The great spread of the Order of the Star in the East all over the world has almost necessitated the formation of the juvenile Order, so many parents wishing their children to share in their own hope. It is well indeed for all who through the thick clouds of War and of the suffering of the Nations, can see in the clear heaven which no clouds can stain the undimmed shining of the Star.

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Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, are as usual, very active in Melbourne, and much of their work has, naturally, been claimed by War-needs.

Since the outbreak of war, Mrs. Hunt has helped to organise a band of women who made over 20,000 bandages for the troop-horses going with our expeditionary forces. I was able through the Minister of Defence to procure for the Organising Secretary—Miss Maude Harvey—a free pass over the Railways so that she was able to go to other States and organise the same kind of work in Sydney, Brisbane,

Adelaide and Hobart. The ladies also provided medical comforts for the horses, arrowroot, salt, oatmeal, molascuit, which lie outside the regular supplies of the Defence Department but are very necessary for the horses. The bandages are used to bind the legs, so that the standing in the ships for four or five weeks does not cause swelling. Partly no doubt as a result of this work, only one per cent of the horses of the first expeditionary force were lost, and I was asked by the Secretary of Defence to convey to Miss Harvey and the ladies concerned in the work the thanks of the Department.

This band is now being converted into a local branch of the Purple Cross Service, so ably conducted by Miss Lind of Hageby and her friends in England for rescue of wounded horses on the battle-fields of France, and we are gathering subscriptions to send on to the parent Society. Mrs. Hunt is one of an Organising Committee of three and the Governor-General of the Commonwealth and State Governor have become Patrons, and the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, President.

I have myself taken up the ideal of getting all our male population who are physically fit, but for any reason are not available or qualified for service at the front to arm and drill for home defence. A movement with this object is finding a ready response all over Australia and in the form of Rifle Clubs—a recognised form of reserve under our Defence Act—the men are coming forward in good numbers.

My small part has been to help in forming the Brighton Rifle Club—of which they have made me Secretary, and we have already in a few weeks sworn in over 200 members and had our first muster for drill on Thursday last. It was very quaint to see staid and, in some cases, elderly city men, merchants, stockbrokers, lawyers, dentists, etc., as well as numbers of the young men of the town being drilled by young men of the regular citizens' forces (almost boys). I don't know who enjoyed it most the boyish non-com.'s or the members drilling.

If we can carry this out extensively all through Australia and all our men have been taught to shoot straight and have been drilled, it ought to make us safer from foreign invasion

and also liberate more of our young men for service at the front.

* * *

At the Convention of the Theosophical Society of Australia, held this year in Melbourne, the Section took the largest Hall in the City, holding 2,000 people, for a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater on Easter Sunday. The promoters were permitted to make a charge for admission, as the proceeds were to go to the Belgian Relief Fund. Australia is very Sabbatarian, and no charges are allowed at Sunday lectures. Hence it was necessary to secure the waiver of the rule in the above case.

* * *

A warning seems to be needed with regard to the work of the Theosophical Society and that of the Order of the Star in the East in regard to propaganda work, when both organisations exist in the same town. The two are and must be distinct, as many members of the younger Order are not members of the T. S., and many members of the T. S. are not members of the Order, but they should work in friendliness not in rivalry. The Order of the Star should never choose for its meetings the same day and hour as is used by the older Society, nor should it be forgotten that the T. S. is a permanent organisation whereas the Order of the Star is a temporary one, working to prepare the way for the coming of the Great Teacher, and necessarily ceasing that work when He comes amongst us. To neglect, still more to directly hamper, the work of the T. S., because of devotion to the younger Order shows extraordinary lack of insight, and is seen with the strongest disapproval by the leaders of both organisations.

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I had a pleasant visit to Benares last month, when I went to Gorakhpur, in the United Provinces to preside over the Provincial Congress Conference there. There is a very strong feeling aroused throughout India by the action taken by the House of Lords in prolonging one-man-rule over the United Provinces, with its population of forty-seven millions, although a lately created and less advanced Province had been granted a fragment of executive power. So we had a well-attended Conference. It is a very bad return the Lords have made for all India's sacrifices in blood and money in support of the Empire, and has aroused very deep resentment, increased by the unfortunate passing of the Public Safety Act.

* * *

The Central Hindū College authorities at Benares gave me a warm welcome there, and we had one of our old meetings in the School Hall. The College Cadet Corps escorted me thither at 6.30 in the early morning—for it is the hot weather in Benares now—and we walked in the old way over the familiar ground to the crowded Hall, ringing with cheers. The regular religious service was held, and one improvement has been brought into it; all the boys chant together some Samskr̥t shlokas, and the effect is very impressive. I spoke to the lads then of their place in the New India so rapidly growing up amongst us, and there was great enthusiasm. We sent our love to Mr. Arundale by cable, and all went away very happy. The C. H. C. has now the advantage of the presence of my old friend, Rai Bahadur G. N. Chakravarti, in Benares, as Inspector of Schools,

and he will be able to give it useful advice from time to time.

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From the College, I was escorted to the T. S. Headquarters, where the boys of our Theosophical School were gathered, and I addressed them in turn, and met similar loving welcome.

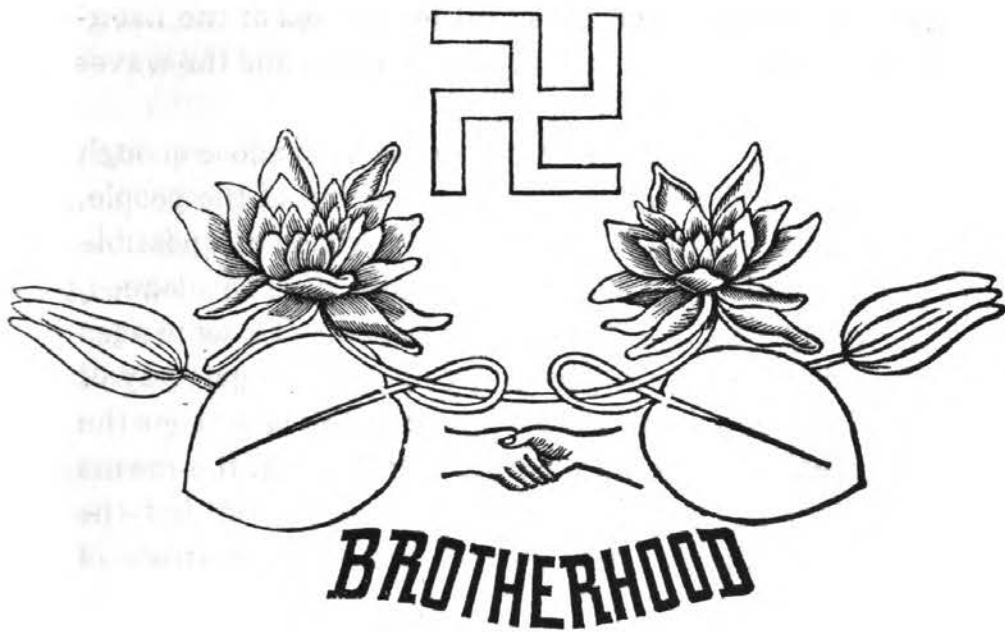
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Then to the Vasañtāshrama, dear Miss Arundale's work of love, and her legacy to Benares, where Miss Palmer, B.Sc., is the Principal of the Collegiate School for Girls, and where we have as Matron in sole charge of the boarders, a sweet and capable Hindū widow. A third gathering was here to be addressed, and the girls sang, very sweetly, some shlokas from the *Bhagavad-Gīta*. It is interesting to see the different parts of India from which our girls in our School come. There were during this last session 7 from the United Provinces, 16 Bengalis, 7 Mahrathas, 6 Madrassis (3 Telugu and 3 Tamil), 5 Kashmiris, 3 Panjabis (1 Sikh); these are all Hindūs. Then there is one Buddhist girl from Burma, and one Parsi. I cannot but think that it is well to have girls from different Provinces drawn together, learning to overlook the little differences which are so potent to divide, and to realise their one deep unity as daughters of the Motherland.

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From the Āshrama, I went on to visit the three boarding-houses of our Theosophical School. It may interest Theosophists to learn how we meet the supposed difficulty of religious instruction—which is really no difficulty at all, except in the imagination of people

who have not tried to carry it out. In the boarding-houses, the boys all gather in the pūjā-room—room for worship—in the early morning, and one Hindū, one Buddhist and one Sikh chant a very brief prayer in succession, one in which all can join. Then each does his Sandhyā—morning worship—according to his own family custom. The daily school opens with a short religious service in which all can join. During the week the boys have two religious lessons in their own faith, taught by one belonging to it, and the Musalman boys are taken each Friday to their Mosque by a Musalman teacher. In the evening, in the boarding-houses, the boys gather just before they go to bed, and all chant together some shlokas from the *Bhagavad-Giṭā*, the “Bible of India”. Thus easily is the difficulty of religious instruction solved, and it gives the School a joyous, confident, well-behaved tone that is not otherwise attainable. The teachers and boys are like fathers and sons; there are no punishments, but glad and ready obedience and admirable discipline. How different from the timid air of boys in so many schools, where fear rules instead of love, where the cane replaces religion, and where teachers and boys distrust each other. Very many of the Indians of to-day, the soil of their hearts rendered sterile by missionary and Government education, are against religious education; they themselves have grown up without it, and know not its value, though they lament over the absence of morals in too many of the young men of the day.



HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. HADEN GUEST

WHO are the makers of revolutions? To whom are the great social changes due—the changes in thought that when translated into terms of earth transfigure the face of the world?

Always has there been in the world peasant, tradesman and aristocrat, worker, middle-class and plutocrat, and, on the whole, they have been willing to put up with their lot until some wind from the world of ideas has swept across their faces, and there has come uprising, revolt, cries for the “rights of man,” “freedom,” “opportunity for all”. For any cry will do to express the view of the larger horizon opened up

when the wind of the ideas ruffles the sea of the habit-working ; mind and the waves suck down and the waves rise up.

In every historical age there has been cause enough for lament and complaint by some section of the people, and to some ages there has come the vision of a possible future in which the need for complaint shall be silenced, the wrongs righted, the trouble stilled. To some ages this golden future has been only beyond the gateway of death in some fair mead of heaven ; to the latter ages the golden future has been one upon this earth, the means to achieve it here, the will here, all present but the necessary might, the power and the control of circumstance.

THE ROAD TOWARD EMANCIPATION

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries men strove for the achievement of this vision through political emancipation. "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," political freedom, freedom of the press, of speech, the extension of the franchise, the abolition of privilege, republicanism—these were to give us our heaven upon earth. In the nineteenth century and now in the twentieth, the cry is not only for political freedom, but for economic freedom. Now, it is not freedom from king and aristocrat that is to give us our dream, but freedom from the thralldom of rent and interest.

Who is the maker of these revolutions ? And what do we want and why ? It may be enough for the overworked, underpaid worker to reply that he wants a bettering of his conditions, but who taught him a bettering was possible ? Who waked up the lethargy of

habit and bade the man look up and see greater possibilities?

Men and women have come round among the workers saying: "these evil conditions need not be," "wages may be bettered," "you may yourselves own the capital of the industries in which you work," "Socialism will save the people," and the workers have responded. But again, who told these things to those who speak of them, the "agitators" who speak until they are hoarse, who tramp weary miles to meetings to give their message at bleak street corners, at the works' gate, at the pit mouth, in the club room? Where did they hear the message?

THE VISION

Trace it back and back and what do you find? The mighty forces that sway peoples, that mould the destiny of nations, that consolidate or rend apart empires, these come out of the minds and hearts of those who think for the world, who see visions of the future, who offer themselves in service to the world. Out from the mind of the scientist, the poet, the dreamer, the theorist, come these mighty forces. Because they are more attuned to the finer and more potent aspects of life, they see a Vision obscured for the many by the incessant iteration of the thoughts, feelings and circumstances of the immediate present. And it is the fragment of the Vision which they have seen which drives the mighty engine of the world.

Darwin lifted a corner of Nature's mysteries on one little planet and caught a glimpse of a dazzling panorama of evolving forms. Goethe, Lamarck,

Spencer and others had seen besides. And these glimpses of a Vision have changed the world. Lassalle and Marx looked beyond the obvious in our social life and saw a future teeming with splendid possibilities. Scientists, philosophers, poets, preachers, agitators, statesmen—these men look beyond the facts to the facts' significance, beyond the things we know to the ideas behind the things. And from the world of ideas comes out the mighty force, the unsubduable force, through which the nation grows into greater being. For there men see a Vision, and each in his own way translates that Vision into language of which we can all understand somewhat. Those who have not seen the Vision read the scientist's, or the statesman's, or the poet's, words and are fired by the reflection. We go about among the people and say that which we have thought and felt, and the divine fire of the Idea lights up the world and unlooses the divine force in the heart of every man.

It is the seers of the ideas behind the facts of every day who are the makers of revolutions. It was the reflection of the Vision they had seen which was the driving force behind the movement for political freedom. It is the reflection of the Vision they have seen which is the driving power behind the Socialist movement. For there, in the world of the ideas, still eternal, dwells the perfected Vision of the man for whom life is no longer a problem, no longer a perplexity, but a splendour of serene achievement. And the one age gets a glimpse of this Vision, and thinks the road there along the political pathway; and another gets a glimpse of the Vision and thinks the road there along the economic pathway. Both in some measure succeed,

and both in large measure are disappointed; and the disappointment drives us back on facts, not for the facts in themselves, but to get behind them. The Vision, it seems, cannot be realised in the way we thought. Let us, then, look again and see if we have perceived it accurately, if there be not something left out of our calculations.

THE VISION AND THE FACTS

The Vision is there, still eternal, but we in the turbid world of facts and experiences have misconceived and mistrusted. Not easy is it to bring the gifts of the high heavens of abstraction into the dust and conflict of every day and keep them unspotted. It may seem to some that the words they have just been reading are merely metaphorical, merely poetical; but this is far from being the case. The world of ideas to which we attain by great generalisations from facts is not created by our mental process, it is there awaiting the time of our conquest. The ideas behind the facts are as eternal as the facts themselves. Nay, more enduring are they, for the ideas are the great fountains of life, the facts of every day but the temporary arch of the falling water, the gleam of light in the water's clearness, the iridescent drop. The facts we know teem out of the ideas and, like the waters, flow away; the ideas, like the fountains, remain. The ideas are real, more real than the "facts". The facts are a veil we must pierce—we do not understand them even, until we can see them in relation to some general idea.

Whether you agree or disagree with this point of view does not affect my argument; agreement only

makes it easier to follow. For the crux of the matter is this. How, when, where, matter not. The thinker, the poet, the worker, each in his own way, catches a glimpse of a Vision. Each in his own way is driven to speak of that Vision to other men and uses the symbols of facts to make plain what he would say. We are driven to get behind pretended unreal beliefs, to genuine and real beliefs founded on knowledge, to investigate the facts of life so as to group them anew, to discover in those facts the faint reflection of the great theory, the great generalisation. If this theory is one of political emancipation, we apply it to life, fight for it, struggle for it, agonise, die for it—and in its achievement are disappointed. Then for us the theory of emancipation by political method is no longer a reality, it is a pretence, a delusion; we struggle to free ourselves from it, and to do so we are driven once more to study facts. We emerge from this study with a new interpretation, drawn from the sea of facts; we bring up the treasure of Socialism, and we struggle to apply this to life. Once more partial success; once more disappointment; once more the dive into the facts of life.

THE NEW STANDPOINT

This is where we have now arrived. The desire to achieve a betterment of man's condition, individual and social, was never stronger than now. Our political efforts have been partly successful, our socialistic efforts have been partly successful also, and must be more so, but we are not sure we shall achieve that which is our desire. Even Socialism has become for many the delusion, and they try to escape from it to

reality. Vague unrest, vague discontent, syndicalism, mere violence—all of these express discontent, unbelief. And once more we must dive into the sea of facts.

The history of our recent progress is a history of growth into bigger and bigger conceptions, to more and more accurate ideas. Now by the sheer stress of the work we have in hand, we are driven to the closer study of the material we have to deal with. We have had theories of politics, we have had theories of economics. Now we want an understanding of man himself.

Politics assume a fiction, the "political man," economics a fiction, the "economic man," but we have done with fictions. The social reconstruction we need is a real re-shaping of a community of men and women. Political and economic men may be suited with equal political and economic powers and opportunities. Real men and women, however, do not fit these moulds; each wants a different something, each is fitted for a different something. We have to build a State, to create a new world, not with theoretical men and women, but with real men and women.

Our laws and our whole life at present are largely built on these fictions. Our criminal law is framed on the assumption of a "cut and dried" individual committing definite classified "crimes" for which there is a scheduled "punishment". Men are said to be "equal before the law," their responsibility is held equal, their criminality, their guilt, and consequently their punishment equal. And this is pure delusion. No two men are equal before the law, neither in themselves, nor in their surroundings, nor in their immediate temptation to crime. We want to abolish from our minds

the fiction of the "cut and dried" criminal, and study the actual women and men. In the same way with votes. With the ownership of property, with every function and relation by which man expresses himself, we want to get away from the fiction of our conceptions and get to the facts, and so beyond the facts to the truer idea.

We know one thing surely, that smashes through our social and political theories like a sledge hammer. All men are unequal. But what, then, is man? What knowledge have we of him that is real, apart from political and social fictions? Do we know truly and accurately anything about him? Have we firmly founded knowledge of man and can a real statesmanship build on that knowledge? That knowledge exists and can be found, and out of it shall flow the strength and power for a new step forward.

STATESMANSHIP AND THE SCIENCES

The past two centuries have been remarkable for two great reasons: firstly, because of the attempt to apply knowledge for the betterment of man's condition (although this has been largely through the medium of artificial theories about political and economic man); secondly, because of the increasingly profound investigation of the facts of life, and the getting at the secret, the Idea, the theory, behind those facts. The movement for political and social emancipation has run parallel with the movement for the freeing of the mind from illusions, the attainment of certainty about the world, the acquisition of real knowledge. These two parallel lines have by no means always been sympathetic. The

scientist has regarded the politician as a charlatan or a demagogue, the politician has regarded the scientist as a man divorced from the realities of life. But the disillusionment with politics and economics which we are now experiencing must inevitably drive the politician and the reformer to the scientist and to the thinker for the bricks wherewith to build the State, for the necessary knowledge which, it is felt, must be that of a wider survey of facts than made use of at present and of a more profound theory. To this wider survey of facts let us now turn.

A great deal of knowledge available for immediate application to life, but independent of political and social theories, has been piling up these many years and we may arrange it in certain main groups.

The first of these groups is that which has to do with the Health of Man. Contrast this definite knowledge we have of health with the social theory underlying the Insurance Act. It is arguable that the Insurance Act may be beneficial or not beneficial, for it is founded on an artificial theory, but it is not arguable that good, well-ventilated houses may be beneficial or not beneficial, for this knowledge is founded on a great experience, a great generalisation of facts. There, in a nutshell, you have the contrast between the artificial, outgrown, false theory and the real.

We do not "think" now, we know how to abolish consumption, and the chief infectious diseases. We know what are the conditions for the healthy upbringing of children, for the healthy development of young people, for the healthy work of grown-up men and women. In a word, we know both the conditions for the maintenance of individual health and the conditions necessary

for the public health. Much of that knowledge is not applied, on the ground of difficulty, of expense, or one or another excuse. The new statesmanship will say: "Knowledge that we are sure of is knowledge to be applied, and applied at once." Knowledge made sure will be defined in the future as that which is to be at once applied to life. Some of the knowledge of health to which I refer has been applied in our Public Health legislation, in Acts for the housing of the working classes, in the medical inspection of school children, and a singular thing to note is that what is valuable in the legislation of the past hundred years is precisely this application of ascertained knowledge, and that neither party in the State can claim this knowledge as its own.

REAL STATESMANSHIP

Real statesmanship, the application of ascertained knowledge, is independent of the ebb and flow of the *personalia* of Party.

The second of these groupings of our knowledge is that which concerns the Education of Man. Of this we have much real knowledge, although we as yet only apply a comparatively small part of this knowledge. A great junction has been made, however, of mind-education and body-health, and we are trying to get the body that is to be educated to become the healthy instrument which the mind needs. But again the obstacles to the great reforms—smaller classes, exquisite cleanliness, beauty of surroundings and the substitution of love and affection for "discipline"—are those of expense and difficulty. We know, but do not apply.

And oh, the pity of it! Only compare the best schools where knowledge is applied, with the slum school where "discipline is maintained". The tragic difference! The one school like a garden of flowers, growing swiftly, beautifully, delicately, in the sun and the wind; the other like a garden smoothed down and made uniform by the spreading over the ground of an ancient, not too sweetly smelling blanket. But we know, and we should apply the knowledge.

The third grouping of our Knowledge is that referred to as Eugenics. The knowledge of the necessity, the efficiency, and the morality of good breeding. The whole nation should be as well-bred as our racial character permits. And we know enough to indicate main lines. No need to follow eugenists into fantasies of absolute refusal of permission to marry, sterilisation, lethal chambers, and the like. These are the maladies of eugenics, the degenerate strain in the eugenic inheritance, which all have to become "recessive". But let us add to our morality the knowledge of eugenics, and to the ethical imperatives of our action the imperative of good breeding. Some evils we know little of as yet, but some gross evils we know enough of, and here again, as we know, let us apply our knowledge. But as you apply this knowledge, guard your freedom. This is knowledge to be applied not by the State, but by the individual. Here the State may persuade, but only in gross cases compel, may spread knowledge broadcast, and may, to the uttermost farthing, enforce individual responsibility for individual actions.

Another grouping of knowledge on which we can now build is that dealing with the peoples of the world, the tribes and nations, their powers and possibilities,

the difficulties and dangers of their contact, and the mesh of international law, the growth of which needs great acceleration.

Another grouping is that of the resources of the world, the industries, the mines, the forests, the wheat lands, the fruit lands, the supply of wood, of food, of coal, of oil—of all the things wherewith man feeds his body and the life of civilisation in which his greater life shall be. We know much of these resources and often use them, not more wisely than a swarm of wasps uses a just discovered store of sweet stuff. We do not so much use the world's goods, as allow them to be plundered. Here again the knowledge we have we should apply, accepting the great Trust organisations for the control of these goods, but not accepting the Trust's allocation of the profits, nor its exploitation of the stores of material.

THE BOUNDARIES OF KNOWLEDGE

All these groupings of knowledge have to do with man's physical life, with his civilisation, with the earth on which he lives; but not least important is the great grouping of knowledge dealing with man's mind, and with his inner spiritual nature.

Deeply are the sciences delving into the mysteries beyond the boundary of ascertained knowledge; and already the ascertained stretches further than many men and women are aware. Psychology has investigated, not only the psychological apparatus of brain and nerve, but the upper reaches of the consciousness shown in religious conversion. Through experiments in hypnotism, and thought transference, the field of

investigation extends to spiritualism and clairvoyance. But not only in the sciences is the investigation proceeding; philosophy, too, is pushing forward her researches. The philosophy of Bergson and the enunciation of the realm of consciousness above the mind, the intuition, is in itself a kind of scientific discovery in the world of Spirit. Here, too, we know, if not certainties as definite as those dealing with health and with schooling, at least certainties that put outside the barrier of discussion the crude materialism of an earlier day. We know that in the deeps of the consciousness of man, in the inner world in which each man is king, there are discoveries to be made as great as those made by Columbus, by Galileo, by the great evolutionists. And with the realisation of a non-physical side of man, we come upon that which is the crowning achievement of scientific and philosophical speculation, the theory of spiritual evolution in man, side by side with the physical evolution, which we recognise is the master explanation of the physical world.

NEW HORIZONS

The inner life of man is an enduring life, an evolving life; the man who turns to himself may know himself as the Spirit, immortal, divine, evolving since the beginning of ages, evolving into the depths of time. As the world is one continuous interweaving of evolving forms of life, so is Spirit one continuous interwoven unfolding of the powers of life. Matter and Spirit, Form and Life, Body and Soul—the great panorama of evolution through the animal and vegetable to the primordial ooze, and the first stir of protoplasmic life,

beyond this to the mineral life of the earth, back to the sun, and nebula before the sun, to the unending stretch before that—all this is lit, illuminated, explained, as the school of the evolving Spirit.

Within man we now behold realm on realm of consciousness, grade on grade of exaltation, to explore, powers unthought of, energies undreamed of. The sciences have brought us to a new door opening on to a greater universe. Man is a pilgrim, spiritual, immortal, entering on his ascending pathway. Depths below, beyond the dust of suns, heights above, beyond the glories and mysteries of God.

The disillusion with politics, with economics, with religion, has driven us back to facts. Grouping our knowledge of these facts, we find that we know what are the essentials for the healthy and harmoniously developing life of man, for the main structure of his civilisation, what is necessary for his good breeding and for his inner nature, enough to be sure that he stands now upon the threshold of adventure and achievement such as has not opened out from life before.

WHAT IS MAN?

Spiritual evolution? What does that mean? What is the Spirit that evolves? What is man?

The still current theory among educated people is that man is a physical animal, the product of evolution, that he is born as a result of natural physical processes, and that he passes away from life as the result of equally natural processes—and that is all. The emergence of superior species, of superior types, is due to the

unexplained appearance of superior variations which are selected (naturally or artificially). It is assumed man will grow upwards, becoming better adapted, more developed and controlled emotionally, more developed and controlled as to the mind, and with an ever growing and extending power over the earth, the forces of nature, and the conditions of his own life. And one may well ask why? What is the foundation for the assumption? Favourable variations are selected. Certainly. But do they always lead towards an increasing complexity and adaptability? What of the definitely retrogressive organisms? What of the possibility of degeneration and decay of the stock of man? What of the possibility of the supersession of man on this earth by some better-equipped creature, evolving out of his ranks, perhaps, to become the Superman, or invading this world from some other planet (as in H. G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*)?

Evolution has undoubtedly taken place in an upward direction, producing forms of increasing complexity, and adaptability, forms characterised by increase of the content of consciousness. The amœba knows a very little fragment of the world, the deep sea fish a little more, the reptile, the bird, the mammalian and man himself, more and more. It is as though the life behind all forms had succeeded over an enormous period in gradually building up the form through which more and more of its possibilities can be expressed. Bernard Shaw has imagined that in this way we are now evolving something which will be able to express, not the consciousness of man, but that of God.

L. Haden Guest

(*To be concluded*)

ANCIENT HINDŪ SHRINES OF JAVA

By P. L. NARASIMHAM

UNDER the heading of "Ancient Hindū Colonies," I wrote a very brief history of Java in ancient times, published in *The Commonwealth* of 18th December, 1914. In that article I mentioned that many beautiful and large temples were built there by the ancient Hindū-Javanese (Hindū natives of Java, or Yava D̄wīpa), especially the temples of Prambanan and of Boro Budur. From an inscription found in Prambanan, it was ascertained that most of them, especially the group known as the Chandi Sevu, or the Temples of Shiva, consisting of a thousand temples, were built about the year A.D. 964. Here I propose to give a concise description of one of the important temples, so that we may have a clear idea of what kind of temples they are, or rather were, and of the place Hindūism occupied in that beautiful little island some centuries ago.

The ancient Javanese, like the Hindūs and many others, had their superstitious ideas about most things, and to every stranger that goes there to see the wonderful workmanship of the group of temples popularly known as Loro Jonggrang, the natives narrate the following story to account for the origin of the Prambanan temples.

Ratu Boko, or Ratu Baka,¹ the Giant-King of Prambanan, had an only daughter, Princess Jonggrang; and so he adopted a son, Raden Gupolo (or Gopala) whose father was killed by the King of Pengging. With a view to avenging his natural father's death, he requested his foster-father to arrange for his marriage with the King of Pengging's beautiful daughter. Thus, Ratu Boko sent ambassadors to the Court of Pengging to negotiate the marriage. On hearing of this marriage proposal, the King of Pengging understood its real motive; and in order to outwit the Giant-King, he sent secret emissaries to many places to find a competent person to destroy the Giant-King and his adopted son. Damar Moyo (Dāmar Maya) advised his younger son, Bambang Kandilaras, a young man of prepossessing appearance and great strength, to undertake the task; but Kandilaras failed in his attempt, as the breath and voice of Ratu Boko were dreadful enough to silence any great warrior. Then, Bondowoso, the elder son of the Saint Damar Moyo, marched against Ratu Boko, but was blown off his feet by the breath of the latter, so that, defeated, he fled to a forest. Knowing what had happened, Saint Moyo taught his son Bondowoso a mantram which, when twice repeated, would make him big and strong as an elephant. Armed with this talisman, Bondowoso returned to Prambanan and very easily managed to destroy the mighty army thereof. Ratu Boko's rage, when he heard of this disaster, knew no bounds; and meeting his deadly enemy, of whose strength he had a very poor opinion, lost his life in a terrible fight in which "houses and gardens were," says a writer "trampled down, forests rooted up and mountains

¹ *Baka* means a crane, or bird.

kicked over, while the perspiration dripping from the bodies of the enraged combatants formed a larged pool, the Telaga Pawiniyan".¹ Raden Gupolo, the adopted son of Ratu Boko, hearing of his father's fate, immediately brought a cup of elixir of life, prepared by his sister, Princess Loro Jonggrang, and intended to restore the dead King to life ; but as Raden Gupolo was putting the drops to the lips of the King's corpse, Bondowoso kicked the cup of elixir from his hands and with the assistance of Kandilaras, who then arrived, killed Raden Gupolo also.

True to his word, the King of Pengging gave his daughter in marriage to Kandilaras, to whom he gave half of his kingdom and appointed Bondowoso his Viceroy for the remaining half, thereby demonstrating his gratitude to the deliverers of the country from the tyranny of the giants. Further, Bondowoso was invested with the rank and title of Būpati (Bhūpaṭi) and stationed in Prambanan, where he fell in love with the Princess Loro Jonggrang, but she was unwilling to marry him. Nevertheless, afraid of incurring his displeasure, and with a view to avenging her father's death, she offered her hand to Bhūpaṭi Bondowoso, with the condition that the latter should, before marriage, construct in a single night six beautiful buildings with a deep well in each, and also prepare during the same single night one thousand and one statues of the former Kings of Prambanan, their divine ancestors and the Gods in heaven. Agreeing to this almost impossible proposal, Bondowoso sought the help of his saintly father, Damar Moyo, and of his brother, Kandilaras. All these three invoked the assistance of the Saint of the mountain, Soombing, who

¹ The word *Telaga* in Javanese means a lake.

commanded the spirits of the lower regions to construct the buildings and prepare the statues. Accordingly, these spirits brought mountains of stone and by midnight completed half of their work ; they built six buildings, dug six wells in them and prepared nine hundred and ninety-nine statues by three o'clock in the morning. Princess Jonggrang, hearing the noise of the construction by invisible hands, ordered her maids to go and sprinkle flowers and perfumes on the constructions, so that the evil spirits might run away terrified. This done, the work was left incomplete ; that is to say, the two remaining statues were not prepared. When he came to know of this, Bondowoso cursed her, and she became a statue of stone, thus forming the thousandth statue.

This, in brief, is the legend that the Javanese to-day narrate to visitors from the West ; and this is said to be the origin of the several Prambanan temples. Need it be remarked that this story is on a level with the *Sthalapurāṇas* of the various Hindū temples in India ?

As regards the sectarian character of these temples, I need only quote a writer who had seen the temples and gave a beautiful description of them :

Siva is the key-note of the Prambanan group, Siva, the Jagat, the Bhatara Guru, according to his prevalent title in the island. In the temple which bears his name, he appeared as the leader in the exterior chapel looking south ; his wife Durgā, looks north ; their first-born, Ganesa, looks west. The latter, sitting on his lotus cushion, is represented as the Ekadanta, the Elephant deprived of one of his tusks when fighting Parasu Rāma ; a third eye in his forehead betokens his keenness of sight ; he wears in his crown the emblematic skull and crescent of his father ; one of his left hands brandishes his father's battle-axe ; one of his right hands holds the string of beads suggesting prayer ; his father's *upaviṣa*, the hooded snake, is strung round his left shoulder and breast. Durgā, his mother, born from flames which proceeded from the mouths of the gods, stands on the steer she killed when the terrific animal had stormed Indra's heaven and humiliated

the immortals ; her eight hands wield the weapons and other gifts bestowed upon her by the deities at their delivery: Viṣṇu's discus, Sūrya's arrows, etc., etc., while her nethermost right hand seizes the enemy's tail and her nethermost left hand the shaggy locks of the demon Maheso (Mahishāsura), who tries to escape with the monster's life. This magnificent piece of sculpture, highly dramatic and yet within the limits of plastic art, the unknown maker having instinctively obeyed the rules formulated in Lessing's *Laokoon*, some thousand years after his labours were ended, is the petrified Lady Jonggrang, victim of Bondowoso's revengeful love. It does not matter to the native that Siva has always claimed her as his consort, if not under the name of Durgā, then under that of Kālī or Umā, ever since she, Pārvaṭī, the Mother of Nature, divided herself into three female entities to marry her three sons, who are none but he who sits enthroned as Mahādeva in the inner chamber, looking east, with his less placid personifications, the *Dwārapālas* (doorkeepers), Nandīswara and Mahākāla, the wielders of trident and cudgel, guarding the entrance, supported by demigods and heroes.

The colossal statue of their heavenly lord, broken into pieces by the falling roof, has been restored and replaced on its Paḍmāsana (lotus cushion).

..... Siva, the one of dreadful charm, is everywhere, either personified or in his attributes: he dominates the external decoration of the Viṣṇu and the Brahmā temples, too, in the latter case as *guru*, even to the exclusion of all other gods; the middle *chandi* of the eastern row, facing his principal shrines, has his *vāhana*, the bull; the one to the north his smaller image, while in the third, to the south, wholly demolished, no statuary can be traced The four statues of Brahmā, the master of the four crowned countenances, who lies shattered among the debris of his temple, and the four statues of Viṣṇu in his (a large one with *makuta*, *prabha*, *chakra*, and *sankha*, and three smaller ones, representing him in his fourth and fifth *avaṭāra* and in his married state with his *Sakti*, Lakṣmī, in miniature on his left arm), are chastely conceived in the chaste surroundings of their chapels. In addition to the sorely damaged *Rāmāyaṇa* reliefs . . . they dwell, however simple the interior arrangement of their cells may be, among richly carved images of their peers and followers stationed outside: Viṣṇu among his own less famous *avaṭāras* and supposed Boḍhisattvas between female figures; Brahmā, as already remarked, among personifications of the ubiquitous Siva in his quality of teacher, accompanied by bearded men of holiness. Siva's *nandī*, a beautifully moulded humped bull, emblem of divine virility, watches his master's abode, attentive to the word of command

—watches day and night—as symbolised by Sūrya, the beaming sun, carrying the flowers of life when rising behind her seven horses, and by Chandra, the three-eyed moon, drawn by ten horses, waving a banner and also presenting a flower, but one wrapped in a cloud.

If the Prambanan temples, and especially the one dedicated to the great god of the Trimooṛṭi, preached orthodox Sivaism to the elect of its innermost conviction, while tainted externally with the heresy of the deniers of the existence of gods, the indubitably Buddhist Mendoot reverses the process. This and the syncretism discernible in nearly all the *chandis* of Java, shows the religious tolerance of the Javanese in the Hindū period.

Justly so; for, in every temple of Java, Hindūism and Buddhism are both so well represented that a Buddhist shrine may be mistaken for a Hindū one and vice versa. Further, it should not be supposed that the Shaiva temple of Prambanan is entirely and exclusively Shaiva. For “counting from the base upwards, the third tier of ornamentation” contains demigods and heroes with their followers. Beneath, the story of “Rāma, the incarnation of Viṣṇu, is told in bas-reliefs which belong to the very best sculpture discovered in Java or anywhere else”. Then “in endless varying attitudes, embracing one another, or tripping the light fantastic toe, retreating and advancing, their measured steps being regulated by the musicians on interspersed panels, they represent the Apsaras, nymphs of heaven, adorning the house of prayer to acquaint mortal man with the joys in store for the doer of good”.

Then follow the human birds and mythical animals under the bo-trees, enhancing the charm of decoration.

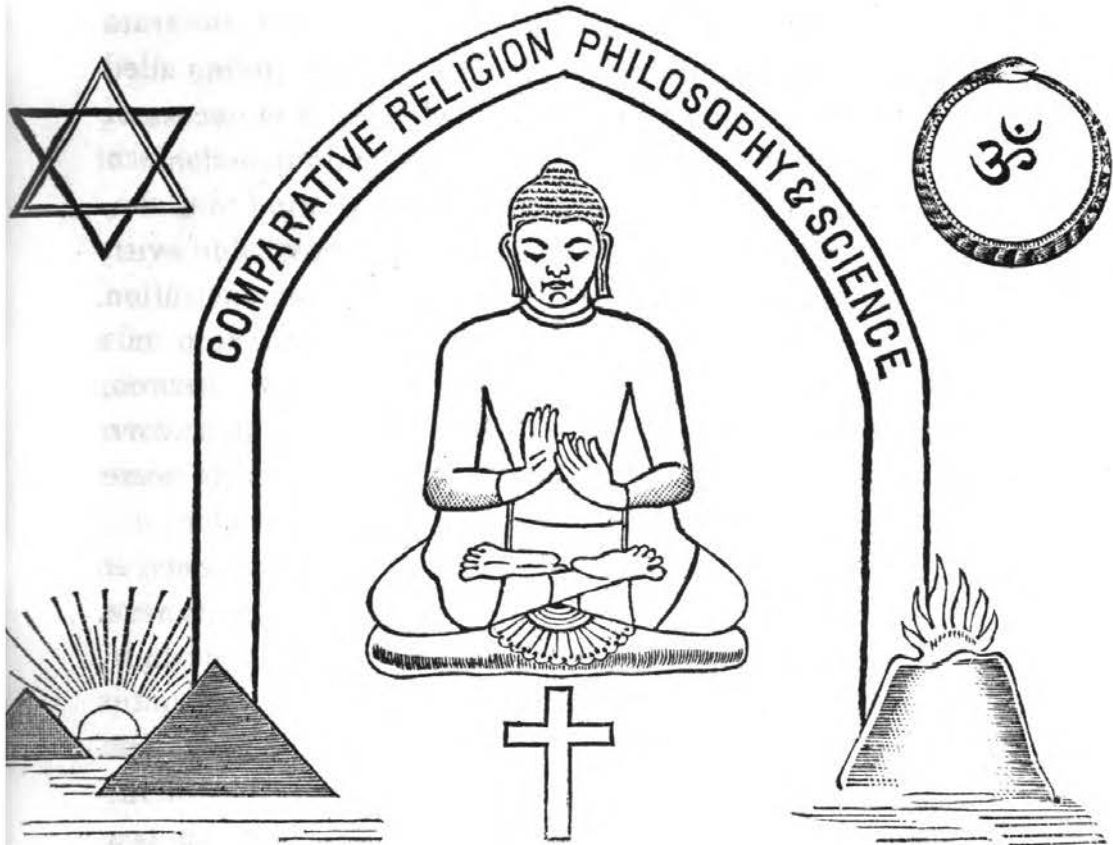
Nor does this wealth of detail, this marvellous display of artistic power, of skill perfected by imaginative thought, divert the attention from the divine idea embodied in Siva, or from the introduction to its understanding provided by the *Rāmāyaṇa*, initiating the beholder's intelligence by degrees.

Then again, reaching the terrace, one's interest, curiosity and sympathy are awakened by scenes from *Brata Yuda* (as *Bhāraṭa Yuḍḍha*, or the *Mahābhāraṭa War*, is popularly styled in Java). "Can it be called an improvement after more than a thousand years of progressive western civilisation," questions a modern writer, from whose narrative I largely quote, "that we, to honour the memory of our dead, make shift with inflated epitaphs advertising virtues in life often conspicuous by an absence which the maudlin angels of our cemeteries, rather than shedding unobserved, vicarious tears, perpetually seem to bemoan on their own account," while in Java scenes from *Rāmāyaṇa* were used to embellish the tombs of sovereign rulers?¹

I might prolong this interesting description of Shiva's temple of Prambanan, of which volumes were written in the Dutch language, but, fearing that it might be found wearisome, or monotonous, I conclude by requesting my kindly readers to note how well, and how much Hindūism progressed in its small island colony, compared with its progress in its parent country, Hindustan or India.

P. L. Narasimham

¹ Shaivaites in Java were always buried, but not cremated.



SPENCER VERSUS MILL

THE CRITERION OF BELIEF

By ABDUL MAJID, B.A.

NOTHING is perhaps of greater importance for an investigator of the science of mind than the recognition of an unequivocal ultimate test of belief—a universal criterion whereby the credibility of any and every proposition may, in the last resort, be judged. Yet there is hardly any question in the domain of

mental science leading to a greater divergence of opinion and affording a larger ground for controversy than the same.

Before examining at length the conflicting arguments and entering into minuter details, it is necessary at the outset to state in brief the main question. It requires no great amount of serious thinking to understand that in all the systems of human knowledge every proposition depends for its truth upon demonstration, which is only another name for the affiliation of a premise on a wider truth, a higher generality. In order to establish any assertion we have to refer it to a wider generality already established; to establish this wider generality is to refer it to a generality still wider; and so on. Yet it is manifest that we cannot proceed in this way *ad infinitum*. We must stop somewhere. We must find something that is absolutely certain; something that transcends all proof; something that is the ultimate foundation of the edifice of demonstration. No matter how numerous and varied may be the polemical speculations regarding its nature, this axiom is postulated in every process of thought; it is assumed in every act of belief. Every one of us must have experienced in daily life some truths which are received and accepted without proof, or even demand for proof, and are nevertheless absolutely certain. When exposed to a frosty night, I am invariably forced to feel the sensation of chill. While looking towards the sun at noon, no effort of my will can make me believe that my eyes are not dazzled thereby. When I have framed in my mind the ideas of "whole" and "part," I cannot help conceiving at the same time that the former is greater than the latter and that the one involves the other. These mental

experiences are obviously of radically different nature according to their object-matter; yet they all have one common feature, namely, the character of necessity—their absolute certainty. The question arises: What, then, is the criterion of certainty? What warrant is there to accept these beliefs without a shadow of doubt?

It is the answering of these questions and the statement of the primary assumptions that being granted, we are furnished with an ultimate criterion of belief, which has given rise to a remarkable controversy. It is emphatically held by a certain school of philosophers that the criterion of necessity is to be found by the direct testimony of consciousness. Sir William Hamilton, the leading exponent of this doctrine, lays down the following maxims as a guide to the test of consciousness:

1. That we admit nothing which is not either an original datum of consciousness, or the legitimate consequence of such a datum.

2. That we embrace all the original data of consciousness and all their legitimate consequences.

3. That we exhibit each of these in its individual integrity, neither distorted nor mutilated; and in its relative place, whether of pre-eminence or subordination.¹

According to Hamilton, the only condition required for a datum of consciousness to be ultimate and transcending proof is the “character” of necessity. And while he considers it “no ground for a certain fact to be impossible merely from our inability to conceive its possibility,” his belief in an axiom is based on an intuitive perception, that is, on the inevitableness of thinking it. In the following paragraph he briefly sums up his theory:

It must be impossible not to think of it. In fact, by its necessity alone can we recognise it as an original datum of

¹ Reid's *Works*, edited by Sir William Hamilton, p. 747.

intelligence, and distinguish it from any mere result of generalisation and custom.

In this respect, Hamilton is at one (though of course with certain reservations) with almost the whole of the Scottish School—Reid, Stewart, Whewell and Mansel. Mill challenged Hamilton's position first in his *System of Logic* and again in his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*. Spencer indicated the Hamiltonian doctrine in a paper published in *The Fortnightly Review*, and thence reprinted in the second volume of his *Essays*, and therein re-stated his doctrine of the Universal Postulate previously set forth in his *Principles of Psychology*. Mill's rejoinder to Spencer's strictures appears in the eighth edition of his *Logic*. The aim of the present paper is to examine afresh the arguments of the opposing parties and then to see if a solution can be arrived at.

Let us commence with Spencer. According to him, the ultimate test of belief is the unthinkableness of its opposite. If the negative of a proposition cannot be conceived, the belief in that proposition must be a necessary truth. "The inconceivability of its negation," says he, "is the test by which we ascertain whether a given belief invariably exists or not." The only assignable reason for our primary beliefs is "the fact of their invariable existence, tested by an abortive effort to cause their non-existence". To him this very fact is the sole basis of our belief in our sensations. While exposed to cold, if I receive its sensation as absolutely true, it is so because I cannot conceive otherwise. He substantiates his theory by two arguments, one of which may be termed (after Mill's classification) positive, and the other, negative.

The first is clearly and forcibly summed up in the following passage :

Conceding the entire truth of Mr. Mill's position that during any phase of human progress, the ability or inability to form a specific conception wholly depends on the experiences men have had ; and that by a widening of their experiences, they may, by and by, be enabled to conceive things before inconceivable to them ; it may still be urged that as, at any time, the best warrant that men can have for any belief is the perfect agreement of all pre-existing experience in support of it, it follows that, at any time, the conceivableness of its negation is the deepest test any belief admits of Objective facts are ever impressing themselves upon us ; our experience is the register of these objective facts ; and inconceivableness of a thing implies that it is wholly at variance with the register. Universal and unchanging facts are, by the hypothesis, certain to establish beliefs of which the negations are inconceivable ; whilst the others are not certain to do this ; and if they do, subsequent facts will reverse their action. Hence if, after an immense accumulation of experiences, there remain beliefs of which the negations are still inconceivable, most, if not all of them, must correspond to universal objective facts. If there be, as Mr. Mill holds, certain absolute uniformities in nature ; if these uniformities produce, as they must, absolute uniformities in our experience ; and if, as he shows, these absolute uniformities disable us from conceiving the negations of them ; these answering to each absolute uniformity in nature which we can cognise, there must exist in us a belief of which the negation is inconceivable, and which is absolutely true. In this wide range of cases subjective inconceivability must correspond to objective impossibility. ¹

Mill's objections to this argument are twofold. In the first place he refuses to admit that "the inconceivability by us, of the negative of a proposition proves all, or even any, pre-existing experience to be in favour of the affirmative". "There may have been," he argues, "no such pre-existing experiences," but only a mistaken supposition of them. "How did the inconceivability of the Antipodes," he interrogates, "prove that experience had given any testimony against their

¹ *Principles of Psychology*. 1st Edition. pp. 21-3.

possibility? How did the incapacity men felt of conceiving sunset otherwise than as a motion of the sun, represent any net result of experience in support of its being the sun and not the earth that moves?"¹

The following is still more specific:

We cannot conclude anything to be impossible, because its possibility is inconceivable to us; for . . . what seems to us inconceivable, and so far as we are personally concerned, may really be so, usually owes its inconceivability only to strong Association. This law of Inseparable Association is, in a special manner, the key to the phenomenon of inconceivability. As that phenomenon only exists because our powers of conception are determined by our limited experience, inconceivables are incessantly becoming conceivables as our experience becomes enlarged. There is no need to go farther for an example than the case of Antipodes.²

Secondly:

Even if it were true that inconceivableness represents the net result of all past experience, why should we stop at the representative when we can get at the thing represented? If our incapacity to conceive the negation of a given supposition is proof of its truth, because proving that our experience has hitherto been uniform in its favour, the real evidence for the supposition is not the inconceivableness, but the uniformity of experience. Now this, which is the substantial and only proof, is directly accessible.³

Spencer has displayed no little combativeness in defending his thesis and in disposing of Mill's first objection. He starts with the warning that "a great proportion of men are incapable of correctly interpreting consciousness in any but its simplest modes," and that "in hosts of cases men do not distinctly translate into their equivalent states of consciousness the words they use". To make the matter worse, this misinterpretation is not occasional, but "with many so habitual

¹ Mill's *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

² Mill's *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*. 3rd Edition. pp. 80-1.

³ Mill's *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

that they are unaware that they have not clearly represented to themselves the propositions they assert". Hence it is quite natural that they are "apt, quite sincerely, though erroneously, to assert that they can think things which it is really impossible to think". And then he proceeds to argue:

Men may mistake for necessary, certain beliefs which are not necessary, and yet it remains true that there *are* necessary beliefs, and that the necessity of such beliefs is our warrant for them. Were conclusions thus tested proved to be wrong in a hundred cases, it would not follow that the test is an invalid one, any more than it would follow from a hundred errors in a logical formula, that the logical formula is invalid.

It is true that people have considered inconceivable certain propositions perfectly conceivable (the existence of the Antipodes, for instance); but the real cause of their mistake lay not in any inherent defect of the test itself, but in their misapplication of the test—in their endeavour to apply it to cases that were too complex—in the fact that the states of consciousness involved in each of these judgments were so manifold as to render extremely unlikely any trustworthy verdict being given. For this test can legitimately be applied only to the relations of simple concepts and precepts, and it is by resolving the complex concepts into simpler ones that a verdict can with fairness be claimed from an appeal to immediate consciousness. Thus the ancient Greek philosophers, referred to by Mill, who refused to admit the possibility of human existence on the other side of the earth, on the ground of their inability to conceive of the existence, had not to deal with any single state of consciousness, but their proposition involved the concepts of earth, man, distance, position, force, and then the various relations of these to each other. Hence

the test is legitimately applicable to the direct comparison of two immediate states of consciousness—a judgment in which the act of thought is undecomposable; and not to a proposition dealing with the manifold states of consciousness and multiform relations between them—a judgment in which the act of thought is decomposable. Once more, it may be well to note that “in proportion as the number of concepts in a proposition is great, and the mental transitions from concept to concept are numerous, the fallibility of the test will increase”.

The foregoing answer which carries with it a suggestion of shifting the ground may be supplemented by another retort which is as convincing as it is ingenious and the credit of suggesting which is due to that versatile historian of philosophy, Mr. George Henry Lewes. It is a mistake, unfortunately very common, to suppose that the ancients did actually feel the incapacity of conceiving sunset otherwise than as a motion of the sun. All that they really experienced, or could have experienced, was, however, only a *subjective* truth, namely, a belief that the sun, and not the earth, *appears* to move. Nothing further they asserted; nothing further they could assert. Their belief in the appearance of the sun's motion was as invariable as is ours at the present day. And who questions this? Perhaps no one can. But to discuss the conceivability of the appearance of the sun's or earth's motion is beside the mark altogether. The point is—has the *actual*, not the *apparent*, motion of any of the two been inconceivable to humanity? Now, while the negation of the appearance of the sun's motion is as inconceivable to the greatest astronomer of the present day as it was to the most ignorant layman

of, say, two thousand years back, the motion of the sun as well as of the earth, when viewed objectively, is distinctly conceivable to us; and there is no reason to suspect that it has not been so to the ancients likewise. Thus we may safely conclude that what was once inconceivable is still inconceivable; that what is now conceivable has been so all along; and that the history of human thought furnishes no support to Mill's dictum that, the test of inconceivability is variable in proportion to the difference in men's education and general culture.

Curious as it may appear, Spencer has made no attempt to meet Mill's second objection. Yet it is not to be inferred from his silence that this objection is unanswerable. We may challenge the position of naïve empiricism in this way: Admitting that the evidence for the certainty of a proposition is the uniformity of experience, the test of the unthinkableness of the reverse remains yet unshaken. For, let it be asked, what warrant is there to claim the absolute certainty for the uniformity of nature? The only possible reply seems to be that there has been no breach in the uniformity of Nature as yet and the individual experience *plus* the recorded testimony of the past ages is in its favour. But what guarantee is there for the trustworthiness of recorded testimony and of our own memory? And is that guarantee in any way different from, and superior to, the test of immediate consciousness—the test of the invariability of our beliefs? Further, in the cases of identity, the necessity of which is denied by nobody, the appeal is made obviously to intuition, not to experience. "A is A" does not rest for its invariable certainty on any previous experience, but on pure

intuition. But why put so much faith in these intuitions? Merely because there is no alternative. So long as the idea connoted by "A" is distinctly kept in view we must invariably conceive it as "A". We can conceive it differently only when the original connotation of the subject term is either entirely lost sight of, or mutilated. To take a still more familiar example from the range of sensations, a newly born infant has as irresistible a belief in the feeling of hunger as an adult who has had a thousand repetitions of the feeling. But the infant, far from being aware of the uniformity of experience had never experienced the feeling at any time before. Now what does constitute this necessity? It can be nothing else than the invariability of his belief in the craving for food and the impossibility of getting rid of the sensation of hunger, until the appetite is satisfied.

So much for Spencer's positive argument, its criticism and counter-criticism. Let us now take his negative argument. It is this: Whether inconceivability of the reverse be a perfect test or not, no better test can be had.

It is our sole warrant for every demonstration. Logic is simply a systematisation of the process by which we indirectly possess it. To gain the strongest conviction possible respecting any complex fact, we either analytically descend from it by successive steps, each of which we unconsciously test by the inconceivableness of its negation, until we reach some axiom or truth which we have similarly tested; or we synthetically ascend from such axiom or truth by such steps. In either case we connect some isolated belief which invariably exists, by a series of intermediate beliefs which invariably exist.¹

To be brief, "that what is inconceivable cannot be true, is postulated in every act of thought".

¹ *Principles of Psychology*. 1st Edition. pp. 28-9.

Mill's objection to this argument is admittedly feeble. The only flaw in it that he thinks he can find out is the equivocation of "inconceivable" in his opponent's writings, and he complains of Spencer's mode of using such ambiguous expressions in a philosophical discussion. In his opinion :

By "inconceivability" is sometimes meant inability to form or get rid of an idea; sometimes inability to form or get rid of a belief. The former meaning is the most conformable to the analogy of language; for a conception always means an idea, never a belief. Mr. Spencer always endeavours to use the word "inconceivable" in this, its proper sense; but it may yet be questioned whether his endeavour is always successful; whether the other, and the popular use of the word does not sometimes creep in with its associations, and prevent him from maintaining a clear separation between the two.¹

Yes; let "a considerable part of Mr. Spencer's language, if it is to be kept always consistent," be revised by all means, but we do not take long to discover that the great master of logic, too, in his turn, has failed to disentangle himself from the snare of linguistic ambiguities. In opposition to Spencer, he maintains that when a person experiencing a sensation of cold says that he cannot conceive otherwise, he does not mean to say that he cannot get rid of the idea of cold, for this (proceeds Mill) he evidently can; but he means to assert that he cannot believe himself not feeling cold. "The word 'conceive,' therefore, is here used to express the recognition of a matter of fact—the perception of truth and falsehood," which is but another name for belief. Again, in the same paragraph he asserts that while looking at the sun he can imagine himself looking into darkness.

Here, at last, has ambiguity crept into the language of Mill. All that Spencer meant to assert was, not that

¹ *System of Logic*, Book II, Chapter vii.

there could be formed absolutely no ideational representation of darkness, but that it was impossible for a person to *conceive himself as actually looking into darkness*, while his consciousness was, on the other hand, employed in finding himself looking at the sun. Spencer's language was plain enough; and it is not a little surprising that a thinker of Mill's acuteness should have so completely misunderstood it. To express the same phenomenon in the still plainer language of G. H. Lewes, "during the state of consciousness produced by his looking at the sun, it is impossible for the opposite state of consciousness to emerge".¹ With the bare statement of this, and, as we believe, the correct reading of Spencer's meaning, the entire force of Mill's objection vanishes.

Apparently, the greatest obstacle in Mill's opinion to the establishment of the test of the Inconceivability of the Negative is, that in the phraseology of its most consistent champion (*i.e.*, Spencer), "concept" is confounded with "belief". But, as a matter of fact, Spencer has contradistinguished the two terms with as much precision as the subtleties of language would allow. He says:

An inconceivable proposition is one of which the terms cannot by any effort be brought before consciousness in that relation which the proposition asserts between them—a proposition of which the subject and the predicate offer an insurmountable resistance to union in thought. An unbelievable proposition is one which admits of being framed in thought, but is so much at variance with experience that its terms cannot be put in the alleged relation without effort.²

Whatever may be the other grounds for rejecting them, and we shall have to reject them presently, one

¹ Lewes' *History of Philosophy*, Vol. I, Prolegomena.

² Spencer's *Essays*, Vol. II.

may safely hold that these definitions are not ambiguous.¹ And Spencer, to all appearance, was hardly ever incautious in their application.

To sum up. We began by seeing that the recognition of an ultimate test of beliefs was the first requisite of our mental equipment. Then we saw that the test of Inconceivability of the Opposite was proposed by Spencer and others but was vigorously assailed by Mill. Next we proceeded to state and examine at length each of his objections severally, and found that they were either answered by Spencer himself or else admitted of answer at our hands.

With this recapitulation, one might see that enough has been said to enable the reader to estimate the comparative strength of the contending parties—that sufficient light has been shed on the polemics of the question, and that we are now in a position to set forth our own constructive plan. Briefly speaking, our observations are twofold; and in general they refer to the psychological rather than to the logical aspect of the problem.

1. Our first observation is that the terms “inconceivability” and “unbelievability” that have played so important a part throughout the discussion, in so far as they are used in connection with the ultimate criterion of belief, signify one and the same mental state. This apparent paradox can easily be explained. “Belief” psychologically is the direct contrary of suspense. In its essence it is conviction. When a man is said to have belief in his mortality, what is meant is that his judgment is not suspended in the matter, but that, on

¹It should be noted that these meanings of “inconceivable” and “unbelievable,” respectively, are substantially the same as given by Mill himself in his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*.

the other hand, he has a conviction, a certainty, that he must die. A believable proposition, therefore, is one of which the two terms stand to each other in a fixed relation—the subject and the predicate are connected together in a certain determinate manner; and they can be pictured in our mind in the relation alleged by the proposition :

“ All men are mortal ;”

“ All men are perhaps mortal ;”

“ All men are immortal .”

Obviously each of these propositions conveys to the mind a sense altogether different from the other two; yet all of them are believable. Why? Because each of them expresses a certain fixed relation between the subject and the predicate; in one case, a certainty that a particular relation does exist between them; in another case, a certainty that it possibly exists; and in the last case, a certainty that it does not exist; and all these relations can be distinctly pictured in the mind. An unbelievable proposition is, contrariwise, one which does not fulfil the conditions requisite for a believable one.

Let us take another step. The proposition “ I feel pain,” is manifestly a believable one, for it expresses that there is a certain relation between my consciousness and a disagreeable sensation, and that my mind fully apprehends it. But this is also a proposition of which the negation, if the words are truly interpreting the feeling, is unbelievable. That is to say, when I am really experiencing pain—when my consciousness is occupied with this particular sensation—my mind is incapable of apprehending any sensation other than the former at the same moment. In other words, two opposing, or even different, relations between the same

objects are simultaneously incomprehensible by the mind, since there can be no certainty or finity of a particular relation while two opposing sensations are vying with each other in monopolising the attention of the mind. Hence our justification in considering the negation of this proposition, while we are experiencing a painful sensation, as unbelievable. But what is an inconceivable proposition? Just the same. While feeling pain, the negation of it is also inconceivable to me. Why? Because my mind is incapable of picturing to itself the two contradictory sensations together—one of pain which is actual, present; the other its negative, which is imaginary, representative. That I may not feel it at any other time and under different circumstances, I can well conceive; but that I am not feeling it at the same moment and under the same circumstances, I find impossible to conceive. But this is also just what I find impossible to believe. This illustrates that the terms “inconceivable” and “unbelievable,” in their ultimate analysis, mean one and the same thing. And this holds good not only of the primary sensations, but the like may be said of all other necessary beliefs as well.

No proposition, then, of which the meaning can be distinctly conceived, is to be termed unbelievable, however much it may be opposed to experience. The truth and falsity of a proposition can, and must, be tested, verified and scrutinised by experience; but believability is something different from truth. The former is a sign of the correspondence between different aspects of our subjective nature, while the latter strictly takes into account the correspondence between the subjective and the objective world. “No man is mortal,” is a

proposition wholly at variance with our experience, and when asserted as a matter of fact, must be discredited altogether; yet it is to be termed "unbelievable," not on that account, but because the mind feels some difficulty in comprehending the relation alleged—because the mind refuses to dissociate "mortality" and "humanity" which it has so long been accustomed to associate. "Whole is less than its part"; "Contradictories can co-exist"; "Everything is unequal to itself"; these and the like violations of the primary axioms are certainly unbelievable; but they are so not in virtue of their being opposed to any uniformities of experience, but for the sole reason that so long as the connotations of their subjects and predicates are kept intact, no mental synthesis can be established between them.

2. The next point that calls for remark is that the combatants have failed to distinguish between the objective and the subjective criterion of beliefs. Mill is at pains to prove that the real ground for refusing credence to any proposition is not its inconceivability, but the fact of a long series of experiences being opposed to it. Conceding the position that inconceivableness represents the net result of past experience, he maintains that it still merely *represents*, and is not itself, the real evidence. "Why, then," he interrogates, "should we stop at the representative when we can get at the thing represented?" Why indeed! But do we really get at the thing represented? Is it accessible to us? Who has ever declined to accept the negation of an axiom because its acceptance would run counter to his past experiences? Who of us has ever time to go through the record of his experiences while accepting or rejecting a proposition?

That the whole is greater than its part, is believed by us as an axiom, not because we have not had any experience to the contrary, but solely because we cannot help thinking it, we simply cannot deny it. Thus, as every one's introspection can testify, the real evidence for considering any proposition an axiom to *a thinker's mind* is not its conformity to a series of uniformities, but his incapacity to conceive its opposite. A psychologist can very well understand that the inconceivability of a thing is merely a mental register signifying that it is at variance with the objective facts; but then to the subject-consciousness this register alone is accessible, and to it, it is this register, not the individual facts of experience, that constitutes the real and substantial evidence. In a word, even admitting that the uniformity of experience is the ground of our belief in axioms considered objectively, it still remains unshaken that taken subjectively the mind's incapacity to think the opposite is the ultimate criterion of all beliefs.

It has been a standing reproach to the Inductive School that it takes no account, or, at any rate, does not take sufficient account, of a question so supremely important, and endeavours to build a superstructure of demonstration on no very firm basis. And while we consider it a bit of arrogance to suppose, as Spencer has done, that those who decline to furnish a test of certainty, do so "because they are half conscious that their own opinion will not bear testing," we cannot refrain from expressing our sheer astonishment at the resolute refusal of the empiricists to have furnished us with any criterion of certainty. But their pertinacity need not cause us to despair. Some of the ambiguities that have so far been a chief source of

alienating the Inductive School from their allies, the evolutionists, being now cleared up, and that without transcending the bounds of empiricism, there is every reason to hope that the reconciliation between the two Schools may be made easier.

Abdul Majid



ARHAṬS OR ṬIRTHAṆKARS

By LALA KANNOOMAL, M.A.

THE exalted souls that have attained Godhood while dwelling in their moral tabernacles by the predominance of their spiritual greatness, and by the total annihilation of past karmas with their widely stretching tentacles of effects, are called Arhaṭs, the destroyers of ignorance, or Ṭirthaṅkars, the spiritual steersmen of the destinies of mankind. The birth of a Ṭirthaṅkar, or his attainment of Godhood, is not an outcome of chance, but a well-ordained event that has for immense periods of time been in silent evolution. Intense, unceasing, persistent, patient and arduous endeavours, spread over thousands—nay, millions—of past lives, must the would-be Arhaṭ make to attain this goal. He must be scraping off scale after scale of his sins ; throwing off veil after veil of his darkness ; unravelling skein after skein of the tangled effects of his karmas ; advancing step by step after repeated reverses towards inexhaustible treasures of spirituality ; and scaling rung by rung the steep ladder of enlightenment. The process, complicated and protracted, involves in its course, a slow and silent evolution of all spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical potentialities. The very tendencies of the physical body have to be moulded so as to build a body fit for the dwelling therein of a Ṭirthaṅkar's soul. A rigid performance of duties towards the seven classes of holy

beings, as described in the Jain Scriptures; an uncompromising practice of the teachings of the previous Arhaṭs; a highly rigorous course of moral discipline, culminating in the evolution of an ideal character; a persistent and unceasing performance of the prescribed five great vows, coupled with the severest ordeals of purificatory rites, which purge the mind of the slightest trace of a vicious trait, and subject the body to repeated baptisms of rigorous austerities and fasts; an unstinted distribution of charity; an unflinching devotion to the spiritual preceptor and his holy teachings; an uninterrupted accumulation of brighter and newer truths; and a life of perfect benevolence to all beings—these are some of the preliminaries for the attainment of the birth which culminates in final emancipation from the trammels of the Samsāra and in the attainment of Godhood. From his very birth, a Ṭirthaṅkar is endowed with internal greatness which, after the period of his enlightenment, multiplies a thousandfold; and the whole universe, terrestrial and celestial, outpours its love, reverence and fealty to him in many a varied form.

The distinguishing characteristics of a Ṭirthaṅkar are (1) his endowments, which are principally twelve, but which with their subdivisions are many; and (2) his immunity from eighteen kinds of earthly blemishes. The endowments referred to are :

I. Knowledge of truths that endure through all time—past, present and future.

II. Greatness of speech, which is characterised by thirty-four distinguishing merits such as purity, lucidity, refinement, depth of sound, harmony, simplicity, musicality, high external significance, absence of contradiction, unambiguity, faultlessness, effectiveness, verbal

arrangement, appropriateness to time and place, accuracy, relevancy. It is reverential towards spiritual subjects, explanatory of the subject to be discussed, sweet and harmonious, justly eulogistic of deserving beings, unprejudicial, unfrivolous, instinct with virtue and wisdom, highly grammatical, picturesque, marvellous, energetic, easy and flowing, descriptive of many subjects, well-worded and phrased, untiresome and successful in proving the right point.

III. Peculiarities of physical characteristics evident from birth. These are :

1. The body of the Ṭirthaṅkar is excellently formed. It emits fragrance and is free from all ailments and such unclean things as perspiration, excreta, etc.

2. His breathing has the aroma of a lotus flower.

3. His flesh and blood have the white appearance of a cow's milk.

4. His acts of taking meals and rest are invisible to a gross eye.

IV. Miraculous effects, which come to view when his fourfold sheaths of knowledge have disappeared. These are :

1. Although the place where the Ṭirthaṅkar dwells and preaches does not extend more than a yojan (four miles), it can hold a congregation of millions of devas, men and animals, without overcrowding it.

2. Although he speaks a mixture of Magadhi dialect, all species of beings, devas, men and animals, understand him in their own respective dialects and his voice is audible for a distance of four miles.

3. A halo of light radiates behind his head and appears as it were a reflection of the sun. It shines with its own peculiar refulgence.

4. For a distance of twenty-five and a half yojans around him, there is a perfect immunity from such diseases as fever, etc.

5. Nor is there in such a space any mutual ill-feeling ;

6. Nor plague of mice, etc ;

7. Nor epidemic ;

8. Nor floods ;

9. Nor failure of rains ;

10. Nor scarcity ;

11. Nor fear arising from one's own wicked acts or those of others.

V. A number of heavenly and earthly phenomena indicative of the feelings of reverence, love and joy of celestial and earthly beings towards the Tirthaṅkar, when he has attained enlightenment. The following list includes the remaining eight distinguishing endowments alluded to heretofore :

1. The heavens show a circle of glorious light over the Tirthaṅkar.

2. A chowar is seen being held over him in the sky.

3. A throne of white crystal is seen in the sky.

4. The heavens show three canopies being held over him.

5. A flag bejewelled with gems is seen in the sky.

6. When the Tirthaṅkar walks, a gold lotus flower is seen being placed close to his foot by devas.

7. The floor of his dwelling-place is spread over with immense quantities of gold and silver.

8. At this place he is seen as having four faces.

9. An Asoka tree is seen to protect him from the sun.

10. As he walks, thorns in the path turn down their points.

11. Trees bend down their boughs, as it were, in the act of offering their obeisance to him.

12. Divine kettledrums are heard with their deep sounds reverberating the universe.

13. Cool and pleasing breezes blow around.

14. Birds fly round him in reverence.

15. The heavens pour down rains of scented water.

16. A shower of five kinds of sweet flowers falls upon him from the sky.

17. Hair, beard, moustaches, and nails cease their functions of growing.

18. A crore of four kinds of devas stay in close proximity to him.

19. All the six seasons give up their unpleasant inclemencies and become pleasing and agreeable.

The eighteen blemishes, or disadvantages, from which the Ṭirthañkar is entirely free are :

1. Obstruction to unstinted distribution of alms;
2. Obstruction to unstinted ownership of things;
3. Obstruction to unstinted powers;
4. Obstruction to unstinted new enjoyments such as flowers, garlands, etc.;
5. Obstruction to unstinted daily enjoyments such as women, apparels, gardens, etc.;
6. Laughter;
7. Attachment;
8. Aversion;
9. Sevenfold fear;
10. Disgust;
11. Grief;
12. Lust;
13. Affection;
14. Ignorance;
15. Sleep;
16. Desire;
17. Passion;
18. Animosity or Anger.

When the Arhaṭ is born he knows the time when he will go through initiation. A year before the arrival of this time, hosts of celestial beings wait upon

him and request him to go through the initiation for the good of the world. He complies with their request and by the time the appointed hour of initiation arrives, he takes to giving in charity immense treasures of gold. With the permission of his parents, if they are alive, or that of the members of his family, he takes the initiation, but there is no teacher to initiate him. When this is over he sets himself right earnestly to wipe off all traces of sin, if any are left, and performs extraordinarily severe austerities. When all the obstructions that intervened between him and his vision of pure and glorious knowledge have been removed, he is face to face with all that is. Infinite knowledge, infinite vision, infinite wisdom, infinite power, infinite bliss, are his possessions. For the spiritual upliftment of mankind, for the steersmanship of the destinies of living beings along the path of righteousness, for alleviation of the sufferings and miseries of peoples, the enlightened Tirthaṅkar takes to preaching the holy truths, the glorious, transcendental, sublime truths with which he is face to face. To him the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the Brahman and the chandal are alike. A stone and a lump of gold have no difference for him; a woman and a blade of grass are alike worthy of his compassion. He is full of forgiveness, compassion, benevolence, humility. He is without greed, without pride, without desire, without ill-feeling, without vanity. He is possessed of simplicity, chastity, self-control, bravery, courage, fortitude, sobriety. He abstains from flesh, wine and all forbidden foods, and is the very Ocean of Compassion. Let others be disposed hostilely towards him, but he is perpetually bent upon delivering them from the hideous pitfalls of the world.

The Arhaṭ is, according to the Jains, what God is to other religions and is possessed of all His attributes. While in a body he is called the Arhaṭ and when he has left it, he becomes a Siddha, one for ever liberated from the meshes of the Samsāra to which he never returns. Some of the innumerable attributes assigned to the Arhaṭ are as follows.

He is indestructible, glorious, incomprehensible, immeasurable, primeval. He is the Brahman, the Supreme Lord, the Destroyer of Cupid, the Lord of Yogīs, the Knower of all Mysteries, the Manifold yet One, the Quintessence of Wisdom—the Infinite and the Ever Immaculate. In his aspect as the Siddha, he is beyond all consumption, old age, death, change, destruction, impurity, form, motion, the Quintessence of Glory, the Lord, the Highest Brahman, the Supreme Spirit, the Unborn, He who cannot be born, the very Essence of Truth, Intelligence and Bliss.

Excepting the Arhaṭ and the Siddha, there is no God, according to the Jains. All time is split up into two great cycles or, technically designated, saws, each with six distinct sections. These two cycles are called the Uṭsarpani (going upwards) and the Absarpani (going downwards) from the fact that in the former, each of the six stages dividing it is better than the one preceding it, and in the latter, the case is the reverse. In each cycle twenty-four Arhaṭs or Ṭirthaṅkars are born for the exaltation of righteousness and the spiritual upliftment of mankind. While they help in the spiritual evolution of the world, they leave alone the course of nature and the causes of karmas to work out their own effects. They neither create the world, nor bring about its dissolution. It is the eternal forces of nature that

manifest themselves by their combination and permutation without any help from God, or any Arhaṭ, or Siddha.

In the present Absarpani Cycle of the world, the following twenty-four Tirthaṅkars were born, Shri Rishavnath being the first and Shri Mahavir being the last. 1. Shri Rishavnath. 2. Shri Ajitnath. 3. Shri Samvabhnath. 4. Shri Abhnandannath. 5. Shri Sumatinath. 6. Shri Padamprebhu. 7. Shri Suparashnath. 8. Shri Chandrprebhu. 9. Shri Subudhnath, or Shri Pushdant. 10. Shri Sitalnath. 11. Shri Srausnath. 12. Shri Baspujiaswami. 13. Shri Bemalnath. 14. Shri Anantnath. 15. Shri Dharmnath. 16. Shri Shautinath. 17. Shri Kunthanath. 18. Shri Arnath. 19. Shri Malinath. 20. Shri Munisubritswami. 21. Shri Nemnath. 22. Shri Arasthnath. 23. Shri Parasnath and 24. Shri Mahavir.

Lala Kannoomal



DREAMS AS DETECTIVE AGENCIES

By M. KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR

SOME years ago, I happened to read some descriptions of dreams that had been successful instruments for the detection of criminals. I have been rather perplexed to account satisfactorily for such mysterious phenomena. Herein I put down from memory as faithfully as possible a full report of dreams of the kind I refer to, hoping that all scholars interested in the discussion of this topic will bring to bear their knowledge

and experience to unravel the mystery that seems to shroud the question.

Let me quote the cases as they occur to me. One remarkable instance of the tracing of a criminal by means of a dream is this. In S. Louis, U. S. A., a woman, named Mary Thornton, was detained in the custody of the police, on a charge of having murdered her husband. A week after her arrest, she solicited and obtained permission to have an interview with one of the gaol officers, to whom she related her dream which was to the effect that one, George Ray, had perpetrated the deed of murder, and she recounted the full details, as witnessed in her vision. The man mentioned was the object of the least suspicion at that time. However, the woman's uncommon earnestness so strongly impressed the prison authorities that a search was at once made for him. After a short time, the man was traced and charged with the crime, the details as seen by the woman in her dream being rehearsed to him. Overcome with astonishment, he made a frank confession of his crime; whereupon, of course, he was sentenced to be hanged. The curious feature about this occurrence lies in the fact that the woman had only seen the murderer once and believed him to be a close friend of her husband.

Here is yet another striking instance. A woman, named Drew, dreamed that one night her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a pedlar at a tavern near Gravesend, which was a place of resort for the sailor during his visit to the town. Early next morning, as soon as she was up, the first news that awaited her was that her husband had been assassinated at that very tavern. Thereupon, she raised hysterical cries,

saying that her dream had come true. Then composing herself, she furnished the police with an exact description of the pedlar seen in her vision, even in regard to his dress which included a blue coat of a peculiar pattern. A pedlar exactly answering to the description was discovered two days later at an inn, six miles from Gravesend. His guilt having been brought home to him, he admitted that he had committed the murder in order to rob the man. He was hanged soon after, his doom having come about through the flimsy evidence of a woman's dream!

Another instance is that of a thriving merchant who left his office on a Saturday evening, came home, enjoyed a good meal, took repose and fell into a light dose. He had a very vivid dream, wherein he saw two men of a burglar band engaged in rifling the safe in his office. The vision so wrought upon his brain that he resolved to rise, go to the office and examine if everything was under lock and key. How amazed, then, was he when, on his arrival, he discovered the door forced and the burglary in actual process! Without a moment's delay, he summoned two policemen, and, in the course of five minutes, the thieves, who were notorious house-breakers, were arrested and taken to the police station. In view of the fact that the safe contained valuables to the amount of thousands of pounds, the dream in question turned out to be a very fortunate one for the dreamer.

Again, there was a skilful forger, a young man, thirty years old, in Boston. One day he made the acquaintance of a rich publisher, at whose house he became a constant guest. The publisher's bankers found that their client's signature had been forged to various cheques. All efforts of the detectives were of no

avail. But one night the publisher's daughter, a tiny girl of seven, dreamed that she saw a man, the very likeness of the visitor, assiduously practising to write her father's signature. The child's dream was communicated to the police, who ridiculed the same at the outset, but eventually promised to watch the man in question, with the result that his lodgings were raided and a complete plant for the making of bank notes was found there. It was then discovered that his services had been availed of for manifold forgeries in the neighbourhood, and he was sent to prison for a long term. The dream is extraordinary in that the child was too young to understand the leading incidents of the business.

Surely, we may say with Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

M. Krishnaswami Aiyar

ANCIENT CHINA AND THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "*The Peony of Pao-Yu*",
"*Flower of the Snow*", etc.)

TO-DAY the Celestial Empire has become a Republic, and recently the President drove to the Temple of Heaven and performed, very hurriedly and very incompletely, those sacred ceremonies imposed upon the Emperors of China for thousands of years. It was a startling innovation over which the Gods may well have wept, and such heresy must have caused no little pain to those Chinese who still revere ancient ritual and still hunger in their hearts for the days of old. The greatness of China in the past lay in her wisdom and the rare beauty of her art. She was never a fighting nation, and was far more concerned with philosophy and poetry than with wars and the greedy clamour for the position of a World-Power. To-day Japan, as the result of her success in the fall of Kiaochau, is making demands on China that have awakened alarm in America, and Germans are busy in spreading wild reports at Peking in which the Yellow Peril bogey is pre-eminent.

Long ago in ancient China there were men who dreamed dreams and saw visions as splendid as those of

the Yellow Emperor : men who, in a hut on some lonely mountain-side, or in grove or cave, sought to discover the elixir that would confer immortality and the stone that would transmute base metal into gold. In those days there were magicians who spoke of glories more beautiful, more enduring, than the pomp and circumstance of kings. Some, no doubt, were charlatans, but there were a few who had lifted a corner of the veil and caught a glimpse of the Far Beyond. In Cathay alchemy had its original source, and from thence came to Arabia. This craving for life beyond the allotted span was the thought that dominated the alchemists of the East as well as those of the West. Material, rather than spiritual, immortality was the object aimed at, and with such an object in view it is not surprising to find that this quest for enduring life went hand in hand with a search for fabulous wealth.

Alchemy is not necessarily associated with that form of necromancy which Benvenuto Cellini described so amusingly in his autobiography of a great Russian novelist in *The Forerunner*. Alchemy is the beginning of chemistry and the basis of medicine, and, even if these old alchemists failed in their dual quest, they found wisdom which they did not seek and pressed back the doors of science. There was something heroic about those alchemists. They sacrificed all for their labour and worked with a persistence that gave a crown of glory to human effort. Browning was right in making Paracelsus an immortal figure. Those who have met and loved Balthazar Claes in Balzac's *The Quest of the Absolute* are never likely to forget the pathos of such a man. "Matter etherealised, and given off", he cried to his wife, "the secret, doubtless, of the Absolute!

Only think of it! If I should be the first—I the first—if I should find it out. . . if I find. . . if I find. . .!” But he never found the Absolute in this world. Perhaps in death that poor, weary soul, persecuted even by his children, discovered the secret which the Almighty in His wisdom has hidden from human understanding. To amass fabulous wealth by the use of the Philosopher’s Stone, to live for ever in this world by means of the Elixir of Life, are not desirable after all, and there were some alchemists who made this discovery in the end. They found that the life of the spirit endures just as surely as the human body must decay, and in that knowledge they found their reward—great treasure, truly, in the heavenly kingdom. There are alchemists of the soul, Christian mystics of all times, who have discovered that the only elixir worth having is not a concoction made by human hands, however the ingredients may be, but the Water of Life, to drink of which is never to thirst again. That, they found, was the Divine Elixir, the Water that gave everlasting life and communion with the Most High.

The teaching of Confucius, even if we only regard it as a system of morality, without the element of religion, has much to commend it. He introduced ethics of as much value to the individual as to the State. He saw the wisdom of unity in human relationships, and no one is likely to quarrel with his Golden Rule. He stressed the value of filial piety, and did much in setting a good example, both in life and teaching, as far as the requirements of this life were concerned. Confucius was limited in his outlook because he lacked a powerful imagination. The Great Adventure,

and what lay beyond, did not interest him. He was simply an ethical organiser and gave nothing to satisfy the cravings of the soul. Food for spiritual thought was given by Lao Tzu, the founder of Taoism, but his teaching was loaded with much abstruseness. Lao Tzu's Tao (Way) was a hard way, too hard for the ignorant man, who clamoured at once for spiritual consolation. It was for those who were prepared to fast and keep lone vigil, for those who could master the Taoist texts, and could afford to wait patiently for the dawning light.

It is not necessary to go into the complexities of Taoism, except to observe that Tao, the Way, has been described by Chuang Tzu as the "happiness of God" and also as a "sacred everlasting calm". The true Taoist, having subdued the ego, entered into "subjective relations with all things". "He who can achieve this," writes Mr. Lionel Giles, "will 'reject all distinction of this and that,' because he is able to descry ultimate Unity in which they are merged, a mysterious One which 'blends, transcends them all'." Chuang Tzu's whole duty of man is summed up in the following: "Resolve your mental energy into abstraction, your physical energy into inaction. Allow yourself to fall in with the natural order of phenomena, without admitting the element of self." There were similarities between Buddhism and Taoism, and something akin to Nirvāṇa was common to the latter. That is evident from the following poem of Po Chu-i, a great Taoist poet of the T'ang dynasty:

Within my breast no sorrows can abide,
I feel the great world's spirit through me thrill;
And as a cloud I drift before the wind,
Or with the random swallow take my will.

As underneath a mulberry tree I dream,
 The water-clock drips on, and dawn appears :
 A new day shines o'er wrinkles and white hair,
 The symbols of the fullness of my years.

If I depart, I cast no look behind ;
 If still alive, I still am free from care.
 Since life and death in cycles come and go,
 Of little moment are the days to spare.

Thus strong in faith I wait and long to be
 One with the pulsings of Eternity.

Lao Tzu taught his disciples to enter into harmony with their environment. Chuang Tzu, the S. Paul of Taoism, made that environment spiritual, and advised all true Taoists "to pass into the realm of the Infinite and make one's final rest therein". At this point pure Taoism ends, and a host of magicians, finding the way of Lao Tzu a very thorny path, attempted to solve the problem of immortality by inventing the Elixir of Life.

To the uninitiated the marvels of the Eight Immortals read very much like a glorified fairy-tale. Chang Kwoh could fold up his mule and put it into his wallet, and by spitting upon the packet make it resume its proper shape. Han Siang Tsze achieved immortality while falling from the branches of the sacred peach tree, and the maiden Ho Sien Ku entered upon a similar state of bliss by eating the powder of mother-o'-pearl. It is recorded that when Ch'u-p'ing was a boy, he led a flock of sheep into the Kin Hwa mountains to feed, while he himself entered a cave and remained there for over forty years. One day his brother chanced to meet a wandering priest who told him that there was a shepherd-boy among the mountains. Thinking that this might be the long-lost relative, the brother set off with renewed hope, and at length discovered Hwang Ch'u-p'ing seated in his cave, surrounded

with blocks of white stone. "Where are your sheep?" inquired the brother. The recluse, who apparently had not aged with the coming of time, uttered a strange sound, and behold the blocks of stone became transformed into a flock of sheep!

Great adepts could fly through the air by simply breathing in a particular way and uttering the right formula. They could do so either in the body or in the spirit for the purpose of visiting the Palace of Jade in order to listen to the discourse of the Immortals. These magicians who could turn snow into gold and fly through the blue sky on the back of an obliging heron were not always infallible and could not invariably control their destinies. Before T'ieh Kwai Sien-sheng took a long journey into the realm of the gods, he instructed his disciple to guard his body during the absence of his spirit. "If," said the sage with profound solemnity, "I do not return to this world within seven days, you may dismiss my earthly remains into space." Having uttered these words the adept's spirit flew away, and his disciple kept vigil by the silent body. It so happened that on the sixth day the disciple was called away in order to attend his dying mother, and on that day the spirit of the master returned to find, much to his chagrin, that his earthly body was no longer vitalised. The spirit, cursing the laxity of his disciple, entered the body of a lame and crooked beggar, who happened to pass that way, and in this miserable form the magician continued his existence.

This mysterious power was not easily attained, and in order to attain it, it was necessary to master a certain sacred book. Ko Hsuan, one of the Eight Immortals wrote:

I have obtained this Principle. Formerly I conned this book ten thousand times. It is only men of Heaven who can learn it, and it should not be imparted to those of inferior calibre. I received it in the first instance from the Divine Prince of Eastern Glory; he received it from the Divine Prince of the Golden Gate, and he from the Royal Mother of the West. . . . Scholars of eminence who thoroughly comprehend it will ascend on high and receive authority in Heaven; those of medium grade who strive to put it into practice will have their name inscribed on the roll of the Immortals in the Southern Palace; while those of the lowest order who obtain it will live long years on earth, roam through the Three Spheres of Being, and, mounting on high, pass through the Golden Gate.

The Elixir of Life in the Land of the Blue Gown is not without its humorous side. It is said that the Duke of Luyang, after drinking the Elixir of Life, rose to heaven in broad daylight. He drank the precious liquid in a great hurry, and, in his excitement, he dropped the vessel containing it. His dogs and fowls sipped the few remaining drops and immediately ascended in the air after their master! Oh, those sceptics, humorous or otherwise, who will never believe in anything that is spiced with wonder and made radiant with imagination!

Before dealing with the nature of the Chinese Elixir of Life, it would be as well to ascertain, if we can, its esoteric significance. In one of the Taoist texts known as the *Hsin Yin Ching* we read:

There are three degrees of Supreme Elixir—the Spirit, the Breath, and the Essential Vigour. Obscure and recondite! Confused and dim! . . . Men are all possessed of the Essential Vigour; this corresponds with the Spirit, the Spirit with the Breath, and the Breath with the essential nature of the body. . . . The Spirit is able to enter stone; the Spirit is able to fly through solid bodies. If it enters water, it is not drowned; or fire, it is not burned. The Spirit depends, for its birth, upon the body; the Essential Vigour depends, for attaining its full proportions, upon the Breath. They never lose their vitality or force, but are evergreen, like the pine and cedar trees. The three are all one Principle. Their mystery and beauty cannot

be heard. The combination of them produces existence; their dispersion, extinction. If the seven apertures (eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, etc.) are all open, each aperture will be bright and luminous, [for] the Holy Sun and Holy Moon will pour their effulgence upon the Golden Hall. Once obtained, they are obtained for ever; then the body will become naturally bouyant, the Universal Harmony will be replete, and the bones will dissolve into the cold chrysoprasus flower. If the Elixir be obtained, supernatural intelligence will result; if it be not obtained, there will be defeat and ruin If this treatise be conned over ten thousand times, its beautiful and mysterious doctrine will become clear of itself.

What is this mysterious Chinese Elixir of Life that is also the elixir of gold and the panacea for all ills, the transmutation of earth into heaven? Two hundred years before the Magi journeyed to the humble manger of Our Lord, a Chinese poet by the name of Szema Siang-ju spoke of "chewing the blossoms of the *k'iung*". He referred to the miraculous jadestone tree that grew on Mount Kw'en Lun, the abode of the Western Royal Mother. This tree was "10,000 cubits in height and 300 arm-spans in circumference," and the eating of its blossom conferred immortality. The word *k'iung* (jadestone) is a symbol for all that is most beautiful and most precious. Chinese poets used it as a synonym for whiteness, spotlessness, purity. The moon is sometimes described as "the lake of *k'iung*". For centuries the Chinese have regarded the jadestone with great veneration, and it is not surprising to find that it takes a prominent place in Chinese alchemy. Taoist philosophers, believing that the jadestone Tree of Heaven revealed the highest strength combined with the purest effulgence, were not slow to attribute all manner of virtues to this precious gem. P'uh Tsze informs us that from the mountain producing it a liquid flows which, in the course of ten thousand years, becomes solidified into a substance as clear and dazzling as crystal. It

may be changed into its former state by the application of a certain herb. A draught of this liquid confers the gift of living for a thousand years, while if a quantity be imbibed, it will enable the happy adept to fly into the air and join the Immortals. Powdered ash of the mulberry, combined with the gum of the peach tree, was said to be a cure for all maladies, and also to confer immortality. Our biblical Tree of Knowledge is by no means an isolated example. We have already referred to the jadestone, peach, and mulberry trees. There was yet another miraculous tree. It was called *k'ien* (cassia) and grew in the moon. Those who ate the sacred leaves not only lived for ever, but their bodies became as pellucid as the clearest mountain stream. It is possible that the Chinese God of Medicine derived sustenance from this source, for he had the extraordinary gift of being able to see into his stomach and watch the action of drugs! Some of us may be inclined to conjecture that the conception of the *k'ien* was borrowed from certain Buddhist *sutras* where reference will be found to the tree of the King of Drugs that is said to grow somewhere in the Himālayas.

The old Chinese philosophers did not regard gold as a precious metal that had always been in existence, but the result of a slow evolutionary process, from the dim beginnings of creation to silver, up to the precious metal itself. Another alchemist tells us that gold is the perfected essence of mountain rock, which in course of time is converted into quicksilver. The change into quicksilver is due to the female or lunar principle in nature, and it can only be transmuted into gold when it is acted upon by the male, or solar principle. It was

this compound, when treated in a particular way, which became the powder of transmutation and in addition, the Elixir of Life, or "the golden draught," a designation which was particularly happy and not without a sparkle of wit. Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, Acting President of the Alchemical Society, London, informs me that these theories are "entirely those of European alchemy. The European alchemists also believed that gold had not always been gold, but was produced by evolution from 'mercury,' the female principle of nature, by fecundation with 'sulphur,' the male principle. They also believed that by carrying the process further one could produce the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life".

Many marvels were to be seen by those who had mastered the mysteries of the later Taoists, and those marvels have been recorded with so much poetry and imagination, with so much tantalising glamour as to lead one to suppose that the brushes of the writers were steeped in a kind of transcendental fairyland. They could listen to the wise words of Lao Tzu and the Eight Immortals. They could, in a merry mood, watch Kieh Lin, the Old Man of the Moon, tying together with a red cord infants destined to be joined in future wedlock, or they could see mountains on the back of a tortoise, or fly to the Palace of Jade. They could listen to the lute-playing of Siao She, or gaze upon the Pure Supreme Mansion of the Immortals.

On Kw'en Lun, a mountain in the Hindu Kush, dwelt Si Wang Mu, the Western Royal Mother. From the mountain flowed the blue, white, red, and black rivers, and on the summit stood Si Wang Mu's palace. A Chinese writer thus describes it:

It has walls piled high in ninefold gradations—upon it there grow trees and grain. On the west there are the tree of pearls, the tree of jadestone, the tree of the *suan* gem, the tree of immortality. At its foot flows the Yellow Water which, after three windings, returns to its source. It is called the *Tan* (gold) water, and those who drink of it escape death.

On the terraces of this mountain were “fields of sesamum” and “gardens of coriander,” the seeds of which were eaten by votaries of longevity. There were also twelve towers of gems, composed of five-coloured jadestone, and, in addition, there was the Lake of Jewels. To speak of the glory of the Western Royal Mother, her azure birds, genii, and fairy attendants, would require the glowing language of the “Arabian Nights”.

We must not dismiss these fantastic stories as so many fairy-tales. Behind these preposterous adventures in the Unknown we can trace a craving after the Beautiful. There is a vein of truth in them all, the essential truth of all-enduring life. These Chinese alchemists tried to find peace in the dark and tangled woods of never-satisfying magic. They eagerly pressed forward with groping hands to the waters of crystalline jadestone, to the peach tree, to the mighty tree that grows in the moon. This quest is sacred, memorable, because it reveals colossal human effort. Perhaps this search, this splendid struggle, this yearning for something more than life’s human span, is answered for all time in these mystical words: “To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.”

F. Hadland Davis

KISMET

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

AT the bottom of Wazdi Bey's garden stood a large tank. Gold and silver fish swam among the water-lilies, tadpoles wriggled between the greeny-brown stems, while on the wall above lizards crouched in the sunshine. Altogether an attractive place and one that Mustapha, Wazdi's little son, found peculiarly to his taste.

He was a child of constructive ability and with his father's consent and the help of Fortunatus had begun to transform one of the garden beds into a pond. The plot chosen was near two thin-leaved pepper-trees and flanked by a cedar. After the earth had been dug out, the floor was to be cemented, a fountain built in the middle and broad-leaved plants set round the edge. The place was to be a haunt of coolness and shade; and Mustapha, liking an onlooker, had persuaded his half-sister Fatmeh to come and, from her hammock under the trellised arbour of bougainvillea and passion-flower, watch the proceedings.

Nor was Fatmeh loath to come. The summer had set in early and the hot days found her disinclined for exertion. The garden with its many trees, the faint breeze blowing in from the Bosphorus and the flicker

of yellow light through the moving leaves, were in accordance with the girl's languid mood. For she, who had been the life and joy of the harem, whose happy voice had been heard from dawn to dusk in "songs of Araby," now held her peace and moved slowly and sat for hours gazing dreamily into space. She was grown thinner, and her chestnut hair, crowning the graceful slender body, made her more than ever like a tiger-lily on a long stem.

This particular day, as if to complete the resemblance, she wore a pale green melhafa.¹ As she half-sat, half-lay upon the red and white netting, her thoughts strayed from the sturdy boy, casting up spadefuls of rich garden earth—earth with a sweet and pleasant smell—to the future. Since Ayesha had gone back to her husband, Sughra Hanem from the house on the other side of the lane had been assiduous in her attentions. For some time she had had Fatmeh under her considering eye. A restless, eager and ambitious woman, it had taken Sughra some time to reach the conclusion that this girl with her beauty and large dowry, was worthy even of her dear Allah-ud-din. He, though her fourth, was Sughra's favourite son, and greatly to her annoyance had chosen the Diplomatic Service. It removed him from the sphere of her influence and made her vaguely uneasy. Allah-ud-din had always been the least docile of her many children, and she felt she would not know peace of heart till he were suitably married. She was now only waiting till his formal consent had been obtained, to summon the marriage brokers and put the matter in train. Meanwhile she did not stint to talk to Fatmeh of this dear

¹ Robe.

one who for his country's sake was living afar off, in a land where not even the public eating-houses could make a kous-kous.

From the little screened window that overhung the lane, Fatmeh had seen Allah-ud-din pass in and out of his father's house and she thought him, if not all that his mother said, at least a personable and pleasant youth. The future, as sketched by Sughra, was such a one as the girl, left to follow her instincts, would have chosen. To marry Allah-ud-din, to live with his parents while he was at the Embassies in Paris, or London, or Vienna, to be never more than a few yards from the old home and its interests, was to Fatmeh, timid, affectionate and retiring, an attractive prospect. She would be able to bring her babies over to the garden in which as a child she had run and played; and playing with them, would forget the flight of time. She looked forward therefore with equanimity, for life seemed to be proffering her heart's desire.

"I am tired," announced Mustapha, suddenly throwing down his spade. "I will sit here by Fatmeh and while I rest you, Fortunatus, shall go on digging."

The little boy climbed into the hammock which fortunately was both wide and strong, and cuddled himself down by his sister. With dark eyes that soon grew sleepy, he watched the spadefuls that were flung up rhythmically and at regular intervals by the man who was at once his servant and his guardian. The garden was full of quiet growth. Figs were ripening under the scanty shelter of the leaves, from a great vine on the wall hung clusters of purpling grapes while to the right, nut trees were stretching their close green foliage over a flagged pathway. It being early in the day, the heat was not

great, and as he dug Fortunatus sang in a low voice a ghazel, or song of love, a song which ran like a thread of fire through Fatmeh's visions of the future.

Altho' I sleep
My heart is hearkening for thy voice
O passionate nightingale of love—
Thou my desire.

Altho' I watch
Closed is the lattice of thy heart
Closed to the lover is thy gate,
O my desire.

O moon of pearl
I am the weed beside the way
And in the drought I parch, I die—
Of my desire.

Something in the voice, liquid, melancholy and yet desperately alive, made Fatmeh open her eyes, eyes with flecks of gold in their blue, and consider the singer. Turkish ladies do not veil before their servants, nor indeed do they take more heed of them than does the Englishwoman. Fatmeh, daughter of the house, was aware of Fortunatus as the servant whom, in spite of his youth, her father trusted. Now, however, as she looked across the mounds of dark and fruitful earth and, with his song still in her ears, watched him pause and straighten his back, she saw him not as a hired retainer but as a man.

"How came you here?" she asked with sudden interest.

The man's mind carried him back to the summer day when he had been entrusted with the care of little sleepy Mustapha. "I came," he said grimly, "so that my master's son might grow up to be a man."

"His life was threatened? Allah!" Fatmeh was frankly surprised. The secrets of the house, whispered

over the braziers of an evening, had never reached her ears. She stooped to the sleeping child and kissed him softly. "Who would hurt a baby?"

"Who indeed, Effendim?" said Fortunatus, wondering how so dove-like a creature could have been born to Wazdi's first wife. "Nevertheless, when there is but one lamb in a flock, the shepherd does not leave anything to chance."

"My father is very wise," she smiled tenderly, "and a good father. Vai, vai, and before you came here?"

Fortunatus, leaning on his long-handled spade, determined for once to speak the truth. "I am a man of no consequence, Effendim; a foundling left on the doorstep of Palamountain, whose wife, Amina, let me feed with her children."

Fatmeh had often listened to the mesnevi,¹ but this human tale struck her as more worthy both of tongue that spake and ear that heard.

"They tell of such things, but I had not thought the mother lived who could desert her child. Was there no clue?"

From round his neck Fortunatus took a leathern bag suitable for carrying a talisman and from it he drew a kham² of dark blue glass.

"They string such on the necks of camels to keep off the evil eye. Amina found it fastened to the sheepskin in which I was wrapped; and for that reason, and another, they hold I am of the caravan folk, those who come and go, from Stamboul to Samarkand."

¹ Story-teller.

² The prophet's Daughter was also named Fatmeh and her hand, roughly shaped, is a common Muslim mascot.

“The gipsy folk who have the sooth and can read the stars?”

“It may be, Effendim!”

Mustapha stirred in his sleep and Fortunatus ever watchful for his comfort drove the spade deep and came to the arbour, “Give me the child, Effendim. He sleeps better on the good earth.”

“He is indeed heavy,” sighed Fatmeh; and Fortunatus, squatting down, settled the little boy against himself. “Now for the other reason?”

“When my adopted father made the Hajj,¹ I went with him.”

Fatmeh’s eyes, always limpid, sparkled with interest. It is the ambition of all good Muhammadans to go to Mecca, but many are called and few chosen. To think that in their midst they had long harboured a successful pilgrim! “The dangers of the way!” she breathed, she who was no traveller and to whom any road would have seemed uphill.

“Many died,” said Fortunatus soberly, “and we were delayed, first by storm and then by sickness.”

“You were in time?” The merit of the pilgrimage would have been lost, if the caravans had arrived after a certain date.

“In time,” he nodded proudly, “therefore I, even I, have stood on Mount Ararat, heard the appointed sermon and sacrificed a sheep in the Vale of Muna.”

“Wonderful, O most wonderful!” cried Fatmeh, and for a moment the look of health returned in glowing cheek and kindled eye.

Fortunatus’ glance was soft and warm. It seemed to envelop the girl as in a glowing veil. Her own

¹ Pilgrimage to Mecca.

sank before it and she wondered vaguely why the day should seem full of infinite possibilities, all touched with glamour.

“Allah kerim!”¹ said the young man, “for I proved a sorry son to my adopted parents and yet—yet was I not punished. I had the wandering blood and when Palamountain returned, he came alone.”

“And you?”

“I worked for Franks on shipboard, earning thus my meat. The ship went up and down the world and I with it till I was a man. At length I wearied of the water and came home.”

“That I can understand.”

“I wanted,” said Fortunatus simply, “to eat once more the food of my own people.”

Fatmeh nodded gently; that too she could understand.

“But in Galata was no work for me. Hamals were needed, but I am not a camel that I should carry loads. I wanted to be in a good house and,” he spread his hands with a characteristic gesture, “behold it has come to pass.”

Mustapha rolling over opened his eyes. “Why, Fortunatus, thou art as lazy as a Greek. The new pond is as it was. I had thought it would have been finished to-day, but, when my spade is silent, thine keeps it company.”

“’Tis hot, little lord.”

“Hot for thee, O Greek, but not for a man,” and climbing down the earthen sides of the small depression he fell to his task. The dark eyes of Fortunatus with their veiled melancholy, their hint of keener, more

¹ God is merciful.

personal, feeling rested on Fatmeh for a moment, and then he too took up his spade.

That morning Sughra Hanem had received a disquieting letter from her son in England. Allah-ud-din told her that he had been staying with the family of an Irish friend and that the friend's sister was a hakima, a lady doctor. He would like his mother to meet this Miss Waiora Desmond. Hakimas were well thought of in England, and Miss Desmond was in other ways the sort of woman his mother would be sure to like.

Sughra Hanem read this devious epistle to her husband, a little fair man, who as governor of a raza¹ had contrived to amass a comfortable fortune. "He must come home at once," she cried, "or he will be giving me a Frank for a daughter-in-law."

Though Rashid Effendi was inclined to pooh-pooh the danger, he agreed with his wife that it would be as well for Allah-ud-din to be married, especially if so eligible a bride as one of Wazdi Bey's daughters could be obtained. He even took the trouble to write to his son, telling him to get leave of absence, as his marriage had been arranged, and would take place immediately on his return.

Meanwhile trouble, as a gorged vulture, had settled heavily upon his neighbour's rooftree. At noon Fatmeh, following in Mustapha's wake, had come back to the house. During the heat of the day she would lie in a shaded room, and one of the negro servants would fan her till she fell asleep. As she settled herself upon the divan, however, Fatmeh felt a strange taste at the back of her throat. She turned in pitiable surprise towards

¹ Division of a Province.

her attendant; and as she did so the blood flowed over the parting lips. The frightened negress fled, screaming; but Fatmeh, still with that expression of surprise upon her features, had fallen back unconscious.

The women hurried to her room. Atiya and Zuleika, the old cousins, had been busy transforming unripe apples into a pink lemon-scented jelly. They left their concoction to the mercy of lesser cooks and hurried waddling from the kitchen. Hajira, another cousin, who had lately been divorced by Zaid, her ill-conditioned lord, and who spent most of her time weeping and lamenting, dried her eyes and followed. Lastly came Dewara with long elastic step and anxious eyes. Fatmeh, fair and pleasant, was loved by all, by the old maidens, the unwilling divorcée, even by the stormy and discontented Hanem. The ancient sisters busied themselves with old-wife remedies; but the general feeling was one of anxiety and distress. Dewara was not used to illness. Even among the mountains and in the black tents of her people, however, she had met this disease of wasting and of death. She understood now why Fatmeh was so languid, why she had ceased to dance down the flagged paths of the garden and to sing—as some said and one really thought—like a nightingale.

That afternoon Sughra Hanem paid one of her informal visits. It was Fatmeh she came to see; and Dewara, who understood that the other was seeking a wife, a well-dowered wife for her son, had hitherto made her carelessly welcome. Now, leaving Atiya in charge of the sick girl, the Hanem met the visitor with a careful excuse. The day was unusually hot and Fatmeh had been sitting in the garden, not altogether, perhaps, in the shade. But girls were imprudent or

they would not be girls. She had, of course, contracted a headache of the sun, very slight, it would be gone to-morrow, but meanwhile—

Dewara believed Sughra Hanem to be actuated by motives that were entirely mercenary and she dealt with her as one merchant with another. The calculating visitor should not discover that the goods she so ardently desired were damaged. In the course of time Fatmeh would be—would at least seem—a little better. For these last months, why should not hope, the hope of love and children and a long life, be hers? Grown suddenly loquacious, Dewara talked of the girl's flower-like beauty. A certain Vali's son, hearing of it, had spoken to his mother. From day to day it was impossible to tell what would happen.

Sughra Hanem perceived that her neighbours had pierced to the heart of her intention ; that they approved ; but that they would not be willing to wait. She returned home believing, not that Fatmeh was ill, but that the girl was to be kept in the background until she, Sughra, should make a definite proposal. This show of firmness made her think that some other candidate must be in the field. Truly the bough was laden with oranges, oranges as heavy, golden and desirable, as that which Sughra had half offered and half withheld. More than ever anxious to take the final step, she was not best pleased when Rashid begged her to wait, to wait, at least, until he should have had an answer to his letter. Impatient of control as she had always been, however, she could not but admit that her husband's judgment was sound. They could not leave Allah-ud-din out of the reckoning. His mother waited, therefore, in a state of gnawing anxiety ; and waiting, remained in

ignorance of what was taking place in her neighbour's house.

Three weeks passed slowly, weeks during which Fatmeh, nursed assiduously by the old cousins, lay in the largest and airiest room of the harem. As it overlooked the garden, it was not screened and the sweet air from the Bosphorus blew in at the open window. Every day Fortunatus, working at the command of little Mustapha, dug and planted; and as he toiled, he sang :

I cannot sleep for longing for thee, O full moon,
Far is thy throne over Mecca, slip down, O beloved,
to me.

The tenor voice was resonant and to Fatmeh's ears, as she lay prostrate, rose, like bubbles of heady wine, his passionate songs of love. The gipsy loved her, but he was her father's servant, the man whom Wazdi trusted as his own hand. Fatmeh growing daily, as she assured those about her, a little and a little better, learned to listen for the vibrating voice, a voice associated with broad shoulders and a languorous glance. Allah-ud-din, pleasant youth, had neither the one nor the other. To the mind of his prospective bride he represented all that was ordinary, while Fortunatus, pilgrim and wanderer, breathed romance. She wondered whether her father could be got to think of the trusty servant as a possible son-in-law? Even while she wondered, dwelling on a glamorous future, she knew, however, that it might not be. Wazdi loved her and, since her illness, had been unusually kind, but he would bestow her in marriage in a way to reflect credit on the family. It would be a matter of arrangement, not of romance. Meanwhile, until she was quite strong, quite well again, she had her dreams.

“If I could be carried out, I might lie in the hammock under the arbour,” she said one day, a little wistfully. “It would be cooler in the air.”

The women knew that their tender care and nursing were in vain, that day by day, though she believed herself better, Fatmeh was travelling the downhill road.

“You shall have your way,” Dewara answered with a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, “a little fresh air to-day and soon a drive along the shore.”

“You always look so happy, Fatmeh,” interposed Hajira enviously.

“This has been the happiest time of my life,” said the invalid with truth. She was thinking of the songs from the garden, of the dream-world in which she lived; and she looked round upon the other women with a smile. “You are so good to me—all of you—so good. Zuleika dear, give me the green melhafa and the little fan with the emeralds.”

Because he was so strong as well as so responsible, Fortunatus was called to carry the light burden. Old Zuleika, went on ahead to see that the hammock ropes were taut; and thus, with little Asma carrying cushions and a drink of tamarind, was Fatmeh borne into the green shadows of the garden that she loved.

“How strong you are,” she sighed in that new husky voice of hers, and the sigh was of satisfaction; for the woman, who does not rejoice in the strength of man, has not yet been born.

A pulse was throbbing in Fortunatus' temple, making dim his sight. Happiness was his, a new, a burning happiness, so great that as he clasped and lifted the dear burden, he did not notice how light, how very light,

it was. Enough for the moment that he held Fatmeh in his arms, that her face, warmed to sudden colour was beneath his, and that he could see her breast rise and fall under the films of green. As great a happiness had indeed been his before—but only in dreams. Now he tasted fulfilment; and for a few golden seconds the cup of life was given to his parched lips. Scarcely knowing what he did, he stepped on down the flagged pathway, under the flicker of the leaves and so to the arbour. Mustapha, having run on with Zuleika, was waiting by the hammock. He advanced importantly.

“I would not finish the pond until you were well enough to come out and watch. To-day we begin afresh, and we must work, Fortunatus and I, or before it is finished the tadpoles will have swallowed the last bit of their tails.”

He turned away, followed by his guardian; and as Asma set out the drink of tamarind on a stool and handed Fatmeh the green and jewelled fan, a scream followed by a peal of uncanny laughter, shattered the pleasant silence.

Fatmeh raised herself on one elbow. “It comes from the garden beyond ours,” she murmured.

“Sughra Hanem must be in trouble,” said little Asma, a plump roly-poly maiden with the eyes of a gazelle. “It is her voice.”

As the sufferer moved further away, the screams and laughter diminished. “What can have happened?” said Fatmeh, little guessing how much the Hanem’s hysteria had to do with her.

That morning Sughra, anxious and restless, had gone into the garden for some roses. A new dancer was coming to perform before her and her friends that

evening, and the flowers brought her had been insufficient and of the wrong colour. She would choose her own. As she walked up and down, cutting recklessly, she caught sight of her husband's figure. Rashid was in search of her and in his hand was a letter on thin foreign paper.

"Mash'allah!" cried she, as she went to meet him, for she saw that his face was pale and that he trembled. Indeed, the letter he carried was such an one as people do not receive more than once or twice in a lifetime. Allah-ud-din, knowing his own mind, but doubting his powers of resistance to family pressure, had persuaded Miss Desmond to elope with him. He wrote to announce their marriage.

"An English daughter-in-law!" gasped Sughra, and swayed as if about to faint. Rashid put out a hand to steady her. Such a marriage was strange and portentous; moreover, it is unusual in Muslim countries for the wife to be considered before the mother; and Allah-ud-din's hasty action seemed as unnatural to his parents as ill-advised. "He will bring me a foreign woman for a daughter-in-law. He will set strange grandchildren upon my knees," wailed Sughra, bursting into uncontrollable tears—tears and screams and laughter.

Rashid Effendi led the poor woman back to the harem. He too was greatly shaken, but unlike his more emotional wife, he could accept whatever came. "It is the will of Allah," he said sorrowfully, "neither thy fault, Sughra, nor mine, but the will of Allah."

Fatmeh left to herself, while the busy gardeners laboured at the pond, fell presently into a light doze. The purple leaves of the bougainvillea stirred in the

breeze, the passion-flower spread its strange blooms, and a rain of crimson petals fell from a neighbouring rose-bush. As Fatmeh dreamed, she heard Fortunatus singing an old-time ghazel.

Fierce as the sun at noon
The wanderer's love.

The sun was certainly fierce and noon not far away. Fatmeh opened her eyes and for a space watched the young man as he bent digging and then rose to cast up a spadeful of brown earth. Alas, that she must marry Allah-ud-din!

“Little brother!” said she, and Mustapha came at her call. “Run thou to the harem and ask Asma for my other fan, the one of peacock feathers.”

“By Allah, I do not run errands for women,” said the boy.

“Not even for me, Couzoum?”¹

“Thou hast been ill—well—perhaps.”

“Bring the fan back with thee.” This she said, knowing that only a week ago she had given it to her married sister Ayesha.

His brown legs carried him quickly out of sight and as he went, Fortunatus put down the spade and came to her.

The air was full of the sweetness of flowers and the bitter sweet of love. For a few seconds each looked at the other.

“While I was ill,” said Fatmeh softly, “I heard your songs and knew they were for me. But we are in the toils of circumstance and there is no way out.”

The man stood speechless, looking at her with those fiercely imploring eyes. Suddenly she bethought

¹ My lamb.

her of the fortune-teller's sooth. "The garden and the cherishing and a silent lover. So will it be until the end." Fatmeh had cried out that there must be more to come, more before the inevitable end. Now, like the passing of a bird, a shadow crossed her face. Was there no more? Could it be possible that this was the end? She recovered herself after a moment. "I am getting better," she said with restored confidence, "and when I am quite well again, I shall be married to Allah-ud-din of the house of Rashid Effendi." This she said in her ignorance and good faith, and because only by telling Fortunatus the truth could she put an end to his silent pleading. She leaned towards him beseechingly. "All my life I shall remember. It will be to me as an oasis in the desert; and if I go first I will wait for thee—at the gates."

The man before her knew, not only that she would go first, but that her going would not be delayed. He made a gesture as of one who scatters the ashes of mourning on his head; but still his eyes implored. She had spoken of his love for her, and she had been glad of it; but in return had she no word for him? Must he wait through all the days of his pilgrimage, wait for the assurance of her love till the day broke and the shadows fled away? His agony broke down the barriers she would have raised.

"Fortunatus," she said at last, a new and more passionate note in her voice, "ah, but my soul failed me at the sound of thy voice!" then as she saw the quick gladness overspreading his features, "I am sick, sick of love, O my beloved, but—there is no hope. It is—"

A look of fear dawned in the blue eyes as her lips became dyed a deeper red. The breaking of another

blood-vessel would bring the end. She sank against the breast of her lover, the life-tide flowing from her and her tongue silently forming that last word in all loves and hates, hopes and despairs : " It is Kismet."

* * * * *

" O Allah, pardon Thou our living and our dead, those of us looking on and those of us absent, our little ones and our adults, our men and our women. O Allah, make thou her tomb a garden of the gardens of heaven. For Thy mercy's sake, O Thou most Compassionate of the merciful."¹

C. A. Dawson Scott

¹ Extract from *Muslim Burial Service*.

CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

That the letter in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST under the above heading should have come from a member of the Society is a little remarkable; and any reply that should refute the views held by the writer of that letter inevitably deals with the obvious.

It is not Theosophical to divorce Theosophy from life in the world. Yet the writer implies that his Theosophy is kept as something quite apart from "his share in providing for the success of the arms of his people". The Editor's sin is that by moving eloquence obtaining a wide publicity, she has, under cover of Theosophy, urged others to adopt what by unanswerable argument she conceives to be the right attitude towards a War that affects, whether in thought or in action, more than half the world. The writer has done the same, only on a smaller scale, and not under cover of Theosophy.

If the Christ Himself, who is the Bodhisattva, the Teacher, and not the Warrior, used in well-known passages words of the strongest condemnation, shall we, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, refuse to our President scope to paint strongly the rights and wrongs of the present European campaign?

It needs something of an idealist to judge ideal action. Otherwise, how measure that impersonal attitude which is always actuated by a keen eye to the welfare of mankind, and by an unflinching love that rules none the less, though not sensed by all? Many who are blinded by "the milk of human kindness" in blissful ignorance retard the world's progress;

others, who severely separate their ideals from their actions, know naught of *Karma Yoga*. Is it Theosophical to be "shocked and outraged" at anything?

If critics would but realise the greatness of our President, and the world-wide stage on which she acts, their outlook would inevitably broaden, and their tolerance suffer a diminished strain. To invite free criticism is not to imply its necessity, or even its desirability. Criticism is good, intuition is better. Intuition fosters, while criticism kills, that whole-hearted enthusiasm the few need, if they are to front the world.

C. B. DAWSON

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Regarding the correspondence recently appearing in THE THEOSOPHIST on the subject above named, it appears to me that the most important point has been missed by both your correspondents. What we need to realise is that in signing future treaties for the preservation of neutral territories—such, for instance, may be the case in regard to Constantinople, or other points, as the result of this War—we shall be overshadowed by Germany's present conduct; we shall all put the question inwardly: Will this contract ever be treated as "a scrap of paper"? What is our surety that what one nation has done another may not do? Or, what one has done it may do again. This is the first war we have waged for such a point of honour between nations. We, the human race, stand at a point where international conscience is awakening to a higher sense of honour and justice, and Germany has suddenly dealt it this heavy blow. By her act she has made a move in the face of evolution. It is not merely the doing away with war that is now concerned, but the evolution of international conscience. If war were ever "an instrument in the hands of the Guardians of humanity," surely it is so now. Naturally, those whose work, as yours, lies in such wide fields may see the need to speak forcibly against what is clearly evil and retrograde; but it is regrettable that so

earnest a member as Mr. Prentice, standing also by his principles in a smaller way, should use unwarrantedly strong language against one, such as yourself, whose life has been given to strenuous service of humanity and the cause of evolution, and who therefore deserves, at the least, our reverence and gratitude.

SISTER D.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

I would like to remark that pages 562 and 563 of the March THEOSOPHIST leave a bad taste in the month. It amounts to this—that our President is taken to task for expressing "righteous indignation" in the right place. The objector is entitled to register his objection, of course, if he "feels bad" about it, but I venture to protest very strongly against the language in which it is couched.

It is obvious, however, that the publication of the letter by the Editor without any comment on her part is a sufficient rebuke to the writer. He stands self-convicted of "bad form".

Aden

W. BEALE,
Lt.-Colonel.

REVIEWS

The Spirit of Japanese Poetry, by Yone Noguchi. (John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

The aim of the Editors in publishing the Wisdom of the East Series—to which the present volume belongs—is by this time well known to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST. They wish to make the books “messengers of goodwill and understanding between the East and the West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action”. All who really sympathise with this object will find *The Spirit of Japanese Poetry* an exceedingly interesting and valuable addition to the Series. The subject itself is fascinating and the book is full of information, full too of subtle analysis, of comparings and contrastings in which the ideals and the methods of the poets of East and West stand out against each other in vivid complement. There are six chapters, all alike in this that in them no words are wasted—a virtue of all Japanese writing, as the author points out. “I ask myself,” he says *apropos* of a translation of a seventeen-syllable Japanese poem, “why the English mind must spend so much ink while we Japanese are well satisfied with the following”—giving his own rendering.

Japanese Hokku Poetry, the *No*—the Japanese Play of Silence—the earliest poetry of Japan, and the poets of the present are all dealt with in turn in a way that stimulates attention and thought. But the most valuable thing about the book is the glimpse we get of the oriental attitude through the mind of the author. Here we have not a Western interpreting the work of Easterns, but a true son of the “old world of thought,” loyal to the ideals of his own people, trying to make their spirit intelligible to men of another race and creed. It is from the turn of a phrase here and there, showing the writer’s interest in what seems to us unimportant, from the casual references which when they illustrate an attitude different

from our own are so striking and illuminative, that the reader will get a real insight into the inner workings of the mind. This little book is full of such subtle indications of character and race; and by them the reader may be led through what seems at first "the twilight land of the unknowable," into a region where the attitude and viewpoint of the East become intelligible.

A. de L.

Specimens of Old Indian Poetry, translated from the Original Sanskrit into English Verse by Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A. (Reprinted and published by the Panini Office Allahabad, 1914. Price Rs. 1-8.)

The Panini Office to which all lovers of Indian lore, literature and learning owe an ever growing debt, has been wisely inspired in reprinting this old little bundle of graceful translations from the Samskrit. The work is so very widely known that it needs no detailed description; it is sufficient to say that it contains hymns from the *Vedas* and extracts from *Manu*, the *Mahabharata*, *Sakuntala*, *Nala*, the *Gita-Govinda* and the *Cloud Messenger*. An appendix gives information on Indian poetical rhetoric. The little book is neatly printed and cheap and we know of no handier introduction to the study of Samskrit poetry for those who cannot consult it in its original form, than this present volume. Where other more extensive and learned works fail to interest the layman, he may feel his first genuine attraction for old Indian poetry in reading this handy and sympathetic collection of renderings.

J. v. M.

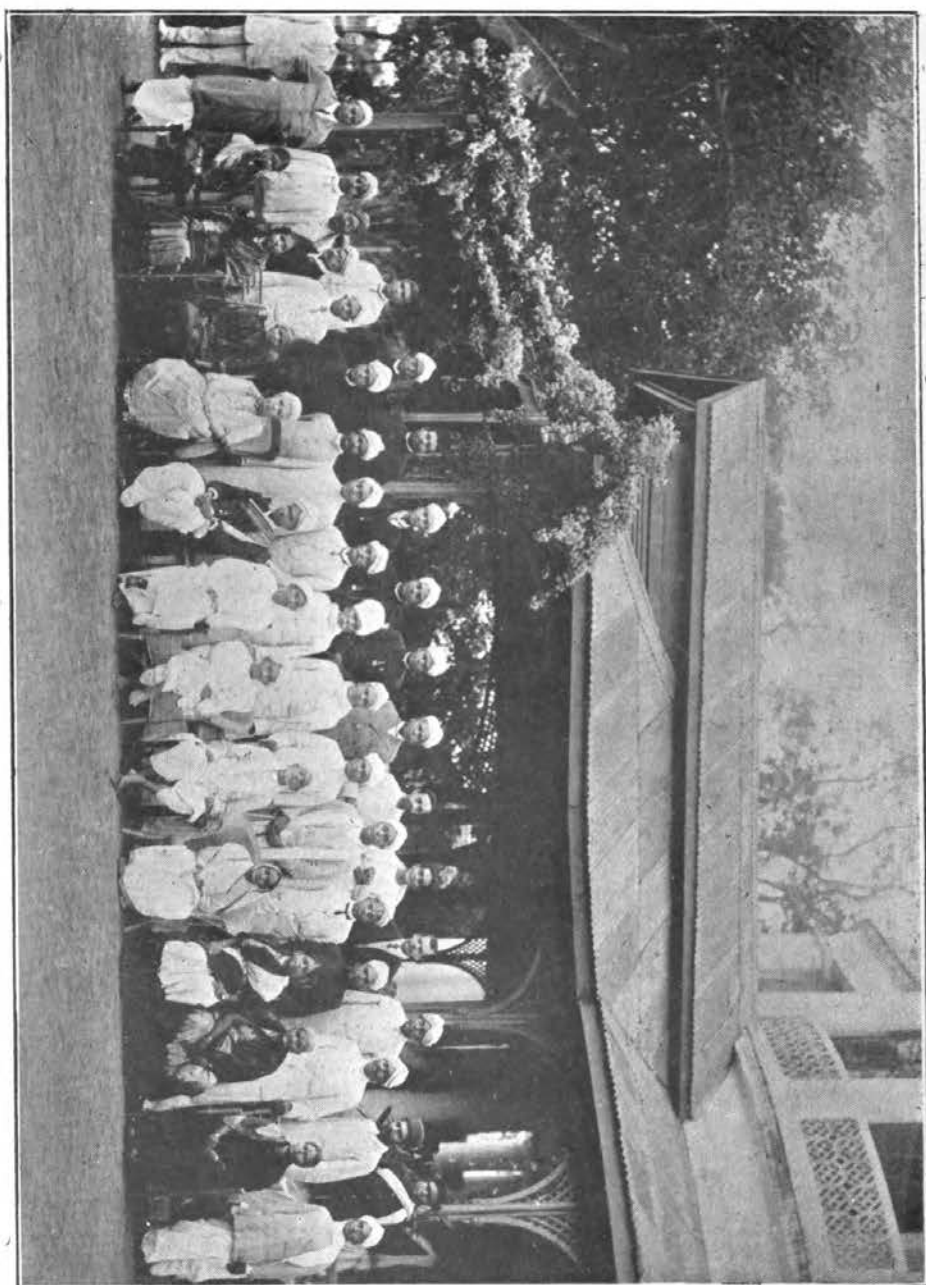
Visvakarmā. Examples of Indian architecture, sculpture, painting, handicraft, by Ananda Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. (The Editor, 39 Brookfield, West Hill, London N. and Luzac, London. Average price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. per number; complete in seven numbers.)

With its seventh number the first series of this very attractive publication becomes complete, and many there will be to whom it must be a matter of regret to learn that with

its completion the publication of *Visvakarmā* will be discontinued for the present. Dr. Coomaraswamy has laid lovers of Oriental art under a heavy debt of gratitude for his unwearied and enthusiastic labours in that field, and amongst his numerous publications, *Visvakarmā* may be reckoned as one of the most useful. Being an enthusiast to the core, Dr. Coomaraswamy expresses his views forcibly whenever he speaks, and to some these views are debatable from many points of view, though always worth listening to. In the present publication there is next to no letterpress, and hence no argument, but merely a series of fully a hundred very adequate reproductions of well-chosen examples of Indian sculpture. Eventual later series will similarly deal with architecture, painting and handicraft. The collection thus put before the public, at so very reasonable a price as to enable a wide circle to acquire it, represents a thoroughly representative collection; and we do not know of any similar publication bringing together such richly varied material and exhibiting Indian sculpture so thoroughly, which is as easily accessible. We have, therefore, to thank Dr. Coomaraswamy for this his latest enterprise, so satisfactorily terminated, and we are amongst those who will cordially and warmly welcome any continuation of it in the future.

J. v. M.

Whispers, by G. Colmore. (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.) A pleasantly written story with an element of mystery to sustain the interest up till the end. The dual forces of love and hate are seen as psychic in their origin and in their effects. Spiritualised love in the end is victorious over the forces of cruelty and hatred; to say more would reveal too much of the plot of a book which is quite well worth reading. *Transition*, by Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans, Green & Co.) A novel of profound interest to all who are interested in the more spiritual aspect of the feminist movement. It is distinctly a novel with a purpose and the authoress undoubtedly has a deep conviction of the necessity for, and the inevitable attainment of, the ends that the more highly developed advocates of "votes for women" have in view, the vote acting merely as a peg to rest these ideals upon.



THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

SOME of our members have a very curious idea about THE THEOSOPHIST, which they speak of as "the official organ of the Society". The Society has no official organ, and has no responsibility, as is said every month, for opinions expressed in this Magazine: "The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this Journal, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document." Were it an official organ, the T. S. would be responsible for all that is said in it, and it would be impossible for any one to express in it any opinion at all without committing the Society, whereas I put in all opinions. Criticisms attacking the President could not appear, as they would then involve the whole Society. Critics do not complain that official decorum is violated when I put in the most violent and abusive attacks on myself; they only complain when I express my own opinions! THE THEOSOPHIST is a magazine which is the

organ of the President of the T. S., through which he reaches the Society primarily, and then the outer world, giving to both the benefit of his wisdom or his folly. Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky, who founded it, used it for this purpose, and most certainly Mme. Blavatsky's vigorously expressed opinions did not coincide, on many occasions, with those of the more timid and conventional members of the T. S. But they interested most of the members and many in the outside world. What she said counted, and people wanted to read what she thought on passing events. However much some folks may object to the fact that some persons exist whose opinion large numbers of people want to know, it cannot be helped. Such persons are to them an offence, I know, but still they exist. The more important the questions that arise, the more does the public wish to know what these particular persons think about them.

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I have watched with some care the expressions of opinion on this matter, and I find that the great majority of our members wish to know not my Presidential, but my individual, opinion on the great problems of the day. Rightly or wrongly, they value that opinion. The other view has come only from strong antagonists of the opinions I hold. Two letters reached me from Sweden, objecting to the November "Watch-Tower," Swedish opinion being pro-German; and those who at this particular time want THE THEOSOPHIST to be colourless, entirely devoted to parochial matters, are, curiously, all pro-German.

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Now I cannot look at large public questions from this National standpoint, for to me Nations,

at a world-crisis, embody the great principles on which the further evolution of the world will turn on the other side of the crisis. For an Occultist and a servant of the Brotherhood to be neutral in such a struggle is impossible. Germany and her Allies embody the principle of scientific Materialism, of the crushing out of Liberty and Individuality, of the non-Morality of the State, which is an end unto itself, and which may and should grasp Power, without regard to aught save itself. These ideals are embodied in books published before the War, and cannot be denied save by those who have not read the books. If these ideals triumphed, the world would roll into barbarism. The Allies stand for the security of small peoples, the sanctity of treaties, public faith, in a word, for National Righteousness. That Great Britain in the past has wrought many wrongs, does not affect the question ; that she crushed Ireland and ruined her prosperity, that her record in India is soiled with the crimes of Clive and Warren Hastings, with unfaith to treaties and broken promises—this is all true. I have written and spoken strongly against her action in these in the past ; I write and speak to-day against her denial of liberty to India now, against her Arms Act, her Press Act, her Seditious Meetings Act, and the like. But in this world-quarrel she is on the right side, and the fact that all my sympathies are with the people she has wronged, with Ireland and with India, and that I oppose her autocracy and its methods in India now, cannot affect my judgment of her action in the conflict of ideals now raging in Europe. I, Theosophist and Occultist, stand by England as India stands by her, because, despite National wrongs, her heart is true to Liberty, and her

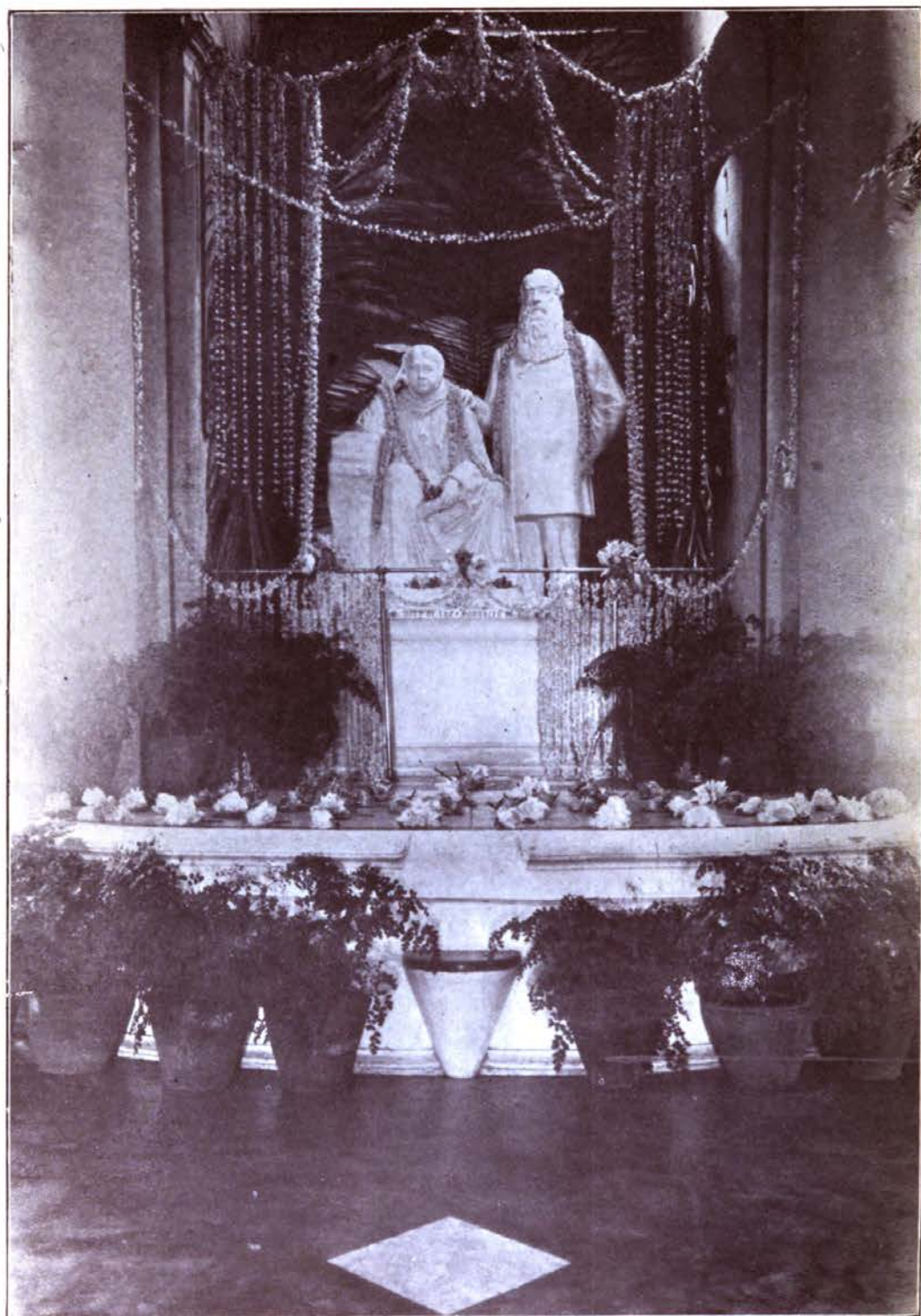
triumph will be the triumph of Righteousness. Smaller quarrels must wait while the great battle is waged, and those who, all over the world, look to me for guidance, *and claim it*, shall have it. There was a chorus of disapproval when I proposed, on Mr. Van Manen's suggestion, to leave THE THEOSOPHIST outside my social and political work. I have other means of reaching the public, but in THE THEOSOPHIST more intimate speech is possible, and this is asked for. In this crisis Britain and the Allies embody the principles on which the Hierarchy is guiding the world, and Germany embodies the opposing forces; the victory of Germany would mean the set-back of evolution, the crumbling once again into ruins of all that civilisation has won, and the building of it up again from its ruins—as so often in the past. Therefore, not on National but on Human grounds, I speak for the Allies.

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My article this month, on "Brotherhood and War" will not, I know, please many of my friends, but thus it is that I see things. Gladly will I open, as ever, the pages of THE THEOSOPHIST to those who see things otherwise. Discussion is here eminently desirable, and the more thorough it is the better.

* * *

Death has again stooped over the Society, and this time has taken away our good Brother Arvid Knös, the Scandinavian General Secretary. His steadfastness, and his quiet unaggressive firmness will be sorely missed in Scandinavia, which has suffered much from the various movements which have split off fragments from the Parent Society now and again. It is curious that these are always so quarrelsome, though the Parent



WHITE LOTUS DAY DECORATIONS

Society never makes any fuss when some of her children wish to set up houses for themselves. Mr. Knös always treated the dissidents with good-natured and tolerant indifference, and went on his own quiet peaceful way, attacking none. How happy he was over the meeting of the European Federation the year before last in Stockholm. And now he has passed over into the peace, leaving behind him his devoted wife, a faithful worker in the T. S. and some sons and daughters, who will, we hope, tread in their parents' footsteps.

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Mr. Rogers and some faithful workers—the chief of whom wishes to remain anonymous—have started a Theosophical Educational Society in Louisville, Kentucky, U. S. A., of which full particulars, with some illustrations of its beautiful home, shall appear next month. Next month, also, we shall have a very beautiful article from the pen of Mr. Leadbeater, who is so taken up with his Australian work that he does not find time to write many articles. He is living with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Martyn, the E. S. Corresponding Secretary for Australasia, and it is good to know that he is cared for and honoured as he should be.

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White Lotus Day was kept as usual at Adyar, and the recess where are the statues of our Founders was so exquisitely decorated that I asked Mr. Schwarz to photograph it. But no photograph can give any idea of the fresh beauty and delicacy of the flowers, and of the lovely carpet of pink and white lotuses that covered the marble platform. The greater part of my own address on the occasion appears in the June *Adyar Bulletin*.

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I am writing this in the train on the way to Kolhapur, where the Maratha Federation is holding this year its anniversary. We are running through beautiful wooded country, part of the Western Ghats, and are high up, and so much cooler, than in Madras, though I suppose we shall presently run down again into the heat. The temperature in our *New India* Office was at 109° odd when I left it yesterday, and, I suppose it will be somewhere about that when I return. Friends from Bombay will be gathered there, and we are sure to have a "good time," though the third week in May is not an ideal time for meetings in India!

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Later

We are now on the other side of the Federation meetings, so I may as well report. Kolhapur is a delightfully wooded city, with avenues for roads in which the arching branches meet over head, and with pretty public buildings in large compounds, richly planted with trees and flowers. Only in the business part of the town are the trees pushed away. It is ruled over by a descendant of Shivāji, the great warrior-chief of Maharashtra, and its people, like Mahrathas in general, are strong and robust in body, and keen, shrewd and powerful in mind. Religion and politics are to them the two aspects of patriotism, Hindūism being wrought into their very blood. Mr. G. K. Gokhale offers one of their finest types, men of whom any Nation might be proud.

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Our meetings were densely thronged through the three days of the Federation, and I lectured on "The

Value of Theosophy to India," "Eastern and Western Science," and "Why We Believe in the Coming of a World-Teacher". As Theosophy spreads through Maharashtra, it should bring out all that is noblest in its virile race, and check its harsher side.

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Friends will be interested in the picture of some of the guests at our party in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi, at the Blavatsky Gardens in Headquarters. The party was under the great Banyan tree so familiar to our readers, and the photograph was taken near the bungalow. Sir S. Subramaniam sits in the centre, with Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi on his right and left. Practically all the leading Indians of Madras—Hindūs and Musalmāns—were present, and we had a very pleasant two hours. Little tables were scattered under the wide-spreading hospitable branches of the great tree, and people ate fruits and cakes and savouries and ices—all Indian—in the friendliest way. There is always something very friendly about our Headquarters "At Homes," and people enjoy the camaraderie and absence of formality that prevail.

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The article by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa raises many interesting points, but there is one which I should like to make clear; and that is that, as a matter of fact, I decline to give any advice at all on disputed T. S. matters, unless some great conflict of principle arises, as in the present War, and then I give it publicly. It seems to me that the Head of the E. S., whether President or not, ought not to advise in Sectional crises where the dispute "involves no real principle," for such advice carries so many with it that it may easily decide

the matter in question, and an uneasy feeling may arise in the T. S. that some secret agency is "pulling the strings," and that the vote is not a straight vote. As President, also, I have no right to advise on Sectional disputes, which should be settled by the local workers. Each side wants to use the President as a club to knock the other side down, whereas my duty seems to me to be to accept whatever officer a Section gives me as colleague, and not to advise on one side or another in a contested election. Neither as President, nor as Head of the E. S., will I advise in favour of any candidate for any elective office. I am told that a private letter of mine, referring to a private quarrel and expressing a wish that it might cease, has been used as implying approval of one party to the quarrel and disapproval of the other, and so as bearing on an election, with which it had nothing to do. A Section is autonomous, and autonomy would be a farce if a President should throw his weight on one side or the other in a contested election.



BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

By ANNIE BESANT

IT is natural that members of the Theosophical Society, recognising that their organisation exists for the spreading of the realisation of Brotherhood among men, should feel themselves puzzled as to what to do in the state of War, which prevails over Europe to-day, in face of the obvious danger of a triumph of the military ideal, the no less obvious duty of defending a small Nation whose neutrality Britain had guaranteed, and the carrying out of the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

Can we, by a survey of "the things most surely believed among us" who are Theosophists, clarify to any extent our ideas on the tremendous conflict which seems to exist at first sight between Brotherhood and War?

1. Universal Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature, not a theory, nor an ideal. Men *are* brothers, sharers of one Life, partakers of one divine Nature, ensouled by one Spirit, feeling in common pain and pleasure, sorrow and joy. This Brotherhood, inhering in a common nature, man can neither make nor destroy. He may recognise or may disregard it; he may affirm or may deny it; he may realise or may negate it; let him do as he will, it remains unchanged; it is a FACT, ever-existing.

2. No less a Fact is War, in the history and evolution of the human race. Looking back over human history we see a long succession of Wars. I am not saying whether Wars should or should not have occurred, whether they were good or evil. At present, I merely note the necessarily admitted fact that no period of human history has long been free from War. The story of the Nations is a story of ever-recurring Wars. War is a FACT, ever-reappearing.

3. God, Īshvara, Allah—call Him by what name you will—is a Fact; Nature is His Self-Expression; Evolution is His Plan; the laws of Nature are the laws of such part of Him, as is manifested in our universe; life and death are His methods; joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains are His tools—the tools of the Supreme Artist—in fashioning the crude material into the perfect masterpiece embodying His idea; the worlds are His studio, crowded with unfinished models, with hints of exquisite future beauty here and there. For us, who believe in Universal Brotherhood, God is a FACT, ever-present, ever-immanent.

4. The Hierarchy of Perfected Men is a Fact, the Guardians of Humanity, the Elder Brothers of our

Race. Their strong Hands guide ; Their lucid Wisdom directs ; Their perfect Love chooses the best Path for the treading ; They are the means whereby the divine Will, incarnating in Them, renders itself operative in our world. The Hierarchy's guidance of the human Race is a FACT, ever-existent, ever-potent.

These are the four great Facts which we have to face ; none of them can be excluded ; none of them can be ignored ; we must accept each of them in all its bearings, and either succeed in basing on *all* of them a rational theory, or confess that our philosophy is inadequate to render life intelligible, too restricted to embrace all facts within its sweep. The end of philosophy is to put an end to pain, and most of all to that keenest pain of all, the anguish of living in a world intellectually and morally unintelligible.

Our problem is :

In a world in which men are Brothers, a world emanated from and maintained by God, guided by His Will embodied in a Hierarchy of Men made perfect, how does War come to be an often-repeated event, an event which is evidently a recurring factor in evolution ?

We may at once say that War is an evil, and that the problem of its existence is part of the problem of the existence of Evil. From the standpoint of the Occultist Evil is Ignorance, and therefore negative and relative ; Ignorance is to be gradually gotten rid of by Knowledge, Knowledge being attainable by experience ; Evolution is the passage from Ignorance to Knowledge, from the nescience of the stone to the omniscience of Brahman, the Supreme Self. At any point in this age-long evolution Evil, Ignorance, will be present,

and the more or less of it, relatively to the good, will depend on the actual stage of evolution under inspection. Until perfect knowledge is reached some evil will remain, mingled with the good, and all action being necessarily a mingling of good and evil, the rightness or wrongness of any given action will depend on the predominance of the Right in it at the time of its occurrence, Right being that which subserves Evolution, God's Plan for His world.

War is a recurring fact in Evolution, in a world God-planned and guided by the Hierarchy; in some way, then, the good to be gained thereby, the purpose to be subserved, must predominate over the obvious evil of it, the hatred, the bloodshed, the widespread ruin and desolation wrought by it. In our sight spreads a suffering intolerable, inexcusable. But "larger, kinder eyes than ours," the eyes of Wisdom and of Love, the eyes of the Hierarchy which includes the Saviours of the world, the Bodhisattvas, the Christs, gaze on it all calmly, seeing its use and end. Can we lift ourselves above the welter of agony, and catch a glimpse of the larger view?

"The Universe exists for the sake of the Self," for the sake of the Spirit Eternal, dwelling in all forms, and unfolded most in our world, in men. The forms are born and die; they are garments which are outgrown, outworn, in the ceaseless expansion of the Spirit; births and deaths succeed each other on the turning wheel of evolution as it rolls along its appointed groove; death is necessary to break away the shell that cramps the further expansion of the deathless Spirit; birth is necessary to clothe him in new garment fit for the expanded life, and shaped so as to be

fitted for his further expansion. Very perfect the plan, seen from the view-point of the Spirit, in whose endless life births and deaths are welcome recurring incidents, subserving his unfolding powers.

War, from the view-point of the body, is a horror of mutilation, agony and death. War, from the view-point of the Self is an opportunity to acquire in a few days, weeks, months, qualities that otherwise would take lives in the winning. From *that* view-point, it may be well worth while. For to sacrifice the body utterly on the altar of the Country; to face death in the spring-time of youth or the full strength of manhood's prime; to risk lifelong mutilation, far worse than death, giving up the joy of lithe activity for the trailing step of injured limb or incurable mutilation; what is this, but to leap at a bound up the ladder of evolution, to outstrip lives of slow drudgery of growth by one splendid spring into heroism? Even under the fury of the charge and the crashing blow in the captured trench, how little there is of hate may be seen by the swift outflow of pity and help, as when a man catches up a wounded enemy and at the risk of his own life saves that of his foe. A stricken Scot, German, and Frenchman, lying near together, mortally wounded, share water and morphia with each other ere they die.

Many, too are the lessons being learned of comradeship between noble and peasant, university man and shop assistant, as they march, enjoy, suffer, share, fight, side by side. The gulfs between classes are being filled up on the battle-fields, not to be dug again in times of peace. The old comrades will make a New Britain when they return; a true

Democracy, such as the world has never seen, is being born in the battle-fields of Flanders. A century of "peace"-struggle would not have brought what War is doing in a few months, and the strife between capital and labour, classes and masses, would have left behind it bitter rancours and hatred, where the comradeship of War will send back to build the New Britain men who have learned to love, to respect, to trust each other, in the strife and peril of the battle-field. In the furnace of War are being smelted together the materials for the new Democratic Empire, the Empire of the Free.

The rivalries born of trade struggles and jealousies in time of peace are more prolific of hate than are wars. The ghastly hate of Germany against England is born of trade envy ; they feel no hate against the French, whom they fought with forty-five years ago. A century ago, Britain and France were locked in death-grips ; they fight side-by-side to-day, belauding each other's virtues. France and Britain fought Russia sixty years ago ; they fight together now.

It is interesting to note the result of invasions, and the benefits reaped by each Nation when the strife is over ; Greece invaded India, and Indian Art for ages bears the mark of her fingers, while the Greeks carried home some of the thought of India. The Saracens fought with Europe, and left with her Persian thought and the institution of Chivalry. The Moors conquered southern Spain, and left there their exquisite architecture, while Europe went to school under their teachings. Nations fight for brief space, with bloodshed and manifold horrors ; these all sink into the all-forgiving earth and are forgotten, while both are permanently enriched by exchange of the things which endure. Wars have

distributed among many Nations the treasures of each in turn, to the profit and increased enjoyment of all.

Moreover, there is one great purpose served by War: it puts on the world-stage, in a dramatic, startling way, wrongs that exist unnoticed in time of peace, forcing them on public view in a fashion that shows them in their true light, and that cannot be ignored. Britain has been stirred with horror by the ruin of many girls and women by German soldiers, and rightly stirred. But what of the horrors of the White Slave Traffic? What of the young village maidens seduced by "gentlemen," taken up to town for a few weeks of gaiety, and then thrown off, to sink lower and lower? What of girls decoyed away, imprisoned in houses of ill fame, starved, beaten into surrender, outraged a dozen times a night? Are these thousands less worthy of pity than the ruined girls of England and Belgium, the prey of German soldiers, and are the crimes of the Britons less because not done in the hot fury of passions roused by war? War shows out in a striking awful way the daily horror that goes on in our midst, perchance to arouse some to the wickedness that goes unchecked, condoned—the ruin of countless girls by the lusts of men.

Again, more than 6,000 women, probably very many more—there are over 2,000 in one country borough—are expecting to become mothers, the motherhood due to the great armies conjured up in Britain by the War. *The Morning Post*, most respectable of papers, has printed a letter from Mr. Robert McNeill, dated from the Carlton Club, under the heading: "An Urgent War Problem". Many of the "prospective mothers" are,

he says, "little more than children themselves". He writes:

Now, sir, these facts open up a prospect which, unhappy under any circumstances, will be nothing short of disastrous unless men of authority in Church and State resolve without delay to prepare for it and to handle it with all the wisdom, courage, and boldness they can command. It is just such a problem as the British public is prone to hide away, and to say and think as little about as possible. But to ignore or conceal the truth would be moral cowardice of the deepest dye. To allow events to take their own course, without recognising an imperative public duty towards the young unmarried mothers and their offspring, would be a national crime. It is not as if we were merely faced with the problem of illegitimacy on an unexampled scale, and in an acuter form, than ever before. All the circumstances are unprecedented. Sacred as are human life and character at all times, the present wastage of the most vigorous of our manhood sets a stamp of exceptional value on the approaching increment of population. No effort should be spared to secure that these children come into the world under healthy conditions, and are reared so as to be a credit, both morally and physically, to the country; and it is not less imperative that the mothers, both for the children's sake and their own, should be saved from the degradation which too often follows a single lapse from virtue. We must resolutely cast aside established theories, prejudices, and formulas about "setting a premium on immorality". In the middle of a national life-and-death struggle, even the most censorious—and especially those pious personages who exhort us to forgive the bestiality of our enemies—may surely look upon the frailty of our own men and women with an eye of sympathy and forgiveness undarkened by blame. Very many of the men whose children are about to be born have already amply redeemed their fault by giving their lives for their country and for us; and it will never be possible to bring home responsibility for their error to any who may ultimately survive the battle-field. But let it be frankly acknowledged that the women are no more blameworthy than the men. The strictest justice, then, demands for the women complete and whole-hearted forgiveness, sympathy, and assistance.

Mr. McNeill, after a few sympathetic words about the mothers, goes on :

What about the children, who will form an appreciable proportion of the next generation of Englishmen? Are they, the offspring of the heroes of the Marne, of Ypres, of

Neuve-Chapelle, to carry through life the stigma of shame for "irregular" birth? Are they, who on eugenic principles should be the most virile of our race, to be handicapped from the start by impoverishment both of physical constitution and of moral character, through the ignorance, prejudice, and injustice of their earliest environment?

A certain amount of charitable amateur effort is being made to meet the needs of the case, by ladies who have become aware of the facts. These ladies propose to start "schools for mothers," where the girls may learn how to care for their own health and that of their babies, and may also be helped to preserve their self-respect. This is the right spirit, and a move in the right direction. But it must fall far short of the requirements. What is wanted is for the religious leaders of the nation, in the first place, to come forward with an honest and courageous pronouncement that under existing circumstances the mothers of our soldiers' children are to be treated with no scorn or dishonour, and that the infants themselves should receive a loyal and unashamed welcome. In the second place, the Government should at once pass legislation drastically reforming—even if only as a temporary measure—the laws of bastardy. It also has to be considered how provision is to be made for the fatherless children, whose girl-mothers have no separation allowance, no separate homes of their own, and no means of support. If nothing is done, thousands of them will fall upon the rates. Better that they should be boldly adopted as the honourable children of the State, than that they should slink through life as the children of shame and the parish.

The Christian Commonwealth speaks out vigorously as to the National duty :

At such a crisis as this in the history of the Nation to treat any mother with harshness, or to leave her and her child in unsympathetic or unskilled hands, would be unpardonable folly and inexpiable crime. We hold it is our duty as a Nation to safeguard the home, marriage, and our young womanhood to the utmost of our powers, but, when all we can do fails, to give birth is not a crime ; all mothers and all children are sacred.

"*All mothers and all children.*" Will not the pressure of the War press upon the Nation its duty to all illegitimate children and not alone to these? The wastage of child-life is still terrible. Two-thirds of the children, Mr. Samuel said at Bradford the other day, die before or shortly after birth in some towns. War

makes child-life more precious, and the care begun in time of War from direful necessity will extend and will become habitual.

The problem once faced, cannot hereafter be ignored, and other aspects of the sex problem will be forced on the attention of Great Britain as they have never been before. The tremendous wastage of prospective fathers will be another fact to be dealt with. How are the depleted ranks of the masculine population to be refilled ?

Leaving aside the economic problems of State power over industry, its right to seize and control manufactures and food, leading directly into Socialism, consider the effect of the War on the condition of women. They have changed their whole position in the social order ; they have enrolled for National service at the request of the Government ; there are some Women Regiments, the excellence of whose drill is said to be remarkable ; they have shown very high powers of organisation and administration ; they are serving in many new trades, as motor drivers, van drivers, and the like. Mr. Massingham thinks they should be the re-shapers of politics, and it is certain that they have taken a position in public life from which they will never again be dislodged. They prepared themselves in their huge organisations for Labour and Suffrage, and have seized the opportunity created by the War.

So also with India ; by her soldiers, by her extraordinary generosity in money, by her strenuous support of the Empire, and the putting aside of her own wrongs, she has taken advantage of the War to show her value. She is being badly used in return : by the refusal of a Council to the United Provinces, and of a High Court

to Lahore ; by the passing of a so-called Public Defence Act, which enables the Police to recklessly arrest by hundreds, and then release all but a few ; by the feeble resolution on "Self-Government," if the word can be used in such connexion ; by the rejection of her Volunteers ; by all these the old bad policy is continued, and the emptiness of all the fine phrases is shown. But India is resolute to endure even these additional provocations. For she knows that her position will be enormously strengthened by the War. She too has seized the opportunity to show unexampled generosity and patience.

It cannot reasonably be maintained, as some are maintaining, that the War is the condemnation of western civilisation especially, for every civilisation known to history has had many wars. Ancient India was very often engaged in War, and mediæval India was continually fighting. Egypt, Persia, Assyria, Greece, Rome—what civilisation ever kept the peace ? What is true is that this War is showing on a tremendous scale the failure of modern civilisation to do *better* than the older ones. All its humanitarianism, its talk about liberty, of the rights of peoples, of the comity of Nations, of education, of philanthropy—all leaves unaffected the tendency to savage outbreak of carnage and ruin. Science, the boasted benefactor, has added to War unimaginable horrors, new weapons, new forces of destruction, a power to slay multiplied a thousand-fold. Men of science appear as death-dealers, men's worst enemies ; the splendid powers of the human brain, its skill in investigation, in discovery, in invention, are all consecrate to murder and torture on the hugest scale. We see on the battle-fields of Europe

the proof that knowledge unguided by conscience is a curse to humanity, a veritable tree of death. Rightly did a Master refuse to unveil Nature's hidden powers until the human conscience was more developed.

Let me say here, though it may raise much disapproval, that I do not find myself able to agree with those who themselves use science to destroy life, as far as they can, but blame the Germans when, with more knowledge, they go "one worse"—one cannot say "one better". The Hague Conventions say that certain things ought not to be used, and if States accept these Conventions they ought to abide by them. But when the British used lyddite shells against the Boers, they were very proud of their destructive effects and their intolerable green fumes. Why are poisonous gases morally worse than shrapnel, and trench mortars, and hand-grenades? Probably the first people who used gunpowder against bows and arrows were regarded as peculiarly brutal. But it is all brutal and abominable together, and War is essentially murder and torture.

The distinction between combatants and non-combatants is intelligible; the useless murder of fishermen and travellers by blowing up their boats and ships is abominable, having no bearing on the outcome of the War; the obligation to treat prisoners of War with decency, to care for the wounded, to respect the honour of women, the lives of the aged, the women, the children, this is all rational. These soften the horrors of War, and confine them to the actual fighters who go into the field of free choice or by compulsion, and in either case go with the intention of wounding and killing each other. Among these, the methods of

wounding and killing seem to be labelled as permissible or non-permissible by convention rather than on any intelligible principle—but this by the way.

To recognise all these facts is not to hope that War will continue to be a factor in Evolution, but only to recognise the part it has played in the past, and so to understand why War has been so constant a factor in Human Evolution. It renders it intelligible, and to me, I must admit, to understand a thing is to remove a painful mental strain. The unintelligible is the intolerable.

I submit then that in this world, God-emanated and God-sustained, and administered by the Hierarchy, War is a factor in evolution, and is intelligible as such; that it brings about a number of highly desirable results in a short time, and at a cost no greater than would be necessary, spread over a long time, to bring about the same results. That it quickens enormously the evolution of the individual as well as that of Nations, and evokes in apparently average men the most splendid qualities by the force of a great ideal.

When is War justifiable? At the present stage of evolution, not for trade or commercial gains, not for the taking of territory, not for the increase of power, not for the subjugation of another people. But it is justifiable in defence of the Country against invasion, in defence of National pledges by treaties and other engagements, in defence of a weak State oppressed or invaded by a strong one, to help a struggling Nationality to throw off a tyrannical yoke. Britain ought to have gone to War to defend Denmark, when Prussia robbed her of Schleswig-Holstein. She ought to have gone to War to help France after Sedan. In both cases great

wrongs were inflicted, and the commission of them with impunity sowed the seeds of which the present War is the harvest. She was right, eminently right, to draw the sword in defence of Belgium, and to help France against unprovoked invasion.

One result from this War should be, and will be, the formation of the United States of Europe, which might otherwise have been delayed for centuries. Civilised Nations should have outgrown the settlement of their disputes by wholesale murder, as they have outgrown such appeal to force between individual citizens; international law, supported by an international police, naval and military, should be substituted for War. The time is ripe for it, and this War has crystallised vague dreams into a definite Ideal.

And Brotherhood, where does that come in? First of all, being a fact in Nature, it ever exists, but the huge majority of mankind do not realise it. War beats into Humanity's wooden head the truth that when men behave in an unbrotherly fashion they ruin themselves and their countries, and weigh down their children for many generations with a heavy load of debt, cramping trade, burdening industry, exacting toll from every citizen. Laws of nature are generally discovered by the painful results which follow from disregarding them. So far, every civilisation has perished because based on actual, not verbal, denial of Brotherhood, and the present one is very near to a similar catastrophe. Man has evolved to a point where he is beginning to see that competition—and War is the apotheosis of competition—is wasteful, unnecessary, and brings many evils in its train. He is ready, or nearly ready, for co-operation, for the creation of a Social Order, instead

of an unsocial anarchical struggle. That is the next stage in Evolution, and the most evolved persons in each Nation are working for it consciously. For that all who realise Brotherhood should be working, each in his own way. A healthy vital realisation of Brotherhood sees the distant end and works for it; it does not mean that we help in the perpetuation of tyranny, injustice and wrong, by standing aside, when the ruffian assaults the child, when the strong strikes down the weak, when the tyrant crushes the helpless. It means that we actively labour for the good of humanity, for the improvement of human conditions, for the suppression of tyranny, cruelty, and evil of every kind, for these stand in the way of the realisation of Universal Brotherhood. The only service we can do to the cruel and the tyrant is to actively stop their cruelty and tyranny; they are heaping up misery for themselves, and it is brotherly to deprive them of the opportunity to continue their ignorant madness. Is it brotherly to allow a man to torture a child? Brotherly to allow a man to ill-use an animal? Brotherly to see a robber steal a child's food, or rob the aged of his purse. Brotherly to allow Nations to commit these crimes on a large scale? Away with such Brotherhood. It is the mask under which lurk the enemies of mankind, the hinderers of evolution. I say unto you, Resist evil, wherever you find it; let the only limit of your resistance be the limit of your strength. Resist tyranny, resist cruelty, resist oppression, and that wherever you find them. Protect the weak, defend the helpless, be a rallying point for those who suffer under wrong. By such action have men become perfected, and have

won their way into the Hierarchy which guides the world. By such action have men entered the Brotherhood of the Elder Brothers of our Race, and Their Brotherhood is good enough for me.

Annie Besant



HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. HADEN GUEST

(Continued from page 117.)

THERE is another fundamental question. What is it that causes the variations, the spontaneously presented differences of offspring from their parents which enable the fitter type to be chosen by selection. The ancestry of man, it would seem, stretches in one unbroken line back to primitive protoplasm. We may think of this primitive living matter as an amœba, but out of that primitive amœba have grown all the variations which, when selected, have produced man. In that amœba, therefore, all the complexity of man's form was latent.

What is the immense, the incalculable force penned up in that little blob of protoplasm which has enabled it to branch out into all the multitudinous forms of living things, to produce the great panoramic display of the sequence of creatures through the ages.

From the materialistic standpoint it just *is* so. It is the property of protoplasm to vary in this way. From the newer standpoint, it is in the study of the life behind the form that we shall find the explanation of the mystery. The life behind the forms of physical

matter (the life clothed in matter of a finer kind, for there is not only one kind of matter) presses upon that physical matter with an unceasing, a continuous force, moulding it to a greater and greater perfection in the power of expressing that life. This is true, not only of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, but of that which is called inanimate, also. For all matter is alive, the division between dead and living matter is a delusion. All forms of air, of rock, of ether, of protoplasm, do but serve to express something of the powers of the life pressing on it from behind. It is the life behind which presses the crystal into its shape, which moulds the leaf of the sensitive plant, which moulds the cell of the cerebral cortex of the genius. It is the gradual building of forms, more and more expressive of potentialities of the life behind, which is the purpose of evolution and it is the need for this building in response to the pressure of the life behind which is the cause of the occurrence of variations. Such, in merest outline, is the conception of spiritual evolution. To bring it nearer home we have to consider its direct bearing on man himself.

MAN, PHYSICAL AND SUPERPHYSICAL

Perhaps the simplest way to approach this matter is to ask ourselves what are the possible theories, or hypotheses, by which man's life here may be explained.

The first and most obvious explanation, is that of the purely materialist school, that man is a physical animal which is born and dies. Certain considerations of a general character, dealing with evolution as a whole (as indicated above) make this improbable. But quite apart from these, and whatever the explanation, man is

certainly not only a creature made of physical matter. Experiments in hypnotism show man to have reaches of consciousness, of memory, and of intellect, beyond his own every-day knowledge. Such reaches have been, and can be again unveiled. Other experiments in hypnotism show man to possess acute senses of seeing and hearing, before which distance almost seems to disappear, and the ordinary limits of vision are abolished. In the clear-seeing hypnotic state, objects at a distance of miles, and inside houses, can be perceived and described; and the inside of the body can be seen and described.

Again, there are the now well-known experiments in telepathy, or thought-transference, thought can be directly transferred from mind to mind across hundreds of miles. Then there is the evidence gained from spiritualistic investigation : objects can be made to move without the intermediary of living physical bodies, or without the application of force in any known way. More striking still, by making a code of signals for letters from such movements, intelligible messages from intelligences apart from physical bodies can be conveyed to us, intelligences living in physical bodies.

Anyone who will sufficiently study the records of these things will find for himself that, however much of doubt and scepticism may remain, it is at least sure that the purely materialist assumption no longer holds. Whatever he may be, man is something more than a structure of physical matter. There is something in a living man different from the sum of the physical substances that make up his fleshly tabernacle. Intelligent life can express itself through man's body, but can also express itself without the intermediary of a body. That

is to say, the real man must be sought for in some condition of existence not dependent for its continuity on a combination of physical elements. If the forces which express themselves in an intelligent human being exist in some condition apart from physical matter, then presumably, so do all forces. So that we are driven to seek for the root and origin of all the forces which move and control the physical world, outside that world, at least, as we now know it. The roots of the physical world are in something beyond the physical.

EVOLUTION AND REINCARNATION

If man is not then purely physical, what is he? The most ordinary answer is that man is soul and body, the "soul" thought of vaguely and indistinctly, sometimes as connected with love and beauty and the greater things of life, sometimes as connected with the region of the ideas, sometimes as an indefinitely realised possession needing to be "saved". But the difficulties confronting this theory of existence are very many. For firstly, if men are souls, and have bodies, why the so tragic difference between the fates of different souls? If men's souls are born into bodies at birth, and leave their bodies at death, and afterwards experience some other worldly state of happiness or misery, of heaven or hell; then why the differences? And more and more urgently, what is the meaning of those great vistas of evolutionary conquest down which we may look towards the beginnings of our life? The soul, it would seem, has no place in the scheme of things.

A question one must ask, for instance, is—have animals a soul? If not, what is the difference, not at

all perceived from the evolutionary standpoint, between men and animals, that gives men-animals souls and monkey-animals none? Again, we know that men's bodies have evolved upwards from the animal kingdom. At what point in the evolution was soul given? Or if we compare, not species, but individuals, and think, not of the species, but of the individual fate, what is the why and the wherefore of the differences between individual lives?

A CONCRETE QUESTION

Take two concrete examples: that of a mentally defective child, born in poverty, and that of a well-equipped child born in comfort. From the purely materialistic view you may rely on heredity to explain these things although, of course, they cannot be reconciled by individuals. But from the standpoint of the theory that holds that man is soul and body, what is the meaning and significance of the differences? Let us realise what it means. Into both the infants concerned is born a soul, presumably it is the same in both (we are not told in this theory of antenatal differences of souls), but from the instant of birth how different are the experiences. As the mentally defective child grows up, it is shut out of the great world of mental interests by lack of mind. Such a child cannot count accurately more than a few articles, cannot remember the day of the week, cannot remember the simplest instructions, is only capable of the most mechanical form of toil. The world of science, of art, of philosophy, the possibilities of culture, travel, and of expansion of mental life, all these are debarred absolutely. Not only that, but the simplest interests

are debarred, the debating society, the club, the ordinary school, the chapel or church, the workshop talks, the reading of politics in the papers, the participation through the press in the wider life of man, all this is debarred too. Life to the mentally defective is only the little prison in which his thoughts can walk the to-and-fro walk of bodily routine and the tiny barred window out of which he may catch a little view of the light and brightness outside. But not only is he thus handicapped; such unfortunates not only suffer from lack of mind, they are also dowered with well-developed feelings, passions and desires, sometimes diseased and distorted, sometimes atavistic, but they have not the normal power of control over these feelings and desires. A mentally defective child may be shaken with tempests of uncontrollable anger, with a lust of cruelty, with a devouring lust of sex. And the power of control is not there. With no mind to judge, with no power of control to check, the mentally defective child growing up into the adult is the slave of bodily caprice, of bodily inertia, of passion and of desire, and is dragged by them in the mud of our corporal life. If you go to look for the mentally defective man, you find him in the prison, the defective colony, the workhouse, the hospital, where you find the woman also, but you find her, too, in the lowest brothels.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DEFECTIVE

Think of, realise this life-experience, mindless, tossed and beaten by moral and physical disasters, dragged in the mud of our life, and compare it with that other life we took as example, the well-circumstanced

normal life. The normal man, growing up, expands a mind which brings him into touch with all that the world presents of mind ; the philosophy, science, and art, sealed to the defective, are to him realms of interest and of delight ; he, too, may be equipped with strong passions, feelings and desires, but they are held in check ; the normal life of such an one is not ruined by some tragic explosion of passion, but he uses the passions and desires for the building of life. And, superadded to the primitive emotions and feelings are a whole series, almost infinite in their gradations of delights, of nuances of appreciation and discrimination, of subtle shades and delicacies. Beyond these, too, lies the world of great ideals, of intellectual aspirations, of moral grandeur, the open road to a world of Spirit utterly out of reach of the unfortunate mentally defective in his poverty and limitation.

A CONTRAST OF LIVES

Think, then, of these two lives. Think of them at birth, the souls, it would appear, the same. And think of them at death—their experiences how different! The soul of the mentally defective stands, as it were, with a poor handful of miserable and painful experience culled in demoralisation, and in the mud and squalour of life, the other stands with a great armful of the beauty and the splendour of the world. The one knowing of the treasure of the mind, nothing ; the other well-stocked ; the one knowing of beauty and of the grandeur of moral law, nothing ; the other with many delightful memories and a realisation of moral heights and depths ; the one with a painful, a humiliating record of actions and suffering ; the other with a record

of useful, honourable work, of duty done by home, by town and country. And those two souls came equal out of God! What do they take back? Why this difference? And shall there be hell for the mentally defective, who never had a chance, and heaven for the well-born soul that has had his path made easy?

To contemplate the differences between two such soul-lives, to realise what these differences mean to the soul after death, in relation to the experience which it has gained, is to decide emphatically that no such simple explanation of the relation of body and soul is possible. For it explains nothing. It makes the mystery even more profound. For why the evolution we see everywhere in the physical world, if it only result in providing a bad body for one soul and a good body for another? And also, the evolutionary process we know is not linked in any way to this existence of soul. Such a theory of soul makes of it a meaningless intrusion into a divinely beautiful unfolding of life.

THE REINCARNATION OF SOUL

The reason for the weakness of this theory of soul and body is not far to seek. It is a conception which belongs to the period before the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution. Formerly it was held that man was a specially and separately created being, and endowed with soul. On this theory the whole world was an incomprehensible operation of the Will of God working according to laws (presumably) beyond our ken. And this theory of soul belongs to this era; if it were accepted, it could only be as an incomprehensible operation of the Will of God. There is no reason

which can be perceived by humanity which can either account for or justify the different soul existences of the mentally defective and the mentally well-equipped man. Such a soul theory is a terrible example of the idea of special creation. Consequently it has been dropped, the idea of evolution has triumphed, and triumphing, has brought with it the theory of materialism ; the soul has been allowed to fade away into vagueness, a mystery not understood.

But materialism is provedly untenable. What then of the soul? Compare our two cases. The mentally defective and the well-equipped man. What are their differences? Differences in power and development. Both have mind, both have emotions, desires, both have a morality. But in the one, mind is in germ, and moral control is in germ. In the one, strong passions are unleashed; in the other, held in check. In the one "atavistic" emotions and feelings may be found—that is emotions or feelings or desires characteristic of very primitive men or animals—in the other these are not found. In a word, the differences are explicable as differences of growth, of development. From this standpoint we should say the soul of the mentally defective is at an early stage of its growth, the soul of the well-equipped man at a much later stage of growth. But if souls evolve and grow, what is the process of growth? The answer will be found by studying the world around.

THE METHOD OF GROWTH

Take any large elementary school as an example and study the children in it. You may find there a child

who is mentally defective, and another who is exceptionally intelligent and morally developed. Take them as the two extremes of the school and you will find you can range all other children between them. Next to the mentally defective, you will place a child who is very backward, then one a little less so, and up through a series until you reach the standard of average intelligence. Here there will be the great mass of children whom we will for the moment put all together in one group—and then an ascending series will lead you step by step up from the average to the highest child of all at the top. We have in this way constructed a kind of ladder of grades of development in the school. On the lowest rung of the ladder the mentally defective, on the highest rung of the ladder the brightest child of all. On the middle steps of the ladder are the great mass of children, but with certain great divisions among them, so as to give a certain group distinction. And if you take special characteristics of the mind, one by one, and special studies, all the children can be arranged in ascending and descending grades of intelligence and capacity.

The school we have taken for an example is but a picture in miniature of the world outside. Take the races of men from the lowest Australian Aborigines, or African Bushmen, to the highest Indian or Teutonic races. All the races of man stand in a ladder of development, one grade above another. Take the men of any nation and range them according to capacities and moralities, and all stand upon a ladder of development, from the lowest demoralised criminal to the highest saint or genius. All men are different, all are at different positions on the ladder of development. The

human forms we see, expressing every grade of difference, of development, are the rungs of the ladder up which men climb out of savagery into civilisation, out of mental deficiency into talent and genius.

THE WORLDS BEYOND DEATH

Soul and body are two things, the soul is Self clothed in matter finer than the physical, which comes to dwell in man's body, get experiences of life, and grow and develop by those experiences. After death, the soul leaves the body and digests the experiences of its life, for a longer or shorter period as they have been of greater or less importance. In the early stages of development—the savage and the mentally defective, for instance—the experiences are crude and soon assimilated. And when assimilated, the soul, modified by this assimilation, takes birth in another body, undergoes another life period, accumulating a new fund of experience. So, life after life, the soul lives and learns by experience, then in the interval between lives it digests this experience, weaves it into powers, capacities, methods of reponse to stimuli from without, and so gradually climbs upward, powers more and more realised, consciousness more and more expanding. The finer matter in which the soul has its existence apart from the physical body forms a region of the world only separated from us by its density. We are not ordinarily conscious of this matter, of this region of the world, although it is all about us, because we pay attention more readily to the comparatively massive sensations derived from physical matter. But this matter exists all round and about us, in it we live

after death and in it we live (although not knowing it) at all times, and in it and of it are made forms and movements—vibrations—by our feeling and thought life. In this theory of evolution by reincarnation there is no break with the animal world, no break in the chain of evolving beings, the soul of man is but a fragment of the life of the world, the disguise, as it were, of the life of the world, during one chapter, that of its human reincarnations.

WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER?

Men often ask: If, then, we have had many lives, why do we not remember? Because for most men, the memory available in ordinary consciousness is the memory of the brain, and the brain you have now, never existed before, and at death passes into dust, its memories disintegrated. Memory continues in the fine superphysical matter which clothes the Self of Man and which we call soul, but only after a long period of evolution, only after a long series of reincarnations, can the soul so modify its body as to be able to impress upon its brain the memory it has of previous lives. But the memory which matters is present. For the memory which matters is shown in the differences of human faculty.

Physical heredity accounts for the inheritance of physical peculiarities, and so long as one confines attention to these and to broad divisions among species of animals or races of men, it may appear to account for all differences. But when the analysis is pushed to the individual cases the explanation by physical heredity becomes more and more difficult. It is known that

eye-colour, for instance, is inherited; it therefore may be stated that moral or mental characteristics are inherited, but it is only a statement and rests on the unprovable assumption that man is wholly material and his mental and moral characteristics are dependent on physical modifications of his body.

Whether or not musical talent is inherited, we know that musical genius is not, nor, in fact, is any outstanding moral trait, nor any outstanding mental quality. The genius produces children, but they are children of his body and not of his mind, for this, which is other than the body, is not handed on to them. To try and stretch the theory of heredity to cover the multitude of individual cases may well appear a hopeless task and is quite unnecessary. The theory of reincarnation is at once simpler, easier to apply and understand, and more comprehensive.

L. Haden Guest

(To be concluded)

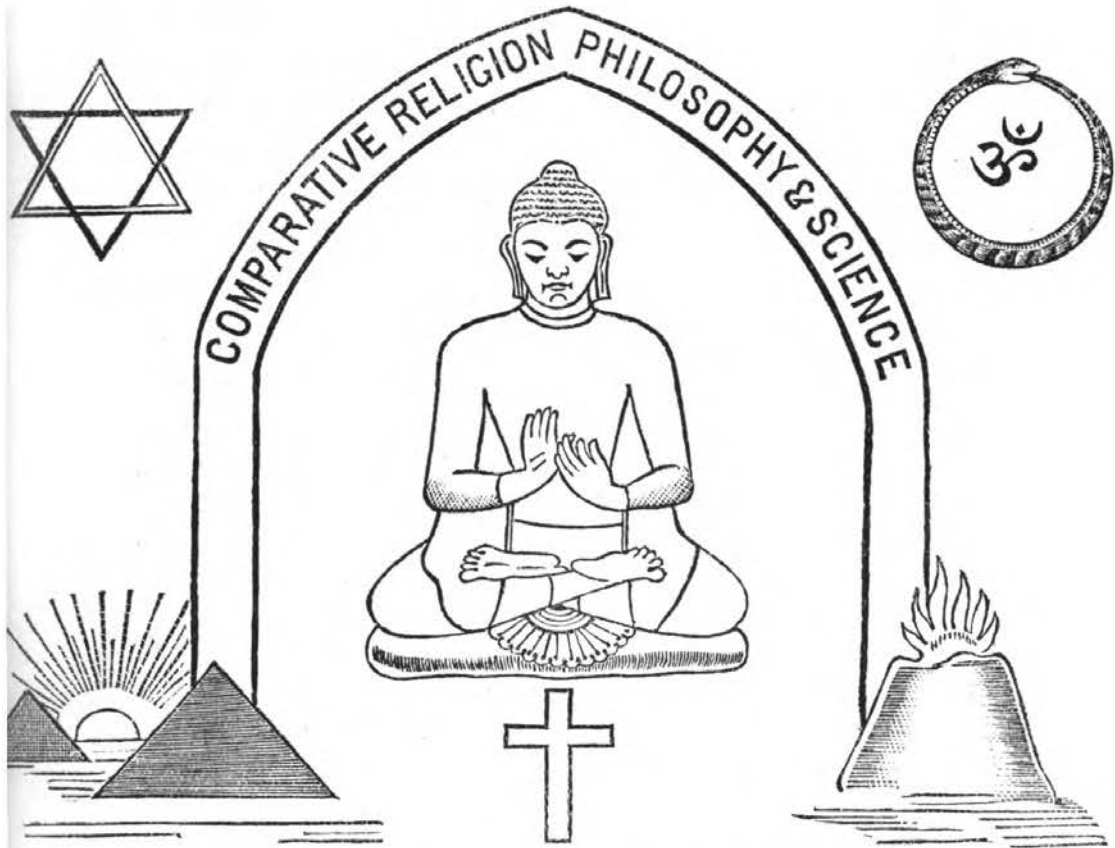
FROM THE LONG-AGO

STRETCHED beside you in the sand
 (Ungololo)
Of a burning, silent land,
 (Ungololo,)
Gaze I in your clear, brown eye,
Fearing naught in earth or sky
So my heart's great Chief be by—
 (Ungololo!)

What if from this dream we fade,
 (Ungololo?)
I be man, and you be maid,
 (Ungololo?)
... Ah! ... Where now? ... What restless town
This, where restless up and down
I am seeking eyes of brown?
 (Ungololo.)
Till at last I touch a hand
Thrilled with some old life and land;
Strength and sweetness glimpse and claim
By an unforgotten name,
 (Ungololo! Ungololo!)

Comrade of the Spirit's road,
 (Ungololo!)
Share we each the other's load,
 (Ungololo.)
What if God should part us two?
Not if each to each be true,
 (Ungololo! Ungololo!)
Lives be many, lives be few,
One we came when Life was new,
One at last shall fade from view,
You in me, and I in you,
 (Ungololo! Ungololo! Ungololo!)

J. H. C.



“THE LAND OF MANY BLADES”

A STUDY OF THE SWORDS OF OLD JAPAN

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of “Japan and the Great War,”

“The Mikado of the New Japan,”

“Myths and Legends of Japan,” etc.)

JAPAN has taken a prominent position in the present War. The army and navy of the Mikado’s Empire were largely responsible for the fall of Kiaochau and

the crushing of Prussian militarism in the Far East. Her success marks one of the most significant events in the present great struggle of right against might, of freedom against tyranny. But Japan's interest in this stupendous conflict is by no means confined to the East. Our Ally was privileged to strike a decisive blow against Germany in her leased territory in China, but she is fully aware that a no less decisive blow has been struck by the brave Belgians. She realises, as we realise with gratitude and admiration, that it was Belgium in her heroic defence of Liège that effectively checked the onrush of the German army, and in so doing saved France and perhaps England too. It is impossible to honour too highly the self-sacrificing heroism of Belgium. Japan has recently expressed her admiration and respect by presenting the King of the Belgians with a sixteenth century Japanese sword as a "humble testimony to the profound reverence and pious feeling with which the people of Nippon have been inspired by His Majesty's august and never tiring perseverance and the unexampled patriotism of the Belgian people recently manifested in defence of both humanity and civilisation under the severest calamity that may befall a nation". It was the most gracious and most happy gift the Japanese could present under the circumstances. It was a fitting tribute to a great hero whose deeds will be recorded upon the pages of history for all time. The sword holds a unique position in Japan, for it has been well described as the "soul of the samurai". With the Restoration of the Emperor in 1867 the picturesque samurai disappeared, and with him departed the last phase of an effete and useless feudalism; but his indomitable spirit still remains. In this great struggle

we have seen it rise to heights never attained before. In Old Japan the sword was too often lifted in petty feuds. To-day it has been raised in a righteous cause, not only in defence of Japanese interests, but in defence of all those nations that are arrayed against Germany and her allies. Japan's sword has struck and killed the dragon of tyranny in the East. It has added glory in so doing, and in the fall of Kiaochau ancient Bushido has won its greatest triumph. Japan's sword is a symbol of her people, and in her gift to the King of the Belgians she has given that hero-monarch the soul of the samurai.

In Japanese mythology we find many references to miraculous swords. Some kind of weapon is referred to in Japan's cosmogony story. We read that Izanagi and Izanami, the parents of the gods, "standing upon the floating bridge of Heaven, thrust down their glittering blade and probed the blue ocean. The drops from its point congealed and hardened and became an island. This eventually became a large country composed of eight islands, and amongst the many names of the country, they styled it too the 'Land of Many Blades'." Susa-no-O, the "Impetuous Male," had the good fortune to rescue a maiden named Mota Hime from a serpent which had eight heads and eight tails. When Susa-no-O slew this curious creature, he found inside a two-handled sword, a little over two feet long, and double-edged. This sword was called "the cloud resembling sword of Heaven". Later on when Prince Yamato Daké used the weapon for cutting down blazing grass, it was renamed "the grass mower". This sword, designed on both sides with figures of stars, together with the sacred mirror and rosary of

jewels, constitute the Imperial Regalia of Japan. In the temple of Atsuta, near Nagoya, the sword is still preserved and copies of the Sacred Treasures are stored in the Imperial Palace at Tokio. The sword symbolises courage, the mirror knowledge and purity, the jewels mercy.

We cannot, of course, rely upon these picturesque myths, but when we come to investigate the theories of antiquarians in regard to the origin of the Japanese sword, we find many conflicting statements. One authority states that "the swords of Japan are the highly perfected working out of a general Indo-Persian type". Other writers claim that in the seventh century Japanese swordsmiths made the katana, or long sword, simply by dividing the old two-edged Chinese weapon known as *ken*. This very superficial theory is not in accordance with archæological evidence, neither is there any connection between the Japanese sword and the Persian scimitar. In Japan's swords we can certainly trace the influence of China and Korea, or, in one word, Buddhism, but the katana dated from prehistoric times. A primitive, double-edged sword, not unlike a large leaf in appearance, came to Japan with the early dolmen-builders. If this theory is correct, and it is based upon the best evidence, we may regard this weapon, in the opinion of Captain Brinkley, "as essentially the sword of the progenitors of a section of the present Japanese race".

The Japanese swordsmith was very far from being a common artisan. Even as far back as the twelfth century, the Emperor Go-Toba considered sword-making an occupation worthy of a sovereign, and that was also the belief of the swordsmith himself. His work

necessitated skill of a very high order. He could scarcely be employed in a more honourable task, and he was fully aware of the significance of his labour. The Japanese are essentially artists with all that craving for perfection that is so characteristic of the artistic temperament generally. The swordsmith made something more than a finely-wrought blade of steel. He was working for his country, for heroes only one degree removed from the gods themselves. In his hands rested in some measure the future victory or defeat in battle. It was his duty and his privilege to make a sword that should be the soul of steel, the soul of the samurai. He aimed at perfection with all the zeal of a true and conscientious workman. Before undertaking his task, he fasted for several days and prayed that the gods would bless his labour. He was of the excellent opinion that pure motives were just as essential as an alert brain and practised hand. His labour, rightly undertaken, was a kind of religious rite. He turned to his forge, after fasting and praying, radiant with joy, conscious that after due preparation, he was about to fashion the very symbol of his country, something finer, if less sacred, than the sword of the gods itself. A Shinto rope of straw and *gohei* were hung up in his forge in the belief that they would act as charms against evil spirits. When he had propitiated the elements, fire, water, wood, earth, and metal—for in his work he was about to make use of them all—he put on the elaborate robe of a Court noble, making this dignity practical by fastening back the large sleeves. Having observed these preliminaries he set to work. We need not describe the elaborate process in detail, the first strip of steel welded to a bar of iron, the use of clay, the hammering

and folding repeated many times, the tempering and grinding and polishing until the blade is ready for use. It was no easy task and perfection was seldom attained. In the eleventh century only four blades out of three thousand were regarded as of superlative quality, and not until the sixteenth century was there found in Honami Kosetsu an infallible judge of these matters. It is surprising to find, when we bear in mind the complexity of the work, that some of the old swordsmiths sang when the steel was beaten or heated in the furnace. The amiable Masamune chanted: "*Tenku, taihei, taihei*" ("Peace be on earth, peace"), while the bad-tempered Muramasa, who had failed to purify his heart, sang fiercely: "*Tenku tairan, tenku tairan*" ("Trouble in the world, trouble in the world"). Thoughts, good or evil, were said to influence the blade. The swords of Masamune brought victory to their owners, while those made by Muramasa brought misfortune, which may after all be only a picturesque story illustrating the effect of good and bad workmanship.

There were many superstitions associated with the Japanese sword of a more subtle kind than that exhibited by Excalibur. Eight is a mystical number in Japan, and it was believed that a sword of that country would bring to its owner one of eight things—either good fortune, revenue, wealth, virtue, reputation, sickness, or poverty. One Japanese writer of the seventeenth century attempted to correct such superstitious ideas by stating that the owner carved his own fortune, yet he admitted that no evil man could possess a fortunate sword. "If it were possible," he writes, "for a knave to procure wealth, dignity or renown by possessing a fine sword, the noble

weapon would become the mere tool of a malefactor." There is no doubt that the sword was often regarded as a talisman, and so great was the belief set upon it that when it was lost the owner was plunged into a mood of deep despondency. We have already referred to the sacred sword that formed a part of the Imperial Regalia. Next in importance were the *Hirugoza* ("Daily Companion"), the *Hateki* ("Foe-smiter"), and the *Shugo* ("Guardian") of the Emperor. Then came the "Beard-cutter" and "Knee-severer," the grim names of two Minamoto weapons, and "Little Crow" and "Out-Flasher" of the Taira. Many other celebrated blades were carefully and reverently preserved by great feudal chiefs.

Stories, historical and otherwise, abound in reference to the Japanese sword. A son of one Empress dreamed he stood on a mountain flourishing a spear eight times and dealing eight blows with a sword. The Princess Sawo was tempted to slay her lord the Emperor by stabbing him with a dagger while he slept, but her falling tears made the deed impossible. Two gods thrust the hilts of their swords into the ground, and, apparently without any discomfort, sat cross-legged on the points. There is the story of a commander who, finding his army could advance no further, flung his sword into the sea, which immediately ebbed and permitted his men to cross on dry land. Still more diverting is the thrilling story of Benkei and a sword-smith, which is but the prelude to that lovable hero's escapades, when he captured nine hundred and ninety-nine swords from knights who either fought feebly in self-defence or else dropped their weapons and ran away. The story of the short sword is another

matter. It was never used in combat, but was the weapon with which a samurai committed harakiri when hopelessly defeated, or when for some reason his lord bade him take his life. A Japanese poet, writing of a woman, observes: "Her weapons are a smile and a little fan." They were not always so. History records many sad tales of women as well as men committing seppuku, and we in the West have never understood why such an end should have been called the "happy despatch," or why, until recently, the Japanese should have regarded self-immolation not with horror but with a kind of complacency.

A samurai carried at least two swords, which he called *dai-sho*, that is "a great and small". Encased in scabbards of lacquered wood they were not suspended from his girdle, but stuck into it and secured by cords of plaited silk. The average length of the long sword was three feet, including the hilt, but those carried by swashbucklers were sometimes seven feet in length. It will be observed that it required no little skill to draw out so large a weapon which was in a fixed position, and yet there were not a few who could do so in a sitting posture. The withdrawal of a sword from its scabbard was not the heated impulse of a moment. Such an act was gravely considered, for to expose the precious blade either in vanity or in no just cause was a dishonour to the weapon and stamped its owner as no true samurai. There were sixteen varieties of cut in Japanese swordsmanship, such as "four-sides cut," the "clearer," the "wheel stroke," the "thunder stroke," the "pear-splitter," and the "torso severer". The sword was wielded with consummate skill. A Chinese historian, while describing the Japanese invasion

of Korea in the sixteenth century, informs us that a samurai "brandished a five-foot blade with such rapidity that nothing could be seen except a white sheen of steel, the soldier himself being altogether invisible".

The sword has exercised a very great influence on the life of the Japanese nation. The very wearing of such a weapon was a distinction in itself which the peasant class could never hope to attain. It conferred certain rights and privileges, and the famous deeds associated with it were alike told by the professional story-teller and the mother to her little son. A really fine blade by a great master was beyond price. Honours were bestowed upon him who made it, and through long years of hammering and heating, tempering and grinding, a sword was fashioned that has never been surpassed or equalled elsewhere. Captain Brinkley writes :

If the Japanese had never produced anything but this sword, they would still deserve to be credited with a remarkable faculty for detecting the subtle causes of practical effects, and translating them with delicate accuracy into obdurate material.

A jewel needs a setting, a picture a frame, and in course of time Japanese artists discovered that a wonderful and delicate beauty could be added to the strength of the sword by embellishing its furnishings with all manner of artistic designs. No mount was too small, too trivial, to artists who had carved miniature men and women out of the toggle of a tobacco pouch, figures that seemed to live, to be moved by joy or sorrow. On the various sword mounts they lavished a wealth of beauty with so much skill as to lead one to wonder if the work was in some way connected with

a veneration for the sword itself. Buddhism was undoubtedly the dominant art influence in Japan, whether in fashioning a gigantic image of Amida Buddha or a small piece of cloisonné with the sheen of a humming-bird's wing upon it, but militarism came second. It was possible to tell from the decorative mountings of a samurai's sword, happily called the "jewelry of the samurai," the standard reached in glyptic art, for the feudatory chiefs, like the Buddhist priests, were a centre of art influence.

The tsuba, or sword-guard, affords the most pleasing example of the artist's work. Within a space of not more than three or four inches in diameter he was able to produce some remarkable effects with the use of gold, silver, red copper, and pigments. He was not simply content to apply metal or colour. He was able to cut the tsuba till it resembled some fairy-like kind of lace, or he could produce designs in high or low relief, and, again, he could, if he chose, obtain a granulated surface by way of background. On these metal guards, that seemed in his hands as plastic as wax, he could tell a tale of long ago, he could depict deities and men and women, mountains and seas, flowers and birds and beasts; there was nothing apparently he could not make live upon the metal. Faces of human beings actually reflected all the emotions of men and women—love, joy, horror, cunning, benignity, mirth were all there. The great artist was consistent in his work. If he depicted a savage dragon rising from a lake, the water was always crested with many waves, the whole conception suggesting tumult. If, on the other hand, the scene is that of moonlight, flying birds and lake, the water is either calm or stirred with little ripples. Harmony of

setting is aimed at and attained. Flower-rafts appear only on calm water surrounded by rocks as smooth as a woman's shoulder, they would never be shown on a stormy, wind-swept river with precipitous cliffs.

Not infrequently there is a verse on the back of the sword-guard and kozuka, a knife inserted in the scabbard of the wakizashi, or small sword, and on the kogai, or comb. On one kozuka, we see the rustic gate of a cottage half hidden by pine-trees and in the foreground the long grass of autumn. On the back are written these lines :

One are our hearts, my wife's and mine
 Beyond the reach of withering years,
 Beyond the sound of falling tears,
 To skies spring sunshine always fills
 ' The music of our love notes thrills,
 Through the linked branches of the pine.

In sharp contrast with this scene and verse are the designs and words chiselled by Watanabe Hisamitsu on a kozuka and kogai. The former depicts Takao, the "lady of the green hall," apparelled in rich brocades. On the kogai the same fair charmer is seen, and with her the Saint Daruma. The backs are inscribed with the following lines :

Buddha sells doctrine. The expounder sells Buddha.
 The priest sells the expounder Green is the willow;
 crimson the flower; many-coloured the ways of the world.

A thousand nights, a thousand eves,
 The soft moon sails the lake above;
 No trace of her caresses leaves,
 In the cold depths, no ray of love.

It seems strange to us that so much beauty, so much human feeling, should be expended upon the furnishings of a sword. It seems, perhaps, a little inconsistent that such tender sentiments should be in any way associated

with a weapon intended for slaughter. It reminds us of Watts' picture, "Love and Death". A love of beauty radiates from that samurai's jewelry, and when we look at specimens in a dusty museum, we wonder if the artist was trying to hide the nakedness of the sword and its slaughter under the robe of love. We look forward to the time when we may sheathe our swords for ever, when these lines, behind a single chrysanthemum carved in relief, will be a tribute to Peace:

- Until the dew-flake,
Beading this blossom's gold,
Swells to a broad lake,
Age after age untold
Joy to joy manifold
Add for thy sweet sake.

F. Hadland Davis

THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTH INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

By E. M. THOMAS, F. R. I. B. A.

Consulting Architect to the Government of Madras

YOUR association having honoured me, an architect, with an invitation to address you to-day, you will no doubt be expecting that I speak to you on the subject of Architecture. It is certainly one, I think, in which you are all, in some measure interested—your constant association with the buildings around you demands that you should be.

You have with you most beautiful ancient buildings which have been preserved as records of Architecture's brilliant past, not only in this Presidency but in many other parts of this great and wonderful country. A good many of you, I am sure, will have visited the sites of those buildings which grace the Cities in the North. Most of you will be familiar with the more important architectural works in Southern India. I might speak to you of these edifices, conceived in years gone by, touching lightly upon each period of the development in design and construction which culminated in the fairer monuments remaining with you to-day. A mind ramble within the realms of the past in Art (and to me more particularly, perhaps, the art of architecture,) is always interesting, always instructive, but much as

I might be tempted to speak to you of earlier days I feel I should not miss this opportunity of speaking to you of an entirely different period in your architecture—not less interesting I think, and to you as citizens of Madras, of the utmost importance. With your kind permission I propose to-day to leave the Past alone, alone in its serenity, and to endeavour to look into the future, the future of architecture, the architecture of this Presidency.

Now what is Architecture? A common definition is “art in building,” and we may perhaps accept this provided we clearly understand that the word “building” in the sense used here implies something more than the mere piling up of stone upon stone.

Sir Henry Wotton, a well-known writer very aptly said: “Well building hath three conditions, Commodity, Firmness and Delight.” Convenience and suitability of arrangement of plan, stability of the structure, beauty of design—and in all the finer buildings, both ancient and modern, one will I think find these conditions very largely if not wholly fulfilled.

Now before we consider the future we should know how architecture stands with us to-day in the Presidency, what class of work is being produced, and what influence such work is likely to have on that which is to follow. We must also know what provision is being made for the training of your architects of the future. The education of the architect is of the greatest importance and it will be of some interest to you, I think, if I first explain the training which an architect receives in other countries.

A young man having decided to enter the architectural profession, say in England, must of

course have first received a sound general education. He then passes into one of the Schools of Architecture which are admittedly conducted on most excellent lines and where he obtains a thorough training in the work which he will later on practise with distinction, or otherwise, according to his ability. The school curriculum has been arranged only after careful study and long experience and, at the present time, is all that can be desired for providing an effective training in all departments of architecture.

The course covers a period of about three years. The first year's course deals, in a general way, with the development and the history of architecture from the earliest times, and in addition to lectures and visits to ancient buildings, studio exercises in the various styles are worked out, the whole being under direct supervision, and organised to avoid any overlapping, yet leaving the student largely dependent on his own initiative and energy for the result achieved. Lectures are given on the various historical periods, the aim of these lectures being to acquaint the student with the growth and development of the architecture of past civilisations, demonstrating its origin from constructional necessities, climate and environment; and to show in each case that its eventual perfection and acquisition of style was due to the intellectual capacity and craftsmanship of its authors, no less than to their natural æsthetic instinct. Special attention is given to drawing various constructional details to a large scale, which are studied at first hand on buildings in course of erection. Visits to such buildings are made in connection with each subject. Observation papers are set after each construction visit, to encourage and test a student's ability

to take notes, and sketch from memory. The aim of the lectures is to inculcate the broad principle of construction necessitated by the nature of materials and the vagaries of climate—they familiarise the student with the manufacture and production of materials, so that he may recognise their qualities and therefore be better able to form an opinion on the use to which they may be put. The student is also enabled to study the principles of perspective and freehand drawing and is encouraged to sketch and measure up ancient buildings, excursions being made for this purpose. It is considered that by measuring and sketching good examples of old work, a student more quickly improves his draughtsmanship, learns to appreciate architecture, and to recognise style.

The work of the second and third year courses are so arranged as to link up the general course of the preceding year and provide for more advanced study of architectural history, construction and design. It is recognised that the subject of town-planning comes within the province of every architect and for this reason great attention is paid to the setting of the building and the laying out of its surroundings. During the time he is in the schools a student is able to study for the examinations in architecture promoted by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Having finished his course at the schools he will then for preference enter the office of one of the more prominent practising architects where he gains further experience in designs, and of the manner in which they are produced, and possibly will later enter into practice on his own account or obtain employment in Government Service. The preliminary training of

those wishing to qualify as architects should, whether they intend to enter Government Service or to set up in private practice, be the same.

Now architecture in this Presidency has in recent times had a larger measure of official recognition than any other Province. You have had Government architects for the last fifty years at least. In addition to bringing out men from England who have held the position of Consulting Architect, Government is now granting to Indian subjects scholarships in architecture tenable in England or Bombay for a period of years, with the possibility of employment in the Archæological Department of India after the course of training has been completed—and I have no doubt Government will find room for some of the men so trained in the Architectural Departments of the different Provinces.

You will thus see that your Government has done something for architecture, but the something Government has done will solve the question, I think, to a limited extent only. Government's action in bringing out qualified men from England to act as Consulting Architects and to provide for the training of Indians by granting scholarships in architecture will no doubt solve the problem of what I may call "official architecture". But it will not, and I think it is quite right that it should not, interfere with the future development of designs of buildings erected by private enterprise. This I consider most intimately concerns you as citizens of Madras; it is for you to endeavour, as far as it lies in your power, to see to it that the architecture appertaining to your private buildings is kept at a high standard—and should you find the existing standard not high enough—then endeavour to raise it.

To enable you to form an opinion on the standard of your present day architecture, you have only to review the designs of your school buildings, your hostels, residences large and small, your shops, etc., and I think you must come to the conclusion that all is not as it should be—that there is room for improvement.

I have told you what training an architect in the West receives. Now let us see what training the men in your Presidency, who design your buildings, have had. This will give us an insight into what we may expect of them. There are a few, unfortunately very few indeed, who have practised here in architecture with distinction for some years, but in proportion to the work of the untrained, I regret to say that very few of their designs lighten the darkness of the architecture which we have in the Presidency to-day.

As Consulting Architect to Government, I am concerned principally with the designs for your school buildings and hostels. A great number of these come before me annually for investigation before Government sanctions a grant towards the erection of the buildings, and the architects, so-called, are, I presume, the same as those who design your other buildings, the cost of which is met entirely from private funds. Now the majority of the school designs are prepared by retired overseers, first-class draughtsmen, etc., and provided such designs promise, when carried out, to be structurally sound, Government for many good reasons does not, except in very bad cases, have much to say about their appearance. The majority of these designs are not of a high standard—the planning of the rooms is in most cases badly arranged and most extravagant in area, the exteriors being expressionless,

and, in many cases, merely offences against all the principles of architectural design and composition. One has only to glance at the drawings submitted for sanction to see at once that they have been prepared by individuals who lack refinement, yet these are the men who are responsible for the principal part of your architecture to-day. Now what can you expect from a man of the retired overseer class? The poor man has probably done good and long service in his particular department and it appears to me a pity that he should be encouraged to take up, in his old age, a subject of which he knows absolutely nothing. He just knows enough geometrical drawing to enable him to draw up a set of plans with moderate accuracy, and the design of the exterior is probably an attempt to copy the façade of a building on which he worked, but of which he has but a vague recollection. Occasionally one finds a more ambitious fellow who, with all the freshness of youth at sixty years of age, sets out to be original. It is only seldom, I am glad to say, that this happens, for such attempts lead only to most unfortunate results.

A design I have in mind was for a school building. In the plan the amount of useless space far exceeded that devoted to useful purposes. The external design of the lower story resembled Italian Renaissance, relieved here and there with severe Greek ornamentation; the upper floor was I believe intended to be in the Saracenic style, but really the detail more closely resembled German Gothic of the worst period. The tiled roof, of most playful outline, and probably copied from an English rural cottage design, was surmounted by a heavy cast iron railing of almost impossible proportions. A sort of architectural curry

composed of scraps from each style which, not blending well, left an exceptionally unpleasant flavour behind it. Yet that building has, I believe, been set up within your Presidency and will be left there for the inhabitants to digest.

The first question which some of you will ask is: "But why are such men employed to prepare the designs for buildings?" That is the question I myself used to ask, and the reply I received was: "There is no one else to do the work for us." Now this is not correct, there *are* other men—one or two—who are more capable of doing the work, but with so much going on, it is obviously impossible for these few to cope with the whole of the work in the Presidency, more's the pity! So it comes to this, that every one thinks they are making the best of a bad job by just accepting the situation and trusting to good fortune that some day it will be possible for them to obtain the help they require, and which will enable them to obtain more reputable designs. In the meantime the Presidency must continue to be flooded with such abortions in architecture as we see going up at the present time.

Now that is quite the wrong spirit. If matters are not as they should be, then it becomes necessary to inquire *why* they are not—and having got at the root of the matter, the proper course is to endeavour to find the best possible means of *improvement*—otherwise, as far as I can see, you will jog along for ever as you are doing now, and your architecture will have no chance whatever of proper development. If you think there is room for improvement, and I believe you will agree with me that there is, it is quite time that you looked into the matter—and that is what I think we might with

advantage do to-day. It will not be possible for us to go into the question in any great detail but I think we can cover sufficient ground to enable us to form a fairly definite opinion as to what steps are necessary to ensure our architecture of the future being raised up to such a standard as will at least justify its being graced with the name of architecture.

Now it is not I think a very difficult problem and can be fairly easily solved, provided you will recognise that the majority of the individuals now responsible for your designs are totally untrained, and therefore unfit, for the services they now perform in the name of architecture. You must recognise that some form of architectural education is necessary, that instead of leaving architecture to the tender mercies of the uncultured, it should be put on the high plane existing in other countries and therefore likely to attract those of superior education and taste, and those of good social standing, who have received their general education in one of your more important colleges.

A great many of these boys now enter the profession of engineering but very few, if any, of the better class boys ever dream of taking up architecture as a profession. The reason is not far to seek. There is no College of Architecture! So they all enter the College of Engineering instead, and architecture is left to look after itself, and very badly it has fared.

Now architecture is a constructive art and concerns every one of you in more ways than the art of painting and the other arts. For instance, if a painter paints a bad picture he offends no one, unless he finds some poor ignorant fool who will purchase his wares; in which case the picture, bad as it is, will be hung in the

purchaser's private apartments and therefore offends only those who may have the misfortune to be lured into them. But there is still the chance of the purchaser himself acquiring a better taste in art in which case he will experience no great difficulty in ridding himself of his former purchase, either by relegating it to the dust heap or by adopting some other effective means of disposing of it.

But with architecture it is different. Once a design has been prepared and carried out in a building, that building once set up, and especially if set up in an important street, remains on view for all to see for many years, perhaps a century. If it is a bad design it cannot be discarded as easily as the bad picture. Its retention is necessary, if only on account of the great amount spent on its construction, and therefore all those who are responsible for the erection of buildings are under a deep obligation to the public to see that what they set up will not be a blot on the architecture of their city.

It is unfortunate in every way that the majority of those who subscribe towards the erection of buildings are not capable of ascertaining beforehand, even approximately, what those buildings will look like when completed. But such is the case and it is therefore obvious that, as they have to place themselves so unreservedly in the hands of the architect, it would be to their advantage if they were able to obtain the assistance of one properly trained, one who could be relied on to give sound advice in all matters relating to building and design. A good many of the men whose advice you now accept, not only give you a design which is bad, but one which is in many cases unnecessarily extravagant

in cost. I have seen many designs for buildings on which a saving of anything from ten to twenty-five per cent could have been made if a capable architect had been employed.

So those who may intend to continue to employ the untrained man merely because his fees may be small need not think they save by consulting such men, for they don't save in the long run—they may save a small amount on fees, but I think I am right in saying that their building, notwithstanding the inferiority of the design, will cost them infinitely more than if they had obtained good advice. It is an established fact that a good architect will provide you with a plan which will give all the required accommodation in a more convenient and less expensive manner than can be done by a person who has had no training or experience in such matters. It is necessary that every one should recognise this fact, that they be made to understand that by consulting competent architects their buildings would be more beautiful and less expensive than those they obtain under present conditions.

Now there must be many of your boys who would make good architects and whose talents in that direction lie dormant. If facilities were granted for the study of architecture we should, in the course of a very few years, see a vast improvement in the standard of work produced in the Madras Presidency. Government has done their share in providing the means of carrying on *official* architecture—it now remains for all of you as citizens to take an intelligent interest in that side of the subject which concerns you most intimately, and, for those of you whose purses permit, to assist in some measure in inaugurating a School of Architecture where

a course of training somewhat similar to that in England can be carried out. I think it is preferable that such a school be started by you and not by Government, for the simple reason that if the school were controlled entirely by Government, boys who might enter as students would expect employment in Government Service after they had completed their course of training. What you require to do now is to educate some of your boys and show them the way to a very profitable form of private practice in architecture so that your private buildings of all classes may be improved. Such a school with a governing body of influential citizens, would then be recognised as the training centre of architecture in the Presidency. Certificates or medals could be given to those students who passed their final examination with distinction and to create added interest it would no doubt be possible to exhibit, say at the Fine Arts Exhibition, the work done by the students each year.

Now I wonder if there are any public-spirited gentlemen sufficiently interested in the welfare of the appearance of their city who would be prepared to assist in the promotion of such a school. Some of you, I know, give liberally in various ways, but the citizen who gives to the cause of architecture will benefit the community as a whole to an enormous extent and would deserve the highest praise. It would, I feel sure, be very gratifying to Government if such were the case and although I have no authority for saying so, Government would probably be prepared to recognise and assist the school to some extent if it were found necessary. Any way, the initial step should in my opinion be taken by you; it should be your endeavour to

promote a healthy general interest in architecture and to impress upon those intending to erect buildings the necessity of their having the designs prepared only by those who have received the required education.

There is, no doubt, a tendency for boys to endeavour to obtain employment in the Public Works Department as Engineers—such service has many attractions I admit. If a boy, having done his course, say, in the Engineering College, can obtain permanent employment in a Government department he has an assured position for life provided he behaves himself. His pay probably starts at Rs. 30 or Rs. 40, and by the time he reaches the retiring age he will possibly have risen to Rs. 250 per month.

But it has evidently not occurred to them what a fine field lies open to them in architecture—a very pleasant field, and one which would be very remunerative to well-trained men. On school buildings alone I estimate that fees to the extent of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs per annum can be earned, and after making the usual allowance for office expenses there would still remain a very ample margin to provide a means of livelihood for many architects who chose to set up in private practice. Apart from educational buildings, there are a vast number of buildings of other classes which are being erected in the Presidency. Would it not, therefore, be well worth while for those boys who have a natural taste for architecture to give up some time in their earlier life to the study of the subject and to make themselves proficient in the art? Or, suitable boys who have done their engineering course in the College of Engineering, could take the opportunity of devoting

themselves to a further course of training in architecture.

I will not suggest that all the boys entering the school would turn out to be good architects. Probably some of them would become only good draughtsmen, but such men are also badly needed and the pay which they would command would be, I think, much in excess of that received by the men who now do similar work. And assuming that some of these boys would be taken into Government Service, and that they had also received training in the Engineering College, such boys would be of infinitely more use to the Department than those with only a knowledge of engineering.

So you see that from every point of view such a school as I suggest is essential to the welfare of the architecture of your City and there is I think no doubt that both Government and the Municipalities would welcome it. As regards Government, they could insist on all the school designs which come up for a grant being prepared only by properly qualified men. At present it would not be feasible for them to take such a step. As regards the Municipalities, they would be able to take the same action with all the work which goes to them for approval and sanction. In time, the architectural work in the Presidency would be in the hands of trained architects and not, as it is at present, largely in the hands of incompetent draughtsmen. Your architecture would develop on the right lines and you could look to the future to give you a fairer city and finer towns than it will do under the less favourable conditions existing at the present day.

I will now leave the question for your consideration—it is one which I think needs a good deal of

thought—but I hope and trust that in the near future it may be found possible to form such a school as I have proposed and that your architecture of the future may benefit therefrom.

E. M. Thomas

THE WING OF SHIVA

Men! are ye fools or madmen that ye deem
 These hours fit for feasts and senseless mirth,
 Chatting of wars o'er wine-cups—when the earth
 Begins once more with massacre to stream?

Can ye not feel?—Over Earth's heart there creep
 A dread, a death-like chill—a shadow vast
 Over her sunny plains is silent cast—
 For Armageddon rises from its sleep!

Silence your laughter, fools, lest it be drowned
 Ere long in roar of battle, anguished groans
 Of dying—cries of children—widows' moans—
 While universal carnage dyes the ground.

Is this a time to feast, and dance, and sing—
 When all the world grows dark 'neath Shiva's Wing?

F. G. P.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

By ERNEST UDNY

I. THE RELATION BETWEEN THEOSOPHY AND THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

CHRISTIANITY, like all other religions, is part of the Wisdom of God—*Theosophia*—Theosophy. The only men in the world who are fully cognisant of the Ancient Wisdom—ancient because it is as eternal as God from Whom it flows—are those men who have finished their strictly human evolution through many lives lived in the world—many days passed in God's great school, this earth—and who, having reached the full consciousness of their own oneness with the Eternal and Supreme, in Whom we “live and move and have our being,” long and work to hasten the time when their fellow-men shall attain the same glorious consciousness of the mysterious and glorious depths of their own inmost being—ever divine, though at present they know, and perhaps even suspect, it not. There is no difference whatever in origin and essence between those who have already attained and those who have not yet attained, for *all* life (aye even the so-called “lower” kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral) comes from Him, and to Him it shall at

last return. At the same time there *is* a great difference, in that the Divine Men have completely unified or “at-oned” their Will with that of the Supreme, while the rest of humanity and the other kingdoms have not yet done so. The former know, while the latter do not yet know, the Divinity of their own inmost being. All weakness and sin are the result of ignorance, an ignorance which is in course of being changed into knowledge in God’s great school, as fast as we ourselves will permit, for “the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world” never forces its way, and we have it in our power to shut it out, although even such shutting gradually brings its own remedy, for it leads us into unwise courses of action, by which we bruise ourselves against “the Good Law” that brings to every man, in the course of successive lives, the exact results of his own behaviour towards the innumerable other “fragments of Divinity,” whether for joy or pain, weal or woe.

The Divine Men who have attained “liberation” from birth and death, and have the right and power, if they so choose, to pass away altogether from the world into loftier states of being—higher “planes” of existence—remain here for the helping of their younger brothers of the human, animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and are employed by the Supreme as His Agents for their leading and guidance. Living and working as They do in the most perfect accord with Him and with each other, They constitute a Great Brotherhood, which is sometimes called “the Great White Lodge”. They do not, however, live together so far as their physical bodies are concerned, for They *have* physical bodies, though it is only at certain

times in the world's history that They come before men into the ordinary publicity of the world. They live in various parts of the world, and yet They are in constant communication with one another on the higher planes, in which Their true life is centred, and where physical separation is no barrier to the freest interchange of ideas.

In this Brotherhood the work is divided, for convenience of administration, into different departments, one of which is devoted to the spiritual instruction and helping of the world ; and at the head of that Department stands a very Great One (for there are differences in Wisdom and Power even among Those who have already filled Their hearts with Divine Love) and this One is called the World-Teacher, the Light of the World, Teacher of Angels and of Men. He acts as a kind of Prime Minister to the actual Head of the Hierarchy (the Great White Lodge) Who is sometimes referred to as "The One Initiator," because the Great Initiations which mark the stages of progress on the Path of Holiness are always conferred by His express authority and in His name. The World-Teacher acts also as a Minister of Religion to "the King". It is He who founds, either in person or through a deputy, a member of the Great Brotherhood specially appointed for the purpose, every religion that appears in the world. The Founder of a religion does not, of course, attempt to give to the world His own knowledge in its entirety, which would be an impossibility ; but, having regard to the time, place and people for whom it is intended, He selects from the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom such as He sees to be most helpful in the particular circumstances.

It thus happens that while each religion has its own leading idea, upon which special stress is laid, certain important and fundamental truths appear in all; and it is possible, by means of appropriate quotations from the various Scriptures of the world, to prove that the same great truths are taught in each. In Mrs. Besant's most helpful *Universal Text-Book of Religion and Morals* these common teachings are tabulated as follows :

“The Unity of God—One Self-dependent Life, pervading all things and binding them all together in mutual relations and dependence.

“The Manifestation of God in a universe under Three Aspects.

“The Hierarchies of Spiritual Beings.

“Incarnation of Spirit.

“The two basic laws of Causation and of Sacrifice.

“The Three Worlds of Human Evolution.

“The Brotherhood of Man.”

None of these truths is the exclusive property of any particular religion. They belong to what may be called Universal Religion, and abundant quotations are given from the Scriptures of all the great religions, Hindū, Zoroastrian, Hebrew, Christian, Muhammadan, and Sikh, to show that these teachings, which may be assumed to be fundamental, are indeed common to all. For any one who will carefully study it, this collection of varied statements, in each case of the same truth, is highly instructive, as they illuminate and confirm one another, in very much the same way as a collection of texts on any one subject from, say, the Christian Scriptures.

The teachings which have been given to the world by the Theosophical Society, founded in New York in 1875, and now having branches in nearly every country in the world, are drawn, equally with those of all religions, from the one Ancient Wisdom and, of course, include the fundamental truths mentioned above; but, as Theosophy is far more recent than even Muhammadanism, the youngest (except the Sikh) of the family of religions—in fact 1,400 years younger—the world was ripe for a much fuller and clearer presentation of the facts of nature in the broadest sense, including God and Man. The fact of reincarnation had been known and taught in the Hindū and Buddhist religions for thousands of years, but without the slightest attempt to explain scientifically and in detail the method of rebirth, the nature of the subtler planes of existence, their relation to the physical, the subtle bodies in which the interval between births is passed, or the exact stages of the progress from one physical body to the next. So long as even the fact of reincarnation was withheld (and it seems to have been deliberately withheld by direction of the Founder of Christianity, the World-Teacher) from the western world, it would have been difficult, and even purposeless, to give scientific teaching about the subtle bodies and the (to *our* eyes) invisible inner worlds; but now reincarnation has been as deliberately restored.

We learn, for the first time in the West, that man is evolving spiritually by means of repeated births in the physical body, and that the law of cause and effect in the moral world, the sowing and reaping of good and evil, is carried out not entirely, or even chiefly, in one and the same body, but rather from life to life. Thus

much is in its broad outline easy to understand, and will probably be the common belief of all cultured people within a generation from the present time; but those who care to study may learn much more than this, for Theosophy contains much detailed and fascinating information as to God's plan of evolution, so far as it relates to man at his present stage. We may learn of the existence of worlds invisible to our physical senses, and of subtle vehicles which we possess even while living here in the world, and in which we shall continue to live after the loss of the physical body at death, and in which we shall pass the long interval between death and rebirth. The invisible worlds, and the life which man leads in them after death, are described for us in great detail. We learn, too, that the process or cycle of repeated births and deaths, however long it may last, is but a passing stage in evolution, the preparation for a glorious condition of superhuman Love and Wisdom, to which we shall all surely attain in the long run, because it is God's will that we should do so, but to which our own efforts assisted by the divine grace, which never forces its way, can alone conduct us; and that the process of attaining this far higher condition can be enormously quickened by those who are willing to make special efforts—to leave, in fact, the beaten high road which scales in many spirals the mountain of achievement, and to breast the ascent in its steepest but swiftest form, which is called the Path of Holiness, because it leads to that state fairly rapidly and in the course of a comparatively few lives. We learn of the Great Gateways, or Initiations, which mark first the entrance to that Path and then the various stages of achievement. And—perhaps most interesting of all for us at our present

stage—we learn the qualifications prescribed by the Head of the Hierarchy Himself, “the ONE INITIATOR,” which must be developed by would-be entrants while still living the ordinary life in the world, ere they can pass the Gateway which stands at the entrance. Over that Gate is written the word “Service,” for by service alone can we hope to enter the Path. The power which enables us to hasten our own evolution comes from our Elder Brethren (the Divine Men, who are for us the channels of divine grace) and is held in trust for the whole race, not for particular individuals. If, therefore, it is given in special abundance to a comparatively small number, that is not from any favouritism, but simply because those individuals are willing and have fitted themselves to take part in the Master’s work, and because the force given to them will produce in this way a better result for the whole of humanity than it would in any other.

Theosophy not only tells us all this, of profound interest and importance for Christians as for all other men, but it also comes to us straight and fresh from the Divine Men who are the Guides and Guardians of our race; and this is a great advantage, for it is not yet overlaid by the materialising tendency, innate in the human mind, which inevitably obscures, as time goes on, every fresh presentation of divine truth. All religions gradually go down-hill with the lapse of time, though perhaps this is not an unmixed drawback, as the decadent stages may be, and doubtless are, utilised for the training of souls who would be unable to profit by the purer, more enlightened, forms of religion. The gradual decadence arises from the fact that the Founder and His immediate disciples are, of

course, much more highly evolved than those whom they come to teach, and, as the former gradually pass from among men, the sublime teachings are more and more misunderstood and materialised by men who are unfitted to sense the deeper meanings, and do not even suspect their existence, but adhere rigidly to the outer husk. Spiritual truths must from their very nature be expressed in symbolism, and in the Scriptures of the world advantage is taken of that fact in order to provide at the same time and in the same words teaching for different classes of souls—for those who cannot yet see beyond “the letter that killeth” as well as for others who, having eyes to perceive and ears to hear, can receive “the spirit which giveth life”.

This process of the substitution of the letter for the spirit was to a large extent completed in the Christian Church as early as the 4th or 5th century of our era, when the orthodox but ignorant majority succeeded in expelling from it the few Gnostics (or Knowers), the Mystics of the early Church. From one point of view, Theosophy is but a revival, a rebirth, of Gnosticism; but, owing to the development of modern science, men are now capable of receiving much more definite information as to the existence and nature of those subtle invisible worlds which interpenetrate the physical, and as to the broad details of human evolution, the existence of Divine Guides and Teachers, and of a Path of Holiness—to be trodden in the world during a short series of lives taken in quick succession—which leads from our level to Theirs.

The most important difference between Theosophy and ordinary Christianity is the teaching of reincarnation—that all men, whether or not they may be aware

of the fact, are really undergoing a process of spiritual evolution, for which purpose they are born again and again into the world, each life being, as it were, but a single day of the immortal Spirit, passed in God's great school, the world, which is fitted to be a school of experience for men at all stages of growth from a savage to a Divine Man, a Liberated Soul.

All enlightened Christians are giving up the ghastly theory of eternal damnation, and the almost equally crude idea that the ultimate and eternal fate of every soul is settled at death. The fact is beginning to be recognised and admitted, that, apart from the loss of the physical body, no immediate change occurs at death, the man's character and knowledge being exactly the same afterwards as they were before, and that his spiritual education or evolution must therefore be carried on *somewhere*, though it is assumed, for no obvious reason, that this further evolution will be conducted on some other planet or in some other world. The reply to such a suggestion is clear. If, as seems obvious enough, we have not yet learned all that the physical plane has to teach us, is it not necessary that we should return (after our night's rest, first in purgatory and afterwards in heaven) to *a* physical planet, and, if so, why not to this one. If, as present-day orthodoxy *assumes*, for it is nowhere stated in their Scriptures, each soul is a new creation at birth, then perhaps it might not be an unreasonable speculation that the "dip-down," the descent to earth, was for a single occasion only; but such a speculation is negatived by the extraordinary difference in the conditions into which individuals are born—some amid virtue and refinement, others amid vice and squalor, some to happiness others to misery, some to luxury

others to want, some to care and love others to cruelty and ill-treatment. Is there no cause for all this? Are the Love and Wisdom of the Supreme at fault? "Shall a man be more just than his Maker?" On the other hand, with the keys of Reincarnation and Karma in our hands, all falls into its place. Once more we breathe again: "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world." If we have all lived before many times upon this earth, then it does not take much faith to believe that these differences, which before seemed so cruel and unjust, are but the working of the "Good Law," which brings to every man according to his deeds; and, though we try to sympathise to the utmost with all who are at present unhappy, we need not assume that they are sinners beyond other men, for we know that each life is but a single day at school, and if "to-day" (this life) brings tears, "tomorrow" (next life) may bring sunshine. Further, an unhappy life, wisely and patiently endured, brings wisdom. That is always the result of Karma cheerfully endured; and even a bad life, if there has been some good mixed with the bad, as there nearly always is, is surely followed, after the temporary condition of purgatory, by the highest bliss of which the soul is capable at its present stage of evolution. Its power to enjoy is limited only by the size of its own cup, and in any case the soul is blissfully unconscious of any limitation to its happiness.

If reincarnation in some physical world is necessary for our further evolution, why not on this earth, and what greater difficulty would there be in our being born here on the next occasion than there was this time? We do, in fact, see people evolving and learning at every possible stage on this earth; what difficulty is there in believing that these differences are

largely due to the number of lives that each has had in the human kingdom—the number of days passed in the great school? It would be hard to frame any other explanation; but this is not all, for those who have developed the power to see on other planes, even as we ourselves see in the physical world, tell us that reincarnation is no theory but an obvious fact, for they see the souls at all stages on the way up and down. And the contradictions which sometimes reach us, through spiritualistic mediums, from the departed carry no weight, for the souls who utter them are in no better position than we are ourselves to know at first hand whether reincarnation is a fact, inasmuch as they cannot see or sense the souls who have already passed on into the heaven-world, much less know what will happen to them when their bliss in heaven comes to an end.

For lack of a knowledge of reincarnation, Christians have assumed that each soul is a new creation at birth, but is this really a philosophical theory? There is indeed such a thing as creation. Theosophy itself teaches it most fully, but not a creation out of nothing. The ancient maxim *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—"Nothing is made out of nothing"—is certainly sound, and is in no way contradicted by Theosophical teaching about creation. The worlds and all that is in them, on all planes, physical and superphysical, up to the highest of the three Nirvāṇic planes recognised in Theosophy, *are* deliberately created by the Blessed Trinity and their hosts of Agents, but out of subtler matter still, which antedates and survives the period of existence of a solar system, almost infinite as that period may appear to our limited powers of conception. One may say that

the lower planes which are comparatively temporary are, as it were, "unrolled" from or out of higher planes still. But this is all in reference to the Form side—to matter, of however high or subtle an order. What can be said of the Life, except that it shares—that all the innumerable life-centres which come into manifestation in a solar system share—the eternity of their source, the One Life,—from which they proceed, in which, in spite of this apparent "proceeding," they ever continue to inhere, to "live and move and have their being," and to which they eventually return, when the Supreme Being of the system withdraws all to Himself, that God may once more "be all in all"—until in due course, and at however distant a period, the innumerable lives shall again stream forth, in appearance, from the bosom of the Father, to begin their new day upon the ceaseless and endless "Wheel of Life". In the beautiful words of Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Song Celestial* (a metrical translation of that great Hindū Scripture, the immortal *Bhagavad-Gītā* or *The Lord's Song*):

Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be
never.

Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are
dreams.

Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the
spirit for ever.

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house
of it seems.

If, as Theosophy teaches, there is but One Life in existence, then must we all share the eternity of our origin, substance and final goal, and the great teaching of reincarnation shows us that death (as it appears to us) and immortality are in no way incompatible

or self-contradictory. To quote Sir Edwin Arnold again :

Nay but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
" These will I wear to-day,"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

This teaching about reincarnation is not expressly given, it is true, in the Christain Scriptures, or to be more precise, it is not insisted on, though it is more than implied in the Christ's saying about S. John the Baptist : " If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come " (Matthew, xi, 11) and again, in reference to the man which was blind from his birth : " Neither has this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him " (John, i, 9). This clearly shows that there is a possibility of a man's sinning before he is born, and it contradicts the current orthodox belief, that every soul is new-created at birth. It is, to say the least, perfectly consistent with, and strongly suggestive of, the idea of a previous birth or births.

On the other hand, the fact that these slight references to reincarnation are the only ones in the Christian Scriptures points to the probability of a statement which has been made, and which on other grounds is quite likely to be true, that, far from wishing to teach reincarnation, the Christ deliberately withdrew that teaching from the western world and from the religion which He founded, and that for the following reason. The central idea which He wished to give to the world was " Self-Sacrifice"—the note of true brotherhood—but for this the world was not yet ripe.

Before men could be built into a Brotherhood—before a Church could be formed, whose ordinary individual members (the rank and file, the ordinary communicants, and not merely the very exceptional saint) would be ready and willing to make practical sacrifice the leading note of their lives—before such a Church could be built, it was necessary to build the Brothers of whom it would be composed, and in His wisdom He saw that the best and quickest way of inducing men to make the necessary exertion for spiritual growth would be to withhold from them the knowledge that they had really many lives before them in which to evolve, and to leave them to conclude that their whole future depended upon the way in which the present life was led.

This was a strong measure and in one way nearly wrecked the civilisation for which the religion was intended—that of modern Europe—and probably contributed to bring about that long period of spiritual and intellectual gloom known as “the Dark Ages,” when, outside the walls of convent and monastery, might was the only recognised right and violence reigned supreme. For, without a knowledge of reincarnation, it is impossible logically to make sense or justice of the world, or to recognise the Wisdom and Love of the Supreme. Men are obviously born into sets of conditions which are extraordinarily different from one another. Some are born into comfort and abundance, others into want and misery; some into vicious surroundings, others into virtue, true religion, and refinement. Some are so situated that it is difficult for them from infancy to do right, while for others it would appear to be almost equally difficult not to be pious and virtuous. Now if, as is popularly supposed, they are new souls

created at birth and having no past behind them, what justice, to say nothing of love, can there be in treating various souls so differently, and how can this be reconciled with the goodness of God? In such circumstances the reason must be laid aside and the ways of the Supreme be accepted on faith as "a mystery"—a solution which is very apt to breed unbelief and discontent in thinking people, who are unable to accept on authority beliefs that seem contrary to common sense.

But humanity had to grow and this was the quickest way. To use a Masonic metaphor, the stone was being rough-hewed in the quarry—a process which requires very different methods from those that are afterwards used for smoothing and polishing the same stones when they are to be placed in position in the Temple of Humanity. Chips fly about in the quarry during rough-hewing, and a humanity that is in process of being built into Brothers needs in the first instance strength rather than refinement, a motive for exertion rather than more advanced teaching which it would as yet be unable to grasp. The individual must be spurred to exertion by the motive of "saving his own soul". "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matthew, viii, 36,7). It is by effort, by exertion of the will, that he must begin to realise the divinity of his own nature, and will thus become fit to be built, with his fellows, into a Brotherhood capable of understanding and practising the Divine Law of Self-Sacrifice. "All over the Masters' place is written the word 'Try'."

It is not an easy thing to "enter in at the strait gate," which of course refers neither to attainment of

heaven nor escape from hell, but simply to enter on the Path of Holiness. "Strive to enter in," says the Christ, "at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will strive to enter in and shall not be able" (Luke, xiii, 24). The passage certainly goes on to represent the Christ as saying that "the Master of the House" would address those who might fail "to enter in" as follows: "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets in *the kingdom of God*" (simply another phrase like "the strait gate" for the Path of Holiness or of Initiation) "and you yourselves thrust out". But it must be remembered that the Gospels do not profess to be authentic and verbatim accounts of the sayings and doings of the Christ. They are carefully described in the Bible itself as the Gospels *according to* S. Matthew, S. Mark, etc. The question in what spirit the Scriptures should be approached and studied will be considered later. For the present it is sufficient to note that the Christ is exhorting his hearers to strenuous endeavour. That was His immediate aim two thousand years ago—to develop strength in the individual souls, whom at His next Coming—the one now expected—he would build into a Brotherhood. He had first to "build the Brothers," and for that purpose He withdrew from the West all knowledge of reincarnation, although obscure traces of the teaching have been purposely left in the Scriptures, as in the statement about Elias and the story of the man that was born blind, in order to facilitate a restoration of the knowledge when the time should come.

Ernest Udny

(*To be concluded*)

THE ENEMY

(From *The Smart Set*)

You shall not come between me and the light,
You shall not block the path my soul has set.
Though I must lift and bear you all the way,
Though I must seize and bind you to my side,
I'll wear you as the warrior wears his shield ;
You shall not come between me and the light.

As, at the last, my brother you shall be,
We shall go on together till the end.
Though you may strike, and, striking, see me fall,
Though you escape me for a certain space,
I shall arise and overtake your feet,
For at the last my brother you shall be.

All men are greater than the deeds they do.
My love is greater than your utmost hate. .
Though each may struggle in his separate cause,
Though we be blind to understand the fray,
We shall achieve our brotherhood at last,
For men are greater than the deeds men do.

LOUISE FLETCHER PARKINGTON



OCCULT GUIDANCE IN THEOSOPHICAL WORK

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (CANTAB.)

MANY E. S. members rightly enough recognise that the counsels of the Head of the E. S. with reference to T. S. affairs should be scrupulously followed ; they not infrequently ask for "orders," without realising that there are times when that Head, by the very nature of the situation, cannot give any advice at all. Members are brought together in this incarnation into the T. S. to work for a common purpose ; but they do

not now meet as strangers. They have lived in association for several lives, and have behind them kārmic links, both agreeable and disagreeable, made in all sorts of relations, such as parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, friends, and workers, in commercial and philanthropic and occult undertakings. The kārmic account is therefore mixed, and our present friends and co-workers owe us sympathy, charity, patience and opportunity, just as much as we owe them the same in return. But wherein we differ from ordinary people is this, that our kārmic adjustments to each other take place while we are busy in an occult work, and with reference to that work.

When, then, we come as co-workers and are united in a common work, items of karma between us as individuals reassert themselves, bringing both friendship and collaboration as well as strife and opposition. Furthermore, if the Lords of Karma required those items of karma to be worked out between us in this life, they would be worked out, even if we were not united as now in an occult work, in some other way, such as in business relations, through literary and other organisations we might be members of, and so on. The principal point to remember is that where kārmic adjustment is inevitable, the Lords of Karma bring out the greatest possible result in experience and capacity for the individuals affected; and where this adjustment can be utilised to train the kārmic recipients for greater efficiency in occultism, the Lords naturally use that opportunity.

Those of us who are aspirants in the service of the Masters must therefore realise that continually personal karmas are put into operation, the relation of which to

the occult work is indirect ; when strife and opposition arise, we must be careful to note how much a "principle" is at stake, and how much it is really a matter of the personal karmas of past lives. Here the path is "narrow as a razor's edge" for all of us who in this epoch are sent out to service ; for we are bound by our highest duty to bring the greatest good as the result of our output of energy, and yet at the same time we cannot be utterly certain whether our particular ideas for bringing about that greatest good are the wisest and most efficient to meet the needs of the situation.

Now when strife arises, there is one fact that we must strenuously keep before our vision, and that is that the Masters are fully aware, even to the least little detail, of all that is happening, and that They are at the helm even of local affairs, and will see to it that Their will is done. There may be a little delay here or there, but Their will is irresistible, and whatsoever They have planned with reference to a particular country, that inevitably shall be done. We humble individuals must therefore remember that much as we can help to bring sooner to realisation Their plans, we *cannot* hinder that realisation, though there may be a little delay because of our opposition. And equally this fact holds good with reference to those others who are opposed to us ; they too, however strong, cannot bring to ruin the Master's work, though they may seem to do so for the time. A striking instance of this was in 1906, when the Executive Committee of the American Section forced the late President-Founder to expel the present writer from the Theosophical Society, and the whole Section was for a time swung in a direction contrary

to the welfare of the great work. The Masters knew, and bided Their time; and when the karmas of the various individuals came to a new conjunction, They utilised those karmas to have the work re-established on Their foundation.

When the difficulties arise in a country, as to the better way of doing the work of the Masters, members must be careful to see that their kārmic debts and credits with reference to each other do not make them exaggerate the situation; there are occasions when they are apt to think that they must "save the situation," and that a principle is at stake, when in reality it is nothing of the sort, but is merely a minor matter of efficiency. But the difficulty is to know at the time that it is *not* a matter of principle. Is it possible to gain this necessary knowledge, at a crisis?

I think it is possible, if we do not forget what we are. First and foremost, we are fellow-servants of the Masters, and as one in our desire to do Their work, we are linked together in mystic ways. We help or hinder each other profoundly by all that we think of each other; the least lack of charity towards a fellow-worker, or the faintest tinge of hostility, reacts *on us*, and thenceforth we view all that the other does through a distorting medium. If we let our hostility be fed daily by our criticisms and dislikes, we slowly wrap ourselves in a refracting māyā, and "all we have the wit to see is a straight staff bent in a pool".

But we are still human, and likes and dislikes are yet part and parcel of our evolutionary equipment; nevertheless we must be daily purified from the glamour caused by our imperfections, if we are to do the Master's work well. Therefore it is that daily we should come to

Him in humility, "with a broken and contrite heart," stript of all our opinions, beliefs, convictions and principles, offering ourselves, in our integrity, that His will may be done. We are apt in our daily meditations to offer the Master less ourselves and more our possessions ; we dwell more on what we mean to do in His name than on what we mean to be, as a mirror of His strength, grace, and love. There is many an aspirant, "who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life ". We are not so much the artist " who works for the love of his work," as individuals who are somewhat too self-conscious that we are serving the Masters, and convinced that our way must be right because our aspiration is, to ourselves, pure. To free ourselves from all these glammers we must train ourselves to renounce ourselves, when even in thought we approach the Master ; we must be before Him pure in our nakedness of desirelessness, desiring nothing, hoping for nothing, flaming in joyous offering, happy as is a flower when the clouds disperse and the sun shines, knowing only this and rejoicing in it, that, "in the light of His holy Presence, all desire dies, but the desire to be like Him ".

Furthermore we must remember that we are all as one family, and that what conduces to growth is more the sense of general well-being of all of the family, than the individual brilliance of any particular member. We must above all retain the feeling of home-life—that sense that we are affectionately ready to protect the weaker and share his burden, and that from the

members of our home we shall receive understanding and sympathy. There is no sacrifice of self that is not worth the making, to retain in our midst this sense of home, as we work for the Masters ; They would have us far more be little loving patient children doing less effective work *together*, than a few brilliant individuals forcing an unwilling band to do more efficient work. For in the latter case, the work done may seem more efficient, for the time ; but in the larger vision it is seen to be less so than the mediocre work of the united and loving many. To the *home* the Master comes joyfully ; to the wrangling mart, where the trafficking may even be His business, He comes not at all.

There is a further fact we workers must keep in mind, and that is that when our karma puts us into a particular post, it does not follow that the Masters want us in that post all the time. It is so easy to feel that we are indispensable, because we are the most efficient to be found ; but in this particular work of ours Egos are coming into it year by year, and we must be ready to hand over the work to others, to whom karma gives that privilege. Here too the path of action is hard to tread, for could we but know who is our heaven-sent successor we would joyfully give our work over to him ; nevertheless, while we lack the necessary revelation, we must do this much on our part, that we do not cling to our work as though no one else could do it so well.

Yet another essential thing we must not forget, in the midst of our rivalries, is not to attribute motives. This perhaps is the hardest thing of all, when our feelings are stirred up and we heartily disapprove of our opponent's actions ; it is as if that person were a troublesome question ever confronting us, unless we

explain what his motive is, and so explain him away and find a self-sufficient peace. It is our innate weakness that makes us search for motives in another's actions; we have not yet learned really to think without an admixture of feeling; for could we think as we should, that is impersonally, then we would know that "intelligence is impartial: no man is your enemy, no man is your friend. All alike are your teachers." Unfortunately at our present stage we want less to be learners than teachers; hence our propensity instantly to seize upon a motive in order to understand another's action. But it is the duty of the occultist to consider people and their actions impersonally, sorting out the facts from the hearsay, and, observing the facts and the facts only, not to attribute any motive but the best; and if he cannot attribute a kindly motive, then to take the action at its face value only, as one more item in a mystery awaiting solution. There is little doubt that if we were literally to put into practice what the Master K. H. has said, "Your thought about others must be true; you must not think about them what you do not *know*," the minds of many of us would be a blank most hours of the day; happily however for the aspirant, if he will make his mind blank in this fashion, thoughts worth the thinking will visit him more and more. Most of us view the deep realities of life as through a glass darkly, simply because we have not yet learnt the rudiments of real thinking; no aspirant in the service of the Master need ever hesitate as to what to think about the needs of His work, if in the past, specially about people, he has thought only what he knew about them. It is our injustice to them that reacts on us and clouds our vision in a crisis; let us but kill out the instinct in us of

attributing motives and we shall find that slowly our vision clears.

These then are some general thoughts as to our attitude to the work and to our co-workers. But while this is our spirit of work as E. S. members, we must see to it that the larger Theosophical Society is given its constitutional liberty of action. Every member of the Society has a right to control its destinies, whether he is in the E. S. or not; and we who are in the E. S. must specially see that the right to direct the affairs of the Society that an ordinary T. S. member has is not infringed by us because of our esoteric convictions. But while we give the T. S. member who is not in the E. S. his right, we ourselves can exercise a similar right, and we can exercise our esoteric convictions through the right we too possess as members of the Theosophical Society. The E. S., *as an organised body*, must not sway the deliberations of the Society; but as E. S. members, and as more clear-seeing than non-E. S. members, we must throw into those deliberations the full weight of authority that the Sectional or General Constitution allows. But in working in the outer organisations, we must adopt only such methods as are permitted or implied in the Constitutions. We must be law-abiding, in the truest sense of the term; but, within the law, we must use all the privileges that the law allows to fulfil our duty to what we believe to be the best welfare of the Society.

When, then, in a Section's affairs, for instance, difficulties arise, it is little use asking for orders from the Head of the E. S., *as Head*, to guide the affairs of the outer organisation. Were she to give such an order, she would infringe the neutrality as between

contending parties that she must preserve as President of the T. S.; at most, in Sectional crises, she might advise, but never order. And occasions arise when she cannot even advise.

These latter occasions are when the crisis involves no real principle at stake (however much that may seem to be the case to the individual litigants), but merely individual karmas are brought to a conjunction. In such cases, frankly, it little matters who wins the day, so far as the general results for the great work are concerned; for all the litigants are devoted to the work, and whoever gets the special opportunities of service may be relied upon to do his best. What is important to the welfare of the T. S., is not that a particular individual or party should win, but that in the competitions and strifes of all the parties they should have "played the game". There are certain rules of honourable conduct in competitions and elections, and we must not infringe a single one of them, even to "do God service". It little matters that we have lost the day, so long as we have "played the game"; if we really deserve the privilege of winning, the opportunity will still come, if we work to that end after our defeat. In the outer work, then, we can organise ourselves into parties and play the party game; but we must be ideal there in our methods, as if the Masters were watching—as They do—how we play.

Some of us who are dedicated to the work of the Masters are apt to forget that, far more important than the success of any particular piece of work given us to do, is the preservation by us of the feeling of friendliness for, and readiness to work again with, those who are our opponents. So long as we preserve this

fundamental key-note of our work, the Masters will guide our actions to success—if success is Their immediate necessity ; if They but give us defeat—then, Their will be done. For in the present Theosophical organisation, we are but rehearsing the greater deeds of the future ; ages hence lies our true work, and our present partnerships are not finalities in themselves, but merely modes of learning lessons of co-operation for future service. If therefore now we must be divided into this party and that, we must take care to carry on our party work so that our fundamental sense of brotherhood is not impaired. Our attitude must be that of true sportsmen, who are less intent on being the winners as being proven the better side at the game. It is the custom in English football matches between teams representing the great clubs for the defeated team—whether the home team or the visitors—to give at the end of the game three cheers for the winners ; and the winners in graceful courtesy give three cheers in return for the losers. Much as during the game the competitive spirit has been at full blast, the players do not forget that it is a game as between gentlemen and not cads ; and if the better side has won, there is no carping or belittling of their prowess, but only a determination to meet again “to play the game”.

So must it be in our Theosophical disputes, where sometimes more feeling is generated than can be reasonably accounted for ; if we are the losers, we must be ready, so far as lies in our ability, to co-operate with the winners to keep the work going, while we continue in our determination to work also for a reversal of the policies of the winners. Our sense of loyalty to

the work demands that we stand by our convictions; but we must at the same time recognise that more important than our convictions is the helping of men to know Theosophy. If while we stand by our convictions, we refuse co-operation in the larger work, and thereby one single individual loses his opportunity of knowing of Theosophy, we have distinctly *not* played the game, and have ill-served the work, for the welfare of which we have been quarrelling. Time enough to prove whose convictions are just, *after* we give the light of Theosophy to those in darkness who are seeking comfort and consolation.

A Theosophical worker who understands these principles of work scarce need ask for occult guidance with reference to his work for the Masters. He knows how They would have him work, and that more precious to Them than his success or failure is that his heart should be "clean utterly". He is therefore neither elated by success nor depressed by failure. Those of us who in the past have been full of doubt as to the better action, and had no occult guidance, but did our best in the spirit of the humble worker, can testify that when we laid at Their feet either our success or our failure, They smiled in benediction. For success or failure in Their work depends on our ability, on our karma, and on the play of the larger forces that affect humanity; but past success or failure, as we judge both, this is what we must deserve—to be greeted by Them, when we come with our offering:

Weil done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

C. Jinarajadasa

A PLAIN WOMAN

By MAI LOCKE

MARY TEMPLE was a very plain woman, and an exceptionally nice one. She was painfully conscious of the first, and blindly oblivious of the second. For nearly twenty long dull years she had worked for her living. The work had sometimes been very hard, it had always been dull and monotonous. She had been either a nursery governess to uninteresting children, or companion to some elderly relative—a post taken for a home, where she had been generally snubbed or patronised, or made to realise how physically unfit she was for hard work. She had lain awake many a night wondering in nervous dread what would become of her if she got ill, if she lost her post, and even, when she was considered too old and could not obtain another. Then her great good fortune had come.

Aunt Sarah had never seemed fond of her though she had made use of her for over six years. All the old lady's nearer relations had refused to share the gloomy house in the dull London Square and she would have died there alone, had not Mary nursed her faithfully through her last illness, not even getting a kind word, not a smile, at the end. After the funeral Mary found herself possessed of what seemed to her untold riches. Five hundred a year opened the door to

a world she had only dreamed of. Now she had the power to help, to give, for her own comforts never occurred to her as necessary to her happiness.

“I need never teach children any more: ‘One, two, three; play it more slowly, try it again.’ That is finished. I am free. I will hear the best music London can give me later. Dear Aunt Sarah, I wish you knew how happy I am. I expect you do know. I shall have time to write that melody that has been in my heart for years, that has perhaps burnt out the hungering starving soul of me. I shall get it published.”

She remembered that Mark Goring had once said to her (while he had been teaching the elder sister of one of her many little pupils): “If you ever feel like writing any music, Miss Temple, let me know. You improvise so well, why not turn it to account? I may be able to help you.” No man had ever taken any interest in her before. She remembered now how more than grateful she had felt to him, and how abruptly she had answered. “Thanks, but I have no time.” Every hour in the poor little governess’s day had its regular work, and at night she was too tired to write and too bitter to endure the constant reiteration of thoughts that banished sleep. Everything was changed. “I will write to Mr Goring, I will ask him to come and see me. I can take lessons from him, it will help me and I feel sure he needs more work than he gets in this cruel London.” He had sent her seats occasionally for concerts; he knew she loved music and had little pleasure in life.

“Now it’s my turn, I will be kind to him,” thought Mary. “He is worth something so much better than

the everlasting grind of teaching. He only needs a chance to be heard, he plays so well."

She wrote a graceful little note asking him if he could spare time to give her a few lessons. She would like two lessons a week at a guinea a lesson. She knew he charged much less, so fixed her own fee.

The tall sad-looking man, whose white hair contrasted oddly with his clean-shaven boyish face, came Mondays and Thursdays regularly, for six weeks.

"I've found a friend whose interests blend with mine at last," she said to herself, as she tried a new way of doing her hair before her mirror one Monday morning. She decided black must suit her better, soft, good black, better far than the masculine shirt collar and tie of the Mary Temple of other days.

"I'm getting foolish in my old age," she said, colouring. She had been so accustomed to have people dependent on her that she thought she was quite old. One must have happiness to keep young—Mary had never known any. As she dressed this particular May morning, she faced the fact: "I love him. I will be all the help I can to him always. Will he let me?" He was waiting for her in the stiff prim drawing-room. He sprang up as she entered and took both her hands. Impulsively she broke an unbearable silence.

"You have inspired me, you make me long to work, to give the world something really good," she spoke at random to hide her nervousness.

"I understand," he said quietly, "I know, I know so well. I have brought you a little poem. A man I know wants it set to music for a song. I wonder if you could do anything with it?"

“Read it and tell me what you think of it”—she glanced through the first lines.

“When all my world is blind with sleep
And birds are silent in the trees
Around the house winds whispering creep
And rustle in the rising breeze,”

He smiled into her eyes.

“It makes me remember the nights I could not sleep just before Aunt Sarah died. Let me read the rest later. I think I can enter into the spirit of what your friend means if it is to express a restless aching longing.”

There was a great tenderness in his eyes when they rested on her. He looked ill and tired. She noticed it, but did not worry him with questions. He lingered with her long after the cosy afternoon tea was finished. When he rose to leave, Mary said: “Let me play you this, my one and only composition.” She played a soft sad air ending in a minor key.

“Just a simple haunting refrain, nothing much in it, but it would catch on,” said the man to himself.

“Shall I write it down for you?” he said kindly. “Play it again and let me see what I can do about the business of publication.”

“Is it good enough?”

“I think so.”

“Thank you so much. Must you go?” He did not answer. Their long sympathetic silence had proved to Mary what good friends they were. They stood for some minutes without speaking.

“Will you come to-morrow?” said Mary at last.

“I don’t know,” he replied, “perhaps. Anyhow, I will write. Good-bye.”

And he was gone.

After Mark Goring had left, Mary sat in the fast darkening sitting-room trying to think. Her brain seemed paralysed. She could only feel. And the feeling was something between agony and the purest joy.

He loved her, yet he had not told her so. If life could be ever like that. No words were wanted. She knew he loved her.

He did not come the usual day in the next week. He wired an excuse. Then he wrote her a long letter : business he could not explain to her for the moment would take him to Germany for some weeks ; he would write again.

Each morning she looked for his letter. Each night before she slept she said : "It will come to-morrow." Eight weary weeks of waiting went slowly by. She had no address to write to and no letter came from Germany. A girl she had cared for very dearly, because she had been kind to her in those sad days of her working years, wrote from her home in India :

DEAREST MARY,

I am so glad you are comfy at last. Now you must come to stop at cold weather with me. Frank is away so much, I am often lonely and long for a real friend. Cable when you will come. Leave London and the winter fogs for a time. Come and cheer your old friend and chum,

MOLLIE

"I will wait for another week and then, if he does not write, I will go to Mollie for a few months; with her I shall drown this restless misery and longing. I can bear it no longer. It is making me ill. Why did I expect so much more than I deserve? I am old enough

to realise this world is not meant to be only a garden of pleasure."

The letter did not come and ten days later Mary sailed for India. To the casual observer she had changed but little in the three months which lay between her present independence and her former life of toil to keep a roof over her head. Outwardly she was the same serious, silent-looking woman; only the eyes of love and friendship would have detected the spirit of unrest which lay in the dark grey eyes; the lines of weariness about the mouth, and the few threads of silver beginning to streak the dark brown hair.

* * * * *

It was evening six months later. The damp heat of the rice fields and jungle that nearly surrounded Captain Desmond's bungalow, had been too much for Mary. She had taken malaria badly almost as soon as she had arrived, the fever fiend had seized her; run down and weak, she was an easy prey. She had been obliged to give herself up entirely to Mollie Desmond's careful nursing.

"You know darling," said Mrs. Desmond, "you are worrying. I have seen it all the time you have been here."

Mary made a faint gesture of assent, and smiled very sadly as Mollie settled her pillows more comfortably and placed a cool drink on the table by her side. The younger woman stroked her hair gently: "Tell me all about him?"

"How do you know there is a 'him'?"

"There is always a man to account for a woman looking as you look now, my Mary. You don't try to get well. You don't seem to care."

“I cannot tell you yet, Mollie. Some day, perhaps. Not now, I am tired.”

Mollie tapped her little French shoe impatiently on the matting. Her pretty brows frowned angrily. “He must be a brute,” she mused. “She is one of the best women in the world and she seems to be waiting for something that never comes. Her money could not bring her health. She had worn herself out for others too long and she does not get happiness either. Frank is certain she is fretting about some worthless fellow,” and the bright little bride sighed. She had meant this visit to the East to do grand things for Mary Temple. The doctor sahib seemed so much interested in their visitor. He was a dear and so kind. It would be so suitable too. He had been a widower three years now. Mollie had fixed it all in her quick impulsive way. Her big jolly husband had pinched her cheek and laughed at her: “You may be able to manage old Wetherby, my child; he wants a wife and would never have time to find one unless you helped him; but Miss Temple has left her heart in good old England. She won’t fall in with your plans.”

That night Mary was worse. With wild frightened eyes, Mollie rushed to her husband on the verandah. “Go at once, she is much worse, she does not know me. I am frightened to take her temperature. Tell Dr. Wetherby we can put him up for the night, he must come. Call the bearer, tell the sais to saddle Firefly.”

“All right, old girl. I’ll catch him; even if he is at his everlasting bridge, he’ll come.”

For two days and two nights the delirium lasted. Mary’s temperature rose to over a hundred and five, she rambled continually of her song, “melody the wind sings

at night, Mark, the letter, why does not his letter come? Oh, why doesn't it come?" Her little secret was soon known to the doctor and Mollie, and they exchanged grave looks.

"There is a letter for her sent on by the caretaker of her house in London. It is certainly in a man's handwriting. When she is normal, will it hurt her to read it to her?" asked Mollie, sobs choking her as she discussed her friend aside with the doctor who shook his head.

"Nothing can make much difference now. Her heart is weak, she has no vitality left and she has not the strength to make the effort to live—I should think that woman has suffered in silence for years."

"You don't mean, you can't mean she is dying?"

"Hush! her temperature has dropped at last."

"Look, she is trying to speak."

"Did I hear you say a letter had come for me Mollie? Would you read it to me, dear? I have been dreaming. There are roses growing by the wayside, in England, but no lovers wander hand in hand—only lovely women with sad eyes. After all I am glad to go. . . Mollie, I am horribly weak." Her thin white fingers plucked the sheet: "Read it, dear, please."

Mollie fetched the long-looked-for letter, broke the seal and drew out the thin sheets of foreign note paper. She ran her eye down the first page—"Merciful Heaven! I can never tell her this"—for the letter ran:

DEAREST—

I could not write before. I felt I had treated you so badly. My only excuse is, I loved you. I loved you, so—I was a coward. I saw you cared for me, and never had the courage to tell you I was married. I was only a boy at the time—we had lived apart for years—she wrote to me for money because she was ill. Mary, I sold your song, I made money on it to save my wife's life. It would have been

easier to have let her die alone, but I felt you would have wished her to have the things that meant health to her. Forgive me, dear, and good-bye,

MARK

“My dear, I will read it to you. Can you hear?” There was a childish quiver in the sweet voice as Mollie turned towards the bed.

The Doctor had left them. “Read it, yes. It is too late for anything to matter much now, but it is my first love letter, and Mollie, it will be my last. Don’t grieve, dear; I was never strong, I knew years ago there was something very wrong. It is better like this. Tell me he loved me, and wanted me for his wife—I have left him all I had, even my little song, ‘The Wind Melody’.”

Mollie’s white fingers shook as she spread out the letter on her knee. “I can’t see the writing. What does it matter? I can’t break her heart,” she thought, “and she shall be happy if it costs me a lie to give her joy—poor patient angel. I know how Frank wrote to me—the memory of his dear letters shall make the end easier for Mary, my best friend.” With an effort she said aloud.

He writes :

Dearest, I love you, you knew I loved you.

A movement from the bed made her look up. A happy smile transfigured the thin plain face of Mary Temple. She looked almost beautiful. She raised herself slowly in the bed.

“He loved me, he was true, he would have come for me, at last. Finish it quickly dear. It will soon be dark and I am so tired.”

Mollie went on softly :

Your song sold, it realised quite a good sum. I managed all that for you. I shall bring the song and hear you say you love me and will be my wife. Mary you know all I cannot write. Three words are enough—"I love you".

Till we meet,

MARK

Mollie prayed silently for strength. She sat for a few seconds with closed eyes. Why had she done this thing? It was all a lie. If by a miracle Mary got well, would she forgive her? She must break the news of the letter later. Mary was brave, she would forgive, she would understand.

"Come with me, child," said Frank's voice close to her.

"Frank, I must tell her the truth."

"No need, darling, she knows everything. She is gone." Looking like a tired child asleep, the plain woman had died happier than she had lived.

Mai Locke

A FANTASY

By D. M. C.

THE breath of Nature lay like the cool fresh hands of my Beloved upon my brow. My heart was quiet with a tender melancholy as of the fallen leaf, with a stillness as of the tranquil river that glimmered through the thinning foliage as the sun through eyelashes that are half cast down. Light radiant above and below, yet without heat. Thus also my heart was. I closed my eyes and slept. Then, down the wide roadway of the river came dancing a sweet Spirit, a joyous Spirit, singing with the voice of clouds and winds, full of the light of many stars; and while he danced upon the ripples of the water, he sang thus :

A thousand voices are Nature's,
Drawn from the throat of the forest,
Breathed by a myriad creatures,
Woo'd from the heart of the river,
Caught from the brook that hides
Where the grasses stoop and quiver,
When the breeze their necks bestrides
And catches their manes in his fingers,
When the tired sad daylight lingers,
Or night in her moon-car rides.

Yet Nature's thousand voices
Are heard in my heart as one,
The world in me rejoices,
I echo the laugh of the sun ;

And the stars throw into the water,
 Into the pool of my soul,
 Ripples of running laughter.

Nature ! I challenge with mirth
 All the beings of earth.
 Scan the earth with thine eye,
 Delve in the depths of the sky,
 Hast thou another as I
 So glad of life immortal,
 Nor ever yearned to die ?
 Is there a god or mortal,
 On either side death's portal,
 Who liveth so much as I ?

Then I sprang to my feet and ran towards him.
 "Glad Spirit," I cried, "I take up thy challenge.
 Lend hither thy lute." My fingers paused upon the
 strings and it seemed the wild impulse of song rushed
 through my being, as though many nightingales
 troubled my heart with their plaint, and I could not
 be silent. Song leaped from my throat as the waterfall
 from the side of the wooded hill, and I sang :

Thou that bestridest the wind-wings wild,
 Hast ridden the steed of a human heart ?
 Hast seen the deep midnight in human eyes,
 Or torn Life's blossom and stem apart,
 Or heard the stars laugh in the voice of a child,
 Or the soul's thunders roll in dream-dark
 skies ?

My heart went crashing with thunderous hoof
 Down the ravines of the Sorrowful Way ;
 I clomb sad heights, and lived aloof,
 Fearing the ardours of passionate day ;
 I wandered into the valley of Pain,
 And heard a thousand tortured cries,
 Hot anger swelled in every vein,
 God was a Fiend with mocking eyes !

Then my heart leaped as the joyful spray
 Leaps out of the ocean's sorrowing surf,
 Like a strong-limbed steed with echoing neigh,
 That senses the dewy slope of the turf,
 It sensed the dew-beladen slope
 Of the Freedom of Man, Freedom divine—
 The world was strong with the mountains of
 Hope,
 Life was watered with rivers of wine!
 Under the pall of woe an Angel slept—
 Ah! Dare they sing of joy who have not wept?

Ay! God is Love—God hates, God lies,
 Murders, tortures, imprisons, and murdered,
 Tortured, imprisoned, utters cries;
 God thirsts, and hungers. God is dead.
 But God is Love and casts aside the pall,
 Love rises from the tomb to conquer all.
 Brave Spirit! Thou wast too valiantly
 ungloved—
 Durst thou to sing of joy—who hast not
 loved?

The Spirit looked wonderingly at me and took back pensively his lute. "There are gods on earth," he said, "who sing a strange song. I understand not their song. Farewell." Then dancing with a fairy foot upon the brightest ripples, he sped again up the roadway of the river, carolling in his wild and joyous fashion; and I awoke.

D. M. C.



CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

All the Theosophists who have read with gratefulness and joy the words of Mrs. Besant concerning the War, in the November Number of THE THEOSOPHIST, cannot but repel indignantly the words of rebuke used by Mr. Prentice in the March number of the same.

I don't know if Mr. Prentice is the obscure Theosophist he professes to have been for ten years ; all I know is that, using the words he uses, comparing as he does with Judas Iscariot a white-haired lady who has been for years his spiritual teacher, Mr. Prentice proves to be a rather bad apprentice in matters of good taste, politeness and respect.

But leaving aside that not unimportant question of form, it is easy to see that Mr. Prentice errs completely in the substance of his objections.

Without any doubt, Theosophy must be in essence a pure spiritual teaching, which remains open, as well to the children of Rhineland as to any other nation. That point was not put in question in the article of Mrs. Besant alluded to. The all-important truth is that :

First, Germany having violated the neutrality of a country which she had promised to respect and defend, has thus violated at the same time a solemn pledge, a word of honour ; Germany has then bled, plundered, ransacked poor Belgium, and at last has slandered it, in order to excuse her atrocities. In doing this, Germany has not only sinned against humanity, but, what is worse, has thus put in question all the principles, and caused many people to doubt in the reality of those abstractions which we Theosophists consider as most real—Right, Honour, Sense of Unity ; and for that reason, should Germany

obtain by such forfeitures and such means the supremacy she aims at, her victory would be tantamount to the delaying for a century of all spiritual evolution. We have thus to do here, not only with the struggle of two groups of nations, but with the conflict of two conceptions of Life: Progression and Regression—with the antagonism of two principles: Supremacy based on Fear, against the Authority coming from Love.

Secondly, Mr. Prentice asks us to let the Guardians of Humanity bring the best results out of those most evil causes. But he does not know the French sentence: "*Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera*"; he forgets that by refusing to remain mere apathetic spectators, by being willing to take an active part in the great cosmic drama now a-playing, we can forward the realisation of the plans of those great Guardians.

Rightly then, indeed, has Mrs. Besant entreated all Theosophists to stand for Right against blind Might; justly does she wish for the crushing of German militarism which, after her own words, shall free the German people and usher in the reign of Peace.

Doing this, we comply with the teachings of impersonal fighting given to us by the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. We have no hatred against Germany; we wish her to find herself again, to be again the Germany of Leibnitz, the Monadologist, of Boehme, the apostle of tolerance, of Kant, who wrote on the Eternal Peace.

And you, Mr. Prentice, who remember so well the Holy Scriptures in order to rebuke and condemn, do not forget another part of them, a sentence in S. Paul's First Epistle to the Romans:

"Who art thou, that judgest another man's servant?"

GASTON POLAK,

General Secretary of the T. S. in Belgium

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

If Mr. Prentice was "shocked and outraged" by the editorial observations on the War in the Watch-Tower Notes for November, we Australians have greater cause to be

shocked and outraged by his letter in your March issue, the tone of which is presumptuous and discourteous. That it does not reflect the feeling of members of the Australian Section, either as to the truth of his statements or his disloyalty to yourself as President of the Theosophical Society, is fully attested by the resolution of loyalty adopted by the Easter Convention of the Australian Section just concluded in Melbourne, reading as follows :

The Australian Section of the Theosophical Society, in Convention assembled, very cordially conveys to its esteemed President this assurance of its implicit confidence and love, and its sincere prayer that the power and blessing of the Great Ones who guide our movement may long continue to manifest through her.

Without a dissentient the resolution was carried, the delegates standing to affirm their loyalty. New South Wales submitted the resolution ; Victoria seconded : Queensland, in the words of the Brisbane President, was "solid to a man in its loyalty to Mrs. Besant" : South Australia declared that "dissentient voices were only as bubbles on the stream of the strong tide of loyalty that flowed from Australia to the President of the Society" : Western Australia and Tasmania were equally pronounced. So that all the States of the Australian Commonwealth voted solid for the resolution, even Mr. Prentice "as a delegate" affirming it, "whatever his private opinions might be". One lady who had heard Mrs. Besant speak in the Hall of Science, London, in Charles Bradlaugh's day, expressed the supremest admiration for Mrs. Besant, and her "disgust" with the letter, but beyond that the general feeling was one of positive declaration of confidence in the President of the T. S., rather than denunciation of any critic, thereby preserving the element of harmony in which the Congress had commenced.

Doubtless Mr. Prentice has given of his best, as he claims, to teach Theosophy. But when he protests that he is "loyal to the core," and in the next breath ushers yourself into an unholy trinity with the German Emperor and Judas Iscariot ; when he admits the truth of your teaching that War is a factor in the evolution of the human race, and then accuses you of inflaming the passions and stirring up hatred, strife and anger ; when he expresses his "infinite regret" that you should have "imperilled and belittled the T. S.," and dragged it into the "dust of conflict," to say nothing of his

absurd and insulting references to Limehouse and Billingsgate language—then it is time to launch a counter protest. Mr. Prentice's bombastic presumption of having to "provide for success of the arms of my people" appears hardly less falsely prophetic than the reproach that you should have betrayed the Son of Man.

Obviously Mr. Prentice's letter is misconceived. Admittedly he is entitled to his own point of view, though I sincerely trust he will change it. The common courtesy and amenities of life, however, demand that when a member of the T. S. addresses the President, who is a lady, he should be a gentleman, and secondly, that he should tell the truth.

Adelaide

J. L. DAVIDGE

TO J. M. M. PRENTICE

When I read your very unseemly outburst in the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST, I could but wonder whether after your "ten years" of spreading the message of Theosophy you had not better turn your thoughts for another ten years to the study of your own character! Where is your charity?

You quote the sayings of the Christ and infer that our President (also the German Emperor) has like Judas Iscariot betrayed Him. Let me draw your attention to another saying of the Master's: *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* Who are you that you should judge a woman who by her life has shown her devotion to the ideal of Right as against Wrong, and has given that life to the helping of the world?

It is true that some of our President's opinions may not be ours, but are we to have no freedom of thought? We do not all agree even on questions of Right and Wrong. Many who read the November THEOSOPHIST may have considered what you term a message of "hatred and war" to have been a just condemnation of past events!

Why must *your* opinion be the right one?

Do not think that I am taking up the cudgels as a personal friend of Mrs. Besant's—no, I have but spoken to her once; I am standing up for the woman whose devotion to the good of mankind is beyond dispute.

You say her language was “but little removed from Billingsgate” and yet I consider it temperate compared with yours.

I am ashamed to think that anyone who has *spread the message of Theosophy not without some measure of success* should in ten years profit so little by its teachings.

E. C. COOKE-YARBOROUGH, F.T.S.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE THEOSOPHIST”

In recent numbers of THE THEOSOPHIST and *The Adyar Bulletin* there appear articles of prominence by the President of the Theosophical Society, flaying America in most intemperate language for remaining neutral during the present War that is in progress in Europe.

Now as a member of the Society, and a subscriber to and reader of the above papers, I should like to know whether these opinions voiced by the President in the official organs of the Society are to be understood as official utterances of the Theosophical Society, or simply as the opinions of an individual.

In other words, has the Theosophical Society definitely entered politics as part of the British War propaganda, and if so, by what warrant and under what clause of the Society's Constitution, and have the 4,000 or more American members of the Society been consulted?

Or is it that the British head of the Society is airing her disappointment that America declines to be made use of to pull any chestnuts out of the fire? In the latter case, while it may be disgruntling to the British temperament to have a war on one's hands and see another country free from war, still, the more dignified and sportsmanlike attitude would be to stop writhing and anathematizing and just “grin and bear it”.

“Ye're makin' an awful poor appearance, Aadam.”

MARY V. JONES

A QUESTION

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Will you or any of your learned readers be pleased to enlighten me whether the Palni Hill—the abode of Shri Subrahmanya (Sanaṭ Kumāra)—with its innumerable steps of the slow winding ascent, with eighteen stages and with many a bypath or short-cut to reach the gate of the Holy Temple, has any particular significance? Does it demonstrate the immeasurable distance through which the Soul has to pass gradually in its evolutionary ascent before it reaches the gate of the Outer Court of the Golden Temple where the Lord of the Universe shines with effulgent radiance?

I shall be much obliged if any one will kindly inform me whether my conjecture is correct, and, if not, to explain why the path to the Temple is constructed in flights of steps with eighteen stages.

Arukutty

S. M.

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REVIEWS

The Religious Philosophy of Rudolf Eucken, by the Rev. W. Stuart Macgowan, M.A., LL.D. (David Nutt, London. Price 2s. net.)

This little volume gives a brief, lucid exposition of Eucken's philosophy, so far as it deals with his views on religion. The author has been struck with the value of his teachings as an aid to a rational understanding of the Christian Religion which has suffered so much at the hands of unphilosophical, dogmatic exponents, and he hopes that Eucken's message "which is that of Christianity in the form of a philosophy" may carry conviction, "because it is not only a philosophy, but also a life".

The key-note of Chapter I is found in Eucken's sentence: "The future is with Christianity, only there will have to be a transformation of its dogmas." To him "dogma is not sacrosanct, for in form it is of man, and not necessarily of God at all. Revelation from God may be final in the sense that it is of *eternal value*, but human interpretation of Gospel teachings and Gospel facts can never be final. The religious observations and experiences of the past—the *then* relatively best expression of our approximation to the truth—must, with each successive age, perpetually be subject to modification in *form* at least, in order to express, though still of course relatively, the truth as apprehended by the consciousness of the latest modern man".

Chapter II deals with the necessity of having some knowledge of philosophy as part of the scientific theologian's equipment. "The main postulate of the Professor's philosophy is the essential unity of the spiritual life. Knowledge of God comes to us through our senses or means of communication with Him, not solely through the domains of the moral and religious. The Good, the True and the Beautiful are all ways

to God and the student of religious philosophy is only one of those who strive by *every* avenue of perception to realise something of the Divine Image."

Chapter III reviews very briefly some of Eucken's works. Chapter IV defines his relation to other philosophers. The author claims Eucken as a *Christian* philosopher, though the "Euckonian Temple of Idealism has stones and slates quarried from both past and present systems of thought". As Eucken himself says: "Hence, even in the future no *new* Religion will be required; all that is necessary is further development (progressive evolution) within Christianity."

Chapter V closes this very clear and thoughtful booklet with a strong plea for a Religious Philosophy, "for a fusion of the intellectual and cosmic of philosophy with the ethical and personal of Religion. We need for our ancient Faith a restatement of its theology in terms of modern culture values. Here is where Eucken's religious philosophy comes to our assistance. It is positive and definite in the claims it makes for Religion in the wider sense. The culture values of the ages are not soulless, nor only *subjective*; they have a value in universality as well as in particularity".

We may differ from Eucken when he holds that "Christianity is the best (not the final) revelation of the truth as yet accorded to man," but if we take his philosophy as applying to religion in general we find ourselves in agreement with him.

Dr. Macgowan's attempt to familiarise readers with Eucken's religious philosophy will serve a useful purpose. The little book, well got up and printed, can be recommended alike to the clergy and to doubters and agnostics.

A. S.

Reason and Belief, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

The fact that *Reason and Belief*, first published in 1910, has just gone through its sixth edition, is in itself a sufficient recommendation for this book which purposes to

demonstrate that "a profound substratum of truth underlies ancient doctrines, some of which are actually illustrated and illumined by the progress of science—in its widest sense".

The subject falls into three parts :

Part I deals "with the subject of incarnation in general; it recognises the strange interaction between spirit and matter which enables psychic processes to affect physical nature and leads on to a brief consideration of the momentous Christian doctrine—The Incarnation".

Pre-existence and survival after death, the freedom of the will, the Advent of Christ, the ideal of sacrifice and service, revelation and inspiration, are treated in admirable fashion, the author's conclusions being the result of a lifetime of scientific study.

Part II "furnishes hints and suggestions for the effective treating of the Old Testament in the light of the doctrine of Evolution".

Professor Lodge suggests that "the early parts of the Bible are better adapted to children than to adults, and have a better chance of being effectively understood by children. For in youth an organism passes in rapid and partial fashion through the stages of its ancestry—each individual rapidly retracing the history of its Race—hence whatever was suited to the childhood of the world may be appropriate to an individual child at a certain stage of development. We cannot expect a scientific account of the creation of the world at a time when science did not exist, yet Genesis is a representation of certain truths, that there was gradual development of life on the earth. In the Bible we have to look for progressive Revelation, always taking into account the conditions of the period at which the Bible stories were written".

Regarding the problem of evil the author remarks: "The very fact that the question is asked: Why was evil permitted to exist? is a sign of latent optimism. In a truly pessimistic Universe there would be no problem of evil, there would be a problem of good. If everything is as bad as it can be, how comes it that any happiness exists? We ask why is suffering permitted, and thereby imply that joy is the natural condition of life."

Part III "is of the nature of an Apologia and anticipatory reply to critics"; It grapples very effectively with the problem of insight, of intuition and the use of hypotheses without which science could never have reached its present development, and the volume closes with an appeal to Literature.

The book is interspersed with numerous quotations from writers and poets who have understood the problems dealt with and whose answers, which are not mere poetic fancies, lend charm and weight to it.

This latest edition is especially opportune at a time when the appalling loss of life caused by the great War will surely cause a reaction in favour of religion, will tend to make us think about the problems of life and death and the truths contained in religion, if rightly understood.

A. S.

The Romances of Amosis Ra, by Frederic Thurstan.
(Francis Griffiths, London. Price 6s. net.)

The Romances are two: I. *The Coming of Amosis Ra*, II. *The Testing of Amosis Ra*; consisting respectively of three and four books, each of about six or seven chapters. The stories turn upon the divine origin and royal descent of Amosis. Having proved himself by every test to be of divine descent and in possession of divine powers, he is about to be made Pharaoh of the double realm of Egypt, when his earthly parentage is suddenly brought to light. The old Priest of the Temple of Aten knows the parents of Amosis to have been of the blood of the Pharaohs by line direct, but he withholds the knowledge, for Amosis was sent as a messenger to Egypt in accordance with a promise given by the God Yah-veh at a secret conclave of initiates of the Temple, and he must therefore bide the time of Yah-veh. This is the last great test for Amosis and, yearning only to pursue his study of the Divine Wisdom, he renounces his earthly kingdom for the occult path.

The plot is an exceedingly good one and well worked out, but unfortunately the author has not the true art of story-telling. He writes more as a historian than a novelist. His

characters do not live ; in fact, it is only when one is well into the book that the strange galaxy of unfamiliar names begin to attach themselves to the respective individuals who bear them. There is little conversation—nothing to give one an intimate touch with the *personae dramatis*. Thus the reading is mostly dry and tedious, and far too long ; we would suggest the whole of the first romance, or the first chapters of each romance, being condensed into the form of an introductory chapter.

The book has one clever and artistic touch for those who can appreciate it, and that is the fine line of difference between values for the occultist, or student of Wisdom, and for the ordinary man of the world. The student of Wisdom may appreciate the consummation of the theme, but the ordinary reader will put down the tale with a feeling of disappointment that the hero in whom he has become interested failed to “win his case”. The value of so good a theme, involving much careful research, has been effaced by the lengthiness of the tale and the failure to make it living.

D. M. C.

An Iron Will.

The Power of Personality.

The Hour of Opportunity.

By Orison Swett Marden. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price each 1s.)

The three handy volumes we have before us deal respectively with the three essential qualifications for worldly success : first, the will to achieve ; secondly, a winning personality, comprising cleanliness, good manners, sympathy and self-forgetfulness ; thirdly, the faculty for seizing an opportunity when it arises or, what is perhaps more important, being ever ready for the opportunity. Time must be caught by the forelock, and when the hour of opportunity has flown past there is no winning it back again. The last-named volume is entertaining as well as instructive, giving many little exemplary

anecdotes, whilst *The Power of Personality* gives interesting sidelights on the value of character in transacting business. These practical hints have their roots in spiritual truths, and well is it if we learn these elementary lessons while transacting the business of our everyday life.

D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

The Great Peace, by James Leith MacBeth Bain. (Theosophical Publishing Society. London.) In the midst of strife and war, this small booklet breathes its message of peace and love, and takes its share in the present struggle by sending thoughts of love and brotherhood to Germany, a valuable part needed to be played by as many as possible in the thought-world. Therefore we hope many will read it and be inspired to do likewise. *The Dream of Dreams, and Other Short Stories*, by P. R. Krishnaswami. (The Kanara Press, Madras. Price Re. 1.) This is a set of simple tales of Indian life, told with a naive and charming sincerity. They give one an insight into the everyday life of the young Indian student.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 6th February to 10th March, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
10 members of "Toronto West End" Lodge, for 1915	37	5	0
American Section, T. S., Balance of dues for 1914, £4 5s. 10d.	64	6	0
Mr. Nadir H. Mehta, Tientsin, for 1915	15	0	0
New Zealand Section, T. S., for 1914 (960 mem- bers), £32	476	4	6
T. S. in England and Wales, for 1914, £71 4s. 4d....	1,070	5	5
Russian Section, T. S., for 1914 (350 members), £11 13s. 4d.	173	10	1
Australian Section, T. S., for 1915, £30	446	7	1

DONATIONS

Mrs. Florence Aldin, Richmond (to Adyar Library), £10 4s.	7	9	11
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Rs. 2,291 0 0

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10th March, 1915

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 6th February to 10th March, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS			
			Rs. A. P.
"A Friend," Food Account	500 0 0
Australian Section, T. S., £2 2s. 6d.	31 10 0
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A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th March, 1915

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Monywa, Rangoon, Burma ...	Maitreya Lodge, T. S. ...	25-12-1914
Rajapalayam, Tinnevelly, India ...	Gyanananda ,, ,, ...	5-1-1915
Poraiyar, Tranquebar, India ...	Poraiyar ,, ,, ...	7-1-1915
Athens, Greece ...	Apollon ,, ,, ...	10-2-1915

ADYAR,
3rd March, 1915.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

Printer : Annie Besant : Vasantā Press, Adyar, Madras.
Publishers : Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, APRIL 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of March :

MEMORY TRAINING: A PRACTICAL COURSE

By ERNEST WOOD

7½"×5". Wrapper. Pages 102.
Price : As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.
Postage As. 1. or 1½d. or 3c.

This little volume is a companion to the author's well-known book on "Concentration". Here he shows how one may, by applying oneself diligently to a simple yet logical system for a short while, develop an excellent and trustworthy memory. The author speaks from practical knowledge, and has himself developed a new system, based on some of the already well-known systems, but with obvious improvements. Every one who wishes to cultivate a good memory and is prepared to give a little hard study and put this study into practice, should possess a copy of *Memory Training*.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VIII

(MARCH)

No. 3

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9¼" × 6½". Wrapper. Pages 32.

Price: As. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post Free.*

Annual Subscription: Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post Free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; 'On Karma,' by Annie Besant; 'Musical Art in India,' by Alice E. Adair; 'From My Scrap-Book,' by Felix; 'Spirituality,' by M. Venkatarao; 'Patriotism and Universal Brotherhood,' by Helen Horne; 'Two Points of View,' by Elizabeth Severs.

THE COMMONWEAL

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Edited by ANNIE BESANT

Single Copy: India, As. 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. 60.—India After the War, by R. G. Pradhan, B.A., LL.B., M.R.A.S.; Prices and Prosperity; The Madras Parliament, by Annie Besant; Village Panchayats; The Affairs of the West: A League of Peace, by H. N. Brailsford.

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No. 62.—Indian Trade; The Affairs of the West: Six Months of War, by H. N. Brailsford; Faust explains the War, by Pestonji Dorabji Khandalavala.

No. 63.—The Village Organisation in Central India, by A Promoter of Panchayats; Education and the T.S., by Annie Besant; A Millionaire Indian Village, by L.; Cottage Industries, by M. S. K.; The Budget, by C. D. S.; New Hinduism, by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K.C.I.E., LL.D.; "The Rebuilding of Belgium"—Belgian Architects Meet in London, by Hope Rea; Chinese Cloisonne (From Our own Correspondent); Science and Civilisation, by G. E. Sutcliffe.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE COMMONWEAL

SOCIAL REFORM

* Price for non-contributors: As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.

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THE AGE OF SHRI SANKARACHARYA

By PANDIT N. BHASHYACHARYA

No. 51 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*

7½"×5". Strong Wrapper. Pages 46.

Price : As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

Postage : India ½ Anna ; Foreign ½d. or 1c.

Annual Subscription : Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c. *Post Free.*

A reprint of a scholarly article written by a celebrated Hindu Pandit. It contains a careful analysis of all the available material for establishing the date of Shri Sankaracharya, gathered by examination of oral and written traditions, of external evidence, and evidence contained in his own works. It concludes with a summary, and a short biography of Shri Sankaracharya.

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXVI

(APRIL)

No. 7

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9¼"×6¼". Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 96.

Price : As. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 25c. *Post Free.*

Yearly : Rs. 8 or 12s. or \$3. *Post Free.*

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THE VASANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS.

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th March to 10th April, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Charter Fee for Apollon Lodge, Athens, Greece, and annual dues of members for 1915 ...	14	10	0
W. H. Barry, Sierra Leone, Freetown, for 1915 ...	15	0	0
A. D. Taylor, for 1915, £1 ...	15	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Fagon, for 1914, £1 ...	15	0	0
	<u>Rs.</u>	<u>59</u>	<u>10 0</u>

ADYAR, 10th April, 1915

J. R. ARIA,
Ag. Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th March to 10th April, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

			RS.	A.	P.
Mr. Oscar Beer, Adyar	32	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. R. G....	100	0	0
			Rs. 132	4	0

J. R. ARIA,

Ag. Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th April, 1915

Supplement to this Issue

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ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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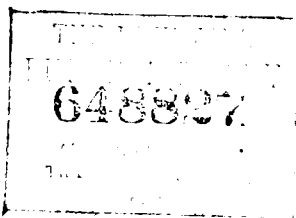
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(See page 413)



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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN these days of sore distress and tense anxiety, in the midst of a gigantic War, shaking civilisation to its centre, we are verily supremely fortunate who know that our earth is ever encircled by the highest Wisdom and the tenderest Love, and that naught but good can result from the frightful carnage on the battle-fields and the anguish of loss in the homes. Were the world a mere straw, tossed upon the rolling billows of everlasting Time, and blown hither and thither by the stormy winds of purposeless natural forces, then would the outlook indeed be gloomy, and men's hearts might well despair, sinking like stones into an abyss. Western civilisation has been thrown into the melting-pot, and, like many a civilisation before it, its very life is threatened. And for the same reason as in those earlier cases. The civilisation has disregarded the Law of Brotherhood, and the Law, which cannot be broken, shivers that which strives to contravene or to ignore it.

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The Law of Brotherhood is the expression of the Unity of the Spirit in a world of differentiation. It is the spiritual Rock on which must be built every house that may endure. And the reason why India has out-lived every civilisation that was contemporary with her; and is still throbbing with life and emulous of progress to-day, is because her first spiritual Teachers built her polity on this Rock, and thus gave it a permanence beyond all others. For her caste system, as originally designed—the system which has become the negation of Brotherhood, and is therefore now breaking up under the action of the very Law that built it—was a perfect expression of Human Brotherhood within a single Nation. Like the human body, Hindū Society was formed with its various organs, co-operating with each other for the health of the whole, all working in harmonious interdependence for the common good. In all castes the Self was seen, equally dwelling, and, as sharers in that one Life, all formed one great family of brothers; but the natural fact was recognised, inevitable in a world in which Evolution is law, that all the brothers, though sharing in one blood, are of different ages, and therefore at different stages of development, suitable for different kinds of work. As in the human body, the head must plan, the hands must execute, the stomach must nourish, the legs must carry, otherwise the body could not live, so in Society. And on that plan the caste system was formed, and mutual love, interdependence and service were its law of life. And because of this India lived on through the ages, and even when the spirit for the most part passed away, the mould was so strong that the national life still flowed into it, and a few kept to the old spirit, and

thus enabled it to linger on. For its true and full working, it needed the help of the Devas—the Angels—guiding souls to rebirth in fit bodies; and while love and service ruled, they guided thus, and the older wiser souls were guided to take birth in Brāhmaṇa families, and the strong executive souls in Kṣhaṭṭriya bodies, and the shrewd careful souls in Vaishya bodies, and the souls young in experience in Shūdra bodies, and elder and younger brothers worked happily in the National household, and all did the work they liked best, because most suitable to their type and therefore enjoyable, and thus a mighty fabric was built up, and lasted long.

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But then pride crept in, and pride springs from the root of Hate, and separateness developed, and pride in the older was answered by envy and jealousy in the younger, and the Law of Brotherhood was disregarded. But the system lasted on, despite the seeds of evil in its bosom, and fighting was left to the Kṣhaṭṭriyas, and the Vaishya accumulated wealth, and the Shūdra produced it, whatever might be the disturbances round them; and while some Brāhmaṇas grew rich in royal Courts, the mass remained poor and learned paṇḍiṭs and teachers of youth, and guides of elders in religion, morals and philosophy. So India remained wealthy beyond all other Nations, and prospered despite all invasions and all wars.

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But with the decay of caste-duty the steady helping of the Devas failed, and no longer did they guide souls socially but rather individually, and for this and other cognate reasons the value of caste

gradually was lost, and when the Brāhmaṇa trampled on the outcaste, its doom was sealed. Then the western Nations, who cared naught for Brotherhood, came to work out the results of the disregarded Law, and battled with each other for trade, and intrigued against each other for power, and used unbrotherly hatreds for their own profit, and turned the sword of brother against brother, until—as the High Gods saw best—the British triumphed, and from the middle of the 18th century grew strong. And stronger still they grew, and ruled; and they took Brāhmaṇas and turned them into clerks, and Kṣhāṭṭriyas they turned into sepoy, and treated all, high and low, as their inferiors, and made a white caste and a coloured caste in India, grinding all the coloured castes together; for the old castes were dead, save in out-of-the-way places; and thus was the Law of Brotherhood avenged.

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But because India has purged her faults by bitter suffering, because for two centuries she has been the wronged and not the wronger, the victim not the oppressor, the spoiled not the despoiler, therefore is she not flung as a Nation into the seething crucible of agony into which Europe is plunged to-day. For Europe has utterly disregarded the Law of Brotherhood, alike in her internal National organisations, and in her relations with other countries. She has colonised, and conquered, and tyrannised, and thought herself the chosen of God, while all the rest of His world was given to her for a prey. In her Nations some grew rich extravagantly, while the masses were miserably poor. The labouring classes shared not in

the comfort, and the beauty, and the splendour which they created, and, as in India, the high poured contempt upon the low. Both outside her borders and within them, she lived as though no Law of Brotherhood existed, as though her own poor might for ever be exploited, and as though the coloured races were given to her for her prey. And so the tears of the weak and the sufferings of the oppressed gathered into a mighty underground stream, and undermined the thrones of Europe, and European civilisation is tottering, and all men see to-day the result of the denial of God in the denial of Brotherhood, and the misery that treads on the heels of successful wrong.

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And some are learning the lesson. Britain has realised, as *The Times* has pointed out, that Germany is only showing in completer form her own past errors, her arrogance, her conquering spirit, her desire for supremacy over all others. In that recognition lies her salvation; and because she and France and Russia had been less wicked than others in their treatment of Asiatics and Africans, in them arose the intuition to fling themselves on the right side in the Continental War. Belgium has expiated the Congo in her ravaged land; and in her Hero-King, who, in his royalty remembered Brotherhood and went among the poor that he might understand and succour, she has the pledge of her redemption. Britain has her opportunity offered of standing on the side of Liberty and Justice in Asia as she is doing in Europe, and her ultimate destiny depends on her renoucal of that blackest crime against Brotherhood, the thought that a coloured skin deprives a man of the right to liberty and self-government in his

own land. As Britain deals with India, so will the High Gods deal with her.

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Out of this Hell of War will arise a New Era, a New Earth. A new civilisation will dawn from the very horror that the older civilisation has brought upon the world. Science shall no more prostitute its genius to the creation of new tortures in the slaying of men, but shall turn it to its rightful purpose—the increase of happiness, leisure and wealth. Competition in trade shall give way to co-operation. Mutual respect shall replace pride and jealousy. Nobleman, gentleman, tradesman, artisan, peasant, are bound in the blood-brotherhood, fighting side by side, and shall remain brothers when Peace shall dawn. So out of misery shall bloom the flower of Joy, and the World-Teacher, coming to a devastated continent shall “make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose”.

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Our readers will note with interest the new Theosophical centre in Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., of which we give a brief account, illustrated by some photographs. It is a very charming home that has been raised by the devotion of our Kentucky friends, and we trust that the light of Theosophy may spread from it far and wide.

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Over here our Theosophical Educational Trust is doing much good and useful work, though hampered a little in the South by the constant malevolence of the missionaries, who are all-powerful in the Madras Education Department. The High School at Madanapalle was lately approved by the Senate for affiliation as a

College, after a violent attack on Theosophy; then Dr. Nair, my old persecutor, made a spiteful objection, in order to cause delay, and the Senate, according to the rule, appointed a Committee to examine the objection, and the Committee reported unanimously in favour. Now the recommendation of the Senate is being delayed in its passage up to the Governor, who, as Chancellor of the University, has the final granting. The object of the delay is to prevent the affiliation being completed by the beginning of the College year, so that students may be afraid to join—to such depth of meanness do the opponents of Theosophy in South India descend. When we applied for a building grant, we were told that we could not have it until we were affiliated; when we asked for affiliation, we were told that we must first have sufficient buildings! We have succeeded in collecting money enough for buildings, the public contributing; meanwhile the missionary school in the same place is given Rs. 6,000 to build a laboratory, to help it to rival our school, which has a good one. Then we were told we must have our College staff complete, and a number of other exactions were made, beyond those of other Colleges; we have met them all, and gained at last our affiliation. Now that is not allowed to reach the Governor for confirmation, and we have 150 young men waiting to be admitted. This is how Christianity shows itself in South India. The Education Department pours money into missionary institutions—Hindū and Musalmān money, be it noted; the other day, when we had been refused a building grant for a poor school on the ground of “want of funds,” I saw a big grant was given to a S. Patrick’s institution for European boys, as though Europeans

were not rich enough to support their own schools. Such are some of the educational results of an alien Christian Government in India.

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The objection to myself in relation to education is rather comic, in view of the educational work I have done in India, but that was in the North, where missionary influence is negligible. There, in the Act now before the Imperial Legislative Council, establishing a Hindū University, a special clause is inserted, in order that I may be placed in the Governing Body of the University, the only non-Hindū. But in the South, there is so much opposition to my having a place in education at all! It is all very funny.

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A very vigorous effort is being made to strangle higher education here; the examinations for admission to the colleges and for the higher classes within them have been suddenly made so cruelly severe that only $27\frac{1}{2}$ per cent have been allowed to pass into the higher college classes, and only about 10 per cent the examination which admits to the colleges. This again is only in the South. It cannot be supposed that all schools and colleges have become suddenly inefficient, or all boys stupid. And this action is peculiarly cruel in India, where the desire for education is a passion, and is strongest among the poor, for wealth and learning have not gone together in India. Exorbitant fees, examination barbarities, do not stem the rush of pupils. And such a "slaughter of the innocents" as we have had this year fills the air with wailing.



“ THE GREATEST OF THESE ”

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER

WE have close upon us now the New Year—a time, more or less, of renewing our resolutions. Some of us, fully pledged already to our Masters, do not need to make new ones for ourselves; they are already made. Still, with all our efforts, we may not always succeed in keeping our pledges perfectly, and therefore it is quite a good thing that we, like the rest, should review at the New Year what we have been able to do, and make our resolutions to try to make such pledges a more living reality. So it is surely fitting that we should not allow this week between Christmas and the New Year to pass without self-recollection.

When we decided that we should have this additional meeting, I asked one who stands very near to our

Masters: "What shall I say to them?" and he said: "Well, there is only one thing; talk to them about love." This is the season of love and of goodwill, and we of all others should be showing forth that Christmas spirit of love—not at Christmas only, but all the year round; so it was good advice. We need to try to understand what love really is; we all talk about it freely enough, but there are few outside the absolutely Inner Circle of those who stand close round our Masters, very few, who know what love really is. What passes here in the outer world by that name is only a faint and sullied reflection of the real thing. It is grasping and selfish; it is intermingled with all kinds of desires and other emotions, such as jealousy and pride; it is not the real thing at all, and we should know something of what that real emotion is.

You must not make the mistake, as beginners in Theosophy not infrequently do, of thinking that we who try to follow the Path should have no emotions: assuredly we must have emotions, but we must be careful that we have only those that we definitely choose to have. We must not let our astral body formulate emotions for itself and then run away with us, and sweep us off our feet with them; that is all wrong. But to say we should have *no* emotions would be to make of us monsters instead of men: to make, perhaps, intellectual giants, but men utterly incapable of sympathy, and therefore useless for the Masters' work.

If you will look at the plates in *Man Visible and Invisible*, you will see that the astral body of the savage and even that of the ordinary man are examples of what the astral body ought not to be; they show it formulating its own emotions, some of them very bad,

and sweeping away the ego from his path, and acting entirely without his control. If you will look at the astral body of the developed man you will see that it is an exact mirror of his mental body, and that means that he has emotions, profound and beautiful emotions, *but* he has those which he allows himself to have, and no others. The astral body has become a reflection of the mental; it is a servant instead of a master; and the astral body, like fire and some other things, is a very good servant but a very bad master.

The moment you allow it to take control it spoils everything, but it is an absolutely necessary vehicle for your work, and when under perfect control, it can enable you to reach much which without it you could not reach, because, remember, the astral body corresponds to and is a mirror of the buddhic vehicle, and as the buddhic vehicle is not developed in any of us *yet*, it is only through the astral body that we can obtain touch with the buddhic plane—not through the mind. Through the mind we can obtain touch with the ego; the lower mind can come into contact with the higher mind; but it is through the emotions that we can touch that still higher vehicle. Therefore you need to feel emotions, but you must strictly curb these emotions; you must see that they are of the right kind, and that only those which are of the right kind are allowed to play through you.

So is it with this love, the key-note of which is, as Christ absolutely insisted, that you must forget yourself in that which you love. That ought not to be difficult; but it is. There are many who seem unable to do it; and yet, if the feeling be only strong enough, the result must follow. Remember, this question is one of those with which every one of us will

be faced in the future. When the Lord comes, His gospel will be a gospel of love. He Himself is known as the Lord of Love, of Compassion, of Kindliness; that that is one of the features which must be most prominent in His teaching is stated in this new book by Mr. Jinarajadasa; you will find it laid down very clearly; and remember that Mr. Jinarajadasa is one of those who is on the special line of the World-Teacher, and specially closely linked with Him. He says here:

There is a power that makes for strength, and it is love; in many forms it grows in men's hearts, but with each appearance it brings strength: strength to transmute cruelty into sacrifice, lust into worship, pride into devotion—this love brings. This is the first truth that you and I will teach, in His name.

There is a power that makes all things new, and it is Beauty that is Joy. Love, and you shall see the Beautiful; worship, and you shall be one with Him; serve, and you shall be His Anointed for the salvation of your fellow-men. This is the second truth that you and I will teach, in His name.

There is a power that unifies all, and it is sacrifice. Through action that is sacrifice comes life to love that is strength and to beauty that is joy. This is the way for all to tread, the path the One Lover has made for His Beloved. This is the third truth that you and I will teach, in His name.

Now these words are not only beautiful, as you all have heard, but they are profoundly true; that is precisely what you must do, if you are to take part in the future which is opening before us. All our modes of thought, all our methods, and all our ideas are of the past—all those that come naturally to us; we must learn to live in and for the future, the future which the Lord will make when He shall come, and this Love is the key-note of that future. It is no new teaching; He gave it when He was on earth before; He gave it as Shrī Kṛṣṇa; He gave it as the Christ; and His disciple S. John, following in His steps, preached this also. They insist strongly upon it.

S. Paul has given, perhaps, one of the best definitions of Love in the 13th Chapter of the *First Epistle to the Corinthians*. You can do no better than take that chapter and read it, and see how far your conception of Love agrees with that of that great Apostle and Initiate. Remember how he spoke of it: "Love," he said, "suffereth long and is kind." That is to say, it bears all for the sake of him whom it loves; it never thinks of anything as a trouble or a worry or a difficulty, that can be done for that one. "It suffereth long." He says in another place, "It beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things." So of the loved one, it bears all, whatever may come. Of him it believes all, believes the noblest and the best always, and hopes for the grandest and most magnificent. So it devotes itself wholly and solely to the object of its love; it never thinks of itself at all. He says, "Love seeketh not her own"; it does not even ask for that which well might be expected; or it thinks nothing of itself, but only of him.

That is a beautiful conception—all must see that; but I suppose many people in the outer world would think of it as an impossibility: Well, it is a counsel of perfection, it is Utopian; the outside world would say that there is no one who feels like that. Wait, you who are striving upwards. Wait till you enter into the Inner Arcanum, and you will find that there *are* those who feel just like that. You will find that the love of our Masters is love such as that, and when you come to the consciousness of the Great Lord of Love Himself, you will find that He loves His world in just exactly that way, never thinking what it thinks of Him, thinking only of what can be done for it. It is wonderful, it is

glorious, but it is true; this attitude can be reached by men, and it has been reached by men; therefore *you* can reach it every one of you. I do not say that you can do it at once—that you can cast aside all your old habits in a moment; you *can* cast them off, but they will come back again and again, because you have established a sort of evil momentum; you have created ruts in which your thought moves, and it is not easy to pull it away out of those in a moment. It is not easy to change yourself, because your habits in these matters are not those of this life only; they have existed for thousands of years, and a habit you have been forming for twenty thousand years takes some changing; but it must be done, and therefore you had better set about it at once; the sooner you begin the better.

When Love is strong enough, you have that attitude even now. You have all heard of the most wonderful self-sacrificing actions performed by those who truly love—by a mother for her child, by a husband for a wife, or a wife for a husband. You know that there are wonderful instances of splendid heroism that seem superhuman; but, after all, those who do these things are men like ourselves, and if they can do them, surely we can do them too. It is only a matter of shaking oneself free from the old fetters and trying to understand, and it is not so difficult. All that S. Paul says, beautiful as it is, glorious as it is, well worth reading as it is, every word of it is already in the heart of any person who really deeply loves. He forgets, he must forget, himself; he can think only of the object of his love; and that being so all the rest follows. All these other qualifications which S. Paul mentions come, if the love be true and pure. It is no use saying that at

our present level we cannot have such a thing; we can and we must.

If I were continuing my regular series of talks, I should be speaking to you of the qualifications which are necessary for Initiation; but of all the qualifications this is the greatest, for it includes all the rest. S. Paul ends his chapter, "And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love," and this is the new gospel. The old one—I mean that of the previous World-Teacher—was the gospel of Wisdom; if ignorance could be dispelled, he said, if man could only know and understand, then evil would be gone. That is perfectly, absolutely true; but this presentation is also true, and this is the presentation of the present day—that when men live as brothers, when they put aside their lack of love, their suspicion and their lack of comprehension, their woodenness and their stupidity, the whole world will be different. When men have learned to trust one another, to live together by common-sense arrangement, instead of every one having to be restricted by law from doing this and doing that, the one great Law of Love will be restriction enough for every man.

It will be a long time before all the world can come to that stage; but it will be longer still if somebody does not begin, and we are precisely the very people whose business it is to be setting that example, for we are awaiting the coming of the Lord of Love. If we are to be His helpers, His disciples, His apostles even, perhaps, when He comes, we must be studying His method already—what we know of it—and this at least we know of it, that Love will be its central feature. At least we can accustom ourselves to that central feature, at least we can begin to live the life which He will

expect us to live, and most certainly the more we live it now, the more we shall prepare ourselves to be His helpers when He comes. If we can permeate ourselves with His spirit beforehand, that will be an enormous advantage to us in acting as the channels of His grace and His power when He comes. Until then the most we can do is to practise all these virtues, and to try in that way to make ourselves ready.

We must put away all unworthy ideas; it is an insult to the glorious name of Love to use it for the sort of emotion with which many of us are familiar; it is not the right word at all. The real thing is spiritual, truly, beyond the comprehension of many, but glorious beyond all words to tell. Reach, if you can, the buddhic consciousness; touch it even for a moment; you will have to experience it when you reach the period of Initiation. Happy for you if you can attain it before, and so save on that mighty occasion some of the trouble to those who are in charge.

Enter, if you can, into some stage of this higher consciousness; it will be a revelation to you, something you can never forget. The world will never again be the same to you when once you have seen that. Such experience is not for all of us yet, because it means an effort, a stupendous effort—an effort for which few are yet ready. It has been made by some, but only at considerable risk and considerable strain. I have seen a strong man faint in the making of an unsuccessful effort to perform that Yoga; yet there are others to whom it comes naturally and easily. It will come to all of you at one stage or other—most likely first in your meditation some time. It may be by a definite effort, it may be simply in the course of the evolution

of your power of meditation that it will come to you, and then you will know.

Until then you must simply imagine this higher love; but get as near to it as you can; try to see, at least, that not even the tiniest tainting speck of selfishness shall remain in your emotion, that you live only for the object of your love. Pour out your love upon our Masters; there indeed there can be no selfishness, for you cannot be wondering what They feel for you, or what They can do for you; you know that beforehand. You know that when the pupil is ready the Master is ready also, and that Their love is as wide as the sea. The only limitation and difficulties are those which we make ourselves; there is no difficulty on Their side, no limitation to Their power of affection.

S. Paul said: "Love envieth not." It is rare to find that sort of love, the love which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, which is not puffed up; those are among his definitions. However splendid may be the achievement of one whom we love, we feel only the purest pleasure in it, never the least touch of envy; and if in some way we can do something which the loved one cannot, we do not boast about it, we are not puffed up about it; we think only of his feelings, and never of ours. It is all so simple if you always keep in mind the key-note of unselfishness; but failing that key-note everything goes wrong; that is inevitable. "It is not easily provoked," he says, "and it thinketh no evil."

There is a great deal in that. It is not easily provoked; you know how difficult it is to live through all the little strains of ordinary life, and not to be annoyed; it is almost impossible for the average man. Even for the more developed it is very hard, and that

for many reasons. First, as I have said, we have a habit of irritability which we have been industriously cultivating for many thousands of years; that has to be conquered. Secondly, we are living in an age of great nervous strain, such as the world has never known before until now; consequently our nerves are all out of tune, most especially those of us who have to live in big cities, and so it is exceedingly difficult to preserve an even balance all the way through; still, we must try. It is, I admit, an almost superhuman thing to expect, but at least we must try. We are attempting what no one else has essayed; all who have striven to live the spiritual life, as we wish to do, have begun by retiring from the world—by living in the jungle, becoming hermits, or living in a monastery among monks, so that they may either be free from all other vibrations or surrounded by vibrations which shall be entirely harmonious. We are, so far as I know, the first people who have made an attempt to lead this higher life without in any sense retiring from the world, living in the midst of it—in the midst of what may be called a very aggravated form of it.

It is true there have been great cities in times of old; Rome was huge; Babylon was a great city; the City of the Golden Gate in Atlantis was enormous also, but at least there was not the pressure then that there is now. I have looked back, in the course of clairvoyant investigation of various sorts, at a large number of the older civilisations; some of them were far from good, some of them were distinctly evil, for there was much of unpleasant magic: some on the other hand were magnificent, were our own equals in most respects; but at any rate there never was one of them that I have

seen, where we had so terrible a hurry and pressure as we have now. It all comes from our new methods of communication, from our railways and our steamers, our electric telegraphs and daily papers; all these things tend towards hurry.

All that has its good side; it is teaching us to crowd into a short time a vast amount of concentrated work, and to manage many different things at once; it is not without its benefit; but in the meantime it is wrecking the health and the constitutions of many people, and it distinctly makes all spiritual progress much harder. It does develop mentality and intellectual power, but it makes anything in the nature of meditation or yoga much more difficult, because the very essence of those things is that one should be quiet, that one should be able to abstract oneself from the world and concentrate on higher things. Meditation can be done; to some extent many are doing it—though without much success in many cases, I know. You need not wonder at your lack of success in meditation—at the fact that other thoughts thrust themselves in, and that it seems to you almost impossible to carry out your meditation perfectly. Only remember, if you succeed under these conditions, you have made a great step—for you are proof against most difficulties that will come in your way. A man who has proved himself a fine Yogī under convenient circumstances, away in a cave or a jungle, might well be thrown off his balance if he had to live in a great city like this; so if you can do your work perfectly under such conditions, you have secured your footing on that pathway of yoga.

What you are trying is a very hard thing; but it assuredly can be done, and if done, it gains much more

for you than the following of the easier way would gain. It is one of our difficulties that our nerves are all strung up by this great rush and activity round us. Some of you may think that you do not take part in it; unfortunately you cannot help doing so to a certain extent; if you are living in the midst of it you must feel it. The vibrations of a million men are all around you; those must be a powerful factor, and you, an individual, setting yourself against such a current as that, will have a heavy piece of work in keeping yourself steady. I say again, it can be done, for it has been done; but to reach this state of which the apostle speaks—the condition incapable of provocation—is always difficult, and it is doubly, trebly difficult under these present conditions. Nevertheless we have to attain to it. As you progress along the Path you have to gain something far higher than that along the same line; the last fetter but one which the Arhaṭ casts off before he attains Adeptship is the possibility of being disturbed by anything whatever. I must say I have looked at that condition with a certain amount of mild envy! But when it is attained there is only one more fetter to be cast off—that of ignorance. To be *perfectly* free from irritability brings us near to the highest, and that is still in the future, but in the meantime we must try to do what we can to follow S. Paul's advice, and aspire to the love which is not easily provoked and which thinketh no evil.

Of course it thinks no evil: how should one think any evil of a loved one? "It rejoiceth not in evil, but rejoiceth in truth." It is popularly said that love is blind: I suppose there is such a love, but I know there is a later stage which is preternaturally keen—which

expects far more than the ordinary from the object of love in the way of achievement and of behaviour—which sets a high standard just because of the love it bears—or love which is quite the reverse of blind; perhaps this is a reaction from the other. The perfect love will be neither of these; it will have passed beyond them both, and it will judge of everything just as it is, without fear and without favour, knowing well that nothing whatever that the loved one could do would change or alienate the love. This feeling of love does not depend upon the character of the person loved at all: if you love a person, you love him, and whatever he may do will not affect your love; it may cause you pain if he does evil, because you love him; it may cause you sorrow and suffering; but it cannot affect your love. That again is a thing which people do not seem to understand. "How can I love a person who has treated me in such and such a way?" they say. Do not you see that his treatment has nothing to do with it? True love is not between personality and personality; it is between ego and ego—perhaps between monad and monad: how do we know? we know so little yet of those stupendous heights, but at least we see that it is absolutely independent of what is done by the loved one.

Such love can be felt by man; I know that myself, because I have seen it; because we see it in the Great Ones and we see it in Their disciples. A beautiful and a wonderful thing it is to see. This kind of love, it is said, "never faileth". This is S. Paul's final characterisation of it; it never faileth whatever happens; whatever is done, it is still the same, the one unchangeable thing in this changeable world. Changeless,

because love is God. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." It is by this fact, says an apostle again, that "we know that we have passed from death into life, because we love". Not only is it a most important factor in life—it is life itself. It is the life of God in man, for God is love.

We do not perhaps think of all that that means; if we love, God dwelleth in us and His life is perfected in us. That is an idea that I should like you, if it may be, to take away with you—that if you are happy enough to feel the true, the glorious love, it is not *you* who love, but God who loveth in you. It is the life of the LOGOS Himself; and in the proportion in which that life pulsates through you, in that proportion may you pour it out as love to your fellow-men. Again, it is said in the Christian Scripture: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" If you wish to show forth the power of God, you can do it only by absorbing into yourself the love of God, and pouring it out again upon all these others. You must be His almoner in this greatest of all charities, the pouring out of His love; that is the true Christmas thought; that is the birth of the Christ within us; and surely there can be no better New Year resolve than to carry that with us all through the year, and to show that because we love God, and because we are thankful to Him, we show forth in our daily lives the love for our brothers which is the mark of our unity with Him.

C. W. Leadbeater

HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. HADEN GUEST

(Concluded from p. 225)

ACCORDING to this theory, physical heredity has to account for the physical body man uses, but the mental and moral qualities belong to the man himself; he brings these with him, (expressed in finer matter, matter of a kind beyond the physical) as the result of his past experiences of life. Thus we have, so to speak, two lines of heredity. The heredity of the body into which a man is born; and the heredity of the Man himself which he brings with him. The personality we know as a human being expresses in the world the combination of both lines of evolution, physical and superphysical. And it is, of course, conceivable that the physical body may not be well adapted to express the consciousness of the man clothed in its garment of superphysical matter. In fact, experiments in hypnotism, by revealing powers of sense-perception and of mind unsuspected as a rule, show clearly that the body does not express more than a small part of the consciousness of the man using it.

If we apply the reincarnation theory to particular cases, it certainly gives an easy explanation. Take the case of musical prodigies. How do they arise? In

musical families frequently, but in mediocre musical families as a rule. Whence the genius? How is it that the young child is able to show himself an accomplished musician? Because he is an accomplished musician who has done the work of study and practice in previous existences. He is born in a musical family in order to secure the advantage of a physical instrument musically useful. But the physical heredity ends there. Similarly the mathematical, philosophical and scientific, prodigies are those who have studied before.

DIFFERENCES IN MENTAL CAPACITY

But apart from prodigies, all the differences among men in ordinary life are more easily explained by this reincarnation theory than by any other, ordinary differences in mental capacity and in mental tastes, for instance. People brought up in the same environment, coming from similar homes and educated at the same school, develop in quite different ways. One is keenly interested in art, but cannot make any progress with science; another is all on fire for science, but regards art as sentimentality. One is attracted to the study of some special branch of knowledge and gets hold of it in a very limited period; another equally hard-working must slave for years to acquire the rudiments.

The differences are not only differences of the body, but of the consciousness behind the body, and are to be explained as the expression of the particular line of interest or of thinking which has attracted the man over a series of lives. The man interested in scientific work life after life has science in him and can easily "tune up" his new body to respond to considerations of scientific

interest. His brain not only takes in from outside but is worked on from inside, and so learns quickly and well.

What is learned easily, what interests a man, is that which he has already within him. The process of learning is then a process of "tuning up" the body, of bringing the brain into touch with the memory of the consciousness behind. The knowledge, the memory, within is called out by the study of books, or hearing of lectures, or experience of life. And this is the function of all things in the physical world, first to present to the man all kinds of possible sensations, experiences and thoughts, so that those within him may be called out by responding to their like in the outer world, and secondly, to help on the man, the inner consciousness, to further experience and to the further expansion of powers already gained.

DIFFERENCES IN MORAL CAPACITY

This is seen particularly well with regard to moral qualities. Whence the differences among men? Take two children detected in a lie, and let it be put to them that lying is objectionable, against the order of civilised life, the destroyer of confidence, or in any other way indicating its moral undesirability. One child sees at once what is meant, understands the value of truth, because the proclamation of the idea to his brain wakes up the memory of the man, enables it to "tune up" the brain and a step forward is made. Not so the other child, who will argue that so and so lies, that Mr. Thingummy told such and such a lie, that this or that lying practice is common, and who is not impressed, because not yet is the ideal of truth stamped into the inner

consciousness—the lesson has still to be learned. The same with cruelty, the same with the many kinds and disguises of the attraction of sex; the one man chooses simply and clearly, he has learned his lesson in other lives; the other is torn and tossed hither and thither—he has yet to learn. Such, in brief outline, is the theory of reincarnation and the explanation it offers of some of the most insistent problems of life.

THE LAW OF JUSTICE

It will be readily seen that if the theory of spiritual evolution, as outlined herein, be true, then the causes at work in human existence are only to a small extent the physical causes studied by the chemist, physicist and biologist. Indeed, we know, apart from any theory, that in individual life and in the life of nations and of civilisation as a whole, the causes which have to do with the feelings, passions or desires and the causes which have to do with thought, are the most potent of all causes. Materialistic philosophy traces back feelings and emotions to modifications of physical matter; the more widely embracing philosophy, usually known as Theosophy, of which the theory of spiritual evolution is a part, postulates the existence of matter finer than the physical in which thought and feeling have their form expression. From the Theosophical standpoint, therefore, the world is a much bigger and more complicated mechanism, and the results we see in the world are the results of the interaction of forces acting on both physical and superphysical matter.

That is to say that the conditions of a man's life, for instance, are not only caused by forces

acting in the physical world, but also by forces acting in the world in which thought and feeling more readily express themselves. In a sense this is a commonplace, but the Theosophical theory enables one to see how dominatingly important thought and feeling may be. Every one recognises that a violent temper is a handicap in life, but think of this violent temper not only as being a handicap on the occasions when it is physically obvious, but always a handicap because it prevents the smooth and satisfactory working of the superphysical part of man. And also, the bad temper being primarily a sort of explosion in superphysical matter, sends out waves of force in all directions, whenever it is in evidence, which affect other people and predispose them to bad temper and to acts of violence. If those people are around the man, talking or discussing with him, the bad temper he arouses in them will react on him at once either through blows or words, or (if physical manifestation is suppressed) in a return wave of anger in superphysical matter, still further deranging him. This is by no means a matter of speculation merely, it is an every-day experience. Every one who is at all sensitive to outside impressions, and who has attended a meeting or a conference, when feeling has "run high" will remember how he felt "in the air" something electric, something that made him quiver. The usual explanation of this is that similar events excite men in the same way and that they sympathetically work themselves up into a condition where the "electric tension" is felt. But we know as a matter of fact that a meeting, or a crowd, is not a mere addition of units; the units to a certain extent fuse, and the power, the humour, or the anger, of a crowd is not only different

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from the added power, humour or anger, of the individuals, but greater than this addition. When two flames are brought near to each other, the resulting heat is more than the sum of the separate heats; the invisible heat rays, or heat vibrations, of each flame call out more from the other. The same with emotions and feelings at a meeting; the emotion or feeling vibration of each calls out more from every other. The sum of the vibrations is greater than the addition of the units. And it is because every man has in him matter of the superphysical kind that he can feel the "electric tension" of a meeting, the "feel" of audiences (a thing so well-known to every speaker), and it is largely this capacity of response (directly) to feeling and thought vibrations, which attracts us to, or repels us from, individuals whom we meet.

Man, then, according to Theosophical theories, is living in a world played on by physical forces acting through physical matter, and by forces of thought and feeling acting through superphysical matter; and the chain of cause and effect is as continuous in the superphysical as in the physical worlds. In the physical world we look on the process of evolution as the continuous production of forms, the one growing out of the other, causes and effects following in an unbroken sequence. In the superphysical world, the world of thought and feeling, the same unbroken chain of causes and effects is found; the thoughts and feelings of the man grow out of those of the child, the thoughts and feelings of the nation to-day grow out of what it has been in the years and centuries that are past.

The theory of spiritual evolution, however, means more than this, for it implies that the real man, existing in a form of superphysical matter, is

a continuing consciousness, existing from the beginning of the human stage of spiritual evolution until the end, when the man enters upon a new chapter of the unfolding of life. Therefore the chain of causes acting in superphysical matter, has been acting on the consciousness which is man continuously since the beginning of his evolution. That is to say that not only is the thought of the man founded on that of the child, but the powers and capacities of the grown up soul—the saint or the genius—are founded upon those of the child soul such as the primitive savage.

To understand a man's body aright you must think of it as the product of an evolutionary process; to think of a man's feeling, mind and spirit aright you must think of them as the result of an unbroken evolutionary process stretching over millions of years and hundreds of separate births into physical bodies. All causes which have acted in the past may still be producing results in the present. The why and the wherefore of man's life, therefore, is to be understood by remembering that he is the product not only of the physical causes which mould his physical environment (including those which mould his own body), but also of the much more powerful feeling and thought causes which, to a very large extent, he moulds himself. And man is master of his fate, for although he cannot escape from the trammels of the past, he is free to build his future thought and emotion world and this will react on the physical and mould that too. The man who himself is free, no bars can imprison, no misfortunes overwhelm.

We look, then, for the explanation of man's life not to physical causes alone, but to the interaction of causes working in physical matter, and those of thought

and feeling, working in superphysical matter. And we find that out of the apparent tangle certain broad outlines of certainty emerge. The purpose of the scheme of evolution, so far as man is concerned, is to enable him to evolve to a condition in which the powers of his being, at present latent, hidden, shall be manifest and realised. Man is to develop by the road of spiritual evolution into Superman. The world is the school of the soul, and the law of learning the simple one that all experiences are offered freely, experiences of good and experiences of evil, with one proviso—that the man who takes the experience pays the price for that experience. Every evil action a man performs sets causes at work in the world of thought and feeling which continue to act and react upon him until once more the balance of nature, which the evil action had upset, is readjusted. And in the process of this readjustment there is suffering, and the consciousness of man looking over a period of lives, sees that the evil action has caused the suffering and learns by experience to do well. Every “good” experience a man enjoys brings in its train happiness, peace, fullness of life, and here too the soul learns. There is no accident in life, all is the result of law.

Take a broad sweep of thought and think of the whole mass of the many million human forms at any one time, as the days’ representatives of the eternally changing garment of humanity. There it is Chinese, Indian, Tibetan ; here it is Negro, Italian, English. But it is all part of one great garment of flesh that humanity as a whole puts on ; it is the great Body in which humanity incarnates. Some parts of that garment are dragged in the dust, are fouled with noxious vices, are debauched

with cruel lusts; some parts of that garment are exalted to the high heavens and strain to take and touch the immortal stars. But all are parts of one thing.

Now think of the million souls of men, at all stages of development, with all kinds of possibilities; some have striven hard in the past to overcome the "sins of the flesh," some have idled and given way, some have battled on the fields of mind, and some have tamely accepted the stamp of the popular and commonplace; some have striven for a morality based on the realisation of spirit, some have pandered to low appetites; some have thought much, others little, some felt deeply others vaguely only. Of all the million souls in which the soul of humanity is expressed there are all these differences. And the garment of the flesh of humanity and the garment of the mind and feelings of humanity (the garment of the soul of humanity) have to be brought together. How must it be done? Inevitably according to law. Each individual is, however slowly, striving toward a greater life and he will have allotted to him, so to speak, that portion of the garment of humanity's flesh which is the nearest to what he needs. Remember the physical social conditions on earth are very strictly limited in their variety. A man may be fit for a very much finer garment of flesh than the body he obtains, but if this be the nearest to his requirements possible, it is the only one he can have. The demoralised slum-dweller may be capable of benefitting by a very much superior body than he gets, but humanity does not provide it. He must take the best there is.

Absolutely invariable law rules, absolute justice rules all the conditions of life, but it is ours to change, ours to build better in the future, ours to grow

into a greater realisation of our oneness in humanity's body and in humanity's soul, and realising this unity, to make clean, fine and healthy all parts of that body, noble, clear-minded and spiritually-aspiring that soul. The body of Man is as the causes of the first have made it, the soul is as the causes in the past have made it too. But the future is with us and we can do with the future what we will. The body of the slums we have made and the mind of the slums, the body of the rich and the mind of the rich. The way of change is by growth, by evolution. The body of humanity and the soul of humanity can only change by knowledge. Let us apply the knowledge we have, lay the foundations secure, make the body we need, make the soul we desire, for we are humanity and can do as we wish, if we but dare to will the means.

The War is forcing us to face the realities of life and of man's nature—and our response to this outward compulsion is a fine way of living in which courage, service and lives in sacrifice are poured out for the Empire. Can we live as finely in Peace as now we are living in War? Only by facing realities and living in the greater way the policy of which we have now proved. But in Peace there is no outer compulsion. We must live finely in Peace of our own will and that effort can only be founded on knowledge. If we are to cast aside materialism and choose the life of spirit, we must know and act on that knowledge. There is the great choice to be made: Are we for materialism or are we for the philosophy of Spirit? We must choose—the War makes the conflict concrete before our eyes—and live according to our choice.

L. Haden Guest

THE CITY OF SOPHIA

By NINA DE GERNET

Russia is a church, a holy place where the Western can smooth out his ruffled mind. . .

Undiscovered Russia—GRAHAM

TO judge a man—or a people—you have to take them at their highest. Thus only can you judge rightly. Even then human frailty will allow room enough for criticism.

Now, the French say truly: “The future is formed by the past.” In the traditions and the movements of the past of a nation you may foresee the shadow of its future, as if it were a double-faced Unity.

Many have been the travellers from foreign lands, who have gone over Russia’s realm and described it. Many have depicted the holy cities of Kief and of Moscow, these former heads of Northern and Southern Russia, very like Memphis and Thebes over Lower and Upper Egypt. But few, if any, have spoken of the heart and head of ancient Russian freedom, the chief of the North-Russian Republics: Novgorod the Great. And yet, while Moscow has largely “improved” on European lines and its shrine of the Tversky Madonna, Russia’s Holy of Holies, at the Kremlin gate, is about the only place of worship which no Russian passes without

kneeling or praying to the Ikon inside—be he ever so “European”—(indeed the thought strikes one that this must be the abode of the Deva of the Race)—Novgorod remains still, as a thousand years ago, the City of Sophia. Still, as in the oldest chronicles, “Novgorod is where S. Sophia is”.

Almost a thousand years it is—the whole span of Russia’s young life—that Russia’s greatest ruler, Yaroslav the Wise, Grand Duke of Kief, having been formerly one of the elected princes of the Novgorod Republic, sent his most beloved son to rule there in his stead—so far as Novgorod allowed itself to be ruled—and erected there the first shrine of “Sophia, the Divine Wisdom,” a sister church to the Sophia of Kief. When the first church was built, a sign appeared over it in the skies, frightening very much the people of the city. The temple was struck by lightning later on—a symbol, maybe, of the impending loss of Novgorod’s freedom—but was rebuilt at once. It stands, still the centre of Novgorod’s thoughts, one of the most revered shrines of Russia, the only temple holding the Image of the Angel of Wisdom.

Novgorod stands near the lake Ilmen and the Valdai hills, the cradle of the Volga—the Russian Nile—on the rapid and tumultuous river of Volchow, which saw all its fights for freedom or for supremacy with Moscow, with the Tatars, with its own citizens too! It is divided into two parts and to reach S. Sophia in the Kremlin, one has to pass the old bridge from the “civil” town to what was the holy part of Novgorod. On that bridge an ancient cross, wreathed with legends, still lifts its arms as if to bar the way to things of the earth earthly.

And then the domes of Sophia begin to grow, and in the heart of the Kremlin the cathedral becomes visible.

To reach Novgorod, especially in summer, the traveller had to go down the river amidst green silence, domes on domes of white convents guiding the way to Sophia. Now he faces her simple, silent, white walls, and some echo of the Slavonic past goes through him. It is the heir of Arcona, this silent temple in the quiet city. The walls have no longer the red rose tints of the pagan sanctuary, the tints of the Love Supreme. But within radiates a light that spreads on and on, and maybe gives, thousands of miles away, at the Volga's Delta the colour of the mystic Rose to the lotus-flowers dreaming on its waves, flowers born of the Wisdom.

The Image of Sophia, the Divine Wisdom, is one of the most ancient of Russia. It is now all plastered with precious metals and stones, but reproductions of it exist where the central figure is fully seen, the Image of a Youth, an Angel with "Wings of Flame," seated on a throne and overshadowed by a Christ—with hands uplifted to bless him. On his right stands the Virgin Mother of the World, with head bowed in reverence, and on the left a Saint stepping forward as if to proclaim the glad tidings.

The Image is not on the High Altar, yet it is the centre of worship to all pilgrims, for all Russia knows whose hand placed it there, when and how. The altar has, like most churches, five planes, so to say; five rows of holy images, one rising above the other, and high above a Dove spreading its wings in space, the sacred Dove of the Slavs—for throughout orthodox Slavia no dove may be killed, under heavy penalty—

the reincarnation of Ilamayun, the Bird of Wisdom sacred to the Pagan Slavia of old.

On the north door of the altar shines out an Image still more curious—the Ikon of holy Prince Jasaphat, who is none other than the Prince Siddhārta, the Buddha!

The beautiful and sacred legend of the Lord of Compassion has sunk so deeply into Slavia's soul, that her mystic legends have made Him one of our Saints. Slavia believes Him to have been a Hindū Prince “converted” to the “Christian” ideals (before Christ) by a monk travelling in India. And she worships Him there, at the side of the ever young Incarnation of the Wisdom.

Facing it are the two high seats of the Tsar and of the Chief of the Church, with low barriers enriched by holy images, one of them again that of Prince Jasaphat.

Then, by the “Silver Door” one goes out and a new image fixes the eyes—the stormy Volchon river; the “eternal silence” of Russia broods over this city, so busy of old, transacting indeed business with all the world then known. The two opposites are personified by Russia herself. Stormy was the course of the Slav Falcon throughout the history of the fierce Republic. The more astounding would be the quiet, entire resignation to its fate of conquered Novgorod when Moscow set her imperious foot on its liberties, if it were not for the spirit which shone in the deeper resignation of an older race of the same breed, of whom Novgorod knew nothing, though in touch with its descendants from Venice—with a people who also call themselves Rus, whom Europe knows as Etruria.

The deep faith of olden times saw rightly, clearly that, when a being—youth or nation—was called to bear

as Palladium the Flag of some great cause and to be the herald of victory to his land or to his race—his hands had to be pure, his life had to be sacrificed. When not killed in the struggle he had to go into the silence of the convent walls for the rest of his days. If a nation, carrying to the world the first gleams of a new truth, a new aspect of truth, the sparkling, radiant wave had to die and be engulfed—

The main coming in.

It is but the falling open of the lotus leaves which hide the Jewel inside.

Novgorod guarded for Russia the cult of the Wisdom. The wild delight of adventure and lawlessness stopped ever at the threshold of the great temple. Here Bishop Lukas Jidiata, one of its first high priests, preached the Inner Law; here, too, a young Prince of Yaroslav's race, was brought to die as a Saint. Hither high and low, old and young, now flock at all solemn hours of the Nation's life, and the monument of Russia's first thousand years is reared under its shadow. Freedom of the body and surrender of the soul clashed; the hand of fate pressed the free city under the yoke of rigid, religious Moscow, and the Republic died. But Sophia lives. The wings of flame are still outspread, awaiting the Hour that comes, and under the gentle gaze of Him on the north door, all fear of the Divine Reality that is near, nearer, ever nearer, all fear ceases.

When the first silver streak of light touches the sky and in the hush of morn, on higher planes, the Mass of Dawn goes on, before the soundless sound awakens all Nature and greets the coming forth of Day—there is one second when the one white Note contains all heaven and all earth and all the "impossible

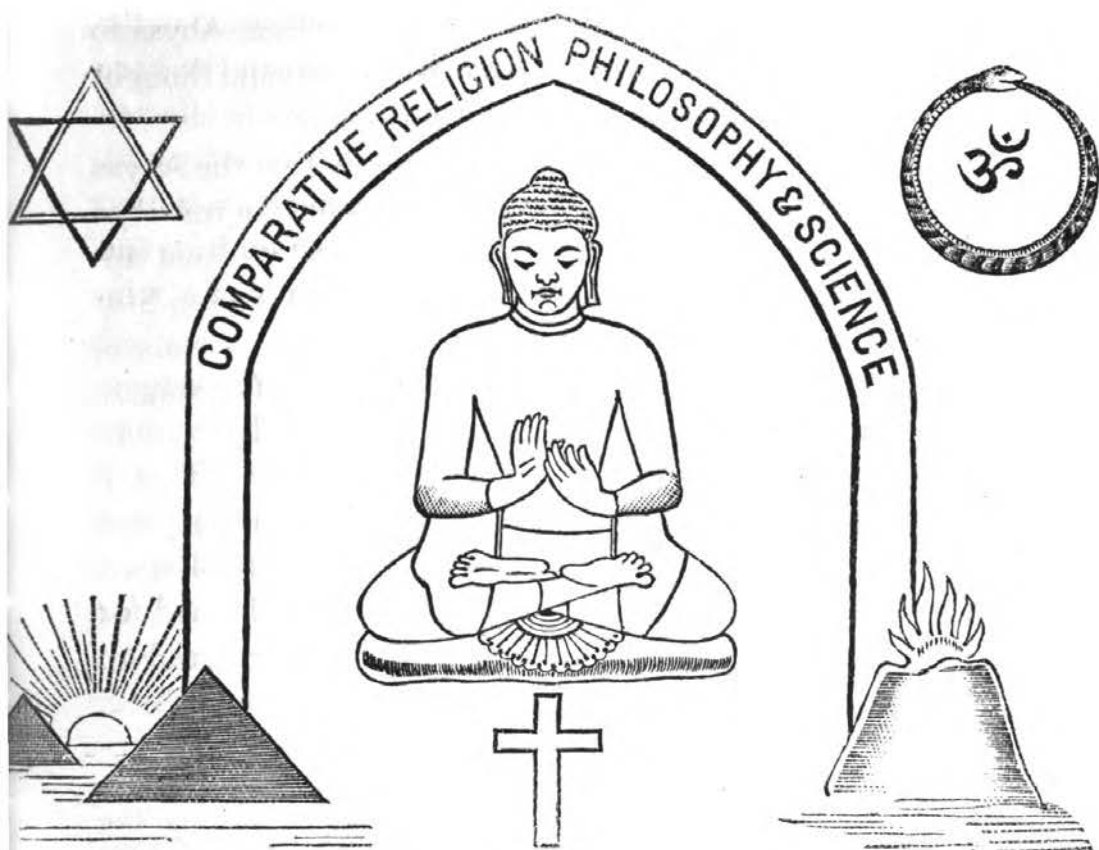
dreams'' of genius; the symphony of the Universe and Ceugant,¹ the Inaccessible Realm, opens, for life is ever a Rule of Three with the X of the Great Abyss to conquer. And this is the Root of Music, beyond thought and beyond number that only guides sound.

Yet the legends of Russia ever tell us that the Abyss *has* a Path to ever receding shores,² and the music of Russia, the very core of its soul, sounds forth that all-pervading, all-irradiating Note that the Morning Star knows, and the high Deva who dwells in the Holy of Holies in that land of silence, in the shrine of Sophia.

Nina de Gernet

¹ Druids.

² When Dawn rises dew-drops glitter over the Earth, in the Depth the eternal atoms, the future Logoi, the Path of the Gods.



SHRI DASBODH—A STUDY

By M. V. KIBE

SHRI Ramdas, the author of the *Dasa Bodh*, is known in history as the spiritual preceptor of Shivaji, the founder of the Maratha Empire in the seventeenth century. Among the many religious teachers who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the Maratha country, Ramdas holds a unique place. Although evidence has now accumulated to show that

Shivaji was inspired with the idea of establishing a Hindū Empire quite independently of Ramdas, whose acquaintance he made at a much advanced period in his career, yet Shivaji, as a warrior, was as much the hero of his epoch as Ramdas was as an author. Both affected their generation simultaneously and to the same end. Ramdas was found to bear the title of Samartha, which his contemporaries unanimously bestowed on him and which he himself thus defined: "Samartha is one who possesses all the best qualities."

Ramdas's principal work is *Shri Dasbodh*—advice to a disciple, or advice of Das, *i.e.*, Ramdas. Not unlike the *Bhagavad-Gītā* in many other respects, it is a didactic work. In both, philosophy is made subservient to action in life, in which respect they both stand apart from their contemporary productions. It is claimed for the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* that they are both based on the Upaniṣhats and the older authorities on the subject of philosophy. Of the former it is said :

The Upaniṣhats are cows; the cowherd's son, that is Kṛṣṇa, is the milker; Prthā's son, that is Arjuna, is the calf; the wise man is the drinker; and the nectar-like *Gītā* is the excellent milk.

As regards the *Dasbodh*, the author himself enumerates the several works consulted by him and affirms that they bear out his statements. But both the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* have their own doctrines to preach. The author of the *Gītā* identifies himself with the Supreme Self, while Ramdas appeals to his own experiences which, he avers, are capable of being undergone by others. Not only does he base his advice on authority, but he attaches due importance to perception.

Shri Dasbodh is a voluminous work written in simple Marathi of the time. It is in the form of a discourse

between a disciple and his preceptor. It consists of twenty chapters each containing ten sections. The first eight chapters expound philosophy, and the rest discuss the doctrines, as well as lay down rules for guidance in life. It is said that the work was being composed for fifteen years. A literary association of Dhulia, in the Bombay Presidency, which has undertaken to publish the works of Shri Ramdas, brought out some years back an excellent edition of *Dasbodh*, copied from the original manuscript which was dictated and revised by the author himself. Besides a suggestive preface, written by the learned publisher, Mr. Shankar Shrikrishna Deo, B.A., LL.B., copious notes are given on difficult words and passages in the text. In doing the latter, he had the advantage of the help of devotees and scholars who have had meanings and explanations handed down to them for generations. All these circumstances make the edition externally as valuable as the importance of the contents of the work would justify.

The philosophy preached in the *Dasbodh* follows the general trend of what goes by the name of Advaita. For instance :

The universe appears to be in Brahman, which is in the former. By getting experience [knowledge], it can be felt a little (7-4-16).

There are, according to the *Dasbodh*, four kinds or degrees of salvation, *viz.*, (1) being with, (2) obtaining the form of, (3) being near, and (4) being one with the Supreme Soul or Brahman. Ramdas condemns the three former, as presupposing a personality, which is bound to disappear with the universe, and holds the last as the goal to be reached.

Ramdas's final state of liberation is subtler than that preached in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. In its fifteenth

discourse, having spoken of the Banyan tree of the world, Shrī Kṛṣṇa says :

Having cut asunder this firm-rooted "Ashwatṭha" with the strong sword of dispassion, there is that goal to be sought for, whither, having gone, none returns again. One goes to that Primal Puruṣha, whence the ancient energy streamed forth. Free from pride and delusion, with the evil of attachment conquered, ever living in the spirit, their desires completely turned away, liberated from the pairs of opposites, known as pleasure and pain, the wise reach that eternal goal. That the sun illuminates not, nor the moon, nor fire—that blessed abode of Mine to which having gone, none returns.

The goal described here presupposes the existence of an Ādya Purush. Ramdas affirms :

Devotion to one with attributes wavers, but faith in Brahman is firm.

The way to know this fully is through a true Guru, that is to say, one who has attained the goal himself. Ramdas, therefore, believes in renunciation, *i.e.*, oneself becoming free from passion, etc., knowing the vanity of this world, nay, the instability of this universe. Therefore he advises :

He, who wants to be happy, should be devoted to God and should sever his connection with all his people, who are the root of all grief (3-10-63).

Again :

We have neither seen nor heard that anybody has received happiness by attachment to the worldly life (4-3-109).

Therefore "one should give up the worldly life".

In spite of this obvious teaching the *Dasbodh* contains admonitions for not giving up the worldly life, at any rate for some time :

One should lead an efficient worldly life first and then follow the path of the goal (12-1-1).

And yet more strongly :

If you will follow the goal, leaving the worldly life, you will come to grief (12-1-2).

Is the latter advice then based on the following reasons ?

If one goes after the goal, without fulfilling the worldly life, then he will not get anything to eat. How then can such a wretch realise the goal ? (12-1-3).

In the *Gītā*, too, when Arjuna found a similar contradiction between the teachings of Shrī Kṛṣṇa, in the Second Discourse, the former was puzzled and demanded an explanation, to which Shrī Kṛṣṇa replied :

Nor can anyone, even for an instant, remain really actionless: for helplessly is every one driven to action by the qualities born of nature.

And for another worldly-wise reason, “ whatsoever, a great man doeth, that other men also do; the standard that he setteth up, by that the people go”. For such reasons he would advise even the liberated man to follow the ways of the world. For he says :

There is nothing in the three worlds, O Pārtha, that should be done by Me, nor anything unattained that might be attained; yet I do action. For if I joined not ever in action unwearied, men all around would follow my path.

Moreover, unlike the *Gītā*, the *Dasbodh*, which, as has been already shown, holding the Nirguṇa Bhakti—faith in the Brahman—as the goal, also preaches devotion to Saḡuṇa—One with attributes. This contradiction is pointed out in the work itself. The disciple asks :

If knowledge has rendered the visible an illusion, then why should I feel devotion [to God], what do I gain by it? If there is nothing higher than knowledge, then where is the reason for devotion? What do people gain by it? The ultimate goal is Nirguṇa; Saḡuṇa has no place in it, tell me the use of devotion then. You tell me that Saḡuṇa is liable to destruction and yet you preach devotion to it. For what, then, should I practise devotion? (6-7-1-3 & 71).

To these pertinent questions, Shrī Ramdas replies in words which are partly a paraphrase of the answer given by Shrī Kṛṣṇa to Arjuna, which has been quoted

above. Shri Ramdas, in his characteristic plain and forcible language says :

Properly speaking, tell me the results of knowledge. Tell me whether you are compelled to do anything or not, e.g., obeying the calls of nature. [Moreover] in order to satisfy people, you have to differentiate between yours and others'; then is this knowledge that you should simply give up devotion? By discrimination knowledge becomes illusory (as in the above instance) and everything is not given up. Then what has devotion alone done to deserve desertion? You bow before your master and act like a slave [before him], then please tell me, why do you forsake devotion (6-7-15 & 19).

If these were the only answers which either the *Gītā* or *Dasbodh* furnished for the contradiction in their preaching of renunciation and also a life of action, they would considerably fall from their position as guides of humanity. For these answers are unsatisfactory for several reasons. Writing about the *Gītā*, Pandit Sitanath Tattwabhusan, in his learned discourses on *Krishna and the "Gītā"*, says :

If a liberated man is bound to act for the good of others, though not for his own good, action is essentially involved in liberation and it cannot be said that the liberated man has no duties, that in case he cease from all duties, he incurs no sin and his liberation remains complete.

"I do not know," exclaims the Pandit, "how to exonerate the author of the *Gītā* from this self contradiction." The more worldly-wise answer given by the *Dasbodh* is based on nothing but expediency, which should have no place in a work of pure reason.

That unflinching critic of the sentiments designated by the expression "compromise," Lord Morley, highly condemns any action based on expediency. He beautifully sums up the arguments of the advocates of expediency thus ;

The question is whether it is expedient that the more enlightened classes in a community should upon system not

only possess their light in silence, but whether they should openly encourage a doctrine for the less enlightened classes which they do not believe to be true for themselves, while they regard it as indispensably useful in the case of less fortunate people.

Lord Morley specifically notes six arguments, three of which cover the reasons given by the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh*, in support of the above contention and refutes them one by one.

1. That all minds are not open to reason (*Gītā*, Third Discourse and the following four stanzas). The argument is that since all men are not open to reason, in order that they may do right things, the conduct of those who know better may be at variance with their opinions. To this Lord Morley replies that the very cause of the people's not being able to listen is ignorance, which is fostered by erroneous ways of thinking on all subjects. Therefore the remedy is worse than the disease.

2. That a false opinion, considered in relation to the general mental attitude, may be less hurtful than its premature demolition (*Dasbodh*, Third Discourse).

The learned man should not create a diversion in the understandings of the ignorant, who are inclined to outward works. He, by industriously performing all the duties of life, should induce the vulgar to attend to them.

To this Lord Morley replies that apart from the value of making character organic, which is the result of coherency, interdependence and systematisation of opinion and motives, the fact that an error gives birth to another, and so on, it is quite necessary that the original error should be stamped out, regardless of consequences.

3. That a certain thing is inevitable (cf. the passages quoted above from the *Dasbodh*). Lord Morley contends that in doing that which one thinks to be right, no

account need be taken of the fact that errors in opinion and motive are inevitable elements in human growth, "because," he says, "the inevitable does not coincide with the useful. Pain can be avoided by none of the sons of men, yet the horrible and uncompensated subtraction which it makes from the value and usefulness of human life, is one of the most formidable obstacles to the smoother progress of the world. And as with pain so with error. The moral of our contention," continues his Lordship, "has reference to the temper in which practically we ought to regard false doctrine and ill-directed motive."

4. That a false doctrine may be clothed with good associations, *e. g.*, the doctrines of the *Saguna*. Lord Morley urges two arguments against the utility of this view. (1) In making false notions the proofs or close associates of true ones, you are exposing the latter to the ruin which awaits the former. As, for instance, if you preach that, *Saguna* form is to be believed until you are sufficiently advanced to realise the *Nirguna* you may begin to doubt its existence. How are you to believe in a false thing temporarily? Such an attempt leads the human mind to doubt everything. (2) For all good habits in thought or conduct there are good and real reasons in the nature of things. For all good things there is either a reason inherent in the human nature or an external one. Therefore "the unreal defence must be weaker than the real one and the substitution of a weak for a strong defence, where both are to be had, is not useful but the very opposite".

5. That mere negative truth is not a guide. To this the reply is that to have been deprived of the faith of the old dispensation, is the first condition of

strenuous endeavour after the new, and hence the superiority of even a mere negative truth over a falsehood supporting a right conduct.

6. That error has been a stepping-stone to truth. But how can this prove the utility of error? Ought we not to consider, how much truth has been missed by error, which, as has been already shown, is fissiparous, in its very nature.

The conclusion to which his Lordship leads is "whether, reason or affection" (by which he apparently means devotion) "is to have the empire in the society of the future, when reason may possibly have no more to discover for us in the region of morals and religion, and so will have become *emeritus* and taken a lower place, as of a tutor whose services the family, being now grown up, no longer requires—however this may be, it is at least certain that in the meantime the spiritual life of man needs direction quite as much as force. This direction and light can only be safely procured by the free and vigorous use of intelligence". In the opinion of Lord Morley then, intelligence is sufficient to direct the spiritual life of man, provided it is not trammelled by "a mortal fear lest its conclusions should trouble the soft tranquillity of spirit".

The attitude commended here was taken up by Tukaram, who was almost a contemporary of Ramdas. Speaking of his conduct he says :

Having made intelligence responsible for discriminating between truth and untruth, I did not mind the opinion of the majority.

And elsewhere he says :

He should be worshipped, who acts what he says.

But is intellect alone capable of explaining everything? Since the days of Spinoza, it is only in our own times that European philosophers have tried to discuss this question. Henri Bergson is perhaps the most notable among them. His speculations are akin to those of the Indian Vedānta. He comes to the conclusion that there are other, deeper, more important phenomena which lie beyond the reach of our intellect. They cannot be classified or described by the intellect. They must be *felt*. Rudolf Eucken takes his place by the side of Bergson. He, too, shows the emptiness of the bare intellect. According to him, life and its needs must constitute the test of reality, not the demands of the bare intellect. It is in and through action that we come into direct contact with reality and intelligence has value only as directing action. Unlike the two philosophers, whose views have been just noticed, Friedrich Nietzsche devotes his attention more to the practical application of metaphysics than to its mere speculative side. His views are worthy of some note, as his was a strange personality. He is described as follows :

He abounded in affliction, aspiration, family pride, fortitude, individualism, intelligence, lyricism, melancholy, paradoxes and receptivity. He lacked balance, common sense, humour, modesty, originality, patriotism, and sympathy. He liked aphorisms, chloral, Dionysus, Greece, long sounding words, music, solitude, strength, the Old Testament and war. He disliked alcohol, anarchism, anti-semitism, Apollo, constraint, Christianity, the crowd, history, Prussia, romanticism, socialism, specialists, the New Testament, tobacco and women.

It is no wonder that such a personality as is described above, should hold that there is no fixed, changeless eternal reality. According to him "there is no being behind doing, acting, becoming. The doer is only a fictitious addition to the doing; the doing is

all". The Spirit of man, says Nietzsche, passes through three stages, those of the camel, the lion and the child. The first phase is that of a beast of burden. Submissiveness is here the greatest virtue. The next phase is that of a lion. The will to power is predominant in it. The last phase is that of the child, which is Superman. It is easy to identify these three phases with the three guṇas—tamas, rajas, and saṭṭva, respectively—of Indian philosophy. But his Superman, too, cannot be described by the intellect.

It will be seen from the above discussion that scholars who have gone deeper into the subject than Lord Morley, have arrived at the conclusion which coincides with that of the Upaniṣaṭs and the *Gīṭā*. According to them, the Supreme Self is beyond the reach of the intellect; for it is that "from which the intellect returns, accompanied by the mind without reaching it". Also, "It is beyond the intellect," says the *Gīṭā* (Third Discourse, 42). The *Dasbodh*, too, follows this line and expounds it at length.

How, then, that which is beyond the intelligence, is, or is to be, known, is the task to which Indian philosophers, from time immemorial, have set themselves to discover? Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, whom the present Viceroy of India, Lord Hardinge, has rightly called the Poet Laureate of Asia, in a book entitled *Sādhana: The Realisation of Life*, has, in his own inimitable way, beautifully described this and its achievement. The book, which deserves to take its rank above, or at least by the side of, the author's more famous book, *Gīṭāñjali*, requires to be read in fragments and then again at a sitting re-read and so on.

According to the considered opinion of this great and cultured devotee, the spirit of the greatest of the Upanishats is: In order to find Him—Brahman—you must embrace all. The key to cosmic consciousness—God-consciousness—is in the consciousness of the soul. To know our soul apart from the Self is the first step towards the realisation of the supreme deliverance. We must know with absolute certainty that essentially we are Spirit.

In another place, the Doctor says :

Some modern philosophers of Europe, who are directly or indirectly indebted to the Upanishats, far from realising their debt, maintained that the Brahman of India is a mere abstraction, a negation of all that is in the world. Instead, it is the practice of realising and affirming the presence of the infinite in all things, which has been its constant inspiration. Thus our soul must soar in the infinite and she must feel every moment that in the sense of not being able to come to the end of her attainment is her supreme joy, her final freedom.

“The ideal that India tried to realise,” observes the Doctor, “led her best men to the isolation of a contemplative life, and the treasures that she gained for mankind by penetrating into the mysteries of reality cost her a good deal in the sphere of her worldly success. Yet, this, this also, was a sublime achievement. It was a supreme manifestation of that humane inspiration which knows no limit and which has for its object nothing less than realisation of the infinite.”

Men who had attained this are thus described :

They who having attained the Supreme Soul in knowledge, were filled with wisdom and having found Him in union with the Soul were in perfect harmony with the inner Self ; they having realised Him in the heart were free from all selfish desires, and having experienced Him in all the activities of the world, had attained calmness. The Rshis were they who having reached the Supreme God from all sides had found abiding peace, had become united with all, had entered into the life of the universe.

“But can it then be said,” the devotee asks, “that there is no difference between Brahman and our individual soul?” “Brahman is Brahman,” is the reply, “He is the infinite ideal of perfection. But we are not what we truly are; we are ever to become true, ever to become Brahman. There is the eternal play of love in the relation between this being and the becoming; and in the depth of this mystery is the source of all truth and beauty that sustains the endless march of creation.”

At any rate the advice contained in the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* is based on the conviction that the intelligence, which is Lord Morley’s standard of criticism, is not capable of explaining or guiding what Eucken calls the life and its needs, which is the subject of these works. It is, therefore, to be judged from another standpoint. The *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* were written primarily to guide their generation. Although the *Gītā* may be anachronous, yet references made in it fit in with the history of the period, which has been assumed for it. The whole of the First Discourse, and the concluding stanzas of the last, are expressly meant to give the *Gītā* a place in the events of *Mahābhārata*. There is, however, no doubt that the state of mind of Arjuna, as described in it, was typical of the period when the work was composed, with the sole object of removing the prevailing torpor and despondency. Similarly the *Dasbodh* contains numerous references to the contemporary state, which it is its aim to improve. The following two stanzas are typical of the author’s object :

Since a long time the bad Musulmāns have been
subverting our religion. Therefore one must be always on
the alert (18-6-12).

Well, whatever was to happen has happened and passed. Now at least the Brāhmaṇas should make themselves wiser (14-8-1).

It will therefore be seen that whatever practical advice they had to give was to be not only compatible with the philosophy they taught, but it was to be of use in their contemporary needs.

Much misapprehension as regards the teaching of the Hindū philosophy, with which that of the two works under reference is identical, is caused by the wrong meaning attached to the word *Māyā*. It is generally held to mean illusion. The late lamented S.A. Desai, Professor of Philosophy in the Mahārāja Holkar's College, Indore, whose premature death is a great loss to the study of Indian philosophy, has conclusively shown that this meaning of *Māyā* is wrong. He says "thus, then, we see that neither is *Māyā*, as Shankra conceives it, illusion or power of producing illusion, nor is the world or the individual soul unreal or a mere illusory existence. On this theory," the Professor continues, "*Māyā* is Brahman's power of creating the world, and the world is real for all practical purposes". This is the view which finds support in the *Gīṭā* as follows :

This, my divine power of creation, endowed with these [enumerated in previous stanzas] qualities is hard to pierce. They who come to me cross over it.

The *Dasbodh*, too, regards *Māyā* as a power of Brahman. It says :

The universe is in the Brahman [and] in the universe is the Brahman [By trying to know it, it is felt a little]. Therefore Brahman is like the sky and *Māyā* is like the earth, [which is felt but not seen] (7-4-24).

Leaving aside the matter enclosed within brackets, as a detail, the respective relation between the Brahman

and Māyā is clearly seen to be that of the principal and action. Air could not have existed without sky, which may be said to embrace it and govern it. In the Upanishats, air is said to be produced from the sky, and this Ramdas had in view when describing the relation between Brahman and Māyā.

The statement in the *Dasbodh* that “the construction of the universe is false like dreams,” which seems to conflict with the view that Māyā is only the creative power of Brahman and the world is real, is not really conflicting because Ramdas only refers to what Bergson calls change in, or flux of, matter. Ramdas says :

In water scenes are reflected in as many bulbs as arise in it. But in a moment the bulbs are destroyed and with them the scenes, which are false (6-8-1).

Behind all manifestations of Māyā, there is Brahman :

Wealth has been kept hidden. The servants do not know the fact. They simply know the outward form. Reality is kept hidden. Appearances are things. The wise find out what is behind the scenes. Similarly what we see is the creation of Brahman. Those who reflect it alone know its heart (6-9-1 to 3).

Therefore “without giving up the world and without leaving the trammels of it, one attains his object by reflection”. As the world is real, the fetters it imposes are also real and therefore as the former is to be lived, the latter must also be heeded. But by reflection alone one knows the reality and the object one must gain in the end. In the meanwhile the most significant fact in this life is death :

No reliance can be placed on the body. It is not known when life will end. Who knows what may come to pass at any time? None should doubt that this is the famous world of death. All know this quite well (3-9-4).

Consequently "knowing all this, the soul should justify itself by leaving fame behind it".

This is then life and its needs. How are we to satisfy them? According to B.G. Tilak, of Poona, who has a treatise on the subject in preparation, the *Gītā* enjoins the doing of all work, without regard to its fruit. It says:

Thy business is with action only, never with its fruit; so let not the fruit of action be thy motive, nor be thou to inaction attached (2-42).

Shrī *Dasbodh*, however, first enjoins the doing of good actions and the leaving of bad ones. After this is done, one gradually begins to know how to perform a work, as if it were a duty.

Who is to distinguish between an action done with a desire, or without a desire, for its fruit; or between a good action and a bad one? In other words, what is the sanction for morality? The hedonism, intuitionism, utilitarianism and other theories have been examined and found wanting. The late Professor T. H. Green, in his great work entitled *Prolegomena to Ethics*, taught that the essential element in the nature of man is the rational or spiritual principle within him. To the question, how we are to determine which is the higher and which is the lower universe of our desire, Green's answer is: "The highest universe is that which is most rational."

Both the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* are at once in agreement with Green's teaching. The former says:

The Lord dwelleth in the heart of all beings, Oh Arjuna, by his creative power causing all beings to revolve, as though mounted on a potter's wheel (18-61).

And the latter:

If a man understands that he is one with the Brahman, he will feel strengthened (6-9-32).

It is because the rational self is not equally developed in all that there is the necessity of suggesting steps for reaching that goal. The *Gītā* very well brings out the obstacle in the way of arriving at a rational conclusion in men who are not fully developed. In impressing upon Arjuna the futility of his wish to abstain from fighting, Shri Kṛṣṇa says :

If, feeling conscious of your strength you think that you will not fight ; to no purpose your determination ; nature will constrain you. Oh son of Kuntī, bound by thine own duty, born of thine own nature, what from delusion [or ignorance] you desire not to do, even that you shall helplessly [or involuntarily] perform (18-59, 60).

How to train this nature so as to arouse the rational principle, is the task to which the teaching of the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh*, and for that matter, of all the religious literature of Hindūism, leads. The conclusion of the *Dasbodh* is that this knowledge cannot be obtained without the medium of a Guru, *i.e.*, one in whom the rational principle, rational Self, is fully developed.

By the words of the Guru all doubt is dispelled ; otherwise one does not feel sure of the truth. Doubts arise through ideas (6-9-34).

Consequently much space is devoted in it to distinguishing between a true and a false Guru. As beautifully portrayed in the Upanishats, the disciple goes to the Guru, who is as God Himself, and prays : "Lead me from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, from death to immortality." The Guru impresses upon the disciple : "That thou art," and the latter feels, "I am the Brahman."

One who has imbibed this truth alone can realise how to give effect to the advice of the *Gītā* to do action

without desire for fruit, that is to say, duty for duty's sake. As the *Dasbodh* concludes :

The fruit of discipline is obtained, and the worldly life has been successful, when one realises the attributeless Brahman in his mind. *Māyā* has been accounted for ; principles have been explained ; therefore, having reached the goal, the steps have been forgotten (20-10-26).

The whole body [or universe] has been resolved into elements which have disappeared, then what thing shall we call ours ? (20-10-36).

Therefore in the words of the *Gītā* :

Flee unto Him for shelter with all thy being, Oh Bharata ; by His grace thou shalt obtain supreme peace, the everlasting dwelling place (18-62).

M. V. Kibe

MAIṬRI BODHISAT IN THE HINDU AND BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES

By F. L. WOODWARD, M.A.

WHAT is said of Maiṭri Bodhisat in the sacred books of the East? In Hinduism three books refer to that great Rishi. The book called *Vishṇu Purāṇa* was given by Rishi Parāsara to Maiṭreya, his disciple. He says :

By the blessing of Vāsishtha I have been acquainted with it, and have faithfully related it to you, O Maiṭreya. You will teach it at the end of the Kāli age to Sāmika.

In the *Srīmad Bhagavata*, Maiṭreya appears as a teacher of Vidusa.

The ascetic Maiṭreya should be worshipped by you ; for he was instructed thus in my presence by the Deity (Kṛishṇa) Himself, on the eve of his departure from this land of mortals.

Maiṭreya, "of unclouded intellect," is found at Haridvāra. He becomes teacher of Vidura and is called a Muni (sage).

Again, in *Mahābhārata* (*Vana Parva*, 10) we find :

O King, here cometh the holy Rishi Maiṭreya with the desire of seeing us. That mighty Rishi, O King, will admonish thy son for the welfare of this race.

It is interesting to read, following this passage,¹ quotations referring to the Manu also; but I shall now proceed to quote from the Pāli books the few existing references to Metteyya, the Blessed One to come, the Lord of Love. Such references, put in the mouth of the Buddha, who alone could speak with authority of His successor, are few. In fact, it is only in the *Dīgha Nikāya* (Long Section) of the Tipiṭaka's (canonical books) that we find The Lord definitely foretelling the coming of Metteyya.

We read in *The Discourse of the World-Ruler and the Lion's Roar*² thus :

Now when the term of human life is eighty years,³ He who is named Metteyya, the Blessed One, shall arise in the world, that Saint, that fully-enlightened One, who knoweth all and leads the righteous life. Auspicious He, World-Knower, incomparable Charioteer of men who would be tamed, Teacher of Gods and men, The Buddha, Blessed Lord; just as now I have myself arisen in the world, that Saint, that fully-enlightened One He shall teach this world and the world of Gods, also the realm of Death and the world of the Gods Supreme, all beings, both monks and Brāhmana's alike, as well as Gods and men, by His own powers sublime realising His knowledge; just as I do now teach this world and the world of Gods He shall proclaim the Teaching pleasant in its beginning, pleasant in its middle, and pleasant in the end thereof, and shall make known its spirit and its letter; in its perfection and in all its purity He shall proclaim the holy life, just as I myself have done and do. He shall gather round Him a following of monks that number many thousands, just as I have gathered round me a following of monks of many hundreds.

¹ *The Purānas in the Light of Modern Science*, p. 133, by K. Nārāyaṇaswāmi Aiyer, T. P. H., Adyar, 1914, a most valuable book, from which I quote here.

² D. N., p. 75, par. 25, Pāli Text Society's edition of the Pāli, vol. 3.

³ In the time of Vipassī Buddha, 91 kalpa's ago, the span of life was 80,000 years.

The 24 Buddha's immediately preceding Gotama, the fourth of our cycle, were: Dipankaro, Koṇḍañño, Maṅgalo, Sumano, Revato, Sobhito, Anomadassī, Padumo, Nārado, Padumuttaro, Sumedho, Sujāto, Piyadassī, Atthadassī, Dhammadassī, Siddhattho, Tisso, Phusso, Vipassī, Sikhī, Vessabhū, Kakusandho, Koṇāgamano, and Kassapo. I think most of these must have been Pacceka or "Private" Buddha's.

But these things are not yet. Metteyya does not come forth in His last incarnation and attain to Buddhahood till long ages are past. In the Pāli scriptures we are not told of His intermediate appearances as Bodhisatta since the time of Gotama, the Buddha, except in one instance. Thus, orthodox Buddhists of to-day maintain that He rests in the Tāvātimsa heaven-world till the final coming. Perhaps this is a vague realisation of the teaching that the Higher Ego is always functioning on that high plane and only puts down a "portion of Himself" in a human body from time to time.

The other reference in the Pāli books, so far as I know, is in the late non-canonical *Anagata-Vaṁsa* (*History of the Future*),¹ and reads as follows:

Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint the All-enlightened One. Thus have I heard. Once on a time the Blessed Lord was dwelling at Kapilavatthu in the Banyan grove on Rokini riverside. Then the Venerable Sāriputta questioned the Lord about Him who should come [*anāgatajānam*]:

And He that cometh after Thee,
The Mighty One, the Enlightened One,
Say, Lord, what sort is He?
How I long to know it surely!
Thou who seest, tell it me!

To the elder questioning,
Thus the Blessed Lord replied;
"I will tell thee, Sāriputta.
Do thou list what shall betide.
In this auspicious period
There have been Leaders three—
Kakusandho, Koṇāgamano
And Kassapo the Guide;
I am the fourth, Buddha Supreme;
Metteyya yet shall be
In this auspicious period,

¹ This is a Burmese MS. in Roman characters published by Prof. Min-ayeff in the Journal of the Pāli Text Society, 1886, from which I have translated some passages. See also Warren's *Buddhism in Translations*, p. 481. The author is said to be Kassapo, an Indian, and a commentary was written by Upatissa, a native of Ceylon.

While yet the end we bide ;
 Metteyya, All-enlightened One,
 Supreme on earth is He."

But there are Buddha's and Buddha's. Not all Buddha's are Fully-enlightened Ones (Sammāsambuddha's). Some are Pacceka-Buddha's (retired Ones, who do not teach the world). Such Great Ones, we are told in Theosophical books, are Manu's or world-rulers. There are also periods or kalpa's, eras, æons, when no Buddha's at all are in the world. In the cycle of Dīpaṅkaro, under whom "our Buddha" took the vow to save the world (on the moon, as we read in *Man: Whence, How and Whither*) there were three other Buddha's. H. P. Blavatsky tells us that Gotama the Buddha was the "first-fruits of them that slept," *i.e.* the first man of our *human* family who roused his latent faculties and attained the great height of Buddhahood, the other Buddha's having been the fruits of other planets and cycles.

To return to our quotation: Next follows the history of Metteyya in former births during the age of twenty-seven previous Buddha's, till, finally, He was Ajātasattu, Prince of Ajita, about B.C. 600. (We read in *Man* that He was born next as Shrī Kṛshṇa, and again, about B.C. 100, He is said to have come as the Christ, occupying the body of His disciple, the Rishi Jesus.)

Then follows an account of the gradual decay of the Buddha-Dhamma (the Doctrine), and it is said that when five thousand years have passed since the Parinibbāna, or final passing-away of "our Buddha" (Gotama), *i.e.*, about A.D. 4460, the Buddha-relics will disappear. Finally we read of Metteyya that He will be born as a

prince on earth, renounce the world like His predecessors, attain enlightenment under the sacred tree and pass away for ever. Then follow the words :

Tam pana Metteyyam Bhagavantam ke na passissanti? ke passissanti?

“But who shall not behold Him, the Blessed One; and who shall behold Him?”

Devadatto [the Judas of Buddhism, who even tried to kill the Lord Buddha], the schismatic, is doomed to Hell for the whole kalpa, and the others born in Avīci who are guilty of the five sins of which the punishment is immediate; also the followers of utterly false doctrines, and those who slander the noble disciples shall not behold Him; also those naked ascetics who break up the order by refusing lawful rights to the monks.

But other beings who are charitable, who keep the precepts and observe the Sabbath days, do their religious duties and build temples, plant bo-trees and make parks and groves; who build bridges, make level the highways, stand firm by the precepts, dig wells and irrigate—they shall behold Him.

Those who aspire for the existence of the Blessed Lord and shall offer in charity even a handful of flowers, a single lamp or a morsel of food—they shall behold Him.

They who delight in the meritorious deeds of others—they shall behold Him.

They who spread the Doctrine, who prepare the preaching-canopy and the preacher's seat for the expounder of the Law; who bear the fan, who offer cloth, canopies, flowers, scents and lamps and are very zealous followers of the Teaching—they shall behold Him.

They who listen to the *Vessantara* birth-story¹—they shall behold Him.

They who minister to the Order by gifts and who wait on father and mother and serve the elders of their kin—they shall behold Him. They who give food to the monks by ticket and on Sabbath days, and who do meritorious deeds in the ten ways—they shall behold Him, and having heard the Teaching of the Lord they shall reach the state of *arahat*.

Then said the Teacher, predicting the future State of Buddhahood by the lips of our Blessed Lord [*i.e.*, with His own lips prophesying of the future Buddha's, who were then potential Buddha's or Bodhisatta's and were then contemporary with Himself].

¹ In His last birth but one, the Bodhisatta is always born as a great king.

Metteyya, Best of all, comes next ;
 Then Rāma ¹ and Pasendi ²
 Of Kosala, and Abhibhū ; ³
 Dighasoni and Samkacca,
 Subha, the Brāhman Todeyya,
 Nālāgiri, Palaleyyā ;
 These ten are Bodhisatta's now ;
 In future ages, finally,
 They shall attain Wisdom Supreme.

NAMO TASSA YATO MAHIMATO YASSA TAMO NA

F. L. Woodward

¹ According to Theosophical teachings, Rāma should be the Master K. H. called Devāpi in the Purāna list. Kalki, the tenth Avatāra, is to wed Kamalā, daughter of a king of Ceylon. Then Manu (Moriya) and Devāpi will jointly rule the world as Manu and Bodhisatta. (See p. 268 of Mr. K. N. Aiyer's book cited above).

² A king contemporary with Gotama, the Buddha, King Prasenajit.

³ The Conqueror.

THE TWIN POETS

By PROFESSOR V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

AMIDST the numerous and illustrious names that figure in the extensive annals of Tamil literature, the names of Ilañ-Shūrya and Mudu-Shūrya, or “the twins” (Iraṭṭayar), as they are more commonly called, have always attracted the attention of scholars and students. Nothing substantial is known of the private lives of these poets. According to one version, they were the incarnation of the Ashvins, born, thanks to Shiva’s grace, as the sons of a pious Vellāla of Conjiveram¹ who, for the sake of a virtuous and learned progeny, engaged himself in the pious contemplation and incessant service of the deity; while according to another,² they were the sons of a paternal aunt and a maternal uncle, and members of the Sheṅgundar community, of a village named Āmilanduṛai in the Chōla country. Both the versions agree, however, on the fact that the poets suffered from natural deformities; for one of them was blind and the other lame. Deprived early in life of their parents, they had nevertheless the fortune to become eminent scholars and keen devotees of Shiva. Affectionate and well-disposed towards each other, the twins, equals in erudition, in the capacity for literary

¹ *Abhidhāna-chintāmaṇi*, p. 104.

² K. Narayanasami Mudaliar’s *History of the Twin Poets* (Tamil Men of Letters Series), pp. 3. and 31.

composition and in devotion, used always to go together, the lame one riding on the shoulders of the blind and guiding him on the way. Constant company brought them from literary circles the name of "twins," and while their infirmities gained universal sympathy, their faculty of singing with ease and fluency, especially in the favourite style of Kalambagam,¹ gained the esteem and applause of the literary world. With fame and subsistence open to them from the beginning, they might have easily acquired riches; but they refused to take more than a *paṇam*² from any individual, king or ordinary person; and like the saints of old, they used to wander from place to place and spend their simple and pure lives by singing the glories of Shiva in local legends and as local incarnations.

It is not known when the Irattayar exactly lived. But certain incidents in their story enable us to fix, approximately at least, the age of their existence and activities. As we shall see presently, they lived for some time in the court of the well-known Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān, the Koṅgu Chief of Vakkapāhai, and have praised in undying verse his limitless generosity in feeding the poor. Now, this Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān was the patron and supporter of Villiputtūrār; it is clear, therefore, that the twins were the contemporaries of the great translator of the *Mahābhārata*. Villiputtūrār, again, is connected, in tale and tradition, with the Shai-va saint and teacher, Aruṇagirinātha. He, in fact, as I shall show in my next article, engaged him in

¹ For a very common Tamil verse recording this, see *ibid.*, p. 25. The verse says that Pugalēndi was the best poet for the *venbā*, Jayakoṇḍān for *paraṇi*, Kamba for *Viruṭṭa*, Oṭṭakkoottan for *kōvai*, *ulā* and *andādi*, the Irattayar for *Kalambaga*, Kālamēha for *varsai* and Paḍikkāsapulavar for *Sandam*.

² The *Abiḍhāna-chintāmaṇi*. This seems to be an exaggeration.

controversy and annotated his *Kandar-andādi*. The twins should therefore have been the contemporaries of Aruṇagirinātha also. To this list of coeval workers should be added two other names—those of Sambandhāṇḍān, a Sāktēya teacher of Tiruvaṇṇāmalai, who was, according to one story, beaten by Aruṇagirinātha in philosophic disputation and, according to another story, vanquished by the Iraṭṭayar in a literary challenge; and of Kālamēhappulavar who, we are informed, composed, or rather completed, a stanza which had baffled the literary skill of the deformed poets of Ilandurai. When did these men live? The question is more easily asked than answered. One very strong view is that they must be assigned to the middle of the fifteenth century. The argument which has been adduced for this view is that Aruṇagirinātha had for his patron a king named Prauḍha-dēva,¹ and this Prauḍha-dēva was the Vijayanagar sovereign of that name who reigned, if we are to judge from epigraphical evidences,² about A. D. 1450. This view is evidently acknowledged as conclusive by the few scholars who have devoted attention to this subject; but there are certain difficulties, in my opinion, which make it difficult, if not impossible, to accept it. That Aruṇagirinātha was the contemporary of a Prauḍha-dēva may be accepted; and that a Prauḍha-dēva ruled the Vijayanagar Empire and distinguished himself by his pious donations to temples and literary men, in the middle of the fifteenth century, is certain. But it does not follow from this that Aruṇagirinātha and his

¹ For the part which Prauḍha-dēva played in the fortunes of Aruṇagirinātha, see *Abhidh.*, p. 64 and Satakopa Ramanujachariar's Editions of Villiputtūrār's works.

² Narayanasami's *Hist. Irat.*, p. 30.

contemporaries belonged to that period.¹ The term "Praudha-dēva" does not seem to be the name of a particular Rāya alone, as this school evidently think. Mallikārjuna Praudha's father, Dēva-Rāya II, for example, had the title "Praudha"² prefixed to his name; and it is not improbable that Rāyas previous to him had the same. The term "Praudha," in other words, was not the name of a particular monarch, but a fairly common title applied to a number of kings. It is impossible, under these circumstances, to say that Aruṇagirinātha had for his patron Praudha Mallikārjuna alone. He might have had him in Dēvarāya II, or possibly any other king before him. That the Praudha-dēva of Aruṇagiri's traditions was an earlier person than Mallikārjuna is proved by the fact that his contemporaries, Villiputtūrār and Iraṭṭayar, were patronised by a king named Sakala-lōka-chakravartin Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbava Rāya, of Conjiveram, who, epigraphy clearly tells us, ruled from³ A. D. 1337 (s. 1260) to about 1360. Inscriptions are numerous, which enlighten us on the date and work of this King; but it is unnecessary to

¹ See Sewell's *Antiquities*, ii, p. 245, where Praudha-dēva is assigned the date 1456-1477; *Forg. Empe.*, p. 96, where, owing to the meagre knowledge of epigraphy then, the proper relation between Praudha-dēva Mallikārjuna, Virūpāksha, Narasiṅga, etc., is not clearly stated, but where the evidences given sufficiently show Praudha-dēva's date as the latter half of the 15th century. The *Epigraphical Reports* give more definite information. See *Epig. Rep.*, 1910, p. 113, where Mr. Krishna Sastri points out that Mallikārjuna or Immaḍi Praudha-dēva Rāya came to the throne after Dēva Rāya II; *ibid.*, 1909, p. 116; *ibid.*, 1911, where it is distinctly pointed out that Praudha-dēva Mallikārjuna ruled from s. 1369 (*i.e.*, A.D. 1447) to s. 1398 (A.D. 1476), though in the latter period jointly with his son or brother Virūpāksha. See also my "History of the Nāika Kingdom of Madura," *Ind. Antiq.*, Jan. 1914, p. 11, foot-note 50.

² See *Epig. Rep.*, 1912, p. 78.

³ See *Epig. Rep.*, 1913, p. 127. Inscription 212 of 1912 describes the settlement in the order of precedence in temple service between *Dēvaraḍiyār*, *Ishabpattaliyitār*, etc., by Sāmbava Rāya in his 5th year (s. 1265-6). No. 203 of 1912 refers to Musalmān invasions. References can be multiplied, but are hardly necessary. See *Epig. Rep.*, 1903; *ibid.*, 1910; Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, p. 180 (Inscriptions 57-60 of Conjiveram).

refer to them here. It is enough for us to know that he lived at the time when the extreme south of South India became subject to the Musalmān invasions and that he helped the generals of the early Vijayanagar emperors to expel the invaders and restore the supremacy and independence of Hindūism. The Iraṭṭayar and their contemporaries, therefore, should have lived about A. D. 1350 ; and Aruṇagirinātha also may be said to have lived then, if evidence can be found to show that the first rulers of Vijayanagar, Harihara, Bukka or any other, had the term Praudha attached to them. At any rate, there can be no objection whatever to holding that Dēva Rāya II was the patron of the Shaiva teacher ; and the acceptance of this will not very much clash with the acceptance of Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbuva Rāya's connection with these literary luminaries, as the latter king ruled between 1337 and 1360, and Dēva Rāya II from 1422 to 1449. My belief is that all these six poets and teachers should be assigned to the period between 1330 and 1430—a conclusion which is corroborated by the fact that Tirumal Rāya, the patron of Kālamēhappulavar, was the son of Saluva Goppa, the nephew of Dēva Rāya II, and the viceroy of North Arcot about 1430. It was the grandfather or father of this Sālava Goppa that distinguished himself by conquering the Muhammadan invader, and ruler¹ “and making him subordinate to Sāmba Rāya”.

To proceed with the life-story of the poets, tradition says that the first place the brothers visited was holy Chidambaram. There the impression they made on the people was so great that they were requested

¹ For a succinct history of the Sāluvas, see my article in *Ind. Antiq.*, Jan., 1914.

to compose a kalambagam on their God on the model of Tolkāppiyatēvar's¹ on Tiruppādirippuliyūr. The twins felt very diffident over the matter; but when, at the instance of the earnest residents of Chidambaram, the rope was passed in Tolkāppiya's poem, an auspicious verse was obtained. The poets saw in it a divine mandate and grace, and undertook the task, and brought it to a successful conclusion. From this time the reputation of the poets as composers of kalambagam spread throughout the land. The result was that, when they subsequently visited the village of Tiruvāmāttūr² on the Pambai, the people of that locality prayed them to compose a kalambagam on *their* deity. The poets agreed, and the story is that when the poem was finished and brought before the public for approval, an inaccuracy in one of the verses caused objection and ridicule, and stood in the way of universal approval. It was a stanza in which the temple was wrongly located on the west, instead of the east, of the river. The poets vowed to see their words should be true, and prayed accordingly to the Lord; and to the wonder of all, a torrential downpour of rain that night swelled the floods of the river to such dimensions that it took a perverse course and flowed east of the temple. The poet's words were now true, and the admiring public saw clearly the divine favour accorded to the poets and their poem!

After the adventure at Tiruvāmāttūr, the brothers went to Tonḍamaṇḍalam. Here in the sacred village

¹ Not to be confounded with the author of *Tolkāppiyam*. He was a later writer, but earlier than the Iraṭṭayar. See *Abhidh.*, p. 570.

² A village four miles off Villippuram station; one of the holy places of *Naḍu-nāḍu* or *Magadai-nāḍu* of Tamil literature. Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, 180. It was here that, according to one version, Appar renounced his Jain faith. See *S. Arcot Gazetteer*, p. 386.

of Nāngūr, they were destined once again to experience the grace of the Lord whom they always had in their hearts. Exhausted and worn out, they prayed to him to give them food and save their lives, and he, we are told, assumed the guise of a Brahmana and brought them, with his own divine hands, the much-needed refreshment! In gratitude the poets sang a poem on the deity. Continuing their journey, they reached the historic Conjiveram. The sacred associations of this place attracted them so much that they resolved to stay there for some time. It was in this period that they composed, besides a kalambagam on Ēkāmbaranātha, the *Ekambaranathar-ula*, a poem which gained celebrity by the fact that the introductory verse of prayer to Vināyaka in it spoke of a Vikāṭachakra-Vināyaka and a thousand-pillared maṇṭapa which never existed, and that the assembly of scholars before whom the poem was placed for approval, refused their approval on the ground that it was based more on imagination than on truth. The poets, however, stated that they themselves were unconscious of what they said, that the Goddess of Learning, who spoke through them, could not have spoken an untruth, and that they were prepared to bring the poem once again before the public, when the facts stated in it were proved true.

From Toṇḍamaṇḍalam the twins proceeded south. On the way at Māṅgāḍu,¹ it is said, they burned, by the power of a single verse, the houses and riches of an opulent Vellāla, named Omalanātha, whose haughty indifference they desired to chastise. In the Pāṇḍyan kingdom they had many adventures. At Tinnevely, for example, they saw a cowherd digging at a particular spot at the foot

¹ Seven miles W. of Saidapet, and one mile S. of Poonamalle.

of a bamboo grove to see what it was that made him drop his milk-pot there every day. The superior instinct of the poets discerned a liṅga buried there and brought it to the notice of the cowherd and through him to the local king and people; and the result was the rising of a temple over the newly-discovered liṅga. At Madura, while washing their clothes in the golden lily tank, one of them dropped his clothes into the tank; but a hymn addressed to the God brought back, in the place of the vanished rags, a new robe; the local king whom they subsequently saw was about to give them, in recognition of their literary skill, an ample reward, when a miserly minister dissuaded him from it. The biting sarcasm of the twins, however, silenced the miser and won the king's admiration and reward. With the money they thus obtained they were proceeding to another place when, on the way, they lost it at a Vināyaka's temple and got it back tenfold after an address of prayer to the great Dispeller of Evils.

We next meet the brothers at Trinomali, the holy Tiruvaṅṅāmalai in Magadai Nāḍu. Here they came across a great Sāktēya teacher Sambandāṅḍān by name. A good but vain scholar, he treated the new-comers with indifference, and challenged them to compose a stanza with the expression "*mannen*" for the beginning and "*malukke*" for the end; and they did so, putting him, just then in the barber's hands, to ridicule and shame. The poets then came to the Koṅgu country, the rude behaviour of the women of which they have recorded in an undying, though vulgar, verse. The next place which the pair visited was Tiruvālūr, in the Chōla country. In the vicinity of this place they met the renowned Kālamēhappulavar. The singular gifts and

extraordinary skill of the latter, which had already impressed the world and won its homage, now recommended him to the twins. An incident which happened soon after went to deepen their admiration of him. While worshipping the God of Tiruvālūr, they gave utterance, as was their habit, to an extempore hymn, but for the first time felt themselves unable to complete it. The superior skill of Kālamēha accomplished the task and obtained, in return, the grateful panegyrics of the poets.

We then meet the twins once again in the court of Vīranārāyaṇa Sambu of Kūvam, whom we have already referred to. In the annals of literary patronage this chief will always occupy an honourable place. The two poets found in him an eminently enlightened man whose taste appreciated, and whose generosity rewarded, their skill; and they appear to have lived there for a comparatively long period. Once indeed they went to Tiruvānaikkāval, the Shaiva stronghold near Shrīraṅgam, to see Kālamēha once again, but to their sorrow, they understood that he had just breathed his last, and his body had been consigned to the flames in the cremation-ground. In spite of this bitter disappointment, their journey proved a blessing. For when returning by way of Conjiveram, they saw to their inexpressible joy and surprise, that the Vikaṭachakravīṇyaka and the thousand-pillared maṅṭapa, which they had unconsciously celebrated in their *Ekambaranathar-ula*, were after all found to exist. The Chōla King—evidently Vīranārāyaṇa Sambuva—was engaged in preparing the ground for the construction of a sacrificial altar (or temple, according

¹The *Abhishana* gives a slightly different version. It does not say that the poets met Kālamēha. They recorded their incomplete verse at Tiruvālūr and went on their journey. On their return they saw it completed, and understood it to have been made by Kālamēha in their absence. They went to see him, but he had just died.

to another version), when he came across the edifice and the image, buried in a mound of earth. Lost in joy and surprise, the King sent messengers to the poets, whose greatness he now fully appreciated, welcomed them in great pomp, and secured the public approval of their poem—hereafter honoured by the name of the divine *ulṛ*—in a special and well-attended assembly of scholars.

With their reputation completely established and the correctness of their poem vindicated, the poets seem to have spent the rest of their days at Conjiveram. It was in this period that they composed the *Svayambula* or the *Svayambu*, pictures of the various places they had visited, and the curious poem called *Mūvar-ammani*. The latter is a very original and interesting work, in *ammāni* style, and purporting to be written by three people. Each verse consists of five lines and celebrates, in the first two lines, the exploit of Shiva as embodied in local legend, the next two lines raise certain questions or doubts, and the third line gives an answer, as if from the mouth of Sarasvatī.

Such is the life-story of the *Iraṭṭayar*, as far as it can be gathered from traditions. It would be a sad lack of the sense of proportion to class them with the poets of the first rank. Their vulgarity, their lack of ideas, and at times even of expressions, are too patent. Their homely and easy style is due more to lack of capacity than deliberate choice; but if the style is homely, it is singularly pleasant. Their skill in versification, moreover, their character, which defied all material joys and comforts, and above all, their saintly devotion to Shiva, will always give them an honourable place in the long roll of poet-saints who have so singularly enriched the mediæval history of South India.

V. Rangachari

TO A PRIMEVAL LOVER

“The Wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.”

Thou hast no words of note.

Recorded wisdom, for a world to quote,
No woven subtleties their brains to tire.
Naught but Love's ancient tidal rythm
of Desire.

Thou hast not any new philosophies,

Only, immortal youth within those eyes,
Only Olympic passion in their glow.
Æonian Memory, and the songs all lovers
know.

Thou giv'st no hostages to fame,

Only. . . one love, with never-flick'ring flame,
Only. . . a world of stars and flowers and fire,
Only. . . Urania . . . and thy heart her lyre.

LILY NIGHTINGALE

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

By ERNEST UDNY

(Concluded from p. 269)

IT may well be that so far-reaching and drastic a measure as the withdrawal of reincarnation was not adopted even by the Head of the Teaching Department in the great Brotherhood simply on His own responsibility. There is perhaps no irreverence in assuming that, when He did so, He well knew that it was part of the plan of the Supreme Being of our Solar System by whom the great drama of evolution, which is to be played in these worlds, is thought out in marvellous detail before the worlds are created.

And now the needed quality of strength has to a certain extent been developed, and the time has come for the building of the Brotherhood. The Christian religion was intended for the helping of the fifth sub-race. It was given at the time when the Roman Empire, which belonged to the Keltic or fourth sub-race, was to be dissolved within a few centuries ; and it has

been, and still is, the religion of the Anglo-Teutonic (the fifth) supplanting in southern Europe the older religion originally given to the fourth, and spreading with both sub-races wherever they have gone over the world—in the Americas, North and South, India (as regards its European population), Australia, and the Cape. The work of the seven sub-races in turn, as in a much more marked way of the seven Root Races, is to develop and strengthen, each in its turn, one of the subtle vehicles of man. The work of the fourth sub-race (which includes the Keltic race, as known to Ethnology, and also, broadly speaking, the Latin races of South Europe) was to develop and refine the astral body or body of passions and emotions. In her book *Man*, Mrs. Besant thus describes the new characteristics which were specially developed in the fourth sub-race (of the fifth or Āryan Root Race) in its original home in Central Asia before it was sent out to people North Europe. He, the Manu, or Divine Official who founded the Āryan Race, was striving to develop in the fourth or Keltic sub-race “imagination and artistic sensibility, to encourage poetry, oratory, painting and music. . . . Any one who showed any artistic talent in the schools was drafted off for special culture”.

The work of the fifth (the Anglo-Teutonic) sub-race is to develop the mind, and that of the sixth sub-race (the new physical type now in process of formation in the western States of North America) will be to develop the intuition, which is above the mind, which perceives instead of reasoning, which, by the power of

love and compassion, is able to look at the other lives from within instead of from without, and so to sense at will their thoughts and feelings.

Now mind is of two kinds—the lower or concrete, dealing with and reasoning about the facts of the physical world and kingdoms, human and other—and the abstract or philosophic mind, dealing with abstract conceptions, with generalisations derived from the working of the lower mind. At the present stage of humanity, it is the lower or concrete mind, rather than the philosophic or abstract, which is in course of evolution; and for this purpose it is necessary to accentuate the sense of separateness in the individual. Hence the strong feeling of individualism and competition, in fact, of selfishness or self-centredness, which is characteristic of Europe as a whole, including even the fourth sub-race, for it is characteristic of the whole fifth, or Āryan Root Race, to which the fourth and fifth sub-races alike belong, and the Christian religion, which was intended to accentuate individuality in the fifth sub-race (by the effort of the individual to “save his own soul”), has spread over all Europe, replacing in the South the earlier religion of beauty which was originally given to the fourth sub-race.

For convenience of reference the root and sub-races concerned, with their purposes, and the characteristic notes of the religions of the sub-races, may be tabulated somewhat as on the following page.

<p>Root Races</p>	<p>Corresponding Sub-Races of present 5th, or Aryan, Root Race.</p>	<p>Vehicles for development of which the Root Races and Corresponding Sub-Races were specially intended.</p>	<p>Characteristic note of the Religions of the Sub-Races of the 5th, or Aryan, Root Race</p>	<p>Founders of the Religions of the Sub-Races of the 5th Root Race.</p>
<p>4th Root Race—the Atlantean, who inhabited the lost continent of Atlantis, now beneath the Atlantic Ocean.</p>	<p>4th, or Keltic, Sub-Race (including the nations of South Europe).</p>	<p>Astral</p>	<p>Art and Beauty (the higher emotions generally).</p>	<p>Orpheus ("with His Lute") afterwards born in India as Gautama Buddha, Founder of Buddhism.</p>
<p>5th Root Race—The Aryan—now inhabiting Europe, America, Australasia, etc.</p>	<p>5th, or Anglo-Teutonic, Sub-Race including Flemings, Dutch, Nor- mans, Scandinavians and Slavs.</p>	<p>Mental</p>	<p>Intellect and Individualism.</p>	<p>The Christ (known in the East as the Lord Maitreya or the Bodhisattva)</p>
<p>6th Root Race—To be founded in Southern California about 700 years hence, and to inhabit later a Continent already beginning to rise from the North Pacific Ocean.</p>	<p>6th Sub-Race now forming in the Western States and ultimately to spread over North America.</p>	<p>Intuitional (in older Theosophical books called Buddhic).</p>	<p>Unity or Brotherhood.</p>	<p>The Christ.</p>

The quality of the sub-race now developing in America is to be "intuition," the possession of which will make men fit to be built into a Brotherhood, for in their fellow-men, aye, and in their younger brothers of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, they will see, as in themselves the one divine Life, and so seeing they will be ready to learn the great lesson of Self-Sacrifice, which will be the distinguishing note of the new religion. The Christ Himself, the Light of the World, is, we are told, about to come among us again in ordinary human form, to tread the common ways of man, just as He did in Palestine two thousand years ago. The exact time of the Coming is not known, but, if we put it at seven years hence, 1922, we shall, perhaps, not be very far out.

The President of the Theosophical Society announced during the Annual Convention of the Indian Section at Christmas, 1912, an interesting dream which she had had, and this dream may, of course, prove to be prophetic. It was to the effect that six years later she would be sitting in the same chair on the same platform and on a similar occasion—the Christmas Convention of the Indian Section—and that the course of lectures which is usually given by herself would then be given by Alcyone (Mr. J. Krishnamurti) who would afterwards go up and down India for some years, preaching and gathering together large numbers of people, and that some years later his Lord (the Christ) would come and Himself take up the work.

The religion of Self-Sacrifice which the Christ will found cannot fail to have a far deeper and wider influence and effect on the future of the world even than the Christian religion did ; and in saying this there is no intention whatever of minimising or depreciating in the

slightest degree the splendid results of Christianity. But while the latter has made its ordinary members religious and church-going, and more or less earnestly desirous of "saving their own souls," and has further produced a small, a *very* small percentage of saints, it is obvious that if the ordinary communicant of the new religion is as anxious to sacrifice himself for his fellow-men as the communicant of to-day is "to go to heaven," the practical results of such a religion will be nothing less than marvellous. When the ordinary Church member realises that he *is* "his brother's keeper," and sets to work to act on that belief, instead of contenting himself as at present with going to church on Sunday, and devoting nearly the whole of his spare time and money to his own pleasure and amusement and those of his family, then it will be possible to lead him to heights of achievement in the service of his fellows which are beyond the dreams of to-day. No longer shall we see large numbers of people bent almost entirely on selfish amusement, while the rest of the world is full of poverty and suffering, or at best leading dreary lives practically devoid of the opportunities of culture and refinement which, to a very considerable extent, are open to the rich and well-to-do alone. And who can doubt that the Christ, without solving for us all the human problems of the present, or depriving us of the valuable evolution to be gained from finding the solutions for ourselves, will at least give such broad general directions as may be necessary to enable us to find them? Then, at last, the nations will cease from their quarrellings, and some great organising and administrative genius of the past, such as Julius Cæsar, may be

reborn in the present to carry out the vast changes that are necessary, as indicated in the detailed glimpse of the future which Mr. Leadbeater has already obtained on higher planes (where the foreknowledge—not predestination—of the Supreme is at the command of the developed man) and has given to the world in the chapters on “The Beginnings of the Sixth Root Race” in his and Mrs. Besant’s book *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* In the chapter headed “The Federation of Nations,” Cæsar’s future work is thus described:

When he succeeds in forming the Federation, and persuades all the countries to give up War, he arranges that each of them shall set aside for a certain number of years half or a third of the money that it has been accustomed to spend upon armaments, and devote it to certain social improvements which he specifies. According to his scheme, the taxation of the entire world is gradually reduced, but notwithstanding, sufficient money is reserved to feed all the poor, to destroy all the slums, and to introduce wonderful improvements into all cities. He arranges that those countries in which compulsory military service has been the rule shall for a time still preserve the habit, but shall make their conscripts work for the State in the making of parks and roads, the pulling down of slums, and opening up of communications everywhere. He arranges that the old burdens shall be gradually eased off, but yet contrives with what is left of them to regenerate the world. He is indeed a great man; a most marvellous genius.

* * * * *

His work is largely made possible by the arrival and preaching of the Christ Himself.

Even those who are not yet aware of the possibility of foreseeing the future on higher planes may still accept this account of Julius Cæsar’s work as an interesting forecast of what might perfectly well happen.

It is interesting to note that part of the Christ’s great plan for helping the world is already in action,

namely the restoration to the western world of a knowledge of Reincarnation, with its sister teaching, the Law of Karma (literally "doing"), which means that whatever befalls us of weal or woe, of happiness or pain, of joy or grief, is our own "doing". It is the law of cause and effect in the moral world. This law, as it applies to spiritual evolution, is thus stated by S. Paul, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth, to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption" (meaning apparently that he will continue to pass in successive lives from birth to death—"the wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life"—Romans, vi, 23) "but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting" (Galatians, vi, 7), by treading during a short series of lives the Path of Holiness, and finally obtaining the glorious state of Nirvāṇa, which means "liberation" from the long cycle of births and deaths—"salvation," not, of course, from hell fire but from the risk of failure to attain during the present world-period the goal of distinctively human evolution, Divine Manhood, the level of "the Masters". It is true that, even after that, he may if he choose still continue, as the Masters do, to incarnate; but, if he does, it is of his own free will and for service only, assuredly not for personal satisfaction.

The Law of Karma or "Doing" is stated by S. Francis of Assisi in its more general form, as it applies to all weal or woe, whether spiritual or worldly, and is worked out for each man from life to life during his long series of lives. He says :

Whatsoever a man doeth upon this earth, he doeth it unto himself, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

He himself may have known in detail the law which he thus briefly stated, without attempt at further exposition; but the time had not yet come when the full teaching was to be given to the world, for apart from reincarnation the law cannot be properly expounded. It is obvious that, so far as one life only is concerned, the wicked often flourish, while the righteous mourn. As the Psalmist says, "I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay tree" (Psalms, xxxvii, 36).

These twin-sisters, the Laws of Reincarnation and Karma, will probably be taken as axioms by the Christ in the teaching to be given on His reappearance among men. The work of restoring a knowledge of them is being done by the Theosophical Society, of whose teaching they form a fundamental part. This work, however, is only one of several purposes for which the Society was founded in New York, in 1875, its ostensible Founders being a Russian lady, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and a retired American Officer, Colonel Henry Steel Olcott. The true Founders, behind the veil of ignorance which is upon our eyes, were two of the Divine Men, members of the Great Brotherhood, and Elder Brothers of our race, who have completed Their purely human evolution, and unified, or "at-oned," Their wills with that of the Supreme Being of our Solar System, and now continue to incarnate simply in order to assist in carrying out His great plan of evolution. The names by which these two Masters are known in Theosophical literature are Morya and Koot Hoomi, and we are told that they are the Divine Ministers who have undertaken the task of founding, developing and guiding

a new type of humanity, a new Root Race, of which They are to be respectively the Ruler and the Spiritual Teacher—or, to use the Samskr̥t technical terms, the Manu (from the same root as the English man and mind, meaning the thinker) and the Boḍhi-saṭṭva (meaning either Wisdom and Purity or He whose nature is Wisdom).

The new Root Race will not be founded until some seven hundred years hence, but the work of preparation is already afoot. This will be the Sixth out of the seven Root Races which succeed one another, and to a large extent overlap in point of time each its predecessor and its successor. Like all the other Root Races, it will have its own type of bodies—physical, astral, and mental—its own religion, and its own type of civilisation. The watchword and distinguishing characteristic both of the religion and civilisation will be “Unity”—a full recognition of and conscious acting upon the great fact that, little though they may know it at present, all men are truly of one and the same essence, brothers indeed, though of very varying ages and capacities, for they are sons of the same Supreme Being, from whom they all emanated (and the so-called lower kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral—no less) and to whom they must all one day return. As S. Augustine said:

God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are ever restless till they find their rest in Thee.

And S. Paul, in his sermon at Athens on the Unknown God, bears emphatic testimony to the sonship of all men and the Fatherhood of God.

Neither is (God) worshipped with man's hands as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things. And hath made of one blood all nations

of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us : for in him we live and move and have our being, as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, etc. (Acts, xvii, 25-29).

And again, as regards the ultimate return to Him from whom we came forth :

For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all (I Corinthians, xv, 27, 28).

This is the Divinely appointed, and therefore sure, end of all evolution—that God may be all in all.

The Poet Pope has remarked in his *Essay on Man* :

In human things, tho' laboured on with pain,
A hundred movements scarce one subject gain :
In God's one single can its end produce
And serve to second still some other use.

Similarly, if the Theosophical Society is indeed an instrument created for the purposes of Their work by two appointed Agents of the Supreme, we may expect to find that it serves more purposes than one ; and such is actually the case. There may, of course, be purposes which They had in view, and of which at present we know nothing ; but there are at least four which are already clearly visible.

First, to comply with a wish uttered, we are told, by the World-Teacher some six centuries ago, that in the last quarter of each century, as time rolled by, a special effort should be made for the helping of the West. The Society was founded punctually to time towards the close of the last year of the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

Second, to act, as already stated, as a channel for the restoration of the knowledge of Reincarnation and Karma.

Third, to play the part of S. John the Baptist by acting as the herald of the return of the Christ. This statement needs, perhaps, some further explanation, for it is well known that the Society has no creed, and that its members, as such, are in no way committed to a belief in that return. Yet in a very real sense it *is* acting as such a herald, inasmuch as large numbers of its members do believe in the return, and from its ranks have been drawn the bulk of the members of two Orders—"the Order of the Star in the East" and "the Temple of the Rosy Cross"—founded respectively in 1911 and 1912, for the avowed purpose of preparing the way for His Coming. Further, the Master Koot Hoomi (one of the real Founders of the Society) is, we are told, the immediate Lieutenant (in the Teaching Department) and the destined successor of the World-Teacher; and, as the plans of the Masters are always laid long, sometimes thousands of years, beforehand, there can be little doubt that this function of preparing the way for the Christ was clearly in His mind when the Society was founded—only forty years ago. The Orders named are, of course, in their infancy, but their progress has been so surprisingly rapid that they are already well established in many countries, and bid fair to become important and world-wide organisations, as indeed they must be if they are to do the world-service of preparation for this unique event.

Fourth, the Society was intended to act as a net for the selection of the souls who are to be the pioneers under the Masters Morya and Koot Hoomi in the work of

founding the Sixth Root Race. The note of Brotherhood, which is to be the note of the coming race, civilisation, and religion, is sounded by Them in the world through the medium of the Society, and the souls choose themselves, in virtue of their being attracted by and responding to it. It is not, of course, to be supposed that every member of the Society will be chosen to act as a pioneer of the new Race; but from its ranks, and still more, perhaps, from the Esoteric School which is the heart of the Society, will the pioneers be chosen. The Society has three avowed objects:

(1) To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, class or colour.

(2) To encourage the study of comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science; and

(3) To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

But of these three the first alone is made compulsory for acceptance by candidates for admission; and this was no doubt done deliberately, in order that the Society might act as a net for the first rough selection of souls—from among whom a further selection might afterwards be taken to be the pioneers of the coming Sixth Root Race.

The true relation of Theosophy to the existing religions of the world may best be understood by looking upon it as in the nature of a special Mission from the Metropolitan Church of the world—the Great Brotherhood who are the real Founders of every Religion in turn—a Mission intended not for the benefit of any one religion in particular, but to aid them all impartially, as indeed it does in two ways: (1) by re-proclaiming in

terms of modern thought and language the fundamental verities of religion, which had become overlaid in course of time by the inevitable tendency to materialise and to substitute for the spirit the outer husk of symbolism in which the truths were originally conveyed; and (2) by bringing to the aid of the orthodox priesthood who are conscientiously handing on a lamp of tradition derived from books, the living and forcible testimony of seers—the teachers in the Society—who speak from first-hand knowledge. These are able and willing to throw a flood of light on the mysteries of God, Man, and Nature, with a host of details, many of which are now for the first time given to the world—details as to the existence of higher planes, subtler and to us invisible worlds of matter, and their relations with the physical world—the conditions of after-death life in purgatory and the heaven-world—the process and machinery of reincarnation—the Divine Hierarchy and their work—the existence and nature of the Path of Holiness—and the qualifications necessary for treading it.

The Theosophical Society, which now has branches in nearly all the countries of the world, is in perfect harmony (on its own side at least) with all religions, and does its best to help them all in so far as they will allow themselves to be helped. “Theosophy does not ask a man to leave his own religion but to live it.” People of all faiths are welcomed, and find in Theosophy a common platform of sympathy and study, while remaining free to hold the faith and follow the practices of their own religions, if they so choose, as many do. The practice of imposing certain articles of belief as a condition of membership is so universal in religious bodies that it comes as an agreeable surprise to inquirers

about Theosophy to be told that no person's religious beliefs are asked upon his joining, nor is interference with them allowed, while, on the other hand, he is expected to show to the religion of his fellow-members the same respect which he receives for his own. The three avowed objects of the Society are such as may well be accepted by all tolerant persons. They commit the members to no belief except the desirability of doing three fairly reasonable things, and even of these objects it is only the first—to form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity—of which acceptance is compulsory. Tolerance in religious matters is thus carried to its farthest point, and the leaders of the Society teach (but the acceptance of this, as of every other teaching save Brotherhood, is entirely optional) that the virtue of tolerance should be carried to the point of not wishing to change other people in any respect, except in so far as they themselves wish to be advised. It is held that—

What another man does or says or believes is no affair of ours and we must learn to let him absolutely alone. He has full right to free thought and speech and action, so long as he does not interfere with any one else (*At the Feet of the Master*).

The Society is thus a body of students, committed to no common belief except Brotherhood, and desirous only of helping the world in the pursuit of Divine truth. In the fact of its having been founded—"behind the veil"—by members of the one Great Brotherhood, it is exactly like all the religions of the world; but in its special method of working it differs, inasmuch as each of them separates its adherents from those of other religions, while now for the first time the experiment is being tried of creating a body of men which shall know no borders, shall insist on no ceremonial, no

particular method of work, and be bound to no belief, save only that in nature and essence all men are brothers. In its strong insistence on brotherhood, the Society is doing its best to promote love in the world, and is, of course, in perfect accord with the Christian religion—“Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour : therefore love is the fulfilling of the law” (Romans, xiii, 9 and 10). It is thus manifestly doing the will of God, and must have His blessing upon it. The Divine Men who were the true Founders continue to give it Their blessing and to be for it a channel of divine grace, which must flow through the members of the Society, exactly as it flows through the members of each religion from the Divine Man who, “behind the veil,” is the living and duly appointed Head of that religion. That subtle but all-compelling power, never forces its way into any heart : “Behold I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him” (Revelation, iii, 20); but every son of God (*i.e.*, every man in the world) can and does make himself a channel for it, in proportion as he attempts, however feebly, to “open the door,” by bringing his own will into harmony with that of the Supreme. Of this power, subtle in its action but very manifest in its results, the Christ said :

The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit (John, iii, 8.)

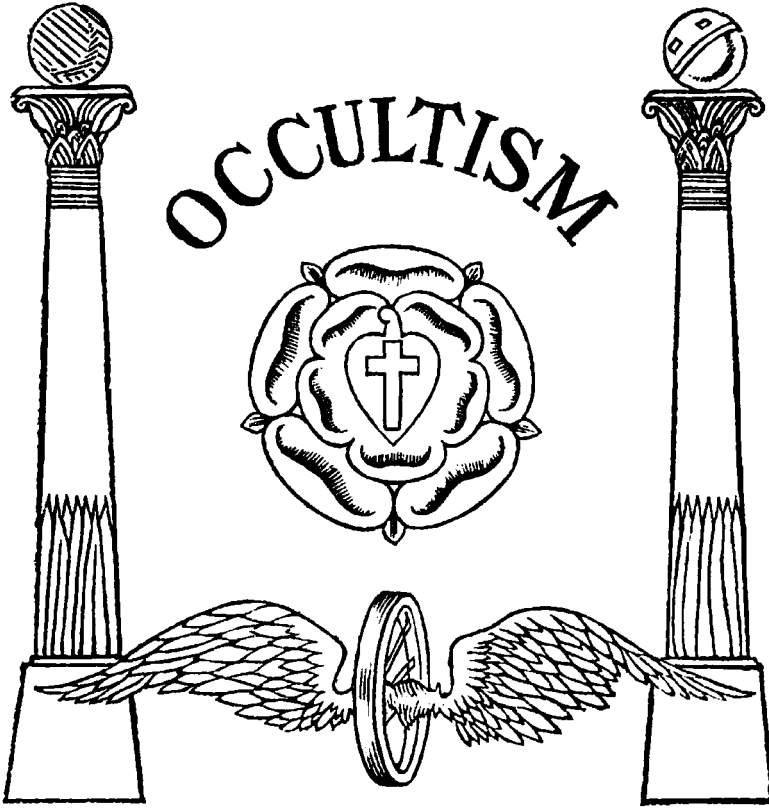
And to quote another religion, the same thing is expressed differently but very beautifully in the *Sayings of Mohammed* :

God saith whoso seeketh to approach me one span, I seek to approach one cubit ; and whoso seeketh to

approach one cubit, I seek to approach two fathoms; and whoso walketh towards me, I run towards him.

Just in proportion as the Society is successful in acting as a channel for the blessing of its true Founders, so must it bring effective help to the world at large and to the religions of the world. It is still small in numbers compared with the religions, but it has branches in all parts of the world and exerts an influence out of all proportion to its numbers, not only through the people who come into it without leaving their own religions and are thus able to spread its teachings among their fellow religionists, but quite as much through the numbers of earnest and thoughtful people who without actually joining its ranks study its literature, and become permeated with its splendid tolerance and most helpful teachings.

E. Udney



HOW WE REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (CANTAB.)

(Concluded from Vol. XXXVI, Part I, p. 182)

REINCARNATION as it affects large groups of individuals is a fascinating study to one with a historical bent of mind. I have mentioned that the English race as a whole is largely a reincarnation of the ancient Roman; but here and there we find a sprinkling of returned Greeks in men like Byron, Ruskin,

Matthew Arnold, and in those English men and women who have the Greek joy of life and are as strangers in a strange land. Let a returned Greek, wherever he be born this life, but go to South Italy or Greece, and he will begin to remember his past life in the instinctive familiarity he will feel with the hidden spirit of tree and lake and hill; as none but a Greek can, he will find a joy in the sunshine, in the lemon groves and vineyards and waterfalls that in a Greek land give the message of nature as in no other land.

Others there are who, born last life in the middle ages somewhere in Europe, perhaps in Italy or Spain or Germany, when they revisit the land of their former birth, will have a strange familiarity with the things that pass before them. In striking ways they read into the life of the people, and understand the why of things. To some this mysterious sense of recollection may be strongest in Egypt, or India or Japan; but wherever we have the intuitive understanding of a foreign people, we have one mode of remembering our past lives.

It is in the characteristic intellectual attitude of the French that we see the reincarnation of much that was developed in later Greece. The French intellectual clarity and dispassionate keenness to see things "as they are" (whether they bring material benefits or not) is typically Greek. And perhaps, could we know more fully of the life of the Phœnicians, we should see them reborn in the Germans of to-day; and then the commercial rivalry between England and Germany for the capture of the markets of the East would be but the rebirth of the ancient rivalry between Rome and Carthage for the markets of the Mediterranean.

An eruption of Greek egos is fairly evident in the United States of America. On the Pacific coast specially there are many men and women of the simple Greek temperament of the pre-Periclean age, and yet their ancestors were not infrequently New England puritans. It is in America, too, we have the Sophists of Greece in full strength in the "New Thought" writers that spring up in that land month after month. In them we have the same characteristics as had the Sophists of Greece—much sound sense and many a useful wrinkle, an independence of landmarks and traditions, an unbounded confidence in their own panacea, and a giving of their message of the Spirit "for a consideration". The lack of distinction in their minds in Greece between Sophism and Wisdom returns in the twentieth century as a confusion between the New Thought ideas of the Divine Life and the real life of the Spirit. Let us hope that as the Sophists helped to bring in the Golden Age of Greece, so the "New Thought-ers" are the forerunners of that True Thought that is to dawn, which is neither old nor new.

Here and there in India we find one who is distinctly not Hindū. For the most part the modern Hindūs seem scarce to have been in other lands in their late incarnations; but now and then a man or woman is met with for whom the sacrosanct institutions of orthodoxy have no meaning, and who takes up western ideas of progress with avidity. Some of these are "England-returned," in this present incarnation, and we can thus account for their mentality; but when we find a man who has never left India, was reared in strict orthodoxy, and yet fights with enthusiasm for foreign ways of thought, surely we have here an

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“ Europe-returned ” ego, from Greece or Rome or from some other of the many lands of the West.

We must not forget to draw attention to the egos from Greece that returned to Europe to usher in the age of art. To one familiar with Greek sculpture and architecture it is not difficult to see the Greek artists reborn in the Italian masters of painting and architecture. The cult is no longer that of Pallas Athene and the gods ; there is now the Virgin Mary and the saints to give them their heavenly crowns. Whence did the Italian masters gain their surety of touch if not from a past birth in Greece ? It is striking, too, how the Romans who excelled in portraiture should be reborn in the English School of portrait painters, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, and the rest.

Nor must we forget the band of Greeks that like an inundation swept over the Elizabethan stage. Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Peele, Johnson, and the rest—are they not pagans thinly veiled in English garb ? They felt life in un-English modes ; they first felt and then thought out the feeling. The Greek is ever the Greek, whatsoever the language that is given him to speak, and his touch in literature and art is not easily veiled.

Strong impressions made on the consciousness in a past life appear in the present often in some curious mood or mind. Sometimes fears of creeping things, fire, cutting implements, etc., are thus to be accounted for, though sometimes these “ phobias ” may only be subconscious remainders of this life. In the cases where we have no subconsciousness of the present body appearing, there is sure to have been some shock, resulting it may be in a violent death, in a past life ;

and the after effects appear now in an uncontrollable fear or in discomfort in the presence of the object that caused the shock. More strange is the attitude of one individual to another brought over from a past life; sometimes one sees the strange sight of a girl of ten or twelve taking care of her mother in a maternal way, as though the positions were reversed, and almost as if she had the onerous duty of bringing up her mother in the way she should go. Of a deeper psychological nature is it when, as sometimes happens, a wife mated to a husband that causes her suffering finds charity towards him possible only when she looks on him not as her husband but as her child; here we have a reminiscence of a life when he was indeed her child, and his better nature came out towards her in the relation that he bore to her then.

A rather humorous instance of past recollection is found when there has been between the last life and this a change of sex of the body. In the West specially, where there is a more marked differentiation temperamentally between the sexes than in the East, not infrequently the girl who dislikes playing with dolls, delights in boy's games, and is a pronounced tomboy, is really an ego who has just taken up a body of the sex opposite to that with which he has been familiar for many lives. Many a girl has resented her skirts, and it takes such a girl several years before she finally resigns herself to them. Some women there are on whose face and mode of carriage the last male incarnation seems still fairly visibly portrayed, as indeed a similar thing is to be seen in some men who bring into this life traces of their habits of thought and feeling when last they had women's bodies.

A consideration of the many psychological puzzles I have enumerated will show us that as a matter of fact people do remember something of their past lives. Truly the memory is indirect, as a habit or a mood, but it is memory of the past nevertheless. Now people willing to accept reincarnation as a fact in life naturally ask the question, "But why don't we remember *fully*?" To this there are two answers, the first of which is: It is best for us not to remember directly and fully, till we are ready for the memories.

We are not ready for remembrance so long as we are influenced by the memories of the past. Where, for instance, the memory is of a painful event, up to a certain point the past not only influences our present but also our future, and in a harmful way; and so long as we have not gone beyond the sphere of influence of the past, our characters are weakened and not strengthened by remembrance. Let us take an extreme case, but one typical nevertheless. Suppose that in the last life a man has committed suicide as the easiest way out of his difficulties. As he dies, there will be in his mind much mental suffering, and a lack of confidence in his ability to weather the storm. The suicide does not put an end to his suffering, and after death it will continue for some time till it slowly exhausts itself; but there will be a purification through his suffering and when it ends there will be a keener vision and a fuller response to the promptings of his higher nature. When he is reborn, he will be born with a stronger conscience; but he will still retain the lack of confidence in his ability, because nothing has happened after his death to alter that. Confidence

can be gained only by mastering circumstance, and it is for that very purpose he has returned. Now, sooner or later, he will be confronted with a situation similar to that before which he failed in a past life. As difficulties crowd round him in the new life, once more there will be the old struggle; the fact of having committed suicide will now come in as a tendency to suicide, as a resignation to it as the easiest way; but on the other hand the memory of the suffering after suicide will also return in a stronger sense of conscience that this time it must not be. In this condition of strain, when the man is being pulled to one side by the past and to the other by his future, if he were to know, with vivid memory how he had committed suicide in the past in a like situation, the probabilities are that he would be influenced by his past action and his lack of confidence would be intensified, with as a result suicide once again. We little realise how we are being domineered over by our past, and it is a blessing for most of us that the kindly gods draw a veil over a record which at our present stage of evolution cannot be anything but deplorable in many ways.

So long as we identify ourselves with the past, that past is hidden from us, except in the indirect modes as tendencies. But the direct memory will come, when we can dissociate our present selves from our past selves. We are ever the Future, not the past; and when we can look at our past, of this life first, and after of past lives, without heat, impersonally, in perspective, as it were, like a judge who has no sense of identity with the facts before him for judgment, then we begin to remember, directly, the past in detail; but till then,

We ranging down this lower track,
 The path we came by, thorn and flow'r,
 Is shadowed by the growing hour,
 Lest life should fail in looking back.

The second reason for our not directly remembering our past lives is this : The I who asks the question "Why don't I remember?" has *not* lived in the past. It is the Soul that has lived, not this I with all its limitations. But is not this I that Soul? With most people not at all, and this will be evident if we think over the matter.

The average man or woman is scarcely so much a Soul as a bundle of attributes of sex, creed, and locality. But the Soul is immortal, that is, has no sense of diminution or death ; it has no idea of time, that it is young, wastes away, and grows old ; it is neither man nor woman, because it is developing in itself the best qualities of both sexes ; it is neither Hindū, nor Buddhist, nor Christian, because it believes in One Divine Life and assimilates that Life according to its temperament ; it is not Indian, or English, or American, and belongs to no country, even though its outermost sheath, the physical body, belongs to a particular race ; it has no caste for it knows that all partake of One Life, and that before God there is neither Brāhmaṇa nor Shūdra, Jew nor Gentile, aristocrat nor plebeian. It is this Soul that puts out a part of itself, a personality, for a life, "as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience" ; through a *persona*, a mask, of a babe, child, youth or maid, man or woman, bachelor, spinster or householder, old man or old woman, it looks out into life, and, as it observes, eliminates the distorting bias its outer sheath gives ; its personalities have been Lemurian or Atlantean, Hindū or Roman or Greek, and

it selects the best out of them all and discards the rest; all literatures, sciences, arts, religions, and civilisations are its school and playground, workshop and study; its patriotism is for an indivisible Humanity, and its creed is to co-operate with God's plan, which is Evolution.

It is this Soul that has had past lives. How much of this Soul are we, the men and women who ask the question, "Why don't we remember our past lives"? The questioner is but the personality, and the body of that personality has a brain on whose cells the memories of a past life have not been impressed; those memories are in the Divine Man who is of no time, of no creed, and of no land. To remember past lives, the brain of the personality must be made a mirror on to which can be reflected the memories of the Soul; and before those memories can come into the brain, one by one the various biases must be removed—of mortality, of time, of sex, of creed, of colour, of caste. So long as we are wrapt up in our petty thoughts of nationalism and in our narrow beliefs of creeds, so long do we retain the barriers that exist between our higher selves and our lower; an intellectual breadth and a larger sympathy, "without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour," must first be achieved before there breaks, as through clouds, flashes of our true consciousness as Souls. There is no swifter way to discover what we are as Immortals out of time than by discovering what is our Work in time.

Let but a man or woman find that Work for whose sake sacrifice and immolation is serenest contentment, then slowly the larger consciousness of the Soul descends into the brain of the personality, and with that descent the direct memory of past lives.

As more and more the personality presses forward, desiring no light but what is sufficient for the next step on his path to his goal of work, slowly one bias after another is burnt away in a fire of purification ; like as the sun dissipates more clouds the higher it rises, so is it for the life of the personality ; it knows then, with such conviction as the sun has about its own nature when it shines, that “the soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit”.

Then come back the memories of past lives, and how they come those who live the life know. There are many kinds of knowledge useful for a man, but none greater than the knowledge “that evolution is a fact, and that the method of evolution is the constant dipping down into matter under the law of adjustment”. This knowledge is for all who seek, if they will but seek rightly, and the right way is to be a brother to all men “without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour”.

C. Jinarajadasa

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

NEVER since the day when the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society were transferred from America to Bombay, in 1879, have the founders of that Society escaped the charge of fraud with reference to their assertion of the existence of Mahāṭmas, of Initiates, and of the possession by them of occult powers and the like. Scepticism on these points has not been confined to outsiders only. Even a very large majority of the members of that Society itself have refused to believe, or have refrained from believing, that a White Brotherhood exists and that some of the members of that Brotherhood were the real originators of the Society, and continue to be its unseen Guides. And the very limited number of the members of the Society who, by joining the Esoteric Section, signified their belief on those points, have been held to be utterly credulous persons who have allowed themselves to be imposed upon by Mrs. Besant, the present Outer Head of that Section. What one, like her, whose whole past proves her absolute devotion to what she believes to be true, and her utter selflessness, can gain by such an attempt to impose upon others, passes my comprehension. My present object, however, is not to vindicate her but to draw attention to an Organisation

which is not her Esoteric Section, but an ancient Indian one that has long served a purpose similar to that which the Esoteric Section has been aiming at in its own way. I do so as, apparently, it is now the wish of the Occult Heads of this indigenous Hierarchy that the existence of their Organisation should be more widely known than it is at present. From the information in my possession, there is not the slightest doubt that those Occult Heads Themselves belong to the great body of the White Brotherhood, whose sole concern is the welfare of humanity.

The Organisation in question has two sides or phases—Dhakshinā Mukha and Uṭṭarā Mukha. The latter, to which alone I wish to confine my remarks, has reference to Āryā-Varṭa, or India. It is the Vaidika form and gives yogic training according to certain immemorial methods. The training is indeed a lifelong one. Those who undergo such training fall under four groups. The lowest class are known as the Dāsas, the next higher as Ṭhīrṭhas, the next higher as Braruhams and the highest, as Ānandas. A member on admission to each class will be given a name indicated by a letter, or letters, so that his identity will remain undisclosed to the public. The period of training fixed for each class is twenty-four years. That period is made up of three terms of seven years, each devoted to a particular training; the remaining three years are for the purpose of recapitulating and assimilating the training of the preceding three terms. There is no trace in the whole course of the training of any Hatha Yoga practice whatsoever. The discipline is entirely mental and meditative. The highest purity of life and character is insisted on,

celibacy being enforced except during the first three and a half years of the first term in the lowest class, when family life is permitted. No wonder that, with such restrictions, aspirants to this mode of training are few indeed and throughout India the number at present under training does not appear to be over a thousand.

The Madras Presidency is part of a division which forms a triangle with Cape Comorin in the south, Gokurnam in the west, and Bengal in the north-east. Within this division there are six representatives of the Organisation through whom admission can be obtained, with the permission of the higher Officers. Such admission takes place only after the candidate has been examined occultly by those higher Officers. Of course, the examination takes place invisibly, time and space being no obstacle to the higher Officers looking into the subtle bodies of the candidates, and their history in previous lives.

Those who have the good fortune to obtain admission, have not long to wait for proofs of occult powers claimed by the Heads thereof, and of the possibility of the persons under training themselves acquiring in due course capacities and faculties absent in ordinary men. Power of communicating by thought transference with others under training and with higher Officers, is acquired in a year or two from the date of one's admission, provided, of course, the interval has been diligently used in following the life and meditation prescribed. Any such student may obtain advice and directions from those above him; as, for instance, by writing down his question on a slip of paper, and he will either instantly, or at the most

within three days, find an answer in writing on the same piece of paper without the slip having left his pocket.

As in the case of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society, the members of this Organisation are under a pledge of secrecy as to certain matters which are, however, very few. What they are, will be found stated in the Book of Instructions that will be furnished to each candidate on his admission, and which is called *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*.

Though, as stated, the training is entirely on Raja Yogic lines, yet it is accompanied by the necessity to observe certain very simple rites on particular occasions, in the shape of fire or water oblations. The fortnight which ends with the Vaishākh full-moon is, for instance, a period for the observance of such rites. The reason for this particular period being chosen is that on that full-moon day the White Brotherhood bestow special blessings on the world, and the members of the Organisation are expected thus to prepare and make themselves as receptive as possible for the coming Benediction.

Every member learns the fact that the Brotherhood send Their Benediction, as stated, from the following verse which he will find in the *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā* :

Vishālē Badari Khaṇḍē Mahātmānō Hītaiṣiṇaha ;
Vaishākha Pūrṇimāyām ṭu Kurvaṅṭi Jaganmaṅgalam.

I have referred to this in particular in order to show to the members of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society that they are not the only persons who are aware of the fact that the full-moon day referred to is an occasion when the Great Ones meet to pour down spiritual force for

the protection and uplifting of the whole world. I trust what I have said will serve somewhat to re-establish the immemorial belief in India in the existence of an indigenous Occult School, in which the very highest Yogic training can be obtained by an aspirant who treads, under guidance which is unerring, the path spoken of in our Scripture as the Narrow Path. And let me add that I am permitted to bring to the notice of one of the Higher Officers of the Organisation the name of any one who wishes to become a candidate for such training, irrespective of caste, creed or sex. It is scarcely necessary to say that what follows such introduction will be directly between the candidate and the Officer of the Organisation who is qualified to undertake and direct the candidate's training.

S. Subramania Iyer

THE TEMPLE

Priest

Awake ! it is Love's radiant hour of praise,
Bring new-blown leaves his temple to adorn,
Pomegranate buds and ripe sirisha sprays,
Wet sheaves of shining corn.

Pilgrim

O priest, only my broken lute I bring
For Love's praise offering.

Priest

Behold ! the hour of sacrifice draws near,
Pile high the gleaming altar-stones of Love
With delicate gifts of slain wild forest deer,
And frail white wounded dove.

Pilgrim

O priest, only my stricken heart I bring
For Love's blood offering.

Priest

Lo ! now it strikes Love's solemn hour of prayer,
Kindle with fragrant boughs his blazing shrine,
Feed the rich flame with spice and incense rare,
Cream of rose-pastured kine.

Pilgrim

O priest, only my riven soul I bring
For Love's burnt offering.

SAROJINI NAIDU



A THEOSOPHICAL BUILDING

THE photographs which are here reproduced will show our readers what a suitable and pleasant home for Theosophical work has been raised in Louisville, Kentucky. Louisville is in the very centre of the United States, and thus is peculiarly well situated for work, and Mr. L. W. Rogers, one of the most energetic workers in the propagandist field, is to live here, if a person of such very peripatetic habits can be said to live anywhere.

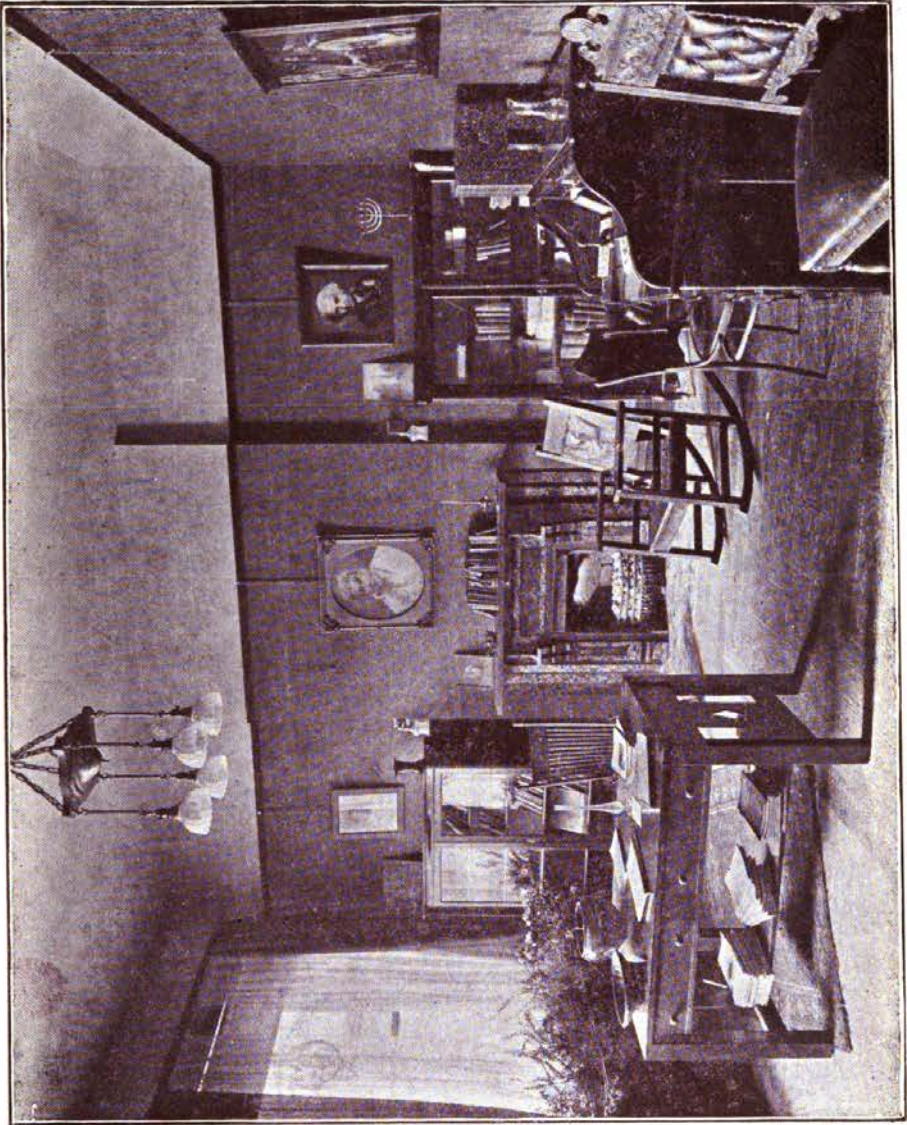
Mrs. Courtwright, known to many in Southern India for her active and self-denying work in Colonel Olcott's Pañchama Schools, has put her hands and heart into this useful venture, and with the co-operation of Mr. Rogers and other friends, this delightful home for the work of the Masters has been raised. It is an offering of pure love to Them, to be used for all purposes that are pleasing to Them because useful to men, spreading knowledge abroad, and lightening human sorrow with the glory of an eternal hope.

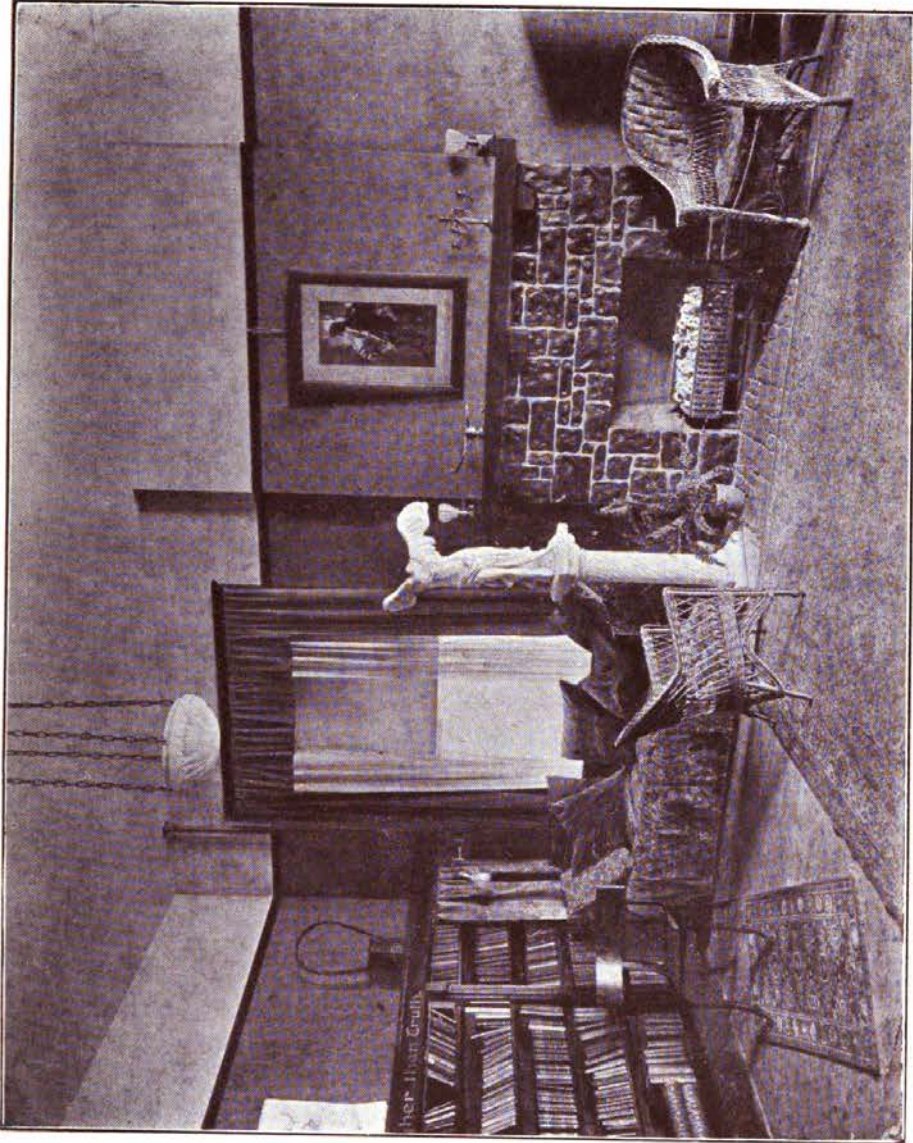
The beauty of the rooms speaks for itself as to the skill and artistic taste which have presided over all arrangements. On the second floor of the building are a Members' Library, rooms for classes and study, and the smaller lecture room. The third floor is given up to the E.S., the Co-Masonic Lodge, and the Order of the Star in the East.

The T. S. Lodge—a newly chartered one, with between forty and fifty members as applicants for the charter, a good beginning—is, of course, quartered in the building, and there are some living rooms for a few workers. A Lecture Hall is also provided, with 200 seats ; Mr. Rogers has been holding a series of lectures, which proved to be a great success, and Mrs. Courtwright reports that the outlook is most encouraging.

May all blessing rest on this new centre of the Great Work, and light and joy pour through it to many hearts and minds eager for truth.

ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.





CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

It is indeed a singular state of mind of which we just now see traces in various writings, and into which the letter "To the Editor of THE THEOSOPHIST," published in the March number, gives us a fairly complete insight.

This state of mind places Theosophy outside life, outside humanity, it refuses the representatives of Theosophy the right to proclaim the truth—although the motto of the Theosophical Society has always been—"There is no Religion higher than Truth"—it refuses them the right to defend an Ideal of Justice, when the fate, not merely of this or that nation, but of the whole of humanity is at stake.

It insists and, in the case of the leader, insists imperiously, on there being in the words of a Master "only faded flowers between the leaves of a book of profound poetry", Mejnour isolated from the world for the exclusive benefit of a small number of elect, chosen to share his solitude.

I know well the basis of this theory. It maintains that the present War is but a conflict of purely material interests ; instead of acknowledging what actually is, it prefers to imagine what might have been, and it gratuitously attributes to England, to France and to Russia, that policy of domination and extermination which during many a year Germany has loudly proclaimed as her own.

It refuses to know what her publicists, her professors, her philosophers and her ministers have written, professed, and preached on this subject, it refuses to know the deeds resulting

from the application of this theory. For never has premeditated violence, merciless and unrestrained, been so openly stated in word and speech, and never has thought been so literally carried out in deed.

Briefly, by shutting their eyes, ears and reason to the many witnesses in the past and in the present, they have been able to attain, as far as actual events are concerned, the enviable attitude of an inhabitant of Sirius. This is indeed easier than to strive to attain that "discrimination" which is held to be the first of the essential qualities. It remains to be seen whether this attitude is indeed that required of us by Theosophy. Theosophy, we are told, "is not for any nation or group of nations but for all". No one ever said the contrary; but when one nation announces its intention of swallowing up another and strives to realise that intention, does it really follow that the role of Theosophy is to sing Amen?

Does Brotherhood make it our duty to remain impassive when, in virtue of the German dogma that a weak nation has no right to existence, the weak is strangled by the strong? because forsooth both are our brothers? Does impartiality demand that we should put the aggressor and the victim on the same footing? No! for absolving the one necessitates condemning the other.

Truly Theosophy knows no local barriers. But there are barriers that she cannot ignore without failing in her task and acknowledging herself powerless. They are the barriers that separate Good from Evil, Justice from Injustice, Barbarity from Humanity.

In Mrs. Besant we acknowledge the ever-vigilant guardian of these barriers, the "*gentil chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*" of every noble cause.

When she speaks, it is not the Englishwoman that speaks in her, but the Champion of Humanity.

We know that many others raised obstacles in her path before Mr. Van Manen and we are most grateful to her for having always followed her path unswervingly, and this to the greater glory of the work which has been entrusted to her.

And you who hope to collaborate later in the reconstruction of society, do you indeed think that the work will be done

without struggles and blows? and that you will never have to say—this must be, because it is right; this must not be, because it is wrong—and never have to act accordingly?

If now you refuse to discriminate between Good and Evil and to work for the one against the other, do you expect to be chosen then, at the time that you have been pleased to choose, to accomplish the work that it will then please you to accomplish?

In very truth the Guardians of Humanity know how to turn to Their uses the worst of events. But it is to you, O Men, that falls the physical part of the work. And whoever fails to-day to respond to Their call has little chance of being called to-morrow to other work.

And since Judas Iscariot has been named, let me say, in conclusion, that if there is one character more odious than his, it is that of Pontius Pilate.

Paris

G. CHEVRIER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

OPEN LETTER TO MR. PRENTICE

Referring to your letter in the March THEOSOPHIST: Although you rather stultify your plea for the neutrality of Theosophists by implying that the German Emperor has betrayed the Son of Man, your letter gives the impression of honest conviction and heart-felt distress over what you conceive to be a great wrong done.

There are conditions in this War that justify a certain measure of departure from the forms of neutrality on the part of T. S. members. Your endorsement of the lofty counsel of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* with regard to impersonal fighting implies assent to such departure so far as the work of the battle-field is concerned. If, in the exigencies of war, Mrs. Besant were forced to fire a cannon-shot that killed and wounded many German soldiers, you doubtless would approve, provided she did it in the "spirit of the *Gītā*". So would many of us. But

when, instead of firing a cannon, she fights with her pen in a way that may wound German sensibilities, you object—for one reason, apparently, that you are sure that she is not impersonal about it. Perhaps her language did sound like the language of passion. But a cannon-shot tearing through the vitals of soldiers is the “language of passion,” though it may have been fired in the “spirit of the *Gitā*”. Mrs. Besant may have been passionless and impersonal in writing those Watch-Tower notes. I believe that she was. It is easy for some natures to use passionate language dispassionately.

That question aside, you still object because you conceive that that line of writing stirs up hatred, strife and anger, and tends to involve Theosophy in the dust of conflict, etc. From one point of view, the fighting at the front and the devastation of war are of less importance than to set men thinking and feeling aright. War is nothing, as has been well said, but an outcome of the working of the human heart. There is important work for the future being done here and now on the hidden battle-field of human nature. There is need for the creation of a mighty world-embracing thought-form that will help to bring about right results from the War. The need for justice, right and brotherhood, as between nations, must be burned into human consciousness. Theosophy is playing and will play an important part toward this end. Unquestionably there is a right side and a wrong side in this War. Mrs. Besant conceives that the forces of evil, the dark powers that fight against human evolution, are arrayed on the side of Germany. Not the least of Germany's accomplishments is her organised system for obscuring facts and issues, and misleading public opinion. There is nothing to compare with it among the other nations involved. Herein is a danger. The public needs to have its eyes opened and kept open, that it may see things as they are, and not as Germany wants them to be seen. It must be made to know what the spirit of German militarism stands for, its relation to human rights and progress, and the future of civilisation. Mrs. Besant's efforts in her Watch-Tower notes impressed me as being directly along that line. Incidentally, her words may tend here and there to “stir up hatred, strife and anger”. So do flying bullets. Some things are inseparable from war. But it must be remembered that

it is sometimes wise to take a course that makes for a larger good, even though some evil be involved. In this case the possible evil would seem to be decidedly minor compared to the potentialities for good in her stirring lines. Germany's sinister propaganda for poisoning public judgment must be met and checked on the literary battle-field, as her legions must be overcome on the physical battle-field. What if some one's feelings are hurt? Undoubtedly you have hurt German feelings by coupling the name of the German Emperor with that of Judas Iscariot. I can see nothing amiss in that, albeit you chose to do it in a Theosophical journal. Let us have free discussion.

The whole question comes down to this: Shall the President of the Theosophical Society, in her role as Editor of THE THEOSOPHIST, give her views on the War in that journal or not? It seems to me that in the face of an emergency in which the fate of nations and the welfare of humanity are at stake, the argument against her doing so in the way in which she has done it, loses its force. She deemed it important that Theosophists in particular should have her views on certain matters. I for one am thankful that we received them. It makes all the difference in the world whether one is advocating truth or error, as to how, where and when it is done. It, of course, is wise that the T. S. as an organisation should remain neutral as to the War. Any member who may be met with the charge that the action of its President in her role as Editor means that the Society has violated that spirit, can truthfully say, as Mrs. Besant herself insists, that the Society is not bound by the expression of her personal views. When we imagine dire calamity flowing from her utterances about Germany, are we not forgetting how obscure is the Theosophical Society, and are we not making a fetish of neutrality? The President of the T. S. is not in the position of the President of the United States. Were the latter to say unneutral things he might involve his country in war. Essentially a student- and teaching-body, the Theosophical Society could formally and unanimously promulgate a resolution condemning the cause of Germany and upholding the cause of the Allies—and still not be wrecked, nor see its usefulness ended. From the way in

which Germany is carrying on her side of the War, it may not be long before she has lost the goodwill of practically all of the nations. This should remove still further the danger of the complications you fear for the T. S., although, in my opinion, they are not serious, in any event.

Truly the mission of Theosophy is constructive; the spreading of peace and unity among its main concerns. None knows this better than Mrs. Besant. Magnificent and deathless is the work she has done along these lines—a fact not to be overlooked in a discussion like this. Her output of work is so enormous, constant and varied, her knowledge and devotion are so great, her outlook so wide, what wonder that she sometimes upsets a cherished tradition? No great soul ever succeeded in not doing things that ordinary people frown upon as “irregular”. What an exceedingly small part of her work are her remarks about Germany, and yet, withal, how pregnant with meaning they may be. If the German Power embodies the spirit of Antichrist (and I think Mrs. Besant believes that it does)—that “great enthroned antagonist, foretold in the Scriptures, who, as some have understood, is to precede the second coming of Christ,” should not Theosophists, of all people, know it? If acquainting them with the evidence is dragging Theosophy in the “dust of conflict,” Theosophy will survive it.

There is one thing, and one only, that can justify your attack on Mrs. Besant, and that is the occurrence of the evil that you think will result from her action. If it fails to occur, will you admit, I wonder, that there was something wrong with your point of view?

The fact that your harsh letter is printed in THE THEOSOPHIST is evidence that Mrs. Besant is not opposed to criticism of herself. She has always welcomed it. She has never claimed infallibility. No one with any sense credits her with it. She undoubtedly makes mistakes, but I think that you will not have long to wait to see her course vindicated in the present case.

Buffalo, N.Y., U. S.A.

GEORGE B. HASTINGS

REVIEWS

Comte de Gabalis, by the Abbe N. de Montfaucau de Villars. Newly rendered into English with commentary and annotations. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Those readers who have been long enough in the Society may remember how some twenty and more years ago the *Comte de Gabalis* had quite a reputation in consequence of reported utterances of H. P. B. on the booklet, and the work circulated amongst the enthusiasts in a shoddy and flimsy little French reprint, in yellow backs, of no splendour or dignity whatever. The new edition before us is vastly different. Excellently printed, on paper so glossy that it might nearly serve as a mirror; well bound, strangely and well illustrated on most impartial principles of selection, and above all enriched by voluminous notes and a plethoric commentary—this edition stands as a prince to the miserable beggar that was its predecessor to which we alluded.

Lovers of the mysterious and the confused will find in the volume all ingredients needed for thorough mystic revelry. The cautious student of occult traditions, on the contrary, may be not quite so easily contented with it. The Count de Gabalis is with so many others—Cagliostro, Bacon-Shakespeare—a subject of most vivid controversy and complete uncertainty. Here the form of the problem is: Is the fictitious personage of the Count meant by its author to be taken as serious or not? Is the book to be taken as a defence of certain occult theories or as a skit on them? That point has been hotly debated since its appearance in 1670. The anonymous editor and annotator of the present edition takes the attitude that the work is veritably an occult one and explains with the most imperturbable seriousness even the most waggish passages treating of the amorous habits and desires of the sylphs, etc., on the one hand and man on the other.

What is very noticeable, however, is that where in the original waggishness goes a step further and leads to statements and expressions which it is difficult to English in elegant, amusing and at the same time inoffensive forms, the occult translator has after all decided to omit such phrases and doctrines, notwithstanding their presumed occult truth and value. That is strange and raises distrust. Either everything in this book is highly occult, and then it can be left out as little as Rahab from the Bible, or the book is good-natured chaff and not to be reconciled with the deadly earnest of the commentary. The editor does not mention this boulderising, but is very explicit in his views as to the serious nature of the book. In conformity with these views, he rejects the second part added in the second edition of the book and only gives the translation of the text of the first edition. That may be right or wrong but, anyhow, we might have expected at least the insertion of the witty introduction to the new part of the book. It covers only a few pages, but might make many admirers of the Count open their eyes and gape.

J. v. M.

The Triple Ply of Life and Other Essays, by Minnie B. Theobald. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Science, Art, Religion—these three constitute the triple ply of life, according to the author, and in especial ages one or other of the three is dominant. The present time is the age of science; in the past religion was the most prominent factor in life; and in the future that stretches out before us, art will claim the foremost place. In art, the author sees “why there is hope for man”.

The scientific mind is concerned with the world of matter outside; the religious mind is concerned with the world of Spirit within. The artist blends the two.

Science and Religion have been, as it were, two magnificent structures, separate, apart, unbridged. Art must now come into play, and, with her synthesising power, achieving her best by her power of returning to unity, bridge the gulf that *seems* to divorce science from religion. The author looks forward to

a time when we may return to an age of religion, but this will only be when Science and Religion are enthroned side by side on equal terms, and the religion will be "not the old religion of slavish obedience, but religion founded upon a scientific as well as a miraculous basis".

There are several other interesting little essays included in the volume, and in her preface the author states how they came to be written; in most cases they appear to her to have been partially inspired. Be that as it may, *The Triple Ply of Life* will be likely to interest many people, and although perhaps there is nothing particularly original in the work, yet it is a fair specimen of a type of literature which is coming very much to the fore nowadays.

T. L. C.

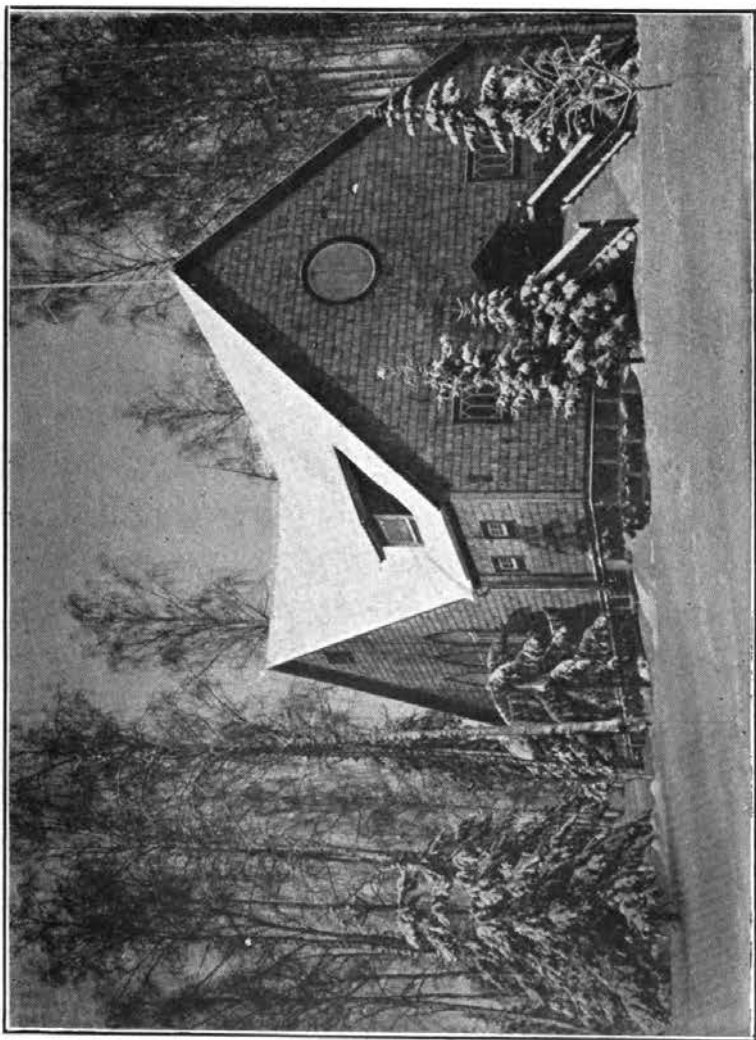
Ahasha Sprookjes. (Indonesische Drukkerij, Weltevreden, 1915.)

This is a volume of Theosophical fairy tales in the Dutch language and the collection fully deserves attention. The eighteen stories have nearly all real merits and many of them, are indeed excellent. The two main qualities of the stories are their simplicity and originality. The last story in the book ("The Black Magician") is an exception being somewhat artificial and unnatural. The book is meant for quite young children and many a parent should welcome the volume as containing just the kind of material fit for the very young in conveying Theosophical and ethical ideas in an attractive and pedagogically valuable form. The skill with which the author has avoided all dry, theoretic and pedantic ways of assimilating Theosophical conceptions is great and on the whole we regard this collection as a valuable addition to Theosophical literature. We should like to see some Dutch-knowing lover of children and fairy tales trying his hand at translating the best of these stories so as to find out whether little English children would show the same taste for these little tales which Dutch children have already shown. Our best wishes for the success of the book.

J. v. M.

BOOK NOTICES

Sūta-Samhitā in Tamil. (Addison Press, Mount Road, Madras, or N. S. Rajaram Aiyar, Chidambaram. Price Rs. 3 the series.) For the first time, *Sūta-Samhitā* which is very popular in Southern India has been translated into Tamil for the benefit of the Tamil-knowing public. It forms the second Samhitā of that big Purāṇa called the Skāṇḍa Purāṇa. It is itself divided into four Khaṇḍas, of which three are out and the fourth will shortly appear. The translator, Mr. N. S. Rajarama Aiyar, whose previous translation into Tamil of the Twelve Upanishats was reviewed in our journal a short time ago, is the son of the late N. P. Subramania Aiyar, a member of the Theosophical Society. The translation has been done in a simple and readable style. *The Secret of Achievement*, by Orison Swett Marden. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1s.) One of the cheery New Thought books which apparently supply a need of our times as they always find a ready sale. Mr. Marden is an incurable optimist and few people stand in any danger of taking too strong a dose of cheerfulness; indeed most of them are constantly making efforts to find the secret of how to be happy though human. The author suggests some ways to that end, turning the task of character-building into a game, and mental effort into health-promoting exercise.



Theosophical Convention Hall, Aggelby, Finland. (Erected 1913.)

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE are many, in these sore days of trial and heavy loss, their own hearts bleeding with the agony of losing their dearest, who are more concerned for the Nations than for their own anguish, and are asking, anxiously and eagerly: "How are the Nations to make good this draining away of their best blood?" Large numbers of the most "fit," the bravest, the most unselfish, the most patriotic, are leaving their bodies on the fields of battle, or returning home maimed for life; the less vigorous physically, the "unfit," the more selfish, the more ease-loving are left behind, to be the fathers of the new generation. Happily, there are many who are loyally serving the country at home, and who remain there for no selfish reason, but because they are needed there for the country's work. Yet, the flower of the Nation, its young splendid manhood is dying, sacrificing all on the altar of the country. Is there any answer of illumination to pierce the darkness?

*
* *

The answer that to some of us turns the apparent loss of the world to the world's great gain is found in the fact that at this turning point of evolution, at which souls by hundreds and by thousands are needed for the building of the new type—the new sub-race, we call it—it is just this very cream of the European Nations that is needed, and, by this short agonising road of death by battle, a large number of the souls pass to swift rebirth, coming back into bodies of the new type, to build the coming civilisation. By this splendid heroism of sacrifice, the sacrifice of young life in the glory of its spring, by the giving of the fair body in the fulness of its joy in vigorous strength, by the renoucal of sweet love and happy days, of wedded bliss, of the pride of fatherhood, of peaceful years of home; by exchanging all this for the crashing turmoil of the battle, the scream of shell, the roar of bursting bomb, the long weariness of the trench, the exhaustion of the march, the anguish of thirst of the wounded, the loneliness on the corpse-strewn plain, the dying amid the dead; by sacrifice gladly made for the dear sake of country, for the Nation's plighted word, for faith inviolate, for honour untarnished, for chivalrous defence of the small against the great, of the weak against the strong; by all this the work of lives has been compressed into a few heroic days, or weeks, or months, and a "people hath been prepared for the Lord".

* * *

Out of the storm and the roar of the battle, out of the tumult of the charge and the fierceness of combat, these elect souls, who willingly offered themselves, have swiftly passed into the Peace. There they are welcomed by others of like mind who had gone before

them; there they meet dear friends of knowledge larger than their own; there is unveiled to them the splendid future they have won, the glory of the service they will render to the New World they are to build. And after brief space of rest and illumination, they turn towards the dear homes they had surrendered for the sake of Love and Duty, to bring back smiles to the lips that were writhen with anguish for the loss of them, and win by trick of look and gesture a warmer love born of unconscious memory. A splendid generation of the New-Born that shall come back to the countries for which they died; Australia, New Zealand, your "dead" shall come back to you, to lift you high among the Nations of the Free; Canada, Britain, France, Ireland, India—some of your beloved are also consecrate for swift rebirth; martyred Belgium, you shall not be forgotten. See how the long lines of "dead" pass into the long ranks of the Unborn, to be the New-Born of the coming race, to be of those who shall see and know the Christ come back to earth.

* * *

A member writes of a beloved brother who fell on the Field of Honour :

I wrote to my mother I felt sure his sacrifice would earn him the right to be on earth again when the Christ came. I hope it may be so, for I feel sure he was doing his "bit" to prepare the way, for he was fighting on the side of Right against the side that would prevent His coming if they could; in other words I feel this war had to be before He could come, and that if the powers of evil won in the war it would retard that Coming.

Aye, but what can they do, these Powers of Evil embattled against the Lords of Light? "Lords of the Dark Face" come back to earth there are. Yet it remaineth true that He who sitteth on high laughs them

to scorn, for "who can abide the Day of His Coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth?" It is necessary to sweep away those who are the tools of the Dark Lords, and thus to lighten the earth of her burden. The destruction of evil precedes the triumph of good. And the worst types of the old civilisation must be destroyed ere the building of the new can be worked out.

* * *

Thus have the Manus wrought in the past, and why should we marvel if the Master-Builders build in the age-long fashion of Their craft? The great laws work ever, for they embody the wisdom of God, and the Master-Builders build by law, and the working tools are ever the same. Still are the stones tried by square, and level, and plumb-line, ere they can be declared to be well and truly laid, for the Temple riseth according to the plan of the Architect, and every stone must fit into its appointed place. Five stones have been laid, and the sixth is a-hewing, and the hewing is not wrought without blows of mallet on chisel. Let the chips fly from the sharp edge of the chisel; as they fall, they unveil more of the Beauty that shall be.

* * *

And in our little way we also may be builders, helping in the solution of the many questions that are rising round us, theory now, to be practice "after the War". Very unwise are they who would leave all questions over to discuss when the time for construction shall be upon us. This is the time for planning, for drawing, for measuring. Some there be who would put all this aside as "contentious," as "controversial" matter. But the time when we cannot act is the very

time that we can most safely plan and discuss ; for the very admission that the time for action is not yet should disarm feelings of hostility, and make it clear that we are only formulating for the future. The wise in Britain, in the Colonies, in India, are bending their thoughts towards "reconstruction," knowing that the drawing of the plan should precede the laying of the bricks. Passions may arise in the future to disturb the planning. Now is the quiet time for thought ; later will come the busy time for action.

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Turning to our own small concerns, let me tell you, friends, of the opening of the Madanapalle Theosophical College, our first nominally Theosophical College, situated in the birth-place of our Alcyone, the birth-place dear to many all over the world. Hills ring it round, and the air is fresh and pleasant. A pretty, gracious place, full of natural charm. Granite juts out all over the slopes and plains, and our College is built with the living rock of granite for a foundation, and hewn granite for the walls. It makes a fine pile, College and school, and small houses dotted about, with granite rocks breaking up everywhere. The T. S. Lodge is here also, and a Reading Room, built partly by the town and partly by us in memory of King George's Coronation. Looking back five years, I remember the little school then existing, and my laying the foundation-stone of a hoped-for laboratory, where then laboratory there was none, and no funds to build it. And now, all these buildings ! Mr. Ernest Wood planned them, and collected for them, and built them, and now, "if you want his monument, look around". H.E. the Governor opened the College

for us, and was very kindly and genial. It is the second Indian College with the founding of which I have had to do. May this develop, as did the other.

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That other is now growing steadily into a University, planned on broader lines than at one time it seemed possible to hope would be sanctioned by Government. The Bill creating it is expected to pass the Supreme Legislative Council in September next, and the great venture will then be on its way. It is a step pregnant with the greatest possibilities, this launching of a University under National control, for though Government has retained power to interfere on emergencies, the virtual control is left with the University. I have dreams of a similar University here in the South, in which Pachaiyappa's College shall play the part that the Central Hindū College has played in the North, and shall become the nucleus for a University. It is building a splendid Hostel for its students just now, which will be a model for the whole Presidency, and when this is complete, a College is to be built beside it, leaving the present building for the School. Then our Madanapalle College might be affiliated to it, and there are other Colleges in the Presidency which would also come in. Sir Harold Stuart, a member of the Governor's Executive Council, has spoken very favourably of the growth of Universities in Southern India. Let us hope that we are dreaming true.

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We are already beginning in Madras the full activities of our normal life here; the High Courts have re-opened after the summer vacation, and the Colleges

and Schools after the holidays. Our Madras Parliament is busy, and two important Bills have passed their second reading, one for declaring valid Post-Puberty Marriage and one for Free and Compulsory Education. The debate on the second reading of a Bill for the better control of Religious Endowments is going on, and one for the creation of Village Councils is on the anvil. So we are busy in constructing our dream India, for the study of actual India. Some dreams materialise. Our daily paper, *New India*, is going on steadily, and we have broken through a bad custom here of taking in a daily paper and letting the subscription fall into arrears ever increasing. It is exercising a great influence, and is helping to hew out the road towards the realisation of the dream. Our weekly, *The Commonweal*, has a circle of readers composed of the leading men in the Indian political field; I have begun a series of articles, "How India Wrought for Freedom," the story of the Congress during its thirty years of life, drawn from its official records, and believe that they will prove both useful and interesting. They began on July 30th.

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The meetings of the Federations of Theosophical Lodges that are regularly held over the Presidency of Madras have done much towards stimulating the sense of corporate life in the Presidency, and the skeleton framework of associations for political and social reform is becoming clothed with muscles. There is a growing inclination to hold Conferences of the three kinds in the same place and at the same time, accommodating the hours to suit each other; each keeps to its own line of work, but members of all intermingle in

friendly fashion. If to these three an educational Conference could be added, the fourfold strand of the National Movement would be complete, and this will, ere very long, be brought about.

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I have received a circular from the General Secretary of our Theosophical Society in Germany, denouncing Mr. Sinnett and myself for our "un-brotherly attitude" towards Germany. I would readily give it publicity, as is my habit with regard to all attacks on myself, but cannot do so without running the risk of Government interference, justifiable under present conditions of War.

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There is one matter on which questions sometimes come to me. Ought our T. S. to be a Society on the regular business lines, the members dropped out when they do not pay their annual subscriptions, or ought their names to remain on our registers until they break the link? Ought we to make entrance easy or difficult? encourage them to come in or delay them? I can only answer as H. P. B. answered, as every Occultist must answer. The T. S. is not a business, but a spiritual, Society: none should ever be dropped for non-payment of subscription; the little shining thread made between them and the Holy Ones when they come in should never be broken save by their own act. They may be put on a suspended list, as it were, be sent no papers and lose their right to vote, for these things are of the physical plane, while membership is not. Entrance should be made easy. To touch even the skirts of the Society is a gain, and makes renewed touch in another life easier.



A DREAM OF THE WORLD-TEACHER

By THEODORE LESLIE CROMBIE

PRELUDE

LIFE stands before each one of us—a problem, an enigma, a riddle still unguessed. We read the history of the past, of the rise and fall of nations, of heroic deeds, and deeds of shame. We try to trace in that past some solution of the present, and even seek therein to find whereby we may construct the future. And we turn instinctively to the lives of the great Teachers of humanity—a Buddha, a Shri Kṛṣṇa, or a Christ—those great Beings, who in such a few brief years have left an inspiration with the world that has made itself felt throughout the ages even until to-day;

for they have founded religions which still hold sway, and men yet worship Them.

We think of the difficulties They encountered in giving Their message; for in those days travelling was no easy task, nor was continent joined with continent, as now, by the triumphs of modern science. So the sphere of Their teaching was limited; but, despite this, They triumphed gloriously.

Yet to-day, though millions worship Them, the world yearns for a fresh impetus. It knows not exactly what it wants, still in the hearts of men is a longing to hear the ancient truths reproclaimed—reproclaimed in language suited to modern needs, and reproclaimed with that wonderfully inspiring influence which the great Teachers' words ever hold.

It is perhaps this instinctive feeling of a large portion of humanity that has welled up in voiceless prayer to one of those great Teachers, welled up with such insistence that He has felt: "My people need me, I cannot leave them desolate."

But much must be done ere He can come amongst us, and there are dwelling with us chosen servants of His who, by purity of life and earnestness of purpose, have already learned, by ways unknown to the world, to rise to His presence and to hear His words. And He has given to them the gracious message to proclaim that He will come, and that shortly; theirs the task to prepare as well as may be a waiting but still unready world to welcome Him when He comes. And we who trust these messengers, and believe that their words are true, feel a thrill of hope and yet a weight of responsibility. How did the world treat Jesus, the Christ, and the Prophets who were before Him? Is the world

again to reject, after a ministry of but three short years, the One whose Wisdom is Supreme? As in the days of John the Baptist in Palestine two thousand years ago, so to-day ring forth in clear tones the words: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

THE PREPARATION

We who have heard that cry feel within our hearts a great response, but we are troubled, for we do not know how best we may prepare for the longed-for Advent. Yet we are not left comfortless, for those who know have told us, albeit in outline, that first of all we should foster in ourselves three qualities: gentleness, steadfastness, and devotion. This for two reasons. Such are the qualities which shine forth most resplendently in the Lord of Love, and we, by trying to nourish within ourselves the germs of these qualities, shall be more able consciously to understand the perfect devotion, the unwearying steadfastness, and the supreme gentleness that He will show forth; just as the more trained is the eye of the artist, so the more he values and appreciates the masterpieces of a Rafael or a Michel Angelo.

We are told also that the individualistic development which has been the characteristic of western civilisation for the past few centuries and will be its characteristic for centuries to come, must at a future time give place to the principle of co-operation. All that is good and beautiful which has been learned through the individualistic training must be retained, and, as it were, be moulded for a wider service which

recognises the Self in all, realising the essential Unity in the apparent diversity.

To one who has dreamed of the Coming of the Lord, some helpful thoughts have come, some stumbling-blocks in the work have revealed themselves.

We are apt to forget that God's ways are not our ways and that the great Teacher, when He comes, may not—probably will not—act as we expect. He who views the world from planes which we cannot reach, He who sees our real needs more clearly than we can see them, cannot unfold His plan to an ignorant humanity. Hints may be, and are, given from time to time, and by these each individual soul must be guided in the work of preparation.

It has seemed to me that our first stumbling-block may be found in the very qualities themselves. Devotion, as we conceive it with our limited vision, may find a very different expression on the physical plane when shown forth by One who is Devotion. So with steadfastness and gentleness. Only two thousand years ago the Christ met with little response from a world that really hungered for His teaching, but could not recognise it when He gave it; for His devotion, steadfastness and gentleness were of so exquisite a quality, that men could not realise them in anything approaching their fulness. So we must bear in mind that, in developing the qualities within ourselves, as best as we may, the Lord will show them forth in a manner which may be strange to us, which may, perhaps, even bewilder us. And this is a warning to which members of the Order of the Star should take especial heed, for the more knowledge we have, the

more dangers are ours to encounter. If we retain the child-heart we cannot be deceived, for we shall sense the inner reality although the outer expression be unfamiliar; for the child-heart is not guided by exterior presentments.

We must therefore, above all, guard ourselves against preconceived ideas as to how the Lord will act. We pray to Him—and rightly so—to “speak the word of brotherhood which shall make the warring castes and classes know themselves as one,” but we must not allow ourselves for one moment to do more than speculate—and then only in the most general way—as to the form which that spoken word will take. For thus we may set up for ourselves a fixed standard, and if the Lord does not conform to this standard—and it is beyond all things likely that He will not—we may fall into the grievous error of judging Him. So we ought not to set up fixed standards as regards the qualities. If we meditate on those in a rigid way, define in clear-cut terms their attributes, decide uncompromisingly the form which their expression in the outside world must take, we shall have established within ourselves an unyielding attitude, and have made ourselves stiff, unplastic channels, through which He cannot work. To put it plainly, there is a great danger that He will not “come up to” our standards, and that we shall *disapprove of Him*.

So in His work of unifying the nations, of planting the seeds of the spirit of co-operation which, from the soil of individualism already prepared, will in future ages spring into fair flower, we must always keep alert, ready to receive new inspiration, ready to catch “hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool’s true play”.

Amid the difficulties of our task, we have one refuge to which we can turn, and to which we must cling through times of doubt and stress. All that the Lord does will be done in strength, wisdom, and love. His devotion, steadfastness and gentleness will be so supreme that it will be required of us to give of our best, to rise to our highest, in order to gain the fullest measure of the gifts so lavishly poured forth; and as long as we are giving of our best, aiming at the highest we know, we cannot fail.

Humanity is a school in which we are all students. We should endeavour, therefore, to pierce through forms of expression and see the light behind. The God in man shines forth in varying ways, and if we search for the Christ-like qualities in our fellow men, we may see them showing forth in a manner undreamed of heretofore. Recognising them in our brothers, howsoever they be expressed, we shall be more apt to discern them in that Elder Brother, on whose Coming the world waits. Thus shall we have learned to sense the inner Reality that lies beyond all form.

Therefore, in working towards the ideal of co-operation, we must pour into such movements for the betterment of mankind in which we are engaged, all that we have of devotion, steadfastness, and gentleness. We do not know if the Lord will use our work as a channel, but we are sure of this—that if we give selflessly for our brothers all that is good, all that is high, all that is noble in ourselves, that which we have given can never be lost. We may not always give our gifts to the best advantage. The forms into which we pour ourselves may break, being forms that a wider knowledge deems unsuitable, but the life poured

forth will flow into other and more permanent forms, vivifying them, and thus in some measure preparing the Way of the Lord.

One other quality, which to a dreamer of the Coming seems to shine forth with splendid radiance in the great Teacher, is the quality of dignity; and, in the work of preparation we should try to cultivate within ourselves that quality, showing it forth in all our actions. In the rush of the present age much of the dignity of olden days has been lost, and although we must, to a certain extent, conform to the usages of the times in which we live, we should be careful in the choice of the means we employ to make known to the world the message of the Coming.

The emblem of the Order—the five-pointed Star—ought to represent to us our highest hope, and should ever be regarded by us with the spirit of reverence. To a dreamer there is something just a little “cheap” in the practice of private members placing this emblem on their writing paper. The motive, of course, is born of zeal, but is the action dignified? There seems, also, a tendency in the Order to employ too much the modern methods of propaganda. Advertisement is, of course, a necessity in commercial enterprise but—is the Coming of the Lord a commercial enterprise? The question as to how we should be heralds of the Star must be left to the good taste of each individual member. Nothing that we do can in any way touch His dignity; but if in our zeal we employ methods, in order to make known His Coming, which conflict with what we in ourselves feel to be dignified, by just so much, it seems to me, shall we hinder rather than help in the work of preparation.

THE COMING

When He comes! That is the one thought round which every other thought centres; and we can only speak in figure, as it were; for although all that we look for, all that our hearts yearn for must inevitably be, yet it may come in a guise we do not know. It is possible that in small incidents the power of the Christ may be revealed to us more really than in His larger work which our minds cannot grasp.

The dreamer dreams and this is what he sees.

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A huge hall in London; a crowded audience pressing against the still closed doors, waiting to hear the message of the new Christ. At last the doors are opened, and in brief time the hall is packed with a crowd, sceptical, amused, reverential, indignant, yet each individual member intensely curious. Who *is* this new prophet that has arisen amongst us? And then the noble figure of the Speaker, as by His presence and magnetism He holds enthralled the people around Him; not by His oratory, not by ideas startlingly new and arresting; the words are simple—but they bear a message to every heart. It is the magic presence of the Speaker that has woven the spell over the thousands about Him. The last words die down; the people file out in orderly manner; the tired reporters gather up their notebooks, and all is silence.

Let us follow the crowd and hear what we may of their impressions.

A small, pretty girl with an emotional face is talking to her lover, a stern and unbending Scotsman.

“O Harry, I know you must have been disappointed, but I thought he was lovely. He put things so beautifully that it seemed as if all that I had known and felt before was made new in some wonderful manner.”

“My dear, I am surprised *you* liked the speech—far too practical and full of common sense for you, I thought. No silly emotion, no sloppy talk.”

“But, Harry, you are very rude. Of course there was no ‘silly emotion,’ ‘or sloppy talk’; only I should have thought that some of the things he said would have annoyed you.”

“I don’t know how you could have thought so, Etta. The man was absolutely practical. They call him the ‘New Christ’. Anyhow, whatever he may be, he is a leader worth following. Why! he made me think of all sorts of new ways in which we could do good—and there was no religious cant.”

Let us pass on and read the thoughts of a millionaire, whose face is scarred with heavy lines, which give to him a hard, unyielding look. He is just stepping into his motor-car; there is a distinct frown on his face as he thinks of the Lecturer.

“Curse that boy! How dare he call me a hypocrite? How dare he say that I have made a tool of religion and good works to secure my worldly advancement? I’ll smash him yet.”

Through the speaking-tube he shouts an angry order to his chauffeur, the car turns down a corner and is lost to sight.

Then the dreamer lets his vision wander until again it rests on the young Scot, entering a small home on the outskirts of London. His mother and sister

welcome him, and his brother is deeply engaged in reading an account of the speech—already printed—which had been made this afternoon.

“Well! Harry, you *must* have been ‘sold’. This new man said nothing original. Etta must have found him dull too; he wasn’t half high falutin’ enough for her.”

Harry, with the magic of the presence of the great Teacher still clinging to him, turned to his brother:

“Go and hear him yourself, John, and then you will think differently.”

And there was that in his voice which forbade further comment.

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And so to all of us His words will have a special meaning, and work their magic, showing us to ourselves. The printed reports will bear their message to the world, but only the truly discerning will be able to catch their import. It is the living voice which will inspire and reveal, spurring the hearers to carry the good tidings abroad, nerving them to live the life which pours itself forth unstintingly for the salvation of the world. The millionaire will not read in the printed journal the truth which he learned in the hall, how he had climbed over the bodies of the starving and the wretched to a position of power in the world, using religion as a lever to respectability. He will breathe a sigh of relief when he finds his shame is not revealed to the world although, in the agony of self-realisation, he will work strenuously against the “blasphemer” who has come to give the Gospel of Truth to a waiting world.

To every one of us the World-Teacher's words will make their personal appeal, to the critical and sceptical Harry, to the emotional and artistic Etta—even to the millionaire, though the message must sear rather than heal, for in his struggle for worldly possession he has to learn his lesson through pain. But it is only for a time. In the distant centuries, he, too, will sit at the feet of the Lord, worshipping where once he reviled.

Theodore Leslie Crombie

THE BURMESE DRAMA

By MG. BA AUNG

THERE is practically no Burmese theatre, in the sense in which the English theatre, or the Greek, or the Roman theatre, is conceived by people in general. One has but to turn to English history to find the development of the English theatre. At present it is generally appreciated by every Englishman, though there was a time in English history when the drama was considered disreputable. It is known by the student of literature that it was during the seventeenth century that a High Church Bishop attacked all the celebrated dramatists of the day for the profligacy and indecency of their plays in his *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*. Again, a century later Macaulay, in his essay on Leigh Hunt's *Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanburgh and Farquhar*, proceeded to describe them thus :

For in truth this part of our literature is a disgrace to our language and our national character. It is clever, indeed very entertaining, but it is, in the most emphatic sense of the words, "earthly, sensual, devilish". Its indecency, though perpetually such as is condemned not less by the rules of good taste than by those of morality, is not, in our opinion, so disgraceful a fault as its singularly inhuman spirit.

But things have improved now. Everywhere men and women of the theatrical profession are welcomed

and they all enjoy the appreciation of the people outside their profession. Among the Romans, the actors and actresses were a despised class, and were almost slaves of freedom. In Burma, too, the actors and actresses are a despised class, and during the régime of Burmese kings they were specially kept aloof by the majority of the people. But this tendency has been imperceptibly changing since the time of the annexation of Upper Burma by the English. Students of English literature know too well the importance of drama in relation to literature, for drama, in whatever language it may be, forms an ornament to, and a rich branch of, literature.

Religion has been, and is still, a bitter opponent of this particular branch of literature that its founders have again and again denounced as immoral. It is, indeed, one of the ironies of the history of literature that drama should be despised while her sister-arts are appraised by the more serious-minded. This irony is severer in Burma than in other countries, and what is more strange is that in the Burmese drama the plots are largely drawn from the sacred writings of the Buddhist religion. Despite this, it is under the ban of the Buddhist Church; in consequence, it gains little admiration and popularity even from its ardent advocates. It is true, indeed, that one finds at a "pagoda feast a sprinkling of priests," especially in Upper Burma, though the Holy Books clearly lay down the rules and regulations for priests. They know their duty better than the laity. It may be a sight of this or some other spectacle that has caused a superficial writer on the people of this land to make a sweeping statement. He has thus thought fit to make it the butt of his

ridicule in his book, *Among the Burmans*. Thus, he proceeds :

Buddhism, as it is seen in the life of the people, is *rotten to the core*. We have seen how its adherents craftily seek to evade the precepts and commandments of their "law," so far as possible; and then to balance their evil doings by works of merit. The priests prey upon the superstitions of their people, and grow fat. If offerings to the monastery do not come in so freely as desired, the wily priest conveniently has a remarkable dream in which a *nat* reveals to him that terrible calamities will befall the people if they do not increase their zeal.

It is not within the scope of the present article to refute such a statement, nor is it the aim of the writer to do so, but it is mentioned here *en passant*. Writer after writer on the people of this land has either extolled or depreciated them for their simplicity of manners and so on. It must be remembered that no religion can be justified by the actions and beliefs of its followers; and this test is one that could not be applied, for the simple reason that if one attempted to apply it there would soon be no Church at all. It does not, therefore, necessarily follow that because one man may violate a certain rite of the faith which he professes, he is to be regarded as a man outside the pale of that religion, nor that the religion is "rotten to the core". It is but natural for a foreigner to look at us through the spectacles of prejudice. It is verily the case of an outsider who judges a religion as he judges everything else in the world; he is sure to look to acts as proofs of belief, and to look to lives as the "ultimate effects of thought". He does not see with the eyes of the man who is within the pale of that religion. Therein he will find *via trita, via tuta*.

In Burma, it is too true that the Buddhist religion strictly prohibits the seeing of such performances, the

hearing of obscene songs, as they are likely to contaminate pure-thinking souls. Strict Burman Buddhists never go to theatres, nor do they encourage their children to go to all kinds of festivals. But the Burman is a jolly fellow. He sets aside the cares and sorrows of this hard world, and whenever he finds any diversion, he plunges into it. On festival-days where such *pièces* are exhibited, young girls and boys may be seen in their fine gaudy clothes with smiles on their lips.

In order to find out the traces of the development of the Burmese drama, we must, in the first place, collect all the materials that are available with regard to Burmese music. It is said that during the reign of King Alaungsithu, the Burmese made considerable progress in civilisation. We are told also it was this noble King who built the Shweku temple at Pergan, where may be seen the "magnificent temple *Ānanda*" built by his grandfather, and which is "the most remarkable," as observed by Yule in his *Embassy to Ava*. It was this King who "made many improvements in the administration of the law, and regulated weights and measures". He is said to have travelled as far as Bengal. It may be from Bengal that the King and his followers heard music and learned it, and imported it when they came back to their own country. One account tells us that he is said to have reached the place where grows the mythological tree, that is the *Zabu Thabye* (meaning *Jambūdvīpa*, or India). When one approaches the neighbourhood of this tree, one hears various sounds which exactly correspond to the sounds produced by musical instruments—sounds, of course, caused by the falling of fruits to the river which

flows past, and by the rustling of its leaves at every gust of wind. It would be a digression to write all about this mythological tree and its connection with Burmese music. Suffice it to say that in Burmese music, only seven notes are taken into account, and each of these notes has three distinct pitches. They are, in fact, the *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*, of Burmese music.

We have referred above to the fondness of the Burmese for what is amusing. It is chiefly, therefore, due to the temperament of the people that the Burmese drama has lived with the people, though their religion has tried its best to keep it down. In fact, it is implanted in the life of the people; it cannot be taken away from them, however sublime Buddhism may be. Therefore, we propose to represent in writing something of the drama of this quaint little people. We will now give a full description of a Burmese dramatic performance, which is quaintly called in Burmese, *Zat*, which will hereafter be mentioned in this vernacular name.

A Burmese *Zat* is more or less divided into three or four acts, each act having at least one or two or more scenes. It generally happens that when a drama is being acted, the story, or folk-lore, on which it is founded, is only half-told. Each scene is of about an hour's duration at most. The longest scene is one which is the most popular with the people, and which is called the Betrothal Scene. This scene is known in Burmese as the *Thitsahta* scene. Here one may enjoy varieties of songs, sung by actors and actresses in the *dramatis personæ* of "Prince" and "Princess". We shall hereafter go more fully into this particular scene.

It is a characteristic of the Burmese drama to begin with a Prologue. This is sung by an actress known as the *nat-ka-daw* (the spirit-inspired lady). She dances for some time and then she sings the Prologue, which is very beautiful indeed, in language and thought. Foreigners will miss very little of the original beauty in the lines of Mr. Grant, which are given below :

Blessed source of fourfold light,
 Wondrous rays that reach to Heaven,
 To the joyful hosts divine !
 On the crown of Mount Meru
 Tier on tier the place arises
 Where the Maiden Thuza Nanda
 Seitra, Seittadamma dwells
 With a thousand and ten thousand Queens.
 There above all worlds enthroned
 I, the Lord Thadya receive
 Worship from th' encircling throng.
 Now into this world of mortals
 Delegate of all the Gods,
 I descend, on pleasure bent,
 Where illustrious sons of men
 Have prepared in merry measure
 Dance and song for my delight.

Then comes the scene of jokes. Clowns enter and amuse the audience with the making of jokes. The Burmese clowns pride themselves on making jokes at a moment's notice. After spending half an hour or so at this, another scene ensues. A bevy of maids-of-honour to the King are seen chattering. The clowns announce their coming; jokes are exchanged on both sides, and one may imagine oneself to be in the halls of an imperial palace. One seems to revert to the pre-annexation times. The Ministers then arrive and tell their errand to one of the maids-of-honour, who has access to the presence of the King. She assures him that she shall be pleased to carry the message to the "golden ears" (meaning the King's

ears). The whole bevy of maids then entertain the audience with a chorus in a Siamese tune. It may be mentioned here that the whole scene may be taken to be in the palace. A Burmese king's palace fairly resembles the harem of an eastern Khalife. Maids-of-honour are kept quite apart from other inmates of the palace, far from the sight of male eyes. The Ministers, it seems, have to ask the maids-of-honour for the favour of an audience with the Monarch.

From this scene we pass on to another. We see the King and his Ministers holding an audience, and discussing the affairs of the country. Each one of the Ministers reports on his duties; the King passes royal orders, as he thinks best for the advantage of the people and the State. Such is in outline the description of a Burmese drama when staged. From this scene modern stage-managers have made departures. Putting aside all that is beautiful and quaint, as described above, the modern stage begins with the latter scene—the King and his Ministers holding audience, we may say at Act I, Scene 1.

After this scene another follows in which the King's Ministers proceed with a particular royal edict, or attend on the prince royal (usually the King's eldest son), who is spending his youth under the tutelage of the renowned Professor of Taxila of Indian fame. Having completed his course of study, comprising the eighteen arts and sciences, the prince returns to his father's palace, taking with him his princess. The princess is invariably the daughter of the Professor.

The scene is shifted, and we are ushered into another, known as the Betrothal Scene. The prince and princess dance, and the time occupies about two

hours or so, and the audience is entertained by the dances and songs of the prince and princess. The prince expresses implicit trust in and vows fidelity to the princess, who in her turn reiterates her suspicions and doubts of him. If the audience like to have a quarrel scene, the actor and actress act in accordance with its wishes. The clowns take their respective sides, one with the prince, the other with the princess. The clowns then set the prince and the princess to quarrel. Each clown begins to show the favours he has received from his own master or mistress. One envies the other, and worms himself into greater favour. The princess, tutored by her favourite clown, says she cannot proceed any further from fatigue in such a forest abounding with thorns, wild beasts and what not. Her clown takes her side and tells her not to move even an inch until the prince offers to carry her himself throughout the journey, as a test of his avowed love. This the prince will not do; his favourite clown persuades him and supports his arguments by saying that women are very artful. Then ensues the quarrel. The audience is amused with fitting songs. The gestures and movements indicating wrath are extremely clever. When it is time to close the scene, the clowns announce the fact with a clever innuendo, reminding them that it is past midnight, and they must go on with the main acting. This, in fact, is the *modus operandi* of all Burmese Zats, whether performed by the metropolitan or jungle companies.

But of late, as civilisation advances, there seems to be a change in the Burmese drama. The tide of progress has affected Burma, and Burmans, who never fail to adopt and follow innovations, keep apace with

the western peoples. So at present, Mg Po Sein, the famous actor and ornament of the Burmese stage, has not been behind others. He has borrowed much from the Pārsi and English companies towards the improvement of the Burmese Zat ; and in more ways than one he has succeeded in that line. His name is a favourite one with all classes of people. In acting he may be classed in rank with Sir Herbert Tree of the English stage.

We now therefore propose to give our readers the sketch of a drama (Zat) staged by Mg Po Sein and his company. We shall try and give the play in detail as staged by him at the Jubilee Hall, Rangoon. It is the play of *Sawrabala, The Outlaw*. The word "Sawrabala," is not a Burmese word; it is a Pāli word, meaning "a great (strong) thief".

Act I, Scene 1

The King of Benares and his Ministers sit in audience with all pomp and glory. They discuss all the affairs of the kingdom. As mentioned before, each Minister reports to the "golden ears" of the King. His kingdom is rife with oppression, and the people are suffering. The King asks for the report of the Minister of the Police Department. The Minister reports that one, Sawrabala, stepson of Danakawtala, the rich man of Benares, is oppressing the citizens with robbery and violence. The King enraged, passes his royal command that Sawrabala be outlawed, and a reward of ten thousand athapyas (rupees) be offered for his arrest.

Scene 2

The Ministers, after the King has retired to his chamber, go out, and make the proclamation in accordance with the royal command. The mother of

Sawrabala, who is the wife of the rich man of Benares, is seen in great anguish. She sends her son to escape and hide in the forest, supplying him with necessaries.

Scene 3

Sawrabala is seen with his gang of robbers who care for neither Gods nor men. They amuse the audience in various comic ways. Of course, the gang is composed of comedians.

Act II, Scene 1

In this scene, we have the phase of the old Burman days revived. The rich man and his wife sit together and both seem to be concerned with something that is evidently painful to both of them. The rich man is represented as dressed in up-to-date fashion, with a fur-lined coat, and with a flowing moustache. His wife is the proverbial mare which proves to be a better horse. He is represented as a man under petticoat government, and is dotingly fond of his wife, who is older than himself. The wife shows intelligence in everything, and in an aside she announces her plans with regard to her son who has been prosecuted by the King, and that after careful deliberation she is very anxious to bring about a marriage between her son, Sawrabala, and her stepdaughter, who is the rich man's daughter by his first marriage. And this she is fully determined to bring about.

Scene 2

The rich man's wife craftily devises a means of communicating her desired object to her stepdaughter; for this purpose she proposes that her stepdaughter shall accompany her to the river to perform the head-washing ceremony. With a kind mother's heart—she

is at least forced to assume such an attitude—the stepmother takes her stepdaughter to the river, and reveals her desired object. Santakonmari (such is the stepdaughter's name), however, is surprised at the suggestion; but replies with a pure maiden's heart, truly characteristic of the Burmese maiden, that she has always looked up to Sawrabala as to a brother only, and she cannot profess to love and adore him as a husband. The name of Sawrabala is enough to instil fear into any heart, to say nothing of a girl's sentiment towards him. But Santakonmari is bold enough to like him as her brother, since they were brought up together, under the same roof. Ma Pa Za, the rich man's wife, true to the character of the stepmother, gives vent to her wrath and pours out her hatred in abuse; she beats her in order to force her consent, but Santakonmari is firm in her resolution and, true to her maidenly instinct, refuses firmly to marry Sawrabala. Finally, Santakonmari is thrown into the river by the wicked stepmother, and is left either to sink or to swim. Here we have a scene of weeping as well. The part played by the stepmother is very realistic and the audience is inspired with awe and hatred at her action.

Act 3

We have now a very interesting scene. A hermit and four acolytes, who have set themselves up in sylvan abodes, far away from the haunts of men, come to the river to take air. Santakonmari shouts for help, and the sound reaches the ears of the little brotherhood of acolytes. Each one of them attentively listens to the cries. The audience is kept in convulsions of laughter by the parts played by

these acolytes, who, it seems, are roused to action at the sound of the cries. At last they have the idea that the sound proceeds from the river and take the risk of facing the danger, if there be any at all. They come upon the form of a woman drowning in the river, and a moment later there will be no hope of her ever being rescued. A life is precious indeed. The hermit, who is the head of the little brotherhood, decides to throw aside his responsibility in regard to his position, and makes up his mind to save the woman. The disciples with one voice protest against such a bold and rash undertaking, and remind him of the sacred life he has set out to follow. They think the hermit will meet with a watery grave, and his disciples ask him for inheritance—a scene altogether comic. The hermit, without hesitation, plunges into the river and brings the woman safely to the shore. Then with certain reserve and dignity, as befits his mode of life, and his duties he must not forget, he asks her her parentage, whence she comes, and whither she desires to go? The girl, who is no other than Santakonmari, relates her circumstances. The hermit promises to send her home safely. The audience is kept convulsed with laughter at the parts played by the acolytes, who now offer themselves to perform the duty of escorting her homewards. To the amazement of the acolytes, she refuses to go home, and will have none of them to escort her. But go she must, she is told so by the hermit whose word is entitled to obedience. She is faced with a dilemma, two equally dreadful prospects—the dread of returning home only to succumb to the proverbial wrath of a stepmother, and to marry the man whom she does not love. What appears to be

rather inconsistent, but is most probably arranged to fit in with dramatic propriety, is that she persuades the hermit to marry her. She pulls off his cloak and insists on his marrying her. The hermit is after all a man, made of flesh and blood. After some hesitation—just to comply with dramatic propriety—the hermit agrees to her proposal, presumably fascinated by the woman's charms. He then abandons his hermit life.

Then ensues the Betrothal Scene—a scene which is eagerly looked forward to by the audience. The hermit robes himself in the garb of a prince and commences singing. The prince and princess dance and sing to each other. This scene takes up the major portion of the time in the drama.

Act IV, Scene I

The hermit and his bride, after having acted as prince and princess, now go on with the main action of the play. They take to life earnestly, and earn their living as pickle-sellers. They wander about the town from place to place, from house to house, and at last they come to the rich man's house. The stepmother at once recognises Santakonmari, however shabbily dressed she may be. In her artful way, the stepmother sheds crocodile tears to see her daughter thus reduced to beggary. She tempts Santakonmari with gold ornaments to come into the house and promises to let her have all the jewellery she was wont to wear as a girl. Santakonmari is drawn into the snare. She is shut up inside the house. There is no hope of ever getting out of it. Once having her in her grip, the wicked stepmother knows no mercy. The husband left outside the house, and the wife shut up inside, sing to each other of their love and misfortune.

This very much reminds us of the lay of the huntsman in "The Lady of the Lake". Ma Pa Za, the wicked stepmother then drives away the husband, telling him that Santakonmari is under the lawful protection of Sawrabala, whom she has always loved since their childhood.

It must be mentioned here that the part played by the stepmother is very true to life and finds expression in the daily lives of the Burmese people.

Scene 2

Sawrabala, the outlaw, is brought into the town under the cover of night. There is a plan afoot to carry away Santakonmari to the forest. She is carried away to the forest. She is pressed by the outlaw with threats to marry him. She still refuses, and is firm and resolute, though she is in his hands. Santakonmari is the type of the woman so chaste that "no savage fierce bandit, or mountaineer will dare to soil her virgin purity". He beats her, but is compelled only to go away without obtaining his desire. He leaves her for a time to brood over his misfortunes and orders his men to guard her.

Scene 3

By a stroke of fortune, the hermit comes upon his wife in the forest while the guards are fast asleep. She swears to him her constancy and fidelity; a peaceful conversation seems to go on for a time between the husband and the wife. But misfortunes never come singly. Abruptly Sawrabala appears and binds the hermit to a tree and orders his men to have him killed at midnight.

Act V, Scene 1

This scene is a particularly exciting one. We find the guards who keep watch over the husband and the

wife to be in the land of Nod. Their guardian spirit comes to the aid of the unfortunate pair. The hermit is freed from his bonds and is set free. Ma Pa Za is substituted in his place. The husband and the wife are sent to the rich man's place by the guardian spirit. Under the cover of night, Ma Pa Za is done to death by the outlaws. To his utter grief, Sawrabala comes to know that his mother is killed, and hastens off to the rich man's house to wreak vengeance.

Scene 2

He meets them at the place. He takes hold of her by the hair. He is going to kill her. But the guardian spirit appears and intervenes, preaches to him the law of righteousness, tells him of the fortunes awaiting him and other characters of the play in future existences. Sawrabala is a villain of the deepest dye. He is bent on killing her in revenge, and refuses to listen to any argument whatever. But when he is just on the point of striking a deadly blow, the spirit causes the earth to open and swallow him.

Scene 3

It is night now. Santakonmari is fast asleep. Her husband is by her side and he gazes at her as she lies asleep. He tries to philosophise on the enigmas of this world. He broods on in a strain of mind imbued with Buddhist philosophy and sees the utter uselessness and impermanency of this world. Is this the eschatology? He tries in vain to find a refuge, which at last he finds in Buddha, the Law and the Saṅgha. Ah! such is the cancer that is eating into the fabric of human societies. Vanity of vanities, indeed! This world is indeed a misery after all. He leaves the house silently and the curtain falls.

This is the gist of a Burmese play staged. It will be seen from what has been mentioned above, that the play is simple in action. The story on which it is founded, as in the tragedies of the ancient Greeks, is very simple. In fact, simplicity of plot is characteristic of the Burmese drama. And these plots, as noticed above, are taken without exception from the writings of the Buddhist Sacred Books or from folk-lore, or from the stories passed down by tradition, and the consequence is that the audience, in most cases, knows all about the plots of the play, as if it required no staging at all. But in the Burmese drama, unlike the Greek tragedy, the plots are loosely connected, and sometimes even lacking. This is due to the fact that the Burmese do not treat the drama as an art. Notwithstanding this, there is something to learn, something to look at, something to admire, in the acts and plots of the Burmese drama.

The most interesting scene in the play, as noticed above, is the scene known as the Betrothal Scene. This we have gone into at some length, but we wish to say something more about it. In this scene, the actor and actress dress themselves up in the garb of a prince and princess. For some reasons, which we cannot account for, convention makes them do so. Indeed, they are the hero and heroine of the play. As in keeping with the qualities of a hero and heroine, they are represented as above reproach. They sing and dance to each other, and each tries to out-do the other. This scene has nothing to do with the main action of the play. It is virtually brought in without any reference to the dramatic propriety of the play. The actor and actress address each

other not by the names of the *dramatis personæ*, but by stage names, as they are known to the public. The songs, too, have no connection with the action of the play. It is in this scene that one hears the latest songs and the latest dance. The "prince" usually begins by singing one of the old ballads which is liked and appreciated by all music loving people.

I will say a word about the origin of this species of song that is much appreciated by the Burmese. The origin of this tune is somewhat interesting. It is known to the Burmese, by the name of Yodaya, or the Siamese tune. It is said that this kind of song was first heard sung by the Siamese prisoners of war during the reign of King Bureng Naung of Hanthawadi. From the Siamese the Burmese learned it. The date given by Phayre for the conquest of Siam by the Burmese during the reign of Bureng Naung is A.D. 1557. Coming to the song itself, there are many varieties of it. Now these lovely and majestic songs are usually in praise of hills, dales, valleys, forests, gardens, and they are so rich in language and imagery that even the best lyrics of the English language would find them hard to equal. The Myawadi, Minister of the Alompra Dynasty, was a composer of a great many songs. The famous Siamese song *Taung Taung yan Taw* (meaning hill-covered forest) was composed by him on the occasion when he accompanied King Tharrawadi to Rangoon. There are many varieties of Burmese songs, but it will be rather irksome to go into them at length. But we venture to mention here the most popular one, sung by every one, which may be called the modern Burmese sonnet, known as *Tay dut*.

When the prince has finished his first song he usually ends with another brisk Siamese song. Mr. Grant Brown, of the Burma Commission, has translated some of this species of songs into English.

The place is dim and grey, the darkness spreads :
 The feet of cloudland enter, the silver mists commingle.
 Sweet-smelling zephyrs whirl and kiss each other,
 And many a flower blossoms in the glades.
 Clusters of lilies deck the way,
 Clusters of scented lilies.
 But that I yearn for is not,
 And I am weary : yet 'tis sweet—
 The woods, the driven mist on the hill-sides—
 'Tis wondrous sweet!

So much for the Betrothal Scene.

Then we have other parts of the play to notice. It must be mentioned that the singing is not brought to a close with the Betrothal Scene. But such later songs have, however, their appropriate tunes as they arise out of the action of the play. The other parts of the play are of minor importance, as they all depend more or less on the characters.

I shall now quote what a foreigner thinks about our stage, and for this purpose the following passage is taken from Mr. Stewart's valuable paper, in which he has written what he thinks about it :

The *abandon* of pose, the thrill and break of the voice in a weeping song, would probably be hard to equal in the acting of any country. And indeed, in all moods, the actors succeed in so combining song and dance as to give passion its utmost expression. The brisk and debonair manner, the maidenly reserve, meanwhile, of the princess, who is merely showing her graces, and looking pretty, till her turn comes—the lightsome music and pretty dresses—convey a sense of exhilaration which should rejuvenate the most incorrigibly middle-aged.

Further, writing about a comic scene, the learned writer proceeds :

All things considered, the comedy scenes are wonderfully good. Quotation would be dangerous, for jokes, especially puns, which are much affected, do not translate well.

Writing about the acting, the same author says with much critical judgment :

When we have admitted that the clowns excel in broad farce and that the quarrels and lamentations of the prince and princess have considerable verisimilitude, we have said all there is to say. It is hard to recollect an instance of consistent impersonation of a character all through the play. Yet there are abundant indications that Burman actors have no mean histrionic ability. Why do they not use it? The reasons will probably be found in the traditions and conventions of the Burman stage. It is hard to be certain, but probably the prince and princess are expected to be perfect characters—the prince, the ideal lover, and the princess, the supreme embodiment of all feminine attractions. And so like many heroes and heroines in English fiction, striving to be perfect characters, they divest themselves of all character whatsoever. The convention demands that hero and heroine shall be, or be dressed as, prince and princess; they must wear clothes of a particular cut and as much jewellery as possible. . . .

Such is the opinion of a foreigner and the present writer thinks that it is more valuable than that of a Burman, when the subject itself is one which relates to things Burmese. There is no affectation, there is no partiality in the foreigner's opinion. It will be indeed dangerous for one to pass any criticism when he is only a passive listener who is only a casual playgoer. And moreover, one regrettable thing in Burma is that newspapers and periodicals do not devote any space to dramas. It is to be hoped that at no distant time, there will be improvement in this line, and when Burmans do take to this profession seriously, they may excel any other nation of the globe. For by nature the Burman is an actor; but it remains to be seen how the Burmese stage will develop and improve in the future.

Mg. Ba Aung

CONCERNING SINS

By E. GILBERT

AT sunset this evening I thought of my sins. After sinning, the next best thing is to meditate on the sin. The conclusion was that not all sins are important. Only those really matter which we cannot help committing. The train of thought led to a review of the natural history of particular sins as they appear to me, sometimes in my own case and sometimes in the case of other people.

To-day I saw a driver of a bullock-cart beaten by the owner of a motor-car. The latter made the utmost possible noise to herald his approach, and actually drove for some distance just a yard behind the cart, until the cartman noticed he was there. The motor-driver deliberately alighted, took the cartman's whip and beat him: it was a sin, but done apparently after some thought and not in passion. Meditating on his sin made me wonder just how far it is wrong to cause pain to any of God's creatures: Perhaps it is wrong so long as the creature is young and pliant enough to be teachable without physical pain and if the pain is given without thought for the sufferer's good. What exactly is the part that pain plays in each of our recurring lives? Suppose, for instance, if, knowing it to be wrong, I deliberately defraud a bank, not because I want money,

or want to injure the bank—simply because I want to do it. If a child commits deliberate and wanton offences punishment, to be prohibitive, must be out of all proportion to the offences, whereas a short argument might make the creature repentant: there is a temporary kink in the brain, or the circulation of life in the mental body has become disturbed. As the results are sins that are committed only once in a lifetime with no temptation to repeat them; either they do not matter at all, or very little. I knew the author of a trick on a bank which amazed the country by its audacity and cleverness: it was done by him just to see whether it was possible. It was a sin, but a trivial one which gives no indication of a vice. Perhaps the sins which do not matter are mere casual individual sins; those do matter which tend to become habits.

The commonest types of obvious vices are drink, drugs, and sensuality. In all three cases it appears that the desire arises from the condition of the physical body: in all three bodily satisfaction removes the desire, but if the desire arises in the astral body, how is it satisfied by physical means? Those who see say that it is so; but how does it work? Really the first two vices are in a separate class, for the desire for drink always remains simple, while sensuality appears to rouse in addition a sort of hunting instinct, a desire for unlimited variety of experience, and there can be no end to the desire when the hunting instinct is roused until the individual is utterly crushed.

In my earlier years cash was hard to come by honestly and I did not know how to acquire it dishonestly. In later years I regarded my earlier self as thrifty to the point of meanness, but as now I gain pleasure

from giving what I do not need I have ceased to fear the reproach of meanness. Those who suffer from low vices such as real, inborn, meanness are not likely to read this and need no more than bare mention. The only cure that I can see in this life is intense devotion—probably to a child—or in the next an atmosphere of love to soften and widen the man's interest. For greed of money is merely due to an intense lack of interest in other things, and will disappear as the outlook widens.

I know a Theosophist who, some years ago, was shocked by a criticism on shooting birds and beasts for their flesh, skins, or other trophies. Having been brought up to think shooting one of the pleasures of life, he could not understand the change and that no hunter of animal may become a disciple. Not long ago I learnt his experience on shooting a black buck. When taking his rifle he felt it was wrong, and stopped again and again on the way, distracted by the desire to see whether he could shoot as well as in earlier days and yet preferring to obey the law of love. He said that he laid down his rifle, ready to give up the chase if he might inherit at once the reward of lives of love—if the animals would come near and let him stroke them. He shot one creature, but would not touch the body nor eat the flesh. The skin he kept, but the head which hunters often set store by he could not bear to look at. I think he is near the end of his desire to shoot, and that this sin brings the end nearer. The Christian Scriptures say that the disciple must obey his Master's commands if he would know his doctrine, that is, by forming habits he trains his bodies to the state when they can *see* that the doctrine is right. Is not this the way only for those who are

drawn by love? Others hear the law which seems to them contrary to what all the best people do: yet the word remains in the mind, and every time the law is broken it is broken deliberately, until the balance seems in favour of the law and the sin is gone for ever. To be able to sin deliberately is to be about to cease from sinning.

Why do we sin at all? In most cases because we do not know all the facts, or because we do not attach the correct value to each fact. For instance, the manufacturer of ammunition will desire war which improves his profits, but he rarely knows the hard facts of suffering caused to the wounded or bereaved: very few know the effects of their acts on wounds in any world but the physical and we are therefore all acting in the dark. One party says that to become a wealthy manufacturing nation should be our aim: another pleads that wealth cannot atone for the loss of health, freedom, and beauty, when agricultural pursuits give way to the whirr and grime of a factory. Whoever is wrong errs because he attaches too great a value to the points on which he is right, and too little to those on which the other party is right.

Of all sins the greatest is laziness. Taking our costume, diet, thoughts and the colour of our skin from our ancestors and environment, we do as others do, and rarely reach the point where we can sin deliberately: sinning deliberately simply means the pros and cons appear nearly equal, and the pros have it. We are lazy because we have not interest enough to gain new experiences by making new experiments—our lump of curiosity is small. The story of the Garden of Eden attributes sin to curiosity:

experience suggests that sin is mainly due to lack of curiosity. Can it be that curiosity is alike the cause and cure of sin? I remember a schoolboy who held that all experience was useless to those who could profit by it, that sinning once was right, sinning twice leads to perdition: he had not been brought up in a Theosophical home but when I think over his dictum it appears as true as a paradox can be. We are in this world to gain experience, and that gained on the respectable highroads of life will not make heroes of us. Those of us who survive the unpleasant necessity of slaying our fellow-creature in man will probably come back better men, and should be thanking God for the Boer, the Japanese and the present wars. The drunken gambling soldier is laying the foundation of courage—courage to be a teetotaller and anti-vivisectionist in lives to come. Is it that in each life we have to learn just one page of our textbook, and for the time the earlier and the later pages do not matter?

E. Gilbert



THE STORY OF CHATTA

(Translated from the Pāli)

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

[Readers of my *Christ and Buddha* will remember the little story there of "Chatta and the Buddha". I translate below the full story out of the Pāli Scriptures of Buddhism. The verses alone, without the narrative part, appear in that section of the Buddhist canon known as the *Vimāna Vatthu* of the *Khuddhaka Nikāya* of the *Sutta Piṭaka*; the verses, with the story of their composition, appear in the commentary of *Dhammapāla* called *Paramattha Dīpani*. My translation is directly from *Dhammapāla's* commentary.

I should not have been able to translate the difficult verses but for the help of my learned friend, the young Buddhist monk, Sūriyagoda Sumaṅgala Thero, Vice-Principal of Parama Dhamma Cetiya College of Ratmalāna, Ceylon, now Examiner in Pāli to the University of Bombay. To him I desire to express my best thanks for enabling the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST to know the full story of Chatta.]

WHEN the Lord was dwelling in the Jeta Grove at Sāvatti, there lived at Setavya a Brahman laḍ called Chatta, the son of a certain Brahman who had long been childless. When he grew to school-going age, he was sent to the town of Ukkaṭṭha by his parents to be with Pokkharasāti, a Brahman instructor. As he was clever and diligent, he very quickly mastered the Vedas and the Sciences, and became accomplished in the culture of the Brahmins.

Then with obeisance he thus addressed his teacher: "I have learnt from you the sciences; what shall be my teacher's fee to you?"

"The teacher's fee is in accordance with the means of the pupil; bring me a thousand pieces of gold."

Chatta then bade good-bye to his teacher, and returned to Setavya to his parents. They welcomed him with delight. After due salutations, he mentioned the matter to them and said:

"Will you give me what is fitting? I can return at once to-day."

His father and mother replied:

"Dearest, it is not lucky to travel to-day; do not go till to-morrow."

Then they collected the gold pieces, and put them in a bag and gave them to him.

Now certain robbers heard of this matter, and hid themselves in the glade of a forest through which

Chatta had to go. "For," said they, "we will kill the boy and take the gold."

Now the Lord at dawn after radiating His great compassion on men, examined the world, and saw that if Chatta could be established in the Refuges and in the Morality,¹ he would then immediately enter heaven when killed by the robbers; and that further if he were to return with his Deva-mansion,² he could establish in the Truth the assembly to whom he appeared. So the Lord went in advance and sat down at the foot of a tree on the road that Chatta would take.

The boy, when he had received the present for his teacher, left Setavya and took the road to Ukkaṭṭha; and on the way thither he saw the Lord seated. He came near and stood on one side.

"Whither art thou going?" said the Lord.

"O Gotama, I am going to Ukkaṭṭha to give the teacher's fee to Pokkharasāti," replied Chatta.

Then the Lord, "Son, dost thou know the Three Refuges and the Five Precepts?"

"No, Lord; what are they and what is their use?"

"They are these," said the Lord; and He explained to him the "Entrance to the Refuges" and the "Practice of the Morality". He then said:

"Son, learn now first how to enter into the Refuges."

"Lord, I will learn them well, teach me," said Chatta.

¹ These are fully explained later on in the story. The Refuges are Buddha, His Truth, and His Brotherhood; the Morality is the Five Precepts for the laity.

² This Deva-mansion is in Pāli "vimāna". Presumably it is the aura of a Deva, as it is said to extend for miles, and he travels with it.

Thus prayed by the boy, the Lord recited, in poetic form to suit the boy's inclination, these verses that describe the way of entering the Refuges.

The Supreme Teacher of teachers among men is the Lord, the Sage of the Sākya; He has achieved perfection and attained Nirvāna, and is full of strength and energy.

To Him, the Blessed One, go thou for Refuge.

The Truth brings freedom from passion, desire and sorrow; it is self-begotten, inviting, sweet, plain and logical.

To the Truth go thou for Refuge.

Four Grades there are of the Holy Ones, and eight Ranks they make; Service to them verily brings great reward.

Go thou to the Brotherhood for Refuge.

The Lord taught with these three verses the Attributes of the Refuges and the Modes of Entering the Refuges; and immediately afterwards the boy repeated those verses, "The Supreme Teacher of teachers" and what follows, to show that he had firmly grasped them. In the same manner he repeated what was told him concerning the Five Precepts, the nature of each and its consequence; with understanding he "took the Precepts" in due form.

With swift realisation and with gladdened mind, "And now, Lord, I shall depart," he said. He then proceeded on his way, recalling the virtues of the Three Gems.¹

The Lord then returned to the Jeta Grove, saying, "Sufficient is the powerful merit of this to give him birth in the Deva World."

Now the boy determined that he would obtain the virtues of the Three Gems, and he established himself in the Refuges as taught by the Lord. As then

¹ The Buddha, His Truth, and His Brotherhood.

he went on his way rejoicing, and repeating, "I go for Refuge," he was set upon by the robbers; he was quite unaware of their presence, for he was wrapt up in the thought of the virtues of the Three Gems. One of the robbers slipped out of a bush, and swiftly let fly a poisoned arrow and killed him. Then picking up the bag of gold, he went away with his fellows.

The boy, the moment he was dead, was born in the Tāvātīṃsa heaven with a Deva-mansion of thirty yojanas¹; its splendour further extended to twenty yojanas more.

Now when the dwellers near by Setavya saw that the boy was dead, they hastened to Setavya and broke the news to his father and mother; and dwellers near Ukkaṭṭha went to Ukkaṭṭha and told the Brahman Pokkharasāti. At the news, the father and mother and relations and friends, and Pokkharasāti, and their attendants arrived at the scene, lamenting with streaming faces; there also gathered in great numbers the inhabitants of Setavya, Ukkaṭṭha and Icchāmaṅgala, and they all made a great gathering. The boy's parents then made a funeral pyre near the roadside and began the ceremonies for the dead.

Then the Lord thus thought: "The boy Chatta will come to pay reverence to me, if I go there; I shall make him describe all that happened and demonstrate the result of Karma; so I shall proclaim the Truth, and a multitude will comprehend what it is." So thinking, He went to the place, accompanied by a large number of His disciples, and sat down at the foot

¹ A yojana is about twelve miles. The old mind of the Orient did not challenge exaggeration so long as it was picturesque.

of a tree, flashing out the six colours of the Buddha rays.¹

Now Chatta looked at his own beatitude, and sought for its cause; he saw that it was due to Entering the Refuges and Taking the Precepts. Filled with delight and full of reverence for the Lord, he thought in gratitude, "Indeed I will go and worship the Lord and His disciples, and I will proclaim to the assembly the virtues of the Three Gems." So he came with his Deva-mansion, and lit up with radiance the whole country round; stepping then out of his mansion in a glory, he revealed himself. He approached the Lord and prostrated at His feet in worship; then raising his hands to his forehead stood on one side.

When the assembly saw him, they exclaimed in amazement, "Who is this? Is he a Deva, or Brahmā himself?" and came up to the Lord and gathered round Him. The Lord thereupon addressed the angel² as follows, in order to make manifest the result of a meritorious Karma :

Nor shines with such splendour the sun in the sky, nor the moon, nor Phussa,³ as shines this thy incomparable radiance. Why hast thou come from heaven to earth?

Twenty yojanas and more spreads the radiance of thy mansion, immaculate, pure, and beautiful; it surpasses the sun's rays and makes night to day.

Myriads of lotuses, white and red, and flowers of many a hue adorn it; roofed over with beauteous nets of gold, it shines in the sky even as the sun.

¹ These are the colours in the aura of the Lord, which extended to some three miles; many seeing the colours in the air knew the Lord was near. The colours are arranged in concentric spheres, and are blue, yellow, rose, white, golden orange, and "gleaming"; the last, the colour of the outermost sphere, is made up of the five colours in succession.

² Chatta in his Deva-body.

³ A star in Cancer, whose light is said to persist for ever.

As thickly move the stars in the sky, so move there slender goddesses in crimson robes and golden veils bedecked, with complexions like unto gold, and scented with perfumes of sandal, piṅgala and aloes.

There gods and goddesses move, many-hued and innumerable, clad in gold, with golden ornaments adorned; joyful they are, and decked in garlands that scatter scent as the breezes move them.

How hast thou come to possess such an abode? What was thy purification that brought thee this fruit of Karma? Speak, son, and answer.

The angel replied in these verses:

The Lord met a boy here by the roadside, and in His compassion gave him instruction; "I will obey," said Chatta, when he heard the teaching concerning Thy noble Gems.

"I take Refuge in the Mighty Conqueror, in His Truth, and in His Disciples."—I know them not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Take thou not life in any way whatsoever; a sin it is, and the wise praise not heedlessness to creatures."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Think thou not to take what is not given thee and is possessed by another."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Go thou not to another's wife, that is under his protection; that is a dishonour."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Speak thou not any falsehood whatsoever; the wise praise not words that are untruthful."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Abstain thou from all drink that robs a man of his mind."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

Thus I took Five Precepts, and set my feet on the way of the Lord's Truth. Where two roads met robbers awaited me, and for the sake of the gold they killed me.

My act of dedication alone I remember; other than that there is now nothing in me. By the merit of my act I was born in joy-fulfilling heaven.

Behold the merit of fulfilling the Law even for a moment; and many are envious when they see me shining in glory.

Because of brief instruction, see how heaven is my reward and I am blissful; whoso will daily follow the Doctrine I think will attain to peace and immortality.

Great is the reward even of a little action, for great is the fruit of following the Lord's Doctrine. Behold now Chatta who through his merit floods like the sun the earth with brilliance.

"What is Virtue, and how shall we attain it?" Thus men ask when they come together. Now that again I bear a human form, firm in achievement may I live observing the Precepts.

"The Lord is full of loving-kindness and compassion." Thus I remembered all the while [I was being murdered]. Behold me now come to Thy Truth's appellation; be Thou gracious that we may hear Thy Doctrine.

Thus he spoke in thanksgiving, and also to show that there could be no satiety in serving the Lord or in listening to the Doctrine. The Lord observed the angel's desire on behalf of the audience there assembled, and delivered to them a sermon; and finding them receptive He expounded gradually the higher truths.

When the sermon was over, the angel, and his father and mother, obtained the fruit of the First Stage,¹ and the multitude comprehended the Truth.

Established now in the fruit of the First Stage, the angel saw the advantage to his parents if they advanced further on the Path, and with a view to that he thus spoke.

¹ The first of the four great Stages on the Path, known in our Theosophical studies as the great Initiations.

Those who cast aside lust and desire for life and delusion¹, never more at birth shall be imprisoned in a womb. Unto the Peace they go, unto Nirvāṇa.

Thus the āṅgel made known that by accepting the teaching as to the attainment of Nirvāṇa he had achieved the fruit of the First Stage. Then thrice he walked round the Lord in worship, and to His disciples gave due reverence; and taking leave of his parents he returned to heaven.

The Lord arose and departed with His disciples, and the boy's parents and the Brahman Pokkharasāti and all present accompanied Him awhile and then returned. When the Lord arrived at the Jeta Grove, He explained all in full to the assembled Brotherhood. And the assembly received the Discourse with great advantage.

C. Jinarājadāsa

¹Three "fetters" on the Path; the stage referred to is that of the Anāgāmins, who "do not return", *i.e.*, who attain Adeptship in that same life.

THE HOLY GHOST OR THE PARACLETE

By A. GOVINDACHARYA SVAMIN, C.E., M.R.A.S.

“**H**OLY Ghost” is the same as “Holy Spirit”. It is the Third Person of the Trinity, the First Person being God, the Second being the Son. The function of the Holy Ghost is to be the Paraclete, or Advocate. Let us trace the several ideas intended to be conveyed by the Third Person in the development of Christianity; and then compare them with parallel ideas in other religions.

In the Old Testament, we have in *Genesis*, i, 2, the Spirit of God, or Spirit of Jehovah, “moving upon the face of the waters”. This may mean God’s Spirit Itself, or the Spirit in God. Whichever it be, it is the active Divine Principle in nature. This meaning is strengthened by *Psalms*, civ, 30: “Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created.”

In I. *Samuel*, xvi, 13, we read that Samuel anointed David, and “the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David from that day forward”. This shows that the Spirit is the power by which higher energies of the human soul are aroused; and in *Isaiah*, lxi, 1, we read “the spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek,” showing that the energy, or one of the soul’s energies, so roused is the prophetic faculty.

Now referring to *Joel*, ii, 28 ff., we read :

And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh ; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.

And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.

This shows that the Prophets looked forward to a Messianic age as the special time for the full manifestation of the Spirit. This you will find repeated in the *Acts of the Apostles*, ii, 17-18.

In *Acts*, ii, 1-4, we learn that it was the Feast Day of Pentecost.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. . . . And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

And in *Acts*, x, 44 : " While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." This shows that the early Christians saw a personal Spirit dowering them with extraordinary gifts.

Coming to *Romans*, viii, 11, ff., we find S. Paul saying :

But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

This shows that to S. Paul, the Holy Ghost is the principle of the Divine Life in the community.

Next, in *Galatians*, v, 22-23, we find the Holy Ghost as the Generator of all spiritual graces--thus :

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.

The Spirit's, or Ghost's, proper personality is first clearly implied in *Matthew*.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

In *John*, xiv, 16, Christ says :

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.

In *John*, xiv, 20, Christ says :

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

In *John*, xiv, 26, He says :

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

And Paul in II. *Corinthians*, xiii, 14, apostrophises with the benediction :

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

Considering all the several ideas in these passages conveyed by the expression "Holy Ghost," it will be easy to understand how the two great divisions in Christianity, *viz.*, Trinitarian and Unitarian arose. The Unitarian doctrine which is the doctrine of the undivided unity of the Divine Nature, is also the distinguishing doctrine of the Old Testament. As to Christ, the Unitarians hold two views: One that He is an emanation from the Supreme; the second called the humanitarian view, namely, a mere man made Lord and Christ by His resurrection from the dead. The present tendency generally of the Unitarians is towards a simple theism with Jesus Christ as its Chief Prophet. (Put Muhammad in lieu of Jesus and

you have Muhammad-anism). This is the reason why Unitarianism is more congenial to the tenets of Brāhmanism, which, however, is a theism bereft of all the traditional trappings constituting what is called Hindūism.

The Trinitarians affirm a Deity but as having a threefold Personality, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; or the One God in three aspects, mainly based on the passages of the New Testament. The Trinity is also distinguished as essential and economical; the essential with reference to the inner metaphysical relations of the Three Persons, and the economical with reference to the redemptive activities of Deity.

Whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father alone, or from the Father and the Son, was a matter which separated the Greek and the Roman Churches. However, *filioque*, "and from the Son," was a phrase added by the western Church, the Roman, in the sixth century A.D.

Here it is apropos to state the Roman or Latin idea of God as a Power outside of the course of nature, or extra-cosmic, occasionally interfering with it; and to state the Greek idea of God as the Power working in and through nature, without interference or infraction of law, or intra-cosmic. Now in the idea of the Holy Spirit, or Holy Ghost, viewed progressively (as above) from the Old to the New Testament, it will be observed that the idea of God in both these aspects is evidenced in various forms; and the one solid Truth is made manifest, *viz.*, the continuous approach of God and man, not a mere physical or metaphysical approach, but a moral *rapprochement*. Rationalistic writers endeavoured to reduce the Holy Ghost to no more than the moral

faculty in man—buddhi. But what, after all, it can mean we shall now examine in the light of eastern Scriptures, or the Vedānta.

The Vedāntic conception of God is that He is both outside nature, and inside it, and *a posteriori* in man; hence it is a union of the partial conceptions characterising the Latin and the Greek Churches as shown above. Whether the Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters, indicates supra-natural God, or the active Divine Principle in nature, the fact is clear, that the breath breathed from outside came to dwell in the inside. If the “breathing” of *Genesis* indicates the first beginnings of the motions of a soul, by the time that Christ is reported to have said in *John* that the Holy Ghost, or Comforter, should abide in the community after His passing away, and that Paul said his benediction in II. *Corinthians*, the soul had shown great progress in the evolution of the divine nature; in other words, God, latent at the stage of the first “breathing,” had gone far in manifestation in man by the time of Jesus Christ and the Apostles. Evolution of soul *pari passu* with the manifestation of God has never ceased, but has been going on in the body of the Church. So it may be reasoned.

Christ is the Son of God, and also the Bride of God—both being figurative expressions. Whether Son or Bride, it simply indicates the several kinds of kinship the soul holds to God, as the child of God or the heir of God. Be it Son or Bride, it ever dwells in the bosom of God. Hence *John*, i, 18 :

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

And Christ is one with the Father, according to *John*, x, 30: "I and my Father are one." "Son," "Bride," "in the bosom of God," "in my Father," "I and my Father are one," are all expressions to show the divine nature of the soul, and its most intimate, inextricable, loving relation to Deity. In this way we may understand Dante's lines in the *Purgatorio*, xx:

What I was saying of that only bride,
Of the Holy Ghost and which occasioned thee
To turn towards me for some commentary.

In the Bible itself, the story in *Matthew*, 25, of "the virgins going forth to meet the Bride," and *Revelations*, xxii, 17, "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come," are quite significant in this connection. In *The Song of Solomon*, the Church in turn, in which the Holy Ghost abides, is the Bride of Christ.

Both Christ and the Holy Ghost represent the Grace of God operating on the soul in different manners—Grace as Christ is Grace made manifest in flesh, and Grace as Holy Ghost is Grace invisibly operating on the soul both from outside and inside, but more abidingly and abundantly inside. Of Christ it is written in *Matthew*, i, 18, that Mary "was found with child of the Holy Ghost," and i, 20, that "that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost". From this it may be conceived that the same principle of Grace, invisible as Holy Ghost, becomes visible as Christ. Consulting the Evangelist John, he tells us in i, 14, that what became flesh was the Word. Hence both Christ and the Holy Ghost are intimately referent to the Principle, or Word, which eternally abides with God. Hence John is found stating in i, 2-3:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God.

Here we come to Plato's eternal ideas, and the eternal Word, the Veda. The Word, or the Veda, never dies. It becomes dormant at one time and is revived at another time according to the passage :

Inspired men obtained the Word by their austerities from the Self-Existent—the Word that was hidden.

Hence the Word externally abides in God; its meaning, guiding souls, is the Holy Ghost; and its becoming flesh is the great fact of Incarnation—the Christ.

The primeval surface of the idea "Ghost" is literally found in the Vedic passage: "The *Rgveda*, or the Holy Word, is but the breathing of this Great Ghost (*bhūta*)." Firstly, there is no word without the breath; and secondly, breath and spirit are closely allied in human thought. The first meaning is therefore expressed in such passages of the Upaniṣhaṭs as: "Ṛk indeed is Speech (Word), Sāman is Breath; the union is the Holy Word Aum (Om)—the *Udgītha*," or the song of the soul going out in prayer to its Father.

As to the origin of the word Christ, it is traceable to *Shrī* of the Vedas. The Hebrew Word, Messiah, means the Anointed. Christ is a translation of that Word. In the early years of the Church, Christians were often referred to as Chrestians. In Greek, *Christos* means excellent, and is cognate with the Samskr̥ṭ, *Shreṣṭha*, which is derivable from *Shrī*. Also if the component of the word Eucharist, *vis.*, the Greek, *Charis*, be considered, it means Grace.

It is therefore possible *Charis* is philologically connected with *Chrest*, Christ, *Shreṣṭha*, *Shrī*, all meaning Grace. And that *Shrī*, or Christ, is the Bride of God, eternally dwelling in His bosom, is borne out by many passages of the Hindū Scriptures, of which one occurring in the famous *Puruṣha-Sūkṭa*, may be mentioned: "Hrī [material] and Lakṣhmī [spiritual] are Thy Brides." Lakṣhmī, very much akin to Logos is a synonym of Shrī, Puruṣha being Nārāyaṇa (see *Nārāyaṇīya*, *Shānti-parva*, *Mahābhārata*).

In the beginning of this paper, it was stated that the function of the Holy Ghost is to be the Paraclete, or Advocate; *i.e.*, the Mediator between the soul and God; in other words, the Saviour. As Christ is Mediator and Saviour, and the Holy Ghost is only the subtle form of Christ, Shrī, in Hindūism, is the Mediatrix. She is called the *Puruṣhakāra*, which almost sounds like Paraclete. In all probability they have a family connection, *i.e.*, philologically. It means the Interceder between the soul and God. It is Grace which prevails with the soul to turn it Godward, and prevails with God to pardon the soul and turn Him soulward. In the *Kenopaniṣhaṭ* (iii Khaṇḍa) a story is told how the celestials asked Agni and Vāyu, who were very proud, to discover God (*Yakṣha*). In their pride they attempted, but ignominiously failed. And they asked Indra, a yet higher deity among the minor Gods and he was humble. Seeing his humility the Holy Word, in the form of a Female, appeared before Indra, and interceded on his behalf with God. In a work called *Shrī-Vachana-Bhūṣhaṇa*, by Bāla-Lokāchārya, translated for the Chicago Parliament of Religions (1893) by Pārthasārathi Yogī, at the Rev. Dr. W. Miller's instance, a

matchless discourse on the functions of the Paraclete is found. It would be therefore superfluous in this paper to enter largely into that subject. God and Grace are a united Principle. They are spoken of differently on account of the different attributes of the Deity manifesting or operating in different ways.

A. Govindacharya Svamin

(To be concluded)

A CHILD OF NATURE

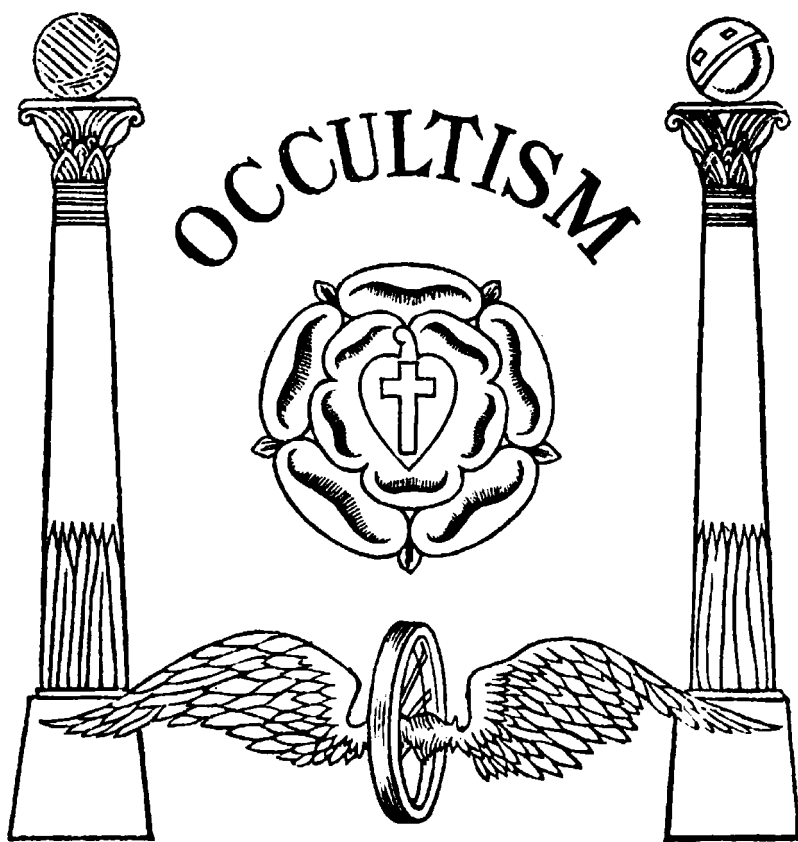
The soft brown earth around me lies
 So sweet and clean,
 The fresh green grass all gently sighs
 To the breeze unseen.

The new-born elm-leaves dance in glee
 Like a thousand butterflies ;
 They are happy and pure in their liberty—
 Pure as the cloud-flecked skies.

For Nature's filled with purity
 Holy and fair ;
 Nought that doth own Her sovereignty
 Doth foulness wear.

I know nought sweeter than the earth,
 I know nought purer than the skies ;
 O let me take of Her new birth
 And be Her child, clean, fair and wise !

F. GORDON PEARCE



THE BUDDHIC CONSCIOUSNESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER

ALL students are theoretically acquainted with the idea of the buddhic plane and its wonderful characteristic of unity of consciousness; but most of them probably regard the possibility of obtaining any personal experience of that consciousness as belonging to the far-distant future. The full development of the buddhic vehicle is for most of us still remote, for it belongs to the stage of the Fourth, or Arhaṭ, Initiation;

but it is perhaps not entirely impossible for those who are as yet far from that level to gain some touch of that higher type of consciousness in quite another way.

I was myself brought along what I should describe as the ordinary and commonplace line of occult development, and I had to fight my way laboriously upward, conquering one subplane after another, first in the astral world, then in the mental, and then in the buddhic; which means that I had the full use of my astral, mental and causal vehicles before anything came to me that I could define certainly as a real buddhic experience. This method is slow and toilsome, though I think it has its advantages in developing accuracy in observation, in making sure of each step before the next is taken. I have no doubt whatever that it was the best for a person of my temperament; indeed, it was probably the only way possible for me; but it does not follow that other people may not have quite other opportunities.

It has happened to me in the course of my work to come into contact with a number of those who are undergoing occult training; and perhaps the fact which emerges most prominently from my experience in that direction is the marvellous variety of method employed by our Masters. So closely adapted is the training to the individual that in no two cases is it the same; not only has every Master His own plan, but the same Master adopts a different scheme for each pupil, and so each person is brought along exactly that line which is most suitable for him.

A remarkable instance of this variability of method came under my notice not long ago, and I think that an explanation of it may perhaps be useful to some of our

students. Let me first remind them of the curious inverted way in which the ego is reflected in the personality; the higher manas, or intellect, images itself in the mental body, the intuition, or buddhi, reflects itself in the astral body, and the spirit, or ātmā, itself somehow corresponds to the physical. These correspondences show themselves in the three methods of individualisation, and they play their part in certain inner developments; but until lately it had not occurred to me that they could be turned to practical account at a much earlier stage by the aspirant for occult progress.

A certain student of deeply affectionate nature developed (as it was quite right and proper that he should) an intense love for the teacher who had been appointed by his Master to assist him in the preliminary training. He made it a daily practice to form a strong mental image of that teacher, and then pour out his love upon him with all his force, thereby flooding his own astral body with crimson, and temporarily increasing its size enormously. He used to call the process "enlarging his aura". He showed such remarkable aptitude in this exercise, and it was so obviously beneficial to him, that an additional effort along the same line was suggested to him. He was recommended, while holding the image clearly before him, and sending out the love-force as strongly as ever, to try to raise his consciousness to a higher level and unify it with that of his teacher.

His first attempt to do this was amazingly successful. He described a sensation as of actually rising through space; he found what he supposed to be the sky like a roof barring his way, but the force of his

will seemed to form a sort of cone in it, which presently became a tube through which he found himself rushing. He emerged into a region of blinding light which was at the same time a sea of bliss so overwhelming that he could find no words to describe it. It was not in the least like anything that he had ever felt before; it grasped him as definitely and instantaneously as a giant hand might have done, and permeated his whole nature in a moment like a flood of electricity. It was more real than any physical object that he had ever seen, and yet at the same time so utterly spiritual. "It was as though God had taken me into Himself, and I felt His Life running through me," he said.

He gradually recovered himself and was able to examine his condition; and as he did so he began to realise that his consciousness was no longer limited as it had hitherto been—that he was somehow simultaneously present at every point of that marvellous sea of light; indeed, that in some inexplicable way he *was* himself that sea, even though apparently at the same time he was a point floating in it. It seemed to us who heard that he was groping after words to express the consciousness which, as Madame Blavatsky so well puts it, has "its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere".

Further realisation revealed to him that he had succeeded in his effort to become one with the consciousness of his teacher. He found himself thoroughly comprehending and sharing that teacher's feelings, and possessing a far wider and higher outlook on life than he had ever had before. One thing that impressed him immensely was the image of himself

as seen through the teacher's eyes; it filled him with a sense of unworthiness, and yet of high resolve; as he whimsically put it.

“I found myself loving myself through my teacher's intense love for me, and I knew that I could and would make myself worthy of it.”

He sensed also a depth of devotion and reverence which he had never before reached; he knew that in becoming one with his earthly teacher he had also entered the shrine of his true Master, with whom that teacher in turn was one, and he dimly felt himself in touch with a Consciousness of unrealisable splendour. But here his strength failed him; he seemed to slide down his tube again, and opened his eyes upon the physical plane.

Consulted as to this transcendent experience, I enquired minutely into it, and easily satisfied myself that it was unquestionably an entry into the buddhic world, not by toilsome progress through the various stages of the mental, but by a direct course along the ray of reflection from the highest astral subplane to the lowest of that intuitional world. I asked as to physical effects, and found that there were absolutely none; the student was in radiant health. So I recommended that he should repeat the effort, and that he should with utmost reverence try to press higher still, and to raise himself, if it might be, into that other August Consciousness. For I saw that here was a case of that combination of golden love and iron will that is so rare on this our Sorrowful Star; and I knew that a love which is utterly unselfish and a will which recognises no obstacles may carry their possessor to the very Feet of GOD Himself.

The student repeated his experiment, and again he succeeded beyond all hope or expectation. He was able to enter that wider Consciousness, and he pressed onward and upward into it as though he were swimming out into some vast lake. Much of what he brought back with him he could not comprehend; shreds of ineffable glories, fragments of conceptions so vast and so gorgeous that no merely human mind can grasp them in their totality. But he gained a new idea of what love and devotion could be—an ideal after which to strive for the rest of his life.

Day after day he continued his efforts (we found that once a day was as often as it could be wisely attempted); further and further he penetrated into that great lake of love, and yet found no end to it. But gradually he became aware of something far greater still; he somehow knew that this indescribable splendour was permeated by a subtler glory yet more inconceivably splendid, and he tried to raise himself into that. And when he succeeded, he knew by its characteristics that this was the Consciousness of the great World-Teacher Himself. In becoming one with his own earthly teacher he had inevitably joined himself to the consciousness of his Master, with whom that teacher was already united; and in this further marvellous experience he was but proving the close union which exists between that Master and the Boḍhisattva, who in turn had taught Him. Into that shoreless sea of Love and Compassion he plunges daily in his meditation, with such upliftment and strengthening for himself as may readily be imagined; but he can never reach its limits, for no mortal man can fathom such an ocean as that.

Striving ever to penetrate more and more deeply into this wondrous new realm which had so suddenly opened before him, he succeeded one day in reaching a yet further development—a bliss so much more intense, a feeling so much more profound, that it seemed to him at first as much higher than his first buddhic touch as that had been above his earlier astral experiences. He remarked: “If I did not know that it is impossible for me to attain it yet, I should say that this must be Nirvāṇa.”

In reality it was only the next subplane of the buddhic—the second from the bottom, and the sixth from the top; but his impression is significant as showing that not only does consciousness widen as we rise, but the rate at which it widens increases rapidly. Not only is progress accelerated, but the rate of such acceleration grows by geometrical progression. Now this student reaches that higher subplane daily and as a matter of course, and is working vigorously and perseveringly in the hopes of advancing still farther. And the power, the balance and the certainty which this introduces into his daily physical life is amazing and beautiful to see.

Another phenomenon which he observes, as accompanying this, is that the intense bliss of that higher plane now persists beyond the time of meditation and is becoming more and more a part of his whole life. At first this persistence was for some twenty minutes after each meditation; then it reached an hour; then two hours; and he is confidently looking forward to a time when it will be his as a permanent possession—a part of himself. A remarkable feature of the case is that this prodigious daily exaltation is

not followed by any sign of the slightest reaction or depression, but instead produces an ever-augmenting radiance and sunniness.

Becoming gradually more accustomed to functioning in this higher and more glorious world, he began to look about him to some extent, and was presently able to identify himself with many other less exalted consciousnesses. He found these existing as points within his extended self, and he discovered that by focussing himself at any one of these points he could at once realise the highest qualities and spiritual aspirations of the person whom it represented. Seeking for a more detailed sympathy with some whom he knew and loved, he discerned that these points of consciousness were also, as he put it, holes through which he could pour himself down into their lower vehicles; and thus he came into touch with those parts of their lives and dispositions which could find no expression on the buddhic plane. This gave him a sympathy with their characters, a comprehension of their weaknesses, which was truly remarkable, and could probably have been attained in no other way—a most valuable quality for the work of a disciple in the future.

The wondrous unity of that intuitional world manifested itself to him in unsuspected examples. Holding in his hand one day what he regarded as a specially beautiful little object, part of which was white, he fell into a sort of ecstasy of admiration of its graceful form and harmonious colouring. Suddenly, through the object, as he gazed at it, he saw unfolded before him a landscape, just as though the object had become a tiny window, or perhaps a crystal. The

landscape is one that he knows and loves well, but there was no obvious reason why the little object should bring it thus before him. A curious feature was that the white part of that object was represented in the sky of his picture. Impressed by this wholly unexpected phenomenon, he tried the experiment of raising his consciousness while he revelled in the beauty of the prospect. He had the sensation of passing through some resisting medium into a higher plane, and found that the view before him had changed to one which was strange to him, but even more beautiful than that which he knew so well. The piles of white cloud had become a towering snow-covered mountain, with its long line sweeping down to a sea of colour richer than any that in this incarnation he has seen. The rocky bays, the buildings, the vegetation, were all foreign to him, though well-known to me; and by a little careful questioning I soon ascertained without room for doubt that the scene upon which he was looking was that which I suspected—a real physical view, but one many thousands of miles from the spot where he sat gazing at it. Since that hallowed spot is often in my mind, though I assuredly was not thinking of it at that moment, what the student saw may have been a thought-form of mine. I imagine that up to this point what had happened may be quite simply described. I presume that the student's emotion was excited by his admiration, and that the heightened vibrations which were caused in this way brought into operation his astral senses, and this enabled him to see a view which was not physically visible, but well within astral reach. The endeavour to press on further temporarily opened the mental

sense, and by it he was able to see my thought-form— if that second view *was* a thought-form of mine.

But the student did not rest satisfied with that: he repeated his attempt to push on still higher, or (as he put it) still deeper into the real meaning of it all. Once more he had the experience of breaking through into some exalted and more refined state of matter; and this time it was no earthly scene that rewarded his effort, for the foreground burgeoned forth into an illimitable universe filled with masses of splendid colour, pulsating with glorious life, and the snow-covered mountain became a great White Throne vaster than any mountain, veiled in dazzling golden light. A strange fact connected with this vision is that the student to whom the experience came is entirely unacquainted with the Christian Scripture, and was unaware that any text existing therein had any bearing upon what he saw. I asked him whether he could repeat this experience at will; he did not know, but later on he tried the experiment, and succeeded in again passing through those stages in the same order, giving some additional details of the foreign landscape which proved to me that this was not merely a feat of memory; and this time the awe-stricken seer whispered that amidst the coruscations of that light he once had a passing glimpse of the outline of a Mighty Figure Who sat upon the Throne. This also, you may say, might be a thought-form, built by some Christian of vivid imagination. Perhaps; but when a few days later an opportunity occurred, and I asked a Wise One what significance we might attach to such a vision, He replied:

“Do you not see that, as there is but One Love, so there is but One Beauty? Whatever is beautiful, on

any plane, is so because it is part of that Beauty, and if it is pushed back far enough, its connection will become manifest. All Beauty is of GOD, as all Love is of GOD; and through these, His Qualities, the pure in heart may always reach Him."

Our students would do well to weigh these words, and follow out the idea contained in them. All beauty, whether it be of form or of colour, whether it be in nature or in the human frame, in high achievements of art or in the humblest household utensil, is but an expression of the One Beauty and therefore in even the lowliest thing that is beautiful all beauty is implicitly contained, and so through it all beauty may be realised, and He Who Himself is Beauty may be reached. To understand this fully needs the buddhic consciousness by which our student arrived at its realisation; but even at much lower levels the idea may be useful and fruitful.

I fully admit that the student whose experiences I have been relating is exceptional—that he possesses a strength of will, a power to love, a purity of heart and an utter unselfishness which are, unfortunately, far from common. Nevertheless, what he has done with such marked success may surely be copied to some extent by others less gifted. He has unfolded his consciousness upon a plane which is not normally reached by aspirants; he is rapidly building for himself a capable and most valuable vehicle there—for that is the meaning of the ever increasing persistence of the sense of bliss and power. That his is a definite line of progress, and not a mere isolated example, is shown by the fact that even already the abnormal buddhic development is producing its

effect upon the apparently neglected causal and mental bodies, stimulating them into action from above instead of leaving them to be laboriously influenced from below as is usual. All this success is the result of steady effort along the line which I have described.

“Go thou and do likewise.” No harm can come to any man from an earnest endeavour to increase his power of love, his power of devotion, and his power to appreciate beauty; and by such endeavour it is at least possible that he may attain a progress of which he has not dreamed. Only be it remembered that, in this path as in every other, growth is achieved only by him who desires it not for his own sake but for the sake of service. Forgetfulness of self and an eager desire to help others are the most prominent characteristics of the student whose inner story I have here told; these characteristics *must* be equally prominent in any who aspire to follow his example; without them no such consummation is possible.

C. W. Leadbeater

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA : II

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

IT was stated in my last article that there was a wish on the part of those connected with the Organisation referred to therein, that its existence should be widely known. Some of the reasons for the wish are the following: It would seem that by the close of the year Nala, that is some twenty-one months hence, a small cycle would come to an end, and during the next cycle, which will be one of twenty-four years duration, there is a likelihood of an increase in the number of persons who would seek spiritual training such as that imparted to members of the Organisation. And therefore it is the duty of those in charge of it to make known to the public such facts as intending candidates should be acquainted with. I may add that it is not expected that those who are altogether orthodox in their ways of thinking and life in the Hindū Community, at present, would be likely to seek training as members of the Organisation. It is however believed that Indians who have had the benefit of education on western lines will be more disposed to seek such training, provided they are imbued with a reverence for Brahma-Viḍyā, as happens in some instances. In other words, it is understood that the latter will

more readily accept and appreciate the great truths which underlie the teaching and training obtainable in the Organisation than the former, who, owing to caste and sectarian prejudices, will be quite impervious to such truths.

As the closing words of my last article will show, admission into the Organisation is not fettered by considerations of nationality, race, caste, creed or sex. Its whole aim and object is, as it has always been, to train and maintain a body of Yogīs intent on the welfare of all humanity, nay, of all creation in the world. This is stated again and again in the *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, a book which, in my humble judgment, is one of absorbing interest to every true student of Yoga in this country, and especially so to the Hindū members of the Esoteric School of the Theosophical Society. I feel sure that by getting it published to the extent to which its publication, I understand, will be permitted, those members will be rendering a real service to the cause of Theosophy which has conferred an inestimable boon on the whole world. For, in the first place, the book will furnish the most striking evidence as to the existence of the Great White Brotherhood, two of whose members founded the Society and have been guiding it through all these years, in spite of every obstacle in the way of its progress. The book will also make it absolutely clear that, in founding the Esoteric School, the late Outer Head thereof, H. P. Blavatsky, was acting but as an instrument in the hands of the Founders of the Theosophical Society, and constituted a school for Yogic training on lines suited to modern conditions. It is scarcely necessary to say that the discipline prescribed in the Indian Organisation is such as

to make it almost impossible for anyone in the West to go through it; for it involves meditation and the observance of rituals requiring leisure and freedom from the worry of worldly concerns, neither of which conditions can be secured by one out of a thousand in Europe or America. Even in this country but few will find themselves in a position to go through that discipline. The formation of the Esoteric School with a discipline far less rigid was thus indispensable to the existence of the Theosophical Society as a living one; for, there can be no doubt that it is through that School that vitality has been flowing to the Theosophical Society from its Founders and but for the life, which thus flowed, the Theosophical Society would have been long ago dead.

Turning now to this *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, the book may, in one sense, be said to consist of four parts. The first part deals with certain matters of a general nature, and with the course of discipline prescribed for the class of students known as *Ḍāsas*. The second part deals with the discipline of *Ṭīrṭhas*. These two parts only are actually available in writing. The instruction to the remaining two classes, *Brahmans* and *Ānandas*, is imparted only orally, and the notes made by those who receive such instruction never pass out of their hands. These oral instructions, it is scarcely necessary to say, are of so practical and special a character as to preclude their being communicated to anyone but the particular individual actually instructed.

I shall, on the present occasion, as also in a future article, endeavour to draw attention to some of the contents of the two parts referred to. There are four

Aḍhyāyas, or chapters, in the first part and among other matters, they purport to contain a report of the proceedings of an Assembly of Sages which took place, just on the eve of the commencement of Kali-Yuga, in that part of the Himālayas spoken of as Baḍarī Vana. This Vana refers to a large tract of country divided into two parts, the Southern and the Northern Baḍarī. It was in the latter that the Assembly met, the particular spot being Shambalam, (Shambala) the chief of the five places or seats in that division occupied by Sages. The names of the other four seats are stated to be Kalāpam, Pāmalam, Brāhmalam, Shaṅkhalam.

The three most prominent characters in the Assembly were Bhagavān Nārāyaṇa, Nara and Yoga-Devī. Who these three were, there is enough in the book clearly to indicate. The verse in which Nārāyaṇa describes His own nature runs thus :

अहं ब्रह्मांशसंभूतो ब्रह्मज्योतिर्मयो ऋषिः ।

विष्णोर्लोकहितार्थाय यातोऽहं बदरीवनम् ॥

I am a fragment issuing from Para Brahmam and radiant with Its Light—the R̥shi, come to Baḍarī Vana from Viṣṇu for the protection of His world.

In other words, He is the representative of the Ishvara engaged in the spiritual government of the world and, according to the well-known custom of the country, the representative appropriates for the title of his office the Ishvara's well-known name, Nārāyaṇa. Members of the Esoteric School will have no difficulty in identifying this Great Being with Him who is spoken of in the Theosophical literature as the Lord of the World, the One Initiator, and referred to in *The Secret Doctrine* (Volume i, p. 207, 1st Edition) as

the "Root-Base" of the Hierarchy of Arhats of the Fire-mist, the Ever-living Human Banyan. Next, as to Nara, he is described as लोकप्रवादक and जनप्रतिनिधि which mean, the representative of humanity. He played the part in this Assembly that Arjuna played in the *Mahābhārata* scene referred to in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, and it is well known that one of the many names which Arjuna bore was Nara. Lastly, as to Yoga-Devī, She undoubtedly represents the Light of the Ishvara, referred to as the Lady of the White Lotus in Mabel Collins's book, *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. For in this *Chandrikā* also she is represented as sitting on the lotus growing in the Kusumākaram, or lotus tank, situated in Baḍarī Vana. In a hymn, addressed by the Sages present to this Devī, reference is made to nearly a couple of hundred occult powers which She is said to possess. This enumeration seems to be suggestive of the occult powers exercised by the Hierarchy as a body. For, from what She herself states, She is no other than the mighty Centre from and through which the Light of Ishvara flows and circulates in the Hierarchy in the threefold aspect of Ichchhā Shakti, Jñāna Shakti and Kriyā Shakti.

Passing now to the proceedings at the Assembly, in reply to certain questions by Nara, Nārāyaṇa states that, having regard to the characteristics of the coming Kali age, a change of Dharma in the world has become necessary and that henceforward acquirement of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā should be within the power of every human being, without any reference whatsoever to Varṇa, Āshrama, sex and the like. In view of the attainment of this end the book states that Nārāyaṇa constituted and established an Association of Sages,

Yogīs and Ṛṣhis called Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam. This body unquestionably is no other than what is spoken of in the Theosophical literature as the Great White Brotherhood—the Great White Lodge. Surely no happier name could have been chosen for it, and no better rendering of that name into English could have been suggested, than the one current in Theosophic literature. For the Sages, Yogīs and Ṛṣhis who constitute the Association care for all and work for all; and Their work therefore is eminently Shuddha—pure and spotless—and their Association Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, *par excellence*. And again, in ascribing a colour to it, what can be more appropriate than the term “white”? I venture to think that this felicitous rendering emanated either from that Master who translated for Madame Blavatsky the *Stanzas of Dzyan*, or the Master who dictated *Light on the Path*, both of whom wield the English language with marvellous power.

Now as to the details of the constitution. The Head of the Association, or Adhiṣṭhātā, is Nārāyaṇa Himself. Its Secretary, or Kāryadarshī, is Nara. In addition to these two, it contains seven Adhikāra Puruṣhas, or Hierarchs. Of these Nārada represents the Saṭyaloka, His function being that of Jñānāchārya or the highest expounder¹ of Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā. Vāmadeva represents Ṭapoloka. He expounds, according to the needs of the age, Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā to the subordinate grades of teachers thereof. Kashyapa

¹ No wonder that it was from this Teacher of Teachers that on the eve of the composition of the immortal epic, *Vālmiki*, the Mahā Ṛṣhi who knows the path as Kālīdāsa puts it, sought inspiration and instruction as stated in the opening shloka beginning with the words: तपस्वाध्यायनिरतं. The late Mr. T. Subba Row used to say the work was far more than an epic—a storehouse of profound occult wisdom.

represents Janaloka and attends to the special evolution of those who are to become teachers of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā. Chaṇḍabhānu represents Maharloka and has to look after the due observance of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā discipline. Kālaḍeva represents Svarloka with the duty of neutralising all obstacles arising in the course of time to the attainment of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā by aspirants. Subrahmaṇya represents Bhuvanloka with the work of purifying the emotional bodies of those engaged in the teaching of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā and their pupils. And lastly, Ḍevāpi represents Bhūloka and is in it Nārāyaṇā's representative and King, as it were, of the whole body of persons connected with Yoga Brahma-Vidyā therein.

The names of these seven Hierarchs, it would seem, contain in them the clue to the nature of their respective functions. Take for instance Nāraḍa. *Nāra* has two meanings: (1) Wisdom divine; (2) Nescience; *ḍa* also has two meanings: (1) bestowal; (2) cutting and destroying. The two together thus mean the destroyer of Nescience and the bestower of Wisdom divine. Each one of these Hierarchs is stated to have eighteen subordinates under Him, and the names of all 126 are given, one of those under Ḍevāpi being Maiṭreya. Besides all these there are thirty-two Siddhas, next only in rank to Nārāyaṇa Himself, engaged in looking after, on His behalf, the spiritual welfare of all in the different parts of the world. The first shloka which every member of the Organisation has daily to address by way of salutation is so composed as to contain in it the first letter of the name of each of these thirty-two, while the verse itself purports

to be a salutation only to Nara and Nārāyaṇa. It runs thus :

नमस्ते नरदेवाय नमो नारायणाय च ।

बदरीवननाथाय योगिनां पतये नमः ॥

Salutation to Naradeva and Nārāyaṇa, the Lord of Baḍari-Vana and the Patron of Yogis.

The other verses which follow the salutation, and which I omit, state the names of the thirty-two fully.

After the completion of the constitution of the Association, Nārāyaṇa caused Yoga-Devī's coronation to be carried out with instructions that the work of the Association should be carried on under the auspices of the Devī Herself. The meaning of this apparently is that Nārāyaṇa provided the Centre from which, adapting the language of Mr. T. Subba Row, flows the force that creates and maintains the bond of spiritual brotherhood and sympathy running through the long succession of the Hierophants of the world. In other words, Yoga-Devī may be most aptly described as the Sūtrāṭma, the thread-soul of the Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, or the Brotherhood. After the Coronation, each of the seven Hierarchs get a Yogaḍaṇḍa,¹ presumably a magnetised rod, intended for purposes which are however not disclosed. Thereupon the territorial jurisdictions of their respective subordinates were defined. And all the Brotherhood were enjoined to meet on the Vaishākh full-moon day of every year in Baḍarī in order to

¹Swāmi Shivānaṇḍa, an Officer of some standing in the organisation carries with him during his tours a Yogaḍaṇḍa, a golden rod of two feet and a half in length, about an inch in thickness, with the figure on the top of two interlaced triangles within a circle. His last visit to this Presidency was two years ago. The retinue which accompanies him consists of Samnyāsīs only who do all the work that has to be done, no servants being employed for any purpose. His postal address is Bharadvāj Ashramam, Prayag, Allahabad.

arrange for the plan of work to be carried out till the next Vaishākh full moon.

Passing now from the details of the Association's constitution, I shall turn my attention to the discussion which takes place in the course of the Assembly. During the sittings of the Assembly, Nara and some of the Sages present raise a number of questions with a view to elicit Nārāyaṇa's opinion on them. There is much matter in the discussion that thus takes place that will greatly interest Theosophists. I can here refer only to one point, raised by the Sage called Hamsa Yogī. He gave expression to his grave apprehension that the adoption of the course resolved upon at the Assembly might lead to the neglect of the injunctions of Shāstra, and thus eventually result in the utter decay of Dharma in the world. Nārāyaṇa stated in reply that Yoga Brahma-Vidyā, which it was his great object to promote, lay at the very root of all Dharma, and consequently there was no ground for the Yogī's fear. Nārāyaṇa went on to explain that Dharma was divisible into Dharma, Paraḍharma and Paramaḍharma; that the first had reference solely to the special circumstances of particular individuals, that the second involved the interests of others in the world at a particular stage of evolution and that the third transcended such limitations and formed really the true support of the other two. Quoting the Shruṭi text—*तस्य प्रियमेव शिरः ।* (Love verily is Its [Brahmam's] head)—Nārāyaṇa argued that they who acquire Yoga Brahma-Vidyā will exercise universal love and thereby become the practisers of the highest Dharma. With reference to the study of the Shāstras, to which also Hamsa Yogī had referred, Nārāyaṇa laid emphasis

on the necessity for understanding the inner teachings contained in such writings as the *Chhāndogya* and other Upaniṣhaṭs, etc., *Mahābhārata*, *Rāmāyaṇa* and certain leading Purāṇas. By way of illustration Nārāyaṇa explained the esoteric significance of a well-known verse occurring in the *Mahābhārata*, one in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, one in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, and one in *Viṣṇu Purāṇa*. He wound up this part of the discussion with the observation that he had on a former occasion given the esoteric interpretations of a large number of important passages in the writings of the class referred to and those interpretations will be found collected in a treatise known as *Kāṇḍarahasyam*. It may be worth stating here the effect of the explanation given as to the verse from the *Mahābhārata*. Translated as ordinarily understood, the verse would run thus :

After making salutation to Nārāyaṇa, Nara, Naroṭṭama Saraswaṭī Devī, and Vyāsa, *Bhāraṭam* is to be recited.

The key is applied in this instance twice. The first turn of the key yields the following meaning : Nārāyaṇa is Para Brahm, the All ; Nara, humanity, a ray from Para Brahm, Naroṭṭama humanity made divine, made superhuman ; Saraswaṭī Devī, the Jñāna Shakti of Para Brahm, the fount of all Wisdom ; and Vyāsa the cosmic power that arranges for the distribution of that Wisdom from time to time—only he who realises all this, having subjugated his own Ahamkāra, can proclaim his success. The result of the second turn of the key is this : Nārāyaṇa is the Maharṣhi who, for the time being, is in charge of the spiritual Government of the world—the Aḍhiṣṭhāṭa of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam ; Nara, the humanity on the globe ; Naroṭṭama, the representative of that

humanity in that Maṇḍalam; Saraswatī, the Yoga-Devī; and Vyāsa the Hierarch in charge of the department of learning and education; only he who knows this truth can proclaim his success. It is the term “Namaskṛtya” in the verse that serves as the key-hole for the application of the keys for the esoteric interpretation. The term by itself means “having made salutation”. But Namah split into “Na” and “Mah” means “self made nothing,” that is Ahamkāra subjugated, as the indispensable step for spiritual illumination. It is when such illumination takes place that the end of life is gained and “Jayam,” true success, is achieved. Of course it must be remembered that spiritual illumination does not consist of a mere understanding of Shāstra. Brahma-Vidyā without Yoga will be nothing more than verbal knowledge of the great teachings of the Upaniṣats and the like; it is through Yoga alone that the Real is known. It is in the highest state of Samādhi that true bliss is enjoyed and the mystery of existence unravelled. It is to this transcendent state, Gaudapādāchārya, one of the greatest of Indian Teachers and the spiritual grandfather as he is called of Shaṅkara, the philosopher, makes allusion in the closing stanza of his *Māṇḍūkya-Kārikā* accepted by all in the light of an Upaniṣat itself. The stanza runs thus :

दुर्दर्शं मतिगम्भीरमजं साम्यं विशारदम् ।
बुद्ध्वा पदमनानात्वं नमस्कुर्मो यथाबलम् ॥

Most difficult of comprehension, extremely magnificent, uncreate and immortal, of equal effulgence; having thus known the state of non-duality, do I make the obeisance possible.

Hence it is that throughout the *Chandrikā* the word used is not Brahma-Vidyā simply, but—Yoga Brahma-Vidyā. And in the verse which follows that in which

Nārāyaṇa describes his own nature, He expresses his determination to promote this Yoga Brahma-Vidyā with the co-operation of Yoga-Devī and the Sages assembled. And as I already stated, the founding of the Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam was for ensuring the promotion of that Vidyā in the Kali age, making the necessary change in the Dharma to be observed so as to bring within the reach of all, without the least distinction of nationality, race, caste, creed or sex, the attainment of this supreme Science.

This attempt on my part to give an idea of the contents of the *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, will be incomplete without a brief description of the Anuṣṭhāna, or discipline, prescribed for the Dāsas and the Tīrṭhas. Such description, however, must stand over for the present. But before concluding this article, it may not be out of place to say that the existence of the Esoteric School of the Theosophical Society in no way makes the work of the Organisation superfluous. It is the only institution to which aspirants to Yoga, who for one reason or another are unable or are unwilling to join the Esoteric School, must resort to in order to obtain true training. Furthermore, there are always some to whom the rigid and the old discipline in the Organisation will be most attractive by reason of the fact that as a rule it ensures a certain amount of perceptible results, provided, of course, there is no lack of perseverance in undergoing the discipline. One reason for this is most likely the constant use of mantras and rituals as part of the discipline. And there can be no doubt that from a theoretical point of view also the course of meditation prescribed is perfect. It must therefore be gratifying to all in this country interested in Rāja-Yoga that the

Authorities connected with the Organisation have seen fit to draw the attention of the public to its existence and thus have caused the veil which hitherto had been thrown over it to be partially lifted.

Now I wish to remark that the precise time when this lifting of the veil was allowed to take place is to my mind curious. For it was almost simultaneous with the temporary closing of the door of that part of the Esoteric School known as the Esoteric Section, as was made known the other day. Considering that the Organisation in question and the Esoteric School are not rival institutions, but flourish under the protection of the same Brotherhood for the same purpose, what could be the reason for such a concurrent happening? One in my position can only make conjectures. It may be that the Esoteric Section has just reached a stage of compactness and unity when the due discharge of its special responsibilities requires a suspension for a time of fresh accession to it. Or possibly it was considered that the systematic efforts made by the local public to bring the Section into unmerited disrepute, were calculated to retard its utility for the time being as a school for new-comers, owing to the state of the moral atmosphere in this locality tainted, as it has been, with malice, untruth and ingratitude. Hence, probably, the temporary step taken in reference to it. At the same time it may have been felt that the general public should not suffer for the misconduct of a portion of it. And the lifting of the veil was considered a suitable remedy in these circumstances inasmuch as the race and colour hatred which found vent against the Head of the Section, could not operate against the indigenous agency in the Organisation. Furthermore,

it must have been assumed the discipline in it would specially commend itself to the community by reason of its ancient character, and thus tend to keep the door a little more open in this country to aspirants to Yoga than hitherto. I should not fail to remark that in taking such a step the agency concerned has no intention of relaxing the discipline, as will appear from the nature of the questions to be answered and the pledges to be taken preliminary to the admission into the Organisation set forth in the appendix hereto. Nor should I omit to request my readers not to do me the injustice of thinking that I am posing as an Occultist capable of initiating anyone into any mystery. I am merely the mouthpiece of Those who wish that the existence and character of the Organisation shall no longer remain unknown to the extent to which they have been till now. Whilst disclaiming all pretensions to the position of a teacher in the Organisation, I ought not to shrink from saying that none who has the courage to seek admission into it would, but for his own fault, have the least occasion to regret the step he takes. On the contrary he will soon find that he has planted his feet on the lowest rung of the ladder that leads to the highest goal and that the benediction of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam would ever be with him.

S. Subramania Iyer

APPENDIX

THE true disciple, desirous of hearing the Guru's words, takes his seat in front of the Guru, having saluted him with raised palms.

The Teacher proceeds to give a brief explanation regarding Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam.

Teacher.—Know thou that the all-transcending, eternal and all-pervading Para Brahm dwells in the heart, capable of direct perception.

Dost thou with purified mind desire to perceive It by the Path of Yoga? If so, take, filled with delight, this hand of mine, the dwelling-place of Brahm.

In this Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, Nārāyaṇa, the Deva, of His own will, under the auspices of Yoga-Devī and with the co-operation of Nārada, other Maharṣhis and the Siddhas, resident in the five villages, and who are intent on the welfare of the world, provides in a manner suited to the Kali age for the upward evolution (Ūrdhvasṛṣhti). They who avail themselves of that provision will enjoy eternal bliss. Rṣhi Nārāyaṇa, the Deva, confers boons but never receives. This Shuddha Dharma Secret will benefit those who are of equable mind. This truth I affirm by command of the Guru.

Disciple.—Making salutations to Them who constitute Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, to Them whose sole aim is the practice of Shuddha Dharma, to Them who preach Shuddha Dharma, I am desirous of learning from you to the best of my ability that Shuddha Dharma. May Nārāyaṇa the Great protect me who have surrendered unto Him.

THE NINE PROMISES

(To be made with hands clasped. The disciple's palm below and that of the Teacher above, so gripped as to make the two thumbs press against each other erect.)

Teacher.—1. Will you feel as your own the pleasures and pains experienced by all others? Will you, wishing good, abandon all harm to living things?

Disciple.—Henceforward daily will I pray for the welfare of the world and I renounce all harm to living things by deed, thought or word.

Teacher.—2. Teach not this Yoga Brahma-Vidyā to doubters, evil-doers and to those otherwise unfit.

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—3. Will you refrain from taking the wealth of others unlawfully, from slandering others, Yoga Brahma-Vidyā and the Teachers thereof?

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—4. Will you give up such Varnāshrama Dharma as is opposed to the principles of the Teachers of Shuddha Dharma Mandalam? Should you, however, adhere to the same, will you act up to it only in so far as public interest warrants?

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—5. Will you follow this discipline, wishing the welfare of the world and serving it, abandoning all distinctions between yourself and others at all times and places, being equable in mind, advancing the cause of righteousness according to the needs of time and place?

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—6. Will you, purified in mind, avoid evil company, unclean food and bad ways?

Disciple.—Yes, I shall.

Teacher.—7. You will not give up this righteous discipline by reason of any good or evil which may befall you in this life, but hold on to that discipline with a firm heart,

convinced that such experiences must necessarily be undergone?

Disciple.—With the conviction that whatever happens must be experienced, never will I become a discarder of this righteous discipline. This I declare in truth!

(N. B.—The whole of the following discourse of the Teacher refers to the symbol constituted by the act of the disciple taking the hand of the Teacher as above explained. Its name is Brahma Muḍrā.)

Teacher.—8. This is the highest symbolic form (Parā Muḍrā). It explains the secret of Para Brahm and was invented to auspiciously mark the union, or marriage, which takes place between the disciple and the Maṇḍalam on his admission into it. It is the symbol not only of the union but also of Para Brahm itself. It signifies the merging of all in that Para Brahm. Through this symbol, Yogashakti makes its entry into the highest place in you (Brahma-ṛaṇḍhram).

Disciple.—I place it on my head.

(He then raises the two palms united and places them on his head.)

Teacher.—9. O disciple! A Brahma-marriage has now taken place between you and the Knowers of Para Brahm. It is not capable of disruption for any reasons whatsoever under any circumstances.

Disciple.—I affirm that by Brahma Karma I have become the subject of this union and marriage. I shall not transgress the words or orders of the Teacher.

THE FIVE PROMISES

1. The Teacher asks whether he will lead the life of perfect celibacy after the period of three and a half years from the date of his admission and whether even during these three and a half years his family life will be subject to certain restrictions which the Teacher mentions.

In the event of the disciple's answer being in the negative with reference to his ceasing to lead a family life after that period of three and a half years, the disciple is told that he

will not be given instructions other than those received by him during the three and a half years and that he must remain content with them.

Teacher.—2. During the course of your discipline, if you should wish to perform any religious rites for the purpose of securing worldly benefits or for averting evil happenings to you, will you follow the plan prescribed by Shuddha Maṇḍala Achāryas in such matters ; and not otherwise ?

Disciple.—I shall act accordingly.

Teacher.—3. You will not abandon your duties as householder by reason of your observing Yoga Brahma-Vidyā discipline ? You will not break your ties with wife, children or relations, without their consent ? You will not fail in doing whatever civil duty you owe to your children, your parents and your King ?

You will refrain from appropriating any portion of the property acquired by you in relation to this Yoga Brahma-Vidyā, beyond an eighth share thereof ? Though poor, you will support your family to the best of your power ?

Teacher.—4. Will you observe whatever special rules the Teacher lays down with reference to place and time ?

Disciple.—I shall act accordingly.

Teacher.—5. You will promote the advancement of the creed of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam ?

Disciple.—I will do so to the extent of my power.

THE THREE ACCESSORIAL QUESTIONS

Teacher.—1. Do you enter into the Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam along with your wife ?

(The answer is one or the other.)

Teacher.—2. Should there accrue any benefit from Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, would you like it to go to yourself or to your family also ?

Teacher.—3. Would you endeavour so far as you can to uplift in whatsoever way possible all who are inferior to you in knowledge or status ?

Disciple.—Heartily so.

After certain instructions by the Teacher to the disciple with reference to the discipline to be observed thereafter, the disciple takes the following pledge :

“ In the presence of Iṣhvara in the heart, possessed of all power, and in the presence of the Sun, Moon, Fire, Wind and Ether, I truly declare that I shall not disclose to any unfit person, the secret of Shri Viḍyā, or the Science of Yoga, or the seat of the Preceptor, or the methods of discipline, or what are known by the name of Vāmaḍevam. I vow that if I break any of these promises, I may be subject to the penalties attaching to killing a black cow in Benares, to the crime of infanticide, patricide, matricide and to the loss of all Brahma-Viḍyā and of higher worlds and births.”

S. SUBRAMANIA IYER

TO H. P. B.

After reading "The Secret Doctrine"

Reader of dark riddles priestess of Mysteries
Wonder-worker friend of the dazzling Host
Thy fearless hand withdrawing the veil of Isis
Disclosed vast vistas undreamed-of worlds.

Backward through ages uncharted in history
Gazing we watch the huge drama unfold—
Continents races long merged in oblivion
Rise from their ocean-grave to the light of day.

There stride colossal the dark-browed Atlanteans
Builders artificers weavers of spells
Constraining the Elementals to dire bondage
Confronting with fierce pride the impending doom.

Beyond, sexless and mindless forms the Lemurians
Loom phantasmal—anon divided in twain
They lose the benign ray of celestial vision
Plunge into ruinous orgies of mad lust.

Faintly we glimpse the divine Kings the Progenitors
Shimmering sons of the sevenfold Light
Sowing the seed garnered from past cycles
Tracing the paths to be trodden by those to come.

Their brightness veiled in mystical garments woven
By the Lords of the Lunar Sphere they people the Earth,
The veils thicken, the luminous forms darken
Lost are the tranquil joys of the Golden Age.

Slowly recedes the tide of divine Wisdom
Dark the night of the soul but the stars remain :
Thou showest the flaming torch of Initiation
Handed across the centuries flaming still.

Cromlechs tombs temples gigantic statues
Mutely proclaim the lore of the men of old
Jealously hoarded scrolls of strange inscription
Pyramids carved hieroglyphs tell their tale.

Doctrines drowned in the murk of grey tradition
Hints obscurely breathed by adept seers
Symbol myth legend Zodiacal portent
Never baffled the quest of thy strong soul.

Undeterred by the sevenfold rings of darkness
Undismayed by the watchful dragon's maw
Stripping the harsh rind from the radiant kernel
To a thankless horde thou profferedst Wisdom's fruit.

And the curse fell. The venomous tongue muttered
The false friend struck the treasonous blow—
Transfixed by the shaft of the world's derision
Thy heart knew the pangs of despair and shame.

But the work stands impregnable Cyclopean
Its Tall Towers fronting the Eastern sky
The night wanes and the dawn comes inevitable
Of the day that shall immortalise thy name.

CHARLES J. WHITBY

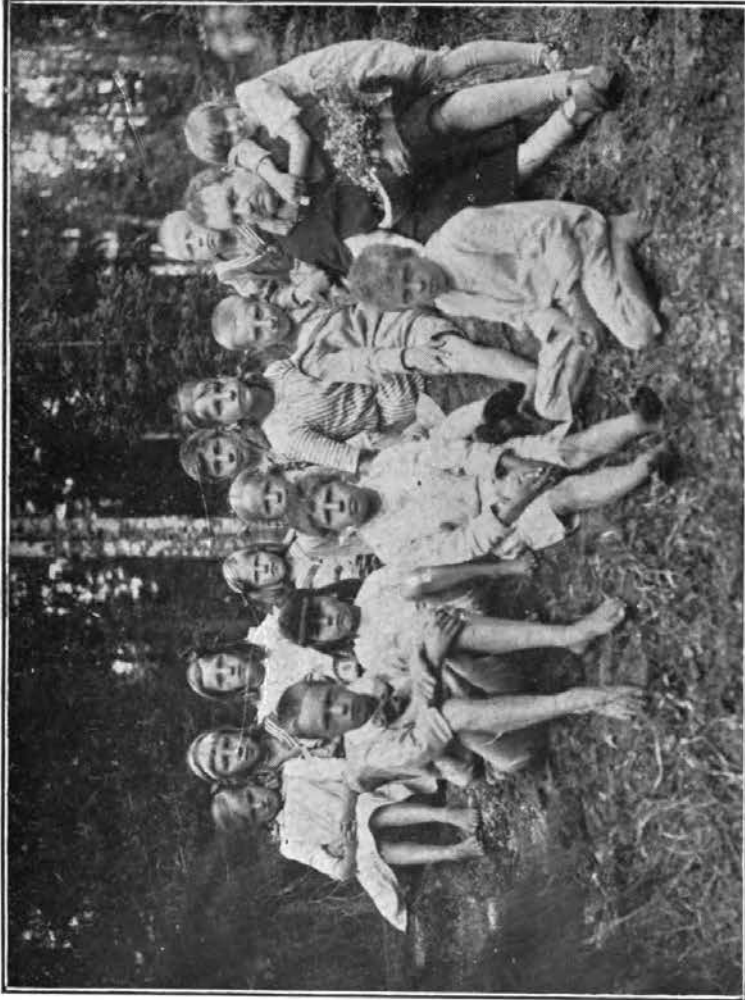
THEOSOPHY IN FINLAND

A WARM MESSAGE FROM A GOLD COUNTRY

[The following interesting letter is from Mr. V. H. Valvanne, Assistant Secretary of the T. S. in Finland. It speaks of our movement in that far-off country, which we reprint as it will interest our many readers.—ED.]

THE last letter from Finland was sent December 16th, 1913, by my younger brother, who acted as Assistant Secretary, Theosophical Society in Finland. I think he was going to write a lengthy letter in the summer of 1914, telling of our Annual Convention and the Summer School, but then the War broke out and great confusion prevailed in all countries for some time. The communications were much endangered, and that condition remains even now. But at the same time we are more than ever before in need of spiritual community and sorely miss the news from the Headquarters and our President. We have not received THE THEOSOPHIST, nor yet any direct report of the last Annual Congress at Adyar, but through other Sectional Organs we have had some information about the progress in the Theosophical world.

Now we have lost our hope to see the President among us, which hope we have cherished for many years. Seeing the great need of the world and of the more suffering nations, we cannot even ask her to visit



The little ones gathered around the General Secretary, Mr. Pekka Ervasti, at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in Finland, June, 1914.



our distant country in the near future. And yet, who knows, how things will develop? In all circumstances, we are sure of not being left without guidance by Those who know and who love.

It is with pleasure we learn that our Annual Report has reached Adyar. So I need not speak about the main facts contained in it. May I only tell some personal impressions from the Annual Congress of the Finnish Section in the midsummer of 1914 and of the Summer School, which followed closely upon it. Both were held here in Aggelby, at our little Headquarters, and I enclose some photographs to illustrate our places.

The Annual Meeting, which lasted for four days, was very successful and harmonious. Some years ago we passed through the same trial which shook the northern countries in Europe. We lost some fifty members, most of them Swedish-speaking, but most of these had been incongruous elements in our Section. Now we feel a greater freedom and confidence in each other than ever before and not even a shadow of discord is felt. Accordingly the formal transactions of the Convention ended very soon and we had enough of time to discuss together Theosophical questions, which before were always put away for lack of time. We had a large E. S. meeting, and short meditations every morning, all held in our special E. S. room, in the "upper storey" of the temple.

For the general members there was a theatrical performance of Maeterlinck's play, *Beatrice*. We have among our members several actors and actresses from the Finnish National Theatre, and with their help the play made a very great impression. It was preceded

by a short exposition by Mr. Pekka Ervast of the symbolical meaning of the play.

But the greatest feature of the Annual Meeting was assuredly the Order of the Star in the East meeting, with which it ended. It was open for all, even outsiders, and the programme was carefully prepared months before by the National Representative, Dr. V. Angervo. I enclose the printed programme, from which you will see that Dr. Angervo and his wife sang many songs together. They stood on the platform, both clad in white, both of them accomplished singers—really, it was delightful. Then followed three speeches, made by V. Angervo, V. Valvanne and the Secretary of the Order, Toivo Vitikka. It ended by a reciting of a prose-poem, specially composed for the occasion, in accordance with the words: “Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.” It told of the Coming of the Great Master among us, and never have I felt such strong vibrations as then were filling the great audience. It seemed as if all the powers which had worked for the Convention were concentrated in this moment, and the reciter, Mrs. Hilda Pihlajamäki, seemed a proper channel for those great forces. Her voice did not tremble, the words went into every heart with a mighty force.

Immediately after the Convention there was held a Summer School in Aggelby. Some forty or fifty persons were present and every day was filled with lectures and discussions. Two ladies, Mrs. Tyyne Vuorenjuuri and Miss Helmi Jalovaara, were among the speakers, and the latter gave a permanent impulse to a new movement, “Marjatan rengas,” which seems

to be the key to many new activities. I don't exactly know how much is told about this organisation in the Annual Report, but all who were present at the Summer School felt that this was the beginning of a new period in our Finnish Theosophical movement. It is essentially a movement of the women and a work for the children, but it includes many offshoots. It left a great inspiration and responsibility for all present, and a new section was opened in the Sectional Organ *Tietäjä* for "Marjatan rengas". The name is taken from the old Finnish mythology, *The Chain of Marjatta*, i.e., of the Holy Virgin Mary.

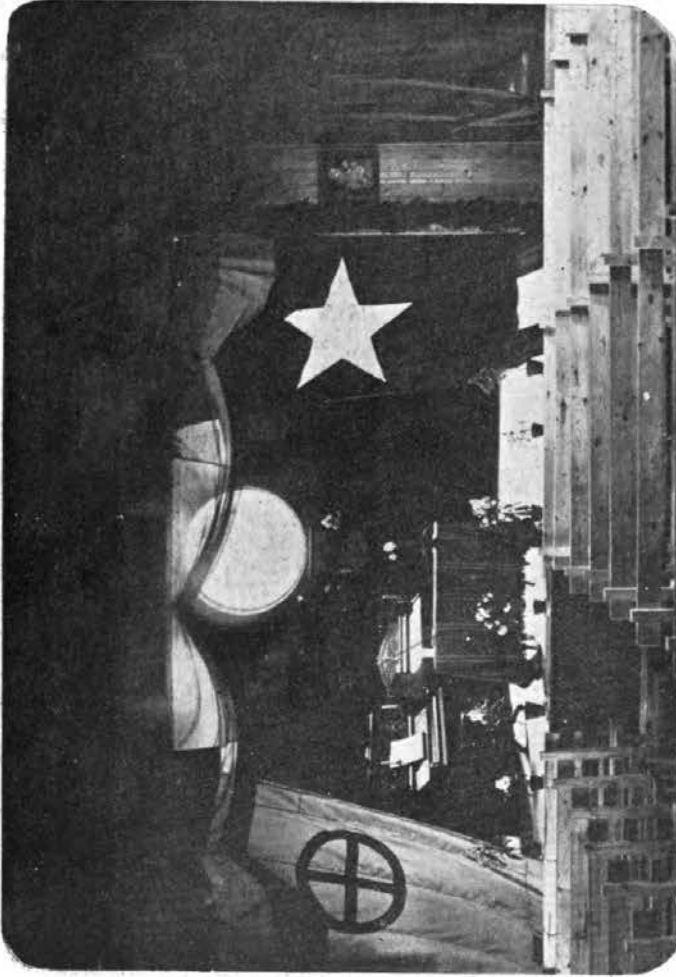
Scarcely had we started this new organisation, quite informal in the beginning, when the great War broke out. Here at Headquarters we are living in the closest proximity to the Fort of Sveaborg and therefore we were for long in suspense and fear lest our little place should be taken hold of. Regular literary work seemed impossible in the first days or weeks, and many moved to the interior of the country. There was an astral vortex of conflicting emotions, but when "the place of Peace" was once more regained, we did not lose it. You can imagine how grateful we are to the Lords of Karma that we are not dragged into this great conflagration, but permitted to stand outside and preserve peace and firmness. That is our special Dharma, and I think our people have splendidly fulfilled this ideal. We have no military power of our own, but have performed our duty only by tending our wounded Russian brothers, and that we do heartily and with great sympathy. I think we have felt an even nearer companionship with the great Nation to which we are united, and hope never to come into discord with it.

Perhaps the time will come soon when all nations, who stand at a similar stage of culture, will recognise each other and treat each other with brotherly reverence.

Our regular Theosophical work in the Lodges began little by little during autumn and even the regular Sunday lectures in Helsingfors were allowed. No serious disturbance has been experienced, though the circumstances do not permit any great expansion of the movement in this time. We are content to stand where we are and to preserve the inner spirit of the Society uninjured.

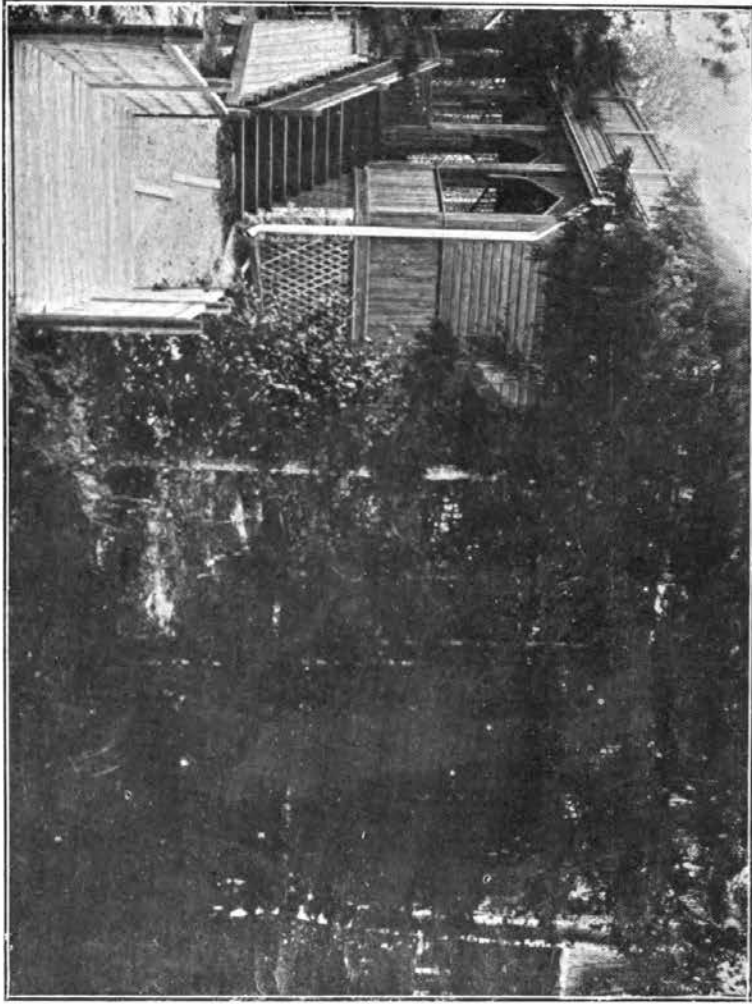
The Lodges in the country are suffering through the lack of able lecturers. This time is a time of preparing and slowly the Finnish mind is accepting Theosophical concepts. In our University a compulsory textbook is adopted by the Theological Department, *What is Theosophy*, written by a doctor. The book is not wholly unsympathetically written, though it contains the false reports initiated by Soloviev and others. It contains many extracts from our books. The public is showing respect for our movement and for our General Secretary, who is very well known as lecturer and author everywhere in this land.

On February 28th, a great many Theosophists were assembled in the house of Mr. V. Palomaa, who has been a steady worker in our Society since its first days in Finland. He is an original philosopher and lives quite alone, without taking part in outer activities. His greatest vigour is shown in the thought-spheres and for many years there has been a regular contribution from his pen in every number of *Tietājā*. Also, he has lectured in Helsingfors and in the country. He uses the pseudonym "Aate," *i.e.* "Thought". For the



Theosophical Lecture Hall, Aggelby, Finland. (Interior.)

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Entrance to the Residence of General Secretary of the Theosophical Society
in Finland, Mr. Pekka Ervasti, including the Theosophical Library,
Book Concern, etc.

first time he received visitors at his home, when celebrating his fiftieth birthday. A gift reached him from the General Secretary, some 670 Finnish Marks, collected by the Theosophists. He follows his own lines of thought, but the Theosophical ideas are innate in him and he has seldom been in dispute with others, because he recognises a perfect liberty of thought, not only in theory, but in strictest practice. Our General Secretary made a speech addressed to him, where he pointed out his great originality, how he stood untouched by all Theosophical and non-Theosophical authorities, and never followed anyone blindly, but preserved a respect for all. Such natural philosophers are seldom found, who resemble this old man with the long beard and the big stick in his hand.

One of our workers, Mrs. Hanna Ruuskanen, was lately called to Norway by Miss Eva Blytt, who sorely needed co-workers in her devoted activity. Mrs. Ruuskanen is self-educated like many of us, but in a few months she has succeeded in learning the Norwegian language and is now doing good work in going about and selling books.

The Order of the Star in the East, which was constituted in Finland only in 1913, has developed very little outer activity, mostly for lack of able organisers. The National Representative, Dr. Angervo, is living long away from the Capital, Helsingfors, and yet there surely is none who better fills this office. In his own town he is lecturing before great audiences and conducts the work of two Lodges. He has built a little house, named "Tähtelä," *i.e.*, "the home of the Star," and there are held smaller meetings.

For two years we have published at Christmas *Idān Tāhti*, i.e., "The Star in the East," and distributed five thousand copies. I send one copy of the last publication, which went out of print before Christmas, so that we have not had any copy to send before. This booklet aroused very great interest and I hope it will be continued in the future and be a commencement for a periodical.

Quite recently there was held a public meeting for the discussion of the following question: "What is the meaning of the Order of the Star in the East and how is it justified?" All dissenting parties were called to attend the discussion and it was very lively, but yet quite gentle. There it was clearly felt how deeply the idea of the Order of the Star in the East has impressed itself on the common people, in the stillness of the heart. The first Sunday in the month a "Star" meeting is held in Helsingfors, open to the public, and this holds the torch burning, though we are waiting for a greater and more illuminating flame. Dr. Angervo has deigned to appoint me as his representative in Helsingfors, but very little I have been able to do, and have not had power or courage to enforce the new idea too strongly upon the minds of others, but rather waited for their voluntary response.

Our movement is in accordance with the nature of our people, quiet, unobtrusive, tending more to devotion than to powerful mentality. The only thing I can say without reservation is, that we steadily hold our eyes fixed on the great ideals, which we have received through Theosophy, and our heart is burning with love and gratitude for those Guides, and Leaders, whom

we do not see with our physical eyes but yet feel near to us.

I write only to persuade you to send a letter to us, bringing a message from the heart of our Society, telling how the great new thoughts shape themselves in the mighty crucible, what the beloved President is doing and how you are living at Adyar at this time. Don't be wearied by this long letter, my unknown brother. The greetings of our General Secretary, Pekka Ervast, and the Theosophists living here, are sent to all our co-members at Adyar.

P. S.—I must add something that was a great surprise to me. It was with an aching heart that I told about the slow progress of the Order of the Star in the East in Finland. So you can imagine my amazement when, the same afternoon, when I had finished this letter, quite unexpectedly Dr. Angervo and Mr. Toivo Vitikka, the two deputies for the Order, called here at Headquarters. They had come purposely to discuss and arrange "Star" matters. Dr. Angervo, who is a very busy man, had come from S. Michel in the northern part of the country. We discussed together and many good resolves were made for the progress of the Order of the Star and for each place where several members were resident, one was elected to be an agent. In Helsingfors and Aggelby two new agents were chosen, Mrs. Anna Arvidsson and Mr. Edward Leimu, to confer together with Toivo Vitikka and myself on all matters, and to have in charge the practical affairs. There was a sense of security gained by these arrangements, and new publications were discussed, which should be issued in the near future.

Dr. Angervo made a remark, that I cannot forbear from telling. He said: "Have you observed how great a blessing has followed all meetings and assemblies held in the name of Order of the Star in the East in Finland?" There has never been said one ill word about them, and the Spirit of the Lord has ever been with us. We both confirmed his impression. My own personal experience is that I have returned from these meetings quite invigorated, although the meeting had been formally and seemingly unimportant.

The group of children whose photograph faces the first page of this report are all resident at or near the Headquarters, and they had just been singing their songs to "Uncle Pekka" when a passing photographer caught them.

V. R. V.

CORRESPONDENCE

BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

I read with great interest your remarkable article on "Brotherhood and War" in the June number of your magazine. It is written indeed in a comprehensive way, trying to meet various aspects of War in its relation to Brotherhood and from both the view-points of the body and spirit of man. However, it leaves one point out of consideration and it is this.

You say that War is justifiable "in defence of the country against invasion, in defence of National pledges by treaties and other engagements; in defence of a weak State oppressed or invaded by a strong one, to help a struggling nationality to throw off a tyrannical yoke". This statement is clearly right. Now the question arises as to how a man should behave when the country which has given him his body engages itself in an unrighteous War? Whether he is to fight on behalf of his country engaged in waging manifestly wrong war, serving the country with his body which he derived from its soil and thus discharging the bodily debt with the body, always keeping his sympathies for the right cause, *i.e.*, his opponents, evidently following in the footsteps of the great Bhīṣma, the embodiment of Ārya Dharma, or is he to stand neutral? or is he to go over to the side of the righteous cause and fight against his own countrymen, thus trying his best to uphold the right cause, following the example of Vibhiṣaṇa, the brother of Rāvaṇa, who went over to Shri Rāmachandra's side? If a German is convinced that his country's cause is wrong, what is he to do on the principles

laid down in your article? On page 211, while dealing with a "healthy vital realisation of Brotherhood," you say: "The only service we can do to the cruel and the tyrant is to *actively* stop their cruelty and tyranny, they are heaping up misery for themselves and it is *brotherly* to deprive them of the opportunity to continue their ignorant madness!" etc., etc. This would mean that the above German should fight on behalf of England against his own country. This mounts us on the horns of a dilemma: Who was right? Vibhīṣhaṇa, or Bhiṣhma, the embodiment of Dharma?

Dhulia

W. L. CHIPLONKAR

SPENCER v. MILL: THE CRITERION OF BELIEF

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The contribution of Mr. Abdul Majid to the May number of THE THEOSOPHIST helps to clear up the obscurity surrounding the question of the criterion of belief; yet I cannot help thinking that his conclusion is in some respects destructive of his arguments. Mr. Majid throughout his argument supports, as against Mill, the doctrine of Spencer, that "the ultimate test of a belief is the inconceivableness of its opposite". And his conclusion is "that the terms 'inconceivable' and 'unbelievable' in their ultimate analysis mean one and the same thing". I think this conclusion is perfectly sound when we speak of the inconceivability of a *proposition*, for I cannot see any meaning in such a phrase except that the proposition is, on its face, and in virtue of its terms, unbelievable. If this is so, it follows that when Mr. Spencer says: "A belief which is proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist, is true," he should have said, "the unbelievableness of its negation." Mr. Spencer uses the word "inconceivable" when applied to a proposition as meaning that the two terms of the proposition which are two concepts, will not coalesce, will not harmonise, in the mind of the person making the

examination—but this is precisely the condition we have in mind when we say a proposition is unbelievable. Mr. Majid, in defending Spencer against Mill's charge of confusing the two terms, quotes a passage in which Spencer states his view of the meaning of each. He regards a proposition as unbelievable when the union in thought of the subject and predicate is very difficult, and when this is impossible the proposition is inconceivable. The difference between the terms being thus a difference of degree only, it becomes less surprising that Mr. Spencer should sometimes unwillingly confuse the two, in spite of his own clear definition of the sense in which he intends to use the terms. And it seems to me that Mr. Majid has entirely failed to vindicate Spencer from this confusion, or to convict Mill of ambiguity. Mr. Majid says: "All that Spencer meant to assert was not that there could be formed absolutely no ideational representation of darkness, but that it was impossible for a person to *conceive himself as actually looking into darkness*, while his consciousness was, on the other hand, employed in finding himself looking at the sun. Spencer's language was plain enough; and it is not a little surprising that a thinker of Mill's acuteness should have so completely misunderstood it." And Mr. Majid quotes, "the still plainer language of G. H. Lewes—'during the state of consciousness produced by looking at the sun, it is impossible for the opposite state of consciousness to emerge'".

To my mind the above statements are "not a little surprising," for I can see no difficulty at all in causing "the opposite state of consciousness to emerge," unless indeed it is meant that the sun's glare is so overpowering that I am unable to entertain any other idea. Will any one tell me that if I am broiling under tropical sunshine I cannot conceive myself as swimming in a cool stream, and earnestly wishing that the conception could be realised? The "opposite state of consciousness" emerges almost as a matter of course. Mr. Majid says that Mill's treatment of this point "is admittedly feeble". I do not know who has made this remarkable admission, but the arguments of Spencer and Lewes appear to me like laboured attempts to evade the conclusion that when they talk of the inconceivability of a proposition they only mean that it is unbelievable, and in this attempt Mr. Majid aids

and abets them, notwithstanding that he himself comes to the conclusion that these terms, "in so far as they are used in connection with the ultimate criterion of belief, signify one and the same mental state."

But is it not time to ask whether there is not something incongruous or paradoxical in making our own imbecility or incapacity of mind the ultimate criterion of positive truth? Am I not permitted to believe that a whole is greater than any of its parts until I have exhausted myself in vain efforts to conceive a part that shall be bigger than the whole of which it is a part? Is it not simpler to say that as soon as I have learned what is meant by the terms "whole" and "part," I see that the whole is greater than the part, and because I see this I cannot believe its contradictory? A question may arise here which seems to threaten our conclusion as to the identity of "inconceivableness" and "unbelievableness" in relation to a proposition, for it may be asked whether a proposition of which the truth is inconceivable may yet not be believed. Nothing is more inconceivable to me than a fourth dimension in space. I can conceive two straight lines crossing each other in a plane, and a third line drawn vertically at right angles to both of them, but to conceive a fourth straight line at right angles to all the other three is rather beyond me. Yet that eminent mathematician, the late Professor Kingdon Clifford, seemed to have grasped the idea, or rather the idea grasped and fascinated him, and Mr. Hinton, whose writings I have not read, fearing too great a shock to my mental equilibrium, has, I am told, thrown a flood of light upon the subject. Moreover the late Professor Zellner declared that by knowing how to use the fourth dimension it would be quite easy to understand the performance of the medium, Slade, who make a knot appear on an endless cord on which there was no knot previously. And if I remember rightly, Mrs. Besant told us some years ago that on the astral plane, where the fourth dimension is a recognised thing, when you face a man you can not only see through him, but you can see the back or further side of the buttons on the back of his coat, as if they were turned towards you. Now, do I believe or disbelieve in these, to me, inconceivable propositions? The case stands thus. Feeling, as I do, much confidence in

Mrs. Besant, and being already predisposed to suspect the illusory nature of the things we call space and matter, I am not prepared to reject as untrue any statement she may make from her own knowledge and experience, merely because the terms of her proposition "offer an insurmountable resistance to union in (my) thought". Then, do I believe an inconceivable proposition? No; what I believe is that things which are inconceivable to me now may become obvious truths to me at some future time when my environment is changed, or my mental and psychic faculties have expanded. The proposition, then, that I believe is, not that there is such a thing as four-dimensional space, but that my inability to conceive it is no proof that it does not exist.

Spinoza postulates four degrees of belief and knowledge, as illustrated in the acceptance by the mind of the truth of mathematical proportion. In the first case a "rule of three" sum is done by following the rule given by the teacher. The second is when one "of nimbler wit" puts a particular case to the test of experiment, and, finding it come right, accepts the principle without reflecting that a single experiment is not enough. A third person examines more carefully, and finds that the property of proportion guarantees the result in all cases. A fourth case is given in which a higher intuition is supposed, but, leaving that, we may ask whether one who has discovered that $1/2=2/4=3/6$, etc., believes in this principle of proportion because he cannot conceive it to be otherwise, or rather, whether he cannot conceive it to be otherwise because he *knows* the principle of proportion to be true?

It seems, then, that while the correctness of a belief may often be usefully tested by trying whether its negation is conceivable, yet the inconceivableness of its negation does not prove the truth of the proposition, or, in Mr. Spencer's words: "That what is inconceivable cannot be true, is postulated in every act of thought."

I will not occupy space by defending Mill's view that experience is the true ground of our beliefs, except to say that Mr. Majid only adduces an old argument which in the sphere of ethics has been over and over again employed, and as often

refuted, when he asks: "Who of us has ever time to go through the record of his experiences while accepting or rejecting a proposition?" As if the sum of different classes of experience had never been embodied in an ethical, mathematical, chemical, etc., formula!

But if Mr. Majid could see his way to tell us a little more about "the ambiguities" that have alienated "the inductive school from their allies, the evolutionists," I, for one, should feel grateful, for I suspect that Mr. Majid has read and thought on these subjects much more up to date than I have done, and I should much like to know what ground of quarrel there is between those who believe in inductive reasoning and those who believe in evolution.

Auckland, N.Z.

J. GILES

REVIEWS

The Book of Talismans, Amulets and Zodiacal Gems, by William Thomas, and Kate, Pavitt. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London, 1914. Price 7s. 6d.)

We would specially commend this book to all those who regard astrology as an illegitimate brother of astronomy. "Gems owe their origin to the stars," said Plato; and from the remotest ages, they have been regarded as media for the transmission of astral forces and vibrations. And modern research tends to confirm the old belief. Biologists talk of the world-law of evolution by which animals and plants develop, step by step, from a few simple to various complex and higher forms. What is the fountain-head of this law of progress? How does it operate? It takes its source, it obtains its driving power, from that Primal Force or etheric influence, which in the form of wavy vibrations penetrates the universe. And it helps or nullifies development according as the condition of the medium through which it moves favours or resists such action. It operates most powerfully on man, the highest evolved of living forms, and serves him as the channel through which he can act on animals and plants, and receive desired vibrations from them. It is this etheric influence Plato attributed to Gems, as "acting on the auriferous matter which forms their composition".

This is the reason why precious stones and talismans have always been so much prized as tokens of confidence and joy by humanity; so much coveted as the repositories of occult forces. The former have been esteemed because of their beauty; the latter on account of their virtues, as transmitters of good luck and their power to avert misfortune. Gems have been the accompaniments of power, civil and religious; they have played an important part in the lives of the great; and with their substantial money value, they have combined the

allurements of antiquity and of mystery. They had their origin in the remotest past. As forewarners of danger, as inspirers of courage and faith in the fearful, they have, it is believed, exerted marked influence on the lives of individuals and nations, and played a part in some of the world's greatest romances and tragedies. Spiritual and material powers, and medicinal and curative qualities, have been attributed to them. It is believed that their translucent lustre is due to the action on them of the floods which preceded the fiery volcanic period.

It is probable that precious stones were first worn as ornaments in India. The famous Regent diamond, which was purchased by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, for £20,400 and sold by him to the Regent of France in 1717 for £135,000, was found by a coolie in a village south of Golconda. The Koh-i-Noor, the history of which Tavernier traces back to half a century B.C., is believed to have passed into the hands of the Kings of Delhi from their conquest of Malwa in A. D. 1304. Many Indian rulers owned the gem, who believed that the safety of their dynasties depended on it. Ranjit Singh, the last Eastern potentate who wore it, was so convinced of its mystical powers, that he bequeathed it to the shrine of Jagannath, expecting to get benefits for his soul after death. The jewel was, however, subsequently presented to the late Queen Victoria by Lord Dalhousie in 1850. The Crimean War and the Mutiny of 1857 have been attributed to its influence by Indians. They imagine that misfortune will attend all those who may own it until it is restored to the line of Vikramāditya. But as England is under the influence of the Zodiacal House of Aries, the House of the diamond, we need attach no importance to this belief, and may rest assured that the British Empire will still flourish and prosper. The Hope diamond was, we believe, purchased by Tavernier in India, and sold by him to the Grand Monarque. His arrogant favourite, the Duchesse de Montespan, wore it at a Court ball, and from that moment lost her influence over that fickle sovereign. The superstitions attributed the terrible fate of Louis XVI, his Queen Marie Antoinette, and the Princesse de Lamtelle, her dearest friend, all of whom had worn it, to its evil spell. The authors might well have added to this list of

diamonds with long and tragic histories, the Orloff diamond. Formerly an eye of the image in the Shrirangam temple, it was purchased by Catherine II and now adorns the sceptre of the Russian regalia.

The present work covers a wide field, and is evidently the outcome of many years' study of Occultism. The authors have delved deep into ancient and modern writings on symbolism, mythology, folk-lore, ceramic art, gnosticism, astrology, the Zodiac, and the virtues of precious stones, and supplemented the information obtained from these sources by personal experience and experiments. The first part of the work is devoted to a systematic description of the multitudinous forms of prehistoric amulets and talismans, their nature, uses, antiquity, popularity and psychic and magnetic influence. They appertain to all nations and all ages of the world, to Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese, Tibetan, Indian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, early Christian and mediæval civilisations. The second part, which comprises half the volume, deals with the characteristics, influences and significance of the gems, symbols and glyphs of the Zodiac. These characteristics vary according to the remaining planetary influences, such as may be learned from one's horoscope. The information should help people to know generally something of their own particular dispositions and of their companions, and thereby lead to much mutual sympathy and understanding.

The subject is rich in romantic interest and is calculated to make a very wide appeal. The illustrations are an important feature of the book. The gems of the Zodiac are strikingly reproduced as a frontispiece. This is an imaginary belt in the heavens wherein the planets move and form aspects. The sun takes a year to travel through its twelve Houses, his entry into Aries marking the beginning of the year. The symbols of these various Houses are vividly described, and their meanings explained in a popular, even fascinating manner. Here is a dimly understood occult force scientifically interpreted by the authors :

Chemical evidence reveals the fact that the human body is composed of separate elements, common to all physical formations, and that the differences between individuals is caused by different and varying combinations of these elements, portions of which are vivified to a greater or lesser degree by the

Planets of our solar system. The influence of this force should be taken into account when the relative effect of one person's mind qualities, or magnetic emanations, on any other person is under consideration.

The characteristics of persons born under the influence of each of the Zodiacal Houses vary. Thus Aries people are born leaders, the brain being the most active part of their bodies. They are possessed of the true Martian spirit—the love of conquest. The gems of this House are the bloodstone and diamond, which will not be good for people born between June 21st and July 21st—the period during which the sun remains in this House—unless Mars was very favourable at their birth. The Gnostics wore the bloodstone as an amulet to prolong life; and the ancient Greeks and Romans, to bring renown and the favour of the great, as a charm against scorpion bites and also for success in athletic games. A chapter is allotted to each of the twelve Houses. A note on real and artificial gems explains the qualities of the former, and should enable intending purchasers to distinguish them from imitation or coloured stones.

As a clever and interesting attempt to explain and interpret the little known subject of talismans in a popular but scientific way, the book is a remarkable piece of work. It is well worth the attention not only of the scientifically minded few, who are imbued with a fervent and reverent appreciation of the abstract and the hidden, but of anybody who, from whatever point of view, is interested in this curious subject.

U. B.

The Unknown Guest, by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The book under review is an examination of some of the problems which occur in life, and the explanation of which lie somewhat without the limits of what we term our normal consciousness. The author had hoped to be able in *The Unknown Guest* to include all his material within the scope of one volume, but in his introduction he tells us that this was impossible, and he has in preparation a second volume which will deal with "the miracles of Lourdes and other places,

the phenomena of so-called materialisation, of the divining-rod and of fluid asepis, not unmindful withal of a diamond dust of the miraculous that hangs over the greater marvels in that strange atmosphere into which we are about to pass”.

In his published volume, Mr. Maeterlinck reveals himself as a poet and dreamer with an unmistakable admixture of the spirit of scientific inquiry which is the characteristic of the present age. He has collected numerous instances from the cases published by the Society for Psychical Research, and examines the validity of the explanations for these phenomena offered by the spiritualists, and others who are interested in such matters and have theories to offer. The book is full of stories authenticated, as far as authentication may go, dipping carefully into the problem of psychometry, telling the strange tales of prevision which comes in dreams and other ways and gives to some mortals a knowledge of the future; the wonderful Elberfeld horses—now victims of the War alas—have a whole chapter devoted to their intelligence. A Poet and Mystic, with an intuitive belief in the “things that lie beyond,” throughout the whole volume the author endeavours to find some intelligible solution of why these things should be, what is their nature, what their import. But for this, he must have evidence which will scientifically satisfy him, and so phenomenon after phenomenon must be collected until a theory that satisfies the facts can be woven. And yet the Unknown Guest, that indefinable something, remains hidden, and the riddle is still unguessed.

We need not go into a detailed examination of this book. It is a beautifully wrought translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos from the original, the poetry and beauty of which the translator has faithfully preserved. It will make an appeal to many readers and introduce them by its charm to subjects of absorbing interest which otherwise they might have impatiently passed over. Mr. Maeterlinck's name is a sufficient guarantee of good work, and we are glad that he has interested himself so much in matters in which we, as Theosophists, are interested, and which, for us, are satisfactorily, if not as yet completely, explained by Theosophy.

T. L. C.

The Ritual Unity of Roman Catholicism and Hinduism. (Adyar Pamphlets, No. 54.) By C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.)

This pamphlet should prove of considerable value to those who look for identity of teaching in the different religions, and to those who are trying to feel after the esoteric significance of rituals which are apparently meaningless in their "dead-letter" performance. Its value lies largely in the fact that Mr. Jinarajadasa does not theorise, offering possible explanations merely, but give us valuable facts, carefully and clearly sorted out from his own studies of Occultism.

The sacrifice of Prajāpati, the Lord of Creatures is the basic ritual of Hindūism and the doctrine of the Atonement, the Son of God crucified, of Christianity. The esoteric significance of the Mass is studied in detail, and many interesting points are brought to light, such as the origin of the word Mass. It is derived, he tells us, from the phrase "Ite, missa est," "Go, you are dismissed," used in the old Church when the converts who were not yet "the faithful" were dismissed as unprepared for the Mystery to follow.

The Mass, as performed in the Roman Church, when studied in its occult aspects, leads us into deep mystic realms where we join hands on the one side with Hindūism, and on the other with Masonry.

In the latter connection one interesting section refers to the many marks and signs that Masonry has in common with the Roman Church as, for instance, the mark of the 33° and that on the pastoral staff of an archbishop; also to the mystic parallel in Masonry of the killing and raising of the Master. Parallel with the story of Calvary is the Eastern story of Prajāpati, the Victim, whose death for mankind is daily commemorated in the sacrifice of the fire-altar. The description of this ceremony is both interesting and beautiful.

The Real Presence of God, the writer tells us, during a certain part of the ritual, is not only found in the Roman Catholic, but in rituals of Egypt, Greece, and India. "The Real Presence," he says, "is the heart and soul of a ritual, and in all true rituals He is there."

Finally I will quote the following passage, written with the author's own beauty of style and expression, and showing something of what takes place in the invisible worlds during the ceremony of the Mass :

What is the real significance of the Mass? It is that of a wondrous outpouring. As the Host and Chalice are elevated and priest and people adore the Lord, the Logos sends down an outpouring and blessing. The particles of physical substance glow with His fire and there shines a radiant Star flashing to all sides. There to one at the far end of the church a Ray will shoot out, and here to another at the altar not one. It is only to such as are at one in utter belief of His presence, then, that He can send His quickening—a quickening that touches the man in his inmost nature, for a moment making his causal body to glow as a new-born star, for a moment waking that of a child-soul out of its dreaminess to the reality of the Life of the Logos around. To many a child-soul after death the only touch of the heaven world will be from this quickening at the Mass, for it may be no other activities of his life of passion will give him an ideal that will flower in heaven.

C.

Kāthakōpanishad, with the Commentary of Sri Sankaracharya, translated into English, by M. Hiriyanna, M.A. (Sri Vani Vilas Press, Shrirangam, 1915.)

This is the third of Mr. Hiriyanna's excellent translation of Shankarāchārya's Commentaries on the Upaniṣhaḍs. The *Kēnōpaniṣhaḍ* and the *Ishāvāsyopaniṣhaḍ* have preceded the present volume which, like those two, is exceedingly well printed and executed. Two tikās have been used in the translation and the work of translation has been as careful and painstaking as on the former occasions. A very clear typographical disposition renders the distinction between text and commentary very clear and the repetition, in the Samskr̥t form, of the words explained in the latter must be very welcome to the student. This little volume is a decided addition to English literature on the Upaniṣhaḍs and is also a decided improvement on the previous attempt by Mr. V. C. Seshachari to present the main Upaniṣhaḍs with Shri Shankarāchārya's bhāṣhya in English, however thankful we were at the time for that laudable undertaking. This new publication is at the present time indispensable to all such serious students of the Upaniṣhaḍs who cannot read the original with any ease.

J. v. M.

Religion as Life, by Henry Churchill King. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price \$ 1 net.)

In this as in his earlier books, Dr. King gives his readers practical Christianity and his teachings are coloured by his own vivid personality. It is evident that he has been greatly influenced by the modern thinkers who base their philosophy upon biological foundations. To him God is Life, a supreme energy, and the greatest men are those who share that Life most fully. All his effort is directed to bringing this supreme Source of Life into relation with human activity, or, in other words, to giving religious satisfaction to the practical demands of his own time and country.

No religion "in the clouds" can have permanent value or motive power for the matter-of-fact American; therefore beyond all else Dr. King indicates lines of action, a policy, if the term may be pardoned in this connection, of spiritual realisation rather than of vague mysticism. He sees the life of the follower of Christ as a life of strenuous religious work both objectively and subjectively.

The danger with which the Christian world is threatened is not the conscious choice of sin (he regards sin as the failure to express the highest that is in one); but "the peril of the lesser good". Passion, possessions, and power may prove pitfalls or opportunities in the search for fulness of life. The problem whether the seeker will choose the highest form of self-sacrificing love or be blinded by the lower passion; whether he will have the strength to make "the great refusal" or missing his opportunity prefer the more comfortable conditions of worldly prosperity; whether he will allow himself to be dominated by the meaner ambitions or the more splendid which are "wide as the kingdom of God".

The frank simplicity of Dr. King's writing is very attractive. There is no straining for effect and though his view-point may be perhaps too pronouncedly Christian for the Theosophical reader, the latter cannot but find pleasure in the broad humanitarianism which permeates the teachings and is so characteristic of this author.

A. E. A.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE is no break as yet in the dark cloud of War that lowers over Europe, lit up only with flashes that herald the bursting shells. From every side comes the grim news of unparalleled slaughter, and the ablest scientific brains in each country are dedicated to the one ghastly work of wrenching from Nature new ways of killing her children. Science, hailed forty years ago as man's greatest benefactor, has become his bitterest enemy, devising methods of torture ever more excruciating, ways of slaying ever further reaching, and causing agony more long drawn out. Science is the modern Tapas, and it forces Nature to obedience; as Rāvaṇa won boons from Mahāḍeva enabling him to triumph and to rule, so does grim intellect compel all natural forces to work at its command horrors undreamed-of in more ignorant days.



And what is the lesson that Humanity is to learn from this welter of horror and of death? Surely that Intellect unilluminated by Love must ultimately bring our race to naught. Many years ago it was that a Master warned the modern world that knowledge had outstripped conscience, and was undirected by morality. To those clear eyes, wise and compassionate, there was nothing admirable in the spectacle of turning knowledge to the service of competition, and of stimulating the brain while the heart was unfed. For human happiness and human misery lie in the right and wrong use of the emotions, and intellect will work as readily for the spreading of misery as for the spreading of joy. Knowledge and Love should walk hand-in-hand in evolution, for knowledge without love has no compass for its guiding, and love without knowledge may become a destroying torrent instead of a fertilising stream. Hence is Wisdom—the blending into one of Love and Knowledge—the highest achievement of the man who stands on the threshold of Immortality.

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The next step forward of the human race sets its foot on the path which ends in the Temple of Wisdom; and He who is Wisdom Incarnate shall lead the children of men into that path of peace and joy. How in those coming days which shall dawn as the clouds of War are scattered, shall we look back upon the terrors of these nights of sorrow, those days when the Dead shall be the Reborn, and the world shall have burst out into more splendid life, as the vine-stock cut back by the sharp pruning-knife of the gardener bears its splendid weight of purple fruit. The measure of her present grief shall

be the measure of her future joy, and brimming over as is the cup of her woe to-day shall be the over-flowing chalice of her bliss to-morrow. Crucified is she in her anguish upon Calvary, but splendid shall be the morn of her resurrection.

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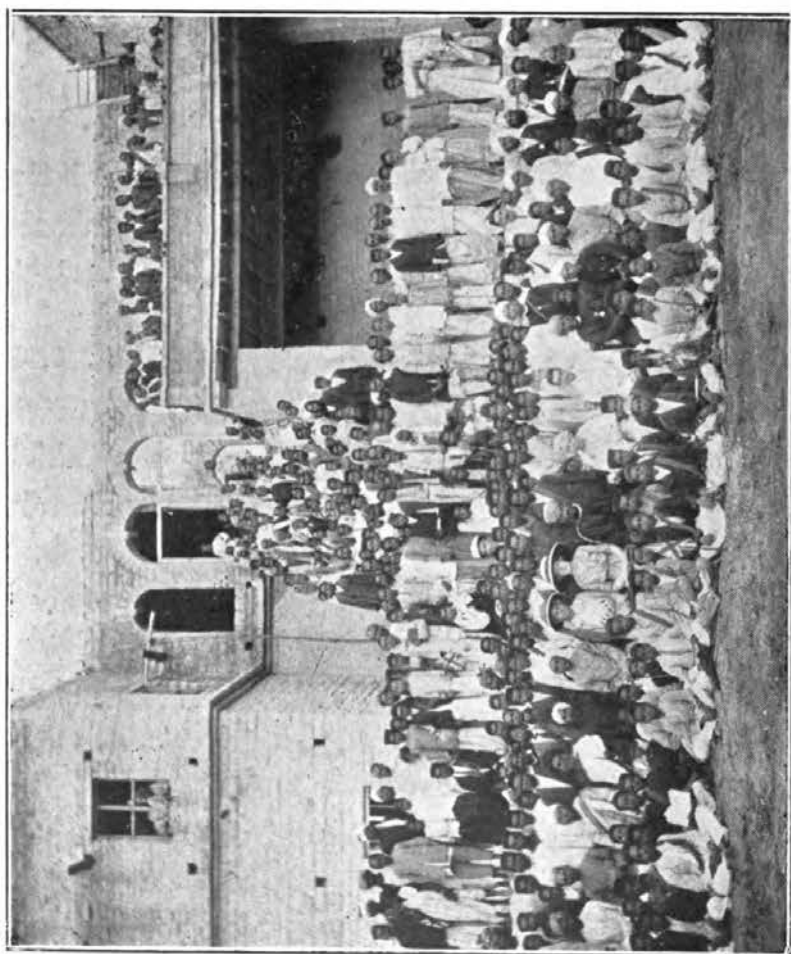
Alas for those, who in the present horror of great darkness that has fallen upon the world, cannot pierce it with the eye of either knowledge or intuition, and thus realise "the far-off heritage of tears". If, as the old Hindū taught, "the universe exists for the sake of the Self"—the Spirit—is the womb in which is maturing the mighty Man-Child who is the Self made manifest, God in human form, then all the slaughter of gallant lives in the splendour of their strong young manhood, all the life-agony of bounding youth confined in mutilated form, all the maimed bodies, armless, legless, eyeless, who have offered up all physical joy on the altar of the Country, and who come back from the altar mutilated but smiling, ruined in body but radiant in Spirit, knowing that highest and holiest sacrifice of ungrudging, nay joyful, renunciation of all that makes physical life a delight—then all these are seen as the shortening of evolution, the climbing straight up the mountain-side to the perfection of Divine Manhood instead of limping upwards by the long winding road that turns round and round on its way to the summit. These men have done the work of a dozen lives in one, and have risen far up the mountain-side by one splendid leap. But if it be otherwise, if this one life be all, if there be no permanent element in man fed by the sacrifice of the temporary—the hidden Deva, who grows by feeding on the mortal lives—if, as

a French materialist wrote, beauty and religion and morality are bye-products only of evolution, if patriotism and love and sacrifice are all heroic follies, then indeed is this War a tragedy, and the death of the noblest ensures the decadence of the Nation who bore them.

* * *

But if the other view be the true one, then will the sacrifice of these lift the whole Nation to a higher level of evolution, and set its face sunward. Britain and India, Australia and New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, France and Russia, Serbia and Italy, shall rise triumphant when this death-grapple is over, and shall lead the coming evolution of Humanity. It may be that the physical bodies of the children of these Nations may suffer somewhat from the early death of these trained young vigorous bodies, but that will be a passing loss, and may largely be made up by the training of the bodies of many who will come out of the War uninjured. Even under our eyes, the fruitage of a less awful sacrifice has been seen. The France of Napoleon III was decadent; he had poisoned her life-blood and prostituted her body. She passed through the agony of 1870, was defeated, drained of her treasure, shorn of part of her territory. It is said that that War has left its physical traces in the shortening of the stature of her manhood. It may be so, but how the Inner Life of France has grown! She was ever gallant, daring, courteous and chivalrous; now to these noble qualities she has added a patience, an endurance, a self-control, a discipline, that have set the world a-wondering. The anguish through which she passed in 1870 stopped her on the downward path that was

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Madanapalle Theosophical College.

leading her to the tomb, and wrought out her redemption, marvellous and splendid. This is she "who was dead and is alive again, who was lost and is found". No other such miracle has been wrought for thousands of years.

* * *

So we need not fear as we gaze on the battle-fields where noble lives are being poured out like water. It may be that there will be for a while some slight check in physical development, though I doubt it. For there has been evolving, as though in preparation for the holocaust and the renewing, an extraordinary vigour and robustness and stature and strength of Womanhood; all have noticed the change, though unwitting of its meaning. And these, be it remembered, are the Mothers of the coming race, with bodies finely developed and emotions raised and purified by anguish, and tempered by long drawn-out tension of anxiety for the best-beloved. These are they who have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and have seen the beloved go out into the Light while they have turned back to the darkened earth, reft of its gladness. These, the Martyred in Life—so much harder a martyrdom than that of the Martyred in Death—these are the consecrated Mothers of the coming Nations, on whom rest the peace and the blessing of the Most High.

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Coming down from the heights of Pisgah, from which is seen stretching out fair and sunlit, the promised land, let us glance at some of the small events nearer home. Here is a picture taken at the back of the new Madanapalle College, where the big staircase, running

upwards, gave convenient standing room for some of the crowd of boys. On my right hand is the Principal, Mr. C. S. Trilokekar; and I wonder if English friends will recognise in the figure on my left Mr. Ernest Wood, known well as a lecturer in England before he came over here to do such good service to the Theosophical Society and to India alike. If I can obtain some good photographs of the Madanapalle buildings, our readers will be able to see how much he has done in this one place. On his left is the Head Master, Mr. Giri Rau, whose long and patient work under most discouraging circumstances laid the foundations on which the present prosperity has been built. The two ladies on the Principal's right, are Miss Noble, a graduate of S. Andrew's College, Scotland, who came to us from South Africa, and is now Professor of English at the College, and Miss Horne, a very experienced teacher from New Zealand, who is taking English composition for her work among the lads.

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The general work in India, so far as Theosophy is concerned is going on well, and there is an ever-widening recognition of its value religiously and educationally. We have in the Society, of course, men of all shades of opinion, and we include many very orthodox Hindūs as well as many who shade off gradually into all intellectual forms of Free Thought; Social Reformers, Political Reformers are also with us. On these two last mentioned lines there are, of course, the widest differences of opinion, and, especially in India, the great lesson of tolerance is being strenuously taught to our members. If the T. S. can succeed

in forming a strong body of public opinion in favour of a real civic equality without regard to a man's religion ; if it can persuade the public that no form of religion should give a civic advantage, and no form of religion should entail a civic penalty ; then it would add another great service to its many services to India. A citizen should neither be rewarded nor be penalised because of his religious beliefs. Only thus can religion cease to be a cause of civic disturbance.

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We received, too late for this number, an interesting article from Mrs. Charles Kerr about Mr. C. W. Leadbeater and the Australian work. It will appear next month. She gives the most delightful account of his daily life and work, and of the extraordinary progress of the Theosophical Society in Australia under his inspiring and vitalising influence. In vain has a small and active band of conspirators in America, with offshoots in other countries, using all the well-known German methods of slander and bribery, circularised Australia, as they circularised India and other countries, against him. The Australian is a sturdy common-sense creature, with a strong and healthy contempt for all crawling underground methods, and he judges for himself. Christian missionaries in India made useful work here impossible for H. P. Blavatsky, so she left India and built up the Society in Europe ; the same persecuting agency made useful work here impossible for C. W. Leadbeater, so he also has left India, and Australia has the inspiration of his presence, with surprising results. The same persecutors, headed this time by the Bishop of Madras, have tried the same plan with me, but I declined to go

because my work lies here, whereas the work of the other two was needed elsewhere. Here in India I stay; here is my earthly home, till I die. H. P. Blavatsky sent part of her ashes hither; C. W. Leadbeater will, perhaps, do the same; for me, all my ashes will stay here, for my past is Indian, as theirs was not to the same extent, and, in life and in death, I am consecrate to the Motherland.



ELEMENTAL FORCES IN STRINDBERG'S PLAYS

By HELEN M. STARK

STRINDBERG, after Nietzsche, the greatest Dionysian spirit of the age, "found the hope, the promise, and even the joy of life in the powerful, cruel struggle of life": he attempted in his plays to vindicate the various lines of force which, emerging out of a whole life-time—or even, as in the case of Miss Julia, out of the family heredity—converge at the critical point in the play, and work according to their natures. Personified, these elemental forces would take rank with the Gods of the Greek tragedies, for the power and the design that lie behind evolution do intrude themselves upon the plans and schemes of men, and they are as implacable and as invincible as when recognised, deified and enthroned upon Mount Olympus.

It is in Strindberg's three ultra-naturalistic plays (*Miss Julia*, *The Father*, and *Creditors*) that we see in all its naked horror the punishment that follows Nature's broken law, a law which ever demands expression, growth, and greater freedom within the new-built forms. Nature is careless of the single life, but she carries her own life through type after type, ever to greater freedom and perfection. She is "red in tooth and claw," but she destroys that she may build better and find a fuller expression for herself in forms. At each stage in her long career of form-building she sets up a standard—"Conform to this or be destroyed," she says. This is the basis of our morality, a relative thing that varies according to the stage of our growth. Strindberg's recognition of these elemental forces is most apparent. "It is not enough to see what happens, we must know how it came to happen." Elsewhere he says: "The Naturalist has wiped out the idea of guilt; but he cannot wipe out the results of our actions—punishment, prison, or fear—for the simple reason that they still remain without regard for his verdict."

In the preface to *Miss Julia* Strindberg clearly states his theme. It is the tragedy of a woman who, disregarding the opportunities of birth in a fortunate class, fails even to meet the demands of decency in that class. Responding to her lowest hereditary possibilities, unbalanced, perverted, erotic, she accomplishes her own destruction. From the opening lines of the play we see symptoms of sex neurasthenia, of an over-ripe creative faculty, undisciplined, perhaps unrecognised. This, seeking an opportunity for expression, easily breaks the only restraint it has ever known, that of fear, and devastates her life. Miss Julia, failing to conform

to the law of her growth, turning back from the wholesome possibilities of transmuted passion that culture should bring, ends her career in a dishonoured death. Jean, up to the crucial point in the play, is her victim. She forces herself upon him, disregarding his hints as to impropriety, and even his very plain statements of what may be expected if she tempts him further.

This is a case almost, if not quite, unique in literature. It is clear that Jean will not suffer on account of this illicit connection, but his escape lies not, as usually in such affairs, in the greater freedom of men, but in Jean's own human status. He is a peasant, thrifty as a weed that grows in the mud; his environment is a befitting root-hold for the simpler human type. He is flowering into a fuller and more complex manhood, but he is too young a soul to be touched by degeneracy or perversion. Jean is on the way up. He knows this even as he knows that Miss Julia's real mistake lay in her descent to a class lower than her own. He says: "When upper class people demean themselves they become mean."

In *The Father*, it is the race-life acting through the mother that demands free expression and she does not scruple to grasp it even at a terrific cost. The father, who in the play is called merely "the Captain," is a material scientist who accepts the phenomena of a machine, the spectroscope, because he thinks he understands it, but rejects those of the human mind and soul because he has made no attempt to understand them. He is an egotist who is in addition an old-fashioned domestic tyrant, doling out the household money, demanding that a strict account be kept of it, and holding the fear of bankruptcy over the wife, yet, when

she asks about his own expenses, he replies: "That does not concern you."

There is much to indicate that the Captain has for years been developing paresis. He flies into rages, he suspects every one, he lives beneath the shadow of an evil premonition, he is losing his strength and his faith in himself. The successful, dominant egotist is the tyrant, the weak and unsuccessful one becomes the bitter and complaining pessimist. He describes himself as an unwanted child who came will-less into the world. His reminiscences of the early days of marriage betray the uxorious husband, a phase that is true to his type. First, he seeks to merge himself in the personality of the wife; later, devitalised, sated, he experiences the reaction which expresses itself as irritability and suspicion: he sees in the wife the cause of every failure. Men do not look upon women as natural enemies unless they, to quote from *Creditors*, "have been worshipping Venus a little too excessively".

But the real struggle, which has been going on for months when the play opens, is over the education of the daughter. In this matter the arrogance of the father is supreme. Discussing the child's education, Laura says:

Laura: "And the mother is to have no voice in the matter?"

Captain: "None whatever. She has sold her birthright by a legal transaction, and has surrendered her rights in return for the man's undertaking to take care of her and her children."

Laura: "Therefore she has no power over her child."

Captain: "No, none whatever."

He declares positively, defiantly: "I will do what I please with my own child," the natural and conclusive

reply of the race-mother being : "How do you know that she is your child?" The idea of fatherhood is of comparatively recent development in the race-consciousness. Man knew himself as a husband long before he knew himself as a father, and in primitive peoples the child took his descent from the maternal line. And ever in the last analysis, the rights, duties and privileges of a father can have no other basis than this, the mother's recognition and nomination of him as the father; whatever may be the legal, the conventional, the purely superficial arrangements of the age and country, it all comes back to this in essence. The honour and dignity of fatherhood is woman's to confer; the absolute seal of childbirth legitimacy is a mother's welcome; the unwanted child is Nature's bastard.

Laura lied to her husband, misled and deceived him, but the inevitable corollary of tyranny is deception; the bondswoman becomes the parasite; she who may not speak in the councils of her master becomes the trickster of the ante-chamber. Seek unduly to impose your thought and your will upon another, and in the degree of his strength, his ingenuity, and his subtlety will he frustrate your unlawful purpose. In reading this play it is well to remember that Strindberg, agreeing with Swedenborg, has said that there can be no true marriage between godless people. Strindberg adds: "In my plays I have written of the marriages of godless people."

Creditors is an investigation into the ways of a man with a maid, at least into two, and these surely the most harmful and unlawful of his ways. Strindberg's reputation as a relentless misogynist rests largely on this play, but it is an unsound foundation, since it is so

clear that Tekla, the woman of the play, is little more than a lay figure upon which in turn two men attempt to fit their masculine conceptions of what her relation to her husband and to the world should be. The one vital spark in Tekla is the commendable but rather feeble desire to live her own life. She is not a likable character, she seems to be cunning, selfish and vain, but tutelage such as produced her can achieve no other result. We know little of her as she really is. Our view of her is an indirect one, we see her as the two men see her, each blinded by his own prejudice in regard to woman. At Tekla's first marriage she "was a pretty little girl; a slate on which parents and governesses had made a few scrawls. . ." After marriage she is forced to deal with life in the only terms she knows, those taught her by her two husbands. Neither Gustav nor Adolph are personalities, they are types. They are "pure cultures" of a group of perfectly correlated mental and moral qualities; well constructed Frankensteins, psychologically correct, inhumanly horrible in their one-pointedness, in the logical completeness in which they develop each his own idiosyncrasy.

Gustav is an extreme example of that brutal type of masculinity that sees in woman only an under-developed man. "Have you ever looked at a naked woman. . .," he says, "a youth with over-developed breasts . . . a child that has shot up to full height and then stopped growing in other respects. What can you expect of such a creature?" He it is who boasts of having erased the few parental scrawls, and, instead, written upon the soul of Tekla whatever inscription suited his own mind. Animated by the jealous desire to be

revenged upon the woman who had escaped him, a condition quite characteristic of this type of man, Gustav attempts to arouse Tekla by speaking of his approaching marriage: "I have purposely picked out a young girl whom I can educate to suit myself, for the woman is man's child, and if she is not, he becomes hers and the world turns topsy-turvy." A more primitive man of Gustav's type would have murdered Tekla, for it is the man who believes that a woman may be possessed, that she is a slave or chattel and may be stolen from him, or by him from another man, who in jealous rage has recourse to uxoricide. Instead of this Gustav works by fiendish cunning upon the weakness of Adolph until he destroys him. To Tekla he says: "It has been my secret hope that disaster might overtake you," and he admits that he has planned to trap and ruin Tekla. "You do all this merely because I have hurt your vanity?" Gustav says: "Don't call that *merely*! You had better not go around hurting other people's vanity. They have no more sensitive spot than that."

Gustav displays the tyranny of the strong, hard, selfish man. Adolph's tyranny is that of the weak and sensual man. He is the uxorious husband who first idealises the wife, and seeks in her a master; later, exhausted and devitalised, the victim of suspicion and fear, he would use his weakness to enslave the wife. The end of such a man is easy to forecast. He shall perish miserably, ignominiously, smothered beneath the fallen petals of love's red rose. Adolph becomes contemptible in his supine feebleness and gullibility as we watch Gustav, the casual acquaintance of a week, play his infamous game of cat and mouse with him. With the diabolic skill of a vivisector he enters

the heart and mind of Adolph and plants his poison there; he reveals, defines and vivifies every dormant suspicion that disease and impotency had planted there. In the end we see, as in others of Strindberg's plays and stories, that these two men have been destroyed by inharmonious marital relations, but this has not been accomplished by Tekla's action in a personal or human capacity. She had the wit to recognise the serious danger of the condition, certainly not the strength or wisdom to correct it. In their ignorance and perverted egotism, these men attempted to thwart a law of human growth, but their heads beat against their own breasts. They failed to see in woman the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual, and they dashed themselves to pieces against the rising tide of an elemental force.

Strindberg was no misogynist; he needed woman too ardently to have been that. His demand for the feminine complement was imperative. A self-sufficient man survives the disappointment of a tragic failure in marriage, woman is only an incident in his life; but Strindberg knowing by intuition the possibilities of a true marriage, and desiring passionately to enter into it, sought among women endlessly, measuring, weighing and judging relentlessly. "I chide woman because I love her so well," he said. Though these plays deal in the frankest manner with the facts of physical life, none who read them can doubt that they were written by the impelling force of a great idea, and not for the purposes of frivolous or prurient entertainment. They differ from the popular play of amorous escapade and half expressed indecency, as a cold mountain torrent differs from a fetid pool iridescent with the

phosphorescence of decay. Strindberg's plays do not present that play-time of passion, the dalliance hour of sex, but depict with an awful completeness the inferno of those who degrade and misuse its power. Strindberg is misunderstood by many—even sometimes by himself in uninspired moments—because all his work is so deeply coloured by his own personality. He formulated a law of human growth, and embodied it in a detail of personal history. We see in Strindberg a chapter in the history of the soul-development of a prophet. It is the stage in which the light of great genius is dimmed by rebellion, bitterness and ill-adjustment, but these are the first dark steps upon the path that leads to the mount of Wisdom, and the crown of Compassion.

Helen M. Stark

IDEALISM

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

[An Address given at one of the Sunday morning meetings at the Theosophical Society's Headquarters in London. The Address was preceded by the reading of the first chapter of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's little book, *In His Name*.]

I HAVE read you this morning a very beautiful piece of writing. But it is also one which, being highly pregnant with meaning, is somewhat difficult, perhaps, to understand at first hearing. I wish, therefore, in the few minutes at my disposal, to try to explain a little of what this chapter seems to me to mean.

You will remember that the little book from which it was taken is addressed to an aspirant for discipleship, and that this aspirant is spoken of as already occupying a kind of middle ground between the ordinary life of the world and that of the pledged servant of the Master; you will recollect, moreover, that the name given to this intermediate stage was that of "Idealism". The would-be disciple is already an "Idealist".

It is the meaning of these words, as they are presented in this chapter, that I wish to study this morning.

If we were asked which is the more real, what a thing *is*, or what we think about that thing, we should probably say the former. And ordinarily we should be

right. When we speak of the sun "rising" in the morning, for example, we need only be a little instructed to realise that this motion of the sun is only apparent, and that the real motion observed is that of the earth. Here our thought is less "real" than the fact of the case. But there is a certain type of thought which is more real than fact: and this type of thought we speak of as an "ideal".

What do we mean by the word "ideal" in this sense? A complete answer to this question would need many volumes; but I think that we shall be safe in saying that, in every use of the word "ideal," as representing a higher reality than that of fact, there is a certain great world-theory involved; the theory, namely, that what are called ideas are, in the order of creation, prior to, and so more real than, phenomena: in other words, that the creative impulse of God, which brought the worlds into being, passed, as it descended into matter, first through the plane of Ideas or Archetypes, and only afterwards reached this lower world of physical things. The theory would maintain, therefore, that all forms and objects in this latter world are merely imperfect copies, or embodiments, of those archetypal Ideas, or Ideals; and that, in this sense, the Ideal is literally more real than so-called facts.¹

The person who perceives this superior reality is the "Idealist". And this is what was meant by that word, in the present chapter, when it was said: "For an Idealist, material forms exist only to body forth Ideas."

¹ The reader will, of course, recognise in this the famous Platonic theory of Ideas, the parent of all western Idealism. In the great controversy between the Nominalists and the Realists, which divided the thought of the Middle Ages, the Realists were those who maintained the view of the substantial reality of Ideas.

Idealism is thus, from this point of view, a truer form of thought; and it is in this sense that it may be thought of as an intermediate stage between the thought of the ordinary world and that of the real world of the Masters; for the Idealist is one who is beginning to see, through the outer form, the deeper truth and life of which the form is only an imperfect copy or representation. And the student will see that this is one way, at least, of expressing Viveka, the first of the specific qualifications for discipleship.

But the Idealist is the truer thinker in another, and very important, sense. For it will be seen that he is doing, in his thought, exactly what the evolutionary process itself is doing. He is not only going *back*, through the copy, to the original; he is also going *forward* to that which, in the course of time, is to be.

All evolution consists in the revealing of God's thought in and through matter. Thus, as a man evolves, more and more of the Ideal Man shows through him; more and more (as an Idealist would say) of the Idea, of which the outer man is the expression, finds embodiment and articulation in him.

To idealise, therefore, is to think along the lines of natural growth, to see the flower in the seed.

In the sense, then, that every moment in growth negates all moments that have gone before by the asserting of a fuller reality, the Idealist is here again the truer thinker. And it is, perhaps, particularly easy to see, from this point of view, why, in the judgment of the writer of this little book, Idealism stands as an intermediate stage between the life of the world and the life of the disciple.

The reason is that the disciple is the apprentice World-Helper ; and the whole work of world-helping consists in smoothing the way for, and bringing nearer, that which each thing in nature is destined to become ; in other words, in drawing the future of things into their present. We can see this readily in respect of every kind of self-improvement ; for, clearly, all effort at a higher way of living and thinking is the affirmation of the truth of what we shall be against the inferior reality of what we are at the moment. We assert the future against the present. And so it is with the helping of the world also. The Idealist is, by virtue of his Idealism, the embryo World-Helper, simply because his mode of thought represents one of the essential pre-conditions of such helping. By passing out of the thought which builds upon the present to the thought which builds upon the future, he has already set himself on the side of Those whose whole purpose and function presupposes this changed outlook.

What, then, does he need in order to become the accredited World-Helper, to pass out of the intermediate stage which he occupies into the stage of actual discipleship ?

This little book tells us.

Although, we are told, we must continually dream of the higher, yet "we must be true in our measurements of the lower". We must be Idealists, but we must base our Idealism on facts.

What does this mean ?

The secret of it is, I think, contained in the thought of a few moments ago : That Idealism is, from one point of view, a thinking along the natural lines of growth.

We have to recognise that, although the ideal be a higher thing, in one sense, than the fact, yet that an ideal can only be approached *via* facts, and, further, that the two terms, if we examine them, are fluid, and melt readily the one into the other. Thus, that which to-day we look upon as a fact was yesterday an ideal. That which to-day we regard as an ideal will, we hope, to-morrow become a fact. The whole of History, indeed, consists in the melting of ideals into facts, and the careful thinker will have no difficulty in seeing, therefore, that—taking the evolutionary process as a whole—we can no more disregard the passing fact than we can disregard the ultimate ideal. The two are inseparable, and truth in thought will thus consist in seeing not merely the goal at the end of the journey, *but every step of the road which leads up to it.*

This is the higher stage of Idealism, which belongs to the world of discipleship and of the Masters.

The uninstructed Idealist, not yet ready for discipleship, will be tempted to see only the goal and to ignore the steps between; and so he becomes the impatient dreamer, the visionary, the sentimentalist, and fails to be of much practical use to the world. It is true, of course, that it is in many ways better to be a man of ideals and to disregard facts, than to be a man of facts only and to disregard ideals. But best of all it is to be both: to see the ideal, and to recognise it as the real, and yet to recognise, and allow for, every step on the way to it. That is the third stage, according to my reading of this chapter, which, in the opinion of the writer, brings the Idealist right into the real World-Service and makes him a disciple.

We shall see this more clearly if we try to think, for a moment, how necessary is this dual vision. Think how it would fare with us, for example, with all our imperfections, if those great Ones, to whom we look for help, were to see only the goal and not the necessary steps which lead to it! We cannot but assume that Their vision extends to heights of growth and unfolding far beyond anything that our loftiest imagination can reach; or that our highest "Ideals" are far below the level of Their "facts". Ill, therefore, would it fare with us if the long evolutionary process of the transmuting of ideals into facts—which is the evolutionary path before us—were not recognised by Them as necessary. The help we crave is that which will enable us to take the several steps as they come; we know full well that we cannot leap to the goal.

And it is Theirs, by virtue of Their office as World-Helpers, to accede to this demand: to give us the next truth that we need, to help us over the next difficulty, to wed the acceptance of our lower facts to the higher wisdom of Their ideals.

This, then, is the task of the true Idealist: to realise both facts and ideals, means and ends, at once. In the words of the writer: "The Disciple must live consciously in two worlds all the time."

It is his task, and it is also his burden; and it is perhaps because the burden is so heavy, that this stage is seen as a higher stage than the other. For it is easy to dream dreams of perfection. It is very difficult to follow out patiently, one by one, the steps by which perfection is to be attained.

Perhaps there is only one thing that can make such a dual vision easy, and that is love; for it is the peculiar

mark of love that imperfections do not chill it but rather inflame it. And, viewed in this way, the highest Idealism and the truest thought work out as vision informed by love. To think lovingly is to think truly. To love is to see the ideal through the fact. To combine the fact with the ideal is the practical work of love.

The disciple is thus the one who, while holding to the ideal, can love the actual. And this is the third stage, in which the two former are gathered up.

That to think lovingly is to think truly, is not a new doctrine. It is one which has always been taught. But I do not think that the basic, the *ultima ratio* of it, has often been more strikingly or more beautifully expressed than in the concluding words of the chapter that I have read.

Loving thought is true thought, because Love is the expression of Unity, and Unity is the final, the basic truth of all. The doctrine of an ultimate Unity has often been expressed as an abstract philosophical formula. The striking feature about the concluding words of this chapter is that they express the Unity not as a dead philosophical abstraction, but in terms which make it leap and vibrate with life :

“ There is in the Cosmos but One Person, and we live but to discover Him.¹

“ He is yourself, for you are an expression of Him. But you cannot see Him as He is; His light would blind you and make you dumb. That is why for love of you He moderates His light, and looks at you through the faces of those you love; you love them for His

¹ I have always considered this sentence one of the most impressive single sentences with which I am acquainted.—E. A. W.

beauty in them. He helps you to discover the lovable in them that you may know of His love for you.

“More of Himself He shows in those castles you build in your ideal moods ; more still of Himself He will show you in your Master. That is why as you grow in Idealism you shall always find your Master, for the Master it is who will guide you out of the unreal world into the real.”

E. A. Wodehouse

ON A ROCK-BOUND COAST

O wind-swept Silences !
In age-long rest
Ye seem to brood apart, inviolate,
The fretted life of man
Your passing guest
While of some guarded realm ye stand, the Gate.

O Majesties, rock-throned
In palaces
Built by Time's lean myrmidons of years
That knew no resting-place ;
Your solaces
Succour and save those whom Life's terror sears.

O Presences, revealed
Within the shrine
Of amethyst and lazuli and pearl
Lit by all Heaven's lamps,
Whose thurifers entwine
Gold chains of stars whereon night's censers twirl.

O Mighty Hands of God,
Artificer
Of sea-bound shores remote and desolate,
Man feels Your moulding too
And, if he err,
Knows YOU outstretched to clasp him soon or late.

E. M. G.



THE POET VILLIPUTTŪRĀR

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

IT will be acknowledged by every student of Tamil literary history that a good deal of attention was bestowed by the ancient and mediæval poets on the translation and popularising of the classical works of Samskrit in the Tamil land; and in almost every treatise the translation has been so skilful and so ingenious that it has ceased to be a mere translation, and risen to the

dignity of an original classic. But of the numerous examples of such achievements, two will always remain, as they have hitherto remained, in the minds of scholars, the very acme of literary triumph. These are the *Rāmāyaṇa* of Kamba and the *Mahābhārata* of Villiputtūrār. Kamba was perhaps a greater genius, but in depicting character, in describing scenery, in the delineation of pathos, in exuberance of fancy, Villiputtūrār is not inferior to the great translator of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. As a scholar he was perhaps even superior. The *Rāmāyaṇa* is like a natural and magnificent stream, noisy and voluminous, with full floods and surging waters; while the *Mahābhārata* is like a beautiful but artificial water-course, calm, smooth, easy-flowing and picturesque. The one dazzles us, excites our admiration; the other charms us, pleases us. In the one we find the impulsive brilliance of a genius, in the other the classic dignity of a man of culture. Both were ideal translators and successful restorers of Samskrit influence in the Tamil land and in the Tamil language; but while Kamba owed his extraordinary powers to his natural genius, Villiputtūrār seems to have acquired them by his application.

As in the case of the majority of Tamil worthies, we are unable to say when exactly Villiputtūrār lived; but a number of evidences, internal and external, enable us to arrive at an approximate estimation of his time. In my article on the Iraṭṭayar, I have pointed out how Villiputtūrār was their contemporary, on the one hand, and of Aruṇagirinātha on the other; and how, as the twin-poets lived in the time of Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbava Rāya (1337-60) and Aruṇagirinātha in the time of Praudha Deva Rāya II (1422-49), all these writers should be

attributed to the period between 1350 and 1430 ; and I showed how this conclusion was confirmed by the fact that Kālamēhappulavar, who was a personal acquaintance of the Iraṭṭayar, had for his patron Tirumal Rāya, the son of Sāluva Goppa, the Viceroy of North Arcot, about 1430. It will be concluded from this that Villiputtūrār belonged approximately to the same period. He had, like the Iraṭṭayar, the Chief of Vakkapāhai for his patron, though curiously enough he does not mention them at all. He was, however, a rival and afterwards the admirer of Aruṇagirinātha ; but he does not make any definite reference either to Sambandha Āṇḍān or to Kālamēhappulavar who, as we have seen from other sources, belonged to the same age. It is this almost complete absence of mutual references among these writers that makes the dates of their existence problems and themes of controversy. In the case of Villiputtūrār, particularly, we should be interested to know the details of his life ; whether, for instance, he was younger—as he probably was—than the Iraṭṭayar and, if so, how much younger ; whether he lived after the death of Aruṇagirinātha or not ; whether he ever met Kālamēha at all ; and so on. But the desire will probably remain eternally unrealised. The late Pandit Satakopa-Ramanujachariar says that one of the contemporary chiefs of Villiputtūrār was a certain Vīra-Pāṇḍya ; but a reference to epigraphy shows that, between 1360 and 1500, there were a number of Vīra-Pāṇḍyas. Mr. Sewell points out,¹ from a Ramnād inscription, that a Vīra-Pāṇḍya ruled about 1383. Dr. Caldwell² mentions two

¹Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, 302. The inscription is in the Tiruttarakōsamāṅgai temple, 8 miles S. W. of Ramnad. It is dated S. 1305, *Rudhirōtkāri*.

²See his *Tinnevelly*. From two inscriptions at Shri-Vaikunṭham in Tinnevelly and from *Mack. MSS.*

Vīra-Pāṇḍyas as having respectively ruled in 1437 and 1475-90, while Dr. Kielhorn mentions¹ a Vīra-Pāṇḍya Māravarma whose inscriptions are found at Teṅkāsi, Kālayār-Koil and Tiruvāḍi, who came to the throne, according to his calculation, between March and July, 1443, and ruled at least till 1457, and who was the contemporary of the celebrated Arikēsari Parākrama² (1422-65) of the Teṅkāsi dynasty. It is difficult to say which of these Vīra-Pāṇḍyas was the contemporary of the poet, though the sovereign that ruled about 1383 is the most probable person. It will now be clear that all that we can definitely say about the date of the poet is that, like his famous contemporaries, he lived between 1360 and 1450. A more exact demarcation is possible only with the discovery of further materials.

Villiputtūrār was a native of the Magadai Nāḍu or "the middle country" of tradition, practically identical with the northern part of the Trichinopoly and the southern part of South Arcot districts. His father was a Vaishṇava Brāhmaṇa of the name of Vīra Rāghava. Early in life, Villiputtūrār, it is said, established a name as an all-round scholar and a genuine poet, capable of singing all the five types of poetry with equal felicity. For some unknown reason he left, in course of time, his native village,³ and settled at a place called Saniyūr in the same district. To his great grief, the eminent scholar saw very many unripe

¹ *Ep. Ind.* vii. See also *Indian Antiquary*, February 1914, p. 35, where I have summarised all the epigraphical discoveries regarding the Pāṇḍyan dynasty.

² *Ibid.*, 35-6.

³ According to the *Tamil Ency.* he was born in this place. Still another version is that he was a native of Shrivilliputtūr which, I think, is incorrect and based on a wrong interpretation of his name. Mr. Purnalingam Pillai says that Panayūr has also been said to be the poet's birthplace, but I am not aware of any such tradition.

scholars and giftless versifiers posing as great literary luminaries, and wandering unchallenged and in haughty insolence throughout the country. Inspired by the desire to exterminate this odious race and to purify literature, he undertook, on his own initiative, a severe, if not terrifying form of censorship. Going on a tour to different places, he used to engage scholars in controversy and punish the defeated by depriving them of an ear. In the course of this cruel pilgrimage he came to Conjiveram, where he met a Vaishṇava scholar of the name of Anantabhaṭṭa, and challenged him to a disputation. The two scholars then prepared themselves for a tough battle. Each of them held a sharp instrument attached to the other's ear so that the least hesitation on the part of one to explain the poetic utterance of the other might be promptly chastised by mutilation. In this attitude they tried each other. Anantabhaṭṭa was eventually defeated, and was about to be chastised in accordance with the agreement when, it is said, he cleverly pointed out to his victorious opponent that, in trying to cut off the *ear* of an Ananta, an earless being, he was making an impossible attempt. The astute scholar meant that Ananta (*i.e.*, the serpent) had no ear and that the attempt to cut off a thing which did not exist was a feat open to ridicule. Villiputtūrār, it is said, was satisfied by the timely pun, and chivalrously left the vanquished uninjured.

Villiputtūrār then came to Tiruvaṅṅāmalai, where he is said to have engaged the celebrated Aruṅagirinātha in similar controversy. This time, the proud and insolent scholar was about to be made the victim of his own vow. For, while Aruṅagirinātha composed a series of alliterative verses on Skandha and asked his

opponent to explain them the moment each of them was uttered, Villiputtūrār was puzzled in regard to the 55th verse and asked for it a second time. The astute Shaiva scholar pointed out that that was not a term of their mutual agreement; and Villiputtūrār, unable to answer, had to yield himself to punishment. But the noble generosity of the victor, we are informed, saved the shame of the victim and, we may add, the honour of the scholastic world in general. For he waived the right of taking away Villiputtūrār's ear on exacting a promise from him to the effect that he would assume the same attitude towards his vanquished opponents in future. Villiputtūrār, for his part, showed his gratitude and his reverence by staying to completely hear the poem and compose the commentary on it.

After his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirinātha, Villiputtūrār went to the courts of various princes, and showed his scholarly skill, receiving ample riches in reward. With these he returned to Saniyūr and led there a calm and quiet life of ease and honour. While so engaged, the King of the Magadai Nāḍu, Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān,¹ who, as we have already seen, was a great patron of literature, approached Villiputtūrār with the request that he should give an enduring name to the country of their birth by translating the *Mahābhārata* into Tamil verse. A great scholar both in Tamil and in Samskrit, Villiputtūrār readily undertook the task, and completed it in a monumental poem of 6,000 stanzas. The most remarkable feature of this truly grand epic is the unusual extent to which the mixture of Samskrit and Tamil vocabulary has been

¹ The *Tam. Ency.* calls him the King of Vakkapāhai Nāḍu, and says that he belonged to the Koṅgu line, and that he was called Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān Chēran.

carried. In no other Tamil poet do we find such a large number of Tamilised Samskrit words. Not only in the number of such words but in the remarkable skill with which they have been transformed, amended, or altered, so as to suit Tamil grammar and Tamil harmony, Villiputtūrār has no rival. In the history of the languages of South India, of the relation between Samskrit and Tamil, therefore, he will always occupy a foremost place. He has proved in an unmistakable manner that the Samskritisation of Tamil is essentially for the good of the latter, that the holy tongue imparts to the other a dignity and a rhythm which it can otherwise hardly possess. As regards the poem itself, the unique merit of which has reaped the reward of immortality, it is enough to mention that it is not merely a translation, but a condensation, of the *Mahābhārata*. It is therefore a more proportionate, symmetrical and artistic production than the original, so much so that by itself it seems to be an original work. From one standpoint it is an amplification; for it is an expansion of the old classic, the *Mahābhārata* of Perundēvanār. From another standpoint it was itself a condensation, a condensation not of the Samskrit *Mahābhārata* alone, but from the 18th century onward of a more extensive and complete Tamil work by Nallā-Pillai¹ of Madalampēḍu.

A number of anecdotes are current in the country as to the immediate circumstances under which Villiputtūrār performed his work. One story is that while engaged in disputation with Aruṇagirinātha he, in his fanatical orthodoxy,² refused to see his opponent in

¹ I hope to give an account of this writer later on in THE THEOSOPHIST.

² Satagopa Ramanujachariar; *Tam. Ency.* does not mention it.

person as he was a Shaivite; that the latter in consequence cursed him to become blind; and that Villiputtūrār composed the *Mahābhārata* as a propitiatory offering to the Lord for the recovery of his sight. Another story is that, while coming from an extensive pilgrimage, he happened to go by way of Kālahasti;¹ that, reluctant to even look at the hill of Shiva, he avoided its sight by using his umbrella as the screen; that in consequence he was struck blind; and that, at the instance of Aruṇagirinātha, he sang this poem with the object of recovering his sight. A third story says that Villiputtūrār was a greedy miser who refused to give his brother his share of ancestral property; that the latter brought the fact before the King's notice; that the King, aware of the poet's weakness, made him compose the *Mahābhārata* with a view to teach him an indirect lesson, and that he gained his object; for when Villiputtūrār completed his work and was expounding that part of it which related to Duryōdhana's refusal to give a share to the Pāṇḍavas on the occasion of Shri Krishṇa's embassy (Udyōga Parva), his brother came to the learned audience and taunted Villiputtūrār, in their presence, with his own behaviour. The poet had to save himself from disgrace by the observance of greater equity towards his brother. A fourth version says that Villiputtūrār and his brother were very great friends, that the well-directed efforts of the King to induce Villiputtūrār to come to his court and sing the *Mahābhārata* failed, and that he sent an old woman, as much advanced in diplomacy as in age, who managed to make herself a servant or member of the family,

¹ *Tam. Ency.* says that it took place in Tiruvaṇṇāmalai immediately after his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirinātha.

cleverly set intrigue afoot, and caused a misunderstanding, through the women, between the brothers, as a result of which Villiputtūrār parted with his brother, and came to the court. The King, of course, then managed to gain his object. Still another version gives a commercial ground for the whole undertaking. It is to the effect that Villiputtūrār was a debtor to Varapati; that the latter agreed to receive, in place of money, a translation of the *Mahābhārata*, each stanza carrying a certain value; that Villiputtūrār composed the whole work, but finding the king miserly in his calculations, vindictively tore away the latter portion of his MS., saying that the remaining part would, even by a most vigorous calculation, more than cover the debt.

It is difficult to say how far these versions are true, and how far they are myths. The first two of them trace the necessity to write on the part of the poet to his alleged fanaticism, the third to his greed, the next to his domestic unhappiness, and the last to his poverty. Unfortunately we possess no materials regarding the life of the great poet which enable us to make a definite pronouncement about his religious prejudices or his worldly prospects, his spiritual ideals or his material resources. But from the fact that his name is always combined, in a manner of course not favourable, with Aruṇagirinātha's, and from the scrupulous toleration which pervades the poem, many are evidently inclined to believe in the earlier rigidity and the later toleration of the great scholar-poet. As regards the story of his domestic unhappiness, it is impossible to say anything definite; but it *seems* that the poet was not endowed with the virtues and merits requisite in the responsible head of

a joint family. Indeed, he seems to have loved his books better than his people, and sacrificed affection at the altar of scholarship. A curious and, many will think, an incredible story gives an insight into this aspect of his character, into the extreme censoriousness he displayed in literary matters at the expense of his own paternal affection. The story concerns his son Varadāchārya, the well-known Varandaruvār of Tamil literature, who wrote a preface of twenty-five verses to his father's classic work, which remains to-day one of the biographical materials of the poet. While Varadāchārya was a boy and learning under his father's tuition, he displayed so much originality and independence, it is said, that the father mistook it for impertinence, and asked him not to darken his doors again by his presence! The sensitive boy resorted to another less illustrious, but more tolerant, teacher, and under his guidance, rose to the distinction of a sound scholar. Later on, while Villiputtūrār was first rehearsing his poem before a learned audience for the stamp of public approval and the audience expressed dissatisfaction at his omission of a verse of prayer to Vināyaka Deva—the poet's orthodoxy had avoided Vināyaka and invoked the Lord's grace in a broad and unsectarian manner—Varadāchārya, who was present on the occasion, rescued his father from embarrassment by composing a verse on the spot, and saying, with excusable effrontery, that his father had already composed it, and that he had not mentioned it as, in his opinion, a verse of a more cosmopolitan spirit would suit better a mixed audience like the one before him! The poet, we may be sure, was ashamed of the way in which he was rescued, but his gratitude welcomed back again his long-lost son to his

home. The whole incident illustrates perhaps the grim seriousness of the scholar which defied every natural feeling. However it might be, I think we can hardly put much faith in the theory that Villiputtūrār was a debtor and that he composed the poem in lieu of discharging the debt. We can hardly believe that the King was a creditor to one of his subjects in the position of Villiputtūrār, nor can we believe that he was so very particular and miserly in his dealings. The story is perhaps an invention purporting to give a rational explanation for the incomplete nature of Villiputtūrār's work.

Nothing is known of the later life of Villiputtūrār. It is believed by some that he renounced the world, left the court of Varapati, and spent his days in devotion and meditation at Shrīraṅgam. But as such a retired and secluded life is assigned by others to the period previous to his distinguished career in the Koṅgu court, we are unable to say whether he renounced the world in the last days of his life; it is very probable that he did.

V. Rangachari

THE HOLY GHOST OR THE PARACLETE

By A. GOVINDACHARYA SVAMIN, C.E., M.R.A.S.

(*Concluded from p. 486*)

IT is thus that Jesus Christ's utterances, such as "I am in my Father," "I and my Father are one," have to be understood. So understood, it is possible to bring about a reconciliation between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism. In Hindūism, God is manifest in five ways, of which Anṭaryāmin or the Inner Guide, Avaṭāra or Incarnation, and Archā the worshipable Form, are three. The Inner Guide, Anṭaryāmin, has three forms;—one already indwelling in the soul, which corresponds to the idea of the Holy Ghost being the active Divine Principle in nature (Saṭṭādhāraka); the second the Holy Ghost re-entering the soul (Anupravesha) corresponding to such passages as *Acts*, ii, 1-4, "And suddenly there came a sound," etc., "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," etc.; and a third form, (*i.e.*, Anṭaryāmin) having a beatific presence of its own kind, and bursting before the mental gaze of the contemplating devotee—a Divine Epiphany, so to say. The Avaṭāra, or Incarnation, is a most essential and vital doctrine of Hindūism as well as of Christianity. Without it Hindūism is not Hindūism. The Avaṭāra is Spirit Incarnate, or the

Word become Flesh. Hence such passages as: "Nārāyaṇa took flesh as Rāma," and the eternal Word "Veḍa put on Rāmāyaṇa as its garb," *i.e.*, Rāma is the eternal principle of Holiness appearing as a Persona or Person; and the whole *Rāmāyaṇa* is the story of Sītā, Shrī, or Christ, *i.e.*, the story of how Grace operates on mankind to save it; how love can sacrifice and suffer. Without love there is no sacrifice. Sacrifice is by suffering. The key therefore of suffering is love, and the key of love is suffering. I shall revert to this later.

In the preceding paragraph the word "Nārāyaṇa" has occurred. It will be interesting to Christians to know that the etymological meaning of this word "Nārāyaṇa" is "He who rests on waters," Nārā, meaning water, corresponding with *Genesis*, i, 2, that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters". "Waters" in the Vedānta signifies the material stuff of creation—which is thus the plastic or passive stuff over which and in which Spirit, or the active principle, works, according to the Vedīc passage: "As the spider spins out of itself, so the Spirit brings forth the material out of itself." Hence the question: Whence came the materials of creation? and the Indian Sages answered:

He, Spirit, created the waters [material stuff] out of Itself [out of its own substance], and placed Its seed therein. Until a resisting medium is improvised, no force can manifest.

In the second sense conveyed in these passages, the Greek notion of God is made manifest, to which, if the Latin or Roman notion of God, as evident in *Genesis*, i, 2, (quoted above), be joined, the whole sense etymologically imported by the word "Nārāyaṇa" is brought out, giving a sense for the Godhead as both

out of and in Nature. Hence the Upaniṣhaṭ passage : “ Nārāyaṇa pervades all, both in and outside,” *i.e.*, He is the full Divine Principle, intra- as well as extra-cosmically pervading. This Nārāyaṇa is thus the Cosmos-sustaining (*saṭṭādhāraka*) Principle with which is coupled Grace, which is Shrī, Christ—in other words, Love. Prajāpati, or the Lord of Creation, acting by the medium of Vāch, or the Sacred Word, as occurring in the *R̥gveda* conveys the same Shrī-Nārāyaṇa sense. Grace is thus an inalienable principle, property, or auspicious attribute, ever dwelling with the Divine Principle; it is also Divinity in the abstract manifested in the concrete, figuratively the “Word made flesh” (*John*, i, 14).

Viewed in another way, Divinity is made up of a Father and a Mother Principle, one yet twain. Shrī or Christ, is the Mother-Love sent into the world, for according to *John*, iii, 16, “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son” to save it. “Bride” in the place of “Son” answers equally well. The Nārāyaṇa idea and the Bride-, Grace- or Love-idea are both evident in I. *John*, iv, 16: “God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.” The idea of Father and Son, and the latter begotten of the Father for the salvation of souls, is an ancient one. For example, *Mahābhārata*, Udyoga-parva 48, tells us that the One Existence split Itself into two, Nārāyaṇa and Nara: and in Baḍarī-Nārāyaṇ, in the Himālayas Nārāyaṇa becomes the Teacher, and Naran the Disciple. The idea of sacrifice (or crucifixion) of the Son is evident from the Puruṣha-Sūkṭa hymn (*R̥gveda*, x, 90).

The third way in which God manifests Himself to His devotees is through symbols or consecrated Images (Archā). The conception of God's Presence in Images will appeal to the intelligence of Christians, if they will ponder over the facts of consubstantiation and transubstantiation in their Scriptures. Consubstantiation means the union in one substance, *i.e.*, the substantial presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the bread and wine, in what is appropriately called the Eucharist, for Charis, as I have already shown, is Grace, or Shrī. And transubstantiation means conversion of one substance into another; hence the substantial change of the Eucharistic bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. With regard to the Holy Images, both these theories are advanced in Hindū Scriptures. The Image, or symbol, is praṭīka, or the material base, in which the Spirit is present as consubstantiate, or the material of the Image itself is transformed into what may be called a spiritual substance as in transubstantiation. The Image is the kernel of the Church; it is a representation of it. As the Holy Ghost dwells in the Church, so does the Spirit dwell in the Image.

There are, above all these, three divine manifestations, or hypostates, as they are called, the medium, *Āchārya*, or the Saviour, of whom God makes use. This is the real Epiphany, inasmuch as the foregoing manifestations, which are of a theophanous character, are direct, whereas a vehicle is employed in the *Āchārya* form. In what way this is distinguished from the rest, and how efficiently and effectively the work of Salvation is effected by its means, is exhaustively treated in the spiritual work I have already mentioned, *viz.*, the *Shrī-Vāchana-Bhūṣhaṇa*.

Now the idea of Holy Ghost as Comforter has also its primal parallel in the Vedānta system, in the expression, Hārḍa-puruṣha. (See *Brahma-Sūtra*, IV, ii, 16.) Hārḍa is also Love-Grace corresponding with I. *John*, iv, 16, already quoted.

Now from the beginning when God's Breath was infused into man till that day when Christ says: "Ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you" (*John*, xiv, 20), we note the steady progress of the soul from its rudiments into a full-blown entity, divine-like, marking the course of evolution and its consummation. The universe is God's field (kṣhetra) as the *Bhagavad-Gītā* puts it; and God is the tiller (karṣhaka); and the harvest is His, *viz.*, the crop of souls saved. The reaping is the reaping of the fruit of evolution. All the processes of culture indicate the hand of Providence in various manifestations as set forth above—these processes partaking of both the remedial and redemptive character.

Whether God satisfies the Unitarian ideal or the Trinitarian ideal matters not, so long as the principle of Salvation, or Grace is admitted. This principle may be personified as Mother, Son, Bride, or as a Vine to the Husbandman (*John*, xv, 1)—that matters not. The recognition of this principle, in whatever outward garb it is vested, is the important thing. According to I. *Corinthians*, i, 24, Christ is also the "power of God and the wisdom of God," *i.e.*, the Word, Vāk, Shrī, as already shown. (Also see *Proverbs* about "Wisdom".)

As to such a principle in existence in nature and its mediational character, Butler says in his *Analogy*¹:

We find all living creatures are brought into the world and their infancy is preserved by the instrumentality of

¹ See *Ṭaittirīya-Brāhmaṇa* quoted later on.

others, and every satisfaction of it, some way or other, is bestowed by the like means; so that the visible Government, which God exercises over the world is by the instrumentality and mediation of others. And how far His invisible Government be or be not so, it is impossible to determine at all by reason. There is then no sort of objection, from the light of nature, against the general notion of a mediator between God and man.

From the very dawn of Hindū religion, the fundamental idea of Hindūism has been sacrifice, which has taken ever so many forms. Shrī sacrificing herself, prompted by Mother-Love and Grace, as told in the *Rāmāyana*, and Bhīṣhma's prolonged suffering or crucifixion upon the bed of arrows, as told in the *Mahābhārata*, cannot have a better parallel than the tragic sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, both illustrating the principle of vicarious suffering and vicarious redemption—the function assigned to the Holy Ghost for all time to come. This Paracletic Principle also appears as Shraḍḍhā, or Faith, in man, personified as Shrī, the Mother of Kāma, or aspiration in man (*Kāmavaṭṣā*, *Tāittirīya-Brāhmaṇa*, iii, 12-13).

As there is no finality of opinion in the respect of the nature of God, the nature of the soul, of immortality and after-death conditions, etc., so no final word can be said about the nature of mediation, which involves atonement, sacrifice, suffering, love. We can only rest our beliefs on probabilities. Bishop Butler has said that “probability is the guide of life”.

As to the various garbs in which any principle may be vested by different religions and languages, modalities and mannerisms, it is well to remember the passages :

1. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—II. *Timothy*, iii, 16.

2. God who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways.—*Acts*, xiv, 16.

3. It is far easier and far more amusing for shallow critics to point out what is absurd and ridiculous in the religion and philosophy of the ancient world than for the earnest student to discover truth and wisdom under strange disguises.—SCHOPENHAUER.

4. We laugh at the extraordinary costumes of a generation ago, just as the next generation will laugh at us for the absurd way in which by our style of dress, we disguise the natural grace and beauty of the human form divine . . . so too the forms and fashions of our faith. . . Yet, under all the idiosyncracies and peculiarities of creed and ritual, the essential elements of faith are the same.—C. J. STREET, M.A., in *The Underlying Varieties of Religion*.

The Holy Ghost is the Anupravesha of Hindūism.
So speak the Scriptures:

Anena jīvan ātmanānupravishya.

He is the Comforter (Hārḍa) and Generator of all Graces,
as summed up in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*:

Daḍāmi buḍḍhiyogamṭam
Yena Māmupayānti te

and He abides with us, wherever we may be, in hell, earth or heaven. It matters not whether this Principle, the Holy Ghost, is Itself God, or part of God, or an attribute of God, or an emanation from God direct, or a combined product of Father and Son, or a procession from the Father through the Son. What is of paramount importance for us is to know that the Holy Ghost abides in us, and that we have to realise it in its fulness and glory one of these days; and without fail, every soul is to be participant thereof. In the Holy Ghost, God "left not himself without witness". (*Acts*, xiv, 17.)
As Dante sings in his *Paradiso*:

In Persons three eterne believe, and these
One essence I believe, so one and trine
They bear conjunction both with *sunt* and *est*.

And a passage from *Taittirīya-Brahmaṇa*,¹ iii, 12, 3, 1, coincides with these ideas—thus :

Brahman, the Self-Existent is austerity. It is Son, Father, Mother. Austerity became first the sacrifice. God enjoys Godship by virtue of Shraddhā, [*i.e.*, Shri, or Christ, or Holy Ghost—the Vicar]. Shraddhā, the Divine Mother, is the basis (or the stability) of the Universe.

The Vedic Vāk, the Greek Logos (Lakṣhmī), and the “Word” of the Gospel of S. John, will give points of interesting comparisons to a student of religious philosophy.

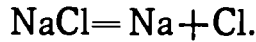
The Logos, or the Word, becomes flesh, *i.e.*, becomes incarnate. In this connection the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka-Upaniṣhat*, VII, i, 1, is worth study, along with the fact in embryology of a chromosome splitting away from the cellular nucleus, and reproducing at the centrosomic centres, daughter cells, which are perfect editions of the parent cell—a full incarnation in religious language, of the prototypic original. It is also interesting to compare with the above Upaniṣhadic passage, Constantine’s favouring the Homoousians, or those who held that Christ was of the same essence with the Father in the Nicene Council, A.D. 325.²

Apart from the question of deriving a Trinity from a Unity, or resolving back a Trinity into Unity, the question of a God co-operating with a Paraclete Principle in the work of salvation, is a Duality which is seen in full evidence in nature, in support of which Bishop Butler was cited, and we might now seek for its scientific support. Take chemistry. Every atom has been demonstrated as possessing polarities, *viz.*,

¹ Referred to ; (see also *Rgveda*, x, 151).

² (See further on about Homoiousis).

positive and negative natures. In philosophical language these are the active and passive principles, elaborated in the Sāṅkhya system. They co-operate and produce all the phenomena. By means of electrolysis, sodium chloride (salt), the formula of which is NaCl can be decomposed into the elements Sodium and Chlorine. What happens is this. Sodium, or Na, is found to be composed of what are called radicals united to positive charges of electricity technically termed an-ions, and Chlorine, or Cl, composed of radicals united to negative charges of electricity technically termed kat-ions. This is called the process of ionisation, represented by dots and dashes, as shown in the formula :



In Vedānta, according to the *Taittirīya-Upaniṣhat* already cited, Puruṣha, Puruṣhoṭṭama or Nārāyaṇa, *i.e.*, God transcendental *cum* immanent represents the universal active principle, and Shrī the Paraclete, the passive principle. Popularly, or in religious language, the Unit Godhead is constituted of the Mother and Father principles or aspects. The expression “Blessed God” which is equivalent to Shrīman Nārāyaṇa, means that the predicate Shrī, or Blessed, indicating the blessedness of the Deity, constitutes the Paraclete Principle, coeval and co-ordinate with that Deity. The same idea is most prominently brought forward in the *Quran*, no chapter of which opens without invoking the Deity as the “All-Merciful”. The idea of the Son, Christ, being the Mirror of God the Father, is explained much more significantly by the expression Nara-Nārāyaṇa, already referred to. The Mother-Father Principle has also a most wonderful analogy in what are known as gametes

(*i.e.*, cells married together), *viz.*, the female sex-nucleus, the ovum, a cell which is passive, having a preponderance of anabolic or constructive character, and the male sex-nucleus the spermatozoon, which is active, having a preponderance of katabolic or disruptive character. Both rush together and compose the gametes. You frequently hear of marriages between Devas and Devīs celebrated in Hindū Temples. It is symbolic of the fundamental fact in nature, of the Paraclete working in union with God, the Universal Spirit.

In fine the Paraclete, or Puruṣhakāra, Principle is the Principle of mediation pervading nature. In all its departments we are aware of metabolism, or transmutation of things from one state into another, like the cellular metamorphoses, or from one form of energy into another. Whether it is in the passing from one state into another, or from one form of energy into another, the transitional processes between, connote mediation; otherwise or without the mediatorial process, it is impossible to conceive how one state or one energy has passed into another. Hence mediation is an inevitable law in the universe, both physical and metaphysical. In the regions of the latter, the necessity of human language clothes this idea of mediation with all kinds of figurative and linguistic expressions, Shrī, Christ, Holy Ghost, Grace. For example the Persian Mithraic cult appeared in Rome as early as 67 B.C. This Mithra was the personification of mediation, through whom order in nature was maintained, and through whom victory was attained between the ultimate powers of good and evil. This is the Christ Principle of Christianity. In the economy

of nature, the female is preponderatingly anabolic, while the male is katabolic. The anabolic property is that of construction, and as such is the mother-function, which is mediatorial, and is the function ascribed in theology to the Paraclete, or Puruṣhakāra.¹

Thus the dichotomy of passive and active principles working together is a universal law springing from God and percolating all nature which proceeds from Him. Were it not for this passive or anabolic factor, the cosmos would have no coherent principle, and without coherency it would crumble into chaos. In such a predicament there would be no talk about such topics as salvation, bliss, or the kingdom of God. The loom of God, therefore, consists of Himself, the Primary, as the warp, and the Paraclete, the Secondary, as the woof—from which, in rhythmic oscillations, are woven and spun forth countless spirit-forms each to fulfil its own unique destiny, by going forth as a fragment, and returning as a whole.

In all this process, is it a gladiatorial combat that is evinced, according to the Darwinian dicta of natural selection and the survival of the fittest—implying struggle and hate? In this verdict, we have had for some years

¹ Thomas Graham, the pioneer worker on the chemistry of the colloids says that (1) colloids and (2) crystalloids in juxtaposition produce all life processes; and the colloid is the dynamic state of matter, and the crystalloid its statical condition, where the connecting link between these lies is the mediatory principle. Taking another illustration from physiological psychology, there are two kinds of neurones or nerve cells, the sensory and the motor. Before the impressions received by the sensory are transmitted to the motor, there is a point of junction called a synapse, which is judged to be a psycho-physical substance. This mediatory layer answers to our Paraclete. Philosophically viewed, we have the real world and the ideal world; or the world of phenomena, and the world (so to say) of the noumenon. These are and must be linked, somewhere and somehow, though where the exact link is evades our knowledge. Wherever and however it is, what we are concerned with is that it is and must be. This connecting principle—a principle connecting the spiritual (or inner) and the material (or outer) existence—is the intermediate or mediatory principle, the Paraclete.

a glamour cast over us to make us forget that God is Love, and in that Love-aspect He is the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour ; and what is seemingly struggle is but a cloak hiding love, and what seems to be a struggle is but the sacrifice that all love demands. Only the mother who has borne the child in pain knows what mother-love is. In the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour, God sacrifices Himself, as described in the Puruṣha-Sūkṭa of the Vedas (already cited) ; and if the sacrifice is willing and self-motived, what is it but Divine Love? The motive power of struggle is love. If not, how would any struggle come about at all? The beginning is love, the end is love, between them is what passes for struggle. The process of struggle is the process of growth, accelerated by the process of salvation, embodied in the Paraclete. The great apostle of evolution, Darwin, who strikes one at the threshold as a pessimist in view of his struggle-for-existence theory, has himself spoken—it is refreshing to know—optimistically in this wise :

Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such slow progress [*i.e.*, evolution]. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful.

Finally, nature is full of triplets, or trinities. Those who have studied Hegel are familiar with these relations. The mystery of the Trinity, *viz.*, God, and the Soul, and the Paraclete (or Vicarate) between, is enshrined in the holy symbol, AUM—consisting as it does of the three letters A, U, M, signifying these three entities. It is left to earnest students to pursue this study further in literature that is extant in Samskr̥t

and Tamil. The great fact, however, intended to be proved in this paper may be summed up as follows :

We cannot even conceive of God without attributing trinity to Him. An absolute unity would be non-existence. God, if thought of as real and active, involves an antithesis, which may be formulated as God [A] and world [M], or *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, or in some other way. This antithesis implies already the trinity-conception. When we think of God not only as that which is eternal and immutable in existence [*i.e.*, Saṭ], but also as that which changes, grows and evolves [tyat], we cannot escape the result, and we must progress to a triune God-idea. The conception of a God-Man, of a Saviour, [U, or Shri], of God revealed in evolution, brings but the antithesis of God-Father, and God-Son [or Bride], and the very conception of this relation [*i.e.*, Puruṣhakāra, or Paraclete] implies God the Spirit that proceeds from both.—PAUL CARUS. *Primer of Philosophy*, p. 101.

To the procrustean bed of metaphor characterising the conditions of our language on earth, we are compelled to shape our spiritual ideals. God is Love (*i.e.*, ānanda or rasa); and His Love can only be love when it sacrifices and suffers; and this aspect of love is of the paracletic nature. God's Love does not suffer God to remain alone in insular solitude. Hence the Vedāntic dictum: "Alone, He finds no joy." Hence He resolves: "I become many," or "I multiply Myself."

God as Absolute (Para) remains unconditioned. The aspect of Him as Love becomes the incarnational aspect (Vibhava, etc.). In this aspect He has sympathy with all human attributes; hence, of Rāma, one of the Divine Incarnations, it is written in the *Rāmāyaṇa*: "God is more agonised with human suffering." A parallel idea is to be found in *Isaiah*, lxiii, 9: "In all their affliction he was afflicted." Either God is not Love; or, if Love, He must be immanent in His Cosmos and Creation, sharing with it all events, so that

thus He may save it incessantly and inevitably, so as to make it become similar to Himself, *i.e.*, Homoiosis, or Paramam-Sāmyam.

Symbology plays a great part in depicting these spiritual ideals. By necessity again of our concrete existence, we have to reduce all such ideals to procrustean dimensions. Taking God as the Father, He has a Bride, and the Bride is the Mother of the Son who proceeds from that duality or union (*miṭhuna*).¹ Love is symbolised as the Mother, as shown above. And it is conceived again in three sub-aspects as Shrī (celestial Spouse), Bhū (terrestrial) and Nīlā (one's own home, or heart). Shrī, in the exercise of her mediatorial function, appeals to her Husband or Bridegroom, God, thus: "Lord! is there a single creature who is sinless?" Bhū improves upon this by submitting to the Lord: "Be there sin, but where is thy forgiveness?" Nīlā reaches the climax by saying: "Lord! absorbed in thy Beauty, canst thou think of anything at all and sin the least?"²

The idea of God as the Husband and the soul as the Wife, or Spouse, of this Husband, is so familiar in Christianity, that Christians will readily grasp the character of Shrī, or the Paraclete, portrayed above as the Spouse; and the Spouse again considered in a threefold prismatic aspect symbolised as Shrī, Bhū and Nīlā, or the operation of Grace in the triune regions of the Cosmos, *i.e.*, the spiritual (Shrī), the material (Bhū) and the individual (Nīlā).

¹ *cf.* Hence the clause of the Athanasian Creed: "God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: And Man of the substance of his Mother, born in the world." This is also symbolic of the soul related on the one hand to nature, and on the other to nature's God.

² Read my *Lives of Azhvārs (Āṇḍāl)*.

The keynote of the Council of Nicosia is that the Son is "of one substance (essence) with the Father". According to God viewed as transcendental (*Para*), as incarnational (*Vibhaya*), and immanential (*Anṭaryāmin*), which in Christian terminology correspond to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, respectively, the Nicene Creed is justified of its declaration and at the same time, it admits of being viewed as Trinitarian in about the same way as *Shrī*, *Bhū* and *Nīlā*, inasmuch as Father, the transcendental (*Para*) is the Primary of substance, whereas, Son, the incarnational (*Vibhava*) and Holy Ghost, the immanential (*Anṭaryāmin*), bear a derivative, character, though of the same substance. Thus can Unitarian and Trinitarian views be harmoniously reconciled.

The most ancient of scriptural records that humanity possesses, the *Rgveda*, voiced the principle of mediation or intercession, discernible in nature. It is enough for the present to call the reader's attention to the note made by Griffith under *Rgveda*, X, lxxi, 1, "Voice, or Speech, or Sacred Word".

In *John*, i, 18, it is written "the Son which is in the bosom of the Father". So does *Shrī* ever reside in the bosom of *Viṣṇu*, the All-Pervading, and therefore Immanent, God.

A. Govindacharya Svamin

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE ART

By U. B. NAIR

IT has been well observed that the average cultivated European student or critic of Eastern Art, who seeks to appraise the æsthetic value of the vast, bewildering mass of unfamiliar material unfolded to his wondering gaze, finds himself thrown into a new world. With Graeco-Roman sculpture, the art of the Italian Renaissance and of early Greece, with Gothic architecture and Byzantine carvings, with the masterpieces of classic Christian art, and even perhaps with such decorative bric-à-brac as a few Chinese lacquers and porcelains, he is no doubt fairly *au fait*: but the strangeness and multiplicity of the wonders of Oriental art in all its phases puzzles and amazes him. Feeling and manual skill are the criteria of the highest productions of creative art. When the stone, metal, or pigment is completely reformed, so that it can never fail to convey unerringly the author's meaning to the simple onlooker, when the re-created material proclaims his message appealingly and entrancingly to all who have eyes to see, it is then that we call it a work of art. This can only be achieved with the aid of the Divine afflatus in the artist—"the ardour of the blood," as the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson happily phrased it. Subjected to this test, many a creation of

Eastern art—Japanese chirography and screen decorations, Chinese landscapes of the Sung period, the figure drawings on Persian pottery and illuminated work, the sculptures of India, Java and Ceylon, the ivories, bronzes and textiles of early Muslim craftsmen—comes under this category, and has to be accepted as a great and noble expression of human feeling.

Some of these, it may be objected to, are fantastic and unreal. But likeness to natural appearances, after all, is not to be taken as the main or only criterion of value. This is true even of early Italian or Gothic art, and especially has Oriental art to be regarded from this point of view. The fact that eastern artistic forms do not always conform to the European standard of representation, prevents their methods of expression being fully grasped by the amateur European observer. Thus the Japanese idea of perspective is altogether foreign to European art. The Japanese painter not only does not draw in perspective, but he also rejects light and shade as appertaining mainly to the sister art of sculpture. It should not be supposed that these peculiarities detract from his merit as an artist by tending in any very great degree to diminish his expression, or deviate from the visual appearance of the scene he pictures. This is because Japanese art is, in reality, far more visual than the art of the West—a statement which may appear paradoxical at first thought. Prior to the fifteenth century, when Europe discovered the laws of perspective, European artists were even more vague in this respect than Japanese artists. The discovery explains that it is possible for the actual retinal image to be reproduced much more faithfully in a typical modern European picture than, let us say, in a

thirteenth century masterpiece by Keion, wherein he delineates, with consummate realism, the turbulent vehemence of the armed crowds in the civil war which gave birth to Japan's new feudalism.

Mr. Roger E. Fry, the well-known art-critic and joint-editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, considers Japanese art as more perceptual, less conceptual. In it, he thinks, "the actual vision of appearances is clearer, more precise, more rapid, and above all, less distorted by intellectual preoccupations". Art, however impressionist, cannot be purely perceptual: it is bound to be—it may be to a very limited extent—decorative and conceptual at the same time. Writes Mr. Fry:

The graphic arts would seem to result from a compromise and fusion of three elements, one the desire to symbolise concepts, one the desire to make records of appearances, and finally, modifying and controlling these, the love of order and variety, the decorative instinct. In different races and at different periods the harmony of these elements results from their fusion in different proportions. Even with the utmost determination to do so, the artist cannot altogether suppress any of these elements of design.

Japanese art, again, is more perceptual than European. And its recognition of the visual whole enables the narrative artist to display his actors spread out on the ground in their familiar aspect. In European narrative composition, on the other hand, many of the imaginative effects of the story due to space relations is sacrificed to the perversity with which the main actors are made to hide inconspicuously in the background.

The Japanese had a natural instinct for noting the general relations of objects in space, and, though he never developed this instinct in our scientific manner, he never went as far from visual appearance as the early artists of Europe. No doubt he imagined himself to see his figures from

a height, and not, as we do, on the level of an ordinary spectator; but here he was guided by a sound instinct, for the normal low perspective horizon which we Europeans adopt is singularly unsuited to the purpose of narrative design, as any one who has tried to compose a scene with many figures will have found.

In other words, the artists of the Far East succeeded in obtaining purity, unity, and completeness of expression, but at the expense of a loss of intensity and depth. And although in giving pictorial expression to their thoughts they made no use of light and shade, their method of rendering certain broad effects of lighted and shaded atmosphere—of mist, of night, and of twilight—has been the envy and admiration of modern Europe.

Now, Japan is typical of the whole art philosophy of the Orient. She is still a museum of Asiatic civilisation, and yet more than a museum. It has been, according to the late Mr. Kakasu Okakura, "the William Morris of Japan," the sole privilege of his native Nippon to realise the unity-in-complexity of eastern art ideals like no other Asiatic nation. She mirrors to-day the whole of Asiatic consciousness, and remains the real repository of the trust of Asiatic thought and culture. But what is it, it may be asked, that accounts for the artistic taste inborn in the son of the gay Land of the Chrysanthemum? The peculiar beauty of her natural scenery, her singular geographical configuration, the witchery of her climate—qualities which have cast her art in its own distinctive mould.

The waters of the waving ricefields, the variegated contour of the archipelago, so conducive to individuality, the constant play of its soft tinted seasons, the shimmer of its silver air, the verdure of its cascaded hills, and the voice of the ocean echoing about its pine-girt shores—of all these was born that tender simplicity, that romantic purity, which so tempers

the soul of Japanese art, differentiating it at once from the leaning to monotonous breadth of the Chinese, and from the tendency to overburdened richness of Indian art.

The subtle and ingenious author of *The Ideals of the East with special reference to the Art of Japan*, above quoted, has argued in that brilliant work that the historic wealth of Asiatic culture can be consecutively studied through the treasured specimen of Japan, and Japan alone. The Imperial collection, the Shinto temples, and the opened dolmens, reveal the subtle curves of Hang workmanship. The temples of Nara, on the other hand, are rich in representation of Tang culture, and of classic Indian art, then in its hey-day of splendour. The treasure-stores of the daimyos abound in works of art belonging to the Sung and Mongol dynasties. But as in India, so somewhat in Japan, "the scorching drought of modern vulgarity is parching the throat of life and art". But the rock of Japan's race-pride and organic union has stood firm throughout the ages. She was not swept off by the mighty billows that surged upon her from India and China. The national genius has never been overwhelmed. Imitation has never taken the place of a free creativeness. Yet even Japan, such as she is, finds herself perplexed with the great mass of western thought and western ideals. This was the clarion note sounded twelve years ago by Mr. Okakura: and this is the message conveyed in the newest of new books on the subject by Mr. Yone Noguchi, a Japanese poet and artist now resident in London, issued by John Murray (who published Mr. Okakura's *Ideals of the East*) as a volume in "The Wisdom of the East" series, under the title which forms the heading of this article.

That last great master of the Kano School, Gaho Hashimoto, Hogaï Kano, another great modern artist, and Okakura, according to Mr. Noguchi, were the "true life-restorers of Japanese art". The history of this remarkable trio is the history of the renaissance of art in Nippon in recent times. Their efforts were directed to a strong re-nationalising of art on national lines in the great Island Empire in the Far East, in opposition to that pseudo-Europeanising tendency that has for the last half-century been so fashionable throughout Asia. Mr. Okakura was a member of the Imperial Art Commission sent out by Japan at the dawn of this century to study the art history and movements of Europe and the United States. He only found his appreciation of Asiatic art deepened and intensified by his travels, and he always looked askance at the waves of so-called Europeanism that, following political changes, so often beat on the Imperial Art School at Tokyo, of which he was sometime director. Mr. Okakura soon resigned, and six months later, thirty-nine of the strongest young artists in Japan grouped themselves about him, and they opened the Nippon Bijitsu, or Hall of Fine Arts, at Yanaka, in the suburbs of Tokyo. In this Institute, which was a sort of Japanese Merton Abbey, were carried on various decorative arts, such as lacquer and metal work, bronze casting and porcelain, not to speak of painting and sculpture. While entertaining a deep sympathy for and possessing a thorough understanding of all that is best in the contemporary art movements of the West, the members aimed withal at conserving and extending their national inspiration. But, as Mr. Noguchi tells us, the Institute had soon to be closed:

When the Tokyo School of Art was founded (22nd year of Meiji) Gaho was first made warden of the school, and then its director. And he was appointed professor when his investigation bureau happened to close up. However, he voluntarily resigned his professorship when Mr. Okakura, then the president of the school, was obliged to resign his office. Gaho took the principal's chair of the Nippon Bijitsu when Okakura established it afterwards; but this school soon became a story of the past.

Japanese art, according to Mr. Noguchi, has again been cast down from its high pedestal. The invasion of western art spelt the end of real old indigenous art. It "laughed at the indecision of æsthetic judgment and uncertainty of realism of Japanese art". The present Japanese art is, therefore, a lost art: its only lesson for us is that of its sad failure. Unlike the old art of idealistic exaltation, it explains nothing but the general condition of life. It has been driven bag and baggage out of its stronghold of subjectivity, and at too great a cost, for its gain in the objectivity of the West is trifling indeed. A visit to any art exhibition in Japan to-day will show how the minds of present day artists have become unsettled by the western influence which they reluctantly accepted; how under the mingled tempest of Oriental and Occidental, they have lost unity and simplicity, poetry and atmosphere.

When I say [writes Mr. Noguchi] that I received almost no impression from the annual Government Exhibition of Japanese Art in the last five or six years, I have a sort of same feeling with the tired month of May when the season, in fact, having no strength left from the last glory of bloom (what a glorious old Japanese art!), still vainly attempts to look ambitious. Although it may sound unsympathetic, I must declare that the present Japanese art, speaking of it as a whole, with no reference to separate works or individual artists, suffers from nervous debility. Now, is it not the exact condition of the Japanese life at present? Here it is the art following after the life of modern Japan, vain, shallow, imitative, and thoughtless, which makes us pessimistic; the

best possible course such an art can follow in the time of its nervous debility might be that of imitation.

At the same time, Mr. Noguchi is convinced that the influence of western art on modern Japan has not been all evil. The Japanese works of western art, he admits, are sometimes beautiful, although they are more often marred by effort and pretence. Nature imitates art, said Oscar Wilde. Is not the nature of Japan, asks Mr. Noguchi, imitating the poor work of the western method? Western art, he thinks, may however help to rouse Japan from her present stagnation in feeling and thought. It has powerfully tended to bring the difference in element home to the Japanese mind. It has opened their eyes to the mysteries of perspective and of the accurate perception of colours. And above all, it has served as a useful protest against the Japanese art of the old school. The prospect of western art becoming popular in Japan, however, is very remote. "It may be far away yet, but such an art, if a combination of the east and west, is bound to come," writes Mr. Noguchi.

From speculation as regards the evolution of a "Western Art Japonised," let us now turn to the splendours of classical Japanese art, and seek some sort of general understanding of its general movements and conceptions and the development of its various schools. The bulk of Mr. Noguchi's little volume of 114 pages is devoted to giving his readers a foretaste of the idealism of its different epochs, to helping them realise the humanity and love of the old Japanese masters, and evoking in them a vague and mysterious appreciation of the beauty and significance of their work. Mr. Noguchi lays

special stress on what must be a most surprising fact to most people, namely, the definitely religious origin of Japanese painting, and he describes how it shows a passionate and disinterested contemplation of nature, and adumbrates, with power and precision, the strangest and most mystical intimations of spiritual existence. This is the outstanding feature of the Ashikaga period (1335-1573). This period corresponds with that of the Renaissance in Europe, and is based on a conscious revival of classical Chinese models. Sesshu and Sesson, whose work can be seen to-day in the new wing of the British Museum, are the best representatives of the period. They sat, in Mr. Noguchi's words, "before the inextinguishable lamp of faith, and sought their salvation by the road of silence". Their studies were in the Buddhist temple, luminous with the symbols of all beauty of nature and heaven.

And their artistic work was a sort of prayer-making, to satisfy their own imagination, not a thing to show to a critic whose attempt at arguing and denying is only a nuisance in the world of higher art; they drew pictures to create absolute beauty and grandeur, that made their own human world look almost trifling, and directly joined themselves with eternity. Art for them was not a question of mere reality in expression, but the question of Faith. Therefore they never troubled their minds with the matter of subjects or the size of the canvas; indeed, the mere reality of the external world had ceased to be a standard for them, who lived in the temple studios.

The branch of Japanese art most admired in the West is the alluring one which has made style in expressive decoration its own. Koyetsu and Korin were the leaders of this school. Of the former, Mr. Noguchi writes with unrestrained admiration. He was the prince of Japanese calligraphers; and on one of his much-admired hangings—designed, no doubt, for some famous tea-master of four centuries ago, who was wont to bury

himself in a little abode of fancy with a boiling teakettle beside him—were inscribed the lines:

Where's cherry-blossom?
The trace of the garden's spring breeze is seen no more.
I will point, if I am asked,
To my fancy snow upon the ground.

“What a yearning of poetic soul!” exclaims Mr. Noguchi, who moralises:

Praised be the touch of your newly awakened soul which can turn the fallen petals to the beauty of snow: there is nothing that will deny the yearning of your poetic soul. It is not superstition to say that the poet's life is worthier than any other But I am thankful for Koyetsu to-day. How to reach my own poetry seems clearly defined in my thought; it will be by the twilight road of imagination born out of reality and the senses—the road of idealism baptised by the pain of death.

Koyetsu's was a remarkable personality. He realised the age of artistic heroism that cares not for the future, for money or fame. His touch breathed a real art into anything from a porcelain bowl to the design on a lacquer box. Mr. Noguchi relates the following characteristic story of him:

Once he was asked by Sambiakuin Konoye, a high nobleman of the Kyoto Court, the question who was the best penman of the day; it is said he replied, after a slight hesitation: “Well, then, the second best would be you, my Lord; and Shokado would be the third best.” The somewhat disappointed calligraphist of high rank in the Court pressed Koyetsu: “Speak out, who is the first? There is nothing of ‘well, then’ about it.” Koyetsu replied: “This humble self is that first.”

Utamaro, Hiroshige, Kyosai and Busho Haro are some of the other representative masters, whose art Mr. Noguchi discusses with such fine appreciation. Those who have looked at the reproductions in Mr. Laurence Binyon's *Painting in the Far East* will be familiar with the power and originality of Matabei, the originator of the Ukiyoye School of designers, famous

for their marvellous ingenuity in colour printing. But Mr. Noguchi, who devotes two chapters to their work and has much to say of Shunsho Katsukawa, Yoshitoshi Tsukioka and other artists of this School, curiously enough dismisses Matabei, that great master of genre, in a few words! He does not indeed regard him, but Moronobu, as the founder of Ukiyoye art! and this, albeit the fact that in him, in the opinion of Fry, Binyon and others, the purely national art of Japan rises to a height only equalled by Kleion. Nor of the latter's name even does Mr. Noguchi make mention, although he is justly enthusiastic over Sotatsu, Kleion's contemporary and a great master of flower design.

Mr. Noguchi, as we have said, is a poet; and he sees in Utmaro's ladies, "whether with no soul or myriad souls (certainly ladies, be they courtesans or geishas, who never bartered their own songs and beauty away), the rich-soft passionate odour of rare old roses". They appear to him more subtle than Rosetti's Lilith, the women drawn by lines, or by the absence of lines, with such eyes as only opened to see love. Them he describes in verse, thus:

Too common to say she is the beauty of line,
 However, the line old, spiritualised into odour,
 (The odour soared into an everlasting ghost from life
 and death,)

As a gossamer, the handiwork of a dream,
 'Tis left free as it flaps:

The lady of Utmaro's art is the beauty of zephyr flow.
 I say again, the line with the breath of love,
 Enwrapping my heart to be a happy prey:
 Sensuous? To some so she may appear,
 But her sensuousness divinised into the word of love.

Of Utmaro's art itself, he indulges in the following conceit:

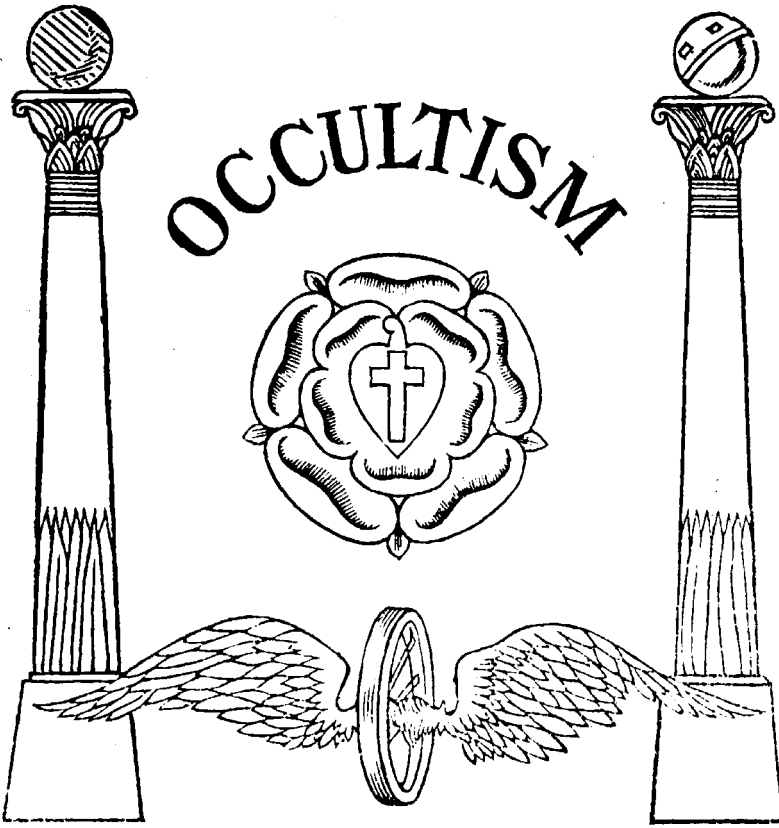
She is an art (let me call her so)
 Hung, as a web, in the air of perfume,
 Soft yet vivid, she sways in music :
 (But what sadness in her saturation of life !)
 Her music lives in intensity of a moment and then dies ;
 To her, suggestion is her life.
 She is the moth-light playing on reality's dusk,
 Soon to die as a savage prey of the moment ;
 She is a creation of surprise (let me say so)
 Dancing gold on the wire of impulse.

The Japanese spirit of art aimed at poetry and atmosphere, not mere style and purpose. And it holds a great inner lesson for us moderns. We will let Mr. Noguchi proclaim it in his own words :

To look at some of the modern work is too trying, mainly from the fact that it lacks, to use the word of Zen Buddhism, the meaning of silence ; it seems to me that some modern artists work only to tax people's minds. In Nature we find peacefulness and silence ; we derive from it a feeling of comfort and restfulness ; and again from it we receive vigour and life. I think so great art should be. Many modern artists cannot place themselves in unison with their art ; in one word, they do not know how to follow the law or *michi*, that Mother Nature gladly evolves.

And the ultimate lesson of Oriental art for all humanity is contained in the two words "prayer and silence" : or as Mr. Noguchi beautifully expressss it : " There is nothing more petty, even vulgar, in the grey world of art and poetry, than to have a too close attachment to life and physical luxuries ; if our Orientalism may not tell you anything much, I think it will teach you at least to soar out of your trivialism." We heartily echo the same cry.

U. B. Nair



AN INSTANCE OF PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT

By C. W. LEADBEATER

PSYCHIC development of all kinds is wonderfully quickened just now by the great inrush of spiritual force which is preparing the world for the Coming of its Teacher ; and naturally the opportunities for such development offer themselves most readily to those who put themselves directly in the way of that mighty current of force by working in connection with the expected Advent. I gave recently an instance of

the abnormally rapid unfoldment of the buddhic faculty by means of the power of love; now another case comes before me belonging to a different line, for this time it is the faculty of the causal body which is aroused through the mental vehicle by putting an undue strain upon the physical brain. But I cannot say to our readers in this case, as in the other: "Go thou and do likewise"; for the mental strain is a serious danger. It happened for once to lead to psychic development; but far more often it results in nervous breakdown of the gravest character, or even in brain lesion and insanity. The account sent to me is as follows:

"When I was at College (about 1910) I took up the study of the Calculus, which, as you know, is the mathematics of variable quantities, the study of moving bodies and the like. From a variety of causes I was unable to do justice to the work day by day, and toward the end of the second term, when the day of examination in this was approaching, I was told by the lecturer that my work had been so unsatisfactory that unless I performed some miracle in the forthcoming examination he could not recommend me for a pass in the subject. I fully realised that he was quite right, and set about finding out how I could possibly score a high grade in the examination in order to offset the bad work during the year. I soon found that it would be impossible in the few days left to me really to understand the ground covered, and that the only hope would lie in memorising the formulæ and applying them in a mechanical fashion to problems given in the examination. I therefore set to work, first to understand the definitions used in the textbooks, and second to

learn by rote all the important formulæ. I worked very hard, far into the night, neglected other subjects, in which I felt sure of myself in any case, and resorted to all sorts of devices to gain time and keep awake. Bit by bit I covered all the important ground, but only by memorising, sometimes even visualising the *appearance* of a page or paragraph. The day of the examination I was utterly weary physically, but extraordinarily vivid mentally. I duly appeared, applied my crammed-up facts to the examination, and, as I subsequently found, wrote a paper with only one small mistake in arithmetical computation, or something like that. This was the unexpected performance that the lecturer demanded, and he duly gave me a pass.

“ Now the point of this episode comes in the sequel. I found in a few days, as usual in such cases, that all the material which I had stuffed into my head was a rapidly-vanishing jumble; but as it disappeared, and as I resumed my physical norm (chiefly by long hours of sleep), I discovered that I had actually done something, either damage or benefit, to my mental machinery, and that my ability to picture things in my mind was tremendously enlarged. I now found that if I turned my mind upon something I had seen or experienced even years before, the image returned to me, not in the ordinary vague way, but with the most extraordinary clarity in detail, with accompanying attributes of all sorts. For instance, if I was recalling a scene in a wood, I could actually *smell* the damp earth or the burning fire! This amused me very much, as it was quite possible to get back into the past in momentary flashes of the utmost brilliancy.

After a time, however, the power of commanding this strange faculty wore off, and I had to be content with spontaneous outbursts which arose now and then through association. By the sight of a colour or some passing odour this latent power would suddenly put me into another time and place. Fortunately I could always banish the mental image, even though I could not call it up.

“Well, after a time this gradually wore away into a lesser degree of brilliancy, and I was only occasionally edified by this annihilation of time and space.

“But now, just lately, there has been a return, in a new phase, of the old thing. I have had to learn, during the last year or so, the Government regulations of a business which I am carrying on. This had to be accomplished quickly, and I find that with this effort there is a return of the result which followed the previous effort, and, it is pleasant to note, with two new aspects, first that I am much more able to command and sustain any image that arises, and second that I can *magnify* the scene to a certain extent. Thus, if the picture includes a wall in the distance I can occasionally magnify it until the crannies are visible. And, what astonished me exceedingly, if there is a perfume, say, of flowers present, the same microscopic power can be turned on! Now the result is not intensification of the perfume, as one might hastily conclude, but a *roughening* of it. I mean by this that instead of getting *thicker*, in the sense that a heavy oil is thicker than water, the smell loses its smoothness and becomes (if one could feel it) like woollen cloth, or a basin of sand. For some reason I cannot perform this same enlarging trick with sound. At present there is no sign of any diminution

of this curious phase of memory, but I have no doubt that it will fade away in large part, as I am too busy to undertake its cultivation."

What is happening in this case is obvious to anyone who has had experience in the use of the higher faculties. Instead of using his memory in the ordinary way, the student is coming into touch with the Records; and that means that he is to a certain extent employing the faculties of his causal body. We are far from certain as to the exact method of ordinary memory, for the subject has not yet been investigated; but it is clear that a vibration in the mental body is part of what occurs, and that the causal body is not in any way involved. In the reading of the Records it is precisely this latter sheath through which the work is done, and the mental body vibrates only in response to the activity of the causal. For that reason no satisfactory or reliable reading of the Records can be done without definite development of the vehicle of the ego.

From the description which our student gives it is clear that he was using his causal body in the glimpses of the past which he relates. It is also evident that that vehicle was aroused by the undue pressure put upon the mind by his reckless overwork. Most men would have ruined their health for life if they had pushed the strain as far as he did; he happens to be the one in a million who managed to do this thing and survive. The result is that his steady persistence in keeping up high mental undulations has stirred his causal body into activity, and thus endued him with a faculty different from any which he has before possessed.

So far it seems to waken only when he turns his thoughts to the past, and only in connection with scenes already familiar to him ; but it is probable that he will soon find that he can extend its working in various ways. When a scene is clearly in mind it might be possible to move backwards or forwards from it, and so recover detailed memory of large sections of early life. Perhaps one could in this way push back recollection into childhood—back to birth itself, and even beyond ; there have been those who in this manner have attained full knowledge of previous incarnations. Practice makes perfect ; and it is encouraging that the power is much more under control now than formerly. The faculty of magnification is another conclusive proof that it is the causal body which is being used ; this feature also might by degrees be largely increased, and when fully at the student's disposal might be used (for example) to undertake researches into occult chemistry.

The description of the “roughening” of the smell is most characteristic. The actual process of magnifying consists not in increasing the size of the object examined, but in lessening the psychic lens through which that object is seen. In ancient Scriptures it is said that the operator makes himself as small as he will, and so the organ of vision which he is using becomes commensurate with the microscopic size of that at which he looks. Consequently the tiny physical particles which call into action the sense of smell become separately appreciable, like the grains upon sand-paper, and so the sense of roughness is produced. It is a thing difficult to put into words, but any one who has used the higher faculty will at once recognise our student's attempt to express it.

He is much to be congratulated upon his result, though we certainly cannot recommend his method for imitation by others. Such development will come easily and naturally when, in the course of human evolution, the mind has grown more nearly to the limit of its capabilities; but at our present stage such pressure is distinctly dangerous. That even this partial unfoldment should have been safely achieved is a sign of the times—a sign of the strength of the spiritual outpouring which even now is flooding the world.

C. W. Leadbeater



AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA : III¹

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

I HAVE now to give a very brief description of the general course of discipline to be followed by those who become members of the Organisation, particularly during the early stages.

The first step a candidate has to take is the making of the promises and pledging himself to keep them, as shown in the Appendix to my last article. At the time this is done, the person admitting the candidate, may dispense with the taking of the hand. This is invariably the case when the candidate is a female. In such instances a *Yogaḍaṇḍa* is handed to the candidate to be held over his or her head touching it during the ceremony. After taking the pledge, he has daily to meditate on the meaning of six stately *Samskr̥ṭ* sentences which are communicated to him. These six make two sets. The first set involves meditation upon *Ātma*, the Self, in Its threefold aspect; namely, as unembodied, or *Nirupāḍhikam*; as embodied, or *Sopāḍhikam*; and thirdly, as negating Its identity with all embodiments. This last aspect is the one expressed in the *Mahāvākya* of the *Aṭharvaṇa-Veda*, "Aham-Ēṭaṭ-Na,"

¹ Copies of this article and the previous one—No. II—may be obtained on application to Ramalinga Mudali, Beach House, Elliott's Road, Mylapore, Madras. The application should be accompanied by a remittance of As. 2, which includes postage.

I-This-Not, the most comprehensive of all Mahāvākyas. It is necessary to draw pointed attention to the real meaning of the term “Ēṭaṭ” in this Mahāvākya. Now the word “Aham” in it, of course, refers not to any individualised self, but to the source of all such selves, namely Paramātmā. Consequently “Ēṭaṭ” which stands in opposition to it should also be taken not as the definite vehicle of any individualised self, but to the root of all such vehicles. In short it means the “mūla” of all matter, *i.e.*, mūlaprakṛti in its most abstract sense. As “Aham” stands for the first of the three ultimate constituents of Para Brahman, represented in the Pramāṇa by “A,” so does “Ēṭaṭ” stand for the second constituent, represented therein by “U”. It is the idea of something other than Himself posited by Paramātmā by way of hypothesis, as it were, and simultaneously negated by Him. No doubt it is not easy for us to understand how there can be an affirmation and a negation without the least interval of time between them. But such is the final teaching and, considering that this has reference not to the Vyvahāra but the Paramārtha state, there is nothing unintelligible about it. And it has to be remembered that the self-realisation—Svarūpa-jñāna—of Paramātmā is utterly uninterrupted and eternal by reason of His omniscience. Of course it is different with reference to every other entity subject to the limitations of space and time. In this latter case the affirmation and negation must necessarily take place and do take place only in succession. Hence in all Samsāra the necessary order is Pravṛtti (Path of Forthgoing) first and Nivṛtti (Path of Return) next. Meditation under this first head is, as must be evident, entirely based upon the Praṇava, the highest symbol of

Para Brahman according to all the Hindū Scriptures. The syllable “ A ” stands in the first Samskr̥ṭ sentence for the Self, pure and simple. The syllable “ U ” stands in the second sentence for the Self in Its embodied state ; and in the third sentence a syllable corresponding to “ M ” stands for the Self negating Its identity with all embodiments. The second set of three sentences prescribe meditation upon the Shakti aspect of Para-Brahman as Jñāna-Shakti, Ichchhā-Shakti and Kriyā-Shakti. There is a significant variation in the terminations of the sentences constituting the first set and those constituting the second. In the former the term is “ Upāsē ”—I sit near, I contemplate. In the second the phrase is “ Sharaṇamaham prapaḍye ”—I make surrender.

Meditation thus prescribed has to go on for a very considerable period before the next step is taken. Assuming the candidate is able to devote one hour a day for each of these six forms of meditation, he would not be ready for the next step until the expiry of three months. It is only after that he will be given the form of meditation special to him if he proves himself fit for it. For reasons due to the candidates themselves the giving of instruction as to the special form of meditation has had to be deferred in many cases for so considerable a period as one, two, or even three years. This special form will have to be added to the six already mentioned. Thenceforward the Anuṣṭhāna will consist of what is called Yoga-Sandhyā and Yoga-Gāyaṭrī Japa, both of which must be performed daily before sunrise, it being open to the candidate to devote as much time as he can spare during the rest of the day, for meditation upon the seven items mentioned above. The Sandhyā and

Japa are ceremonials that will not take more than five minutes each.

The statement in my first article, as to twenty-four years constituting an entire course of training, requires a slight explanation. The minimum amount of time which every member is expected to devote to meditation in a single day is two hours and twenty-four minutes. That amount of meditation is taken as one day's full work. It is thus possible and open to any member to shorten the term of discipline by devoting to meditation more than the prescribed minimum.

Every member is required to keep a diary in which he should record instructions received by him and all other matters connected with the practice of Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā, including any phenomena which may occur within his experience.

Before proceeding to notice a few other points connected with the daily routine to be observed by a member, I wish to state the substance of an explanation given in the *Chandrikā* as to the term Rāja-Yoga—an explanation which is quite original. This explanation is put into the mouth of Hamsa Yogī, to whom I alluded in my last article. Next to Nārāyaṇa, Nara and Yoga Ḍevī, this Hamsa Yogī appears to be the most important character in the Assembly of Sages in Baḍarī. He is stated to be a special favourite of the Ḍevī and is in the habit of offering worship to her daily in the lotus tank and imbibing the nectar of Wisdom flowing from the Lotus on which she is seated. The name Hamsa indicates his real identity with Seboua, the gardener, in *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. In short, he stands for intuition and as, in the fable, the bird Hamsa separates the water from the milk, so this Yogī is ever able to

distinguish the false from the true in the immense quantity of dogma current in the world and likewise unearth the gold that lies buried in the ore of Esotericism. He himself in one place says that he is a manifestation of Viveka-Shakṭi, one of the five aspects of the Shakṭi of Yoga-Devī, the names of the other four being: Aviveka (non-discriminating) Shakṭi, Samuchchīṭa (correlating) Shakṭi, Akhaṇḍa (pervasive) Shakṭi, and Svasvarūpa (innate) Shakṭi.¹

Now as to his explanation of Rāja-Yoga, Hamsa Yogī says it was vouchsafed to him by the Devī Herself, and that he would not have accepted it even from so great a source but for the high authority of Shruṭi by which it was supported. Hamsa Yogī points out that the manner in which the very important term in question is explained by Paṭañjali and others is more or less open to question. Putting it briefly, his own explanation is as follows: Astrologers mean by the term Rāja-Yoga, a state of affluence and power like that of a King. It is in a sense quite similar to this that the term in question is used in Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam. The object of the discipline prescribed by the Maṇḍalam is to ensure to Ātmā in the human body—the King in the city of nine gates—his inherent royal prerogatives. Normally in the present state of man's evolution that King is only so in name, being in fact a prisoner within his own city. The term Rāja-Yoga in the present case is peculiarly appropriate in letter as well as in spirit. For Rāja comes from a root which means to shine and Rāja-Yoga with reference to Ātmā, the very nature of which

¹ The English equivalents are hardly adequate. The terms themselves are fully explained in the book.

is Light, is to remove the curtains which shut out and prevent that Light streaming forth in all directions. It is the securing of this royal state to Ātmā in the body that the discipline of the Maṇḍalam intends to accomplish. The attempt to free the Ātmā from bondage by elaborate and tedious ceremonials, or by practices which involve the torture of the body, is like holding the coronation festival of a King who continues to be kept in confinement in his city. Whereas the method of the Maṇḍalam is éasy, pleasant and most effective. The excellence of the method consists first in combining meditation on the Ātmā aspect of Para Brahman, with that on Its Shakti aspect. For the uniform teaching of all Shāstra from *Sāmaveda* downward is that the whole work of cosmic procession belongs to the latter aspect. For example, the opening stanza of *Saundārya-Lahari*, ascribed to Shaṅkara, puts this quaintly thus : “ Without Shakti, Paramashiva Himself is not able to move even a tiny piece of straw.” In another place Shakti is spoken of as the body of Shambhu. And the great Sages in the hymns to Her call her World-Mother, the boundless ocean of compassion, tenderness and love. And be it also noted, to meditate on the one hand on the nature of the Self, as indicated in the first set of sentences, and on the other hand to make at the same time surrender in thought to the Supreme Power, and to do this day after day throughout life is surely the most infallible way of developing oneself along the path of knowledge and that of devotion simultaneously. Right knowledge coupled with right desire and devotion necessarily lead to right activity. Hence the importance and value of the combination mentioned above.

The second very special feature of the system consists in the use of mystic syllables, or Bijākṣharas, in connection with meditation. They constitute, in the figurative language of Hamsa Yogī, the stalks on which the fruit of Brahm ripens for the Yogī to gather. Another simile of the Yogī in respect to them is that they are like the nipple in the mother's breast through which flows the milk needed for the sustenance of the child. Much detailed information is given about these syllables which, however, it is not possible for me to enter into here. Whether and how far these syllables are in the nature of those "Words of Power" which Initiates are said to receive at each of the four great Initiations, it is idle for me to speculate upon. But this much seems to be fairly certain: that the constant and prolonged use of the syllables during the daily meditation produces vibrations which powerfully affect the different Koshas, or vehicles, of the would-be Yogī. The cause of such vibrations and effects is discussed at length. The discussion is highly instructive and is illumined by apt quotations from Shruti. The gist of the discussion, in one aspect of it, may be stated thus. By reason of the very peculiar formation of the letter sounds of the Samskr̥t alphabet, their mere utterance *ipso facto* acts upon the matter of one or other of the different planes of our world-system and produces certain definite atomic and molecular changes in such matter. This is the case whether the utterance is in the Parā, Pashyanṭī, Maḍhyamā or Vaikharī stage. The potency of the utterance is heightened when it is enforced by the will of the utterer and directed towards a particular object. It follows that such utterance equally affects the upāḍhis of the utterer,

which of course are composed of the matter of those planes. The potency of these letter sounds is but a manifestation of the Māṭṛkā-Shakti, one of the six great microcosmic powers.¹

Now entering a little into detail, let me first take the nine vowel sounds of the alphabet. Their potency, as well as that of the thirty-three consonants, extends even to the Anupāḍaka, or Mahaṭ, plane, the second in our system. It is also on this plane that the Amsa of Ishvara, or the divine fragment which on the Ādi, or the first plane, constitutes the unembodied human spirit, finds the rudimentary vehicle which is to serve as the basis for its future evolution in the fivefold universe, beginning with the ākāshic plane, the third. Of the vowels referred to, the utterance of the first serves as a channel for the expression of the embodied Spirit as an independent entity, or a Jivātma. The utterance of the remaining eight vowels serves as a channel for the expression of certain of the attributes or powers of such Jivātma.

Passing to the consonants, the effect of their utterance becomes patent only in the fivefold universe. Twenty-five of these consonants make up five groups. The five consonants constituting the first, or the *ka* group when uttered act upon the matter of the ākāshic plane. The five letters of the second, or the *cha* group act upon the matter the vāyu plane. The five letters of the third, or the *ta*, group act upon the matter of the agni plane. The five letters of the fourth, or the *ṭa* group act upon the matter of the ap plane and the five letters of the last, or the *pa* group act upon the matter of the pṛṭhivī

¹ For a brief description of these, see the late Mr. T. Subba Rao's paper on "The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac" in his *Esoteric Writings*, pp. 7-8.

plane. Again when one of the eight vowels is combined with one or other of the consonants in the five groups, such combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an avasthā, or state of consciousness, of the Jīva. This avasthā partakes of the character of Pravṛtṭi. When, however, one of those vowels is combined with one or other of the remaining eight consonants in the alphabet, that combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an avasthā, or state of consciousness, partaking of Nivṛtṭi character. It is these sixteen states of consciousness that are classified under the four main divisions of jāgraṭ, svapna, suṣhupti and ṭurīya, each such division being similarly subdivided. As for example jāgraṭ-jāgraṭ, jāgraṭ-svapna, jāgraṭ-suṣhupti and jāgraṭ-ṭurīya, and so on. Apart from the said sixteen combinations there are innumerable other combinations of vowels and consonants which serve as channels for the manifestation of the action and reaction of spirit and matter upon each other during their long evolutionary journey in the fivefold universe.

Now this subject of the effect of utterances of the alphabet sounds and their combinations has for ages been investigated by Adepts, with the result that the Hierarchy is in possession of a body of knowledge of the very highest value to humanity. And the use of Bījākṣharas as a part of the course of training in the organisation is to enable those undergoing the training to avail themselves of such portion of that knowledge as will conduce to their progress in yoga. Putting it very generally, the main advantage that will ultimately attend the use of these syllables is the power to pass at will from vehicle to vehicle and consciously

to function in any one of them, and to work in the plane corresponding to the vehicle in which one is functioning for the time being. What more could we wish than to be able at pleasure to get away from the prison-house of this physical body, to come into direct contact with the Great Ones, who are ever busy in the higher worlds in carrying out the will of Ishvara, and to learn from Them the mighty truths which They hold in trust for all who wish to become the true servers of the human race. Those who have had such a communion even for a single moment will never more think of their own personal salvation or the experiencing of the bliss which awaits them who touch the buddhic, or vāyu, plane and become capable of using their Ānandamaya-Kosha. The only prayer that will escape from their lips will be: "Make us Your humble servants. We seek nothing, we hope nothing, we ask nothing for the separated self."

Turning now to another advantage connected with the use of the syllables in question, it is that they form effective symbols to meditate upon. Of them all the most important is the "Om" sound. Next to it come the three letters which go to make up that sound. These four are symbols of Brahman Itself and consequently meditation with their aid is invaluable to him who is on the Path. For his great work on that path is, if I may be allowed such an expression, the disidentification of himself with those upādhis which he had been laboriously constructing for his use in gathering experience during the time he was treading the path of Pravṛtti. And such work of disidentification is facilitated in every way by the fact that the system of meditation he has to follow compels him to keep his

thought ever fixed on the Self in the heart, the Self in all hearts and in all nature.

What has been so far said, of course, touches but the fringe of the interesting and important subject of mystic syllables. Leaving on one side their occult significance, it has been possible only to refer to two or three obvious matters connected with them. Nevertheless enough has surely been said to show that the eulogy of Hamsa Yogī of the use of them is not a mere flight of fancy but rests on a basis of truth and fact, which anyone inclined to do so may verify for himself by following the system of meditation so highly commended by the Yogī.

By way of confirming the sound character of the explanation given by him as to the meaning of Rāja-Yoga and summarised above, the Yogī draws pointed attention to the scriptural passages mentioned by Yoga-Devī when She instructed him on the point. Those passages form part of the sixth chapter of the *Taittirīya Upaniṣhat*, which purports to contain the instruction imparted by a teacher to a pupil. The sentences relevant here are :

Through it, the meditation on the Self in the heart, self-government, mental control, are acquired. Thence follow lordship of sight, hearing, speech and knowledge.

It remains now to notice only a few more important matters connected with the daily routine to be observed by the person under discipline. On waking he is told to feel that he hears the voice of a Teacher telling him to pray for the welfare of all the worlds, and it is through such welfare that the best can happen to himself. He sends up a prayer accordingly. Next he offers salutation to Yoga-Devī and prays for illumination from Her with reference to whatever he

has to do during the whole day. Then he repeats the following five precepts which are called the Upadesha-pañchakam :

1. अभेदानन्दं सच्चित्रं परं ब्रह्म वेद सः ।
2. योऽव्ययात्मा समचित्तरङ्गः
3. देवीं कल्याणशक्तिं प्रपद्य सर्वं प्रविशति
4. अमृतोऽहं लोकेभ्यः सुखमेधताम् ।
5.

Undivided Bliss, Truth Its Form, Supreme Brahman.

He who thus knows, possessed of perfect understanding, with a mind which is the playground of equability, and devoted to the Devi, the wondrous Power, enters all.

Immortal am I. May the worlds attain Bliss.

The disciple is then required to take a certain amount of exercise before his bath. And after ablutions he goes through the Sandhyā, etc., already mentioned. The reason for requiring their performance before sunrise is that the part of the day best adapted for such rites and meditation is between 2 a.m. and sunrise, when the influence of Sarasvatī-Shakti is predominant. Advice as to diet and recreation very similar to what is contained in the *Bhagavad-Gītā* is found in this *Chandrikā* also. The faithful and honest performance of every duty connected with one's family, profession or business is commanded. The study of the Upaniṣats, *Bhagavad-Gītā* and some of the Purāṇas is recommended, care being taken by the student that he understands the esoteric teachings in them with the aid of explanations to be found in *Kāṇḍarahasyam*, the treatise referred to in my last article.

Finally it may be observed that this work appears to be a fairly large treatise containing some forty

thousand shloka-measures. There seems to be no obstacle in the way of publication of this treatise, as one might expect on the ground that it is private and confidential and thus inaccessible to the general public. Nevertheless, there does not seem to be much chance of anyone undertaking the task. The circumstances of the Organisation preclude it in more than one way from undertaking the publication. Nor is it likely that private enterprise will be attracted to it in the immediate future. It is to be hoped, however, that this book will some day see the light, and contribute to elucidate many myths and statements in the Hindū sacred writings which now baffle all attempts to unravel them.

S. Subramania Iyer

WHAT IS DEATH ?

By M. L. HALL

IN this time of widespread sorrow one of the subjects of chief interest to us, affecting so many of our lives most closely, is that of Death. For the way in which we regard Death may either bring or spare us untold suffering. Is it not worth while, then, to look into this subject very carefully, and to see if we cannot arrive at a more definite conclusion concerning it than is usually arrived at? For it is the unknown that man dreads; it is the uncertainty connected with Death that makes him fear it. It is not too much to say that if the *truth* about Death were known, it would be feared far less than many a thing that can happen to us in this life.

Now the Church, with all its splendid teachings about Death, leaves one fact out of account; and that is the very fact which would be of most comfort to us now, besides being one of the most real and evident in the life beyond the veil. It is that on "dying" we are not suddenly cut off from the earth and all we love on it; our affections, our thoughts, our aspirations are not transferred in a moment of time to a totally different sphere. When one comes to think of it, that never happens in Nature; or when a swift and apparently complete change does take place, there is always a strong tendency to react, after a time, back to the former

state. Now study of life reveals one truth beyond all others: the presence of all-pervading law. In no corner of the visible universe can one find a lawless condition of things prevailing. Think for a moment what it would mean if one could. All science, all industry, all inventions, all agriculture, would be rendered useless; the universe itself would be unstable. And further study of life, study of deeper, more hidden things, reveals another fact, equally undeniable, equally unchanging: the great truth "as above so below"—as in the phenomenal so in the unphenomenal worlds. What does that mean? Simply that we can know the invisible *by* the visible. If a law holds good to our senses—sight, touch, hearing—the same law holds good in a region beyond our senses. Otherwise it would not be a law.

Therefore, as no sudden stable change takes place in what we call "Nature," why should we expect it to take place at what we call "death"? Evolution misses no tiniest stage; the smallest link in form cannot be withdrawn without rendering the goal which is being laboured for unattainable; so with the Spirit there can be no quick transition; each experience or state recalls the last, resembles the last, while preparing for the next. The intermediate world, or paradise, is not separated from this world by a great gulf; just as the mammals are not separated from the reptiles in the history of the globe. The intermediate world is all around us, touching us; had we but the eyes to see it, and the ears to hear its sounds. Those we call "dead" are with us still.

Could we really believe this, how much it would do for us! Instead of mourning over the shattering

of the form which enclosed him we loved, we would know that the Spirit, the real man, was still near us, indeed in closer communion than was possible before. For form always limits and fetters. The more form is cast aside, the freer is the Spirit within. The destruction of the body is like opening the doors of a prison.

Why should we sorrow, then, for our dead? For they are happier than when they lived in the visible world; they would not return to the body again if they could. One thing, however, troubles them—our grief for them. For they do not watch us dispassionately from the skies; they stand beside us, speak to us, try to cheer us. The link of love which bound them to us when on earth is not broken; they cannot be perfectly happy while we are in sorrow. Love, the strongest force there is and the most eternal, keeps them at our side vainly endeavouring to console us. Should we cease to grieve, they would be free to explore the wonderful world in which they find themselves, with delights and marvels surpassing any on earth. How can they seek delights when they see our tears?

And there is nothing sad about death, nothing to make one grieve. If this be true under ordinary circumstances, much more is it so when death is met in a noble manner. Again we learn from the visible universe: a certain cause produces a certain result. It is an immutable law. Alter the cause in the slightest degree, and the result will be altered in proportion. All our actions, as well as all our thoughts and feelings, are causes producing their definite results. There is no causeless thing in existence. All that happens to us had its beginning, or birth, in some action, or feeling, or thought of ours. Therefore the more nobly we act and

feel and think the better will be the results for us. Death in a noble cause produces very high results for the one who "dies". Very few things, to put it baldly, are so remunerative; for it is one of the greatest sacrifices there are; and the greater the sacrifice the higher the reward. Is not to be killed in battle, then, to be regarded as a priceless opportunity rather than as a tragedy?

But the good results do not react only on those who give their earthly life. Sacrifice in any form brings blessing, and those who have—apparently to them—parted with their dear ones in their country's need, share in the great reward. As they experienced the pain of parting together so will they share its resultant happiness. Their mutual self-forgetfulness has formed a bond uniting them, as side by side they climb upwards through the ages. For this one short life of ours is but the tiniest day in the glorious evolution that awaits us, the glory and the strength of which are built on love in sacrifice.

M. L. Hall

THE YOUNG SOUL

A man lay sleeping by a woman to whom he was bound
for life,
Suddenly he awoke and remembered the day
And the past days in their ugliness.
And he looked into the void of the days to be.
He said: "How can I love her, for her soul is hideous?
Whatever love I have can only be for her body, and
is no avail to her or to me."
Like vampires his thoughts destroyed him, and drank away
his joy in life.
They were black and glutted with his heart's blood, they
fed upon him and were gorged.
Many, many nights he suffered this.
But then, one night, the moon shone, and it seemed that
on the bed,
The soul of the woman came, and sat between them.
It laughed very softly and mocked to itself
Tenderly, and with little sobs between.
"Why do you laugh?" asked the man, for he knew
this frail thing was the soul of his wife.
The ghostly one answered: "I am young,
I am weak, I am foolish, and have no great self,
And my true life is apart from me yet,
As the soul of a flower is apart from the flower.
I grope and am dazed.
But I laugh because you have said
That you cannot love her, this woman, my image.
You, the lover of forests, of oaks and of roses,
You who tend saplings, and do not despise them.
Yet the forests you plant you will never enjoy save in
visions,
Seen from another zone.
You do not go sighing along your rose garden in April,
Because your roses of June are not yet in blossom.
In May you have faith for July,
And to-day for to-morrow,
So be to this woman, for I, her soul, will grow as the oak
grows,

And you, in a future, will see me
As a tree that is strong, and a red rose that has
blossomed,
When my time has unfolded, then I too shall be of the
angels.
But now is only my March month.
You shall see my beauty, though I have long waiting
before me.
But love me, and love her who is my wonderful image,
Fix your eyes on my morning
When I'll reach to the glory beyond and the wisdom
above me."
Then the soul, like a mist, was no more,
And the moon, from the window,
Looked like milk in the skies.
The man turned and slept, but his morrows
Were deepened by love and by vision.

VIOLET CLIFTON

THE STREET OF THE GEISHA

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "The Coming of Fizo," "The Peony of Pao-Yu," "The Land of the Yellow Spring," "Myths and Legends of Japan," etc.)

TOZO, an old Buddhist priest, lost in profound thought, had the misfortune to take a wrong turning and to find himself in the Street of the Geisha. When he had discovered his mistake he was for retracing his steps, but instead of doing so he chuckled to himself, and thought how great was the difference between the Street of the Geisha and the Noble Eightfold Path of the Buddha.

It was a very narrow street, gay with flickering lanterns. Tozo gazed upon them with disapproval. On one he read, "*Kinoya: uchi O-Kata*" ("The House of Gold wherein O-Kata dwells"), and on another, "*Niyotsuru*" ("The Stork Magnificently Existing").

"Ah!" exclaimed Tozo, "what lights for the moths of wickedness! How these dancing-girls minister to those things that are not seemly to contemplate. Muhammad knew what he was talking about when he

said: 'O assembly of women, give alms, although it be of your gold and silver ornaments; for verily ye are mostly of Hell on the Day of Resurrection!'"

A merry peal of laughter came from one of the houses, followed by the sound of girls talking rapidly together. "O fools of a moment's mirth," said Tozo hotly, "make you a pilgrimage to Ise, and pray that the Gods may show you the wisdom of silence and the folly of babbling tongues!"

Tozo moved on again, eager to tread a more respectable thoroughfare. The many-shaped lanterns danced in two long lines before him, but by fingering his beads and murmuring a fragment of a sūtra, the old man was able to set aside all mundane matters. He was about to leave the Street of the Geisha when he met his friend Akira.

"You here!" exclaimed Akira. "Have you not called this street 'The Street of Don't Go Down'? Surely you should be in your temple, either fast asleep or in a doze over your devotions."

Tozo laughed. "My friend," said he, "it is better to find a priest who has strayed by accident into this deplorable street, than one who, like yourself, comes here for a set purpose. Akira, believe me, nearly all the tribulations of this world may justly be placed at a woman's door. When she beckons, when she calls, pay no heed to her importunities. As for the geisha, flee from her bright eyes and chattering tongue, from her little hand that for ever pours out wine, from her seductive dances, for such things are of the Evil One and lead to destruction. Be not moved by a snow-white arm that peeps from a big silk sleeve, nor by lips red as a poppy but pernicious as opium. Rather than

contemplate such things, study and master the Lotus of the Law, for it has been truly said of women—”

Akira touched the old man's hand. “Look,” he said, “how dry the skin is. 'Tis ink rather than blood that runs beneath such parchment. You are an estimable priest, Tozo, but allow me to say that you do not show the toleration of your Master toward women. You are bitter and narrow where a woman is concerned, and all because, my dear friend, you have been dead but not buried for quite a long time. *Sayonara*, O pilgrim in the Street of the Geisha!”

“*Sayonara*,” replied Tozo gravely. “When you have discovered the futility of human desire, and above all when you have had your heart crushed by a woman, come to me and I will show you the Way of Peace.”

Akira stood for a moment watching the receding figure of the priest. He pitied the old man, but he did not know that Tozo pitied him and wept. “Well,” said Akira gaily, “it is fortunate for this world that we are not all priests, otherwise there would be no Street of the Geisha.”

Akira stopped outside a house where the lantern was shaped like the egg of some fabulous bird. He looked at the characters inscribed upon it, and read: “Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams.” When he had perused the inscription several times, he pushed open the slide of a door that set a gong-bell ringing.

Nishimura, the teacher and mistress of the house, came forward. “Ah!” she exclaimed, recognising Akira, “be honourably pleased to enter my miserable dwelling. All the girls are out at present attending various festivities in the town.”

“All are out?” murmured Akira dejectedly.

“That is to say all except Kohana.” Nishimura laughed knowingly. “Can it be that you wish to see Kohana?”

“Nishimura,” replied Akira, laughing, “be pleased to show me Kohana.”

“So?” said Nishimura. “Many have called here for a similar purpose. Many have expressed the desire to marry Kohana, and all have offered to pay me liberally for the privilege, but Kohana only laughs. She finds life so funny. Oh! Kohana is a deep one!”

Nishimura invited Akira to follow her. She pressed back a sliding screen, bade him enter a small apartment, took a handful of coin with profuse thanks, and left him.

When Akira sat down the light from the andon was so dim that at first he fancied he was alone. In a moment or two, however, he discovered Kohana peeping at him from behind her fan. She was dressed in a kimono the colour of a mountain dove, and the lovely grey background was relieved here and there with sprays of silk-worked cherry-blossom.

“Kohana,” said Akira eagerly, “you see I could not keep away from you for long. Ever since I saw you in my father’s house I have loved you.”

Kohana laughed merrily. “I do not think I like your love-making very much. Baishu was here last night, and Baishu said quite a number of charming things to me. Let me see, what did he say? Oh yes! He said, ‘Kohana’—and he made the word sound as if it were running water—‘my heart was like a dark pool before I met you. Now it is like a lake made glad by the sun by day and by the shadow of the moon and stars when the night comes.’ Was that not a pretty speech?”

"I do not care for it," said Akira moodily.

"Would you not like to hear what my other suitors said?"

"No," replied Akira.

"Now you're cross, Akira, just because you think I have as many lovers as Kimiko, or the Lady Kaguya herself! I see two ugly lines on your forehead. Shall I sing? Shall I dance? Shall I make tea for you?"

"No, Kohana."

"No, Kohana," replied the dancing-girl in an exact imitation of his tone. "What shall I do for your entertainment? Come, Akira, you are dull company to-night. I have been sitting here all the evening ever so lonely, and now your visit makes me still more miserable. Be honourably pleased to let that strong mouth break into a smile. There, there, it comes now! Quite a nice smile, too. Thank you, Akira."

"You make it so hard for me to speak," said Akira with a tremor in his voice. "You are a sweet bright-winged butterfly for ever sipping the honey of the the world's flowers—"

"Akira, how splendid! Did you really get that out of your own head?"

"There is just one flower in that big garden," went on Akira, "that keeps on looking out for you, keeps on wanting you. There is just one flower, Kohana, that would possess you always, that never wants you to go away to other flowers any more. Do you understand?"

"Perhaps," said Kohana evasively. She took up a beautiful ornamented mirror and from a lacquered box withdrew various toilet articles. She added a shade more colour to her lips, a touch of powder to her

little chin. Then she looked for a long time into the mirror.

“Akira,” she said, a little wistfully, “the wings of your butterfly will not always be beautiful. They will become faded, torn, old—Oh yes, they will! You do not know the vanity of that butterfly, my poor Akira. The honey of admiration must come from many flowers yet.”

“And then?” said Akira, leaning forward and looking eagerly into her face.

“Oh! do not count on afterwards, my dear friend. When the butterfly can no longer fly from flower to flower, it will just settle down on the dusty road and never wake up again.”

“Is such a sad end worth while?”

“Yes, because the getting there is so splendid!”

“Kohana, I cannot live without you. I want you to become my wife. I will go on waiting for you to come to me.”

“My poor Akira, I see you suffer. I like you better than others who have sought my hand. Please do not forget that I am a dancing-girl, and although many of us marry, I shall never do so. Let it be good-bye. I shall not change my mind.”

Akira looked at her tenderly. “We are not always wise when we love,” he said simply, “for love has flood-gates that, when once open, sweep reason aside. I cannot say good-bye, give up hope yet. I must come again and again.”

“It will be a sword in your heart, Akira, this coming. Oh! go away and try to forget!”

Akira took the hand that peeped out of the grey and pink sleeve. He caressed it for a moment, then

suddenly he rubbed the fingers against his cheek and went out of the room without a word.

For many weeks Akira came to see Kohana. He found her, as he had always found her, sweet, coquettish, but firm in her resolve. There was a hint of deeper and truer things beneath the merry laughter and her apparently artless but well-studied pleasantries. He wanted the woman, and she always gave him the geisha.

One night Kohana said to her lover: "Akira, if you love me, go away and bury your love in some lovers' cemetery by the sea. It is not only useless for you to continue your wooing, but it is becoming really painful to me. Your pale worn face, your eyes that have seen so many sleepless nights, come between me and the sunshine. You are making grey days for me, and how can a butterfly be happy when the sky is clouded and the wind of sorrow is cold? I fly in the Street of the Geisha. I shall always fly there, Akira, always."

There were tears in Kohana's eyes. Akira had never seen tears in her eyes before, and he was deeply moved. "Because you wish it," he said gently, "I shall go away and never return again. I shall bury the lonely dream which you cannot dream too, you who are called 'The Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams'. I go, Kohana, without a shade of bitterness in my heart. May the Gods be good to you always, and may you never know, as I know, what *mono no aware wo shiru* ('the Ah-ness of things') means."

Once more Akira pressed back a silk sleeve and very slowly caressed Kohana's arm. "Shut your eyes," he whispered. "It would never do for a joyous butterfly to look upon anything that is sad."

Kohana closed her eyes. When she opened them again she found that Akira had gone. "It is better so," she said, looking into her mirror, "and yet—" tears filled her eyes again. The pretty reflection in the mirror became blurred. She flung the dainty disc aside and leant forward with her forehead pressed against her extended hands. The grey and pink sleeves rested on the matting. A butterfly was fluttering near the flower of sorrow, and finding in those red petals the flower of love.

In the meantime Akira walked slowly down the Street of the Geisha and entered the temple where Tozo lived.

"Well," said the old priest, looking closely at his friend, "have you come to call me a fool, to tell me that the Street of the Geisha is the best street in all the world, the one place where love is and rare enchantment?"

"No," replied Akira wearily, "I have come to find the Way of Peace. Help me to find it, friend."

If Tozo could be sarcastic, he could also be gentle and sympathetic. He uttered never a word of reproach. "Do not fear," said he, "the wound in your heart will heal. By the most blessed teaching of the Lord Buddha you shall indeed find peace. Blot out for ever the Street of the Geisha and set aside all the snares and delusions of this world, thus shall you destroy the power of Karma and finally attain Nirvāṇa."

In due time Akira, having successfully passed through his noviciate, became a Buddhist priest, and taking upon himself all the solemn vows of his calling, entered a temple at Kamakura. He was regarded as a zealous teacher, a faithful friend to the poor, and most

especially was he gentle to all those whose sorrow was the sorrow of unrequited love.

Akira had found peace at last, and the Street of the Geisha became to him as a shadowy street in a half-remembered dream. He loved the great towering figure of the Daibutsu, and whenever he passed that way he looked with joy and gratitude upon that serene face. To Akira it was not a gigantic image of bronze, but it seemed to him, especially in the early morning and in the twilight of evening, that the Lord Buddha himself was sitting there. Often he would prostrate himself before that figure and imagine that he was floating up into the Paradise of Incense, or down below the shining waves of the sea into the Paradise of Perfect Happiness. It was always when his spiritual joy was at its height that he prayed most ardently for a quiet, sure strength, that would be proof against the most subtle temptations of the world.

Once, before the figure of Amida-Buddha, he saw a boy wantonly try to kill a bird. The creature's wing was bruised. He picked it up and held it gently in his hand. "Seek not to destroy life," said Akira to the boy, "for all life is sacred to the Lord Buddha." And Akira went away, nursed the bird for a day or two, and, when it had recovered, set it free with no little joy in his heart. It sped on through a burnished sky of gold, settled on a *torii*, and began to sing.

One day in the spring, when Akira was sitting in the outer court of the temple, watching children play about him, he was surprised to see a woman advance toward him, her face hidden behind a thick veil.

"Akira!" said the woman softly.

"*Anata?*" ("Thou?") replied the priest. He recognised the voice of Kohana, and the sound of that voice had lost none of its sweetness.

"Why do you come?" said Akira presently.

"Because," replied Kohana, withdrawing the veil, "from the moment you left me I learnt that love had come into my heart. I tried to stifle it. I went on living in the Street of the Geisha, thinking that the diversions of my calling would in time check my passion. But my love grew greater every day until at last I obtained leave of absence and resolved to come and find you. Only when I reached Kamakura did I learn that you had become a priest. Perhaps, having made that discovery, I ought to have gone back, but I did not go back. I, a poor little butterfly, flutter at your heart in vain now."

"In vain now," murmured Akira. "O Kohana, you have come too late. I have given all to the Lord Buddha, and there is nothing left for you. Return, little one, not to the Street of the Geisha, but somewhere where you may lead a more useful life."

Kohana resented these words. She could not realise that the man who sat so calmly before her was a priest and no longer her lover. It was hard to believe that hands that had once caressed her were now pressed together like the hands of a sacred image.

"Akira," she said, "then you do not remember the old days?"

"'Tis as a dream," replied the priest, drawing in his breath quickly. "Be pleased to leave me."

"Not yet," said Kohana, "not yet. O how pitifully have we changed places! Must I beg one sweet

human word from you? O Akira, tell me, is there no love in your heart for me now?"

"I cannot answer. Be pleased to go away."

"I must have your answer," persisted Kohana.

"You shall have my answer," said Akira in a strange plaintive voice. "To-night you shall have it. Do you remember that when my love gave you pain and not joy I went away and promised never to return?"

"Yes, I remember. I drove you away."

"No, you did not drive me away. It was enough that you wanted me to go. Kohana, if you love me as I loved you then, be pleased not to come back for my answer."

Kohana looked steadily at the priest. Because she was hungry for love and because it was not like the love of Akira, she said: "I do not know what you mean. I shall come back to-night for your answer."

"You will know then," replied Akira firmly, "you will know then," and such an expression of agony and appeal came into his face as he uttered these words that Kohana withdrew. "He is thinking," she said softly, "how my heart will ache when he tells me that he loves me not. Oh! he's a good cold man!"

Shortly before midnight Kohana came again to the temple. She found Akira sitting in the moonlit courtyard with a strange smile on his face.

"Veil yourself," he said in a tense whisper. "We will make a short journey together. Come, give me your hand."

"Your hand is trembling," said Kohana, as they walked rapidly away from the temple.

The priest did not reply. He looked wistfully up at the Daibutsu in passing and noticed once again the serene smile on that face. When Akira whispered, "Forgive," too softly for Kohana to hear him, it seemed that the smile grew more tender, more full of boundless mercy. They left Amida-Buddha sitting in the moonlight, the moonlight that shone upon the dusty road and on the great clouds of cherry-blossom.

When they reached a small *torii*, near Enoshima, Akira told Kohana that here she should have his answer. "Go," he said, "and sit down by that pine tree. Still veil your face, and I beg that you will also close your eyes."

When Kohana had obeyed, Akira collected a number of stones and made a small tower of them under the *torii*. Then he threw a rope over one of the cross-beams of the gateway, made a noose at the other end and slipped it round his neck. For a moment he stood with the rope fairly taut. Then looking toward Kohana, he kicked away some of the stones. A wind, full of the petals of cherry-blossom, suddenly sprang up, and swayed the body of the dead priest to and fro while the sea made music on the shore.

"May I look now?" said Kohana. "Please, speak to me. I do not understand all these mysteries. Akira?"

There was no reply except the great song of the sea and the rush of the wind playing with countless pink and white petals.

For five minutes Kohana waited with a beating heart. Then she withdrew the veil and opened her eyes. She rushed forward with a cry of horror and sank beneath the swaying figure.

“Oh! your answer,” she cried, “your answer! I did not think it would be like that, but I understand!”

Kohana, unable to remove the body, hastened back to Kamakura, and when she had made known the dreadful news, she prostrated herself before the Daibutsu. “O Lord Buddha,” she cried, with a ring of triumph in her voice, “Akira is mine and not yours now! He shall be mine for many existences, mine for ever!”

But when Kohana looked into the face of Amida-Buddha, she saw that on his breast rested the shining soul of Akira.

F. Hadland Davis.

CORRESPONDENCE

BROTHERHOOD OR WAR?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the "Watch-Tower" of the June THEOSOPHIST you invite discussion of your article entitled "Brotherhood and War"; so, where angels fear to tread, I, a fool, rush in. My task is simplified by the frank admission on p. 208—"War is essentially murder and torture". It is quite refreshing to find some one who recognises that German military science is only "one worse" than that hitherto accepted by the national conscience as civilised warfare. Once more I agree with the philosophical statement on p. 199—"that War is an evil, and that the problem of its existence is part of the problem of evil"; certainly, it is a very big part. But if, as is reasonable to believe, "evil is ignorance," and "ignorance is to be gradually gotten rid of by knowledge," then why go to the pains of perpetuating ignorance by dwelling on the advantages to be derived from evil?

We should not require to be reminded that the universal principle of compensation secures that pain ultimately drives its victims to seek a remedy, and that even the present carnage may bring hopeful reactions; what we do require to be told is how to replace the current ignorance by knowledge, and, if this is done at all, it will not be done by the preachers and writers who alone can be found to extol the moral value of War, its spiritual uplift, and all the other attractive phrases that have succeeded the cruder glamour of earlier days. The political argument that wars weld the nation together has ever been used by Governments fearful of the healthy instincts of the people and anxious to keep them

in ignorance; time alone will show in the present case how long the people remain welded together and how much nearer to the desirable condition of a Federation Europe will be brought by the international antagonism that is being stirred up by the press. The religious argument—that the torture or death of the body helps the soul—apparently still survives the excesses of the flagellants and the fakirs, but is denied by the very charter of the military Theosophists—the *Bhagavad-Gītā*:

Unintelligent, tormenting the aggregate elements forming the body, and *Me also*, seated in the inner body, know these demoniacal in their resolves.—xvii, 6.

We are told that, from the view-point of the Self, evolution is hastened; but, if the Self is beyond pain and grief, why this anxiety to save time? According to this view, evolution is more rapid in countries, such as the South American republics, that are continually at war, than in a country like the United States where War is at a minimum; and in this connection it is my fervent hope that the United States will continue to refuse to be goaded into bloodshed by the taunts of self-constituted judges of humanity. The injunction “Judge not” may have a wider application than is given to it in two of the letters in the June THEOSOPHIST.

Again, the claim is made on behalf of War that it has imported art into the countries it has devastated! but the same claim, when advanced on behalf of German culture, is not meeting with much recognition. The fact that nations which were but recently fighting against one another are now fighting as allies seems to me to show the artificiality of all such antagonisms, as well as their counter-alliances. If the peoples, who are the first to suffer, were told the truth about one another by their Governments, no rivalry in legitimate commerce could incite them to become parties to the crime of international murder. Tolstoy saw that the existing ignorance in which the peoples are kept by their Governments can be replaced by the knowledge that every man and woman is free to refuse to violate the elementary instincts of conscience whether in the name of plunder or culture, Empire or God. The cry of the gladiators in the Roman arena—“*Ave Caesar Imberator! Morituri te salutant!*”—may have been Cæsar’s

idea of Brotherhood! it is not good enough for the men and women of to-morrow. Brotherhood may be a fact in the realm of Spirit, but, until it has been recognised and embodied in the regions of diversity, it cannot be said to be an accomplished fact.

Because I have not identified either War or Brotherhood with a particular nation, I shall probably be dubbed a "pro-German"—the current coin of patriotic argument. If the word "pro-German" means one who prefers the German military system to the British, I leave the word for the British conscriptionist party; but, if it means one who would like to see both "Berthas" and "Queen Elizabeths" returned to the eighth sphere, then I put in a claim to the title.

London

W. D. S. BROWN, F.T.S.

BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

As you invite discussion on the subject of Brotherhood and War, I venture to send you some thoughts which seem to me to lead to a different conclusion from that of your article, while based on the four great Facts set forth in it.

I accept these Facts and I agree that "War is an evil, and the problem of its existence is part of the problem of the existence of evil". As you have taught us, the explanation of that problem is to be found in the conditions inseparable from manifestation in material forms—implying limitation and therefore imperfection. Going forth into manifestation separateness of conscious life ensues, because of the density of the forms through which the experiences necessary for the attainment of individuality, and ultimate mastery, must be obtained. The separated self thinks of himself as the centre of his universe, and the Fact—ever existing—of Brotherhood is for him non-existent for the time. Separateness in thought and feeling leads to selfishness, the idea of self-interest, and

all the evils which strife and greed bring in their train, till through the suffering caused by these evils the lesson is learned that the self cannot be served at the expense of his fellows. Selfishness is abjured and separateness transcended.

Every evil which we experience in a divinely ordered world, War among the rest, though brought on us by ignorant or wilful misuse of our power of choice and will, must serve our evolution, and at a stage of our development, be a means to a greater good than could have been possible without it. Is War, therefore, justifiable *for us*? It can only be justified while we do not know a better way—and our race has been in possession of the higher teaching for 2,500 years at least. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. Sin comes when the separated self clings to its isolation and desire to maintain its self-centred life against the larger life, the dawning higher consciousness of its real unity with all selves in the One. Is it not this isolation, this unwillingness to trust and live in the wider consciousness of the Spirit that leads to international strife and culminates in War?

Ought War ever to be resorted to as a means of defence, in the light of the recognition of the One Life in all forms? Can War or violence ever really be a means of defence or help? It is a natural impulse to meet violence with violence, when we see those weaker than ourselves attacked, but are we not thereby failing to give the real help—should we not have learned ere this that yielding to that impulse is only prolonging the agony of the world? No doubt it is utilised to forward evolution when it comes, but that does not justify us in thinking War, preparing for War, engaging in War. The heroism, the self-sacrifice, the mutual helpfulness shown forth in War, are not the product of warfare, though War may afford special opportunities for their manifestation. War comes because we fail to realise Brotherhood, because we allow thoughts of enmity and distrust to accumulate till their interaction generates the cataclysm.

You have taught us that the forces of separative thought—distrust, hatred, enmity—can only be obliterated when they are met by, and transmuted into, forces of an opposite nature—confidence, love, goodwill. Can violence, overwhelming violence by violence, generate peace? Would it not simply

prove to the vanquished that he had not proved strong enough, that his preparations had not been sufficiently complete, and to the victor bring confirmation of the illusion that his prowess in the field proved the justice of his cause. Neither victor nor vanquished would learn from the struggle the futility of opposing force with force, and the cycle of accumulating distrust, preparation for War, and renewed strife would recommence. How many more wars must be fought before we learn that only by ceasing to think War, and therefore in love and trust ceasing to prepare for War, can we seek Peace and ensue it?

The Master is coming again and even warfare can be utilised to help in preparing the way of the Prince of Peace. The mutual exhaustion of the opposing forces may lead to the recognition that such struggles do not settle anything. Realising the misery and destruction, the suffering and privation they cause, it may be that the possibility of the acceptance of the principle of Brotherhood in action may emerge, as the foundation of a permanent Peace. To work for disarmament, by consent of the Powers concerned, as the basis of a Peace settlement is the most truly practical policy for our time. Even if that end cannot immediately be reached by agreement between the nations, may we not hope and pray and work that at least our country may rise to the height of its opportunity by deciding to put away for ever the thought of War, counting whatever loss might ensue as greatest gain? Have we not to learn the way of the Cross as communities, as well as individually, to realise that turning the other cheek, loving the enemy, giving blessing for cursing, losing the life in sacrifice, if need be, is the only way to international Brotherhood—that our race may become consciously true children of the One Father?

There is no religion higher than Truth—can there be any true religion, any really practical policy, lower than the highest truth we are able to glimpse and strive to follow?

JAMES A. ALLAN

Glasgow

REVIEWS

The Basis of Morality, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 6d.)

The subject dealt with in this little volume is one which is of real and practical interest to the majority of thinking people. Only those whose sole aim in life is to work for and eat their bread and butter can feel indifferent to the great question of what makes right right and wrong wrong. Is it sufficient to follow our conscience, or must we seek justification for our actions in the teachings of the sages, the spiritual geniuses of the race? Should the student of the science of human relations calculate the relative utility of two courses of action before deciding on either? And if so what is his criterion of utility? What is the goal towards which he must direct his activity in order to make it "good"? All these questions are here discussed. Each of the five little essays is short, but in it the author lays bare the heart of the matter in the way so characteristic of her writings. The question is a complicated one and much vigorous discussion has raged round it from time to time through the ages. The ordinary reader finds himself bewildered in trying to follow the various arguments. But if the question interests him, let him read this little book. It will point out to him the main issues clearly and concisely, and give him a basis on which to build his further study and a guide to lead him through the tangled mazes of controversy.

A. de L.

War Articles and Notes, by Annie Besant. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 1s.)

This little volume contains a collection of extracts from various writings of Mrs. Besant, published during the first eight months of the War. These extracts have been taken from articles which have appeared in *New India*, *The Commonwealth*, and several Theosophical journals; they have been grouped together under suitable headings, and present in turn the views of the author on the deeper issues raised by the War; Great Britain and the War; India; Germany; the Allies; America; and the Future. Mrs. Besant's views on the War are well known to our readers and, indeed, in the volume before us many quotations are made from THE THEOSOPHIST. Throughout all the book, from however many different sources the quotations have been gathered, the same main idea runs clear and defined: that the duty of the strong is to *protect* the weak, not to tread them down; that it is better to lose everything for "a scrap of paper" so that honour still remains. Germany stands as a retrograde force in the evolutionary progress of humanity, while the Allies represent the forward movement. The future lies before us, full of possibilities: "The old individualistic system is passing away and the Social State is beginning to glimmer through the smoke of the battle-fields." Indeed we feel that Europe may look forward, and exclaim with Browning: "The Future I may face, now I have proved the Past."

This little book should be very popular. It is well arranged, and gives many people an opportunity of reading the scattered opinions of the author, which they otherwise would not have had. As most of the passages are taken from Indian papers, it is especially useful for European readers.

T. L. C.

Contemplations. Being Studies in Christian Mysticism. By Walter Leslie Wilmshurst. (John M. Watkins, London. 1914. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Wilmshurst's name is familiar in the literary world, and we may expect anything from his pen to have interest and value. The collection of essays before us, most of them written

for the magazine of Christian Mysticism known as *The Seeker*, of which he has since become the editor, fulfil these expectations. The work of revivifying Christian teachings by mystic illumination is one that is gaining rapid ground and seems to be one of great importance, bringing back to that religion the light and inspiration which materialism had almost extinguished. Mr. Wilmshurst is not one who tries to fire his writings with his own Mysticism; he is a learned and careful student, and all his opinions are weighed and balanced. He is one of those who believe that although our Lord, an historical Jesus, stands behind the Gospel stories, His presence in the world being their inspiration and cause, yet with study "the records themselves gradually reveal less and less a historical narrative, and more and more a series of symbolical pictures imaging forth, under the guise of the biography of an individual, the drama of the soul's career, and providing for all who aimed at the knowledge of the supreme verities a prototypal and archetypal chart of man's inner life and destiny".

In many ways the essay on "The Raising of the Dead" is the most interesting of the collection. Mr. Wilmshurst takes the view which we as Theosophists hold, that of the fall of the Spirit into matter and the substitution of distorted vision for the direct perception of Reality, the raising from the dead being the reascent of the Soul towards spirituality. He also refers to the fall called by Mystics "the dark hour," and known by Occultists as the crucifixion or descent into the underworld, in both cases followed by a resurrection. He gives us many interesting interpretations and references to symbols in the Scriptures but, one might say, almost too many, so that one has often a sense of digression and a longing to unravel the particular question in hand a little more quickly. There is always that danger in dealing with mystic symbols, because they abound for reference when one begins to look below their surface meanings. None the less, taken separately, all are of value.

The most entertaining and engrossing chapter is that dealing with "S. Winefride's Well and Legend" (the Lourdes of Wales), which is reproduced from *The Occult Review*, whilst to Theosophists, the last essay on "The Superphysical World" will be of particular interest. The

author follows in theory Mr. A. J. Balfour, whom he quotes, as to the conclusions drawn by scientific thought during the last four centuries, namely, he holds that it has not been so much an epoch of discovery as of disillusionment. He traces this process of disillusionment from the first discovery of the earth's globular shape, down to the latter day discovery that the atom (that which is not further to be cut) is capable of being split, its very name being a misnomer, and there is no guarantee that we are not to be still further undeceived. But, he tells us :

Notwithstanding the shadow-play of unrealities, despite the exposed trickeries of sense and the revelation of fresh, and possibly equally fallacious, aspects of the material world, the human consciousness may stand firm and unblenched.

Truly, but we as Theosophists would not recognise in this unchanging centre of consciousness the mind of man, nor would we use the mind and Spirit interchangeably as, for instance, in the following :

Here, then, in the separation of the real from the unreal, of the infinite and eternal from the finite and temporal, is the starting-place for any exploration of the superphysical world. Mind, spirit, has vindicated its own reality : has established an independent empire of its own.

Mr. Wilmshurst recognises the existence of what he terms "the superphysical plane" where, he says, "realities themselves are present," but he makes no distinction between the psychic superphysical and the spiritual superphysical, and maybe should he be consciously removed from his physical body to the astral plane, he would find himself still undergoing "the process of disillusionment".

D. M. C.

The Spiritual Powers and the War, by A. P. Sinnett (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d. net).

Mr. Sinnett has, in the volume before us, given us his views on what may be termed "the other side of the War"—the deeper side, the War viewed from a higher standpoint. It is, in his opinion, a conflict between the powers of good and evil, and the result is certain. Good must in the end win, however terrible the struggle, and in the present crisis the Allies stand for the right. The author draws a parallel between the conditions of the present time and those obtaining in the past ages of the Atlantean civilisation. Some of the "evil

germs brought over from the Atlantean period have given rise to a new harvest of evil power, to the growth of a dark host immeasurably more dangerous to humanity than their predecessors who were dealt with in the Atlantean catastrophe". The subject of National Karma and suffering is then discussed; and despite the terrible atrocities which have been committed by Germany, the Allies are urged not to retaliate in like manner. The future the author contemplates with hope. After the War is over, Right will triumph and "there will be a joyous termination to all these horrors".

Mr. Sinnett is always interesting, and this book should be widely read, dealing as it does with the most absorbing topic of the time, in a manner which must appeal to the thoughtful.

T. L. C.

The Religions of Antiquity: As Preparatory to Christianity, by Charles Newton Scott. (Smith, Elder & Co., London. 1914. Price 2s. net.)

Some forty years ago, Mr. Scott published a book entitled *The Foregleams of Christianity*, An Essay on the Religious History of Antiquity, which was revised in 1893, and as, quoting the Preface, "during the last twenty years much new light has been shed on the ancient religions of the world by important discoveries of many kinds," he has thought fit to re-formulate his opinions in the present volume, which is intended to be a recast of the former one. He is still the staunch champion of his own religion, for which he claims paramountcy, and though Theosophical students will not see eye to eye with him in this respect, the book is none the less interesting for a student of comparative religions. It is clearly thought out, and supplemented copiously with notes of much interest and value in themselves.

For the author the Catholic Creed of Christianity is the harmonising of the elements of truth scattered in anterior religions and philosophies. These elements are severally and gradually revealed in the successive phases of Fetishism, Pantheism, Polytheism, Anthropomorphism, Dualism, Monotheism, and Theism, Christianity being the synthesis and culmination of all these. We would point out, however,

that it is valueless as an argument in favour of a religion's paramountcy to urge that it raises man "above himself, above his grovelling life and his narrow horizons," that it leads him "through patience, resignation and hope, to serenity," that it carries him "beyond temperance, purity and kindness, as far as devotedness and self-sacrifice," for no religion would be worthy the name that could not do that much for its followers, and an unbiassed investigation of the history of other religions would show that nowhere and at no epoch have men not had the inspiration of some religion so to uplift them. If Christianity alone has done this, then where Christianity has not penetrated men must only be grovelling and narrow, knowing nothing of serenity, devotedness and self-sacrifice. Equally weak is the argument that "if the voice of the Church has not been proved to be infallible for scientific or political purposes, in no period, however dark, troubled or corrupt through oppression by the world, has it failed to form saints, or, for the sincerely intent on advance in spiritual life, to be the voice of God". In what is Christianity availed? Do not even the Publicans (the other religions) so? Buddhism, Hindüism and Muhammadanism also have their saints, only Mr. Scott has not perhaps heard of them. His acquaintance with religions other than his own seems to be rather superficial, and his otherwise interesting work is detracted from by his religious bias. One does not read long before one is aware that the writer is a Roman Catholic, staunchly upholding the "True" Church and the authority of the clergy, and also affected by that gloomy teaching which has cast out loveliness and joy from many a life and home—the theory that the object of Christianity "must be rather to vanquish and gain on the world... than, for its purpose, to make it pleasanter or even better". On the whole, Mr. Scott might have made more out of those years of "important discoveries of many kinds," and he might, by putting his religious bias aside, have made the most important discovery of all—that the poor old world was not created to be a sacrifice to one particular religion, but that all religions were given it to make it "pleasanter or even better".

D. M. C.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Robert Louis Stevenson, by Rossaline Masson.

"Genius we are familiar with in Edinburgh, and with genius that compels personal admiration we are not unfamiliar. But with genius that inspires love?" The genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was of that rare quality which does inspire love. The author of this little *Life* feels it and her work is well calculated to infect her readers with the same feeling for R. L. S.

A. de L.

Thought Forces, by Prentice Mulford. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

Among the numerous writers on "New Thought" Prentice Mulford stands out a giant among pygmies. Even through its most sentimental and flabby representatives this New Thought movement has helped many a half despairing soul out of materialism, hardness of heart, or uncertainty, into a life full of hope and aspiration; it is no wonder, then, that a man like Prentice Mulford was the salvation of thousands. Even now, when the ideas which were startlingly new to the ordinary person have spread so as to be more or less familiar to the majority, his vigorous presentation of them has lost none of its value. He is bracing, health-giving. The thirteen essays included in this volume are selected from the series known as the White Cross Library. A common theme runs through them all, as the title of the book suggests, but they are nevertheless very varied in contents. Many facts regarding the reality of thought and the enormous importance of its control and culture are brought home to the reader vigorously.

A. de L.

¹This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Theosophy in Scotland. Volume V. (28, Great King Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.)

Among the features of greatest value and interest in this volume are some of the editorial notes, where we find many strong and deep thoughts among the comments on passing events; particularly we have in mind the remarks written for the September, 1914, issue at the outbreak of the War in Europe, which are original, telling and illuminating. Speaking of the causes of the War, the Editor says :

But we, striving to be members of a *universal* brotherhood, cannot stand apart in comfortable self-righteousness and throw all responsibility on the agent through which these disturbing forces work. The cause of war is to be found in *us*—in the as yet imperfect humanity of which we form a part—in *our* ignorance, *our* suspicion, *our* distrust. . . .

The cruelty and the gentleness, the meanness and the generosity in us, are part of the same qualities we recognise when magnified by the lens of national events. These are the same indivisible qualities—we share them inevitably. Ours the blame, ours the praise—we cannot stand apart.

Also on the subject of War, there is a good article written by one, Jacques L. Buttner, M.D., while on his way to answer the call of his country. "A Vision of Battle" (reprinted from *Lucifer*), by Hume Nisbet describes the after-death experiences of a soldier killed in the battle of Salamis, presumably a memory recalled from a previous life. "The Notes on the Presidential Address to the British Association," by Jessie H. Elder, gives a few of Professor Bateson's views on Mendel's theory of heredity—that the artistic qualities of man are due "not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which in the normal person inhibit the development of these gifts". Other articles of interest are: "From a Student's Notebook—Atlantean Flora," by C. N. Stewart; "The Opening Doors—A Study of Maeterlinck," by A. L. Little; "The Miracle" (being an appreciation of Algernon Blackwood's book), by C. G.; "Scriabin," by Jessie Pinkham; "*Le Sacre du Printemps*," by Margaret N. P. Baily; and an interesting series entitled "Notes on Racial Rhythm," by Isabelle M. Pagan. On page 20 we also find a good portrait of Mrs. Annie Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society.

D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

The Political Outlook, by Annie Besant. (New India Political Pamphlets, No. 2.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.) This pamphlet consists of a complete and masterly survey of the present political status of India. Mrs. Besant points out clearly the most important political changes which Indians should strive to bring about, chief among which is that India "shall, in a common Empire, have a footing of equality with the other Self-Governing Dominions". She draws up a scheme of constructive work, touching in turn on the religious, educational and social, aspects of reform. This is the only work of such a brief nature, which will give students, both Indian and European, a complete grasp of India's political situation.

The Story of Chatta. An Incident in the Life of Lord Buddha. Translated from the Pāli, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, Price 1 Anna or 1d. or 2c.) Those who read, and loved, the story of "Chatta" in Mr. Jinarājadāsa's first, and perhaps most popular, little work *Christ and Buddha* will find additional charm and delight in this pamphlet, which gives a fuller account of Chatta's meeting with the Lord Gauṭama, and of his swift passing over into Devachan by virtue of the Three Refuges and Five Precepts. The translated verses are of extraordinary beauty, and Chatta's "Story" is told with simplicity and grace of style.

An Epitome of Āryan Morals. Compiled by request of the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, for the use of Āryan Youth. (Adyar Pamphlets No. 25.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.) This pamphlet consists of a collection of Samskr̥t texts, arranged in four sections—I. Principles; II. General Precepts; III. Special Precepts; IV. Conclusion. Specially interesting is the precept No. 36 from *Manu*—"Of all pure things, purity in acquiring wealth is pronounced the most important in this world. Hence the means used for gathering riches should always be pure; especially so, in the case of those public men upon whom the people have to wait for the redressal of their wrongs," etc. Going from the general to the particular,

the precepts are selected with a view first to laying a basis of philosophic principles in the mind of the student, then to guide him in his relations with life, and finally to give him practical hints for daily conduct. It will prove useful and inspiring to all English-speaking youth, whether Āryan or otherwise.

Seeing God. Personal Recognition of Divine Love, by the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 1s. 6d. net.) This is a little book of spiritual comfort, persuading us of the "allness" of Divine Love, of the Fatherhood and Motherhood of the God within us. "Cosmic beauty is the first 'seeing' God," and by continual mental progression and expansion, we may reach a level of intuitive perception, which the author calls "God-consciousness". The little book is marked by the deep, quiet, far-seeing qualities which are the well-known characteristics of its author.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

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The following receipts from 11th May to 10th June, 1915,
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ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Nadir H. Mehta, Peking, 5s, Entrance Fees ...	3	12	0
Mr. F. A. Belcher, Toronto, 19s. 9d.	14	13	0
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T. S. in England and Wales, £78. 12s. for 1914-15	1,179	0	0

DONATIONS

Mr. V. Ramachandra Naidu, for White Lotus Day, Feeding Expenses	5	0	0
	Rs. 1,262 6 0		

Adyar, 10th June, 1915

A. SCHWARZ,
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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th May to 10th June, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	RS.	A.	P.
Secretary, T. S., Shanti Dayak, Moradabad (Food Fund)	7	0	0
Mr. V. Ramachandra Naidu, Enangudi	10	0	0
	<u>Rs. 17</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

Adyar, 10th June, 1915

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JULY 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of June :

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VIII

(JUNE)

No. 6

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½". Wrapper. Pages 36.

Price : As. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post Free.*

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VOL. XXXVI

(JULY)

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THE THEOSOPHIST

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The following receipts from 11th June to 10th July, 1915,
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Presidential Agent, Ireland, for 1914-15, £8. 5s. ...	123	14	11

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J. R. ARIA,
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Merida, Yukatan, Republic of Mexico ...	Zamna Lodge, T. S. ...	26-4-1915
London, England ...	Union „ „ ...	1-5-1915

J. R. ARIA,
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 13th July, 1915.

Printer : Annie Besant, Vasanā Press, Adyar, Madras.
 Publishers : Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, AUGUST 1915

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THE THEOSOPHIST

Vol. XXXVI

(AUGUST)

No. 11

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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	Rs.	A.	P.
T. S. in India, for 1914	166	4	9
T. S. in Scotland, for 1915	36	8	0
Presidential Agent, Spain, for 1914-15, £18. 12s. 6d.	279	13	7
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Adyar, 14th August, 1915

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J. R. ARIA,
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 Adyar, 14th August, 1915

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Utrecht, the Netherlands...	Meuleman Lodge, T. S.	27-6-1915
Aliyur, Tanjore Dist., India	Kadambur „ „	19-7-1915

Adyar,
 14th August, 1915

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

Printer: Annie Besant, Vasanā Press, Adyar, Madras.
 Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, SEPTEMBER 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of August:

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AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LORD BUDDHA

(Translated from the Pali)

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

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