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**THEOSOPHIST**

A MAGAZINE OF  
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Art, Literature and Occultism

EDITED BY  
**ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.**

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# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER year of our THEOSOPHIST lies behind us; another year of our THEOSOPHIST opens before us, our Thirty-eighth volume. Thirty-seven years of unbroken succession have passed over us. How many lie in front, who can tell? For the times are stormy, and the difficulties are many; our press is under heavy security, and I know not if it will be shut down, for I am not a prophet, nor can I forecast the incalculable. I do not know for what reason the security has been imposed, for the Executive gives no reasons. I have not received a warning of any kind, during my eight years of work, so I have nothing to guide me as to the wishes or the objections of the Executive. I am groping entirely in the dark. But in order to protect the press as much as I can, I have set up a new press in Madras, and have removed thither the *Commonweal* and all political pamphlets, leaving nothing for the Vasanta Press but purely religious and social publications. During these times of War, it is very difficult to keep a press going, all materials being so dear, and the price of paper also exorbitant. The printing of the *Commonweal* and of the political pamphlets has enabled me to maintain the Press during these War years, and unless we can obtain some general printing,

it is difficult to see how it can be made to pay its way. The beauty of our Samskr̥t publications has brought much credit to the Adyar Library among Indian and foreign scholars, but we cannot live upon these, as they are necessarily slowly produced. The great business has been built up during years of steady labour, but a stroke of the pen of the Executive menaces it with destruction. I do not complain; that would be childish. I merely state facts.

\* \* \*

It will not be possible for me henceforth to write freely, as you, my readers, love that I should write, on my own work, and on the subjects which interest us so profoundly. This is a loss alike to you and to me, but it is inevitable, and we must make the best of it. I ask you to help me to carry THE THEOSOPHIST through the dark valley, while we hope for better days. It must be remembered that changes occur in the *personnel* of the Government, and that a change of persons may mean a change of policy. One office has just changed hands, another will be changed early in the coming year, so that half the *personnel* will be changed.

\* \* \*

Two years will have passed, when next month opens, since I wrote fully and strongly on the War, and the noble part played therein by England. I desire now to endorse every word therein written, for I hold as strongly now as then that this War is a War of Ideals, not merely of Nations, and that the place of every true Theosophist is on the side of Righteousness and Honour, of the sacredness of treaties and the protection of the weak. There is but one end possible to this War, the triumph of Righteousness over wrong. If wrong could triumph, then the world would enter on a period of frightful suffering. European civilisation would perish as those of Babylon, of Egypt, of Rome have perished, and Europe would be trampled into ruin under the heel of the New Barbarians. That will not be.

\* \* \*

Most of us believe in the Coming of the World-Teacher, and we look on the present World-War as part of the preparation for that coming. The old and worn-out must be destroyed in order that the new may come into its place, the weeds must be torn up in order that the shrubs which are to flower into beauty may be planted in their room. Hence, to us, the War is but a means to an end, and our hearts are neither troubled nor afraid. But they are set on the work of preparation, "to make ready a people prepared for the Lord," and it is worth while to consider along what lines we should work. I had intended to write for this first number of a new volume an article entitled, "On the Wider Outlook of the Theosophical Society," but the legal case in which I am concerned being fixed for September 27th, and considerable time being needed for its preparation, I have been obliged to defer the writing of the article, I hope only to next month.

\*  
\* \*

Let us consider what movements there are in the world around us which are distinctly preparatory for certain definite lines of evolution. The Theosophical Movement is all-inclusive, the inspiring spirit of all, the ambient atmosphere by which all are nourished. Therefore I put that aside, to seek the more specialised movements, concerned not with the whole civilisation but with particular portions of it. Of these there are three on which we may specially dwell.

\*  
\* \*

First and foremost comes the upbringing of the children of the day, those who will be lads and lasses, young men and women, when He comes. The very young are still malleable, and, placed in good conditions, would shape themselves into readiness for service. The boys and girls of the secondary school age are susceptible of high aspiration, and an education rightly conducted would yield the fairest fruits by the time that He will be among us, giving Him receptive and even eager listeners by tens and hundreds of thousands. The elder students of college age are necessarily more

formed, but the bulk of them are full of high ideals, are longing to serve. To them, in so far as they can be influenced, must fall much of the work of preparation, and we elders must look to them as our co-workers in the great task which has to be accomplished ere He can come.

\* \* \*

The work of Education, then, comes first in importance. For this the little book, *Education as Service*, was written; for this the Theosophical Educational Trust, an attempt to form a body for that soul, was established. The Trust, started in India, has already taken firm root in England, and it may be that similar affiliated Trusts, each formed under the laws of its own country, may appear in countries within and without the British Empire. The key-notes of the Trust are: Education founded on and inspired by religion, the unity of religions being recognised, but each pupil being specially instructed in the tenets of his parents' faith, while trained to respect the religions of others. Cordial relations between teachers and students, marked by mutual respect, gentleness and affection, discipline being maintained by reason and love, not by punishments and harshness. Study of each student, so as to bring out his faculties, eliminate any undesirable tendencies, and help him in due course to the choice of a career in life. Avoidance of early specialisation; effort to evolve character and train will; careful development of the body, and therefore watchfulness over nutrition, exercise, rest, and self-control; presentation of high ideals of patriotism, courage, serviceableness, duty, sacrifice, and the stimulation of their practice by examples of, and if possible contact with, men and women who embody any of these to a marked degree. The balance of literary, artistic, scientific and manual education, to train the reason, the taste, the judgment, and the hands, in the early stages, preparing for the passing into the learned professions, the arts, the sciences, the crafts, according to ability and preference.

\* \* \*



The spreading of the principles of the Theosophical Educational Trust by lectures, articles, discussions, conversation, the founding of schools under it, and the bringing of existing schools under its control, the collection of funds to increase its area of work, all these are part of the direct preparation for the Coming of the World-Teacher, and should be undertaken with that in view. We may be sure that this work would specially please the World-Teacher, and would receive His benediction, for He is the Lover of children and of the young, as we see Him in Shrī Kṛṣṇa and in the Christ.

\*  
\* \*

What can be specially done for the great religion He founded when last on earth, to which the western world instinctively turns, for the millions who cling to it, who love its ritual, who cherish its traditions, who fain would be distinctively Christian while still seeking for mystical interpretations, who feel the need of the sacramental order and the living environment of the Church? There is slowly growing up in Europe, silently but steadily, with its strongest centre perhaps in Holland, but with members scattered in other European countries, the little known movement called the Old Catholic, with the ancient ritual, with unchallenged Orders, yet holding itself aloof from the Papal Obedience. This is a living, Christian, Church which will grow and multiply as the years go on, and which has a great future before it, small as it as yet is. It is likely to become the future Church of Christendom "when He comes". This is the second movement.

\*  
\* \*

There are also many in the West who are not attracted to Christianity, but who feel a certain blank in their lives, when they have outgrown the old forms and have discovered none others to take their place. Many men in America and in Great Britain especially, having left the churches, have found in the great Brotherhood of Masonry an emotional and mystical satisfaction and a physical training. Masonry has,

to them, become a religion. But ordinary Masonry has the great deficiency that it excludes women. A body which shuts out half humanity cannot be permanent, and in these days—when women have shown such perfect heroism as doctors and nurses in the War-zone, such capacity for taking up forms of unaccustomed physical labour where men were wanting—it becomes even ludicrous. This lack of universality in Masonry, this disharmony with the spirit of the time, as well as this opposition to the ancient rule which disregarded sex as a qualification or disqualification for the Mysteries—these things make it imperative to open Masonry to women. Hence has arisen the Co-Masonic Movement, in which the ritual is, in all essentials, that of masculine Masonry, but in which Womanhood is no bar to admission. Started in France, it passed to England, and England has far outstripped France in the number of its Lodges. Here also is the germ of a mighty Movement, and wide vistas of advance are opening before it. It is the third movement.

\* \* \*

Such are three embryonic Movements which will grow strong and powerful in the coming years. In each one of them work is going on in preparation for the Coming, and fortunate are those who, in the days of their weakness, are intuitional enough to seize their significance and to strengthen them with their adhesion. A dozen years hence, readers who remember these words will realise their truth.

\* \* \*

The War has bruised many hearts, and has torn gaps in many a family circle, but nowhere, I think, has it made a rent more pathetic than it has wrought in The Priory, Bidston, in the family of one whose name is well known to our readers, Joseph Bibby. The peculiar charm of that household lay in the family relations, the husband and wife, middle-aged but keen in their interest and generous in their help to every good movement which came in their way. Many of our British lecturers have shared in their

lavish hospitality. Round them a circle of stalwart sons and one daughter, the sons strong, eager, gay, full of life and energy, beautifully tender to their mother, and the friends of their father. The charm of the household lay in the frank freedom of the younger generation, and the generous and ungrudging helpfulness of the elder, ready to give the advice of the more experienced but never seeking to control the sons who had reached manhood. Three of these gallant young fellows went to the front as privates in the "Pals," apparently a local regiment, and went to France last November as machine-gunners. All three of them have been wounded, and one of them, the midmost in age, C. Leslie Bibby, who had already been wounded and had rejoined his regiment before the recent "push" began, was again wounded, this time fatally, and died in France. The last time I was in Lancashire, this young fellow, who has died so worthily for his country, gave me a pleasant motor drive from Manchester through Cheshire to Birkenhead, whither I went to deliver lectures. The life cut off was a promising one here, and will long be missed, but Leslie Bibby has won a higher step in the forefront of the army of evolution, and those who thus die find in death a portal to a greater and a larger life, swiftly returning to the earth as one of the leaders in the advancing army.

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It is rather odd that the Round Table, founded in July, 1908, has had its name taken—certainly an unconscious appropriation—by the groups which started in Great Britain and the Dominions in 1910 to study Imperial Problems. The original Round Table is an international organisation of young people, who desire to be of use in their day and generation. Associates are boys and girls from thirteen to fifteen years of age. Boys and girls over fifteen are admitted as Companions, and over twenty-one, if good workers, they may become Knights. A Knight makes another Round Table by gathering twelve Companions and Associates round him. Associates and Companions follow a simple discipline. In each country is a Senior Council,

and there are such governing bodies in England, Australia, New Zealand, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and America. Belgium must be scattered now, and in Italy and Spain there are only isolated workers.

\* \* \*

Theosophical work goes on steadily in India, and I leave this evening (September 22nd) to preside at a Theosophical Conference held at Negapatam on the 23rd and 24th. These Theosophical Conferences, held by District Federations all over India, resemble those held by similar Federations in Britain, and serve to draw the members together, and to enhance the sense of unity.

\* \* \*

Dr. Otto Schrader, the late Director of the Adyar Library, has accomplished a fine piece of work during his internment as a prisoner of War in Ahmednagar. The military authorities have very kindly allowed Dr. Schrader to receive the necessary books, so that he has been able to utilise his enforced leisure in work dear to his scholarly heart. The book is a very learned one, and is intended to serve as an *Introduction to the Pāñ-charātra and the Ahirbudhnya Samhitā*. Dr. Schrader had previously published a standard text of the *Ahirbudhnya* in two volumes.

\* \* \*

The Theosophical Convention will be held this year at Lucknow, and a great crowd is expected. The last time that it was held in the United Provinces was in 1913, when we met in Benares. In 1914 we met at Adyar, in 1915 in Bombay. The plan lately adopted of moving from place to place has met with much approval, and is likely, I think, to be continued. But probably in this third year of the War, we shall, as at our two previous meetings, have but few visitors from abroad. Passport restrictions are so troublesome, and strangers so suspected, that it is far better that they should not come to India.

---



A POEM BY GIORDANO BRUNO

By F. L. WOODWARD

“THE following ode,” says Coleridge,<sup>1</sup> “was written by Giordano Bruno, under prospect of that martyrdom which he soon after suffered at Rome, for atheism; that is, as is proved by all his works, for a lofty and enlightened piety, which was of course unintelligible to bigots and dangerous to an apostate hierarchy. If the human mind be, as it assuredly is, the sublimest object which nature affords to our contemplation, these lines which portray the human mind under the action of its most elevated affections, have a fair claim to the praise of sublimity. The work from

<sup>1</sup> *Omniana*, p. 367. Bohn's Complete Works of S. T. C.

which they are extracted is exceedingly rare (as, indeed, all the works of the Nolan philosopher), and I have never seen them quoted ;—

Daedaleas vacuis plumas nectere humeris  
 Concupiant alii ; aut vi suspendi nubium  
 Alis, ventorumve appetant remigium ;  
 Aut orbitae flammantis raptari alveo ;  
 Bellerophontisve alitem.

Nos vero illo donati sumus genio,  
 Ut fatum intrepidi objectasque umbras cernimus,  
 Ne caeci ad lumen solis, ad perspicuas  
 Naturae voces surdi, ad divum munera  
 Ingrato adsimus pectore.

Non curamus stultorum quid opinio  
 De nobis ferat, aut queis dignetur sedibus.  
 Alis ascendimus sursum melioribus !  
 Quid nubes ultra, ventorum ultra est semita,  
 Vidimus, quantum satis est.

Illuc conscendent plurimi, nobis ducibus,  
 Per scalam proprio erectam et firmam in pectore,  
 Quam Deus et vegeti sors dabit ingeni ;  
 Non manes, pluma, ignis, ventus, nubes, spiritus,  
 Divinantum phantasmata,

Non sensus vegetans, non me ratio arguet,  
 Non indoles exculti clara ingenii ;  
 Sed perfidi sycophantae supercilium  
 Absque lance, statera, trutina, oculo,  
 Miraculum armati segete.

Versificantis grammatistae encomium,  
 Buglossae Graecissantum, et epistola  
 Lectorem libri salutantum a limine,  
 Latrantum adversum Zoilos, Momos, mastiges—  
 Hinc absint testimonia !

Procedat nudus, quem non ornant nubila,  
 Sol. Non conveniunt quadrupedum phalerae  
 Humano dorso. Porro Veri species  
 Quaesita, inventa, et patefacta me efferat !  
 Etsi nullus intelligat,  
 Si cum natura sapio, et sub numine,  
 Id vere plus quam satis est.

“The conclusion alludes to a charge of impenetrable obscurity, in which Bruno shares one and the same fate with Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and in truth with every great discoverer and benefactor of the human race; excepting only when the discoveries have been capable of being rendered palpable to the outward senses, and have therefore come under the cognizance of our ‘sober judicious critics’ and the men of ‘sound common sense’; that is, of those snails in intellect, who wear their eyes at the tips of their feelers, and cannot even see unless they at the same time touch. When these finger-philosophers affirm that Plato, Bruno, etc., must have been ‘out of their senses,’ the just and proper retort is;—‘Gentlemen! it is still worse with you! you have lost your reason!’”

I here present the reader with a translation of the Latin Ode, which, though not approaching the “sublimity” of the vigorous, if faulty Latinity of the original, will yet give some idea of the proud scorn of our great

pioneer for the Inquisitorial nincompoops who could not see an inch before their noses.

### THE HEROIC SOUL

Let others seek the plumes of Daedalus  
 To grace their naked shoulders ; let them float  
 Upborne on cloudy wings and strive to ply  
 The oarage of the winds to speed their boat,  
 Upwhirled into the flaming orbit's void,  
     Or stride the flying Pegasus.

But I with such a genius am endowed  
 That dauntless I can gaze upon my fate  
 And on the gathered clouds that lie before ;  
 Lest to the sun's light I be blind, and deaf  
 To the clear tones of nature ; lest I greet  
     The High Gods' gifts with thankless heart.

I little reck what fools may think of me,  
 Or what the value to their thoughts assigned ;  
 On stronger wings than theirs I soar aloft ;  
 For I have gazed beyond the clouds and seen  
 What lies beyond the highway of the winds.  
     Enough for me what I have seen.

Thither shall many climb, with me for guide,  
 Up the stout ladder fixed in each man's heart—  
 The gift of God and man's bright destiny.  
 But me no ghost nor feather, fire nor wind,  
 No cloud nor spirit, dreams of sorcerers,  
 Nor lively sense, nor logic shall confute ;  
 No cultured mind's clear-cut charactery,



No scrutiny of balance, scale or weights ;  
Nay ! but the frown of treacherous sycophants  
    Armed with a crop of miracles.

I need no grammar-rhyming pedant's praise,  
Mouth-stopper of the Greeklings, letter writ  
To greet the reader at the very door,  
No dogs that snarl against the critics' lash ;  
    Not these the witnesses I need !

Let the bright sun move on ! Harness of brutes  
Fits not the back of men. The face of Truth,  
Sought for and found and to the world divulged,  
Shall bear me on. Tho' none may understand—  
If I be wise with nature, under God,  
    Enough, more than enough for me !

F. L. Woodward

# THE NATURE, POWER, AND EVOLUTION OF FAITH

ITS RELATION TO CHARACTER AND ACTION

By ERNEST KIRK

WHY does a man have faith in this, that, or the other? What is it in him that induces him to give himself whole-heartedly and without fear of ridicule or opposition to any particular action, policy, or truth? Most people are aware, at one time or another, of an inner something which makes it not only possible to exercise faith along certain lines but comparatively pleasant to do so. What is this something, whence comes it, and how does it operate? A satisfactory answer to these questions would, so it seems to me, go a long way, not only towards a better understanding of others and thus a greater and truer tolerance, but towards the acquisition of that knowledge the possession of which makes clear to one the why and wherefore of one's attitude towards life.

As to the power of faith, judged by outer results, there can be no two opinions. We see that it is one of the world's most inspiring and most potent forces. Even the casual observer must notice that its presence in any outstanding degree makes all the difference

between the efficient and the non-efficient, the purposive and the purposeless. It is more powerful and valuable in the world of commerce than steam or electricity, in politics than oratory or close reasoning, in religion than dogmas and creeds. Indeed, faith is the inspiring and sustaining force in almost every great enterprise in the three worlds. One has only to look carefully around to be convinced of the truth of this. It is seen in the man (or the nation) whose faith goes out towards the "mighty dollar," as the one thing above all others worth living for. Such a man does not theorise about money, he just lives for it. Quietly, but as resolutely and effectively as possible, he brings the whole of his life into harmony with his faith. Experience has taught him that he cannot obtain his object without knowing and respecting certain laws, and so he acts accordingly.

Or take the case of the average earnest and intelligent Christian missionary in India, the missionary, I mean, who in the main labours from altruistic motives. In the majority of instances such a missionary's attitude towards India, her people, and her religions, is actuated and governed by his belief. If he has come to regard Christianity as being unique and supreme over all religions—perchance the one religion destined finally to embrace in its fold the whole world—and has surrendered himself to that idea, he will most assuredly act in consonance with it. Thus motivated he will go about his duties as skilfully and as wisely as he can, but whether he runs a school, or a Y. M. C. A., or whether he cooperates with the devotees of other religions in a score of matters touching, as he may think, the political and

social well-being of the country, back of his mind all the time will be the dominating and inspiring idea of winning India and the Indians for Christ and Christianity.

Those who knew personally the late General William Booth, founder of The Salvation Army, know that the one great secret of the success of his wonderful life lay principally in his invincible faith in the revivalistic panacea advocated by him for the ills and woes of mankind. In this connection one might with interest consider the Kaiser and the War; Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the liberation of Italy; Prince Bismarck, General von Moltke, and Greater Germany; Columbus and his discovery of the New World; Mrs. Annie Besant and Home Rule for India; Savanarola, Bruno, and others. In all ages faith has been the leverage to great achievements, the inspiration of mighty deeds. Where there have been mediocrity and confusion of faith there also have been mediocrity and confusion of thought and action; where the faith has been true, strong, and robust, there too has been true, strong, and robust thought and deed.

All this holds good in the T. S. with respect to its members and their faith—or lack of it—in karma, reincarnation, the existence of the Masters, and so on. And have we not here also the secret of that diversity of outlook in, and attitude towards, life existing not only among Theosophists but among all men?

But what after all *is* this subtle, potent, something in us we call faith? How comes it, and why? “Now faith,” says St. Paul (*Heb.* XI. 1), “is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” That is a definition well worth pondering over, for are not thoughts and feelings “evidence of things not seen”?

And are not the thoughts and feelings of the present largely the result of the past?

In the *Dictionary of the Bible* edited by Hastings, faith is defined as that which “does not import mere belief in an intellectual sense, but all that enters into an entire self-commitment of the soul. . . .”

“True faith rests in knowledge, and without knowledge there can be no faith,” once remarked Paracelsus.

If I know that divine wisdom can accomplish a certain thing, I have the true faith; but if I merely believe a thing might be possible or if I attempt to persuade myself that I believe in its possibility, such a belief is no knowledge and confers no faith. No one can have a true faith in a thing which is not true, because such a “faith” would be merely a belief or an opinion based upon ignorance of the truth.

But by far the most illuminating, convincing, and suggestive definition of faith I know is that given in the Seventeenth Discourse of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. There Śhrī Kṛṣṇa, speaking to Arjuna, says: “The faith of each is shaped to his own nature, O Bhāraṭa. The man consists of his faith; that which his faith is he is even that.” And again: “Threefold is by nature the inborn faith of the embodied—pure, passionate and dark.”

Here we see that faith is not an opinion, not a mere intellectual belief, not something “created” or imposed upon us by outward authority, environment, or influence; not something imparted suddenly and “miraculously” as a “divine gift”; on the contrary it is the deeper man himself, or rather that which is the expression of, the essence and fragrance, so to speak, of his very nature. By that nature is a man’s faith shaped and vitalised, and if the nature be pure then will the faith be pure also. In other words a man’s faith will correspond exactly to what he *is*. He may, for the

sake of "policy," or in order to avoid giving offence to a friend, or out of respect to some authority, accept tentatively this or that person's views or statements, but in reality he will not go much beyond what he is by nature. To change his faith, and hence his actions, you must change his nature; but as this is a complex thing, spun partly out of the threads of heredity and environment, but mostly out of his own thoughts and feelings of this and other lives, the changing of it is by no means an easy matter, and involves long and strenuous effort. It is true there is a point in the soul's evolution—called by some conversion—when it seems to leap suddenly forward, to break suddenly loose from comparative darkness and bondage and enter into comparative light and freedom, but in reality it is but a stage in its growth, never to be reached before the full time is ripe.

From Shrī Kṛṣṇa's definition of faith we learn also that the necessary evolution of man, and consequently of his faith, passes through three definitely marked stages; namely, "dark," "passionate," and "pure," and those who know anything at all about the actions of men, individually and in the mass, will know that this classification is remarkably accurate, illuminating, and significant. In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Discourses of the *Gītā* some striking particulars are given of the characteristics peculiar to the people belonging to each of these three periods of evolution. The foods, for instance, "dear to the pure" are described as those which "augment vitality, energy, vigour, health, joy and cheerfulness"; those of the "passionate" as "bitter, sour, saline, over-hot, pungent, dry and burning, and which produce pain,

grief, and sickness"; the food most liked by the "dark" as "stale and flat, putrid and corrupt . . . unclean".

Respecting sacrifice (or service), this is offered by the "pure" as duty and "without desire for fruit"; by the "passionate"—"with a view verily to fruit and also indeed for self-glorification"; by the "dark"—"contrary to the ordinances," etc. Again, the "dark" are spoken of as "discordant, vulgar, stubborn, cheating, malicious, indolent, despairful, procrastinating," of that which "thinketh wrong to be right" and which "seeth all things subverted". The "passionate" are referred to as of that which "understandeth awry Right and Wrong, and also what ought to be done and what not to be done," those who desire "to obtain the fruit of actions, greedy, harmful, impure, moved by joy and sorrow". The "pure" are of that which "knoweth energy and abstinence, what ought to be done and what ought not to be done, fear and fearlessness, bondage and liberation, not egoistic, endued with firmness and confidence, unchanged by sickness or failure". Broadly speaking, the people in the first, or "dark," stage—the earlier and more primitive races of man—may be said to be almost entirely governed by bodily appetites, by their feelings and passions; those in the second stage, the "passionate," by a mixture of emotions and lower mind (with flashes of the higher), resulting mainly in selfishness and competition; those in the third stage by the Higher Self which is really the Law of Love and the Will of Ishvara. These are the people (they seem to me to be extremely rare) in whose hearts and lives the notes of Union, Co-operation, and Universal Brotherhood sound forth clearly and insistently.

As the majority of mankind are still in the second stage—busily developing the lower mind—it is but natural to expect that the average faith of the world will show forth second-stage qualities also. And nowhere is this more manifest than in the religions of the world, for though there is happily an encouraging movement towards the unity and tolerance which shall eventually render obnoxious and impossible any idea of proselytism, the “I am I” principle is still very strong and active in most religions, and particularly, I think, in Christianity.

From what has already been said it will be evident that in the earlier part of man’s pilgrimage, before mind had been developed and before he could be said to have arrived at the point where he really began to think for himself, to initiate his own thoughts, there was little or none of that genuine belief which is the conviction of the heart and which invariably results in definite action. What faith there was at that stage was of a conventional and superficial kind, easily adopted and as easily put aside. The absence of mind, of independent thinking, means also the absence of independent faith, and it is not until the mind is strong enough and man begins to think for himself that he begins to exercise a faith worthy of the name, and likely to be of service to his fellows. While he is motivated in his actions by his feelings, or while his thoughts are mere repetitions of those of others, no matter how highly esteemed and venerable, his faith, though useful to himself as a means of evolving will, must be comparatively useless as an instrument of public service. The faith that counts, the faith that is able to “remove mountains,” is the faith that is the cumulative



result of a long series of experiences in a long series of lives. And it is this past, stretching away back into infinity, which gives the impulse, character, and environment of the present, and out of which, as we deal with passing opportunities, will the future be woven.

It will thus be seen that faith, like thought, is progressive. The stages of its growth are often preceded by periods of healthy scepticism and honest doubt. In some respects we repeat in miniature in this life—in childhood, youth, young manhood and full maturity—what we have passed through in the long sweep of our evolution. The matter comprising our physical, emotional, and mental bodies represents fairly accurately our place in that evolution. Put otherwise, the Divine Self within each is limited in his expression down here by his vehicles, and faith is a mode of that expression, is, in fact, that Self in the process of struggling through and with those vehicles, to respond to, to contact, to at-one the Truth. He can only do this with any degree of perfection when the vehicles are pure and harmonised. Given a certain type of nature, a certain type of vehicle, and you have a certain type of faith; change that nature, and the faith changes also. The more evolved the person, the higher and purer the nature, the higher and purer the faith. It is only when truth is perceived by the intellect or glimpsed by the intuition that there can be true faith. The faith of primitive peoples is more properly speaking a kind of blind super-animal instinct, not unlike that manifested by the group soul. What is called "blind faith" can exist only at certain lower stages of growth, and, as a Master once wrote :

“The era of blind faith is gone; that of enquiry is here.”

Have we not here the root explanation for the differences in the quantity and quality of faith in different people, and even in the same person at different times? Is this not one of the chief reasons why some people take to the truths of Theosophy like ducks take to water, while others are not attracted by them at all? And do we not see from this that while faith is one of the most powerful forces in our midst, it is nevertheless as fallible and as unreliable—as a cut and dried rule for all—as is the thing we call conscience? Nor is it any proof that a man is right, simply because he believes he is right. Presumably Calvin believed in the abominable doctrine that still goes by his name—so many born to be saved, so many to be damned, irrespective of individual choice or action—but that did not make what he believed true. No, the fact is—men are swept away by the momentum they have themselves set going in this and previous lives.

He who fell away from Yoga is reborn in a pure and blessed house. . . . There he recovereth the characteristics belonging to the former body and with these he again laboureth for perfection, O Joy of the Kurus. BY THAT FORMER PRACTICE HE IS IRRESISTIBLY SWEEP AWAY.”—*Gītā*, Sixth Discourse.

It is this view of faith which, when applied to the normal attitude and actions of men and nations, is, I submit, the most interesting, illuminating and satisfactory of any known to us. It shows us why men, as well as nations, act as they do; for the faith of a nation is but the reflection, the expression, of what is the average standard in character and development of the individuals composing it. Looked at thus, almost every

event of importance connected with an individual, a nation, or a collection of nations, can be explained. On this hypothesis, and keeping in mind God's great plan of evolution, man is seen to be the creator of his own faith, sowing exactly what he reaps, and reaping exactly what he sows. There is no place in this faith-scheme for favouritism, or injustice of any kind; each is left free to be the captain of his own soul, possessing and manifesting just that kind of faith he has earned and deserves, and no other. And from this point of view it is clear also that the royal road towards the attainment of a pure, noble, and lofty faith is by the development of a pure, noble, and lofty character.

Ernest Kirk

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TO ANNIE BESANT

CRORES of stars swing through the violet night,  
Stupendous in their ancient majesty;  
Far suns, great nebulæ, the Milky Way—  
We watch them in their awful flight  
Until they pale before the coming day,  
As in his solitary, unmatched glory, free,  
Our sun bursts flaming on our eager sight.

Beloved Lady, there be men indeed  
Who glitter brilliantly, who, like a galaxy,  
Command the admiration of the world—  
But cold their course, far-off, set, decreed.  
We watch with curious gaze these stars thus hurled  
Aloft, but turn in eager love to thee  
As to the sun—thou Truth-Star, one of the Freed.

F. K.

## THE WHITE ARMY

By A. R. WARREN, F.T.S.

[NOTE.—It will be evident to our readers that this article was written before the war. The idea of a line of pacifists long enough to stretch across Europe is picturesque but still somewhat premature, to say the least of it. Nevertheless we publish the article as evidence of the existence of a strong desire to bring together all who are prepared to work and suffer with the definite object of influencing public opinion in all countries to oppose every policy likely to lead to a repetition of the present tragedy. It is both probable and desirable that this movement should assume a more practical form after the war.—ED.]

A NEW movement has been started in Sweden to bring about world peace. It is the formation of a White Army, whose work shall be to place itself between the warring armies, and prevent them fighting by refusing to allow them to meet. This movement works on the principle that like is only killed by like. The principle in this case is that the only way to stop people from fighting is by fighting them both, and thus forcing them to become friends in the face of a mutual enemy. Another principle shown is the very new one of aggressive passive resistance—a somewhat Irish expression—which means that if you place yourself between two combatants as a dividing wall which they cannot get rid of, they forget in time that they ever wanted to fight, and thus peace is restored before the fight. Passive resistance alone meant that one stood

aside and refused to fight, but now it is extended in its scope by becoming aggressive, and using its principles to prevent others from fighting. Our feeling that we have a duty to our neighbour which we must carry out, will not allow us to live our own lives only, but forces us to try and make them do what we think right, hence the need we feel for aggression. Passiveness does not satisfy us. If we do not want to make another do wrong, we also want to make him do right, so that we become aggressive, whatever our principles.

Like all the other movements to rid the world of war, the White Army has many difficulties before it, and yet at the same time many of the present characteristics of human nature favour its success.

One of its difficulties lies in the fact that an aggregate of human beings does not make a human aggregate. An army is composed of human beings who, separately, have all the sympathy and love that civilians have, and often they exhibit more human love and devotion than some civilians, but when these human beings join together under disciplinary rules, they do not *in toto* show these human qualities at all. When these human beings band themselves together, even voluntarily, and formulate disciplinary systems to preserve their union, they lose so much of their humaneness that others are forced to protect themselves from them. Take the Trade Unions for example. Primarily they were formed to enable the workmen to provide better homes for their wives and children, and to give the children an opportunity of receiving an education before starting out in life as workmen. But when the question of strikes comes up, do the workmen think of the sufferings of their wives and children by the want that will ensue?

Or does it affect them very much when they see the sufferings actually going on during the strike? No, these human emotions are entirely lost in the union discipline. I have seen strikers allow children to die for want of milk and food rather than give up the strike, and yet, on the other hand, after a colliery disaster I have seen men of their own free will take a woman and her children and provide for them. In the latter case there was no union, with disciplinary laws or systems, but each man was an independent unit and could therefore exercise his human qualities, whereas when united these qualities were almost numbed.

This is the difficulty to be faced by the White Army. They may place themselves between the two armies, and each man of those armies may of himself wish to refrain from wounding a non-combatant, even though between himself and his enemy, yet the warring armies would probably shoot at each other owing to their disciplinary system; and if the White Army is in the way, well, it will be killed out of existence. We have seen much the same sentiment acted upon in England with the militant suffragists. Parliamentary discipline had practically succeeded in killing out the suffrage movement, but the militants insisted on keeping it alive, so the prison tortures and the Cat and Mouse Act were resorted to in the hope that it would kill out the offenders who insisted on keeping up the suffrage agitation in the face of Parliamentary discipline. The Government simply says it is the fault of the militants, and so will the warring armies say of the White Army when they shoot through it. They will say it was its fault for insisting on being in the way to prevent them from carrying out their disciplinary rules and systems.

The point that will favour the movement to form this White Army is the fact that we have a natural tendency to unite in bodies to bring about any reform. The workmen united to reform labour, then the capitalists united to preserve their interests, and formed trusts and other great combinations. Gradually the women are uniting in that great movement that is called Feminism, of which the suffrage is only a small manifestation. Religious Societies were formed to band the people together against the encroachments of priestcraft, itself a union for a purpose—that of preserving the sanctity of the religion from the ignorant mob. All over the world one sees every movement and shade of thought becoming the basis of a union of some kind, for it is demonstrated that union is strength, and the stronger the union, the greater the certainty of success. Every union more or less accomplishes its object, though it is a case of time versus human will. The occult reason is very obvious, for our human wills are in essence divine, and the union of two divine things means the increase of divine strength that can be utilised by the world to a much greater degree than merely double. The union of two entirely physical things means only double the quantity, but the union of two divine ones means a quantity very much more than double.

A union of human wills is necessary to bring about any reform, and the reform will not be effected till the union has been made, so that if we wish to bring about a reform in international relations, we must find some means to bring those in favour of the reform together into a compact body with at least one object in view and one to which they are all agreeing. At the present



time all those who are in favour of abolishing war are scattered, and each is doing all that he or she can in this respect, but effects nothing, because one small unit by itself cannot hope to bring about such a huge international reform, by which nations will settle their differences by other means than by fighting each other, or inventing terrible machines of slaughter to frighten an unruly neighbour into giving what is wanted.

If the White Army does nothing more, it can perhaps bring about the abolition of war by the simple means of bringing together all the people in favour of abolishing war into a union pledged to bring about international peace. The fact that all the pacificists make a public declaration to the effect that they are pacificists in deeds as well as words, is enough to give strength to the movement for peace, and to make it finally successful. There are pacificists all over the world, all working for peace, but with different motives; and it is these motives that are the important objects of their unity, not merely the attainment of peace. For example, the Quakers declare that war is wrong, but they have formed themselves into a Society for other objects besides peace, so that peace is only one of their objects, and subsidiary to their chief one. So also with the Theosophical Society. We practically stand solidly for peace, but the objects of our Society are other than that of peace, which is only one of our subsidiary ones. Then again the Socialists stand for peace, but international peace is not with them one of the primary objects, but only subsidiary. The Humanitarians also stand for peace, but they have so many other objects that peace becomes merely one of the minor ones.

If, therefore, we had a body standing only for world peace, to which we could attract all these people until it could be strong enough to make itself felt, then the world's peace would be assured. This is a much more effective way of bringing it about than the spending of money or the compiling of statistics. A man may give money to try and bring this about, but he fails dismally, because he does not thereby obtain the co-operation of the remainder of the people. Those opposed to the amassing of wealth will oppose by their own thought-forms the effective use of this wealth; and also the more a man has to give, the more satisfaction there is to other people to see him giving it away, so that they unconsciously produce thought-forms to preserve the condition of affairs and make him go on giving away his money. A man may also write books and bring up wonderful arguments for peace, but if his book becomes popular, no one reads it seriously; and if it does not, only a few people in the world read it at all. Few people produce effective thought-forms when they read, and even then, admiration for the writer often almost kills those that are produced.

The question of whether the White Army is the ideal union for all the pacifists in the world is quite another matter. It is very difficult to get all the people who believe in peace to come together; and as the union would bring about some success, it would almost appear that whatever means are used to effect the union are legitimate. This savours at once of the much abused doctrine that "the end justifies the means," or, as a Socialist put it at a meeting I attended, "success justifies the means". My retort to him was

that if all means were right that lead to success, then bribery was right, for nine times out of ten it leads to success! The question of peace is so much discussed, that to find a basis for such a union or body as we have in mind, and one that will satisfy *everybody*, is very difficult. If we place peace on an economical basis, we have to combat all the differences of opinion that there are in regard to economics. If on a political basis, we have political wrangles to disentangle. If on a humane basis, we have the differences of opinion in regard to food, cruelty and slaughter to combat. If on a religious basis, we have the endless religious wrangle. What basis, therefore, can we find?

Judging from the popularity of a military or naval display or tournament, one would almost think that some body like an International Army would draw into its ranks the general mass of the people by a display of uniforms and team work. We love team work, as we know because we see the popularity of games like baseball or football. We love to watch displays that are given by teams working together, and what is even more important, we love to try and learn to do likewise. For these very considerations, it would seem better to cease trying to find a basis on which to start a union large enough to bring about world peace, other than the simple object of the prevention of war for the sake of peace, and leave it to the popularity of team work and displays to draw the mass of the people into its ranks.

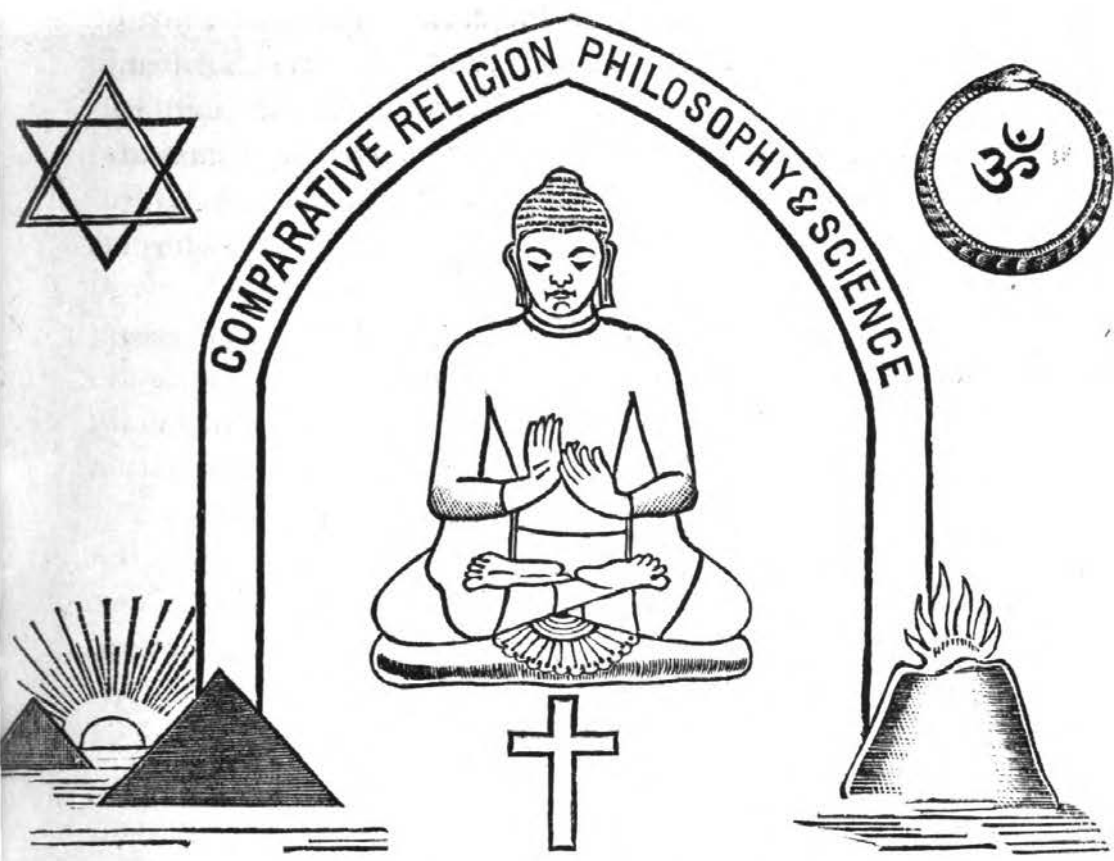
The White Army is not a movement to be belittled, as so many think, but one to be developed, though it may seem only a crude expedient for gaining a great occult ideal—peace. The world is not composed of

advanced egos, capable of living spiritual lives for the sake of spirituality only; and therefore whatever we can do to attract the non-thinkers to help us to bring about an ideal is quite permissible. Stop the evil first, and then reform the people; for our reform will be aided by the diminishing of the thought-forms generated by the evil as it dies. While it exists, the thought-forms are often too strong for us, in spite of our reforming zeal.

The White Army movement calls for our support, and the call is a worthy one.

A. R. Warren

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THE EARLY JAPANESE MYTHS: I

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

THE early myths of Japan, as we find them in the *Kojiki* ("Record of Ancient Matters") and the *Nihongi* ("Chronicles of Japan"), not only provide us with a number of beautiful and quaint stories, not only open a wonderland to our gaze, but they provide us with something more than mere mythology. Most of us are familiar with Japan's flag, a red sun on a white

ground. The symbol upon that flag is also the symbol of the Japanese nation. Japan's ancient worship of Ama-terasu, the Sun Goddess, has been perpetuated ever since, for the Mikados are the direct descendants of this deity. As such they have always been regarded as sacred beings whose shrine was a palace and whose throne was an altar screened from the sight of their subjects. To-day the Land of the Rising Sun has become the Land of the Risen Sun. The ancient veil has been removed, and the Emperor, instead of being a sacred puppet, always kept well in the background while others exercised his authority, has come boldly forward, and remains to-day the visible manifestation of the Sun Goddess and actual ruler of his country. This great sun myth has been a connecting link throughout the ages. Thousands of years ago it was a Shinto cult ; to-day, without losing its old association, it has evolved into a kind of patriotism that centres round the Emperor, a kind of patriotism that is wholly self-sacrificing. Such a myth, and those connected with it, cannot fail to be of absorbing interest, and it is my intention to trace the sacred relationship between Ama-terasu and the first Emperor of Japan.

In Japan's cosmogony story we are informed that in the beginning "Heaven and Earth were not yet separated, and the *In* and *Yo* [the male and female principles] not yet divided". As in more than one cosmogony story, we are told of a gigantic egg that contained germs. Of how the egg and its potential life came into existence we are told nothing. All we know is that there were clear and murky elements in that egg ; the one rose and became Heaven, while the other, gradually sinking, became Earth, which was

said to resemble "the floating of a fish on the surface of the water". A strange form resembling a mighty reed-shoot then sprang into existence between Heaven and Earth. This manifestation speedily changed into a *Kami* called Kuni-tokotachi ("Land-eternal-stand of august thing"). Some authorities do not regard the word *Kami* as the equivalent of "deity" or "god," but rather as invisible beings of no divine import. It is quite possible that the early *Kami* were not deities, but in course of time they certainly became so. We find no mention of sex in regard to the early *Kami*. Gradually, however, they lose their vagueness, and their very names suggest earthly relations, such as "the *Kami* of the perfect exterior" and "the *Kami* of germ-integration". In the fifth generation of the *Kami* there is no mistaking the sex of the two deities Izanagi ("Male who desires") and Izanami ("Female who desires"). Concerning these divinities the following curious myth, the first love story of Japan, is recorded.

Izanagi and Izanami stood on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, and far below them stretched the blue sea. They had been commanded to "make, consolidate and give birth to the floating land". In order to accomplish these things they thrust down a jewel-spear into the ocean. When the weapon was raised, the drops of water that fell from it solidified and became Onogorojima ("Spontaneously-congeal-island"). Upon this island, known to-day as Awaji, they descended, and when they came to earth it was spring-time. These childlike deities chanced to observe the mating of a pair of wagtails, and immediately commenced a love affair on their own account by frankly confessing that each possessed a generative organ. Having agreed

upon marriage, these deities set up a pillar upon the island, round which they walked in opposite directions. When they met each other, Izanami exclaimed: "How delightful! I have met with a lovely youth." Izanagi, however, was not at all pleased with these words, and he answered angrily: "I am a man, and by that right should have spoken first. How is it that on the contrary thou, a woman, shouldst have been the first to speak? This is unlucky. Let us go round again." They accordingly resumed their walk round the pillar, and when they met a second time Izanagi exclaimed: "How delightful! I have met a lovely maiden."

We are told that the first effort of procreation resulted in "a leechlike abortion" which was placed in a boat made of rushes and allowed to float away. Then followed the creation of a number of islands, including Great-Yamato, the Luxuriant-Island of the Dragon-fly, known to-day as the Main Island. In addition rivers, valleys, trees, mountains, and personifications of various natural objects were created, such as the *Kami* of the "wind's breath," of "foam calm," and "bubbling waves".

All went well with the mother of these geographical children, as we may fittingly call them, until Izanami gave birth to Kagutsuchi, the God of Fire. In giving birth to this deity she died, or as it is written in the *Nihongi*, "suffered change and departed". While Izanagi crawled round her head and feet, his tears changed into a deity called "Weep-abundant female". Weeping finally gave place to anger, and Izanagi took his ten-span sword and cut the God of Fire into three pieces, each of which became a deity. The blood that fell from his weapon changed into the rocks that lie in



the bed of the Tranquil River of Heaven, otherwise known as the Milky Way, concerning which both China and Japan have weaved many a pleasing legend. Having slain the God of Fire, Izanagi set out for the Land of Yomi (Hades) in the hope of finding his spouse.

In the dim region of the Underworld Izanagi met his wife. It was so dark that he could not see her, and she begged her lord to return and allow the darkness to conceal her. Izanagi, overcome by curiosity, broke off a piece of his comb and lighted it. A bright flame revealed a dreadful scene, for Izanami had become a festering creature and was undergoing the process of decomposition. To make matters worse, eight Thunder Gods rested upon her. Izanagi, horrified by the spectacle, fled from the foul place. But he did not fly alone, for Izanami, angry that she had been put to shame, sent the Ugly Females of Hades in pursuit. Izanagi, fearing capture and wishing to check the flight of those who followed him, flung down his back head-dress, and it immediately changed into a bunch of grapes. The Ugly Females paused for a moment to eat the fruit, but, their hunger satisfied, they resumed their pursuit. Once again he checked their approach by causing bamboo-shoots to grow out of his comb. It is recorded only in the *Kojiki* that when Izanagi reached the Even Pass of Hades he saw three peaches. He plucked the fruit and flung them at his enemies so that they fled. He then said to the peaches: "Like as ye have helped me, so must ye help all living people in the Central Land of Reed-Plains when they shall fall into troublous circumstances and be harassed!"

Izanami, perhaps aware of the failure of the Ugly Females, decided to pursue her lord herself. She met

him in the Even Pass of Yomi where he had blocked the passage with a great rock. Izanagi, instead of being content with a curtain lecture or with a gracious apology for his unseemly conduct, solemnly declared a divorce! On hearing this, Izanami adopted a militant attitude by saying: "My lord and husband, if thou sayest so, I will strangle to death the people in one day." This threat did not cause her lord to yield. He observed that her act of slaughter would be futile, seeing that he had the power to create in one day no less than fifteen hundred men and women. It was unfortunate that deities who had married each other after seeing the mating of wagtails should have ended their wedded life with such bickerings, but even the Olympian deities were subject occasionally to bad temper and anything but friendly conjugal relations.

Izanagi left the Land of Yomi and underwent a very elaborate purification in a small stream in the island of Tsukushi in order to cleanse himself from the pollution he had incurred with the dead, which, as Brinkley observes, "inaugurates the rite of purification practised to this day in Japan". Before entering the water, Izanagi removed his garments, his necklace and his bracelets. *Kami* were born from these articles and also from the pollution which was washed away during this great lustration. From his left eye was born Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, from his right eye, Tsuki-yumi, the Moon God, and from his nose Susa-no-o, the Impetuous Male. We read in the *Nihongi*: "After this, Izanagi, his divine task having been accomplished, and his spirit-career about to suffer a change, built himself an abode of gloom in the island of Ahaji, where he dwelt for ever in silence and concealment."

The moon figures so frequently in Japanese poetry and is always described with such intense delight that it is surprising to find that the Moon God is only referred to in one Japanese myth, and then in a manner in no way compatible with a poet's reference. On one occasion Ama-terasu sent the Moon God to wait upon Uke-mochi, the Goddess of Food, who dwelt in the Central Land of Reed-Plains. When the Moon God saw her, he noticed that when she turned towards the land, boiled rice issued from her mouth. When she looked at the sea, all manner of fish, "broad of fin and things narrow of fin," gushed from her mouth, and when she gazed at the mountains, "there came from her mouth things rough of hair and things soft of hair". When she had brought forth these things, she set the food upon a hundred tables and invited the Moon God to the feast. But the Moon God refused to eat, saying: "Filthy! Nasty! That thou shouldst dare to feed me with things disgorged from thy mouth!" He then slew the Goddess of Food and returned to Heaven. When he gave the Sun Goddess an account of his doings, she became extremely angry, and said: "Thou art a wicked deity. I must not see thee face to face." And so it came to pass that the Sun Goddess and the Moon God were separated by a day and a night. The Sun Goddess, distressed by the news brought her by the Moon God, sent another messenger, who found that although the Goddess of Food was dead, she bore upon her head an ox and a horse, millet on her forehead, silkworms over her eyebrows, panic in her eyes, rice in her stomach, and elsewhere wheat and two kinds of bean. When the messenger returned to Heaven and made his report,

Ama-terasu said: "These are the things by which the race of visible men will eat and live." She planted the millet, wheat and beans in dry fields and sowed the rice in fields covered with water. We read in the *Nihongi*: "That autumn, drooping ears bent down, eight span long, and were exceedingly pleasant to look on."

If the Sun Goddess was unfortunate in having for a brother the Moon God, she was still more unfortunate in her other brother, Susa-no-o. He was wayward and impetuous, bad-tempered and spiteful. His long beard gave him a patriarchal appearance, and at first sight suggested wisdom and benignity. But unfortunately his appearance was deceptive, for whenever he could not get his own way he wept profusely. He was, in short, the one Japanese deity who may be said to have run amok both in the Plain of High Heaven, where the Tranquil River flowed, as well as during his wanderings on earth. When Susa-no-o was angry he destroyed mountains and forests and slew many people, instead of ruling over the sea according to the decree of his father.

Izanagi, hearing of Susa-no-o's unseemly weeping and his still more unseemly destruction of life, desired to banish him to the Land of Yomi with "a divine expulsion". Susa-no-o, who knew how to wheedle very effectively, said to his father: "I will now obey thy instructions and proceed to the Nether-Land (Yomi). Therefore I wish for a short time to go to the Plain of High Heaven and meet my elder sister, after which I will go away for ever." Izanagi fancied he saw in this speech the promise of better things and no little filial piety. He accordingly granted the petition,

and the Impetuous Male ascended to Heaven while the sea roared and the mountains groaned aloud.

When the Sun Goddess heard that Susa-no-o was about to enter Heaven, she was filled with grave mis-giving, and said to herself: "Is my younger brother coming with good intentions? I think it must be his purpose to rob me of my kingdom. By the charge which our parents gave to their children, each of us has his own allotted limits. Why, therefore, does he reject the kingdom to which he should proceed, and make bold to come spying here?"

Having murmured these words, she prepared to defend herself. We read: "She bound up her hair into knots, and tied up her skirts into the form of trousers. Then she took an august string of five hundred Yasaka jewels, which she entwined round her hair and wrists. Moreover, on her back she slung a thousand-arrow quiver and a five-hundred-arrow quiver. On her lower arm she drew a dread, loud-sounding elbow-pad. Brandishing her bow end upwards, she firmly grasped her sword-hilt, and stamping on the hard earth of the courtyard, sank her thighs into it as if it had been foam-snow, and kicked it in all directions. Having thus put forth her dread manly vigour, she uttered a mighty cry of defiance, and questioned him in a straightforward manner."

At this point Japanese myth strikes a deliciously humorous note, though the humour is probably unintended. The Impetuous Male, as he stood on the bank of the Tranquil River of Heaven, affected to be much surprised and not a little grieved when he saw the warlike preparations of his sister. Sometimes the Impetuous Male could control his petulance, and he did

so on this occasion. With knowledge of the histrionic art worthy of a better cause, he concealed his evil motives by adopting the air of one grievously wronged. When he looked across the River of Heaven and saw his sister in all her "dread manly vigour," he said with great pathos: "From the beginning my heart has not been black. But as, in obedience to the stern behest of our parents, I am about to depart for ever to the Nether-land, how could I bear to go without having seen face to face thee my elder sister? It is for this reason that I have traversed on foot the clouds and mists and have come hither from afar. I am surprised that my elder sister should, on the contrary, put on so stern a countenance."

Ama-terasu was not wholly convinced of her brother's good intentions, and she resolved to test his sincerity. She accordingly took her brother's ten-span sword, broke it into three pieces, and rinsed them in "the true-well of Heaven". She then crushed the fragments in her mouth, and in blowing them away they were converted into three female deities known as the "*Kami* of the torrent mist," the "*Kami* of the beautiful island," and the "*Kami* of the cascade". Susa-no-o then took the Yasaka jewels which his sister had worn in her hair and round her wrists, and, having also rinsed them in "the true-well of Heaven," crushed them in his mouth and blew out the fragments, which were immediately changed into five male deities. Now the condition of this deity-producing competition was that if Susa-no-o created female *Kami*, his motive in visiting his sister was evil. If, on the other hand, he produced male deities, his motive was good. It will be seen, therefore, that by the condition imposed the

Impetuous Male was "honourably acquitted". But unfortunately the Sun Goddess informed her brother that the female deities fashioned from his sword belonged to him, while she had every right to possess the five gods, seeing that they had been created from her Yasaka jewels.

When the Impetuous Male heard that he was to have the female deities while his sister was to possess five gods, simply because she had been clever enough to beg the question and to indulge in artful sophistry, he became exceedingly angry. He knew that his sister was extremely proud of her rice-fields, and in the spring he broke down the boundaries between the plots, and in the autumn he completely ruined a promising harvest by letting loose a number of piebald colts. Unfortunately he was not satisfied with this malicious act, for while the Sun Goddess sat in the Weaving Hall, weaving garments for the Gods, he made a hole in the roof of the palace and flung down a "heavenly piebald horse which he had flayed with a backward flaying". Many of the Sun Goddess's women were frightened to death, while Ama-terasu herself was injured with the shuttle. Angered by her brother's treachery, she hid herself in the Rock Cave of Heaven and the world was in darkness.

F. Hadland Davis

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## PERIODIC REST IN HELL

By THE LADY ABBESS X—, O.S.B.

MUCH has been written about Happiness in Hell, and opinions given on a subject of dire importance by persons more or less capable of their self-assumed task. There is another side of the momentous subject, as old as Christianity itself, and that is the idea of periodical rest and immunity from suffering in that place of punishment. From the first ages of Christianity, such ideas have taken a more or less tangible form and have become more or less popular from their adaptation to the temper of the people and the times; indeed they sprang from both people and times.

It is not wonderful that such should be the case. If there is belief in a future at all, above all in one where the justice of an all-holy God must be satisfied, the heart of every creature must ache to know the likelihood of mercy, both for the sake of those it loves, as for its own sake, when its time too shall come; and so the present century, in its discussion on the eternity of suffering, is but echoing the cry of human nature in the first, that claimed some rest at least for unhappy souls, brought into existence without their will, and then condemned to endless woe for sin committed during that existence.



In the famous *Visio S. Pauli* a moving scene is depicted. Guided by the Archangel Michael, S. Paul entirely traversed the *doloroso regno*; he has beheld the different orders of sinners and the bitter punishment to which Divine Justice has subjected them; and at the sight he has shed tears of compassion and sorrow. He is about to leave the horrors of this place of darkness, when the damned cry out with one voice: "O Michael, O Paul, have pity upon us, pray for us to the Redeemer." And the Archangel replies: "Weep, all of you, and I also will weep with you, and with me will weep Paul and all the angelic choirs; who knows whether God will not have mercy on you." And the damned cry: "Son of David have mercy on us." Behold, Christ, crowned, descends from Heaven and reproaches the reprobate with their wickedness and reminds them of the blood uselessly shed for them. But Michael and Paul and thousands upon thousands of angels kneel before the Son of God and cry for mercy, and Jesus, moved with pity, grants to all the souls in Hell the grace, that they may rest and be without any torment from the hour of None on Saturday until Prime on Monday.

This shows the bent of men's minds. God was so good, they thought, His mercy was over all His works; and therefore they did not doubt that in His all-powerfulness He would devise some means for the mitigation of pain imposed by Himself. And this was a belief not held by the common people only. In the beginning of the third century, Clement of Alexandria denied the purely afflictive pain of Hell. According to him, the end and character of punishment was simply pedagogic. Origen, too, his illustrious disciple, affirmed the final

salvation of every creature, including the Devil and his angels, for as all have died in Adam, so all shall live in Christ. But his doctrine was impugned by bitter adversaries even during his life, and the Council of Alexandria in A. D. 399 condemned it; and this condemnation was enforced by the general Council of Constantinople nearly 150 years later, this showing how it had clung to the people and approved itself in their views. But an enunciation of the dogma of eternal and unbroken suffering could not be imposed on every one, and there were some critical and speculative spirits, who ventured to call it in question, as well as others of a gentler and more sentimental turn of mind, who recoiled from assenting to it. When the dogma from which they shrank was forced upon them, the people took refuge in such a half-measure as is exemplified by the legend with which this paper begins.

Dogmatic teaching could not be questioned, but it might admit of explanation and softening down. They no longer denied the eternity of Hell and its torments, but they agreed for periodic exemption from punishment.

Two Apocalypses have been attributed to S. Paul; one is lost, the other was discovered by Tischendorf in 1843 and published. It was probably written by a Greek monk about 380, and professed to give the account of his being rapt into the third heaven. Guided by an angel, S. Paul assists at the judgment of souls, sees the reward of the Blessed and visits Hell. The Archangel Gabriel descends with him, together with choirs of angels, into the infernal regions, and the damned implore their intercession. Paul, who has wept over the unspeakable torments he has witnessed, prays, joined

by the angels; and Christ appears, is moved by their supplication, and grants to the reprobate the concession of rest from their suffering during the day of His Resurrection, commencing from the night before. Now the *Visio S. Pauli*, already referred to, and which was commonly known in the West in the ninth century, gives this story substantially the same, with the exception that the Archangel is Michael instead of Gabriel, but there is a very marked advance in one point, *viz.*, the time of rest is multiplied from one day in the year to one day in the week.

This idea in the Greek Apocrypha in the fourth century was not confined to the East. In the West, Aurelius, who was a Spaniard and lived about the same time, records and professes the same belief in certain well known verses of one of his hymns:

Sunt et spiritibus saepe nocentibus  
 Pœnarum celebres sub Styge feriae  
 Illa nocte sacer qua rediit Deus  
 Stagnis et superos ex Acheruntiis

\* \* \*

Marcent supliciis tartara mitibus  
 Exultatque sui corporis otio  
 Umbrarum populus, liber ab ignibus  
 Nec fervent soli to flumina sulphure.

In the legend of S. Marcarius the Egyptian, narrated by Rufius of Aquileis, it is recorded that the holy Anchorite once found a skull in the desert, with which he got into conversation on the pains of Hell, and learned that prayer brings some slight relief to the damned. In the writings attributed to Denys the Areopagite, which may be as late as and later than the sixth century, a vision granted to S. Carpus is related. In it Christ expressed great pity for the lost, who are tormented by the devils in Hell, and declared Himself ready to die

a second time for mankind; then He and His angels stretched out their hands to succour those who are about to be engulfed in the abyss.

Isidore of Seville, about the beginning of the seventh century, believed that prayer helps in some way the souls of the lost. In the vision of S. Barontus, at the end of the same century, we are told that those of the damned who while on earth did any good, are at the sixth hour of every day comforted by a little manna from Paradise.

The efficacy of prayer above all was supposed to be undeniable; and why, it was asked, should this efficacy cease just where it was most needed? Even the Rabbis believed that the suffering of Hell was suspended every day during the prayers of the faithful. These particular prayers were to the number of three, and an hour and a half was the duration of each. To this large allowance of grace to the condemned, they also added the rest of Saturday and on the feasts of the new moon.

But prayer was not the only means of relief, for we are told by Cæsar of Heisterbach that a certain soldier died and went to Hell for having unjustly possessed himself of the property of others. He appeared to his sons and told them that if they would make restitution his pain would diminish. His sons, it is added, preferred to keep their inheritance and let their father keep his. In Brittany there is a popular legend that a child lessens the pains of Hell by continually pouring Holy Water into the boiling cauldron full of lost souls.

In the *Apocalypsis Mariae*, probably a monkish production of the Middle Ages, the Queen of Heaven

desires to visit the infernal regions, into which she goes, accompanied by S. Michael and his angels. Having seen the horrible suffering of the damned, she begs to be conducted back to Heaven, in order that she may entreat God's mercy for them. The Archangel replies that he and his angels pray seven times day and night for them, but in vain. Mary insists, and begins to pray, joined by all the inhabitants of Heaven, and God at length grants some alleviation.

It was a common belief in the Middle Ages that on the feast of the Assumption Christ mitigated the pains of the lost in honour of His Mother.

All Catholics know how efficacious prayers and good works are in relieving the souls in Purgatory, and so what wonder that people should go a little further and say: If by prayers and good works the souls in Purgatory are helped, their pains lessened, their time of suffering shortened, without God's justice being thereby tarnished, why can they not produce a corresponding effect on the sufferings of Hell? And indeed legends to this effect are numberless.

Many are the stories regarding the traitor Judas, in whom all good Christians seemed greatly interested. S. Brandon, in the course of his marvellous pilgrimage, found the faithless Apostle seated on a rock in the midst of the ocean. In front of him hung a cloth, attached to an iron gibbet. The waves rushed upon, the wind beat upon him, the cloth, blown about, struck him in the face. Questioned by the Saint, Judas related to him the manner of his punishment. For six consecutive days he burned and was red hot like a mass of melted lead, but on the seventh, that is to say the Sunday, divine mercy

granted him this refreshment in honour of the Resurrection of Christ. This alleviation was also granted from Christmas Day until Epiphany, from Easter till Pentecost, and from the Purification until the Assumption of Our Lady. The rest of the year he suffered unspeakable torments in the company of Herod, Pilate, Annas and Caiaphas. The cloth that hung before him, he had given, when in this life, to a leper, but as it had not been his own, it hurt rather than helped him. The iron supports he had given to the Priests of the Temple for the cauldrons they used. The stone on which he sat was one with which he had once mended a public road in Jerusalem. His sojourn on this rock lasted from the Vespers of Saturday till those of Sunday, and in comparison to the tortures he suffered the other days, it was like paradise to him. S. Brandon at his visit lengthened this time of rest till the setting sun on Monday. In the continuation of the *Huon de Bordeaux*, Huon finds Judas unceasingly tossed about in a great whirlpool where passed and repassed all the waters of the world; the condemned had no other defence from this than a piece of cloth which Christ had hung in front of His face. These two legends agree, therefore, in the two main points of the sea and the piece of cloth, but the second speaks of the whole torments consisting in what, in the first, was merely the periodic rest from much direr suffering.

A curious legend is that of King Chomarcus, who was seen sitting in great glory and delight on a splendid throne in a palace wonderful with light, but he satisfied the Justice of God for his sins, by standing three hours of each day immersed in fire up to the waist, from where he was covered with haircloth. It must,

however, be added that the relation of this vision says the place of this palace was between Purgatory and Heaven, a place where dwell many who, though not good, had been taken from infernal torments, and not deserving to be joined to the companionship of the Saints, had been located in a sort of half way house.

This subject of the periodical repose of the lost has been treated much more fully in a book by Professor Arthur Graf, entitled: *Miti, Leggende e Superstizioni del Medio Evo*, and a careful investigation of mediæval lore would doubtless yield large material for a complete collection relating to this not uninteresting subject.

The Lady Abbess X—

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## LIFE'S TOMB

*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay  
down his life for his friends.*

Tread softly here ; in silence and in gloom  
Survey Life's tomb, its shadowed bier ;  
Smile not, ye cynics, at its early doom ;  
But let within your fount of Pity loom

A tear !

Speak not a word, nor seek the cause of death :  
'Twas not the sword that stole its breath ;  
But as ye tread upon the withered sod  
Muse, for the loftiest sentiment from God

Lies beneath !

It once was white as lilies on the streams ;  
It did delight in raptured dreams ;  
But the world touched those lilies with its blight,  
Till day gave place to dark and endless night

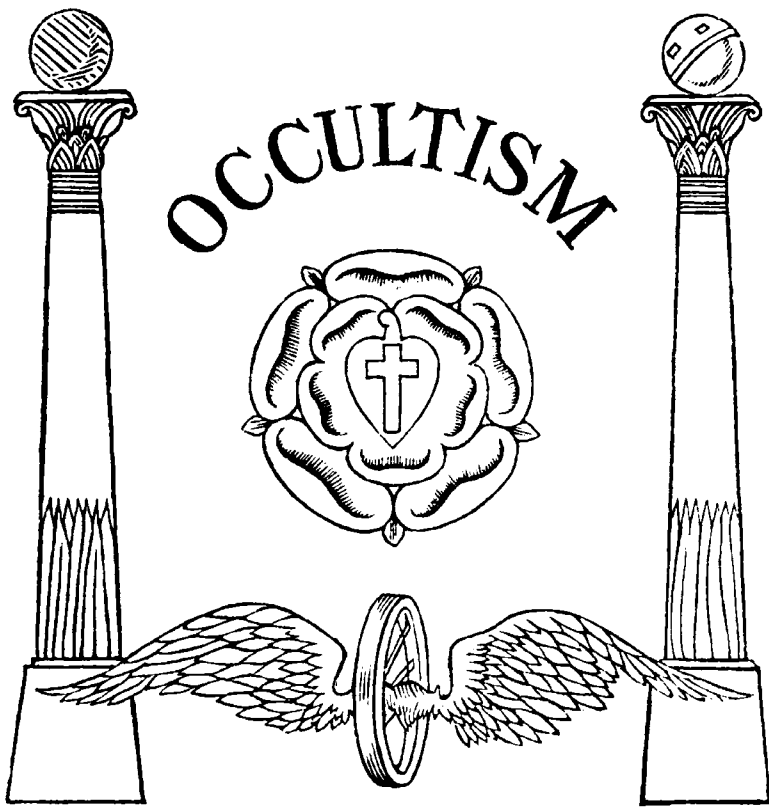
And broken themes !

It needs no bard to sing its praise,  
Or how 'twas marred upon its ways ;  
Its epitaph inscribed with pride and woe  
Is written simply in this line below—

“ It sacrificed.”

KAI KUSHROU ARDASCHIR





## THE FOURTH DIMENSION

By E. L. GARDNER

**S**TUDENTS who have followed the fascinating speculations of Claude Bragdon on this theme, or have pursued the elusive "tesseract" through the mazes of C. H. Hinton's brain-twisting entanglements, will need no introduction; though I should wish also to interest the larger number who have only a bowing acquaintance with this most interesting subject.

To many, the Fourth Dimension is practically impossible of intellectual conception, and only provides a convenient screen wherewith to cover a multitude of inexplicables; to them I extend the hand of sympathy and would whisper a message of encouragement, for the purport of this article, penned with a feeling of some temerity in the face of such doughty champions, amounts to a denial of its existence.

Despite elaborate mathematical "proofs," I submit that the Fourth Dimension is a formless mental abstraction, that it has no proper standing, and that the reality of which it is a false symbol can be easily grasped by the student of Theosophy without engaging in the fearsome gymnastics usually prescribed.

By the term "dimensions of space" we really mean "extensions of matter," and if we analyse this latter term, we shall resolve it into motion of a point or points—motion in three directions that we may call height, breadth, and depth. These popularly are the three dimensions of space, and mathematically, not actually, may be regarded as arising in succession—height or length being due to the motion of a point in one direction, which we call a Line; breadth being due to the motion of this line at right angles to itself, which we call a Surface; and depth being the movement of this surface, again at right angles to itself, which we call a Solid; and thus the Three Dimensions.

The Fourth Dimension theory is that there may be a further movement at right angles to the three-dimensional solid figure, a movement or extension obviously not possible to trace, but nevertheless following as a natural, reasonable and logical sequence to the first three movements. A wealth of delightful and fascinating

analogies is built up on the imagined relations of the inhabitants of "Flatland" with those of a one-dimensional world on the one hand, and our familiar three-dimensional world on the other. The theory has the air of being based on the essence of sound reasoning; is attractive, explanatory, and indeed captivating.

Yet, I submit, is it none the less misleading and fallacious, for it is an attempt to identify the attributes of Life with the figures of Form, and however willingly we grant that behind the description "Fourth Dimension" there stands something that is real, it is of importance that that reality should be described in terms of Life or Consciousness and not be regarded as a further extension of Matter or Form.

Without pausing to enquire what becomes of the fundamental simplicity of the Unity on which the Universe is based, if dimensions are multiplied *ad infinitum*, let us examine briefly the popular argument. The approach to the "fourth" dimension is by way of the first, second, and third. The reader is introduced to an imaginary linear world, and thence to a "Flatland" of two dimensions, described in detail and with much ingenuity, and finally on to our own familiar "three," the land of solids. By the help of numerous analogies the student is instructed to attempt a conception of a four-dimensional world. At first sight all the difficulty appears only to reside in this last effort, but a little thought will convince one that the linear world and "Flatland" are just as impossible of conception! In terms of form they can themselves have no separate existence.

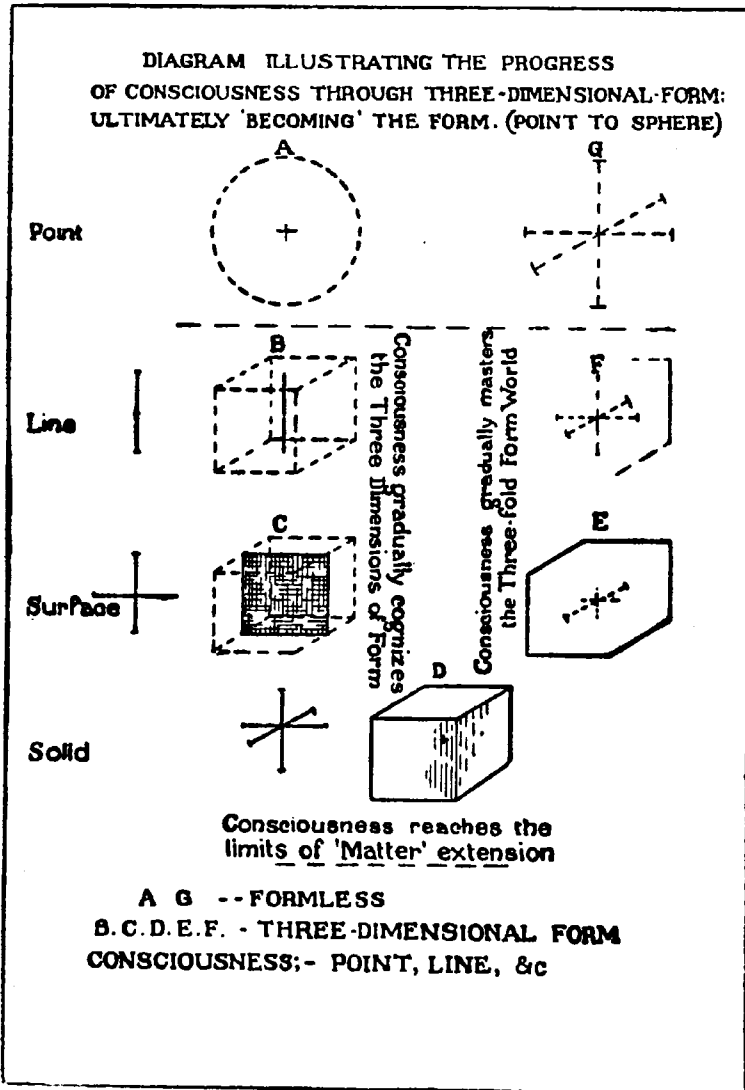
To picture Flatland, the reader is invited to imagine a plane surface with paper squares and triangles, or

smooth water with the "thinnest of films" moving over it. Quite a comfortably easy task, but it is not Flatland.

A three-dimensional world of form is the only one conceivable, for a "line" is the boundary of a "surface" and has no existence apart from a "surface"; a "surface" is the boundary of a "solid" and has no existence apart from a "solid". The "solid" form contains the three dimensions; and all manifest, not successively but together, in time; springing equally and simultaneously full-grown from the Creative Source. They correspond to the triune nature of the One Life, to the triple attributes of every unity, to the dispersive, contractive, and cohesive modes of motion; they are the reflection in terms of form of the Divine Trinity in Unity; and the vigorous and healthy curse of Athanasius awaits the heretic who holds them separate. Let me hasten to add that of course no one does hold them separate really, for the good and sufficient reason that he could not if he would, and that this gentle protest is only made to those who would include a "fourth" on equal terms.

Acting on the principle that no one should destroy who is not prepared to construct, the following is suggested as leading to an understanding of the truth behind that mathematical abstraction of the mental formless level, the "fourth dimension".

The realms of Form constitute a threefold world—which triplicity corresponds to the mental, astral, and physical planes. The Life enters this threefold form world, endeavouring first to understand it—achieving self-consciousness, awareness, in the process—and then to master it. The Life may be depicted on the preliminary formless level as centred in nuclei or



EXPLANATORY DIAGRAM

points, whose "Will to live" is to find expression in Form, and all that may be encountered within the Ring-pass-not of the Form World is to be rendered subject to that Will. These points of Life become Units of Consciousness on meeting the resistance offered by material, though their awareness is a quality of slow growth.

The whole journey may be regarded as accomplished in seven stages, and the succession is best expounded with the help of the annexed diagram, as follows :

(A) On the threshold of the Form World. The Life is diagrammatically represented as a Point (Will), which is about to commence its experiences.

(B) The Threefold Form World is encountered, and the "Point" by contact becomes a Unit of Consciousness. It appropriates a portion of the material, identifies itself with it, and senses one dimension ; that is, it becomes "conscious" by its ability, through its vehicle, slightly to respond to one mode of motion. This is linear consciousness, and the kingdom of which this is typical is the Vegetable (coupled with the Third Elemental Kingdom). We may trace this to-day in the vegetable life, which, starting from the centre (seed), clothes itself in a form that strikes up and down. Through the earlier progress of this kingdom these thrusting extremities of stem, branches, or roots, traversing one dimension, may be regarded as the sensitive organs of vegetable consciousness.

(C) This second stage in the Form World corresponds to Animal consciousness (coupled with the Second Elemental Kingdom), to which two dimensions are objective. The Unit is feeling its way forward, "living" the more keenly as sensation increases, hence, by awakening desire, tending continually to identify

itself more thoroughly with its instrument of sensation, the outer vehicle.

It should be noted that the visual organ of the animal body can only present consciousness with a flat picture, and as the average animal is unaided by any considerable mental development, perception must necessarily be limited to height and breadth—the conscious outlook being practically wholly superficial. The diagram therefore depicts this consciousness as two-dimensional.

(D) The three dimensions are apprehended by virtue of the development of mentality—height, breadth and depth are objective. Self-consciousness becomes established, for life in the Human Kingdom responds to the three modes of motion, embraces the three dimensions, functions through three vehicles, effects relations with the whole of the threefold world of form, and is enabled thereby to distinguish between its own densest vehicle and others. This isolation spells self-apprehension. It must be specially noted that the Unit of Consciousness remains a living “point” only, and throughout the outward journey (B, C, and halfway through D) is engaged in becoming gradually familiar with the three-dimensional world of form, learning in its appropriated and intimate vehicle to vibrate in sympathy. It is the quality of awareness, consciousness, that progresses, not form dimensions.

The attention of the Unit of Consciousness, at this the periphery of form, is devoted to externals—views everything objectively. This is the inevitable result of the long and successful training received in its journey from the Point stage to an apprehension of the Solid, throughout which the spiritual urge has been outwards.

Broadly speaking, this is the position of Humanity to-day. The return journey must now be undertaken, for after the critical self-conscious stage is successfully established, following the appreciation of the Threefold World, there succeeds the task of mastery and subjection. "Matter must become the obedient servant of the Spirit."

(E) We come now to the crucial part of this exposition, for this step, the first on the return journey, corresponds to that usually associated with a "fourth" dimension—erroneously so called, for the process is clearly one involving the partial mastery of our three-dimensional world of the three planes, and is not a further excursion of Consciousness through another extension of Form.

To appreciate this stage it is necessary to pause here a moment in order first to understand clearly the mechanism involved in sense-response. Let us take the sense of sight as typical. On the physical level we "see" because the retina of the eye can reproduce the motion of light waves. It is this reproduction made by our appropriated vehicle that enables us to see, and if we examine it we shall find that, as our physical bodies are derived from animal forms, the visual reproduction amounts only to a picture in two dimensions, and this moreover is due entirely to light reflected from the *surface* of the object. So much for the mechanical process which represents but a part of the art of "seeing". To this part the man applies his mentality, and having acquired three-dimensional perception, at once interprets the simple picture in terms of perspective, imposing depth by the action of his mind.



Now consider the case of the man whose working consciousness includes the trained exercise of his subtler vehicle. The mechanism works similarly, but with a great increase of range, for the object is seen, not by means of an external light projecting a flat picture only, but by virtue of its own luminosity. With a corresponding vehicle as receiver, the content of the whole object is reproduced, consciousness thus being presented with a three-dimensional image !

The Point of Consciousness, which is the true Man, plays freely within his own vehicle, and views this image in any part, or as a whole, at will. The measure of his training will determine the accuracy of the reproduction and the value of his perception. In the process of developing this sight, it is obvious many an error of reading is certain. The standpoint assumed by the consciousness, wherefrom to view such a reproduction within its subtle vehicle, would naturally be the centre, and the whole interior of the image would be displayed to the consciousness at once. Front, back, sides, interior, are all equally perceived, and hence, even apart from the instability of the astral medium itself, there is abundant possibility of confusion and misunderstanding. Nature provides, however, a valuable corrective, which saves the situation.

Just as in the physical eye there is a minute spot on the retina of intense focal definition, the enormous benefits of which, by the way, we hardly now appreciate, so in the astral vehicle, all-responsive as it may be, there must be a centre of special visual sensitiveness. Playing through this localised centre, Consciousness gains clarity at the cost of some limitation—an expense, as is usual with Nature's bargains, very well

worth incurring. For instead of attempting the impossible task of grasping the three dimensions at once, as might be inferred, Consciousness masters only one dimension at a time. It *becomes* itself "depth," so to speak, and sees everything displayed in terms of two dimensions. Hence in the diagram (E), Consciousness is represented as being the dotted line (depth), and as seeing objectively only breadth and height.

The so-called fourth-dimensional consciousness is really a return to two-dimensional objectivity with the enormous acquisition of one dimension mastered. Consciousness has in short *become* a third part of its environment.

(F) This next step, the mastery of another dimension—breadth, is perhaps rather difficult to follow intellectually, though a simple illustration will assist. If (E) may be regarded as being equivalent to the exercise of astral sight, this step must be held to be equivalent to mental clairvoyance, in which two dimensions become subjective, one only remaining objective.

Take a page of print, and holding it so as to foreshorten it to extreme by looking almost at the bottom edge, the whole of the text is apparently rolled up into one line—one dimension. The experiment faintly suggests this stage, if it be further supposed that the expanded consciousness can read the whole as one line. At this stage two dimensions will have been mastered, and form phenomena reduced to one dimension only.

(G) Consciousness is here represented as having taken the final step of the series: the three dimensions have become subjective, and the Formless level is again attained. The Units are responsive to all within the limits of the Ring-pass-not, they are Masters of all the

forms of the Threefold World, embracing within themselves all the possibilities of the three modes of motion, the three extensions of matter. The Points are omnipresent, and hence have "become" the Sphere.

Consciousness has traced its way through the Kingdoms, encountering and grappling with the resistance of the Form World, apprehending its threefold character in successive stages. At the limit of its outward sweep Consciousness achieves awareness of itself, and proceeds to the mastery of the Forms in similar successive stages, inversely this time, by transmuting their extensions into terms of consciousness.

I submit, therefore, that the description "Fourth Dimension" is misleading, and tolerable only as a stop-gap; for that which it is intended to describe, so far from being a further extension of matter, is exactly the reverse, and indicates in reality the first great step towards the understanding and complete mastery of Matter by the Spirit.

E. L. Gardner

## THE WAR AND THE PROPHETS

By "MERCURIAL"

WE have heard much of prophets and prophecies in connection with the present war. Passages from the Bible have been quoted—some of them remarkably apt—and ancient documents have been unearthed which seem to have a special bearing upon the world-shaking events of 1914. But it is not so generally realised that the war was frequently foretold by modern as well as ancient prophets—not only by writers who based their forecasts on a knowledge of military strategy and international politics, but by men and women now living, who use subtler methods of looking into the future.

I have by me, as I write, a copy of the *Occult Review*, a monthly magazine "devoted to the investigation of supernormal phenomena and the study of psychological problems," and well known, in spite of this alarming sub-title, for its sane and reasonable outlook. This copy is dated January, 1912, and in it the Editor refers to some previous remarks of his own concerning the horoscope of the German Emperor. It appears that the Kaiser's "stars" for the next few years were (at the then time of writing) extraordinarily adverse, indicating wars and general disasters of great magnitude. Having referred to this, the Editor goes on to say—and

from here I quote his article verbatim: "I do not wish to express an opinion as to the credibility of the prophecies of the French seeress, Madame de Thebes, but her references to Germany are at least worth quoting in this connection, if only for the curiosity of the coincidence. Here is what she says (I translate from her almanac for 1912):

Germany menaces Europe in general and France in particular. When war breaks out, hers will be the responsibility, but after the war there will be no longer either Hohenzollern or Prussian hegemony. This is all Berlin will gain by her violence, and the brutality of her political methods. I have said and I repeat that the days of the Emperor are numbered, and that after him all will be changed in Germany. I say the years of his reign. I do not say the years of his life.

"Elsewhere the Parisian prophetess observes that everything points to the fact that as far as they (the French) are concerned it will not be possible to avoid the arbitrament of arms. The year 1913 seems to her to bring the crisis to maturity."

A similar astrological prophecy, more accurate in point of date, was published three years ago in *L'Echo du Merveilleux* (p. 521) from the pen of M. Larmier. It predicted "the fall of the House of Hohenzollern and of the German Empire in 1913 or 1914," and stated that Wilhelm II was "the last German Emperor of the House of Hohenzollern. If there is war in 1914 between France and Germany, France will be victorious."

It may, of course, be said that these two prophecies were influenced by the national sympathies and desires of the writers. This cannot be suggested with regard to the remarkable statements made by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Vice-President of the Theosophical Society and author of *Esoteric Buddhism*, etc., in the October number of

*The Vahan* (the official organ of the Society in England and Wales). "In March, 1911," says Mr. Sinnett, "I gave a lecture to a large audience at the Asiatic Society's rooms in Albemarle Street, embodying the information I had received a month or two previously. I kept notes of that information at the time of its reception (in January, 1911)."

Here are some verbatim extracts from the notes referred to:

The present German plan was not to annex Holland but to attack Belgium. There would ultimately be a general war in which Germany, including Austria and the Turks, would be opposed to Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy. The German Emperor was the centre of German hostility. He had some regard for his English kinsmen, but was the bitter enemy of the race. Bismarck was working on him, though he was not conscious of this. . . . The Kaiser's scheme contemplated a direct attack on and the conquest of England. He was not aiming at an indemnity, but he wanted to be crowned King of the British Empire. It was decreed that the issue of the great war would be on the side of the Allies. . . . It would be terrible for the German people.

Mr. Sinnett, like the French prophetess quoted, at first gave 1913 as the year of the war, which he was told would be "short, sharp and terrible". He goes on to say, however, that the Balkan War "drew off some of the mysterious unseen forces making for disaster," so that the great catastrophe was postponed, though not averted. "The time thus gained," he remarks, "was admirably made use of in the improvement of our navy, and in April, 1912, I was told that the danger of an actual invasion of England seemed practically over." Finally a note made in April, 1913, is quoted, as follows: "Germany was holding back, knowing the complete preparations of the *Entente* powers. If war began we should send 200,000 men to France to operate with the left wing."

Turning to another source, we find in *Modern Astrology* for January, 1914, (a monthly magazine "devoted to the search for truth concerning Astrology") a long article dealing with the probability of a great European War. The following extracts are of interest:

For several years there has been much talk about a European War, and with each succeeding year a large number of people have been expecting it to break out. Some students of Astrology have been carried away by this opinion, and seizing upon the minor influences of the war god, Mars, have unwisely predicted war. Hitherto we have abstained from all such predictions. . . . We are not and never have been fatalistic in our interpretation of the starry heavens. . . . We do not think a European War is bound to take place if the representatives of the nations *do not desire it*. . . . We have always held that it is unwise to make definite predictions that are evil, for the simple reason that, desire being father to the thought, a very strong desire carries with it the possibility of its fulfilment. We very strongly desire peace; not the peace-at-any-price which sacrifices strength and honour through weakness, but the peace that arises out of goodwill and mutual understanding. And we fail to see the necessity for war amongst nations who pretend to civilisation and enlightenment.

Having expressed this opinion, the writer goes on to speak of the year 1914 as "a year of tension," and examining in greater detail the planetary influences that prevail during its progress, he says:

The end will not be achieved without struggles for power in various parts of the world. . . . There will be foreign troubles and international rivalry and jealousy affecting the greater part of Europe, and it will be fortunate if there are not actual warlike measures undertaken and the movements of troops and warships.

In summing up, however, the writer comes to the conclusion that in spite of "the rising of Mars in the yearly horoscope," which will "stir up warlike talk, and even show indications of a war fever," the great European War is not inevitable in this year, and that though the stars may "incline" towards it, they do not "compel" a world-wide conflagration.

It has since been pointed out that this judgment ignored the fact that not only was Mars rising in the map for the summer solstice (which rules the succeeding three months), but that the fixed star Regulus was also rising, *in conjunction with* Mars. Regulus (or *a Leonis*) is a martial star of the first magnitude, and its effects are said to be of a "sudden and dramatic character". Further it may be noted that the eclipse of the Sun in Leo on August 21st fell on the exact place of Mars and Regulus at the summer solstice and in bad aspect to certain vital points in the horoscopes of the German Emperor, the King of Italy, and the Austrian Emperor. So ancient an astrologer as Junctinus has stated that a great eclipse of the Sun in Leo "presignifies the motion of armies, death of a king, danger of war, and scarcity of rain". So that, taking all things into consideration, there seems little room for doubt that in the case of the article in *Modern Astrology* in January, the Editor's own desire (for peace) was father to his thought.

In an earlier number of the same magazine (July, 1910) some extremely interesting forecasts were made with regard to certain Royal Horoscopes. It was said of our own King that he "will do all that lies in his power to avert war, but he will hardly escape a grave and serious probability of war during his reign". Of the Kaiser, that if he should enter into warfare, "France would be attacked and not England". And finally, the following striking sentences may be quoted in full :

The fate of the European nations hangs by the thread of the Emperor of Austria's nativity. The planet Mars in his nativity is exactly upon the ascendant of King George's nativity, therefore it is no idle prophecy to say that if a European war breaks out during the lifetime of these two



monarchs, the Emperor of Austria will be the direct cause of England being drawn into the struggle.

Another astrological prophet, writing more than a year ago in times of peace and plenty, certainly did not look upon the sunny side of things. In *Raphael's Almanac: or Prophetic Messenger*, for 1914 (published August 1st, 1913) we find indications of warlike troubles crowding thick and fast upon one another. "In July," he says, speaking of Great Britain, "the culmination of Mars threatens disputes with another Power." . . . "Serious trouble is threatened in France. Fires will be frequent and much crime will occur. There will also be danger of war." Speaking of the eclipse of the Sun, this writer says that, falling in the ninth house, it denotes "the profanation of holy places, churches and sacred buildings, captivity and ransacking of towns". Unlikely as this prophecy must have appeared at the time when it was made, one can only remark now that it was none too strongly worded. The same thing applies to the following forecast of affairs in Great Britain during the summer quarter (June 22nd to September 22nd): "Mars in the 2nd opposed to Jupiter is evil for the revenue; heavy expenditure, decrease of receipts and general depreciation in stocks and shares. . . . Agricultural affairs will benefit, the harvest yield will be good, and the weather generally propitious. . . . Uranus in the 6th is ominous of a dispute with a Foreign Power. . . . Shipping affairs will suffer. The affliction of Mars threatens the Government with serious financial troubles, and much and sudden depreciation in the nation's securities." Of the autumn quarter it is said that there will be "poverty and distress among the

poorer classes. . . . Aviation will be to the fore. . . . Hospitals will have their hands full. . . . The halfmast flag will be seen in the country."

But perhaps "Raphael's" most interesting remarks are those concerning the prevailing influences during 1914 in the horoscopes of the Crowned Heads of Europe. For King George he predicts "danger of war," and "much depression of trade and commerce". He goes on to say that "a critical period is forming for the fortunes of this country, but as the Sun meets the sextile of the radical Moon after it leaves the evil direction to Mars, it will be but the darkest hour before the dawn, and a brighter future awaits the Empire". The Kaiser is said to be "under very adverse directions, and danger both to health and person is indicated. . . . Indications of war and disaster are strongly marked. . . . A crisis is apparent in the history of the German Empire. . . . The terribly evil array of influences at the commencement of the year will leave their mark for many a long day to come." The Tsar is also said to be under "adverse influences," causing "much trouble in his Empire." The Emperor of Austria's directions are unmitigatedly evil. "Martial influences" are in operation in the King of Italy's horoscope. The Mikado of Japan "is now coming under some severe afflictions which will bring a crisis in his Empire. . . . War is probable and serious trouble". For the Queen of Holland "financial difficulties, increase of taxation and decreasing revenue" are denoted, and "the transit of Mars over the Moon is not conducive to peace". In the horoscope of the French President "indications of war are very powerfully shown," but "a more favourable time" will follow.

Two last prophecies may be quoted—one from *Zadkiel's Almanack* for 1914, which says, with regard to the summer quarter, that there is risk of a “serious crisis near at hand” in Prussia, France, and Italy, which might “develop alarmingly”. “The Eastern question is only too likely to destroy the harmony of the ‘Concert of Europe,’ and may incarnadine the Middle East. The 12th and 28th days (of June) will be very critical for Europe and Asia. Increase of armaments and a busy time for armourers and ironworkers will be experienced in England.”

It should be noticed that June 28th was the date on which the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated.

The other is from *Antares' Almanac* for 1913 (printed in October, 1912):

The Kaiser's Star Courses in 1913 and 1914 are brooding. . . . Such aspects as these will, we fear, impel him to declare war against either England or France in 1913 or 1914, and these aspects threaten him with heavy money loss. Disaster, therefore, will attend his military operations. Verily, the stars will be fighting against the German Emperor as they fought against Sisera of old, but it is especially on the sea that disaster will overtake him. . . . We regard 1913 and 1914 as the most critical and perilous years of the Kaiser's life, both for his health and fortunes.

Reading such words as these *now*, with minds attuned to the thought of war, they do not seem so startling; but if we can throw ourselves back in imagination to the pre-war days—how long ago!—when these words were *written and published*, their remarkableness becomes at once apparent. Many more might be cited, but the unanimity of opinion shown in the foregoing extracts (from eight distinct and absolutely independent sources) seems sufficiently noteworthy to merit consideration,

if not to compel belief. There is not one dissentient voice. Even the Editor of *Modern Astrology*, an avowed pacifist, goes so far as to speak of "movements of troops and warships" and "war fever"; and all the others harp insistently on the same theme. In every case their words were written long before the slightest shadow of the approaching war-cloud had made itself perceived by ordinary means. Those quoted here are probably only a small proportion of all who actually foresaw the bursting of the cloud in 1914, but they form a little group of certain witnesses to the fact that modern prophets can be wise before, and not only *after* the event, as sceptics fain would declare! All of them except one (Mr. Sinnett), based their predictions on astrological calculations, which should give pause to those who are apt to scoff at the bare idea that such calculations might have any value. The words of John Kepler, the famous astronomer, are worthy to be remembered in this connection: "A most un-failing experience of the excitement of sublunary natures by the conjunctions and aspects of the planets *has instructed and compelled my unwilling belief.*" Other noted men known to have been students of this science, which has been called "the soul of astronomy," are John Flamsteed, first Astronomer Royal, who cast an astrological figure for the founding of Greenwich Observatory; Roger Bacon, of whom Sir John Sandys said (when reading a paper before the British Academy on May 28th, 1914) that "on the subject of astrology he shared the belief almost universally held by all instructed men from the 13th to the 16th century"; Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer; and Dr. Richard Garnett, the well-known scholar, Keeper of

the Books at the British Museum, who was a convinced believer in planetary influences, and published a remarkable pamphlet called *The Soul and the Stars* under the pseudonym of A. G. Trent.

It may be remarked, in passing, that the very word *martial*, which we have heard and seen so frequently of late, carries with it the suggestion of a belief in astrology, though probably few who use it remember that, in doing so, they are referring to the influence of the planet Mars. Noteworthy, also, is the following sentence from a leading article in *The Observer* (September 13th, 1914). The writer is making an attempt to survey the military position from the German point of view, and having outlined the various causes which led up to the Prussian successes of 1870, he asks: "*Who could sanely hope that such a conspiracy of the stars would be renewed in favour of Germany?*" He spoke metaphorically, no doubt, but perhaps with more literal truthfulness than he knew, for astrologers unite in declaring, with no uncertain voice, that the "conspiracy of the stars"—happy phrase!—has *not* been renewed in favour of Germany.

It should be understood, however, that astrologers of the modern school—of whom there are more, among intelligent and educated people, than the general public suspects—are opposed to all "fatalistic" theories, although they may and do speak of "pre-disposing causes," tendencies, and so on. Like Roger Bacon, who (to quote Sir John Sandys again) was "profoundly convinced of the influence of the stars on the life of man," but held this conviction to be "perfectly consistent with the freedom of the will," they teach that all so-called "evil" influences can be turned, by the power of the

human will, to good account. None of the planets, they say, is in itself evil. The fiery energies of Mars, for instance, can be used by man, if he wills, in creative and inventive directions, instead of merely as a means for destruction; and they hold that these energies can and should be turned in the direction of "building up" rather than of "breaking down". Therefore, in the first resort the choice lies with man. He can either "rule" the stars or be "ruled by" them.

The forces of Mars, in these latter days, have been turned loose upon the world to ravage and destroy. None were found ready to resist them, or strong enough to divert them, by sheer enduring will-power, from evil channels into good. Large masses of the human race took the line of least resistance, and the fires of Mars were kindled rapidly, one after another, in all quarters of the globe. So strong was the initial impulse that, once let loose upon the world, only by martial response could the martial outpouring be repelled. It is scarcely necessary to offer an opinion as to where that initial impulse started. Enough to say that from it has resulted the hideous drama of suffering, death and destruction, now being enacted upon the stage of Europe before an astonished audience of gods and men. But even in the midst of all this horror there are evidences that the martial forces are not *in themselves* destructive and evil, but that their effect on the physical plane depends entirely upon the use made of them by man. The almost superhuman courage and endurance which has been shown in all parts of that vast and ever-shifting battleground bears witness to this fact, for—according to the world-old teachings of astrology—courage is the foremost gift bestowed upon man by the fierce, though

subtle, vibrations of the ruddy planet. Thus, when the martial influence is shown forth in the virtues of courage, enterprise, high adventure and heroic action, it is seen to be good. Only when man perverts it into the lower channels of greed, destruction and cruelty does it become evil. In this immense furnace that has been kindled by the unbridled martial vibrations playing through mankind, much is now being put to the test. Much evil is being purged away; much good is being cleansed and refined, to emerge at last as pure gold that has stood the test of fire. It is the belief of many that from this furnace of agony and grief mankind will arise regenerate, with strength seven times renewed—the strength that is based upon wisdom, suffering and experience, not upon brute compulsion—and that in future the forces of Mars will be used by man solely for creative and protective purposes. Never again, if the meaning of this lesson has been understood, if the import of this fierce trial has been fathomed, shall they be yoked to the unholy chariot of “Scientific War”.

“Mercurial”

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## THE THIRD OBJECT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

By M. R. ST. JOHN

With the continuance of the war and the passing of so many hundreds of thousands "behind the veil," there is an increasing demand that that veil should be lifted, and an increasing longing for rational explanation of that which lies on the other side.--THE THEOSOPHIST, July 1916.

THESE remarks of our President, taken from the Watch-Tower, contain much food for thought, and it is probable that many Theosophists have been asking themselves some such questions as: "What have we done towards lifting the veil? In what manner have we contributed to the alleviation of the suffering of those whose husbands, fathers, lovers and friends have perished in this dreadful holocaust of human life?"

The writer was told by a former member, who since the commencement of the war has been engaged in most useful and helpful work among the thousands craving for knowledge, that this Society had failed in an important field of usefulness; that whereas spiritualists were certainly "dabblers," Theosophists were merely "babblers". This soft impeachment could not be denied off-hand, for, with so few of its members possessing first-hand knowledge, the Theosophical Society cannot be of much real assistance to those who



have suffered bereavement through the terrible carnage in this war ; yet, if our extensive propaganda previous to this conveyed anything, it did lead people to expect that we were more than mere theorists, something more than pious individuals striving to lead noble and unselfish lives.

The thousands who are suffering want real help ; they do not want to be told " what we have been told " ; they do not want to hear about rounds, races, monadic evolution and the Buddhic plane ; but they do want to know about their lost ones and the after-death conditions.

It is regrettable that we have such a limited number of members who are sufficiently developed and trained to be of any real use in helping to answer this insistent cry for light, this ever increasing demand for some one who knows and does not merely repeat ; gramophones are useful in some cases, but not for what is now required. Further, there are some who believe that one of the lamentable results of this prodigious war will be an increase of agnosticism, while others are of opinion that the tendency, on the whole, will be in the opposite direction ; but it is for us to consider seriously what part the Theosophical Society has taken in discounting the former, and surely, with such examples as it is our privilege to have in our ranks, no greater incentive should be necessary for us to try and follow in their footsteps.

Now if we ask ourselves why this is so, we shall find that the reason is nothing more or less than a neglect of the Society's Third Object. For many years past we have been so much concerned with the First Object and with ideals of service, that we have overlooked the necessity for extending the consciousness

and for improving the vehicles that we use in such service; and it has to be borne in mind that a considerable expansion of consciousness must take place before even the First Object of the Theosophical Society (a belief in which is obligatory on those joining it) can be truly realised as a cosmic fact. To believe in universal brotherhood is one thing, to know it is another; and while mere belief is apt in some cases to imply a doubt, in this instance it cannot be so, for both reason and logic are on our side; yet, whereas actual knowledge can only be acquired when the seeker can function consciously on the higher planes, a very superficial acquaintance with super-physical conditions will take us some way towards the goal of realisation.

Now with regard to the powers latent in man, we need constantly to remind ourselves of the task before us, that task being "to build out of the substance of each world a body in which we can live and function consciously and intelligently," and this task not only cannot be evaded, but is one we must undertake for ourselves.

If there are any who think that such faculties, *siddhis*, and powers, are gratuitous, they are labouring under a delusion; we have had to make our own physical bodies what they are, the present complicated piece of animal mechanism being the result of æons of struggle in the past; it is the most efficient vehicle we possess, and we have got to proceed apace with the improvement and efficiency of the others. This, however, is no light task, being one that requires the will to persist, indomitable courage, and a realisation that disillusionment in many of our most cherished

ideas is always accompanied by a proportionate amount of distress and consequent discouragement.

What has to be avoided is any lop-sidedness in development such as would ensue if reasoning and mental faculties were allowed to atrophy; and while there is frequently a tendency among those of a devotional temperament rather to despise mentality, it must not only be borne in mind that this latter is meant to be the acquisition of the Fifth Root Race, but that the Sixth Race which is to follow will possess great mental capacity coupled with the development of the Buddhic principle, the knowledge of the unity of all things.

For this last to be of use, it must be accompanied by the ability to make it a positive principle instead of a mere negativity; and the Theosophical Society, if it means to keep its place among the pioneers of modern thought and spiritual evolution, should be careful to see that its Third Object is not neglected, but synchronised with the First and Second. It ought not to remain contented with an academical position, it ought not to be satisfied with theoretical knowledge only, it must produce more than students, it must give birth to occultists.

It has been said that this Society is merely a "kindergarten" for embryo occultists; and there does seem a certain amount of justification for this belief, for, while the largest of all schools is the world itself, it would be better if the Society were in a position to prove its claim to be a transition school from the latter to something higher, instead of by its attitude helping to confirm the belief that it is merely a preparatory institution.

There is an idea that the key-note of the future is to be SERVICE, and that so long as you are doing some physical act, even of the simplest kind and requiring no mental energy, you will be all right; this may be so, but while these simple acts can be done by anyone, the Master's service requires capacity of a higher kind as well, and surely They want followers who can do things that cannot be done by ordinary people.

It is obvious that a good deal of service which members of the Society succeed in doing moderately well could be far more efficiently performed by people who are not Theosophists, and we should not delude ourselves by imagining that the Masters and Their disciples would preferably give such work to the former because they were members of the Theosophical Society.

They surely want us for special work, work that cannot be so effectually done by other people, and it is because of this that special training is so essential; it is vital to our future that the Third Object of the Society should not be neglected, it is imperative that we should substitute the essential for the non-essential, the more important for the less important; for, if we do not, the Society will fail of the purpose for which it was instituted, and run the risk, like all outworn, superseded, and obsolete mechanisms, of being "scrapped".

Those Great Ones who are responsible for the work of the Logos never waste energy; They are true economists of nature's mighty forces, of the great cosmic energies, and we have been told again and again that when They employ human beings (not necessarily Theosophists) for certain work, They are quite sure that the capabilities of these employees justify the amount of time and energy spent on them.

This article is not intended to apply to the Indian Section of the Society, but to its European portion ; it has been written with the object of inviting attention to a part of our work which has certainly been neglected, if not, in some instances, regarded with a certain amount of disapproval.

M. R. St. John

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## FRANK SAXON SNELL

### A REMINISCENCE

FOR the time being, the T. S. on the physical plane has lost one of its most brilliant and promising intellects. Snell was "out" to dispel the enervating illusion, too common among F. T. S., that *The Secret Doctrine* is too difficult for beginners, and only fit to be spoken of with bated breath as an object of veneration. Snell resolutely maintained that anyone who took the trouble to try and discover what H. P. B. meant by her striking phrases, could help himself and humanity more effectively by this means than by swallowing wholesale the predigested pabulum adorning the book-stalls at lectures. At the same time he ignored the contempt in which "pure" study is often held by the busybody, contending that study for its own sake was just as much a service to humanity as gifts of coals and blankets, and was only cramped by the imposition of popular standards of utility.

As witness to the soundness of these views of his, stand the Isis Lodge, *Students' Notes*, and *Extracts from The Secret Doctrine*; to say nothing of the many dogma-shy enquirers who have been encouraged by his bold sincerity and virile insight to set to work for themselves and "prove all things". The Motto he chose for his spiritual child, the Isis Lodge, was characteristic of his unassuming genius: "Help Nature and work on with her." He abhorred violence in every form, as much for its stupidity as for its futility; after the war broke out he once said to me: "I am disgusted to find that people think more of me just because I have been in the volunteers." He has slung his pebble of protest at this Goliath of warfare, but the insatiable monster has claimed his young body and priceless brain.

B.

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## A DREAM

*25 November, 1915, 5 a.m.*

THE crossing had been rough. It was going on to sunset when we landed, my wife and I, under the chalk cliffs of the old country. A motor met us at the pier and our friends remarked on our temerity in deciding to pay them a short visit when Zeppelins and aeroplanes had been almost daily visitors. Up till then I had had but vague ideas of the effect of aerial bombs. I had felt in my veins a general recklessness; an idea that, should Zeppelins or aeroplanes menace the vicinity in which I was, I would in all probability take a sporting chance of being hit, and remain at some point of vantage, where I could observe "the fun," which at any rate, I calculated, would be a matter of something under a quarter of an hour.

After a short drive we arrived at our destination. Our friends were installed in a modern and conspicuous hotel situated at the extreme left of the town and perched on a cliff overlooking the sea.

Leaving our luggage to be gradually brought up by porters, we made our way up some steep steps to the hotel. The sun was just setting in a mouse-coloured atmosphere through which some dim rose rays illumined the loftier points of the outlook. As we turned the corner of that wing of the hotel in which our

rooms had been prepared, my eyes discerned in the far distance the apparently immobile horizontal outline of a Zeppelin, hovering far away at a great height, but not pointing in our direction. The excitement of this, to me, novel sight was not shared by those who accompanied me. "There will be more murders to-night," they said sadly, and advised me to take shelter as soon as possible. At that moment, just as we were about to enter the large glass doors opening on to the garden, I saw a speck that I presently made out to be an aeroplane heading for us like some great bird of prey. On calling my friends' attention to it, they shouted to me to get quickly under cover, and themselves took to their heels down the paths that led to the main building. At this moment, and while fascinated by the sight of the oncoming enemy, I lost sight of my wife, who must have either run indoors or followed her friends. I could not stir from where I was. I felt it was unlikely that over so broad an area as that speck covered, the particular number of square yards occupied by the hotel were necessarily menaced, and I was eagerly anxious to see all that might happen. I must have remained five minutes thus, the great bird above growing each moment larger and clearer in the last rays of the sun, when suddenly I seemed to see something drop from it, as when a gull at sea drops the bit it has gathered in the wake of a ship. After an appreciable interval a dull and prolonged roar, followed by a confused jumble of sounds, far greater than I could even have imagined from a cause so small to the eyes, met my ears. These sounds, the realisation that awful things had happened in that instant, the instinct of self-preservation, and the general sense of fear that



comes from an incapacity to measure the unknown, drove me into the house, my last sight of the aeroplane being that it was heading straight for our direction and was gradually getting lower as it approached. I had barely time to cross the large entrance hall, to pass down a passage, to enter another room, and, instinctively, to place myself beneath the arch of a big doorway leading beyond this, when I heard a crash of broken glass and shattered timber, and then the most frightful, deep, bellowing explosion that I have ever experienced, and that nearly knocked me down. After this came a deluge of splinters, of shattered glass, of flying bits of wood, masonry, iron, accompanied by sounds of running, shrill cries of women, imprecations and hoarse cries of men, and other sounds of rushing hither and thither, doors slamming and general outcry.

Not two feet from my head a hard metallic substance had hit the wall and driven in the decorative stucco panel far into the plaster ; elsewhere bits of ceiling had fallen, and some of the furniture showed raw edges. A general feeling of relief ensued on my rather ingenuous assembling of my wits as to my own state. I was quite unharmed. My thoughts at once flew to my wife. Where was she ? was she safe ? After that : who and what was damaged ? what had this bomb done ? Next : does an aeroplane repeat its bombs in the same place ? is it not carried on hundreds of yards by its own impetus ? are we not therefore safe at present at any rate ? These thoughts presented themselves in succession but in an almost simultaneous flash. I decided to verify them at once. I crossed the room, stepping unheedingly over what I vaguely saw were ornaments, vases, and furniture upset about the room.

There was no door to open, it had been blown in. I crossed the hall and approached the glass doors, they were but mangled frames; I passed through them, and before me I saw on my right a shapeless claret-coloured mass and a top hat, and beyond, a chasm where once there had been the noble flight of steps that led up to the entrance hall. This gave me the first idea of what a bomb meant, and what it can do. The shapeless mass had been a man, just about to leave the hotel; he had been dressed in frock coat, grey trousers, and top hat. The latter, by a freak of irony, was jauntily perched, practically undamaged, at a certain angle on its brim on the remains of a polished floor, and near it its owner covered, in an amorphous lump, about a square yard of ground. No distinguishing feature of any limb could be seen. Just a large wet mass of black and dark red that suggested nothing human, but that the mind realised had been a man a few moments before. He was the sole victim, and subsequent newspaper reports of the event revealed how little we realise these things, since the damage done was comparatively small, a matter of a flight of stairs, a landing, and some doors, windows, and furniture; and the victim one only, a stranger arrived that afternoon and staying in the hotel. By another way I reached the garden, and found that my wife had been with our friends and was quite safe, and the porters below, having seen the aeroplane proceed on its way and themselves being undamaged, were gradually bringing up our luggage from the motor, and in the most matter-of-fact way conveying our belongings to our rooms. The Zeppelin was no longer visible in the distance. Either it had gone away, or the dusk that had intervened

had blotted it from our sight. Very soon the damaged part of the hotel and its gruesome victim were boarded off from the public access, and the arrival of a chambermaid with a hot water can, and a waiter enquiring for our orders for dinner, tended to restore the normal course of existence. Only the memory, the clear, precise memory of experience undergone, survived.

W. H. K.



## RELATIVITY

By TAGULO <sup>1</sup>

**I**N August 1914, when the European War broke out, I expected a hard time. I was an artist, and earned only sufficient to live without luxury, even in the best of times. Ruin stared me in the face, for of course very few people buy pictures in war time. What to do I did not know. I was already too old to become a soldier, and was not capable of learning another art or science. Happily I was not a husband, and had no relations who looked to me for the necessaries of life: at the same time I had no relations to whom I might turn for help.

With these thoughts in my head I was walking along the promenade at Brighton. How indifferent seemed all the people to my troubles.

“Hello! Is it you, Berrie?” some one said.

I stopped and found an old friend.

“What are you doing here, Jackson?” I greeted him.

“I have lived here in Brighton for two years,” he replied. And for some time we walked together, speaking of affairs in common, old friends and so on. He was a man of independent means, and therefore could give his life to the study of any art or science,

<sup>1</sup> Translated by H. Hyams from the original in Esperanto.

having acquired his present happy position by means of hard work in his youth and a wonderful knowledge of chemistry. He was indeed an experienced and inventive chemist. Although very remarkable on account of his intellect, yet his appearance was quite ordinary for a man forty years of age. But his black hair had already begun to turn grey. He did not wear a beard or moustache, and that suited his face, which was hardened and firm. By his clothes one would not guess who he was: perhaps a holiday-maker, perhaps a bank-clerk, but certainly not a fashionable man of means. I had not seen him for five years, yet he had not changed in appearance, or in kindness. With sympathetic questions he drew out of me my troubles. "How I shall live through the next coming months during the war, I do not know," I finished.

"Come with me for a long holiday, and I promise you it will cost you nothing," he said.

Now I have always had a strong feeling against accepting any great good from anyone not a relation: I don't know why. Perhaps I was educated in that way. My first impulse was to refuse, but I was silent and began to wonder why I should not accept. It is more blessed to give than to receive: we must help each other—receive help at the right time as well as give it. Having thought this, I found myself saying that he was very kind.

"Then you will come," he said. "Bring your bag to my house to-morrow at nine o'clock in the morning and tell your landlady that you won't be back for eight months."

I agreed, and he gave me his card, on which an address was written, and in a little while we parted;

he went to the wealthy quarter, and I to the poor part of the town.

Jackson lived in a house that stands on the cliffs at the east end of Brighton, in the Promenade; it faces the sea. Its exterior is quite ordinary—yellow stucco, with a large cornice in the style which flourished in Brighton a hundred years ago. Hundreds of those houses one can see there.

Having knocked at the door, I gave my name to his servant. He gravely led me upstairs to a front room, and there asked me to await Jackson. When he had gone I had a look at the room, and the first thing that caught my attention was a large lamp. Never before had I seen a lamp which had such a large bowl for oil: it greatly astonished me. In other things the room was not remarkable, except for a lack of carpet on the floor, a beautiful simplicity, spaciousness, and a fine bay window, through which one could very well see the surroundings. Indeed the floor did not need a carpet, because it was made of fine narrow oak battens. It would be a shame to cover them with a carpet that collects all kinds of dirt, I thought.

When Jackson came in, I noticed that he also carried a bag. When we had greeted each other, he called his servant.

“Bring Mr. Berrie’s bag here,” he said.

I wondered at that, but did not say anything. In a few seconds his servant came back with it.

“We are going to travel for eight months,” said Jackson to him, “and during our absence look after the house in the usual way, doing what you always do when I am away. I will lock the door of this room and you must let no one enter. Now take this letter to

the address on the envelope. When you return we shall have gone. Here is a cheque for your salary. Good-bye."

His servant departed, and immediately Jackson went to the window, drew down some of the blinds, and waited, watching through a spy hole on to the road. I now noticed that the blinds were very strong, and that each had in the middle a design in which was cleverly worked a spy hole covered by a flap. Jackson, having raised the flap, still watched through one of these holes. As the light came through the upper part of the windows, I was able to take a good look at my friend. Yes, he had not changed at all. He had just the same firm features; the lips tightly closed, the eyes bright and the chin strong; his body was just as straight and upright.

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"Jacob, my servant," he replied, and a little after added: "There he goes."

Having watched him disappear, he turned to the large lamp on the table, lit it, pulled down all the blinds of the window, and locked the door. Why he did all this I could not imagine.

"Have you much to do before starting?" I asked.

"I wish to explain," he said; "now listen."

I nodded and he continued. "You know that I have always experimented and have made many valuable chemical discoveries? Yes, and you think that for a long time now I have given up all that. However, you and the scientific world are wrong. I let you believe it, so as to leave myself free to study in peace and quietness. And indeed, I have studied and experimented during the last few years."

He was silent a moment, and pointed to rows of books and manuscripts. Then he continued. "Doubtless you have read the story by Wells, in which a man discovers a drug that quickens the life of him who drinks it?"

I nodded and he went on. "I have found out something better than that. I have found two mixtures of gases: one which quickens life, and one which slackens it."

He spoke all this in quite a calm way, and for a moment the full meaning of his words did not strike me. But little by little I began to understand.

"You are certain?"

"Quite certain," he replied, and going to a cupboard, took out two little globes made of thin india-rubber, as large as an orange. He put them on the table before me. I looked at them, and then at the white table-cloth, whose design was plainly visible in the lamplight. That design bit into my brain, so that I can see it even now.

"What would they do?" I asked, pointing to the india-rubber balls.

"If you breathe in the gas inside, you will live eight months in eight hours," he replied, giving me one.

I took it in my right hand. It was brown and very similar to the coloured air-balls with which children play. It had the same little piece at the place where it was blown up and tied with cotton when filled.

"How do you breathe in?" I asked.

"Thus," he replied, putting the piece with the cotton to his lips.

I put it to my mouth.



“Having emptied the lungs by breathing out, bite through the piece tied with cotton and breathe in,” he said.

But I suddenly felt afraid, and threw away the little balloon, which went jumping along on the table and rolling on the white table-cloth.

“Let us breathe in the gas and escape the next eight months, which cannot give us anything. If you live through them, will you be able to paint in Belgium? Will you sell pictures?”

“No,” I replied.

“Here are two little globes: choose which you will, and I will also breathe in from the other at the same time as you,” he suggested, while I took the little ball.

I had nothing to lose, except my life, and that had become a burden. On the other hand, if I could live till the end of the War, perhaps everything would be well. Without further thought, I put the little ball in my mouth, breathed out, bit through the piece tied with cotton, and breathed in the gas.

“Good man!” said Jackson. “You have done well. Now look at the clock.”

I looked at it and saw that the large hand was going round very rapidly.

“While we live through one second that clock lives through twelve minutes,” he said, “and while we live through one minute, it lives through twelve hours.”

The clock was quite an ordinary one, such as one often sees, made of some kind of black marble in the form of a Greek temple. While I was looking at it, the large hand drew near to the twelfth hour, and exactly when

it came to the figure twelve, I heard one stroke instead of twelve.

“It struck twelve,” said Jackson, “but it sounded like one, didn’t it? Now come to the window and look through the spy holes at the sun.”

I did so, and saw the sun rise and fly across the sky very quickly.

“How long does the sun take from sunrise to sunset?” I asked.

“Only one minute,” he said.

Immediately he had spoken, it suddenly became night and I saw many electric lights. The moon rose and raced after the sun to the west, together with the constellations. It was a strange sight for me. . . .

I noticed that the stars flew quicker than the moon. Now they rose, flew west and fell. Suddenly it was day, and the sun again raced across the sky. It made me a little giddy to look long. Often it became day with a grey sky. When clouds came, I seldom noticed from where: suddenly they appeared, grouped together kaleidoscopically, parted and flew away, or stayed a muffled grey mass. Sometimes, when the sun fell to the horizon, the clouds suddenly pulsed redly like glowing coals, and immediately afterwards all was black except for the silver stars which flew westward to the spot.

Thus I looked at the minute days and nights.

“What do you think of it?” asked Jackson.

“I understand better what *Time* is.”

“Yes,” he said, “time depends on movement, and movement depends on space. If while we slept the whole visible universe suddenly shrank to the size of a walnut, or swelled a thousandfold, we, waking, would

not notice any change, if the change had also affected us. At the present time the gas has changed only you and me, therefore we see wonderful things ; but if that gas worked on the whole universe, then no one would see a change. Everything in the world is relative."

"Then our senses are not dependable?" I asked.

"No, they are not. Come with me," he said, leading me to a little side door which opened into a little room with a high window of obscured glass. At the wall was a basin where he apparently experimented with his chemicals. There was a tap for water, which he touched with a quick movement, and in a second the basin was full of water, although ordinarily one would have had to wait more than two minutes for it to fill. I put my hand in the water, but felt none, only a cold air. When I drew my hand out, it was immediately dry.

We went back to the room, and Jackson drew an eider down feather from a cushion. He held it on high and suddenly let it fall. As quick as lightning it was on the floor: I did not see it fall. Again and again he did the same thing, but every time the feather fell too quickly for us to see.

"It falls very quickly," I said.

"Yes, relatively to our movements. We now move very slowly, therefore we think that the feather moves quickly. But it is only relative," he explained.

We then went to the window and looked on to the road. It appeared empty, but for a few seconds I saw a cab with one horse. The head of the horse was not clear, and that was on account of its movements, Jackson explained. Often I saw for one or two seconds blurred black phantoms which immediately

disappeared. In answer to my query Jackson said that they were men who had stopped to have a few minutes chat.

“The sea is very calm, is it not?” I asked, not being able to see any waves.

“No,” he replied. “We cannot see the waves because they are moving extremely quickly.”

I now noticed that the ships seemed to fly across the sea; in a few seconds they came, and then were gone, almost like phantoms. Once I saw a sleeping cat on the balcony outside one window, but only for a few seconds; at another time I saw a ladder at our balcony, and a black mist came to the window for about three seconds.

“My servant was cleaning the window then,” said Jackson. “Now you see why I have had to take so much care to stop him seeing in here.”

“Yes, but suppose that he was able to look in; what would he see?” I asked.

“He would see what looked like wax figures. However quickly we moved, he would see us almost motionless, relatively to his world. Everything is relative; truth, beauty and goodness; time, space and movement; weight and size; colours, sounds, and everything.”

While he was speaking I thoughtlessly filled my pipe with tobacco and tried to light a match. But instead of burning in the usual way, it simply became one large electric spark, giving a nasty pain to my fingers.

“You cannot smoke an ordinary pipe now,” said Jackson. “Even if you could light it, it would only burn two seconds.”

“What is the time—I mean day?” I asked.

In reply he pointed to the large glass bowl of the lamp in which the oil was stored, and I noticed that on the side was marked the calendar. The line of oil surface could be seen through the glass at the day: 20th of September.

The rest of that time (eight hours for us, but for the outside world eight months) we passed by chatting and reading. In spite of the special ventilation, I noticed that the dust was beginning to lie on the white table-cloth. I became hungry, but Jackson would not let me eat. He would not risk the experiment, he said. Besides he had no food in the room. Once I tried to paint; but I did not succeed, because the water immediately dried. However, I made two fair pencil pictures of Jackson; they both are good portraits, and one I shall never sell, but always keep as a memento of that time. It stands before me now as I write.

“If you often live thus in this slowness, you will remain young while the world grows old?” I asked.

“Yes,” he replied. “But I also use the accelerator, and that of course makes a man age.”

And thus we chatted. I did not notice when the gas had worked off, but suddenly I saw that Jackson was smoking. At once I understood. We drew up the blinds, opened the windows, and let in the beautiful April air. It was broad daylight, and many people were out walking on the road and sea beach. I was glad to see them after a world of phantoms. My holiday was finished.

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A few days after, I again paid Jackson a visit. He promised me that I should breathe in the “quickener”.

But that, he said, was a much more serious affair than the "slackener".

"Remember that you will move extremely quickly —so quickly that no one will see you. Even if you stay motionless for a whole minute, that will be for the world only a quarter of a second; therefore you will be as a phantom.

We put on special asbestos clothes; the boots had wide soles and the head-piece special eye apparatus. Everything was made of asbestos, because, explained Jackson, our rapid movement through the air would set light to us if we were not protected.

He put in my hand one of the globes, and taking one for himself, we both at the same time breathed in. We were ready.

"See!" said Jackson, while he poured water in a saucer. That simple act took a long time, because the water seemed like some thick mixture. However, finally the saucer was filled and Jackson held it out in his hand. Suddenly he took away the saucer and left the water in the air, and then put back the saucer under the fluid.

"It did not have time to fall," he said, taking a cup, which he left floating in the air. It fell very slowly, as if a piece of down.

"You see that everything moves extremely slowly relatively to us," he said, taking the cup and putting it back on the table. "Everything is relative."

We now awaited the arrival of his servant Jacob, to take away the dinner things.

"Remember that we move 240 times quicker than the rest of the world. Therefore, if you keep quite still for one minute, they will see you in the world

for a quarter of a second," said Jackson. "Here he comes."

Looking at the door I saw that it was opening extremely slowly, perhaps we waited for four minutes before Jacob finally stood in the doorway. We could see that he moved by his appearance and gestures: he looked like a moving figure in a photograph, and we carefully watched him, while we walked backwards and forwards in the depth of the room. He was a strange sight; very like a wax figure who wanted to get to the table. At the end of about eight minutes he got to the table, and meanwhile Jackson explained things to me.

"Everything in nature moves," he said, "everything vibrates. Light is vibrations of ether. The densest object which we know is also vibrations, and compared with ether, is as nebulous as a gas; ether is a dense solid in which the world is, as it were, only a soap bubble. There are different kinds of ether. There is what we call "thought ether" and "emotion ether". And at the present moment, when you and I vibrate so rapidly, thanks to the gas, it is easier to be conscious of quicker vibrations, namely, the thought ether. Just as some men are not conscious of certain vibrations which we call red colour, so in the same way the ordinary man cannot see the higher vibrations which we call thoughts. *You and I can now see them. Look carefully at Jacob's forehead*".

I looked at the servant. He was a man of about fifty years, with side whiskers: his head was bald. He was dressed as a waiter, and appeared quite similar to any other man of his class. Bending over the table he held in his hand some plates, looking exactly like a wax figure, on account of his frozen movements. I

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looked at his forehead, and little by little, more and more clearly, I saw a grey-blue mist form in the air before him, in which gradually appeared a picture of a billiard table at which a man was playing with three balls. The green cloth of the table looked very beautiful with the bright red ball and the clean white ones. Apparently the man played quickly and cleverly, now stopping to chalk his cue and now thinking out his next shot. The whole thing was like a little beautifully coloured kinema picture, very clearly defined.

“Yes,” said Jackson, “Jacob is a billiard player and an expert at the game. He is now thinking doubtless of his last night’s game. Take care! Move about.”

Having become interested in the thought-picture of Jacob, we, especially myself, had remained quite still, and we now saw with disappointment that the eyes of the servant were fixed on us. After a little while, when we had moved about, there slowly came on to his face an expression of astonishment; he left the plates in the air, where they slowly floated to the table, and broke in pieces. Slowly his hand went to his heart and slowly he began to sit down.

“Let us go,” said Jackson. “He thinks that he has seen a ghost.”

Having passed out of the door, I looked back and saw that Jacob was still beginning to sit down.

It was a strange sight that met us on the road: there were many people, but all seemed to be frozen. I should not have noticed that they were moving if I had not watched them with care. The motor cars looked most absurd; we could see the top part of the wheels going round, and although the car itself was



going at a snail's pace, yet the people inside seemed very proud of the speed they were travelling.

Of course no one took any notice of us, because they could not see us, we moved too quickly. We went on the beach where some niggers were singing. It was strange to see how laughable were their frozen gestures. The voices sounded very objectionable, something like slow beats on a drum.

"Yes," said Jackson, "sounds are vibrations, the same as colours. To those niggers my voice is not now audible, because I am vibrating too rapidly for their senses. It is the same with us, we cannot properly hear their voices because they are vibrating with another speed. Everything is relative."

I now looked at the sea and I saw that the waves were motionless.

"Follow me and do as I do," said Jackson.

He then went to the sea and by small, quick, sliding steps moved forward on the waves.

"Take care that you do not fall, because the waves are very slippery," he said.

I did as he said, and found that the sea seemed like a peaty bog, in that if I stayed still, I slowly sank; but with my boots with wide soles I could walk fairly quickly.

"Be careful that you do not stop moving your feet," Jackson warned me.

After a little while I found that the going was very pleasing, and we walked to the end of the pier on the deep sea, remarking on the way that the wings of the sea gulls were apparently motionless. At the pier many people were bathing, and it was a strange sight to see them dive into the sea—a dive that lasted perhaps

four minutes, as far as I remember. On my way back to the beach I suddenly fell and rolled into a wave valley. I tried to raise myself with my hands, but immediately my fingers went under, and then the whole hand. I pulled them out, and Jackson came and helped me up. When we got going again, I found that I left behind me a long streak of steam, and that was caused by the warming of the water on my hand.

Many people were on the beach, here some with everlasting smiles, here a man taking an apparently eternal bite at a banana, and here a child playing with the sand.

“Do you know anyone?” asked Jackson.

I looked for a long time, but found no friends. At last I saw a man who sat on a deck chair smoking a large cigar and looking dreamily at the sea.

“I know him,” I said. “He bought some pictures from me five years ago, and in no way can I make him pay. I shall never get my money.”

Then Jackson did something which greatly astonished me. He walked up to that man and said: “Allow me to take from your pocket the money which you owe to the artist Berrie.”

“How much is it, Berrie?” he said to me.

“Ten pounds,” I replied, while Jackson had already taken from the man’s coat pocket some bank notes. He gave me one for ten pounds, and put back the rest in the pocket.

Now I have always paid great respect to the law, and therefore I wanted to argue with Jackson and explain to him that we were doing something criminal.

“We are not honest,” I said.

“Honesty is relative. The honesty of antiquity becomes criminal for us moderns. Everything is relative,” he said, and adding a good-bye to the man who still sat like a wax figure, looking dreamily at the sea, he suggested that we should go home.

“But fold up the bank note and cover it with your closed hand so that the air cannot reach it, otherwise it will burn,” he advised.

On the way we saw two dogs fighting. A large one had caught a smaller one by the cheek, tearing the flesh away from its eye. It was an ugly sight. We could see that the dogs were moving, but at first they seemed also frozen. Round about stood men with raised sticks and stones, as is usual in dog fights; but Jackson took no notice of them, and having walked to the larger dog, he with his hands opened its mouth for perhaps two minutes, so that the smaller dog could escape. I was indeed sorry that I could not there and then make a sketch of that scene with so many splendid models. Afterwards Jackson very slowly rolled the dog over, away from its victim, and after about another ten minutes we saw that it again was chasing the smaller one. Then Jackson again slowly rolled it over and thus let the little dog escape. The whole affair took such a long time that I had time to note all the details, and I afterwards made a splendid picture of it.

“We must now make haste,” said Jackson.

Reaching the house we went to the dressing room and took off our asbestos clothes. Then we found that the accelerating gas had worked off; we were again normal.

“The whole thing from start to finish has taken only half a minute,” said Jackson, leading me to the dining room, where we found that Jacob had just sat down in the chair, and was looking at the broken plates before him.

“What is the matter?” asked Jackson entering the room.

“I thought I saw you and Mr. Berrie standing at the end of the room,” said the frightened Jacob. “But immediately I caught sight of you, you both suddenly disappeared.” And again he looked at the same place, as if he thought he would again see a ghost.

“Nonsense!” said Jackson.

Suddenly there came to me the thought that all of what I had just experienced was only a dream. I ran to the dressing room, found my asbestos suit, and looked at the globes. There were a few salt crystals on them where the sea water had dried, and beside them lay the ten-pound note.

Tagulo



## QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*Ahīrbudhnya Samhitā of the Pāñcarātra Āgama.* Edited for the Adyar Library by M. D. Rāmānujācārya under the supervision of Dr. F. O. Schrader. Two volumes. (Adyar Library, Adyar, 1916. Price Rs. 15.)

This latest publication of the Adyar Library is of the greatest importance. Once an imposing system of philosophy held sway over an extended region of India. It is called the Pāñcarātra or Bhāgavata system. Its origins are lost in the obscurity of the past. It is thought that it originated in the North of India and spread southwards. In the Marātha country something like Pāñcarātra worship seems to have existed as early as the first century before Christ. Two short expositions of this system have been published; the one by Sir R. G. Bhandarkar in vol. III of the *Encyclopaedia of Indo-Aryan Research*, the other by A. Govindācārya in the volume for 1911 of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. Nevertheless very little is as yet known about it. After a long and successful career the system dwindled and became almost extinct and forgotten, save in some restricted circles of Southern India where it is still studied and expounded as a living faith. Outside the Madras Presidency its literary remains are almost unknown and have practically disappeared. Only a very few of its written works can be found in libraries other than the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library at Madras, the Tanjore Palace Library and the Adyar Library. Manuscripts of its important texts are almost totally absent outside India. How important it is, therefore, that patient research has resulted in the knowledge that at least 200 Samhitās (textbooks or compositions, compendia) must once have formed the body of what may be called the canonical Pāñcarātra literature. Of these only some ten have ever been published in India, mostly by obscure presses, and they have

stayed outside the domains of the organised book trade, so as to remain practically unknown to the international Orientalist public. Besides, they have been mostly printed in vernacular scripts on poor paper, and are generally of a very imperfect get-up. Several are sold out and all are difficult to get. They have re-become printed MSS., as it were, which have never been easily and generally accessible. The Adyar Library has for years past collected MSS. of this remarkable literature and now possesses copies of some 25 of these Samhitās, which are thus permanently saved from final extinction. It may be added that in addition to this Samhitā class of Pāñcarātra literature there are an appreciable number of secondary and tertiary works, of a derived nature, which may be classed as commentaries, digests, essays and extracts. The total canonical literature once extant must have been colossal in bulk, indeed. It is calculated as perhaps having measured over 1,500,000 shlokas. All this literature was practically unknown until a few years ago, and Sir R. G. Bhandarkar, quoted above, writing in 1913, knew as yet of only two Samhitās, of which one was, furthermore, a spurious one. As to date, the bulk of this literature is put as probably having come to its final completion before the eighth century A.D., without precise indications as to any date of its inception, which may be many centuries earlier. The Adyar Library was therefore well advised in publishing one of the most typical, interesting and important of these Samhitās, one which, furthermore, was as yet wholly unknown in Europe, not a single MS. of it having reached that continent, which can otherwise truly boast of its rich treasures of Sanskrit MS. literature. The choice of the Ahirbudhnya Samhitā for this first publication was also determined by the consideration that it is evidently one of the older Samhitās and that it mainly deals with the theoretical part of the system. Students of Indian philosophy will find it replete with interest, and the specialist will be grateful for the excellent way in which sufficient material is now put before him to commence the study of an entirely new field of enquiry in his department.

The material execution of the work leaves nothing to be desired, and the Vasantā Press, which is responsible for this

part of the work, may be proud of having turned out this bulky work in a manner which can challenge comparison with the productions of the best European presses. Paper, type and binding are all excellent, and the care bestowed on the typography of the book merits all praise. Paṇḍit Rāmānujācārya has performed his task painstakingly, and Dr. Schrader's supervision has added that finish which is required by high standards of scholarship. The fact that Dr. Schrader, being a German, was interned at Ahmednagar when some 200 pages had still to be struck off, is responsible for the only blemish in the work. Owing to a misunderstanding, the Paṇḍit has not preserved the right proportion in his comments and foot-notes, and the last part of the book is somewhat overloaded with them, breaking the evenness of treatment in this respect, so that the first 500 pages contain only business-like text-critical notes, but the last two hundred a progression of lengthy annotations, culminating in a very Oriental colophon singing the praise of the author of the commentary. Yet all this does not seriously interfere with the solid workmanship displayed in the editing, or with the importance of the text. Two interesting prefaces by the Editor and the well-known Pañcarātrin, Kumāratātārya Kavi Bhūṣaṇa, add to the value of the book. Both are written from a confessional standpoint, and, owing to the circumstance mentioned above, Dr. Schrader has not added an introduction from the strictly scholarly point of view. This defect will, however, be made good by a separate volume, now nearly ready for publication, in which Dr. Schrader deals exhaustively with the subject under the title of *Introduction to the Pāñcarātra and the Ahirbudhnya Samhitā*. It will most probably be issued in September as an independent companion volume.

As to the contents of the work, they are very varied. The main subjects treated of are Philosophy, Linguistic Occultism (mantra-shāstra), the theory of magical figures, practical magic, yoga, domestic observances and social rules. Of these, philosophy, linguistic occultism and practical magic occupy each about one-fourth of the whole work, so that it may be said that roughly one-half of the Samhitā deals with theoretical and practical occultism, one-fourth with philosophy, and one-fourth with the other subjects.

A very important part is that given by chapters 5 to 7, containing an account of creation; the development of concomitant subjects is continued in the next 5 chapters. It would be useless, if not impossible, to give in a few words a summary of all the 60 chapters of this fascinating and important work. Besides, a full resume of the whole will be found in Dr. Schrader's *Introduction*. It may be sufficient to say that for the student of comparative religion, of Indian philosophy, and of Theosophy alike, the book is of highest value. Theosophists will find in many of its parts an atmosphere akin to the lofty conceptions of H. P. B. in her *Secret Doctrine*, where she deals with such subjects as the creation and dissolution of the world, the hierarchy, the avatāras and the like. They cannot fail to be very much interested in this old work. Another thing which struck us is that much in the work furnishes matter which seems to throw new light on many problems connected with the study of that much read scripture, the Bhagavad-Gitā, and which has on this account a special interest of its own. But enough is now said to show that we regard this publication as a very important one, and we have no hesitation in stating that it will bring credit to the Institution which published it, as well as to its capable Editor and Supervisor.

J. v. M.

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*The Yoga of Yama*, by W. Gorn Old. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 2s. net.)

This little book is described as "A version of the *Kathopanishat*, with Commentary; being a system of Yoga or means of attainment". In it Mr. Old presents to the public a rendering of this famous Scripture that should be fairly intelligible to the western mind, and supplements it by copious notes in the nature of a commentary. On the whole he seems to have succeeded in bringing out the main features of the text, and his amplifications bring the teachings of modern Theosophy and the *Kabbala* to bear on their elucidation.

The story which serves as a setting for the discourse is well known. Nachiketa, a Brahmana boy, is about to be offered as a human sacrifice by his fanatical father, and



improves the occasion by requesting Yama, the God of Death, to instruct him in Yoga. Chapters II.—VI. consist entirely of a discourse on the Path and its qualifications, containing many illuminating passages relating to the psychic nature of man, which latter Mr. Old illustrates especially clearly. The choice of a setting familiar to the people of the period is characteristic of Eastern Scriptures (cp. the *Bhagavad-Gītā*), and happily Mr. Old does not attempt to justify human sacrifice, so Western readers are not so likely to be shocked by the story as if it were taken literally. Needless to say that the discourse itself ignores all such external religious observances, and even doctrines, with the same bluntness as the *Gītā* :

This Self is not revealed by many explanations, nor apprehended by much teaching, but to him who is acceptable by the Self, the Self will be revealed.

He who hath forsaken evil ways, who is self-controlled, concentrated and moreover steadfast, obtains illumination. (II. 23 and 24)

Verses 18 and 19 of the same chapter are particularly akin to the *Gītā* in their conception of immortality :

Knowing which, one is not born nor dies, nor aught from this doth anywhere spring forth, unborn, eternal, changeless, as of old, for though the body perish yet is he unhurt.

For if the slayer thinks to kill, or if the killed thinks he is slain, both are deceived, for it doth neither kill nor yet is slain.

We heartily commend this excellent piece of work to the more thoughtful section of the reading public, as another link between the philosophies of East and West and a worthy accompaniment to the great message of the *Kathopanishad* :

Arise! awake! Come into the presence of the Gifted Ones, and learn! The sages say that the Path is as difficult to tread as is the keen edge of a razor. (III. 14.)

W. D. S. B.

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*Introduction to Philosophy*, by Oswald Kulpe, translated from the German by W. B. Pillsbury and E. B. Titchner. (George Allen and Unwin, London. Price 6s.)

Roughly speaking, Introductions to Philosophy may be divided into two classes, says Professor Kulpe. First, there are those in which the author discusses the principal philosophic problems and offers a solution—his aim obviously being

to teach his views to the student and make him, in turn, philosophise; secondly, those in which the author traces the history of philosophic thinking with a view to familiarising the student with the various schools of thought, their development, their relation to men and events, past and present.

In planning his own book Professor Kulpe set himself to avoid the faults of both groups while combining their advantages. He wishes to encourage original thought on philosophic questions in his students, but without first prejudicing them in favour of his own views; his idea is to stimulate the mind rather than to mould it. He thinks, however, that real preparation for study includes the gaining of knowledge of what has been thought in the past, and the acquiring of a vocabulary of technical terms. He therefore adopts the general plan of the books of the second group.

This work is divided into four parts: the definition and classification of philosophy; the philosophical disciplines, general and special; schools of philosophical thought, metaphysical, epistemological, ethical; and a discussion of the problem of philosophy and the philosophical system. It is an excellent handbook for study and reference. In it one may find at a moment's notice a clear and concise account of the main principles underlying any of the well known schools of thought. The ordinary reader, not trained to study, will not find it interesting reading—the author's desire to make his work "complete" in 245 pages has made it too much of a concentrated essence for it to be comfortable reading. But the student, for whom after all the book is intended, will find it exceedingly useful. Lists of books by German, French, and English writers dealing with the subject in hand are given at the end of each section, forming together an excellent bibliography.

A. DE L.

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*How to Treat by Suggestion: With and Without Hypnosis.*  
A Notebook for Practitioners, by Edwin L. Ash, M.D. (Mills and Boon, London. Price 1s.)

This differs from the many books treating of this subject, in that it is written solely for the medical profession, the

author having contributed his *Mental Self-Help* for the ready use of the invalid.

It summarises practical rules for treatment by suggestion, and cites various types of cases with appropriate and particular methods suited to each, including rules of practical demonstration where satisfactory results have been obtained. The account of technical details is brief, and the notes as to the advantage and disadvantage of different methods of treatment by suggestion should be of special value to the student of the subject.

Although the book is free from psychological discussion, the author clearly indicates the qualities pertaining to uprightness of character, so essential in all methods of mental healing.

G. G.

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*The Survival of Man*, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

An account of the aims of the Society for Psychical Research and of some instances of its work have been put within easy reach of the public by the issuing of a shilling edition of *The Survival of Man*. Certain portions of the original book are omitted, but this does not in the least impair its unity or its value as an exposition of the facts on which the author believes that gradually there may be built a scientific proof of man's survival of bodily death.

A. DE L.

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*Pressing Problems*, by J. Merrin, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Stratford, E. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The universal prevalence of social problems in every age conveys the impression that they are one of the fatal necessities of civilisation, and their right solution one of humanity's most important tests for success or failure. This book narrates in detail the special problems affecting the United Kingdom, their causes, effects and remedy; and it bears especially upon the prevailing conditions of poverty,

intemperance, home life and child life, with their menacing effects upon the national existence and prosperity. It contains many "home truths" concerning forced poverty, unfair dealing, covetousness, underselling, the sweating system, accumulation of wealth, the immoral and degrading drink traffic, and prison statistics.

Being convinced, as the author is, that all these are mainly religious questions, he sees their only effective solution in the possibility of the religious and social movements working hand in hand for their remedy. His strongest appeal, therefore, is to those who are professedly religious, and particularly to the clergy, who have in view the keeping and the exercising of God's plan for humanity's salvation. He attributes the failure of the socialist, the agitator and labour leaders—who, he says, spend their time cursing things that are "up" and doing woefully little to improve things that are "down"—to their being anti-Christian; and his claim sounds rather colossal and dogmatic when he asserts that "it is Christianity alone that has inspired every great movement for the benefit of humanity". Tolstoy's idea is that "the Christian nations of the present day are in a position no less cruel than that of the Pagan times. In many respects, especially in the matter of oppression, the position has grown worse." And this is in accord with the author's admission that the continued existence of evils—in spite of all earnest effort at reform—speaks but poorly of the Church in its impotence to cope with the situation; but he claims that it is not Christianity that is at fault, for Christianity is a faith that can right the world, and the fault lies rather in the greed and rapacity of men.

There would probably be little disagreement with the claim that it is through religion that humanity grows quickest towards its ideals, but the individual idea as to what constitutes religion would likely be claimed as the legitimate right of each, and especially in these days when men are altering and correcting their notions of the manner of God's working. It is to be hoped that the "Golden Age" is being hastened through the intellectual and spiritual perception that co-operation is the next important lesson to be assimilated by mankind, and that a real belief in the existence of Divine Justice will prove a surer foundation for understanding and

co-operating with the Divine Plan. Thus will humanity be relieved of the depressing sense that all is wrong with the world, and be encouraged in every attempt to discover and ameliorate the distressing conditions of the darker side of life, which this book so fully and ably depicts.

G. G.

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*A World Expectant: The Study of a Great Possibility.* By A. E. Wodehouse, M.A. (Star Publishing Trust, Glasgow. Price 2s. 6d.)

It is well known in Theosophical circles that Mr. Wodehouse is the Organising Secretary of the Order of the Star in the East. The principles of the Order are also well known, and hence the title of this book—*A World Expectant*—is sufficient to inform most of our readers of the main theme of its contents. This is, of course, the Coming of a World Teacher, for whose advent so many people, outside as well as within the T. S., are looking; the critical age in which we are living; the signs of coming change; the need for a wider interpretation of life which shall bridge the gulf which at present separates our spiritual traditions from our everyday trafficking.

All these things have been written of and discussed before among Theosophists, but the great value of this particular book is that it deals with the subject from the point of view of the critical and secular mind to which the prophecies of Occultists, whether of the East or the West, are matters of profound indifference. The author has excluded "any element of authority, and has endeavoured to examine the idea purely as an intellectual hypothesis, to be accepted as reasonable or set aside as unreasonable in the light of ordinary thinking about man and the world".

His main argument, stated as boldly as possible, is this: In the midst of the turmoil of present conditions everywhere two great tendencies are manifesting themselves in practically every department of human endeavour. First, there is what he calls the *New Vitalism*, the bursting forth of an abundant and often quite uncontrolled vitality, which breaks all the bonds of restraining tradition; secondly, we see everywhere

the effort to organise, to bring units together into groups in which the parts shall range themselves in proper order as components of a larger whole, shall subordinate themselves to the purposes of a life which they share in common. Both these tendencies the author interprets as the response of the world to the inflowing of the new life-impulse which we call the dawn of a new age. And as every movement tends to become focused in a Personality, it is reasonable to expect that some Person will arise who shall harness these turbulent life forces and give direction to their progress.

Many interesting facts the author has brought together from contemporary history, science, art, and philosophy, whereby he illustrates his thesis, arranging them so as to show their relation to the age that is passing and the age that is to come.

The chapters of this book appeared first as articles in *The Herald of the Star*. We are glad to welcome them in their present form, as one likely to be acceptable to a large class of readers who would not be attracted by the magazine for which they were originally written.

A. DE L.

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*A Manual of Hypnotism*, by H. Ernest Hunt. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is a thoroughly sensible introduction to the subject of hypnotism in popular language and at a popular price. If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, Mr. Hunt should be instrumental in saving many from falling unawares into the tempting pitfalls that surround the study and practice of mental suggestion. He proceeds systematically from the simple and known to the more complex and less known, so that the sceptic may begin here and now to satisfy himself as to the reality of mind-control, without suddenly finding himself bewildered by a maze of phenomena. All the same we are inclined to think that even with all his cautions the author is still a trifle too confident as to the value of such experiments and the impunity with which they may be conducted, especially in this age of neurasthenia.

The chief value of the book undoubtedly lies in the rational and coherent explanation it offers for the mysterious part played by the subconscious mind in normal as well as abnormal processes of thought, showing that hypnosis is only a matter of degree, being a frequent result of the dreamy, suggestible state into which so many good people allow themselves to lapse. The chapters on Auto-suggestion and Practical Therapeutics are perhaps the most useful in the book, as a reassuring stimulus to exercise of the will on lines of health and sanity. Theosophists, as well as the general public, will find several fresh side-lights on human nature, and no one can say that the book is dull.

W. D. S. B.

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*The Story of the Catholic Revival*, by Clifton Kelway.  
(Cope and Fenwick, London. Price 1s.)

As the Rt. Hon. Viscount Halifax observes in the Introduction: "It is impossible for all to search the vast historical and biographical library which the movement has created, and those who cannot do so may find this sketch, brief as it is, of interest and help." And one may add that even those who wish their knowledge of the subject to be deeper and fuller than that which can be gained from the reading of so brief a history will find this a good introductory work as giving the main outline of the story. A list of important books dealing with the Oxford Movement, the lives of the Leaders, and subjects connected with their work, is appended.

The story of enthusiasts working for a cause they love is always interesting, and the struggle known as the Catholic Revival is especially so—it fascinates the reader like a good story—the need for action on the part of its heroes was so obvious, their achievements have been so striking, the contrast between "before" and "after" so well defined.

The tale is told very simply. Chapter I describes the condition of affairs before the Revival—the "clergy who not only thought not at all but whose heavy ignorance . . . hung about them like a garment"; the lazy congregation who sat in their great box pews and slept; the deplorable appearance of the churches, tasteless and shapeless

outside, airless, mildewed, moth-eaten inside; the various abuses in the Church due to the laxity and self-indulgence of all concerned. Two or three pictures reprinted from *The Deformation and the Reformation* illustrate this part of the book very well.

The new impulse which was to change all this was started with the Oxford Movement. In a chapter of that name the lives of its "leaders" are sketched. Then the author traces the spread of the movement and ends with a chapter on the Church of England To-day.

A. DE L.

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*Unexpected Tidings of the War and of the Future* [from various sources]. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London. Price 1s. net.)

This is a curious collection of spiritualistic communications of a very mediocre type, purporting to throw some light on the war as seen from "the other side". The prophetic element is characteristically vague and sententious; of course the Central Powers are going to be defeated, and good will triumph over evil, and so on. The personages interviewed range from disembodied German soldiers to the angel Raphael, and naturally the Book of Revelation comes in for its share of the honours. The Second Coming of Christ is a prominent feature, seven special visions being devoted to this event; but we do not gather much more than that Christ will be known by his use of Biblical language. Unfortunately the sublime is much discounted by the ridiculous, as in the last item when the Kaiser's higher self raps out a message imploring a lady to connect him up to his lower self which has run amok. No doubt these psychic impressions are genuine so far as they go, but death does not change ordinary people into sages.

W. D. S. B.



## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

INSTRUMENTAL COMMUNICATION WITH THE  
"SPIRIT WORLD"

In *The Occult Review* for September appears an article under the above heading by Hereward Carrington, which is described as "An Account of a Series of Remarkable Experiments by two Dutch Physicists by which they claim to have established this fact". The experimenters referred to are Dr. J. L. W. P. Matla and Dr. G. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, of The Hague, Holland. They are "well known in spiritistic and occult circles there; and also for their original work in high-frequency currents of electricity, liquid air, and the compression of gases". The statements in this article are mostly taken from a book called *The Mystery of Death*, written in Dutch by these two men, and representing the result of more than twenty-two years of work.

The first apparatus they used consisted of a cylinder hermetically sealed and connected with a "manometer," described as "a sort of thermometer, placed sideways, and containing one drop of alcohol, which, under normal conditions, occupied a position in the centre of the glass tube (like a spirit-level)". This glass tube was graduated, and the movement of the bubble represented the displacement of air within the cylinder. The result was as follows:

The investigators then retired, and asked the "man-force"—as they called the manifesting "spirit"—not wishing to call it by that name—to enter the cylinder and displace some of the contained air. Immediately the bubble was seen to run along the scale of the manometer, showing that part of the air had been displaced by some solid or semi-solid body. The degree of displacement was noted. At request, the alcohol-drop was caused to run along the scale, back and forth, a number of times. The fact of coincidence was thus quite excluded.

From a number of observations with improved apparatus Drs. Matla and Van Zelst calculated that the volume of the "body" supposed to enter the cylinder was 53 litres and its weight about 69.5 grammes—approximately 2.25 oz., its specific weight being 176.5 times lighter than air.

The latest instrument employed is called a "dynamistograph," and consists of a key, an indicator, and a recorder. The indicator is a wheel marked with the letters of the alphabet. As the wheel revolves, each letter in turn appears at an opening, and if the key is pressed, the letter that is at the opening is printed on to a ribbon. The key consists of a sensitive diaphragm arranged so that the slightest pressure closes an electric circuit operating the printing hammer.

The experiments or "communications" by means of the dynamistograph covered a period of one year, in which daily messages were received. The experimenters assert that the weight of the "spirit form" gradually decreases, as the years pass—a form 100 years old weighing only about one quarter as much as one ten years old! Slow disintegration is evidently taking place. The molecular intervals in the body are said to be 176 times greater than that of ordinary air. The entire body of this strange being is full of air, and is not separated from the atmosphere by any protective sheath or covering of an impervious nature. The being is thought to pass through those solid objects through which it *can* pass by a species of osmosis—its molecules being small enough and far enough apart to permit this.

It was also found that atmospheric conditions affected the phenomena considerably, the results being better in dry weather than in wet. A distinct improvement was obtained by the use of an independent high-frequency circuit of 20,000 volts. The inference from this experiment is ingenious and reasonable, namely, that electrical energy is used by the manifesting entity instead of the vitality of a medium.

Apart, however, from this indication of a generally recognised connection between electricity and molecular cohesion, these experiments strike us as providing very little more "proof"—of the kind demanded by the materialist—than that provided by the rapping out of messages on a table. The great advantage claimed is that no medium is required, and this claim is justified in that not only is the factor of trickery eliminated but, what is still more important, the incentive to employ mediums, at the expense of a constant drain on their vitality, is lessened. Yet it cannot be said that ordinary table-rapping is dependent on mediumship in the ordinary sense of the word, and though the dynamistograph is evidently a far more refined and reliable method of receiving a message than the humble "rap," it is doubtful whether anyone who refused to credit the latter would be convinced by the former. Again, this method is still open to the stock objection that the phenomena may be produced by the subconscious mind of the investigator, as in every case the prime motive for the experiment is the wish that a question should be answered.

So though we agree with the author that this achievement may lead to a "revolution" in methods of research, of great value to physical science, we are not so hopeful that a revolution in belief will follow. The only conclusive proof of immortality comes from an extension of consciousness, and this cannot be proof to another; but the evidence of external phenomena may help to remove mental difficulties. The article opens with a short exposition of the simple conception that man is more than his body, and is well worth the serious attention of all who are watching the steady progress being made towards bridging the gulf from the physical side.

W. D. S. B.

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

I DRAW special attention to my article on "The Wider Outlook" for the Theosophical Society, and ask my readers to consider it carefully and think out the matter for themselves. Specially I would ask them to remember and maintain the freedom and autonomy of National Societies, Lodges and individuals, so that each may pursue its National or local Path of Service, self-directed, neither feeling bound by the decisions of others, nor critical of the use they make of their equal freedom. Liberty and Tolerance, those should be our watchwords.

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Perhaps some will not be glad, as I am, of the cordial remark in a leading English provincial newspaper, that "no organisation has a better record of solid War work" than the Theosophical Society. It has paid heavy toll at the Front. One of the early deaths among the Anzacs at Gallipoli

was that of Colonel Braun, the president of an Australian Lodge. A recent V. C. was won by Lieut. Cather, who was killed as he was bringing in the wounded from under fire in the open field; the Central London Lodge will miss his energetic help, but his mother remains to it. Captain Cannan has won the D. S. O. for bravery under fire; he has been holding with his gun an outjutting fragment of ruined Ypres, exposed on three sides to the enemy's fire. Our men have died on all the fronts in all the Allied armies.

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The Canadians seem to have been specially grateful to the Theosophists of Folkestone, who gave up their rooms to make a club for the ladies who came over with their husbands, and found themselves lonely in a strange land. And the Belgians had reason to bless this same friendly Lodge, which had a Maternity Home ready on their landing, wherein a babe was born on the same night.

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Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa's work both for the Theosophical Society and for India has been admirable, and he has won golden opinions in both fields. He lectured in Scotland from the 2nd to the 13th of October, beginning in the north at Aberdeen, and visiting Forfar, Dundee and Perth, then to Glasgow and Hamilton, and by Hawick and Falkirk to Edinburgh. Both Mr. Jinarājadāsa and Miss Willson report the general public as being so fully intent on the War news, as to have no eyes for what is further afield. And truly it is not to be wondered at, for flaming Zeppelins crashing to the ground, and bombs hurtling through the air may

well make India and her difficulties seem far off and unreal.

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A letter of greeting came by this last mail from the Round Table at Whitechapel, London, the founding of which was noticed some time ago. The members also belong to the Pioneer Movement founded by Miss Edna Rubenstein, who is a Knight of the Round Table. There are three Knights and thirty-seven Companions. Lectures on Theosophy are frequently given at Toynbee Hall, and the Pioneer Movement is so successful that it is moving into a larger house. Further East, at Bow, the Bow Road Club of the Theosophical Society has been opened, and Mrs. Despard and Mr. George Lansbury are in charge. At the opening meeting, Mr. Lansbury recalled the noble work done at Bow by Mrs. Lloyd in the Match Girls' Club. The house is bright and cheery, a resting house for tired men and women. There are to be cooking classes, and other classes also for those who wish them.

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In Edinburgh a new Home for children has been started, for "the Care of Infant Life," now needed more than ever, and a nice country house with garden has been taken at Loanhead, a few miles out. One lady, who is giving up her house, gives the furniture to the new Home, saying that she is so happy that "my mother's things" should be used for so good a purpose. Very little babies are to be taken, reared, and later started in life. All these activities are on the lines to which we are bidden turn our attention in the preparation for the Coming and the new civilisation. One of our members, writing from England, reminds me how

some years ago I had advised Theosophists to devote themselves more to the helping of the outer world in all beneficent ways.

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Lodges of the Theosophical Society are springing up in unexpected places. One has lately been formed in Shanghai, Dr. Wu Tingfang having co-operated with Mr. Spurgeon Medhurst in forming a "Study Circle" on Theosophical lines, which later developed into a Lodge. Dr. Wu is preparing Theosophical literature in Chinese, and his lectures are largely attended. It is the first Theosophical Lodge in the Far East.

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Some time ago, we recorded the formation of a Lodge in Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf, founded by soldiers. Now we have one founded at Heliopolis in Egypt, by soldiers once more, with Corporal V. Kipping (Australian) as President, and Serjeant W. Bladen (England) as Secretary. New Zealand also helped, as did the Secretary of the Cairo Lodge, Signor Egizio Veronesi. This Cairo Lodge—Lodge El-Hikneet-el-Kadim—was cosmopolitan and French-speaking, with the above devoted Italian as its heart. But the War has scattered its members, who belonged to many lands, the president being a Russian, who has gone back to Russia, and others to their own places, so that the Lodge is really dormant, if one can apply such a word where there is such a very wide-awake and hard-working Secretary as Signor Egizio Veronesi. The English Lodge has chosen a name more easy to pronounce than its Cairo sister, and is the Ra Lodge—clear and appropriate. French and English, yes ;

but we have not touched *Egypt*, we are concerned only with birds of passage *in Egypt*. Presently old Egypt will stir in her age-long slumber, Egypt the wise, the ancient land of Science and of the Mysteries, for these Lodge-sparks of light are signs of the coming relighting of her altars, and we shall see "the Wisdom of the Egyptians" poured into the Islāmic vessels, and the light which spread from Arabia and Mesopotamia to Europe shall again leap up to enlighten the world, and the days of Egyptian greatness shall return.

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It is quaint in these days to read such a letter on Reincarnation as one finds in the *Church Family Newspaper* from the pen of an Archdeacon and Doctor of Divinity. He puts with touching simplicity his arguments from the Bible, thus, *e.g.* :

God created man (Adam), he lived on this earth so many hundred years, and then died and was buried, but he lives on, and at the resurrection body and spirit shall be reunited and he shall be judged according to the deeds done in that body, for he had only one.

This principle runs through the whole history of the Bible; for example, of the patriarchs we read that "they died and were buried, and were gathered to their fathers." The burial and gathering to their fathers are two distinct things, their bodies were laid by the bodies of their fathers, their spirits the spirits of their fathers. S. Paul says: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ that every one may receive the things done in the body, whether good or bad"—in *the* body, one body. We are also told that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment," but these people say you die ten, twenty, or any number of times. "After this the judgment," that is, there may be a long interval between the one death and the judgment, and an opportunity in Paradise for the soul's growth—but there is only one death.

It seems that "the crafty and cunning enemy of our souls wants to turn us away from the study of the

Bible," and "necromancy, crystal-gazing, star-gazing, palmistry, and planchette . . . aid the enemy of our souls in his evil designs". Surely we have in this reverend gentleman a theological Rip Van Winkle.

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But he is not the only one. Our cuttings bring us a page from *The Life of Faith*, apparently a journal. A lady writes, saying she is puzzled about Theosophy, and that some people believe in reincarnation. Here is the sapient answer :

Our correspondent asks us how we account for the things which she narrates. The explanation is simple ; they are nothing but the ravings of disordered minds. When a person solemnly declares that he (or she) lost his head in the French Revolution, it is obvious that he stands in immediate need of medical attention. The amazing thing is not so much that men and women are to be found ready to declare such nonsense, for certain types of intellect are scarcely responsible for what they say, as that people professing to be sane can be found to believe it. It is one of the marvels of the age that persons who refuse to accept the Christian religion because of its alleged difficulties show no hesitation in believing such fantastic rubbish as that quoted.

So Plato, and Pythagoras, and all the great Indian philosophers, to say nothing of Goethe and Lessing and modern philosophers, raved and had disordered minds. Evidently the life of faith needs no education. As Max Müller said, the greatest minds humanity has produced believed in it, but the little mind of the writer sees reincarnation as absurd. He concludes :

Compared with the Word of God, which "is the only rule to direct us," Theosophy stands revealed as a system of the evil one, and none can touch it without suffering the loss of all spiritual life and power ; for the works of darkness can never have any relationship with the things of light.

So little wit does it take to write in a journal.

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Every educated person knows the splendid intellectual support of the law of nature that brings back to earthly life the yet unperfected soul of man. Even Hume, the sceptic, allowed that it was the only theory of immortality that philosophy can look at, for it is obvious that if the human Spirit depends on a body for coming into existence, the perishing of that body would mean the going out of existence. The idea that the Spirit has a beginning but no ending is contrary alike to theory and to fact, and Prof. McCulloch rightly said that reincarnation was the most rational theory of immortality. Pre-existence to birth and post-existence to death must stand or fall together.

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Apart from this, the idea that Spirit is to be reunited to its old body has long been given up in face of the indubitable facts. The body decays in the grave, and its materials blend with the earth and the air; part of them nourishes the grass, and the grass, in turn, becomes part of the grazing sheep or ox, who in turn becomes mutton or beef, to be again eaten by man to form part of another human body, and so on and on in the ever-recurring cycles of interchanging materials. Moreover we are ever changing the particles of our bodies, and interchanging them for those of other men. How far more dignified and beautiful, as well as in accord with the laws of nature as we know them, is the fact of reincarnation, in which the Spirit clothes himself with physical matter for his work on earth, throwing it off again at death, and, as he unfolds into greater capacity and power, re-clothes himself in a body fitted to express his loftier capacities, and so on and on, until he has reached human perfection.

*Erratum.*—In p. 125, line 10 from the top,  
for McCulloch read McTaggart.

Then, and then only, does he escape from the "wheel of births and deaths".

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That the Spirit clothes himself in a new body suitable to his stage of evolution, is very beautifully expressed in that wonderful book entitled *The Wisdom of Solomon*, which by the great majority of Christians is regarded as part of "the Word of God". It is written: "I was a witty child, and had a good Spirit. *Yea rather, being good, I came into a body undefiled* (*Wisdom*, viii. 19, 20). The "bad," *i.e.* the undeveloped, come into suitable bodies, and those who have followed evil ways into bodies diseased or deformed. We are making now the conditions of our next birth, hence is it wise to take heed to our ways.

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It seems likely that Headquarters will be rather full this winter, despite the War. Friends are coming from Scotland, from Russia, from America. India is not a comfortable country for non-British subjects at present, as they are subjected to various restrictions and reportings to magistrates. Objection cannot reasonably be raised to these under present circumstances, but they, none the less, introduce an uncomfortable element into daily life, and prevent free movement to a certain extent. But none should complain if they share some slight inconveniences, when so many countries are passing through the valley of the Shadow of Death. What a nightmare will be lifted from the world when peace is signed in Berlin.

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## THE WIDER OUTLOOK

By ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.

**S**TRANGELY the times have changed since the foundation of the Theosophical Society on November 17th, 1875, in New York City. It was founded by H. P. Blavatsky—a Russian, but a naturalised citizen of the United States—and Henry Steele Olcott, a born American, with a few Americans whom they had gathered round them. But the impulse to the founding and the strength of the impulse were not from them; those came from the higher world in which Men made perfect labour for the good of humanity, and it was They who bade Their initiated disciple plant a slip of the spreading Banyan-tree that shades the

human race with its wide-flung branches—the Banyan-tree of the Divine Wisdom, whose branches are the Religions of the World.

None of those gathered in that New York chamber—unless, perhaps, H. P. B. herself—dreamed that in forty-one years that little group would have become a multitude, with 23 National Societies, and close upon 1,000 Lodges and 26,000 members. None thought through how many changes its Objects would pass, varying with the changing conditions of the time, as indeed all living organisations must change, adapting themselves to their environment. Only fossils remain unchanged through ages, since from them the organising indwelling life has fled for evermore.

The present Objects were fixed by the Memorandum of Association, registered on April 3rd, 1905, by H. S. Olcott, W. A. English, S. Subramaniam, Francesca E. Arundale, Upendranath Basu, Annie Besant, N. D. Khandalavala. They are inclusive of all forms of human activity conducive to the formation of a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, the study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science, and the investigation of the unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man; clause 2 (*d*) runs: “The doing of all such things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them, including the founding or maintenance of a library or libraries”; these last words were added to remove Colonel Olcott’s anxiety lest, at any future time, any member should challenge the spending of the Society’s money on his beloved Adyar Library. In fact he wished to incorporate the Library separately, so as to ensure its perpetuation, but we persuaded him to

accept the above phrase so as to include it specifically rather than to weaken both T. S. and Library by dividing them. Few people who talk hastily about the objects of the Society and about its "neutrality"—a neutrality which exists nowhere in its memorandum of Association—realise that Object I with sub-clause (*d*) secures to the Society as such the right to do *collectively* all things incidental or conducive to the formation of "a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour".

Accepting the view held by Colonel Olcott of the Society's "neutrality," I, in common with the rest of us, had taken this "neutrality" for granted, and had not observed this providential insertion of "the doing of all such things as are . . . conducive to" any of the Objects. They did not exist in our Constitution until 1905, and I had only thought of them as regarding the Library. But the logic of events has forced their meaning on me, has put an end to the supposed "neutrality," against which I had often chafed and had openly rebelled, so far as I was concerned, though admitting it for the Society. We have accepted it from Colonel Olcott as an axiom, whereas it is merely an *ipse dixit* of his, not binding upon anybody.

The tendency of men to narrow and sectarianise the original breadth of a religious movement is but too sadly evident in the history of the world. Colonel Olcott himself yielded to this tendency in some of his pronouncements in the early days of the Society in India, though his free American mind—while denying to the Society the right of collective action in some respects—safeguarded the rights of individual members. But when the time came, after thirty years of experience,

to incorporate the Society, he agreed to the Memorandum of Association which secures to the Society, so long as it shall last, the fullest freedom to do "all such things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them". How far this liberty shall be used at any time and in any place is a matter for discretion, to be exercised by the General Council for the whole Society, by the National authority for each National Society, by the Lodge Committee for each Lodge. All our groupings are autonomous within their own respective areas, provided they do not contravene the Constitution, and the Constitution merely consists of the Memorandum of Association and the "Rules and Regulations for the Management of the Association named 'The Theosophical Society,' Adyar, Madras". But it is obvious that the freedom of the constituent units cannot bind nor implicate the whole of which they are parts. The actions of a Lodge cannot bind nor implicate the National Society of which it forms a part; the actions of a National Society cannot bind nor implicate other National Societies, nor the Theosophical Society as a whole. The Society as a whole can take any action within the wide limits of the Constitution, but it cannot deprive a National Society of its autonomy without a change in the Rules, made by three-fourths of the General Council, on which sit all the Secretaries of the National Societies. A National Society makes its own Rules, but may not contravene the Constitution, and, subject to this limitation, it controls its Lodges. It would, I think, be impossible for members of any organisation to be more free than are the members of the Theosophical Society. The only danger to which their liberty is

exposed is the insidious one of custom, which grows up naturally among members of a like-minded group working together for objects dear to them all. I have striven to minimise this by urging on Lodges to invite lecturers of different schools of thought, and workers on lines outside their own activities, as well as encouraging the expression of different views wherever I had influence.

H. P. B. and Colonel Olcott in their Indian work were a good deal handicapped by the fact that they were not British subjects, and H. P. B.'s Russian Nationality was a cause of serious suspicion in the days when the dread of Russian invasion dominated frontier policy. Hence the Colonel's exaggerated fear of political activity, and his refusal, as a foreigner, to take any part himself in any political movement, though he looked with warm sympathy on the National awakenings in India, and never did anything to discourage Mr. A. O. Hume from his Congress activities. The only Social Reform movement in which he took any part, so far as I know, was that for the uplift of the submerged classes, whose state was terrible to his democratic soul.

I suppose that I was chosen as the President of the Society in order to bring it more to the front in physical plane activities, for which my whole previous life had been a preparation; moreover the educational work into which I had thrown myself, the institution of the Order of the Sons and Daughters of India, the movement against child parentage, and the advocacy of foreign travel for Hindūs, with various other lines of work, had rendered it fairly plain that to me Theosophical work included all beneficent activities,

and that I was striving to carry out the injunction in a letter from a Member of the Occult Hierarchy, published by H. P. B., that "Theosophy must be made practical," and that in the neighbourhood of a Theosophical Lodge there should be a sensible diminution of poverty and misery.

Holding these views, I established in February, 1908, six months after my election as President, the Theosophical Society's Order of Service, with the motto: "A Union of all who love for the Service of all who suffer." We had had at Benares various Leagues for religious education, women's education, foreign travel, and the like, and this Order of Service was an expansion of the idea that those who thought alike on any object for which they wished to work, might unite into a League for the purpose, without committing any members of the Society who disagreed with them. There are some 40 Leagues in England, and a few outside it.

The Educational Trust was another movement of a similar kind, and is making good progress. A movement for Social Reform was also started, but has not done very much, though an inaugural series of lectures, published under the title of *Wake Up! India*, has had a very large circulation.

A few people objected to the Order of Service, but it caused no friction worth speaking of, while it attracted some who felt the need for such work as it encouraged. A far more serious trouble arose in 1910 over the definite declaration by many of us that we believed that a World Teacher would appear on our earth during the lifetime of persons then in the body, and the consequent founding of the Order of the Star



in the East, in 1911. This was held by a considerable number of good members of the T. S. to compromise the Society, though the Order was a separate organisation, and an embittered controversy arose. This was, I think, the first time that the cry of the neutrality of the T. S. was very strongly raised, though a few had used it against Colonel Olcott for his Buddhism and against myself for my Hindūism. The opposition has practically died down, though the fact that it arose is sometimes used, from outside the Society, against myself.

A serious struggle for liberty of thought within the Society took place in 1913, the then Secretary of the German National Society endeavouring to force on the T. S. in Germany his own form of Theosophy, and hampering the formation of any Lodges which would not accept it. Lodges for its study were formed in other countries, and a bitter attack was launched against myself as President simultaneously in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Great Britain and the United States. It was not until the revelation of the German methods of influencing public opinion was made after the War began, that we understood that the attempt to capture the T. S. for Germany was part of a larger plan, that the establishment of a German in India as President would have facilitated German plots in this country, and that the large expenditure of funds, which had puzzled us, was rendered possible by the German Secret Service. I met the attack as one on Liberty of Thought in the Society—not knowing the true reason—took away the Charter from the National Society and transferred it to a group of Lodges which had been formed to guard freedom in Germany, was some months

after re-elected as President, my defence of corporate and individual liberty being thus emphatically approved by the Society.

The next difficulty—but a very small one—arose in November 1914, in consequence of my declaration that in the struggle between the Ideals of Right and of Power embodied in States, the Theosophist should be on the side of the Ideal of Right, and that in a War which was a War of Ideals rather than of Nations, the Occultist could not be neutral. This view was bitterly attacked by a few members, especially by an Australian and a Dutchman, as betraying the “neutrality” of the T. S. This, of course, it did not do, since I expressed only my own opinion, and no member is bound to agree with or to follow the opinion of the President of the T. S. The controversy went on for some months, but caused no trouble in the Society.

Another difficulty, however, arose in the same year over my political activities, and the cry of the neutrality of the Society was again raised. I agreed that the Society should have, and had, nothing to do with my political work, but claimed my liberty as an individual to do what I believed to be my duty to the Empire—to claim India’s place therein, to work for reform in order to prevent revolution, and to use my influence both in India and in Great Britain to win India’s freedom. I might have claimed, though I did not, that to try to draw India and England together in the only way that can make the link secure and permanent, that to help the entry of India into the Empire as an equal partner, is doing a work which is supremely conducive to the attainment of the First Object, the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, “without

distinction of *race*, creed . . . or *colour*". How can any who accept this object maintain the inherent inferiority of the coloured races, their perpetual subjugation, because of colour, to the yoke of the white?

While I am myself free to work for Home Rule and thereby to strengthen the tie between India and Great Britain, I have no power, even had I the wish, to commit the Society to this policy. Only the General Council could do that, and I should not approve the action. The Council of the Indian Section could commit the Section to that policy, but I should strongly advise against it and there is not the smallest chance of its adoption. For, under an autocracy, such a Society as ours should not take, collectively, any part in politics. If it did, we should lose many of our best members, who, as Government servants, cannot enter the political arena.

The National Society for England and Wales has come under the lash of the critic for a resolution of its Governing Body which runs as follows :

In view of the fact that complaints have been made against certain actions of the General Secretary, the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales are of opinion that such complaints are not well founded and do not disclose any ground for suggesting that he has in any way departed from the principles herein to be set forth. They take, however, the opportunity of re-affirming that the principal object of the Society is to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood.

The study of the world's religions and philosophies and the divine powers latent in nature and man is undertaken by its Fellows to further the idea of true Brotherhood among the nations of the world. They further re-affirm that the Society, as at present constituted, is unsectarian and imposes no creed, dogma or political or social theory upon its Fellows ; neither is it responsible for the opinions or activities of its Fellows, who are expected to accord to others that broad and sympathetic tolerance which they declare for themselves.

They declare that they will themselves continue to provide, and to encourage the Lodges of the Society to provide, opportunities for the Fellows to study and carefully to consider from all points of view, subjects of national and international importance, which in their opinion are connoted by the objects of the Society.

They also declare that they will, as heretofore, exercise the authority conferred on them by the Rules of the Society to ensure that its organisation, its funds, its premises and its property are only used for the furtherance of the declared objects of the Society.

This declaration is within clause 2 (*d*), and is constitutional.

Moreover, the fact that Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, a prominent member of the Society, has dared to accept invitations from some of the English Lodges to tell them something about the condition of things in India, has led to attack upon him, and thus the question is forced to the front: "Is the Theosophical Society bound to remain neutral in the great struggles which mark the close of one Age and the beginning of another? Is it to stand aside in selfish isolation, claiming to possess more knowledge than the average man of the inner workings of the Law, but refusing to apply it, looking on the struggles around it with cold indifference, knowing that the Masters of Compassion and of Wisdom are leading the Armies of the Light against the Powers of Darkness, but refusing to them, on the physical plane, the assistance which is needed there to complete the victory won in the higher worlds?"

The Theosophical Society has been declared to be the Herald of the Coming Age, the seed of the Sixth Root Race, and the cradle of the sixth sub-race now being born into the world. It is claimed that it is the standard-bearer of the

banner of the coming civilisation, the result of the world-wide Theosophical Movement which is permeating all religions, all philanthropy, and the whole world of thought. It has been studying for 42 years the deeper truths of life, and has acquired a large fund of common knowledge, of inestimable value to the world. To what end? That a few people, an inappreciable fraction of the population of the globe, may quicken their own evolution, wrapping their knowledge up in napkins, instead of investing it in the solution of problems on the right answer to which depends the coming civilisation?

We have all been somewhat hypnotised by that "blessed word" neutrality, though the Society nowhere proclaims nor endorses it. I broke through it in November 1914, but left the Society neutral. Moreover the entire liberty of thought and action must remain for every member, every Lodge, every National Society, and for the Society as a whole. Very few are the things for which the Society can act as a whole, seeing the variety of conditions under which its members live, for action which would suit England might be very unsuitable in Chili. And such action as would commit the whole Society could only be taken by the General Council, the Governing Body of the Theosophical Society, as said above. No President could have the right thus to commit it collectively.

The Society will enter on the 17th of this month on its 42nd year, at the end of which six cycles of seven years will lie behind it. It enters on the second stage of its world work of preparation for the mighty changes in civilisation which the World Teacher will bring about, and it is His Voice which

summons us to His vineyard to prepare the soil in which He will sow the seed. The War has shattered the old civilisation, and it lies in ruins around us. The materials for the new civilisation are to be gathered, and temporary shelters must be set up. But our chief work is to face and to help in solving the tremendous problems which will meet us after the re-establishment of peace. Every country will have to solve its own problems, and all countries together will have to solve the international problems.

The big work is clear : to prepare the world for a civilisation based on Brotherhood, with all which that word implies of mutual duty and helpfulness. Clause 2 (*d*) binds us to do all things conducive to that preparation.

What these things are in detail must be left to the Governing Body of each Nation to decide, and each Lodge, according to its strength, its capacity, its numbers, must select its own share of the work. The problem of problems for the English Empire everywhere is its own reconstruction on lasting, because just and righteous, lines. To that let all British subjects in the T. S., of whatever Nation, race or colour, turn their thoughts, discuss, decide, and give what helpful counsel they may, suitable to their own surroundings. In some, in most countries, alas, the problem of poverty demands solution, a question which demands for its treatment wide knowledge, ripe wisdom and a heart of love. In all countries the problem of education is demanding solution ; here, probably, America leads, having democratised and vocationalised education, and abolished brutal punishments ; Theosophists should play a leading part here, both theoretically

and practically. Religious and moral education, the formation of character, the building of the good citizen, will mark our work. The broad lines of international and national politics will also claim our attention, for on these great principles need to be laid down and carried into practice. "Party politics" we must leave to individuals, to act as they please. Many other problems will present themselves, but these may suffice to show my meaning.

Under the first, the Reconstruction of the Empire, a mass of sub-problems arise, and careful, accurate, prolonged thought and discussion are needed.

Under the second, Poverty, come the questions of mal-nutrition, infant mortality, maternity needs, labour, crime, etc.

Under the third, Education, the ramifications are almost innumerable, embracing the whole question of the training and the environment of youth from birth to majority.

Under the fourth, International and National Politics, the questions arising are obvious.

On all these subjects articles from all points of view will be welcomed in THE THEOSOPHIST.

In the lines of work I follow personally, I am not wont to claim any sanction from Those whose servant I am, lest the mistakes of the servant should, in ignorant minds, react on Those he serves. But in this great new departure of the Theosophical Society, the taking of a leading part in the world-movements which prepare for the coming of the World Teacher, I think it well to depart from my usual practice, and to say quite definitely that it is His wish that this new departure should be made. Beyond the fact that it

should be made, His authority does not go. The method of presentation, the advice given, the plan of action, these are mine only, and must be discussed and judged as mine.

Some of our members do not believe in the World Teacher, nor in His Coming. To them, this statement will be valueless. But the great majority are looking for Him, and believe also that I would not deceive them in this matter. Their own judgment, their own intuition must guide them as to their acceptance or rejection of the new departure. Their acceptance or rejection will in no way affect their position as members, though it will immensely affect their usefulness. The great majority of our members will, I believe, joyfully come forward to help, will feel honoured that their help is sought, and will recognise that the changed policy, which is completely covered by our Constitution, is a necessary adaptation of the attitude of the Society to the circumstances of a world-transition. That it may cost us some members I regretfully realise, for it is hard to break through the enveloping crust of habit. But that the Theosophical Society will spring forward with renewed life and energy and largely increased numbers, of that I am sure.

Annie Besant

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## ART AS A KEY

By JOHN BEGG, F.R.I.B.A.

I DO not know whether art is considered to be one of the great Keys to the inner knowledge, but that it *is* a key, and an important one, will, I think, hardly be disputed. Indeed I am not sure that we should not be right in regarding it as a species of master-key, its bearings on all aspects of human life being so multifarious and far-reaching. In the art of a people may be read an epitome of that people's progress through the ages. In the state of the art of a people at any given period of time may be found an unerring gauge of the state of that people's life, both with relation to its own progress and to that of other peoples in the world. Thus the particular character of Greek art speaks to the artist's understanding, in clearer language than even Greek literature, of the soul of the Greek people. Thus the rise, flowering and decay of Greek art coincides more or less with the periods of Greek history. It is the same with the art of every people and time. To those of us who can use the key we have here a means of ready and sure access to an understanding of the inner meaning of any people's civilisation. My special object in writing is to attempt to give to the less artistically developed among us a hint or two in the turning of the key.

Although our age is one of the least artistic in any real sense that the world has seen, yet few of us are denied entirely the possession of the artistic faculty. It may not be developed in us; we may not ourselves be aware of it; but it is seldom absent. Are we not largely the same folk who have been doing the world's work since the beginning? We are the Greeks, the Romans, the Gothicists, in a sense that needs no explanation to Theosophical readers. Our present physical vehicles and environment may not be favourable to the exercise of the particular faculties that make for art, but we ourselves are not so different, and our latent faculties are there just the same. We may not hope in this incarnation to be art producers, and so the great lessons to be learnt in the pursuit may be denied us, but that is no reason why we should not to some extent be art understanders.

The truth of this comes home when it is realised that the world is rapidly moving towards an age in which art will play a greater part than it has done hitherto, and, the better to show what I mean, may I just take up for a moment another great Key—the astrological one?

Our own fifth race (and sub-race) is ruled by Saturn in the triplicity of “earthy” signs, Capricorn, Taurus and Virgo, with the first, the house of Saturn, predominating. We come out of the fourth race, ruled by Jupiter, in the “fiery” signs of Sagittarius, Aries and Leo, Sagittarius predominating. Our goal is the sixth race in the “airy” signs Aquarius, Gemini, Libra, under Uranus in his own Aquarius. To the astrologer the above presents a clear picture of these three races (and of the corresponding sub-races). For those of us who

are not astrologers, I must try to clear some portion of the picture as it particularly refers to our own race, and to the critical period in it through which we are at present passing.

Our race's *immediate* point of departure, then, is Capricorn, our schoolmaster Saturn's peculiar house. There we have received our first sharp lesson after our experiences under the genial Jupiter in the expansive house of Leo and the sub-influence of Sagittarius. We came with our hearts full, and our heads inadequately developed mentally, but (shall I say?) a little swollen. We were generous, enthusiastic, stubborn. We were filled with aspirations for Honour, for "la Gloire," and with intense respect for law, precedent, authority and good form. We "loved a lord". Thus we passed from the tutelage of Jupiter, and thus Saturn found us, and chained us up in Capricorn, the "house of limitation". From heady "fire" we were brought down to "earth". We were introduced, with many stripes, to the study of the need for definition, classification, hard work, honesty and sobriety. Those were "dark ages" indeed, an unhappy time, but most valuable. Our wise Teacher, however, never allowed us to lose sight of our goal, our *immediate* goal, at any rate, namely Virgo, which stands in astrological parlance for discrimination, and early allowed us to catch glimpses of it. Our way thither lies through Taurus, the "working sign" of our race. By another figure Virgo, for Europa, comes to us riding on the Bull. On all the great movements and influences that have been instrumental in the transmuting of Capricorn to Virgo is the sign and seal of Taurus to be seen, from the incursion of Islām to that of the modern suffragette.

The barbarian sack of Rome and the French Revolution were typically Taurian happenings. So in a measure was the Renaissance. It is Taurus, again (for these symbols can be astonishingly literal), whom we may recognise in the long course of beef and beer, butter and milk—to say nothing of vaccine lymph—by which an important part of our race has been stiffened against the shock of Armageddon, that legacy from our fiery ancestry—the last and greatest conflict between the surviving aims and principles of the fourth race and those of our own fifth, and itself not the least of Taurus' demonstrations. In particular it was Taurus, the Titan rebel against the restraints of Capricorn, Taurus the ally of Venus, patroness of navigators, who sent our sailors far across the seas to open up the way to commerce. And now we come to Virgo's province, commerce, business, exact knowledge of our globe and the peoples on its remotest borders, discrimination.

But what of art? Her time is not yet; not till Taurus has sufficiently broken down the old barriers, and Virgo has "consolidated," till commerce has led to the perception of the community of interest, and so to Brotherhood—the text from which our next schoolmaster, Uranus, will teach us in the sixth race—and not even then in the fullest sense till the day of Libra dawns. Art is bound up with the immediate goal of the sixth race, just as commerce, or organised mutual helpfulness, has been with that of the fifth; and just as the steady growth of commerce has characterised the whole period of the fifth race so far, so, may it be inferred, will that of art mark the whole period of the sixth race. Therefore we may fairly assume that,

from a certain time in the future, art, which has been undergoing a period of semi-obscuration, will gradually assume a more and more important place among human interests.

It may be objected that this is placing the revival of art a very long way ahead; that, in showing art to be something of such attainment, I am rather tending to discourage than otherwise an interest in it in the present. That is so but for one circumstance. No race or even sub-race has existed without its art, and that art is always great in proportion as the race is great. Therefore we of the fifth race have, or shall have, our own fifth-race art. And I believe it will be something very great, though not so glorious, maybe, as that of the sixth under Uranus in gentle, happy Libra. We shall certainly have a foretaste of sixth-race art in the sixth sub-race of our own root-race, but before that, I believe, we shall have a real flowering of art in our present (fifth) sub-race. We can hardly be said to have it yet, except in embryo or, if you like, in obscuration. But we have seen it, and having seen it, we have not forgotten. Away back in the "Middle Ages" (as we call them) there was a phenomenal art development such as the world has never seen before or since, and the exact significance of which has been seldom realised. I suggest that mediæval art and architecture was a peculiarly exotic product, a ray of light in the "Dark Ages," a distinct "sending," intended to afford us a foretaste of things yet to come. It was nourished in the bosom of the trade guilds—themselves institutions modelled on a state of social development as to liberty, equality and fraternity, to which the sub-race had not then otherwise attained. Its rise, flowering,

and sudden, dramatic cessation was a matter of comparatively short duration—just a very few centuries, nothing in the life of a race, or even of a sub-race. It never decayed as all other arts have done. It simply ceased, swept away in the flood of the renaissance of Classic art. Its characteristics were lofty aspiration; great daring, through an inspired realisation of possibilities, and a mastery of the limitations of material; an interdependence of parts; a harnessing of forces tending to disruption, so as to produce stability; mutual helpfulness and support; discrimination in the choice of material for particular work, and of workmanship for particular material; organisation and mutual interworking of different trades. Mark the strong Virgo characteristics. Above all it showed, in a manner that is peculiar and to a degree reached by no other phase of art, Joy—the craftsman's Joy in the handling and shaping of material, in the piling of stone on stone, in work for work's sake, and not merely to catch the eye, in texture and in scale. It is the only art, moreover, that betrays a sense of humour. Therefore Gothic art gives the impression of vigorous, abounding, joyous life, for which we look in vain even among the grand remains of Greek and Roman art, notwithstanding the surface refinements and sophisticated expedients of the former, and the Imperial magnificence of the latter. It is, as it were, the work of men conscious of the real equality that existed between the youngest apprentice and the most experienced master—the true Masonic spirit—with God over all.

Classical work, on the other hand, speaks of the dominance of class over class, grade over grade, and the Imperial Idea over all. It must be remembered

that the Greeks and Romans, being of the fourth sub-race of our race, constituted a link, in a peculiar manner, with the preceding fourth root-race. Their ideals, therefore, partook largely of those of that race, and one of these—the Roman Imperial idea—breathes through all the Later Classical art and architecture of master and slave, power founded on military domination and subordination, conquest by force, rule by fear, order through law imposed from above and without, rather than from around and within.

I must here pause for a moment to dwell on the claim I have just made for mediæval art and architecture, that it is characterised by Joy. I am aware it is a claim that may not be readily conceded. It was the favourite taunt of the artists of the Renaissance against the Gothicists that the work of the latter did not express joy. They found it austere, monkish, self-denying, anything but joyous. Joyousness, they considered, was the characteristic of the pagan. The Gothicists had tried to kill Pan—but Pan was not dead! In the Renaissance he had come to life again, and had brought back the joys they valued. The pagan was your joyous mortal, with his merry gods and goddesses, his nymphs and fauns and bacchanals.

It comes to this, that there are two kinds of joy in question, and we must choose which we are to print with a capital. The Joy seen in Gothic work was the craftsman's joy, the joy of work, of creative effort, the joy of glad sacrifice. That of the pagan was the joy of the senses, the gaiety of wine, of youth, of play, the joy of mere recreation, arguing forgetfulness of work. In art the former breathes from the very stones themselves, the latter shows in mere surface

decoration. Which of the two, then, is the more in line with the will of the Creator as revealed to us to-day?

And now a word on the Renaissance. This began with no avowed intention of an actual return to Classic ideals. As I conceive it, it was rather a Taurian rebellion against needless austerities, a movement in favour of the recovery of what was good and usable in Classic ideals, and for their importation into life and art. At first the imported elements did not agree badly with the Gothic ideals, and in the earlier work produced, we have a new thing in which the spirits of the two great periods seem harmoniously blended and reconciled. I still see the craftsman's joy, for instance, in the earlier Renaissance work. But as time went on, a gradual and subtle change came about. The fifth-race Gothic elements weakened, the fourth-race pagan ones strengthened, until in modern work we see pagan greatly predominating, the livingness of the art almost gone, and the guild spirit, disassociated from work, found only hidden away in the secret recesses of the modern Masonic Lodge.

I have no wish to disparage Classic art. It is—or rather was—great and glorious. It reached a perfection, as art, to which the records show no other approach. But the ideals for which it stood are ideals of the past. They have done their work. The Classic note in art is really as dead as the Greek and Latin tongues, or, shall I say, as the idea of military Imperialism to which it is closely related. Like the latter it is only kept in a brave but highly inconvenient semblance of life among us by the pedants and scholastic prigs, and the few others who are selfishly



interested in its retention. We are still, both socially and artistically, in the last stages of the Renaissance by means of which the old pagan giant was artificially galvanised into rearing his head anew. It remains to be seen what effect the result of the war will have on him. I think that Virgo, the economist, may be trusted to cut off his supplies of costly artificial nourishment, and that he will then be allowed to sink to the repose he so well merits.

But of recent years he has shown signs of dying hard—particularly in architecture. Despite a somewhat abortive Gothic revival in England in the nineteenth century, it is the Classical note which has apparently been growing in volume. This can be realised most strongly by reading that clever book, *The Work of Man*, by Mr. March Philips, published in 1912. For an understanding of the whole matter in hand this is a book which must on no account be neglected. By a course of subtle reasoning, couched in fascinating language, the author seeks to prove the merits of Classic as pre-eminent over those of Gothic or any other art. But his fallacies cannot be hidden, even by his clouds of charming rhetoric. When he is seen to be building up his case round the postulate that Classic architecture shows breadth of idea as contrasted with the narrow mentality displayed by the Gothic, the merited retort is fairly obvious. True, Classic temples are broad and low in their proportions, and Gothic cathedrals relatively narrow and high. Might it not be said with as good reason that Gothic therefore displayed lofty mentality as against the low ideas of the Classic! I regret, however, that this author and others of his kind have succeeded in deceiving many—even of the elect!

The recent zeal for "town-planning" is laced with leanings toward "the Grand Manner" or, as I prefer to call it, the Imperial Roman note. Officialdom, wherever that exists in force, and in so far as it concerns itself with art at all, is almost solid for Classic ideals in art—at any rate until it comes to the point of paying for them! We absorb the tendency with Latin and Greek at public school and university. Our minds in so many cases are still hide-bound with the respect for authority we learned under fourth-race conditions. Our original thinkers in art are few, and are apt to give cause by eccentricities of dress and manner for classing them with socialists, free-thinkers, Theosophists, and other unorthodox and therefore "impossible" orders of people, not on any account to be listened to! Our artistic consciousness is unawakened, and so we take what we are pleased to call our artistic opinions from anyone who voices the authority of the past.

It is not easy to account for this obscuration of art. It may be that the like has happened before in middle periods in the races and sub-races, and may happen again. Or it may be due to the "turning the corner," the passing from the downward curve to the upward, and to the great change in the trend of humanity which that connotes. Though the change occurred in a chronological sense in the middle of the fourth root-race, away back in Atlantis, yet it has fallen to our present age to shake off finally a large crop of embarrassments due to that change, which have been saving up till now, and to settle the outstanding differences between fourth and fifth. The art eclipse may be but one of the fore-shadowings of that impending period of trial we now call Armageddon.

It is possible that this state of things will not survive the clash of arms in Europe. The new social conditions, which the near future may be expected to inaugurate, cannot fail to be reflected in art. It is, in fact, impossible that on the cessation of hostilities, the new vital forces which the conflict has called into being will not find expression, amongst other ways, in remarkable artistic developments. As soon as mankind sees the analogy between the social Hydra he has been engaged in slaying and the old Classical ideals in art, he will undoubtedly turn his face towards the future, and, though he may not deliberately set himself to do so, he cannot fail to create a new art. In my view that art will be no mere revival of Gothic, for revivals are invariably futile, but will be a new, living thing, closely related to it.

In this rapid review of art tendencies I have dwelt almost exclusively on the two phases, broadly Classic and Gothic. What, it may be asked, of earlier forms, of Egyptian, Assyrian? What, moreover, of Oriental art, of that in particular of the continent of India? Well, in these two, Classic and Gothic, I see types that, for my present purpose, may fairly be made to stand for all other phases of art. All arts, in short, may be marshalled under the one banner or the other. I am not thinking so much of those points of detail in which the pedant delights; not, for instance, of columns on the one hand or of cusps on the other; but of their underlying ideals, the ideals of the social systems from which they sprang, and of which they tell, no matter in what dialect. The art and architecture of India, for example, though there was imported into it something of the fourth-race note by its temporary subjection to

Islām (but not more so than in the case of Gothic under the influence of development on the soil of Italy), bears a strong relation to the true Gothic ideal. It reflects the peculiar social system of the Brāhmaṇas, an experiment in the organising of society on lines consonant with fifth-race aims before the world at large was ready for these. In many respects the system of the mediæval craft guilds was analogous to the Brāhminical, hence the analogy to be perceived between the art produced by each. The art of India, then, with all its apparent crudities and seeming incompatibilities with modern life, is yet a truly fifth-race thing, a thing of the future rather than of the past. It has, moreover, been truly pointed out, by art critics of the highest eminence, to be the only art in the world still "living"—in the sense understood by the artist—at the present day. Does it require any gift of prophecy to foretell for it a great, new lease of vitality?

John Begg

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## OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

By M. L. L.

### I

THERE can be no doubt that every year the world at large is becoming more cognisant of Theosophy and of Theosophists, partly as the mere automatic result of increased numbers and a wider publicity of meetings. In literature this cognisance—perhaps I may call it interest—is very marked. I do not speak now of the spread of Theosophical *ideas*, nor of the way in which they are permeating, *e.g.*, that large section of modern literature which deals with life beyond the grave; I am thinking merely of those actual mentions of Theosophy so frequent in writers who are not F.T.S., who are indeed in many cases hostile to the Theosophical Society. The articles which appear from time to time in various missionary periodicals are cases in point. They have been usually of the nature of attacks. On the other hand a fine novel of Robert Hichens, *The Way of Ambition*, numbers among its characters a Theosophist named Susan Fleet, who embodies in herself some of the most distinctive qualities of the true Theosophist—calm, balance, sympathy, and devotion to human service.

Now it is quite clear that whenever a spiritual movement—and Theosophy is essentially such—arises in the world, strong feeling is excited for and against it, for reasons familiar to every student of the occult. The homely proverb tells us: “You can’t make an omelet without breaking eggs.” Neither can there be a great upheaval of spiritual life, a reconstitution of forms, without the clash of opposing forces, and the shattering of forms that are outgrown. The more closely the followers of such a movement are able to identify themselves with their Master, the nearer they will be to winning His peculiar and highest beatitude: “Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my Name’s sake.” So, to those earnestly striving to live up to a great ideal, the occurrence of unfriendly criticism, even in its most extreme form of attack and persecution, is a thing to be not dreaded, nor lamented, not even borne with noble resignation, but rejoiced in as the seal patent of their service.

But while we are striving to reach these levels, which for many of us are still far off, there is much else that may be learnt by the way. Criticism and attack should be welcomed, not only for what they signify with regard to the greatness of our movement, but for what they teach to *us* as individuals. The fault-finding critic is often our truest friend, and the more we can study and understand what he has to say, the better it will be for us. Indeed, if we cannot endorse the wish of the old Scots couplet—

    O could some power the giftie gie us  
    To see oursels as others see us,

it is a lamentable sign that we are losing two of the most valuable things in the world, sense of humour and imagination. So much by way of introduction to the subject of my article.

It may safely be postulated that the faults of the Theosophist are his own, and are not due to any immorality, or even absence of moral incentive, in the teachings given to him. A study of the ethical side of Theosophical literature will amply verify this. But if it be so, why are the same faults so general among different members of the T. S.? Surely because they arise from a common cause, *viz.*, the distorted reflection of great ideas in little minds; the perverting effects of *human personality* as a medium for the transmission of truth. It is not only all Theosophists, but all followers of a spiritual ideal, who show these faults; they arise at the moment when the struggle between the higher and lower natures begins, the stage when, in the words of S. Paul: "To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. . . . For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."

Let us see, then, what are some of the most obvious faults and limitations of which we Theosophists, inasmuch as we are striving towards a sublime ideal, have, not indeed the monopoly, but perhaps a disproportionate share, and of which we stand accused by those outside our Society.

I do not propose to discuss faults which, attributed to us by the more ignorant critics, seem purely imaginary, and therefore convey no practical warning.

Such are the lethargy and inertia said to arise from the conviction that our many earth-lives will provide us with unlimited time and opportunity, a conviction which therefore robs us of all incentive to individual exertion ; or again the moral irresponsibility assigned to the same cause. In whatever directions the lives of Theosophists may fail, want of earnestness is not one of their characteristic faults ; and if they are irresponsible, their irresponsibility arises from causes other than that suggested.

But among our real and lamentable weaknesses, I would mention first what I must call, for want of a better name, Partisanship—the antithesis of true impartiality. We are constantly reminded by our President that the T. S. has no tenets or dogmas : “ It is neutral and impartial to all views except Brotherhood.” But how little we act up to this conception in our expounding of the Divine Wisdom ! We exaggerate, emphasise, hold one opinion or theory and condemn another, jump to conclusions instead of climbing (though the way to every conclusion is up a ladder), and all this, alas, in the name of Theosophy. Theosophy should be as all-embracing as Charity herself ; *we* make it the vantage-ground for intolerance, harsh criticism, and general narrowness of view—the very qualities which we condemn in those who will not join us. So, the old faults of the proselyte appear in us, as in the newly-converted disciples of every ancient faith. We have our vehement preferences for this or that teacher, as opposed to another (“ I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas ”) ; we are eager to form and express hasty views upon any disputed question ; the attitude of her who “ kept all these things and pondered them in



her heart" is not much admired or imitated amongst us. We tend to think that the whole conduct of the universe depends upon the maintenance of *our* particular activities, propagandist or otherwise.

There is a parochial spirit abroad among us (possibly a contradiction in terms!) which leads us to undervalue good work done beneath banners other than our own, and to lament as "lost" or "wasted" the time spent by F.T.S. in occupations not strictly Theosophical. Yet it may often be that by means of such occupations results are obtained which could not be arrived at more directly. There are thousands of people in the world to-day who are not prepared by their development in the past for any "occult" teaching, but who *are* ready to have their outlook broadened a little—their minds opened to the more mystical aspects of Christianity, or to the less material aspects of science; and help given to these may take other forms than that of propagandism. Thus, the Sunday School teacher who, without ever mentioning Theosophy, succeeds in conveying to his scholars *through their own channel* some slight conception of the great brotherhood of God, Man, and Nature, and of its root in the One Life animating all, has surely served his Master as well as he who has spent the same hour in attending, or even instructing a class of Theosophical students: yet his work is too often despised by his fellows. Partisanship, narrowness of outlook, absence of wide tolerance and impartiality, are then but varying forms of a snare which besets all who, having found a pearl of great price, desire to proclaim their discovery. It is a by-product of earnestness and zeal. But it belongs to the early stages of spiritual growth; by degrees it must be

eliminated, and the only antidote for it is the acquirement of balance, the one quality which can keep us true to the ancient, narrow path, sharp as a razor's edge.

Another of our faults has been suggested to me by the letter of a priest who warns one of his flock not to join the T. S. because Theosophy conduces to a "subtle kind of vanity". There is much truth in the charge. It is easy to see how this "subtle kind of vanity" attacks and encroaches upon us, often by way of reaction from the unreal humiliations of evangelical religion. It is of the very essence of Theosophy to emphasise the opposite point of view; to speak of man, not as a "worm," a "miserable sinner," "of all earth's clotted clay the dingiest clot," but as essentially one with God, a being of inherent, though latent, divine attributes and powers. Undoubtedly this second view is the truer and the greater; yet it loses much of its truth and greatness when it ceases to include the first. As one of our ecclesiastical critics has expressed it: "If you teach John Smith to worship 'the divine within him,' the result is merely that he worships John Smith; and he knows very well that that is not good enough."

What is the solution of the paradox? That we are gods—true—but gods in the making; and the vast process is barely begun.

Man is not Man as yet;  
And in completed Man begins anew  
A tendency to God.

But, and herein lies our comfort,

Man as yet is *being made* and in the Crowning Age of  
Ages  
Shall not æon after æon pass, and touch him into  
shape?

So, if the doctrine of divine immanence is the central point of our belief, the recognition of the great law of evolution—the need for *process* on these lower planes of being—must be its circumference, at once limiting and defining it. (The circle devoid of circumference belongs only to the formless levels, and we shall find it there.)

With this realisation comes an increased sense of responsibility, the knowledge that our own Dharma lies in our hands to make or mar, and that if we by thought, word, or action prove false to our latent divinity, stern penalties must and will fall upon us. For “the completest humility of man has always come, must always come, by man’s knowing the greatness of his nature and his privileges”. (Phillips Brooks)

If the “subtle vanity” due to the perversion of a great truth to personal ends has already seized us, we may correct it by comparison of our faulty selves with the Eternal Pattern, or even with those individuals who have outstripped us in the race—asking ourselves, why are *we* not yet Masters, or at least disciples? Why do the ignorant followers of the crudest faiths oft-times show forth virtues which we have barely begun to develop? Above all, spiritual pride must be overcome by raising the consciousness above the level of personality, and living in the higher, not the lower, nature, where all that is of the separated self falls into nothingness.

I am the Cup ; Thou art the wine.  
I am the Rose ; Thou art its sweetness.  
I am the Sheath ; Thou art the sword.

A third danger for the Theosophist is that of falling into what is sometimes called “the lower

indifference"; and it is the more insidious because it yawns beneath him at the moment when he is striving to reach that balance which would cure his partiality, and that elimination of the personal which is the best antidote for conceit. The little door seen by Christian in Emmanuel's land itself, giving access to hell from the loottiest region of spiritual attainment, might well symbolise this lower indifference, so fatally easy for those who aspire to the higher.

Let us consider the reason of this from a psychological standpoint. The lower indifference is a quality common to all men in the earlier stages of development, with regard to whomever, or whatever, does not fall within the petty circle of their personal interests. As a race we have not so very long outgrown it, and much of it still remains a part of our physical inheritance, visibly expressed in the callousness of the average schoolboy, and the extraordinary brutality of "sport". In moments of stress, moreover, this quality of the lower nature is apt to reassert itself. But long before the lower indifference is completely outgrown by humanity, we get the stage next above it, *i.e.*, that of desire—strong, passionate feeling, first as with the savage for one individual only, then, as evolution proceeds, for an ever-widening circle of family, friends, nation, and race, till we reach the devotion of the great leader, teacher, or philanthropist, filled with a single ardour for human service. Meanwhile, this *desire* to serve has been gradually reinforced and controlled by the mind, and has become a fixed purpose, wisely directed. But it still has its source in the emotional nature, and rejoices in "fruits," though these fruits may be of the noblest kind. It will find an outlet, *e.g.*,

in indignant chastisement of the bully who torments a child, or in some intense effort to convert the world to a particular creed, or to raise a nation to the highest pinnacle of glory.

There is a third and higher stage, but he who seeks it must tread a lonely path, and look for neither earthly nor heavenly reward. We know it as *Vairāgya*, indifference, detachment, or dispassion; but it is the *higher* indifference, which renders its possessor free from personal desires, aversions, and prejudices, in order that he may with more individual purpose direct his energies to the helping of the world. He must "work as those work who are ambitious; respect life as those do who desire it; be happy as those are who live for happiness".

It is, once more, in striving after this noblest of ideals that our danger becomes acute—the danger, that is, of falling from the true *Vairāgya* into its counterfeit presentment. Some make the attempt too early, and begin to "renounce desire" before they know what desire means. It is easy enough to offer the Master a heart incapable of strong passions, a heart worn-out, embittered, disappointed; but that is not the gift most acceptable to Him who said: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she *loved much*." To care intensely, to experience vitally, and then to heap all we have or hope for upon the sacrificial altar—that is the true renunciation. Some, again, seem to succeed in the struggle, and begin to feel secure; and lo! the blast of passion arises from some unexpected quarter, and they find that the supreme offering has, after all, not been made; something has been kept back, and personal desire, in a new form, is rampant again.

But all who fail, from whatever cause, are tempted to accept the counterfeit when the reality proves to be still far off, for it is easier to deaden feeling, to accept a phlegmatic and devitalised existence and pride ourselves upon its very negation, than to transmute that same positive element of feeling into something deeper and higher, yet none the less vital.

This, then, is the truth that probably underlies the charge of "indifference" brought against us by others. "I don't like Theosophy," said a lady to me, "for it made a girl I know neglect her home duties shamefully. She was always going to meetings, and left off caring for anything else." One cannot but smile a little at such an instance, recognising the old fault in a new garb—how many young converts to great causes have erred in the same way! But the Theosophical "convert" should certainly be wiser; should recognise on the one hand the duties and limitations imposed by Karma, which must be cheerfully met, and on the other the new opportunities which must be grasped, and endeavour to strike the balance between them. Above all, he should be able to test the quality of his own "dispassion" by remembering that the true Vairāgya cannot be reconciled with neglect of even the smallest claim or duty; that the true Theosophist is the man who most punctiliously discharges every one of such "till all be fulfilled"; that he should also be the most sympathetic member of his family or household, the one most "at leisure from himself," *because* his work is done with entire detachment from personality, and his "concern is with the action only, never with its fruits". Lastly, when he has attained to this, he must be content to

bear the world's misjudgment ; for there is no attitude more difficult for others to understand than that which I have just described.

One more fault often laid to our charge remains to be dealt with. We are accused of extravagance and unreason, and it is implied by our critics—I will not call them enemies—that no person of average intellectual development, unless he be that lamentable thing, a “freak” or a “crank,” can be found amongst us. I hope this is not true; but it has a germ of truth in it, by which we may profit. The Theosophist, rejoicing in his new-found liberty of spirit, is inclined perhaps to allow his freedom from restraint to degenerate into eccentricity. He is apt, too, to attach insufficient importance to the lesser things of life, because he feels that he has the greatest thing. Such an attitude may become harmful to the Theosophical cause; first, because the eccentric alienates from himself, and consequently from the T. S., the sympathy of many excellent though perhaps conventional people; secondly, because he stultifies, to some extent, his own development. This stultification, as the critics do not fail to show, is oftenest on the intellectual side.

A writer in the *Vâhan* for January 1914 says :

There has been a steady attempt to depreciate “lower manas,” to despise “mere intellect”. This has largely arisen from the poor quality of our intellectual work rather than from its intellectuality *per se*. Not less intellect do we need, but more, of good quality. . . .

Many harbour the delusion that knowledge, wisdom, and virtue can be won by desire and aspiration, without commensurate mental effort. The experience and example of all great men point the opposite way. . . . Study, to be really effective, must be intensive, and very different from the familiar “read and purr” variety.

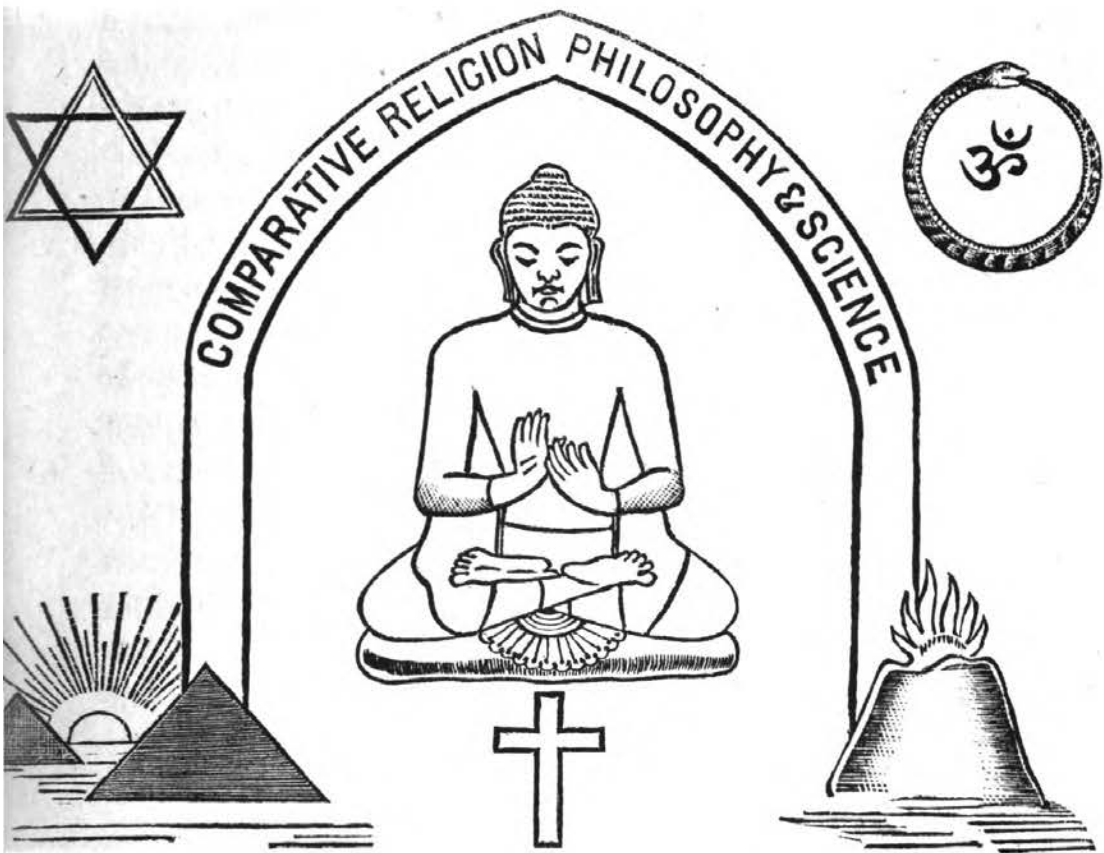
Let us practise, then, for our own sake and for that of others, the complete, all-round development which alone can produce the "perfect man". Once more, in laying our offering on the altar we must have something worthy to sacrifice; and a distorted or uncultivated mind is surely a gift unworthy of the Master. It is well that we should live in the world as much as possible, and pour whatever force we have through already existing channels. A reputation for saneness and practical efficiency may be of inestimable value to the cause we have at heart. Like S. Paul, we must be "made all things to all men" in our endeavour to serve all; never ceasing to be humble students of life and of mankind, bringing the Divine Wisdom to bear upon the interpretation of the social problems, the science, the philosophy of our age (surely the greatest age that the world has ever seen), and remembering that our interpretation can only be valuable when we know as much about these things as our critics know themselves.

M. L. L.

*(To be concluded)*

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## THE SACRAMENTAL LIFE

By THE LADY EMILY LUTYENS

**I**N the Catechism of the Church of England the word Sacrament is defined as the "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," and of these outward and visible signs, the same Church recognises two, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. Baptism, we are told, represents the mystical washing away of sin, and the outward and visible sign is the marking

of the Cross on the forehead of the candidate. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was ordained "for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ and the benefit which we receive thereby".

In these ceremonies we have certain well-defined conditions. First, the elements, and it will be noted these are of common, ordinary use—water, bread and wine; secondly, the act of consecration, and thirdly the mystical results effected by the ceremony—the purification of the soul of the recipient.

These great religious ceremonies or sacraments have their counterpart in life, and indeed it is only as we try to *live* them that their true and mystic meaning can be realised. It was surely thus that the Great Teacher meant them to be interpreted, for His insistence was always on the spirit and not on the letter, on life rather than doctrine.

Thus Baptism may be taken to symbolise that stage in the life of a soul, when the man enters the "pathway of return," when he definitely resolves to purify the lower nature, that the higher self may become transcendent. It is at this stage that he definitely takes upon himself the life of renunciation and service; and that such is the inner meaning of the baptismal ceremony is shown by the sign which is marked upon the forehead of the candidate, in holy water, the sign of the Cross, the symbol and token of self-sacrifice. From henceforth, he belongs not to himself, but to the Master whose sign he bears, to the world whose servant he becomes. It has been said by the Great Ones: "If you would find us, come out of your world into ours," and baptism reminds us of this great truth, that we are to leave behind us this lower

world with all its illusions and enter that real world where the Masters dwell.

This mystical meaning is still more evident when we consider that sacrament most sacred and revered of all the ceremonies of the Christian Church, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Here the Church has lost the deeper meaning of the mystical ceremony, by undue insistence on the *death* of Christ and the benefits which are to accrue to His worshippers therefrom. But His death was but the culminating act of His life, and without His life, His death would have been meaningless. The symbols which He employs are symbols of *life* not *death*—*bread* which is the staff of life, and *wine* which represents the blood, the life of the body. The words He used are also significant of this truer meaning: "This is My body," "This is My blood," "Do this in remembrance of Me". Do what? Not merely partake of the elements, however much consecrated, but live the *life* which the Master lived, share that mystic communion of common service and fellowship. And lest there should be any doubt as to Christ's teaching on this point, S. John, or whoever was the author of the fourth Gospel, with that deeper insight into the mind of the Master which is so characteristic of him, substitutes for the synoptic record of the Last Supper that wonderful and touching account of the washing of the disciples' feet.

Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that His hour was come that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end. . . . He riseth from supper and laid aside His garments; and took a towel and girded Himself. . . . After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded. . . . So after He

had washed their feet, and had taken His garment, and was set down again, He said unto them, Know ye what I have done unto you ?

Ye call Me Master and Lord and ye say well for so I am.

If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done unto you.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his lord ; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them.

It was the perfect Sacrament, for all the conditions were there, the water of purification, the dedication to service, the uniting of the disciples to their Master. That simple act summed up the whole perfect life—“He that would be greatest in my Kingdom must be as he that serves, I am amongst you as He that serveth.” It is obvious from this account that the Master's intention for His disciples was that they should carry His life into the world of men by their example, that they should die henceforth to themselves and live to Him through His brethren.

What use is there in the occasional participation in a sacramental act unless that act gradually becomes an integral part of the daily life ? So have we gradually to learn to make life itself a continual sacrament, the offering of the lower in constant dedication to the higher. What is needed is understanding and practice. Understanding first, that a Sacrament is not an act performed *for* us, not a ceremony which is to bring us a blessing unshared by others, but a life to be lived. Each man must become himself a priest, offering daily in the temple of his own nature the perpetual sacrifice of his personal will to the Universal Will. The Sacramental conditions are all there, the elements first, all

the common things of life, the ordinary acts, "the daily round, the common task," the drudgery of the factory and the workshop, the face of friend and foe, the beauty of life and its pain, *all* that comes our way is an outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual grace which we call God, or Christ, or the Master, or the Higher Self. What is needed on our part is that act of dedication which makes common things holy because we recognise that they are messengers of the Highest. It is recorded of an Indian Yogī, that when bitten by some poisonous snake, he but smiled and said: "It is a message from the Beloved." He had learned to live the Sacramental Life, and had found the truth that nothing comes amiss to the one who has thus dedicated himself to his soul's beloved. A sacrament is a door into the Master's presence, but there is no need of a door for one who lives perpetually in that holy presence. God speaks to us in Joy, Beauty and Peace, but He calls to us also in pain, grief and ugliness, and it is for us to find His presence there also. In His great game with his children He hides Himself that they may seek, and all life is a great search for the Beloved who is ever at our side. But we need to practise this "presence of God" before we can grow perfect. For this purpose are religious ceremonies ordained to train us how to practise, but when once we have learnt it for ourselves and can practise it all the time, then have we no further need for ceremonies. We have reached the goal to which they lead, we have woven the silver thread which binds the soul to its Master, that link which may never be broken. Each day now as it dawns brings fresh opportunities of service to the Master through the service of His brethren;

in the face of a friend the Master smiles, in the face of an enemy He greets us also; through ugliness we see His beauty, through pain we feel His peace; through weakness we learn His strength, through loneliness we learn never to be alone. The consecrated life is not a life set apart, but a life which is shared by all. To make holy is to make *whole*, to unite the scattered fragments of God's life.

Christ is the great Unifier of the world, and if we would live in Him we must live everywhere and in everything as well, because all things and all men share His life. This "Communion of Saints" includes a communion of sinners. This is the great mystery of the Incarnation, why the second Logos is ever symbolised as a duality. As the Athanasian Creed so beautifully states it: "Perfect God and perfect man. . . who although He be God and man yet He is not two but one Christ; one not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God." Man, made in the image of God, reflects at a certain stage this duality which is unity. When he has perfected himself as *man* and reached the fullest realisation of self-consciousness, then he begins to realise himself also as God, by the recognition that there is no separation between himself and anything or any person in the universe, thus taking his "manhood into God".

This is the truth of Initiation, Salvation—to be saved from the great heresy of separateness, initiated into the great brotherhood of humanity. For this reason the causal body is broken up at Initiation, the man throws away that expression of himself, as a separate individual, to live henceforth in all other individuals. Then only is he able to build the Buddhic

vehicle or body of bliss, because he has cast away the separated consciousness to blend it with the universal consciousness. There is a beauty in the thought that the aspect of God which is bliss is the aspect which realises itself in manifestation, the One becoming the many, that the many may realise themselves as the One.

The Church has narrowed the conception of Salvation, depicting it as a personal gain, as a state of bliss which the individual could attain by himself apart from others. Salvation means to be healed, to be made whole, ceasing to be separate, becoming one, therefore there can be no such thing as personal salvation. But before we can yet realise this unity in perfection, we can find it in part, as we are drawn into the unifying life of the Master. As we seek Him, as we give ourselves to His service, He will gradually reveal Himself to us in a thousand different images or sacraments, till "our hearts are drunk with a beauty our eyes can never see". Gradually we shall learn to pass beyond the outward and visible signs, into the inner sanctuary of the heart, where we have built a shrine for our Beloved. By inner worship and consecrated service we shall gradually come to the realisation of divine manhood and our lives will become all glory in the glory of the Lord.

Emily Lutyens

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## THE EARLY JAPANESE MYTHS: II

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

WHEN the Sun Goddess, angry with her brother for ruining her rice-fields and for desecrating the sacred Weaving Hall, crept into the Rock Cave of Heaven, the world was in darkness. Such a catastrophe sorely troubled the Eighty Myriads of Gods, who hurriedly assembled on the bank of the Tranquil River of Heaven in order to discuss how they might persuade Ama-terasu to return and flood the world once more with her glorious light. Now the spokesman of these assembled deities was called "Thought-combining," and as we should imagine from his name, he was able to devise a suitable plan. He caused singing birds to be gathered together from the Eternal Land, and, by certain divination with a deer's leg-bone held over a fire of cherry-wood, the Gods were able to fashion tools, bellows, and forges. Thus equipped, they obtained iron from the "mines of Heaven" and caused it to be made into an "eight-foot" mirror. This mirror, sacred to Shintoism and a part of the Imperial Regalia, now reposes in Ise, the holy province of Japan. It is kept in a box of chamæcyparis wood in the Naiku ("Inner Temple"). The mirror is wrapped in brocade, and when this covering begins to fall to pieces, it is not removed, but covered with fresh silk, so that in the



course of many years the precious relic has been covered with many layers of silken cloth. The box and its coverings are placed in a cage, which is ornamented in gold, and this again is covered with silk cloth.

In addition to the mirror, the Gods also fashioned a number of jewels and musical instruments. Having accomplished these things, they procured from Mount Kagu a "five-hundred-branched" *sakaki* tree and planted it before the Rock Cave of Heaven. From the branches of this tree the Gods hung the sacred mirror, a "five-hundred-headed" string of jewels, together with blue and white streamers composed of hempen cloth and paper-mulberry cloth.

While the birds from the Eternal Land sang and a liturgy was recited, the Goddess Ame-mo-uzume-no-Mikoto ("Heavenly-Ugly-Face-August-Thing") commenced to dance. We read in the *Kojiki*:

Thereupon Heavenly-Ugly-Face-August-Thing, using a heavenly vine from the Heavenly Incense Mountain as shoulder-cord to tuck up her sleeves, and making herself a wig, . . . and tying up a bunch of bamboo-grass from the Heavenly Incense Mountain to hold in her hand, turned a cask bottom up before the door of the Heavenly Rock House, and treading and stamping upon it with her feet, became possessed. And catching the clothes from about her breast, and pushing down her girdle to her skirt, she let her dress fall down to her hips. And the Plain of High Heaven resounded as the eight hundred myriad deities with one accord laughed.

This dance of Uzume was the origin of a dance now performed at Shinto festivals. The fact that she became possessed is of special interest, and is strictly in keeping with the tenets of later Shintoism, where priests, as described in Lowell's *Occult Japan*, believed on certain occasions that their bodies served as a temporary abode for the manifestation of the Gods. Again, it

is recorded that during Uzume's dance she kindled a fire, which was a prototype of the courtyard fires associated to-day with this interesting religious cult.

Now when the Sun Goddess heard the mighty laughter of the Gods, she was amazed that so much hearty merriment was possible at a time when the world was plunged in darkness. At length her curiosity got the better of her anger, and through a small opening in the Heavenly Rock Cave she inquired how it was that there was so much rejoicing when she had expected to hear a great deal of lamentation. Uzume stopped dancing and told her that they made merry because they had found a deity even more lovely than Ama-terasu. Such a taunt was not to be resisted. The Sun Goddess gradually came forward and gazed into the great mirror, so that she stood before it lost in astonishment. While she looked upon her fair reflection, one of the deities took her by the hand and dragged her forth without ceremony, while other Gods tied a rope of straw across the Heavenly Rock Cave, a prototype of the kind of rope known as *shiri-kume-nawa*, used in many Shinto shrines to-day. And so it came to pass that the Sun Goddess was beguiled into leaving her place of seclusion, and once more she graced the Plain of High Heaven with her golden presence.

Susa-no-o, the Impetuous Male, may have been alarmed by the temporary departure of the Sun Goddess, and his alarm may have caused him to repent of his evil ways. Whether this was the case or not, we find him neither in the High Plain of Heaven nor dwelling in the Land of Yomi according to his father's instructions. We discover him on the earth by the river Hi in the province of Izumo, and, what is really

very extraordinary, as a gallant knight. While walking along the river bank he heard the sound of weeping. As Susa-no-o was usually responsible for all the weeping, the sound of another's distress caused him no little astonishment. On quickening his pace he discovered an old man and woman fondling a young girl. The Impetuous Male questioned the old man, who thus made answer: "I am called Ashi-nadzuchi ['Foot-stroke-elder']. My wife's name is Tenadzuchi ['Hand-stroke-elder'], and our daughter is called Kushi-nada-hime ['Wondrous-Inada-Princess']. We have good reason to weep, for we had eight daughters, and seven have been devoured by an eight-forked serpent. The time approaches for this our last child to meet the same horrible fate as her poor sisters. Alas! who is there to defend us against so cruel a monster?"

Susa-no-o, impressed by this sad story but no less impressed by the beauty of the maiden whose life was in peril, offered to destroy the serpent on condition that the maiden should become his wife. The old couple gladly consented to this arrangement, and not only consented but rejoiced exceedingly.

The Impetuous Male, who was an excellent conjuror, if a poor deity, changed Kushi-nada-hime into a comb and fixed it in his hair. Then he bade the old couple brew a quantity of *saké*, or rice wine, and when this was done he poured it into eight tubs and sat down to await the dread eater of fair maidens.

Susa-no-o had not long to wait. Presently the earth began to quake, and looking up he perceived one of the most extraordinary creatures ever described in the most fantastic of myths. "It had an eight-forked head and

an eight-forked tail. Its eyes were red like the winter cherry, and on its back firs and cypresses were growing." As this strange creature measured the distance of eight valleys and eight hills, its progress was necessarily slow. Eventually the gigantic serpent found the wine and each head was eagerly plunged into a tub of *saké*. The creature, thirsty after its journey, drank deep, and soon fell into a drunken slumber. Susa-no-o, perceiving that the monster was now powerless to attack, drew his ten-span sword, and cut the serpent in pieces. While the Impetuous Male was striking off the tail, his weapon became notched, and on examination he discovered that a two-handled sword lay within that part of the monster. This is the weapon known as "The Sword of the gathering clouds of Heaven". Later, when it had saved the life of Prince Yamata Take, it was named "The Grass Mower". This sword, together with the sacred mirror and the jewels hung outside the Heavenly Rock Cave, form the Imperial Regalia of Japan. They symbolise courage, wisdom, and mercy. There are copies of these sacred treasures in the Imperial Palace, Tokio.

The Impetuous Male, having slain the eight-headed serpent, took out the comb from his hair, changed it into Kushi-nada-hime again, and married her, having built for her reception a so-called palace at Suga in Izumo. She was not his only wife, and it was from another deity that Onamuji, or the "Great-Name-Possessor" was descended.

Now Onamuji had eighty brothers, and they were all most anxious to marry the Princess Yakami of Inaba. With this object in view they set out on a journey, compelling the gentle Onamuji to accompany

them and to carry upon his back a heavy bag. The eighty brothers, having no baggage to carry, left Onamuji far behind, and at Cape Keta they observed a hare denuded of its fur and lying on the ground in a helpless condition. The brothers laughingly told the animal to bathe in the sea and then run to the top of a mountain where the keen wind would effect a cure. Having given this advice they went on their way.

The guileless hare carried out these instructions, only to discover that the wicked brothers had deceived him. While bemoaning his fate, Onamuji approached him, and, having learnt his sad story, told him to bathe in a river and then roll in sedge pollen. The hare did so, and immediately his sores were healed and his fur renewed. The hare, known as the White Hare of Inaba, in gratitude for the service he had received, promised to win for Onamuji the favour of the Princess Inaba. The eighty brothers, finding that their wooing was not a success and that the Princess was likely to wed their younger brother, sought various ways to destroy him. They caused a heated rock to fall upon him: they wedged him into the cleft of a tree, and finally they shot him. But these attacks were of no avail. He fled to the province of Kii, and sought advice from his ancestor Susa-no-o, in the hope of devising a plan whereby his wicked brothers might be overcome. But the Impetuous Male, seeing no maiden he could marry, so far from helping Onamuji, sought to kill him. He was thrust into a nest of wasps and centipedes, but preserved by miraculous scarves, and he was rescued from burning grass by the intervention of a mouse. At length, after many incredible escapes, he married

Princess Yakami, and their marriage furnishes "the first record of conjugal jealousy in Japan".

The Great-Name-Possessor was now ruler of the land, but during his reign, if reign it may be called, there was considerable disturbance. The Gods assembled together in the High Plain of Heaven, and one of them said: "Plains, rocks, trees, and herbage have still the power of speech. At night they make a clamour like that of flames of fire; in the day-time they swarm up like fires in the fifth month." In short the Central Land of Reed-Plains was in a state of ferment, and it was decided to put an end to these disturbances by sending Ninigi, grandson of the Sun Goddess, to rule over the rebellious people and bring prosperity to the country. Ambassadors were sent to Onamuji to inform him of the decision of the Gods, but instead of performing their mission promptly, one gave himself up to pleasure, and another married a daughter of Ninigi and sought to possess the land. When the latter ambassador, Ame-waka, by name, had been eight years in the land, the Gods grew angry and sent a pheasant to spy upon him. The bird accused him of neglecting his duty, whereupon Ame-waka shot the accusing messenger. The arrow passed through the bird's breast and entered Heaven. The Gods immediately recognised the blood-stained weapon and hurled it back again in such a way that it slew the faithless ambassador. His wife began to weep so pitifully that the Gods took compassion upon her, and sent a wind that caused the body of her lord to ascend to Heaven, where extraordinary obsequies were performed.

Two more ambassadors were dispatched by the Gods, and these were able to quell the wicked spirits

on the earth, and to report that all was now ready for the coming of the Divine Grandchild. Just as Ninigi was about to depart, it was reported that a strange-looking deity stood at the eight cross-roads, and it seemed his purpose to obstruct the departure of Ninigi. His eyes were of the colour of blood, and fire came out of his mouth. Uzume was sent to question this God of the Cross Ways; and when she had behaved in an immodest manner, and asked why he dared to impede the progress of the August Grandchild, the deity replied that so far from wishing to hinder the coming of Ninigi, it was his desire to pay him homage, and to guide him on his way to earth.

Ninigi was accompanied by many deities, among whom were Amatsu-Koyana, said to be the divine ancestor of the famous Fujiwara family, and who was specially instructed to guard the Heavenly Mirror, concerning which the Sun Goddess had said to Ninigi: "My child, when thou lookest upon this mirror, let it be as if thou wert looking on me. Let it be to thee a holy mirror." All was now ready for the great journey, and we read that the Heavenly Grandchild pushed aside "the eightfold spreading clouds, and dividing a road with a mighty road-dividing," rested on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, and finally reached the southern island of Kyushu.

Ninigi built a palace and fell in love with Princess Brilliant Blossom. When her father, Great-Mountain-Possessor, heard it, he told Ninigi that he had another daughter called Princess Long-as-the-Rocks, and expressed the hope that he would marry her. Now Princess Long-as-the-Rocks was ugly, and Ninigi refused to show her favour, stoutly demanding to marry her sister.

This angered the ugly damsel, who cried out: "Had you chosen me, you and your children and their children would have lived long in the land. Now that you have chosen my sister, you and your children will be as frail as the flowers of the trees."

Of the children born of this union we need only concern ourselves with two, Hoderi ("Fire-shine") and Hoori ("Fire-fade"). Hoderi was an expert fisherman, while his brother was no less skilled as a hunter. They decided to exchange their gifts in order to see how the fisherman would fare with bow and arrows and what sport the hunter would get with a fish-hook. As may be supposed, the brothers were both unsuccessful, while Hoori had the misfortune to lose his brother's fish-hook. Hoderi, instead of accepting his brother's very generous offer to make amends by supplying him with a tray loaded with fish-hooks, grew extremely angry, loudly demanded his old fish-hook, and refused to accept substitutes.

Hoori wandered down to the seashore, and was sadly contemplating his brother's harshness, when he was greeted by an old man called Shiko-tsutsu-no-Oji ("Salt-sea-elder"). This old fellow bade him be of good cheer, and told him that he would soon find the missing fish-hook. Salt-sea-elder then made a basket, and having told Hoori to sit in it, he caused the little craft and its occupant to sink to the bottom of the sea. On the bed of the ocean Hoori was surprised to see a most imposing palace. "This palace was provided with battlements and turrets, and had stately towers. Before the gate there was a well, and over the well there grew a many-branched cassia tree, with wide-spreading boughs and leaves." While Hoori was



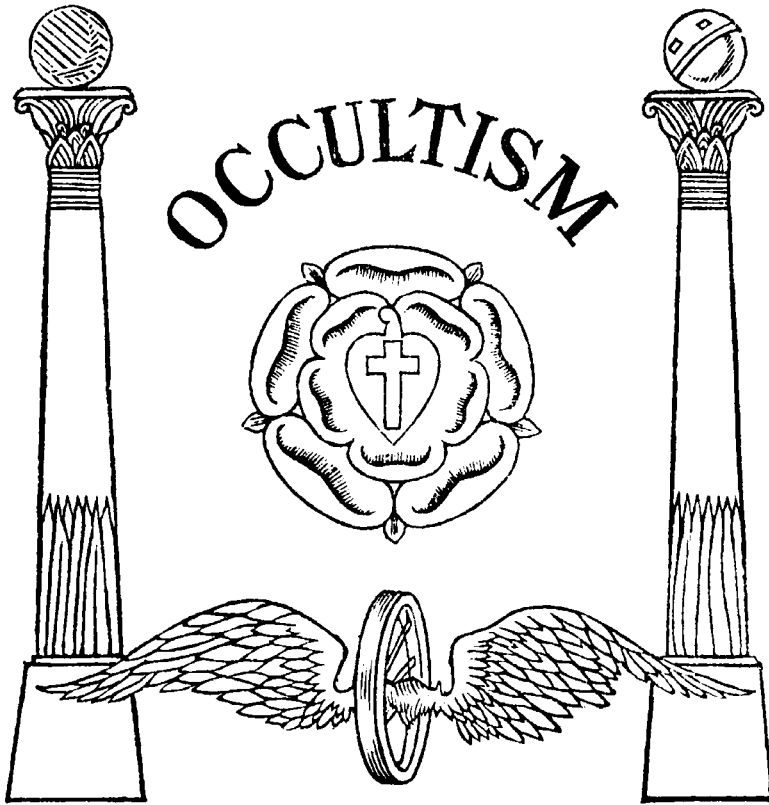
sitting in the tree a maiden came to draw water from the well, and saw the young man's shadow reflected in the water. The maiden handed him her cup, but instead of drinking, Hoori dropped into it a jewel, and the maiden carried the vessel to her mistress the Sea God's daughter, *Toyo-tama* ("Rich Jewel"). This good lady, curious to see the stranger, came to the well, "exchanged glances" with him, led him into the palace, and while he sat upon "a pile of many layers of sealskins overlaid by many layers of silk rugs," a banquet was prepared for him, and in due time the Sea God gave him for wife Princess Rich Jewel. When the Sea God heard that Hoori had lost his brother's fish-hook, he caused a great assembly of fishes, and in the mouth of a *tai* the missing hook was discovered. Hoori remained three years in the palace of the Sea God, and by the end of that time he suddenly remembered that he had not restored the fish-hook to his brother. When Hoori was about to depart for this purpose, he was presented with the Jewel of the Flowing Tide and the Jewel of the Ebbing Tide, and was informed by the gracious Sea God that if the first were thrown into the water the tide would rise and drown his brother, whereas if the latter were thrown into the water the tide would ebb, so that he could save his brother's life if he showed submission.

Hoori found it necessary to make use of the Jewel of the Flowing Tide, but when Hoderi realised his peril, he cried: "Henceforth I will be thy subject to perform mimic dances for thee. I beseech thee mercifully to spare my life." And Hoori, throwing forth the other jewel, saved his brother's life. *Toyo-tama*, according to a promise made to her lord, came

to the seashore, and, in a hut roofed with cormorant feathers, gave birth to a son. Because Hoori spied upon her privacy, she assumed the form of a dragon, and returned to the Sea God's palace. The son married his aunt, and had children, one of whom was Iware, who became the first Emperor of Japan, known in history as Jimmu ("Divine Valour"), the posthumous title given to him many years after his death.

F. Hadland Davis

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## DREAMS<sup>1</sup>

By ERNEST G. PALMER

**I**N ancient times dreams and their interpretation were a recognised means of divination—the dreams of Joseph and David and the importance assigned to them can readily be called to mind. Owing largely to superstitious exaggeration their credit fell away, and early psychologists assigned them little importance.

As recently as 1897, Edmund Parish, in his *Hallucinations and Illusions*, regarded dreams as devoid of

<sup>1</sup> Professor Henri Bergson's Essay.

all reality and utility. In his opinion and that of his school, they were merely the result of the dissociation of consciousness due to the functional dissolution of the higher cerebral centres. The passing of the higher nerve centres of the cerebral matter from normal to sub-normal activity, or rest, removes from the lower centres a certain inhibition, and these respond more readily, both to external stimuli and to altered internal stimuli, or tension of blood-vessels. For instance, Von Hartmann tells of a dream in which he passed through a long experience, ending on the guillotine, and, just as the knife fell, he woke to find the bed-rail had fallen on his neck. Here the whole dream was clearly due to external stimulus. The example is particularly interesting, because it shows that for such an experience, apparently lasting several days, to occur instantaneously, the medium in which the consciousness was acting must have been vibrating at a much higher speed than physical matter does.

Very many dreams are undoubtedly due to external stimuli, and the theory has been tested by many interesting experiments. Sleepers have been wakened in different ways, and their dreams have been influenced by physical stimuli before awakening, so that the effect might be noted. In one experiment a sleeper was awakened by placing a bunch of fragrant flowers under his nose. He woke from a dream of lovely gardens in which he had been wandering. Another case was that of a man who was wakened by a touch of dampness and a sharp sound, and he came back to waking life from a terrible experience of disaster and shipwreck. In yet another case, a lady was wakened

by a kiss, and she had such a rosy dream of love that she was quite reluctant to wake.

Parish mentions several good illustrations of dreams arising from external stimuli. "The banging of a door," he says, "may involve us in a dream-duel, ending in the loud report of a pistol," and he quotes from Myers an almost perfect instance of a dream resulting from external stimuli.

Between sleeping and waking this morning, I perceived a dog running about in a field (an ideal white and tan sporting dog, etc.) and the next moment I heard a dog barking outside my window. Keeping my closed eyes on the vision, I found that it came and went with the barking of the dog outside.

That outside influences affected the dream-life, therefore, ceased to be a theory, and the more phenomena were tabulated, the more proofs were adduced, until psychologists accepted this explanation as covering the facts. That there might be many dreams due to internal stimuli, did not enter into their calculations or philosophy. If facts were discovered or dreams were told which did not square with their explanation, so much the worse for the facts and dreams.

Since the days of Parish, however, there has been rather a revulsion of feeling in the scientific world regarding dreams. They are now regarded as phenomena quite as worthy of study as any other facts in nature, and a great deal of literature has been written on the subject.

A step forward was taken by Prof. Dr. Freud, of the Vienna School, who regarded dreams as indications of a disturbed mental condition, and sought in the subject-matter of the dream for the cause of hysteria and kindred diseases; the dream being regarded as an expression of secret anxiety and emotion. Recently

quite a number of learned pens have been exercised over the ingenious and startling hypotheses of Freud. They are still the subject of a most lively and heated controversy. Summarised, his teaching appears to amount to this: In our normal everyday life, we are continually called upon to exert our better nature, our more moral feeling, in order to quell desires that are immoral or socially disapproved. These lower feelings, boldly faced and courageously combated whenever they appear, tend at last to disappear entirely from our consciousness. They no longer annoy us. But according to Prof. Freud, many natures, especially women, brought up in a strictly conventional manner, react in a different way to their temptations; they never frankly realise the temptations of their lower nature, and consequently the conflict, which would in time relieve their consciousness of them, never happens. They are horrified at the first dim awareness of the nature of their temptation, and it is banished from their immediate consciousness only to live and work in the mind in subterranean fashion. It constantly endeavours to come forth into the conscious thinking of the subject, and is as constantly thwarted by the rigid repression of the subject's alert mind. But in sleep this normal alertness is relaxed, is less effective, and then the repressed tendencies gain the dominion that the waking mind denies them. In short, it is Prof. Freud's theory that tendencies denied in the waking state by the moral nature achieve in dreams a certain measure of success.

This theory is considerably strengthened by the fact that cures of hypochondriac patients, in such hospitals as that of Salpêtrière (under the direction of

M. Charcot) have been effected by means of suggestion, after the discovery, during hypnosis, of the disturbing element in the patient's mind.

A new hypothesis which marks a great advance in our comprehension of the psychology of dreams has been provided by Professor Henri Bergson. Prof. Bergson's great popularity, both as a lecturer and a writer, have conduced to his ideas being very widely spread, and as a result this subject has received much greater attention than it has ever had before. The conclusions of Bergson, however, are not final, and are open to some grave objections. In spite of his statement: "I do not doubt that wonderful discoveries will be made, as important perhaps as have been, in the preceding centuries, the discoveries of the physical and natural sciences," the *Essay on Dreams* is not entirely satisfactory, because it does not take into consideration all the facts.

Briefly Bergson's theory is that our senses are not completely closed to external sensations during sleep; they act with less precision, but embrace a host of "subjective" impressions, which pass unperceived when we are awake. Then, our consciousness is in a state of tension, but in sleep it relaxes. An external stimulus, provided by one or more of the senses, acts upon the memory, and in obedience to that psychological law known as the association of ideas, a train of thought is started. Often, however, the ideas are wrongly linked because of the relaxation of the mind, and so there arises in our consciousness one of the common confused dreams. He describes sleep as a state of "disinterestedness," in which the mind simply acts as a spectator of the images formed in it by stimuli of various kinds.

One important admission has been made by Prof. Bergson, when he states that our memories "are packed away under pressure like steam in a boiler, and the dream is their escape valve". This would seem to imply that in his opinion, memories are recorded in some finer grade of matter than the dense physical. The three recorded densities of matter being solid, liquid and gaseous, and the suggestion that our memories are recorded in the finest, would explain to some extent the simultaneity of dreams, in which experiences of years may be compressed or concentrated in a moment. The ideas, acting in their own medium or condition, are in a state of much more rapid vibration. The linking of ideas in association may be compared, as indeed Dr. Petersen of Harvard has already done, to a kinematograph film, which may be unrolled at a normal speed or so rapidly as to present only a blurred impression to the senses. Confused dreams may be occasioned by printing two negatives or running two films one upon the other. If the medium in which the memory is registered be "mind-stuff," consciousness untrammelled by physical density and low-rate vibrations, then one can understand how so much can be apparently experienced instantaneously; and also those borderland experiences occasioned by the proximity of dissolution (such as in cases of the nearly drowned) where the whole of the past life appears before the vision in minute detail, in a series of vivid pictures. Indeed, Bergson states that in his opinion it is doubtful if anything is really forgotten. The finer matter of the mental body constitutes a palimpsest, upon which all our experiences are written indelibly. Often a chance word, a scent,



or other stimulus, will call out of the "vasty deep" of our semi-consciousness memories of past events long "forgotten". This also explains the faculty of dreams which is called *Hypermnesia*, the recollection in dream life of events and experiences of our childhood, which have long since lapsed from our waking memory. This would clearly be impossible if the impressions were made in physical matter, or such as we usually consider it to be, which in our physical organism is subject to change entirely once every seven years. In such case the record would be obliterated, but this cannot occur when it is registered in a finer form of matter than that of which our dense physical body is formed. So that what we have hitherto regarded as a state of unconsciousness may well prove to be, as indeed all religions have taught, a state of much higher and more comprehensive consciousness.

Bergson's contribution to the literature of the subject has received the great consideration due to a thinker of such profundity and originality. Any hypothesis, however, can only be satisfactory if it explains *all* the facts: just as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. There is no doubt that a great number, perhaps the greater number, of dreams can be explained by the Bergson method, but there are others which by no possibility can be so explained! For instance, Tartini, a violinist-composer of the eighteenth century, was composing a sonata, and the melody remained recalcitrant, and, in the words of Henri Bergson, he went to sleep and dreamed someone seized his violin and played with a master-hand the desired sonata. Tartini wrote it out from memory when he awoke, and it has come down to us under the name of "The Devil's

Sonata". Those who have had the pleasure of listening to a rendering of this beautiful sonata, will have a difficulty in supposing it could have been produced merely by external stimulus during sleep. A state which could produce music of such a high order must be the antithesis of that condition of "disinterestedness," which Bergson regards as the peculiar characteristic of sleep.

There are many other dreams even more difficult of explanation by this hypothesis. For instance, Von Hartmann tells us of an abstruse mathematical problem, the solution of which eluded him while awake, being satisfactorily completed in a dream. This implies a mental coherence of a very high order, and is something very different to the dreams of which Bergson gives examples; and one cannot understand how mere "disinterestedness," or a relaxed state of consciousness, working without coherence and a close relationship and association of ideas, could solve a problem in higher mathematics.

There seems to be some evidence to show that dream life is influenced by Telepathy. Communication between mind and mind, other than by physical media, or what we ordinarily regard as physical, appears to be authenticated so far that Prof. Oliver Lodge considers Telepathy as scientifically proven. That imponderable something—which is at the base of all the phenomena of sound, light, heat, and electricity, and which, for want of a better name, we call "ether"—may be the medium through which these communications are made. We are familiar with telephones, and may yet become accustomed to that new invention which will show us the portrait of the speaker at the other

end. Marconigrams by wireless telegraphy are now of common occurrence and surprise none. Telepathy is not so well known, but it may readily be understood that when the mind is in a negative condition during sleep, a message of distress or indeed of any emotion of sufficient force, may be received in such a form as to appear in the waking consciousness and be remembered as a dream. This type of dream is not to be classed with those of a prophetic or previsional nature. It has rather to do with the past, and brings to the knowledge of the recipient something of which he was previously unaware.

There is, however, another class of dream, which proves the existence of something beyond the knowledge of Bergson. These are dreams giving definite prevision of future events. If all dreams are due to physical stimuli, such dreams as these would be impossible.

Many examples might be given, did space permit, of this kind of dream. Maurice Maeterlinck narrates one in which a long-connected series of events was foreseen in a dream, which happened three or four months before they occurred. Most people have either had such a dream themselves or have heard of others who have had an experience of this kind. The writer has been sufficiently fortunate to have had evidence of both kinds. He was able to investigate a prophetic dream of this nature which occurred to a friend, and from the evidence he was obliged to conclude that it was a genuine case of prevision. Such dreams have also occurred to himself.

Physiologists are unable to account for this class of dream, which clearly cannot be due to physical stimulus; while psychologists are equally at fault, for they

cannot be explained by any theory of association of ideas, as they concern ideas which have not previously entered into the consciousness. We are, therefore, obliged to seek another explanation. This involves a greater knowledge of consciousness itself than is generally possessed.

Consciousness may be considered to be one of the primal energies. It exists in, of, and by itself. Consciousness and life are interchangeable terms, since where life exists, there is consciousness, and vice versa.

Therefore the law of the Conservation of Energy applies also to Consciousness. It can neither be increased nor destroyed; it changes its condition but never ceases to exist. Light may be broken into spectra by a prism and consciousness may function through an organism, but both are independent of such media. Consciousness in human life exists in several states, and energises through different vehicles, which may correspond to the "Body, Soul and Spirit" of St. Paul.

During sleep, the consciousness retreats or involves itself into the higher conditions, and such recollections as subsist in waking consciousness are such as succeed in passing from the higher states or conditions of consciousness and in impressing themselves on the physical brain. Such impressions, however, are liable to be confused and distorted by the media: also they are often linked to other images of the lower mind, caused by external stimuli, which has the effect of throwing them out of focus, and so causes their degeneration from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The scientific study of dreams is a most fascinating branch of the new psychology, for by the analysis of our dreams, by treating ourselves as the subjects of

experiments, it is possible to acquire a certainty of things spiritual which nothing can shake.

The study should be made, however, upon strictly scientific lines. Dreams should be tabulated and classified. This new Science awaits its Linnæus!

Only incorrect assumptions can be made from incomplete data. Philosophers tend to accept such dreams as serve to illustrate their own theories and to exclude such as cannot be explained by them.

When we have a complete classification of dreams, then we shall be able to form them into separate species, genera, families and groups. When this has been done, then it will be possible for this science to take a great stride forward; it may well become the basis of a reconstructed and spiritual psychology. The Oracle of Delphi: "MAN KNOW THYSELF," may come to receive much greater consideration, when it becomes evident that there are depths in our nature which have existed all unsuspected by our greatest Philosophers, who have not hesitated to entitle themselves Agnostics, when they might with a more profound research into their own natures have quite as readily followed the old denomination and have called themselves Gnostics.

"That which we think upon, that we become." In our dream life it is well known that we tend to repeat those ideas and thoughts which have exercised our waking hours, so that it may become possible for persistent effort and high and noble thinking so to educate our dream life, that the hours spent in slumber may be a source of inspiration and enjoyment for our waking life.

Ernest G. Palmer

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## INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL KARMA

By W. D. S. BROWN

IN offering a few suggestions on this extremely difficult subject, I must warn my readers that the conclusions to which I have been driven for the time being, differ in many respects from those now gaining in favour; at the same time they are well supported by earlier testimony and—for us the chief consideration—by conformity with facts that can be observed by all. Needless to say, however, I have not embarked on this perilous voyage of discovery for the short-lived joy of airing personal opinions, but because, firstly, we have here a plain and vital point of contact between Theosophical knowledge and the national problems that are occupying the minds of all, and secondly, because it seems to me that by sorting out and examining our ideas in this connection we may avoid some of the pitfalls into which action based on popular catchwords must inevitably lead. My aim, then, is to invite my readers to consider (1) what are the facts that constitute (*a*) a race and (*b*) a nation, (2) the light that such facts throw on events, especially those through which we are passing, and (3) the use that can be made of such facts in influencing the course of future events.

At the outset it will be necessary to assume a general acquaintance with the field of thought covered by the word karma. Most people who admit the

universality of law in nature do so to a great extent intuitively, perhaps because experience has developed their own sense of order and fitness. But when we come to apply the analogies of physical mechanics—for instance: “Action and reaction are equal and opposite”—to the realms of thought and emotion, we are at once faced by our almost complete ignorance of the subtler conditions under which these psychic forces act, and we find it impossible to follow up any concrete case. In the investigation of even physical phenomena it is often difficult to obtain access to all the data necessary for calculating the result of a given operation. For example, it would be comparatively easy to predict the side on which a coin spun in the air would fall, if only we were given the force applied to the coin, its direction, and the point of its application; but in the absence of this information we are accustomed to regard “tossing up” as a typical case of “chance”. But when we attempt to trace the more important consequences of human action, we are not only handicapped from the start by the absence of data as to the causes leading up to the action under consideration, but we have as yet no standard wherewith to measure the relative values of psychic and physical forces, and hence we are frequently finding apparently trivial causes producing what seem to be prodigious effects, and vice versa. We shall be wise, therefore, to content ourselves for the present with noting pronounced tendencies, and drawing tentative inferences to be subjected to the test of time. The personal element is still bound to influence our conclusions, but there is an habitual recognition of the fitness of things that is fairly constant for most trained minds and inherent in the idea of justice.

The difficulties involved in attempting to disentangle the threads of individual karma are still further magnified when we approach a problem of collective karma, such as that of a race or nation. The generation of individual karma is naturally associated with a certain responsibility incurred by the individual for his action, but who can be said to assume responsibility for a national action, such as an alliance with another nation? The first answer that will occur to most people is that this responsibility is distributed between the individuals composing a nation in proportion to the capacity and opportunity of each for arriving at a decision and carrying it out. But here we are at once met by the objection that very often the members of a nation who are chiefly responsible for great changes, do not live to experience those changes at all, while none live to reap their effects to the full. Even if their next incarnation is taken in the same nation, it is more than probable that the national characteristics and conditions will have been further modified by that time. Apparently, however, the more usual procedure is for the individual to incarnate in another nation for the sake of a change in experience, as it is held to be part of the purpose of reincarnation to develop every side of the character; therefore, while births taken in different nations are utilised to bring out different traits of character, a succession of births in the same nation would conduce to a one-sided development. Undoubtedly the individual will eventually have to meet conditions of the kind that he has set up, but this may not take place for a long time, and by then the circumstances may be very different. It is evident, then, that the karma of a nation cannot be represented by the sum of



any particular threads of individual karma, but rather as a pattern woven by portions of individual threads as they cross the national fabric.

On the other hand we are hearing more and more frequently nowadays that a nation is itself a larger individual, often called a "soul," with an independent existence of its own, and that therefore a clearly definable thread of karma attaches to it in that capacity. But let us try and be clear as to what we mean by the word "individual" in this connection. Is the word used merely as the equivalent of "unit," namely an organised body, having certain mutually dependent parts and functions that cause it to cohere and react to stimulus as a whole? In this case no one would deny that a civilised and fairly homogeneous nation would comply with this definition, retaining, as it does, the effects of its vicissitudes in the form of laws, customs, buildings, etc., as well as a distinctive physical heredity. Or is it implied that a nation is a *self-conscious* unit, of an order similar to and presumably higher than man, a being of superior knowledge capable of planning and initiating action? This is certainly the impression produced by many who are reviving the cult of the "Nation," whether as the "Empire" or the "Motherland" (no connection with the "Fatherland"!), as a means of raising the individual consciousness (to what level we are not exactly told) by merging it in the national "soul".

Midway between these two conceptions lies a plausible, but, I submit, entirely misleading analogy with the group-soul of an animal species. Now what is the function of the group-soul in the animal kingdom? Plainly to place at the disposal of each member of the species the results of the past experiences of the whole

species, until the animal is able to act independently on the results of its own experience. Roughly speaking the group-soul stands in the relation of a mother to her children; the aim of a healthy mother being to bring up her children to support themselves, and not rely on her for everything. Similarly true progress for the animal consists in gradually breaking away from the group-soul, until the point of individualisation is reached. Yet the upholders of this analogy seem to think that progress for man consists in going back to the group-soul type of consciousness in the form of the nation, whereas the real process of unification on the path of human progress is the exact converse of the group-soul consciousness. The group-soul is one intelligence *informing* many bodies, the "heavenly man" is one body *informed* by many intelligences.

The result, then, of surrendering individual intelligence to the mass intelligence of the nation, or, to put it bluntly, of allowing governments, newspapers, etc., to do our thinking for us, must be a step nearer to the animal kingdom, from which we have barely succeeded in extricating ourselves, and farther from the divine kingdom to which we aspire. The same argument applies to emotion, only much more so, because it is so much more contagious and, at our stage of evolution, unreasonable. Moreover if we had to choose between trusting the instinct of an animal and the promises of a political party, we might well prefer the former, as the animal group-soul seems to know its business; in fact it may be regarded as the monad working almost directly in dense matter, whereas, though national affairs may manifest in slightly finer matter, the matter seems to have fairly got the upper hand.

The answer usually made to this indictment is that the ordinary course of conflicting and mostly sordid interests along which a nation "muddles," is not a manifestation of the national "soul" at all. This amiable being, they say, keeps well out of the hard work of office and factory, until perhaps there is a war or something else exciting enough to provide him with an outing at his people's expense. Then, they say, the nation suddenly feels its unity with its "soul," and forgets about everything it formerly thought important, in the one impulse to save itself. So does a crowd in a panic; and the first way of salvation that comes handy is that of trampling down everything that comes in the way of escape. Do we find the nation as a whole displaying any special wisdom in such emergencies? Certainly we do find unsuspected powers of endurance in individuals; but if the national soul is at last doing something, we should naturally expect to see some evidence of it in the avoidance of obvious blunders, to say the least of it. Yet history shows that a nation "aroused" is generally a nation temporarily blinded, unless a strong individual is at the head to curb and direct the maddened steeds of popular passion.

The group-soul theorists are of course ready with the answer that the national leader, when he manages to do the right thing at the right time—which is by no means often—does not succeed by dint of his own ability, but because he is inspired by the group-soul. But what about the other people who are supposed to attain to union with the national soul? It rather looks as if this ungrateful being left them to their own devices while he lavished his attentions on a leader whose main idea was probably to get his own name up.

Who of the national heroes of history have left any records suggesting that they were aware of any abnormal state of consciousness which might be called union with their people? Has it not been in nearly every case the personal influence (often the physical presence) of the leader that has held the people together, with the result that confusion has followed when that personality has been removed? Many of these dominating personalities have admitted that they despised their own followers and used them as puppets in their game; others have believed themselves to be chosen and inspired, but always by no one less than the Almighty; they would be the first to resent the imputation that their God was a local production.

Most probably the origin of these two latter theories of national consciousness, *i.e.*, the demi-god theory and the group-soul theory, is to be found in the statement that every nation is a special object of interest to a *ḍeva* or angel, who acts under the orders of the *Manu* of the root-race from which the nation is chiefly recruited. This statement seems to be quite in accord with what we know already. If we accept the existence of the *ḍeva* evolution, as administering the elemental kingdoms under the four *Ḍevarājas*, it is reasonable to suppose that the "type" of a race and, to a lesser degree, of a nation, is largely determined by the proportions assigned to the elements in the bodies of that race, astral and mental as well as physical. This work would naturally fall under the supervision of the *ḍevas*, and we can easily understand a particular *ḍeva* specialising on the requirements of a particular race or nation. Again, we have good reason to believe that the *ḍeva* kingdoms, and through

them the elemental kingdoms, are especially connected with the working out of karma, and that therefore the *deva* of a race or nation would be concerned with the *kārmic* aspect of the national life, the liabilities incurred in the past, and the most suitable ways and times in which to meet them. This rôle exactly corresponds with the "impersonal" and often forbidding attitude attributed to the *devas*, to which scriptural tradition bears witness in its visions of "an angel standing over the city with drawn sword," foreboding national disaster.

But this is a very different thing from controlling the entire consciousness of a nation, in the same relation that the ego bears to the human personality. We have always been given to understand that the *deva* evolution was distinct from the human evolution, at least as far as the highest levels, and that between the two there existed a great gulf in consciousness that made close intercourse between them undesirable at the present stage. For instance, a *deva*'s ideas of "morality" are said to be so different from our own, that to follow their example would soon get us into trouble both in the outer world and the inner. Still less can it be expected that a *deva* would be capable of understanding or sympathising with the complex social problems that play so important a part in the life of a nation, arising as they do from a variety of personal and economic interests that are continually acting and re-acting on one another. No, the national *deva* is just cut out for the part of "the property man" in *The Yellow Jacket*, who supervises the performance from the wings of the stage, and intervenes like the proverbial bolt from the blue when the occasion demands. One can easily picture Joan of Arc's "St. Michael" as belonging to

this class, judging by the results she achieved, though psychics seem rather fond of believing their "spirit guides" to be archangels.

Let us now return to earth for a while, and see if we can get some idea of the relative importance of the various factors that constitute nationality, and the extent to which they survive the passing of individuals and become the property of the nation and the basis of its conduct as a whole. In this way we may be able to see more clearly what is the "vehicle" of national karma, the reality behind the loose application of the theological term "soul".

The bond of nationality has always been symbolised by "blood," and the symbol appears to be founded on a fact in nature. The physical body, with all its hereditary tendencies, is obviously the principle factor in determining nationality. "Where were you born?" is the first question asked in any declaration of nationality; and if this does not satisfy, the next is: "Where were your parents born?" Colonists may wander to the ends of the earth, but the "accident" of birth brings them together or keeps them apart, often for generations. After all we must admit that during physical life the physical body has a good deal to say in the ordering of our lives, and probably its peculiarities extend far into the life after death by force of association. Not only has every change of consciousness to be translated by the physical brain and nervous system, but the predisposing tendencies of the physical constitution towards action are perhaps the most difficult of any to modify.

Next we might well place language. Here we enter the realm of mind, though the "mother-tongue"

is again more a matter of physical birth and consequent upbringing than a mere mental accomplishment. Every word of our native language carries with it a host of subconscious associations with the physical surroundings that we have grown to associate with ourselves from birth.

Under the heading of surroundings we may place parents, companions, landscape and customs. These all evoke a strong response from the astral body as it "sets," and continue throughout life as the inherent attraction exerted by the country of our birth and upbringing.

In education we have the basis of the mental equipment that the ego has to use through a particular life, and this must of necessity accentuate national distinction to a great extent, though it need not be allowed to do so to the same extent and in the detrimental manner that it does at present. History, for example, has long been about as natio-centric as it could be, and mediæval at that—kings, battles, dates, and "glorious victories". Other nations are mostly "the enemy" or "foreigners," "allies" at the best. Against this exclusive tendency in education, which has been the catpaw of militarism in Germany, we can turn with increasing hope to studies of a scientific trend, as helping the impressionable minds of the young to see nature as nature and not "territory," and man as man and not "subject" or "alien".

Coming to the life of the adult, "occupation" is of course not necessarily national, in fact the principal trades are common to all nations and form a bond of union among the workers that before the war was beginning to rival the national bond. On the other

hand labour has set up an ugly barrier between white and coloured races owing to the lower standard of living accepted by the latter. We have to recognise this fresh industrial menace to the world's peace before we embark on reconstruction, and provide for it before it becomes acute. But when we look at trade from the commercial standpoint, we find that instead of its being a consolidating factor among nations, it is just the opposite—a national intensifier of the bitterest order. The result is that “keeping the foreigner out” looms very large in the consciousness of the average business man. The professions cannot be said to emphasise the national consciousness to any pronounced degree, that is to say if we exclude the army and navy, which live on national antagonism. Political life is of course essentially national in its methods and outlook, but on the whole it stands for the finer elements of nationality, though its undercurrents of intrigue by press and vested interests are not a hopeful feature. Yet the statesman of the future, if not of the present, must be prepared to come off his perch of cocksure imperialism and conceive new relations on a world scale and on eternal principles. I do not propose to trespass on the delicate ground of art, which usually receives a welcome share of attention in this magazine, except to remark that while it is undoubtedly enriched by all that is of distinctive beauty in a nation, its influence on the mind and emotions tends in the main to bring nations together through their very variety of expression, rather than to keep them apart.

This catalogue of truisms has been drawn up with the idea of giving a kind of composite photograph of the mental and emotional make-up of the average man or



woman from the nationalistic standpoint, and I claim that such a composite photograph represents the national soul, or what does duty for one. Of course the simile of a photograph fails to express many other aspects, such as magnitude, energy and inertia. We might also regard it as a mental and emotional atmosphere, a huge reservoir of psychic force, continually being charged by the similar thoughts and feelings generated by the real units of the nation, its individuals, and impinging on the aura of every member of the nation so as to give it a peculiar rhythm, which remains even after a change of country.

Such a powerful, though probably nebulous, body of thought and emotion can easily be understood to have a continuity and karma of its own, especially when we remember that it represents the field of evolution for a host of elemental, semi-intelligent beings. We can appreciate the tremendous inertia of public opinion, as well as its beneficial effect in uplifting and harmonising the less advanced members of the nation. We can imagine the effect of a clash between great masses of national pride, vibrating at mutually discordant rates, when these are launched at one another by the wanton devices of national ambition. But above all we cannot fail to realise that we can help our nation most by keeping our focus of consciousness above this cloud of self-satisfied prejudice, and charging it with our leaven of spiritual energy.

From this it follows that the really great national leader is such, not by virtue of being obsessed by the nation's fixed ideas, or even its aspirations, but by sheer ability to read the hearts of a people from the vantage-point of clear vision, admitting their failings as

well as recognising their potencies, and to utilise and organise the forces and forms already available for the next step in their national evolution, instead of either attempting to combat them or pandering to them.

In the same way the real vanguard of the nation is composed of those who can respond to the wider and often seemingly impracticable lines of thought and action advocated by the leader, and add their individual contributions. Such pioneers need not look for any reward but the knowledge that they are co-operators in evolution, and that the great law cannot fail. This is often the very reverse of "feeling oneself part of a larger life" in the sense of that easy-going *esprit de corps* that we hear so much about—an excellent thing in its way. The candidate for real union with the hearts of a people—the only national soul worth the effort—must effect this union from above and not from below, must learn to stand alone and demonstrate an untried principle, undeterred by abuse or flattery; when, suddenly, perhaps long after the sufferer has left the physical body, the saviour will stand revealed to his persecutors as the embodiment of their own aspirations. In this way "atonement" is made for "the sins of the people". It is the composite body of national psychic expression which slays the prophets by its antipathy to change, but which, when once harnessed to the wheels of progress, carries the nation to its appointed goal.

It may have been noticed that I set out by making a distinction between the kârmic status of a race and a nation, but have drifted into a survey of the nation alone. This is excusable in view of the interest now focused on nationality. However, I intended all along

to return to this larger and more natural unit, the race, in contrast to the smaller and more artificial unit, the nation. This contrast is all the more important, seeing that not only do races include more than one nation, but nations include more than one race, as, for example, the British nation includes members of both the Teutonic and Celtic races. So we have to allow for the constant overlapping and intersection of the two different units—race and nation; a fact which again it is not easy to reconcile with the theory of a higher mass individuality. I spoke of the race unit as being a more natural division than a nation, not only because the natural law of heredity tends to perpetuate the characteristics of a race in spite of interspersion and a certain amount of intermarriage, but because we Theosophists especially regard a race as a phase of evolution pre-existing in the divine mind or “great plan,” and deliberately bred by the expert selection and stimulation of one of the great moulders of the human form that we speak of in Theosophy as *Manus*. In the case of a root-race I think we have the foundation for a genuine amalgamation of consciousness, for it is said that all who attain to adeptship in the same root-race are incorporated in a “heavenly man,” whose head is the *Manu* and whose heart is the *Bodhisattva* of that race.

It is therefore not surprising that when the representatives of two races, or rather—in Theosophical terminology—sub-races, are brought together within the same nation by geographical, political, or commercial expediency, the racial bond should remain within the national bond, and often survive and even outweigh the latter. For instance there is more real resemblance

in temperament between the "Celtic fringe" of Ireland and that of Wales or the highlands of Scotland than between the north and south of Ireland. This is not to say that the juxtaposition of different racial characteristics is undesirable; it is evidently a most important factor in the evolution of both the races concerned. It is only by being confronted with differences that man is stirred to appreciate and reconcile them. In America, for example, we have the unique spectacle of a number of different races, and even nations, coalescing to form a type different from all. Nevertheless in the early stages, as history shows, this clash of races within nations must necessarily result at times in dissensions, civil wars and redistributions.

Neither must we forget, in attempting to estimate the occult value of nationality, that such results have also been brought about by religious, political, and social differences. Fortunately people no longer resort to arms to prove a theological quibble. Some may retort that religion is so effete that no one any longer thinks it worth fighting about. This may be true of dogma and ritual, and few will regret it; but it is much more likely that religion is coming to be understood as life, and not the taking of life or the torture of bodies. Similarly people are slowly beginning to see that kings, and even prime ministers, are not worth the sacrifice of the flower of the manhood of a people whom they should only exist to serve. But the social, or rather economic, cause of instability still remains, and shows every sign of increasing. When the nations shall agree *among* themselves to live together on the same planet and under the same God, they will have to learn to agree *within* themselves to assume responsibility for

the welfare of their real units—the producers, by hand, brain and genius. The neglect of both these conditions has prevented the fulfilment of either ; the fulfilment of either will hasten the fulfilment of both. For centuries we have all been busy piling up the karma of war ; it is high time we began to attend to the karma of peace.

In conclusion, the main point, as it appears to me, may be conveniently “ potted ” in the form of a paradox : Individual karma may be national karma, but national karma need not be individual karma. In other words the individual may, and should, voluntarily take upon himself more or less of the karma of his nation by the exercise of responsible judgment in national affairs. He may even refuse to accept the greater part of the karma devolving upon him through birth by becoming naturalised in another nation. But to allow the karma of any nation to usurp the sense of individual responsibility to God and humanity, is to my mind an inversion of the divine purpose for which nations exist. The graduated expansion of consciousness to humanity via family, school, parish, town, county, province, nation, empire, etc., may be necessary for some people in matters physical and even mental, but the bargee who jumps in after a drowning Somali stoker, has for the moment burst through these arbitrary divisions and has reached humanity by one stroke of spiritual transcendence.

W. D. S. Brown

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# KITCHENER'S NEW ARMY

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF A SUBALTERN IN FRANCE

*July—August 1916*

### *First Impressions*

Yesterday we left England—we had to wait a long time in the great sheds at . . . before embarking, and did not sail until late afternoon. The sea was lovely and Southampton Water at its very best. A sea-plane was flying above us, about 1,000 feet up; the driver came down on a long spiral, and then shot swiftly along quite close beside us—we cheered him as he waved to us. They are wonderfully graceful and ride on the sea like great gulls when they come down. All the embarking was done in admirable order. . . .

We officers remained up on the hurricane deck until it was quite dark, watching it all—the sun, the sea, the long low coast of England and the Isle of Wight looming to the West. Ahead of us was our guiding and protecting destroyer. . . .

We landed at about 7 this morning and marched along to a rest camp, where we now are under canvas. There is a clearing hospital at the quay and many hospital ships . . . So far, however, one has not

had the feeling of France in this canvas camp quite near the docks. But we saw parties of German prisoners at work under a typical French escort, with his long thin bayonet . . . I am quite well, and happy to be in "beloved France". . . .

. . . We had to parade very early on Sunday morning. It took hours to entrain. . . Some kind ladies came to a coffee stall and provided refreshment for the men. It is really heroic of them, for they were there by 4.30 a.m. and it was everything for the men to have the food. We were in the train till 12 on Sunday night, and then we were in sound of the guns. It was weird to get out in the dark and see the dark sky all lit up with flashes, whilst the noise was like far away continuous thunder. But our chaps are simply splendid; they had been huddled up all those hours in cattle trucks, and at the end we had a six mile march up nearer the guns through the dark, with our heavy packs, and not a man fell out. Well—here we are in a small French village, typical of many such, behind the firing lines—almost entirely given up to billeting—the barns full of men, and the officers in the cottages. . . .

Your letter brought me a deep feeling of peace. It is wonderful how strong the inner things which we love *are actually*. In times when things are hard they seem to be reinforced and to give an inner serenity, which one can sometimes pour out from oneself to those around. I have felt it many times with these new friends here, and feel that in a small way I have my work here.

We have come up into the firing line, and this is written from the fire steps of the front line trenches, on this beautiful clear morning with the guns hard

at it all around. I have been within 50 yards of the German line. Of course it felt queer to be under fire, but one begins to get used to it in a very short time, and I hope I shall do my bit all right when I really am in charge of my platoon. . . .

I wish you could look into this dug-out, which is called the "house of mice" (fortunately not *rats*, which infest the rest of the trench). It is quite deep, and we have a low table and benches and a candle. In a recess are two sleeping berths which are seldom vacant. It is all very dirty. . . . The shelling is sometimes pretty heavy, the noise not as great as I feared, but we have not yet had a big bombardment.

The experience is very useful, and very wonderful in many ways. I cannot say much, you know. I would not have missed coming out here for anything. . . .

We are having a pretty rough time, a heavy bombardment, etc., but it is over. Inside I am just as usual, and the big things often come very, very near. Your letters are a breath from my own world.

*Later—from Reserve*

Much has happened since last I gave you any details. We left the little French town to come up into the firing line last Friday morning, our packs on our backs. It took us six hours of hard labour to walk through the long, winding communication trenches—horribly wet and dirty, but the top of it all vivid and beautiful with poppies and cornflowers. It is curious to go through the desolate, wasted country through which the ravage of war has passed. The fields, of course, have not been touched and are all gone to waste; a village behind us (a famous place) is simply blown



to pieces, just a few feet of wall sticking up here and there.

We came up with the firing line on Friday afternoon, just a week after leaving England; I did not think it would come off so soon. In the few days there we had samples of most things: a very heavy bombardment, artillery duel, bombing attack, etc., and we had the usual hairbreadth escapes. . . . I am very glad to have been through it. . . . It is good to find that the big things and the inner peace come into one's heart when things are difficult . . . nothing can happen that is not in the Plan. . . .

One of my jobs is censoring letters. One man made me suspect a code by the symmetry of the rows of kisses which he put. Not a bad idea! But if he was using a code, I fear I spoilt it—for I added a few extra kisses.

It occurred to me the other day with much force (and the thought remains) that HIS FORCE is as truly behind every shell and bullet as it comes screaming or whistling over, as it is in lightning or the wind. One is so apt to think of shells as man's force; in a sense they are, but at bottom they are HIS and HIS alone, and no fragment of a bursting shell can go elsewhere than the place which HE permits—whether that place be simply a mound of earth, or the heart of some one deeply loved. There is a world of peace in the thought.

*From Front Line after a Successful Bit of Work*

We are still in the firing line. . . . we have special work in hand, my own company particularly, and are up all night. All goes well and the men are splendid—I love them . . . of course we are all very pleased that—Company has done well—the Colonel congratulated

the Company, and the Brigadier has deigned from his empyrean to smile upon us. It was all interesting, but the prevailing impression in my mind is that of exertion and vigilance, and—in a curious sense—exhilaration; we feel we are beginning to take the measure of the enemy. Probably our pride will have a fall! . . . I find that my “peculiarities” (teetotal and non-smoke) are really quite useful. One of the chaps said to me a few minutes ago: “Well, I believe you abstemious chaps score” . . .

I came across some old disused trenches—probably relics of fierce fighting—and found them all grown over and made beautiful, a symbol of what will be in days to come. . . .

How beautiful the Upanishats are! So often I have found them springs of sweet water. Have just read a favourite passage in the *Mundaka*. . . . I take every chance of a quiet time, because many days come when there is no outer rest, and then one gets through better, and is of more use, because of the stored-up quiet.

I must put down in words a thought which came to me very strongly the other day in my “thinking time”. I was trying to lift up my life . . . into Master’s Life, and I remembered how we had been told that on the inner planes They had won the victory. The things which They were fighting (and are always fighting) were the forces of selfishness, carelessness, and cruelty which prevailed in the world, and They fought them by the immense power and sweetness of Their unselfishness, Their compassion and Their Love, guided by Their wisdom and knowledge of the Plan. What is left for us is the clash of the physical representatives of these evil forces, and so we have this clash of bodies and of

instruments of destruction. These things must work themselves out ; the weapons of destruction, which have been prepared for many years, must be broken, one against another, and because the victory has been won in the higher worlds one knows that the balance of power and of victory will presently show itself clearly, and the War will be won. But what, I feel, constitutes our personal contribution, corresponding to the Master's outpouring of His power, is our offering of courage, and endurance, and cheerfulness in face of danger, discomfort and loneliness.

It was an elusive kind of thought that came into my head, and I can't quite recover it, but it inspired me at the time, and the feeling of it is with me.

Somehow, living more consciously near the gateway of the next world than one usually does at home (although we all *know* that we may die any day, one forgets it at home), one gains a much more vivid consciousness of one's own immortality. . . .

*From Reserve*

It is astonishing how marvellously refreshing and inspiring *our* thoughts constantly are. I had a busy day . . . and was not free until 7 p.m. when I went for a stroll to the next village. One had been somewhat immersed in things, shut into the noisy hut (about twenty-five active young men in a hut *are* noisy) by the heavy rain, yet in a few moments, thinking over things and going through our meditation, one felt all opened up to His world, and alive again to the beauty which was shining through.

*From Trenches*

I walked back yesterday evening along the road up to the front lines for a long way—until I had to turn into

a trench. It was so lovely, a beautiful clear sky, washed by recent rains, and a long vista of rolling country stretching away to the south—so rich in colour and so varied. My heart was full of the thoughts of *our* world—our real world—and of the Master, who sometimes seems marvellously near.

This is written from a place of peace and quiet . . . we walked back yesterday evening for about four miles to this town. It was a lovely evening, and our backs were turned to the scenes of destruction and our faces towards the evening sky, and I just “opened up” inside and dwelt upon all the good, sweet and precious things which belong to the SELF as *Beauty*. At the front the Power side is more manifest than the Beauty side—and then when I turned into bed [!] I felt that I really was going to have a few hours in the bigger world.

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I am sure that there is much that we have to learn through being *separated* as well as through being together. We have been so marvellously happy . . . and it builds up with all the other Great Things an inner reservoir of peace and of goodwill, which can be drawn upon more freely than I, for one, realised, to pass on to other people. It is *very good* to be mixed up constantly with a changing company of all sorts.

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Nearly every day I find time and inclination to go through some form of meditation. Having to be on watch always at dawn—with very little to do but watch—I find that the thoughts belonging to our Meditation and to Master come into my mind. The door to His Household seems often to be open.

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The sun is just sinking to his setting, and my heart joins with you and all our hearts in homage to the "Splendour of Their Sacred Persons". It is all near and present to me.

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#### DR. HÜBBE SCHLEIDEN

ONE of the most enthusiastic and faithful members of the T. S., Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, has passed to the fuller life on the 7th May this year in Göttingen. The older members of our Society will remember his name, and although in later years he had appeared less in the public world, his biography appeared in these pages in 1911 under the heading of "Theosophical Worthies".

A repetition of this account of his life is therefore unnecessary. What might interest those who have not read the above-mentioned biography, is that, in the presence of H. P. B., together with six other members, he founded the first Branch of the T. S. in Germany in 1887. From that time he dedicated himself entirely with head and heart to the Theosophical work.

Many difficulties he had to surmount, but never did his courage fail, nor his complete confidence in the

spiritual and physical leaders. After his journey to India in 1894 (during which time his monthly magazine, *Sphinx*, dedicated to Theosophical and similar subjects, that till then had such widespread influence, ceased its publication), he retired to a more solitary life, dedicating himself more and more to his scientific work, which consisted in demonstrating scientifically the truth of Reincarnation and Karma. But he did not altogether neglect the outer movement, so dear to his heart; for always, when the Section seemed in danger or difficulty, he appeared on the scene with word or action to put things in what to him seemed the right way.

This he did during the latest most serious difficulty, during the schism of the German Society produced by Dr. Steiner's movement. Those outside the German Section can hardly imagine the difficulties against which he had to work, how he had been attacked, calumniated, ridiculed and slandered; he, nearly alone against the great mass of Dr. Steiner's followers. And always he remained gentle, kind, courteous; so much so that he was called hypocrite and liar. There was certainly in him a great amount of adaptability, and an elasticity in his thinking process; so that after all it was not to be wondered at that he was accused of want of sincerity.

Thanks to his strenuous efforts, however, he succeeded in raising a new German Section from the small remnant that was left after the secession *en masse* of Dr. Steiner's majority. About the same time he introduced in his country the Order of the Star in the East, publishing also a little monthly magazine dedicated entirely to the spreading of the good news of the near coming of the Great One.

So Germany has not been quite lost to our Society. His friends will not forget him, remembering his gentleness and constant readiness to help. He will live amongst them as the personification of the three virtues demanded from us as members of the Order: Devotion, Steadfastness and Gentleness.

Yet he needed and deserved his rest, after long years of persevering work, of continuous struggles, and after the last months of painful suffering. But a soul of his calibre will not want to rest too long, and surely he will be judged useful and necessary for the great work in the near future.

G. B.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE DAY OF JUDGMENT AND THE COMING RACE

The most interesting article by G. E. Sutcliffe, the first instalment of which has appeared in the July THEOSOPHIST, contains several suggestions which will bear discussion.

If it is permitted to deduce from the existence of a "day of judgment" in the fifth round that there are others of the second, third and fourth orders taking place in the fifth globes, root-races and sub-races, then, in order to be logical, the possibility of a judgment in the fifth chain should also be mentioned. The failures in such an examination would, of course, be delayed until the next scheme of evolution.

But is it permissible to assume such a series of "days of judgment"? In the case of the fifth round examination we are told that "the majority will be left behind because they are too young to go on" (*The Inner Life*, Leadbeater, Vol. II, p. 295). And it is to be noted that while the more evolved of the "failures" come into the next chain at about its middle point as its leaders, that all of the previous work has also been done by "failures" of the less evolved sort (*ib.*, p. 326 *et seq.*). If this rule were to apply to Mr. Sutcliffe's fourth order judgment in Atlantis, it would mean that all the hard preliminary work in the building of the fifth root-race would be done by the least evolved of the failures; but we have been told that the pioneers of the race were rather carefully selected (*Man: Whence, How and Whither*, chap. XIV).

Again: the failures drop out at the time of any judgment, and wait until there is a stage which will permit of their incarnation with benefit to themselves and to others. In the case of the fifth round examination, the dropping out means that they will have to wait until an entirely new humanity passes from the animal to the human kingdom, and until this humanity reaches a position not far below that of the "failure" at the time when he was dropped. In the case of Mr. Sutcliffe's second, third and fourth order examinations, however, the one who was dropped would seem to come back into incarnation into surroundings and among neighbours more advanced than those from whom he was taken.



The above are some of the questions raised by a reading of the article in question, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Sutcliffe will find them of sufficient interest to justify his attention.

HERVEY GULICK

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### AMERICA AND THE NEW RACE

It is with regret, sadness, and foreboding that I read in the June THEOSOPHIST Mary Berry's words upon America and the New Race. Since the outbreak of the war, America has been attacked and criticised by both sides, but this has been the portion always of nations who remained even nominally neutral in the wars of history. Hitherto we have understood the strong feeling, which in such periods of intensity prevails over justice—understood and forgiven it. Now this sweeping condemnation of a whole people is so manifestly unjust that answer must be made.

Yet above the sense of injustice to a great people rises the sense of danger to the Theosophical Society; a menace, at this time of inflamed passions, which may undermine the great ideal of our order; which may do more to impede the evolution of man than the failure of any one nation—the danger of race jealousy among Theosophists. It has been given us at the time when the need of brotherhood is greatest, to manifest it to the world, based upon scientific truth and religious ideals. Shall we fail of this great purpose because we cannot live the teaching in our own ranks?

Most members of the Theosophical Society have made sacrifices in order to gain the privilege of working with this movement. Almost all are imbued with the feeling of grave responsibility which lies upon them in having joined it. They are so convinced of the vital importance of the work to which they have put their hand, that all other ties in life become less than that which binds them to the service of the Lodge. Therefore I know I must find answer in the hearts of Theosophists when I say that, higher than patriotism, deeper than love of race, should flame in each soul the love of man. He who seeks to follow in the steps of the great Teachers can belong to no one country, to no one people, but to the world; and he must give honour equally to all nations, knowing each one is necessary to the perfect whole, each destined to fulfil one essential role in the cosmic drama. If for a moment we could rise above all personal considerations and realise with our

hearts as we do with our minds that all are one, dependent each upon the other as are the members of the human body, that the failure of one endangers the welfare of the whole, we should be slower to condemn any race or people, and readier to hold out encouragement and succour to the soul of each man and of each people in its struggle for perfection.

It is useless to enter here into the question of America's duty in regard to the war. We are still too close to the issues involved, to see clearly whether we failed in a great crisis, or whether our neutrality resulted from some great inner scheme to hold steady certain portions of the planet, lest it be rent asunder by the violence and scope of the forces involved. It is significant with regard to this idea, that a political hazard only kept us out of war. The unexpected forming of a third great party brought Wilson into the Presidency as the choice of a minority of the people, an occurrence not paralleled in many years.

A few months ago, the English papers stated clearly that they recognised America could not enter the war, but they desired her moral support. Now that this has been granted them, now that Germany looks upon us as so hostile in feeling that she has given up all attempt to influence our opinion, England is not satisfied but demands active participation. Let me say just this: If America had broken openly with Germany, Belgium would have fared far worse than she did. At the time of her direst need, her resources, and such supplies as the various countries contributed, were organised by the genius of an American, who as a neutral was permitted to establish a temporary currency and a distributing government, by means of which food reached the people who needed it. Such was the disorganisation of government, railway and monetary system that without such aid many must have starved, even with food from England in their very harbours. Further, if America had made war on Germany, the last check upon the submarine warfare would have been lost. America has not been neutral in heart. American doctors and nurses gave their lives to cleanse Serbia. Side by side with France and England fights the American legion; from almost every town in the land come bandages and supplies for the Allies; and a stream of gold pours Eastward to the distressed countries, that often leaves our own people in want. If we have been less partisan than England, convinced as every nation is of the justice of its own cause, could have wished, it is in part because we have by our remoteness a better perspective, a clearer vision. In this titanic struggle we cannot see the villainy of one people made manifest, but the logical result of the policy of greed and deceit with which every government is tainted in the past

five hundred years. It is an evil, long in the blood, come to a head at last. That some nations are more wholly diseased than others, we have realised, but we have no hereditary enemy. We be the sons of all countries, the children of many nations, and our sense of brotherhood is strong. German, French, Italian, English, break bread with us and become part of our national family. Knowing here, as we do, these brothers of ours, beneath the treachery or cruelty of their governments we feel the soul of their people still true; and we cannot cast them out nor hate them, no, not if they slay our own kin. And they have. Many a family here mourns its dead. My brother-in-law died for France scarce a year ago; his brothers and my own cousin fight upon the battle line to-day.

Within the soul of this people works a leaven which compels them to see the other man's point of view. Perhaps its end will be a step towards real brotherhood. At present it is visible in the sympathy with the under dog, even with malefactors, so that juries often refuse to convict in the face of strong evidence of guilt. It is this same spirit of sympathy which makes them understand in part how the German people came to their tragic destiny. Misled, deceived by their leaders, they must pay a heavy price for their unwisdom. May the penalty exacted be not too hard! Perhaps out of this mooted question of neutrality good shall come; perchance by our very lack of passion, the period of hate in Europe shall be somewhat shortened. Shall, then, a whole people be condemned upon one decision at one moment of history? Shall they be judged unworthy of esteem because of the action of the political party in power at one short period of time? Is there indeed one nation whose hand is so clean that it dare to cast the first stone?

Now as to the question of the New Race, the destiny promised America by H. P. B. The American section has accepted the utterance gravely, with no elation but with the seriousness of deep responsibility, knowing responsibility is always a heavy burden. As Theosophists there can be no quarrelling as to whose is the greater honour. Conscious as every nation must be of its own shortcomings, we Americans will gladly relinquish any claim to be the parents of the New Race if others can be found more fit. Surely, surely the only important thing to anyone interested in the welfare of humanity is that the new child, the promise of the future, should have the best possible conditions for its growth and development. As for the honour involved, to desire it for its own sake is like desiring crucifixion for its notoriety. The honour of a grave responsibility! There is never a mortal high in power who will not bear witness to the unutterable

happiness of obscurity. If, therefore, another race be better fitted for the task, let her claim it. America's hour has not come; yet she knows that if the child race is to be brought forth, she must pay the penalty in blood and tears. She must make the great sacrifice and perchance lose her own life for the life to come. Do you who condemn America know the ordeal facing her? Take it if you will in her stead, and take with it into your bosoms the ancient evil of Atlantis with which she is already struggling, which she has undertaken to cleanse away for humanity's sake. It will be a mortal combat rivalled only by that which preceded the sinking of the great continent. You in Europe have met the outer evil. It lies with America to meet the inner. Give her help if you can.

Let race and people fulfil their destiny, but let us as Theosophists strive to fulfil our destiny as the brothers of the world. Let us hold intact that ideal of brotherhood without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour, that great first principle for which this Society came into life. If we fail of that we shall fail utterly. Let us not wrangle for bread from the Father's table. Let our motto be not to attain honour, not even to be worthy of honour, but humbly to serve mankind.

*California*

MARY GRAY

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### QUERY

On page 4 of the collection of the *Esoteric Writings* of the late Mr. T. Subba Row, it is stated: "Find out the numerical value of the letters composing the word according to the methods given in ancient Tāntrik works." Will you kindly let me know where can I find this dictionary in which the numerical value of letters in Samskr̥t̥ is given, and oblige?

P. J. PURANIK

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## BOOK-LORE

*Mind in Evolution*, by L. T. Hobhouse, D.Litt. (Macmillan. London. Price 10s.)

The first edition of this book appeared in 1901; since then, as the author reminds us in his preface, psychology has made such rapid strides that the second edition calls for more than the usual notice. It is certainly a most careful and comprehensive study of animal consciousness in its development from the most elementary instinct to the dawning intelligence of the higher animals, concluding with a philosophical forecast of the social possibilities of the human mind. In Mr. Hobhouse the analytical introspection of the psychologist is found allied to the patient observation of the naturalist; as may be imagined, the combination is a singularly happy one, especially when it is backed by the power of clear expression and an evident love of animals for their own sake.

To follow this treatise (for it amounts to no less) conscientiously, requires both time and sustained application, but in spite of its length there is no appearance of superfluity or repetition, and the language is not unnecessarily technical. It is therefore quite within the capacity of the average student, and well calculated to repay a certain amount of effort by conferring a sure grasp of the steps by which the mental process has been acquired in the course of evolution.

The writer holds that the evolution of forms is not necessarily towards a higher type, but towards a greater variety of types, of which the most adaptable survive according to the conditions obtaining in different times and places. The only line of development that may be traced as continuous is that of mind. Instinct and intelligence are diametrically opposite in point of method, but intelligence "arises within the sphere of instinct," as the automatic actions of the latter become

correlated by experience and directed, first by desire and finally by conscious purpose. The connecting link between the two stages seems to consist in what the author calls "practical judgment," *i.e.*, when a definite choice is first made between alternative courses of action. The following illustration may be quoted as throwing a good deal of light on the working of nature :

One may perhaps convey some conception of the difference by an image. Three persons start for a certain place. One does not know the way, but is directed to follow a certain road. Keeping to this road, he arrives safely and speedily unless there should be any unforeseen obstacle, such as a broken bridge, in which case, as he knows no other paths, he is blocked. This is the case of "organic growth". Another, Intelligence, knows where the point is and finds his way there, going by a detour if the direct road is impossible. The third wanders at random, but as everywhere there are hedges and walls, preventing him from getting far out of the way, and as hedges grow up behind him to prevent his return, he gradually arrives by eliminating all possibilities of going anywhere else. This is the evolutionary process. We might vary the image by substituting three companies for three individuals. Of the first company, three or four out of ten would arrive, and that speedily, but the remainder would be unable to swim the stream where the bridge was broken. Of the second class, all would arrive, and, on the average, still more speedily, since, taking obstacles into account, they know the best way. Of the third, the different members would start together and gradually disperse, and, having a tendency to keep apart, one out of the number would in time happen on one of the paths leading to the right spot.

A large proportion of the book is filled with the results of numerous and instructive experiments in the training of animals, the motive power being always supplied by placing food in some place where intelligence had to be exercised to secure it, and never by fear. The heroes of these exploits were drawn from the ranks of dogs, cats, monkeys, elephants, etc., including an otter. The monkeys seem to have reached a stage distinctly in advance of even the dog in respect of "articulateness" of ideas and "analogical connection". The factor found to be most essential to the solving of a canine problem, such as the drawing of a bolt to open a box, was attention; and in this respect the cat generally proved inferior to the dog, though more skilful when once interested.

There is a particularly interesting appendix on the famous Elberfeld horses, who were credited with the ability to do sums of arithmetic—even square roots. Mr. Hobhouse confesses that he has not enough evidence to form a conclusive opinion, as his intended visit to these horses never came off. But he examines very thoroughly the evidence already published, and is certain of this much at least—that however

remarkable their development of memory may have been, "Muhamed" and Co. did not paw out their answers through the ordinary process of arithmetical reasoning. Add to which, the only experiments made in the absence of their master were made by an enthusiast, and were anything but successful; a fact which, among others, points very strongly to the use of some form of signal, however subtle and concealed. In our opinion, not the least damaging incident reported was a hasty order given by Herr Krall to his groom to give the horse a sharp cut with the whip when he gave a wrong answer. However far animals may be trained by fear, we cannot believe that the effect of such treatment on the hyper-sensitive nervous system of a horse could be otherwise than prohibitive to any concentrated mental effort.

There are many other matters of Theosophical as well as general interest to be found in this important work, but we can trust students to explore it for themselves, hoping that they will find it in their respective libraries.

W. D. S. B.

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*Christianity After the War*, by Frank Ballard, D.D., M.A., B.Sc. (Charles H. Kelly, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The world at present is viewing perhaps the greatest example of precept versus practice, in the shape of the European War, that has ever occurred in history. Christianity has always been held up in the West as pre-eminently the religion of Love. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" and "Love thy neighbour as thyself" are its two great commandments, and yet we have on a greater scale than ever a War waged mainly between so-called Christian nations. Truly it might be described in the words of Browning as a War of peoples

Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed!  
Who maintain Thee in word, and defy Thee in deed!

Dr. Ballard cannot find much of Christianity at the present time, and yet he feels that it is not the fault of Christianity, but of its followers. Real Christianity is strangely absent, and after the War we shall have to amend our ways. Christianity must, he thinks, become broader, and advance

with the times, in fact evolve. Its spirit remains as ever the same, but the forms that spirit inhabits must become more adaptable. Principles of reason and justice alone will not avail much, in his opinion, to reconstruct a cosmos out of the vast chaos these last years have produced. Something deeper, something more impalpable, but infinitely more powerful is needed, a change of heart, which can be brought about alone by religion—Christianity, the religion of the West. But the Christianity after the War is in no sense to resemble the so-called Christianity of the non-Christian civilisation of to-day.

Christianity, as represented by its adherents, must learn to set higher value upon TRUTH, whatever becomes of tradition. It must lay ever greater stress upon CHARACTER, whatever be the fluctuation of creeds. It must insist upon more ACTUAL OBEDIENCE to the law of Christ and pay less heed to the conventions of society or the customs of a non-Christian civilisation.

The Theosophist will find many points wherein he can agree with Dr. Ballard, whose chief limitation seems to be his inability to recognise the value of any other religion than his own. But if we are to carry out his widening process of Christianity to a logical conclusion, we think it will develop into something very similar to Theosophy. We agree heartily that the world is in need of a change of heart, and that change of heart, it seems to us, must be born of the Spirit, and something a little beyond Mr. Blatchford's "principles of reason and justice" appears necessary. And who will quarrel with Dr. Ballard's main contention that we must follow Christ? It may well be that after the War, a Great Teacher will come to point out the way still more clearly to our now clouded eyes, and the "Christianity" of the future will embody in its widest sense the Catholic faith. We have dealt with but one—we think the most important—aspect of Dr. Ballard's book. The thoughts contained in it are broader and greater than the words in which they are expressed, and the casual reader might find himself somewhat disappointed at the rather narrow outlook from which Dr. Ballard seems to view life and things from time to time. This is why we have emphasised what we consider to be the real message of the book, but the reader will find much to ponder over, much perhaps to cavil at, which we have been obliged, from lack of space, to refrain from noticing here.

T. L. C.



*The Supreme Quest: or the Nature and Practice of Mystical Religion*, by P. Langham. (Joseph Johnson, London.)

“To call the attention of the devout to the inward and enduring realities of religion,” says the author, “is the object of this book.” And again he observes later: “We write for those who feel the heavy slumber of animal contentment disturbed by dreams of transcendent experiences.” Such persons are very numerous in these days of “divine discontent,” and the book will appeal to many.

It is divided into three parts, besides the Conclusion—The Supreme Quest, Mystical Religion Unveiled, The Practice of Mystical Religion. The whole is written from the standpoint of the Christian mystic, and echoes of John Cordelier, Madame Guyon, and others of like mind, haunt us as we read. There is nothing particularly striking or original in the author’s presentation of his subject, but it is pleasant to read, in devotional mood, the familiar teachings earnestly expressed, often in the words of “some dear familiar strain” from Scripture or the writings of the poets.

A. DE L.

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*The Shadow on the Universe: or the Physical Results of War*, by J. M. Clayton. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The purpose of this book is plain. It is simply to remind any who are not completely blinded to the fact, that war is race-suicide. The author sees that the physical deterioration and disfigurement caused by war can have but one end, namely, loss of recuperative power and consequent extinction. However, he considers it not yet too late to avert the final stages of the ruin man has brought on himself, if he will only use the powers of reason and will with which nature has endowed him. He admits that the momentum of a heredity infected with the virus of militarism is enormous, but he denies that it is any excuse for the fatalistic shibboleths repeated by the militarists, such as “it is the will of God”—“war is the method of nature”—“man is incurably ferocious”—“war is the great purifier,” etc., etc. He maintains

that, in the case of war, a man strikes a blow simply because he has been told, as have his forefathers and mothers, that it is noble to strike blows, not because he has anything to gain by doing so. The few who expect to gain do not strike the blows themselves, but take care that the unselfish and docile are nurtured in the belief that striking blows is noble. When people begin to believe themselves instead of their exploiters, they will know that blows are cowardly and that generosity is noble.

Women, says the author, already know this more naturally than men, and when once they begin to act on their knowledge, they will transmit this tendency to their offspring. Hitherto, he contends, the military propagandist has systematically suppressed the higher side of woman's nature by stimulating the lower, and so the offspring has continually inherited the destructive tendencies of the father, without their being counteracted by the constructive tendencies of the mother, as provided by nature. The remedies urged as being the only means of escape from the present situation are the recognition of womanhood, liberal education, and a policy of respect for nationality, especially towards the smaller and less developed nations.

Mr. (or is it Mrs.?) Clayton only essays to deal with the physical aspect of the peril, but his faith in the power of the human will to shake off its fetters of pious resignation and work with the beneficent plan of nature instead of against it, is essentially spiritual, and even Theosophical. Doubtless many will call his language exaggerated, and they may be right; he certainly calls a spade a spade, erring on the side of the shovel rather than on that of the agricultural implement; but he is an avowed enthusiast, and enthusiasm covers a multitude of—terminological extensions. Many more will call him mad, dangerous, unpatriotic, etc., but not the people who think for themselves. We believe that the warning contained in this book is needed, and that its message of mental reconstruction is sound in principle.

W. D. S. B.

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*The German Soul*, by Baron F. von Hugel. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This book is divided into two distinct essays. The first is entitled "Christianity in Face of the War: The 'Realist' and the true Solution of the Problem". Here the question asked and answered is: How can we reconcile State Morality with the private morality of the Christian? This is a very real and pressing problem, and the author's discussion of it circles round the Sermon on the Mount. Are the rules there laid down for human guidance compatible with the duty of the man as a citizen in public life? The conclusions arrived at are disappointing. They are of that vague order which neither boldly denies the value of Christ's teaching, nor accepts it ungrudgingly, nor, again, assigns it a definite place in the moral scale. By way of compromise the author seeks refuge in what he calls the "double Christian polarity". Man leads a dual existence, an "amphibious" life. He belongs to the kingdom of heaven and also to that of earth. His two aspects, the divine and the human, are two incommensurables. There can be no common law which shall regulate both. Yet we must never cease from our efforts to make our life "here below" approach as nearly as possible our heavenly life by means of "a levelling up, a standing on tip-toe, a yearning to kiss the feet of the Crucified". To keep alive this hunger for the supernatural life, which "cannot be perceived, still less lived, except as a gift, in rare moments where at all fully, in modest fragments where at all continuously," is the business of the Church. By "the persistent, vivid witness to the reality of God and of his kingdom in the Beyond and the continuous encouragement of and labour at the most fully Christian compromises, the nearest approaches to the Sermon on the Mount fruitfully possible in any age or place," this task is to be accomplished.

These rather unsatisfactory conclusions are led up to by an exceedingly interesting analysis of the position of Friederich Naumann and Professor Ernst Troeltsch with regard to the relation between *Real-politik* and Christian morality.

The second half of the book is entitled "The German Soul". It is a study of great value to all who would understand the situation in Europe at the present time. It is

obvious from the views expressed in the course of the exposition, as well as from his own account of himself, that the author's sympathies are entirely with England and her Allies, and yet with the German part of him—his father was a German, but anti-Prussian, let it be remembered—he is able to appreciate and understand those peculiar characteristics of German mentality which have made possible the present crisis.

His special concern is not with the specific Prussians. He states at the very outset that he cannot add much towards explaining the origin of the mentality which has given rise to their "frankly Machiavellian policy". What he wishes to do is to elucidate and analyse those generally German idiosyncrasies which have "permitted, or even favoured, this large domination of the Prussian spirit, and those general characteristics which we can trust will eventually overcome that same spirit—a spirit not confined to Germany, and which is even more the enemy of the German soul itself than it can ever be of our own military peace". An exceedingly suggestive analysis follows, in which we are shown how the very qualities of the German soul which have made it great, its thirst for theory, for completeness, its idealism, are also the groundwork of those characteristics which have made it susceptible to domination by the spirit which built up the Prussian State, that "close-knit, conscientiously heartless and humourless bureaucratic hierarchy". The author next discusses the four main philosophic and religious groups which have helped and hindered the growth of the German character—the Roman Catholic, the Protestant, the Idealist, the Materialist. And finally he makes some practical suggestions as to the lines along which changes may be expected and encouraged in the German Soul. He hopes that after the war Germany will realise her nobler self—but first she must, in his opinion, be definitely beaten.

A. DE L.

## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DRAMA

The above is the title of an article by F. R. Scatcherd which appeared in the *Asiatic Review* for July. It is a critique of the play, "The Barton Mystery," by Walter Hackett, produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, and reveals a sympathetic understanding of the penalties that psychics, and especially mediums, have to pay for their abnormal sensitiveness at the hands of a "faithless and perverse generation" that is ever seeking a sign and never satisfied. The play is chosen as being remarkable, if only for the fact that it is the first in which psychic research has been introduced seriously on the English stage. Apparently the hero, Beverley, is not possessed of a very high order of psychic faculty; psychometry and trance mediumship seem to be his chief accomplishments; and, as is too often the case with people of one-sided development whose bodies have not been trained to withstand the abnormal tension, he is also the victim of occasional outbursts of intemperance. But in spite of, or perhaps partly because of, his trying circumstances, Beverley bears the stamp of genuine greatness. We read:

All this and more Mr. Irving makes his audience feel. He arouses a strange pity for, and contemplation of, the pathos and tragedy of such a life as that of the Society Medium. He shows him to be, at his worst, a victim of the defects of his gifts; at his best, generous, forgiving, long-suffering, tolerant of the vices and stupidities of his clients, because he knows how much all men are at the mercy of circumstances. He remains at heart a child, suffering keenly, but not resenting the pain, for his wayward genius has revealed to him in his moments of true inspiration glories unspeakable. He has seen the "light that never was on sea or land," and feels himself a "strayed angel" from realms supernal, doomed for some inscrutable reason to sojourn awhile on the dark planet men call Earth.

The play has the useful merit of being founded on fact, and the phenomena are sufficiently striking to arouse public interest in their rapidly growing acceptance by qualified observers. Not only is the central character true to modern life, but also those of Sir Everard and Lady Marshall are easily recognisable as types of what the author calls the "scientific-academic" and the "feminine-mystical" minds.

What opened-eyed student of psychical matters has not met many Sir Everards even in the exalted ranks of the Society for Psychical Research, men credulous in their incredulity, who, rejecting genuine evidence, fall a victim to "faked phenomena" because, forsooth, the latter complied with conditions laid down by themselves in their colossal ignorance of the laws governing those unexplored fields of knowledge. But having been led into the truth by false evidence, having "seen the light," Sir Everard Marshall becomes a staunch and courageous pioneer, and thus illustrates and

justifies Professor James's contention as to the superior capacity of the scientific mind over the mystical one in dealing with ascertained facts. The wild advocacy of the sentimental Lady Marshall, who adopted a new religion every few months and deemed it her duty to convert her much tried husband, is a case in point. Her deliberate "helping out of the phenomena," in her anxiety to convince her husband, evinces a disregard for truth and a lack of conscientiousness of which the scientific mind is rarely guilty, but which is not infrequently displayed by over-zealous propagandists of various religious schools of thought.

The Theosophical student will doubtless have made considerable capital out of this play, and we may safely infer that many fruitful discussions will have arisen, not to mention the favourite warnings against the "lower" mind—which at least does its best not to be taken in, though it cannot help being caught napping sometimes—and vindications of budding intuitives who "do but don't know why".

Besides affording a striking object lesson to the general public, it is to be hoped that the play will compel the ministers of religion to widen their outlook on the superphysical, especially in this time of trial when their conventional agnosticism is being weighed and found wanting. Mr. Scatcherd significantly points out how the much-abused psychic is often the only foothold left to the truth-seeker between doubt and despair.

And Richard Standish, M.P. (powerfully portrayed by Mr. H. V. Esmond), who, in his agony of anxiety to save the life of an innocent man—against reason, against common sense, against all that such a man stands for—clutches at the proverbial straw, and consents to consult a "weird" being whom he regards as eccentric and absurd—is he not multiplied amongst us to-day by the thousand—nay, by the million—in the crushed and grief-stricken men and women who find no consolation in orthodox religion, no answer from official science to the problems that threaten to overwhelm the very citadels of reason—nay, of life itself? Hard-hearted science and soft-headed religion drive them in crowds to Beverley and his like, and be it said in all seriousness and admitted with thankfulness that these much-sinned-against members of the human family, against whom all doors are shut, to whom all justice is denied, these men and women possessing the "sixth sense" do often prove a tower of strength in weakness and despair, and a source of guidance and enlightenment in bewilderment and perplexity when everything else has proved of no avail.

We hope that this debut of the psychic play under such favourable auspices will pave the way for others of equal quality; the psychic novel has already done much to break down the outer prejudices of "Society," but the possibilities of the stage in this direction have until now remained unexploited, though we must not forget Mr. G. K. Chesterton's play "Magic". We are indebted to the *Asiatic Review* for its excellent description.

W. D. S. B.

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER of our very useful Theosophical workers, Captain Cannan, has heard the Master's call on the battle-field and has gone Home. When he volunteered at first, he was refused as over age, but later he was given his chance, and has been for months at the front, serving with great courage as a gunner, and winning the D.S.O. His passing away leaves lonely a wife in feeble health, to whom we can only offer, in her sorrow, our deep and affectionate sympathy. The War has claimed so many of our good present workers, as well as of our promising workers for the future, that our ranks show gaps that need to be made good.

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Our Theosophical Danish sculptor, Miss Dietrichsen, one of whose beautiful statues adorns the Hall at the Adyar Headquarters, is working very hard in preparation for the Coming of the World-Teacher. She has translated into Danish a useful article from the *Herald of the Star*, entitled, "Can We End the War by Thought?" and has circulated 4,000 copies, sending it to all Danish Bishops, to the prominent men among the clergy, and to men and women of eminence in science, literature, education, legislative and social work, to political and commercial associations, and to libraries, periodicals and newspapers. Another booklet

has been sent to all the Danish clergy, about 1,000 in number, as well as to the above. Miss Dietrichsen is also carrying on a lecturing propaganda, and thus the good work goes forward, despite all untoward circumstances.

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A touching and beautiful celebration in Ceylon marks the end of twenty-five years of unselfish and devoted work in opening the doors of education to Buddhist girls without perverting them from their ancestral faith; the Musæus Buddhist Girls' School celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Mrs. Musæus Higgins on November 16th. "Old Girls"—if we may feminise "Old Boys," though it sounds irreverent—gathered in numbers, and breakfasted together, before the turn of the general public came. At the large garden party to which outsiders were admitted, an address was presented to Mrs. Higgins, which aptly remarked that this western invader came to an eastern land to help, not to hinder, and had proved to be a friend, "nay, a truly devoted and affectionate mother". She had saved to their own noble faith the future mothers whom she trained, and as the address said: "We shudder to think what the condition of female education among the Sinhalese would have been, had you not with your wise foresight and sympathetic devotion to our cause brought about our training and instruction on essentially Buddhist lines." All accounts of the days before the Buddhist revival, brought about by Colonel Olcott's splendid work, say that the educated Buddhists were then somewhat ashamed of their faith, and, as all the eastern world knows, it was by him and his great colleague, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, that Buddhism was again regarded by the English-educated as a crown of honour to be boldly and proudly worn, and not as a secret amulet to be worn under a covering. A missionary complained in his anger that in the witness-box a Buddhist witness used to hang his head when he had to state his religion, while, since Colonel Olcott's work, he held up his head and said proudly: "I am a Buddhist."

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It is Mrs. Higgins who has saved the girls of the faith from perversion, and has trained the mothers to love and worship the supreme Flower of our Humanity. Rightly then was she honoured after her 25 years of work. As Mr. Woodward, the Principal of Mahinda College, Galle—one of the Colleges of the Buddhist Theosophical Society—said, in opening the new buildings for the training of teachers, fitting memorial of the Silver Jubilee, built by her old students and Mr. de Abrew, teachers would go out from that school to all parts of the Island, to carry on education on the lines of the parent institution.

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We do not often print newspaper accounts in the Watch-Tower, but this occasion is unique; it is so great a tribute to the work of the T.S., and the recognition is won by so noble a service, that we give here one of the many accounts from outside journals, so that Theosophists may see what this one Theosophist woman has done; here is the account of the work from the *Ceylon Independent*:

To-day the Musæus School attains the twenty-fifth year of its establishment. A representative of this paper, who called at the school in Rosmead Place yesterday morning, struck upon a bustling hive of industry, Mrs. Higgins and her pupils being intent on the preparations for the celebration of the event. Mrs. Higgins can look back on a record of work of which any educationist may well be proud, though the dignified directress herself is the very personification of unassuming and unostentatious humility, with which she combines a keen practicality, evidence of which is writ large in the well arranged and well managed establishment over which she presides. Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, on a visit to Ceylon over a quarter of a century ago, saw the need for an institution for the education of Buddhist girls, and their keen insight into, and consummate knowledge of, the requirements of Buddhist children helped them in the selection of a directress. Their choice fell on Mrs. Higgins. This lady arrived in Colombo, and a mud and wattle cadjan hut was quite good enough for her to begin work in. To-day, in a well appointed, excellently equipped establishment, founded on the very spot where she began her early struggle, Mrs. Higgins treasures among her most cherished possessions a picture of the little old school, worked in silk. She proudly shows it to her

visitors. In this little unpretentious hut, Mrs. Higgins, with the co-operation of Dr. English, Miss English and Miss Emma Allison, began laying the foundation of a great educational work. The ravages of white ants threatened the extinction of the humble abode. Mrs. Higgins, with her usual tact and energy, then laid her plans for a solid brick building. A row of rooms for the boarders and lady helpers was run up, and Dr. English contented himself with sleeping in the old and half dismantled cottage, which had served all purposes till then. Soon the cottage came down. Mrs. Higgins' persevering spirit continuing unabated, the buildings were gradually added to. Mr. H. P. Fernando built at his own expense a second block, while Mr. P. D. Khan very generously added the finishing touches. It was at the Musæus School that the training of teachers was first attempted, and Mrs. Higgins' efforts in this direction have met with considerable success, while the education imparted to the children has borne good fruit, among the distinctions won by the girls being the Jeejeebhoy Scholarship at the Medical College. Mrs. Higgins is a firm believer in the combination of religious and secular education, and her efforts have been specially directed at deepening the tone of religious education in the school. Her ideals have been so shaped as to give her pupils the best of their own country with a suitable leavening of the West. The establishment consists of an up-to-date English School, an infant school, an elementary school, a department for higher work and a training school for vernacular students.

#### A LETTER FROM MRS. ANNIE BESANT

The following appreciative letter has been received by one of the teachers of the school from Mrs. Annie Besant :

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,  
*Adyar, Madras, S., Nov. 5, 1916.*

DEAR MISS DE SILVA AND OTHERS,

I should much like to be with you for noble Mrs. Higgins' Silver Jubilee, but it is not possible for me to go to Ceylon, as I have an engagement I cannot break on Nov. 17th. I send my very best wishes, and pray that she may long be spared to continue her uplifting work.

Ever yours,  
ANNIE BESANT

#### A TRIBUTE IN VERSE

Among many messages of congratulation and tributes of praise received by Mrs. Higgins is the following from Mr. F. Gordon Pearce, of Mahinda College, Galle :

To Mrs. Musæus Higgins, on the 25th Anniversary of her educational work in Ceylon, 1891-1916, a humble tribute of love and respect :

Revered and gentle lady, whom this day  
 Thy friends, co-workers, pupils, come to greet,  
 And lay our grateful tribute at thy feet,  
 What words of loving homage can we say ?  
 What if in sounding syllables we pay  
 The honour for thy tireless labours meet,  
 Or tell how kind thou art, how just, how sweet,  
 And how thou comest to us from far away ?  
 Thus might we do thee homage. But 't would be  
 How slight a thing compared with thy real worth ;  
 For thou hast gained the dearest name on earth,  
 "Mother" to many daughters ! How can we  
 Give thee more honour or more lasting fame  
 Than thou hast won for ever by that name ?

*Mahinda College, Galle, Nov. '15.* F. GORDON PEARCE

Despite the multifarious and self-imposed duties she performs, Mrs. Higgins has found time for literary work. Her *Stories from Ceylon History*, in English and Sinhalese, is a well-known work, while *The Jataka Mala*, the birth stories of Buddha, is very popular. She is now engaged in writing another book for children, which will be published next year.

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It is sad to be obliged to warn our readers that the Government of Madras may put an end to our Theosophical publications. The Vasantâ Press was put under a security of Rs. 5,000, although it would have been easy, even under the Press Act, to have put the security on the *Commonweal*, if so desired, and to leave out the Press itself. In fact, it was indicated to me that a member of the Government wished me to know that if I removed the political printing the security would be returned. This may have really come as stated, or may have been an invention. Anyhow, the security has not been returned, although all political printing has been removed to a new press in Madras. It is therefore clear that the security is placed on purely Theosophical literature. This is of a piece with an order from the Central Provinces Government which forbade me to enter those Provinces, whither I was going to preside at a Theosophical Federation. Such treatment is not new, as far as THE THEOSOPHIST is concerned, for, before

it came into my hands, it used to reach its Russian subscribers occasionally with paragraphs or whole pages blotted out by the Censor. We wish that in adopting the system of repression here, the authorities would follow the more liberal Russian plan of blotting out only the parts of a journal to which they object. So far as I know, THE THEOSOPHIST has not suffered in this way since it came into my hands. My strong defence of Great Britain and her Allies in entering into the War, and my statement that Germany was embodying in the great War the superphysical forces which worked against human evolution into a higher stage, were allowed to pass into Germany, and, quite naturally, turned German Theosophists against the T.S. It seemed to me, at the time, to show an extraordinary liberality on the part of Germany to allow so deadly a criticism to circulate in her Empire. But so it was. And it is indeed strange to find the same magazine, unchanged in views, menaced with destruction under the British Flag.

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Our cold-weather visitors are not so numerous as usual, in consequence of the War, but still some have come. The Scottish General Secretary, Major D. Graham Pole, discharged from the army as unfit for further military service, and wearing his badge of honour, is with us; he remains in the Reserve, having long been in the Territorials. He came over here partly to recruit his health, but mostly to acquaint himself thoroughly with the details of the Press Act case in the Madras High Court, so as to be able to instruct our London Solicitor and Counsel. He is himself, as our readers know, a Scottish Solicitor, and is now joining also the English side of the profession, as he is settling in London. Another General Secretary with us is Mme. Anna Kamensky, from Petrograd, who has done such brave and successful work in Russia, lifting the Society there into a position of security and respect. With her is Mme. Pogovsky, the worker for cottage industries in Russia, devoted to the improvement of the peasant class. I felt somewhat

amused when, in answer to my somewhat apologetic request that she would report herself to the District Magistrate, she replied serenely: "Oh yes; I am quite accustomed to that in Russia." Two faithful friends from Java are also with us—Mr. and Mrs. Vreede, and Captain Meuleman looked in upon us when his ship was in harbour for a few days. Miss Burdett is another addition to our number, well-trained in shorthand and typewriting, and in all secretarial work.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hotchner are staying in Madras, and we had the pleasure of their company for a long day at Adyar on the 26th November. Mrs. Hotchner's house in the Headquarters is not suitable for a married couple, and they are thinking of building another in a more convenient spot. On account of War conditions, I have been warning all members from neutral countries that it is better for them not to come to Adyar; last summer it took many weeks to gain permission for a Dutch lady, who had been living with us for years and was much run down by the climate, to take a short respite from the heat with friends in the hills; and I doubt if we should have obtained permission, had not it not been for Colonel Nicholson's kind interposition with the District Magistrate. Hence, I have been asking neutrals not to come to us, but my cable to that effect to Mr. and Mrs. Hotchner missed them in America; some one warned them at Colombo, so they went to a hotel. I do not feel justified in making any complaint about restrictions due to military views.

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Miss Arundale is settled down in Benares, as the head of the Women's educational work there. Miss Browning, M.A., is Principal of the College, and Miss Palmer, B.Sc., carries on her best-loved work as head of the School. The Āshrama is in the charge of Shrīmaṭi Sīṭābāi Devī, a widow, who has it under her complete control and is an admirable head, while Shrīmaṭi Paḍmābāi Devī, one of our best lady workers, gives her help freely, and has been

very successful in gathering funds for the upkeep of the institution. Miss Arundale tells me that there is now much sympathy with girls' education in the United Provinces, and that people are very much more inclined to help it than they were some years ago.

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Thus the work goes forward, wholly unaffected by all the storms of War abroad, and of all the difficulties created for us here by a nervous and non-understanding Executive. Worldly people cannot understand that any men and women will give themselves to altruistic work, "hoping for nothing again," and they are constantly seeking for non-existing motives, and making up in suspicions what they lack in knowledge. It is a pitiful example of the little influence exerted by Christianity over its followers, that they are sceptical of all high aims as motives for action, and of all unselfish work. Christianity seems to be a religion which is wholly apart from life, so far as the bulk of its adherents is concerned. Born into it, educated in it, they take it for granted, but it is not a living power in their lives. Among the poor, it is more vital. But the well-to-do middle and upper classes wear it with their Sunday coats and dresses, and hang it up in the wardrobe during the week. True belief is found among sisters of charity, Salvation Army workers, and very largely in the lower ranks of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and the religious orders of both men and women. Here, in India, we see Protestant Christianity at its worst, in its most unreal and aggressive aspects. Split into quarrelling sects, they unite to persecute those who hold wider and more Christ-like views, and we have a Church establishment supported by the money taken by taxation from the "heathen" whose religions it attacks. Some day, we may hope, the real Christian religion, removed from an artificial pedestal, with its adherents placed on an equal footing with believers in other faiths, will shine out in its purity and true beauty, a sister faith in the Indian household.

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## OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

By M. L. L.

*(Concluded from p. 164)*

**P**UTTING aside now the consideration of the failings attributed to us, let us consider what should be the attitude of the ideal Theosophist to the world in which he lives.

The Theosophical conception of brotherhood is one hard for outsiders to grasp; but perhaps it would be less so if we demonstrated it more effectually in our daily life. The lay mind naturally tends to confuse a declaration of universal brotherhood with the advocacy of socialism, communism, or what not, and to suppose that the promotion of brotherhood necessarily implies

an attempt to level external differences. Yet it is not so. Much of the explanation given by Mrs. Besant in *Dharma* and elsewhere of the origin and significance of the Hindū caste system is applicable also to social distinctions in the West. Knowing this, the Theosophist believes that these classes exist in order that every soul may be born into just the family, just the social conditions, just the surroundings best fitted to promote the working of that great law of Cause and Effect which we call Karma.

Roughly speaking, the latent capacities and tendencies of the ego are developed in two ways: first, by the affording of favourable opportunities; secondly, by the setting up of obstacles. For the soul grows both by encouragement and by correction, just as a plant grows not only through the help of rain, sun, and fertile soil, but also through the hard discipline of the pruning-knife. Believing this, the Theosophist would as little wish to translate an individual forcibly from one class to another, or to break down arbitrarily the distinction between class and class, as he would wish to convert a man from one form of religion to another, or to break down arbitrarily the distinction between Hindūism, Buddhism, and Christianity. I am careful to use the words "forcibly" and "arbitrarily," for doubtless the time will come when these distinctions, having served their purpose, will cease to exist. But to anticipate that time is as foolish as to force apart the bud of an unopened flower.

If, then, we do not seek to obliterate class-distinctions, but only to better the social conditions which make those distinctions burdensome, how do we reconcile with them the ideal of brotherhood? Above



all, how are we to formulate that ideal in the teaching of our children?

Naturally, the simile of the family, with its older and younger members, is the one most often employed to illustrate a brotherhood which does not imply or involve equality of outward conditions. We are reminded that in the perfectly constituted family, the accepted principle is always: "To the younger, more privileges; to the elder, more responsibilities"; that the elder brother and sister do not despise the baby in the cradle for being unable to do the work which they themselves can do, but that, on the contrary, they shield and care for him, develop his bodily and mental powers, forward his growth in every way they can, till he who was before on a lower step of the ladder, is able to climb and stand where they are standing now. This is the Theosophical conception of brotherhood; and it implies no more "contempt" for the younger souls than the mother feels for her youngest, most helpless, and perhaps dearest child.

But the practical difficulty arises when we begin, as it were, to assign the parts; to recognise where we ourselves stand on the ladder of evolution, what is our place in the great family; and so to regulate our duties to its other members.

A writer on moral education, Dr. Adler, advises that all children should be taught their duties to "superiors, inferiors, and equals" as definitely as they are taught them in the catechism of the English Church. Only, the words must have a well-defined connotation. Not for a moment must the child be allowed to set up or to accept a standard of values based on worldly prosperity, rank, or wealth.

Dr. Adler's suggestion—a strictly Theosophical one indeed—is that we should regard as *superiors* those who are able to give us more than we, in our present relation to them, can hope to repay, and as *inferiors* those to whom we are in the position of givers rather than of receivers. Between those approximately *equals* there can be an exchange of mutual service; but so vast are the divergencies of human character and circumstance that this relation is the rarest of the three.

We might well adopt the above series of definitions with our children, leading them at the same time to understand something of that reversal of worldly standards in the light of which the “superior” is proud only of his privilege of greater service, and the motto of the ruler becomes “*Ich dien*”. Such teaching will form a sound basis for study of many of life's problems—the improvement of the outward forms of Government and of society, the treatment of the insane, the criminal, the aged and the undeveloped, the adjustment of religious creeds to the requirements of an evolving humanity. It will, if firmly grasped and patiently applied, help every thoughtful Theosophist to define his own attitude towards his fellows, and to dispel that nebulosity which reiteration of an abstract principle, however exalted, is apt to produce.

Even the most imperfect account of the Theosophist's attitude towards the world around him must include some reference to his relation with so-called “inanimate Nature”.

This, no less than his view of his fellow-men, will be affected by a fuller realisation of the divine immanence, and will approximate to that of Wordsworth and other poet-mystics, who see in the outer world the

living garment of God. The good Theosophist will probably grumble little at the weather, for to the man who sees Nature with the eye of a mystic she can never appear hostile, or even unfriendly. He does not fear that her breezes will give him cold (alas! for the vitiated air of many a Theosophical lecture-room), nor her showers, fever. Looking at her face as a friend's face, he will see in it a perpetual beauty, not dependent on fine dress or gay surroundings, nor even on the smiles she wears. The arid line of a dusty high road under an August sun will kindle his inward vision, symbolising to him, as to Wordsworth,

An invitation into space  
Boundless, or guide into Eternity.

A still, grey, louring autumn afternoon, mist overhead and mire underfoot, will fill him with

A sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Often, indeed, the very absence of the more obvious charms of Nature seems to invite the bold spirit of the wisdom-seeker to a more intimate communion, and the green moss on a railing in some poor back-yard may speak to him of a revealed God as a whole landscape of Italy might fail to do. It is all a question of what we *bring*; "to him that hath shall be given". Let us Theosophists open ourselves, heart, mind, and soul, to Nature; let us study reverently and carefully her minutest manifestations; and we shall soon find that another channel has been cleared, another link of communication made, by which sudden

and wonderful messages may be transmitted to the waiting soul.

In conclusion, let us return to the idea of the contrast between our own view of ourselves and that taken by others.

We think of ourselves as pioneers of a new age, a new race, a new dispensation; as men and women to whom some illuminating gleam of the Wisdom has been vouchsafed, some key to the problems of existence handed; to whom the scattered letters of life are just beginning to spell intelligible words. Knowing how the world is transformed, for us, by this illumination, we expect others to recognise us for light-bearers, and to accept, or at any rate be willing to consider seriously, the views we present.

Others think of us as people who make wild assertions and advance unprecedented claims; who have (confessedly) forsaken the guidance of reason to follow the will-o'-the-wisp which *we* call intuition or spiritual perception, which *they* call fancy or delusion. They see us led by this chimera to action which reason disapproves; they observe that under its guidance we leave the old paths, and stray (rather than walk) into new ones which are obscure and dangerous. All our personal faults seem, in certain cases at least, intensified. And these opinions too often find apparent justification through the wreck of a Theosophist's life in the jungle of delusion, mental instability, abandonment of the moral code, and so forth.

What is the point of contact between these opposing views, both of which contain much truth? Are we humble servants of the Wisdom, or foolish fanatics, dangerous to ourselves and to others? In

answering this, let us remember the words spoken of many who aspire to the Path of Wisdom :

Behold the host of souls. Watch how they hover o'er the stormy sea of human life, and how, exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged, they drop one after another on the swelling waves. Tossed by the fierce winds, chased by the gale, they drift into the eddies, and disappear within the first great vortex.

Or again, let us recall the metaphor often used of the Heavenly Wisdom, the keen two-edged sword, capable of wounding its possessor the moment he ceases to wield it aright. True it is that the would-be follower of the Path may, at any moment, cease to be what he conceives himself, and may thus fall into the very dangers which the children of this world ("wiser in their generation than the children of light") see before him.

For we average Theosophists are all in a critical and transitional stage of our development. Men of science tell us that evolutionary progress does not appear to be always at a uniform rate. The steps on the great ladder are set at irregular intervals, and now and again a gap has to be crossed. Such gaps—such critical periods—seem to coincide with *a raising of the permanent centre of human consciousness from one plane to the next above it*. The change from emotion to reason as the guiding principle in life (in other words, the rising from the astral to the mental plane) constituted the last transition; now, reason has in turn to give way to a higher faculty—intuition, cosmic consciousness, the consciousness of the buddhic plane.

During all the long ages of the past, *some* souls in each generation have attained to this; now the time is approaching when the majority will do so. The result

is a trembling of the balance; many individuals crossing from one scale to the other; those left behind trying to strengthen their position, to emphasise the principles for which they stand; great doubt, discussion, criticism, strife, confusion, both in the individual and in mankind as a whole. The quickening of the tremendous process by the War brings all these jarring elements into sharper and more terrific collision.

At such a time we, in whom the new consciousness should be beginning to regulate life, are in some danger of abandoning the lower faculty of reason before the higher is sufficiently developed to stand alone, "throwing away our candle before the dawn breaks"; and when we do this we lay ourselves open to the charges lately discussed. A person who is really leading the spiritual life, whose lower nature is directly controlled by the Higher Ego, the true Self, can do much without offence which the ordinary person cannot do. Others feel the force that is playing through him, and respond to it. He may indeed be misunderstood by the wholly *unspiritualised*, but those who are in any degree prepared will be able to receive at least a part of his message. Most of us, however, are in the condition of instruments just in process of being tuned, channels only half cleansed. The force cannot play through us unhindered; at times, its flow is not merely blocked, but diverted by our impurities until it seems itself impure. This is where, and how, the opinions of outsiders as to our imperfections and limitations become most lamentably true.

The only remedy is constant watchfulness and self-training; holding ourselves braced, strenuously exercising and cultivating the higher consciousness by

right thought, speech and action. We are training the infant King who is to rule over us; nurturing the yet unborn Christ in our hearts. The life of the Wisdom-seeker differs from that of others chiefly in the earnestness with which he uses *all* the powers and faculties of heart, mind, and spirit, striving for a complete and perfect, instead of a one-sided development. He knows that only thus can that stupendous birth take place; only thus can he ever approach the stature of the Divine Man; and to do so is the aim of his age-long pilgrimage. His kindled imagination, aspiring to the contemplation of the Ineffable, finds refuge in the sublimely simple phrase: "When I awake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

M. L. L.

# THE SOUL: ITS PLACE, CHARACTER AND EVOLUTION<sup>1</sup>

By JAMES H. COUSINS

## I. THE PLACE OF THE SOUL

WE accept the *fact* of the soul.

In its widest sense, the realm of the Soul is all that region that lies between the Absolute and the relative, between body and Spirit. It is analogous to the region between an act and the totality of forces that culminated in the act. Between the total (which is the analogue of the Spirit) and the act (which is the analogue of the person or body) there is an intermediary body of experiences that are in affinity with the act, to which the act will add a new experience. This is the analogue of the Soul.

But Theosophical teaching is not content with this diffuse connotation. It reduces the area of the Soul, but in the reduction it adds much to its significance. Behind the physical body, Theosophy sees a subtler body (the Etheric) which acts as the interpreter between sensation and its realisation in consciousness; but this is not the Soul; it is one of its instruments. So also is that still subtler body (the Astral) that acts as

<sup>1</sup> The substance of an address delivered under the auspices of the Wirral (Cheshire) Lodge of the T. S., as one of a series of propaganda lectures.



focus and interpreter of the emotional activity of humanity. When one says: "I feel," one is putting a gulf between the Soul and one of its functions, between the "I" and a process that is not the "I". Feelings fluctuate, desires wax and wane, but I, who know this, remain. And when one says: "I think," one is affirming the Thinker as distinct from thinking and from thought. We are perpetually "thinking," and in normal activity the thought is identified with the Thinker: it manifests the invisible One. This is so where thought is genuine; but much that passes for thought is only echo from memorised prejudice, or reflection from flying thought-stuff "in the air," or waves in the waters of the mind after the passing of some breeze of thought. Descartes took the power of thought to be the sign of individual existence: "I think, therefore I am." I am inclined to think that a still surer sign is the power *to cease thinking*. Tell your pack-mule of thought to fling its burden off its back and stand still, and in less than five minutes you will have discovered that you are not your mule, either in its refusal to obey you, or in your power to make it do so. A few such efforts, and you will know that you are no more your mental body or your brain than you are your desire body or the lips that sip the wine of pleasure. Every atom of the brain has disappeared in seven years: every attitude of thought to life may also have changed; but the "I" remains.

The process of thinking, however, is not simple and single. It "looks before and after": it can only step forward into assertion by stepping backward into recollection. Every utterance of thought implies a basis in former thought: the middle distance is filled

with the thoughts of the past in *this* life; but Theosophy teaches that the background is the summary of the thoughts of lives on lives, and is the true inspiration and determining power from life to life. That side of the organ of thought, the lower manas, that is senseward, is beneath the Thinker. That background of the past (the Buddhic) is above the Thinker. The realm of the Thinker is the higher mental: there he-she makes his-her home in the "house not made with hands"—the causal body.

## II. THE CHARACTER OF THE SOUL

The experiences of daily life may appear to influence only a circumscribed area of the individual consciousness, but, in fact, such influence is much wider. It is a recognised law in education that the effect of attention on the attainment of any particular faculty will be seen in other phases of the student's life. Neatness and precision in writing will not remain confined to pen and paper. In the same way a new experience in consciousness will show itself not only on other parts of the surface of the consciousness, but also in deeper regions. A vivid event may revolutionise the whole attitude to life. In this way the "middle distance" of the present life is modified: thought is revised, and the automatic reaction to further impacts from the outer world is changed to some extent. To some extent also there is an analogous influence on the "background," though the full influence of the current life is not felt until the husbandman in the world of matter returns to his hidden granary "bringing his sheaves with him".

We see, therefore, that the Soul is not primary, but derivative, a product of the interaction of the essential Ego, the Monad, with its shadow in manifestation. In Theosophical teaching the Soul began its existence, as a Soul, at that stage in the Cosmic evolution where the formative urge of the Second Life Wave had differentiated the diffuse matter that was vitalised by the First Life Wave, and had acquired faculties that rose up through the mineral (formal), vegetable (vital), and animal (appetitive) kingdoms, to the human kingdom in which, on the surmounting of the purely passional and emotional elements, the down-reaching Third Life Wave found a responsive quality on which it could take hold. It was then that the "Son of Man," the individualised product of development through matter, began to dream of the glory of the "Son of God," and to begin the struggle for an eternal throne. Self-consciousness was evolved, and henceforth every experience must add to that consciousness. The "sleeping dog" of the mind has been aroused—the Caleb (dog) that is the helper of Joshua who will lead the chosen people—the redeemed qualities of the Soul—into the Promised Land of pure spiritual realisation.

Then comes the flying of the shuttle—to change the figure—that weaves the wonderful fabric of the Soul. Outward it goes into the world of sense, taking with it a thread from the inner realm: back it goes, carrying with it something that will alter, even though it may be to a microscopic extent, the next out-going. In this way the influence of the environment of the outer side of the Soul is carried back to the inner: the character of the Soul becomes modified, and it in turn modifies the subsequent action of the personal outer

Consciousness: in short, since the weight of influence increases perpetually on the side of the Soul from life to life, as against the transient personality of the single life, we may put the process into the phrase that the evolution of the Soul is the soul of Evolution.

### III. THE EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL

The law of Evolution is defined as "the doctrine that higher forms of life have gradually arisen out of lower". This statement is usually taken to imply the annihilation of the old Christian idea of the *special creation* of a Soul with each human being that is born. A moment's thought on the definition will show that it is itself a statement of special creation, the only difference between it and the theological idea being that it is in steps. To remove the offensive *special* character, we have to remove the mysterious ability within the forms to respond at all to impact. Such removal would reduce the universe to a dead stop and nonentity. Sir William Barrett, in his essay on "The Creative Power of Thought," has followed this power of response to its most elementary manifestations, and has shown that it is due to the diffusion of *consciousness* in every atom of the universe.

In the strictest sense of the term this consciousness is "super-sensual". It does not depend on physical forms for life: it, itself, is the fountain of life: in its totality it embraces all possibilities of differential evolution: it is the spring of all action; the  $x$  quantity of *involution* whose recognition alone makes intelligible and complete any system that would explain the universe.

Theosophy teaches the law of involution as the spring and guide of evolution. Its details may be found in many books. My purpose is not to repeat them, but to offer an illustration of the operation of the law in the familiar terms of mathematics.

Assuming the Absolute totality to be a unit (1), any process of involution (involvement or entanglement) can only take place within itself, and can only be represented in the form of a fraction. A unit raised to any power of itself remains a unit ( $1^5=1 \times 1 \times 1 \times 1 \times 1=1$ ). Here we have a figure of the metaphysical truth that the Absolute unity can never be brought down from its level: it remains transcendent. Assume now that the unit separates into seven parts. Seven new units are established, but they are not absolute units: they are relative units, dependent on one another, and owing their existence to the basic Absolute unit. We do not figure this division as  $7 \times 1$ , for that would give 7 absolute units, which is impossible. We figure each part as  $\frac{1}{7}$ , thus symbolising the dependence of the fraction from the unit, and shadowing the immanence of the Absolute unity in its constituents. If we divide each seventh into sevenths, we shall have 49 parts, and we may carry the process from stage to stage, each time we multiply the fraction giving us a greater total, an expanding multiplicity, but with a corresponding contraction of the value of each new relative unit. A child, not knowing the value of money, might prefer 48 farthings to one shilling, or 192 pies to a rupee, but a shopkeeper would not be induced by number to give any more sweets than for the single silver coin. So in the process of involution, the one became many—not many *ones*, but many relative

units, increasing in number and in the illusion of separateness and individual importance as they shared less and less directly the essence of the Absolute unity.

Evolution is the reversal of the process. Mathematically speaking, it absorbs one of the elements, and raises the efficiency of the remainder; and this process will go on until unity is reached. So is it in the life of the Soul. Wherever a number of persons meet for a worthy purpose, there is a withdrawal from involvement in the details of the separate lives: a new fraction of less multiplicity and greater potency is created: this is the secret of the power of organisation. So too, in the individual, the nearer the active consciousness approaches the Soul-level, the level of abstract thought, the farther it recedes from the illusory separations and false evolutions of the emotional and physical degrees of life, and experiences an enhancement of power. Mind asserts its influence over matter, not by opposing material power with material power, but by drawing nearer to the omnipotence of the Absolute unit.

This process of evolution is in constant operation. Physical science sees it in forms: psychological science sees it in consciousness. Its tendency is towards groupings on ever higher levels; towards reducing the fractional figures as to number, and increasing them as to value. Neither nature nor man can escape the sum which the Master Mathematician is working out. We cannot delay it beyond His Will: we *may* expedite it by the stimulation in humanity of a love of Beauty, a participation in altruistic activity, a joy in the great simplicities; and by the realisation in ourselves individually of the stable and fundamental elements of our true nature, by moving stage by stage

back from the fractions of the self in oscillating emotion and undisciplined thinking, towards the unit of the Self.

This is the path of the Universe, and they who enter that way in full consciousness have not only their faces toward the Ultimate Bliss, but are already sharers of it in themselves and among humanity.

James H. Cousins

## TOLSTOY'S "WHAT IS ART?"

By G. HILDA PAGAN

Art is not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement; Art is a great matter. Art is an organ of human life, transmitting man's reasonable perception into feeling. In our age the common religious perception of men is the consciousness of the brotherhood of man—we know that the well-being of man lies in union with his fellow men.

The task of Art is enormous. Through the influence of real Art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful co-operation of man which is now obtained by external means—by our law courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, etc.—should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. Art should cause violence to be set aside.

And it is only Art that can accomplish this.

SO wrote Count Leo Tolstoy in *What is Art?*, an earnest little book that he produced at a time when he had laid aside his own wonderful achievements in art as novelist and story-teller, and was giving his whole mind and soul to the working out of his strong and sincere thoughts concerning life and its meaning. Written almost twenty years ago, an English translation by Mr. Aylmer Maude appeared straight from the manuscript, for the Russian press censorship did not allow any of Tolstoy's ethical works to come out in full, owing to their unorthodoxy. One must confess that, on totally different grounds, the English reader is also tempted to make "cuts"; for the author has loaded his early chapters with conscientious quotations from various European philosophings upon



"beauty" and "æsthetics," which—if the shades of the philosophers only knew it!—make very dull reading. But Tolstoy's own ideas upon *What is Art?* are most striking; and one comes to them in time!

Firmly established in the faith that "Humanity unceasingly moves forward from a lower, more partial and obscure understanding of life, to one more general and lucid," Tolstoy describes art as "one of two organs for human progress"—thought or science or knowledge being the other. With the idea of "Art for art's sake"—that art is self-expression merely, and has no ulterior aim—he has no patience whatever. After years of thought upon the matter he formed this definition:—*Art is a human activity consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings and also experience them.* Of course, not all artists would agree with this definition, and even people who are not artists at all are at liberty to have notions of their own. To take only one instance—but it is that of an expert—there is a teacher in the Theosophical Society in England, Mr. W. Wroblewski, who defines art as follows: "Art is the psychic capacity of registering in matter one's own psychic progress or individual relationship both with regard to the Whole (God) and to the details of life (one's own neighbours). It is a synthetical expression of human emotions, thoughts and needs. If art were an expression of mere human emotion and thoughts, and not needs, it would not be the true expression of the human soul, for the life of the latter depends on all three factors." This more elaborate explanation gives art a fuller place in life; but Tolstoy

deliberately limits its sphere to that of our feelings. "By words," he says, "man interchanges thoughts, by the forms of art he interchanges feelings, and this with all men, not only of the present time but of the past and the future." Having accepted this view, Tolstoy found himself obliged to consider that much of what is ordinarily admired and applauded is so narrow in its appeal that it hardly merits the name of art. "Art unites people," is what he claims. When one is affected—or, as he calls it, infected—by any work of art, one feels nearer not only to its originator but to all the other people who like it or enjoy it or are touched by it too. From this he argues that true art should be such that it should draw men together, however great the barriers of race and period might be between them. In this he seems to make no allowance for the different types of humanity, or the varying complexities of their natures. This was the more extraordinary, in that in his own art he had portrayed type after type, all well drawn, alive, growing up or growing old, each according to his own temperament. But in his old age he came to believe that all men ought to be alike. This is one of the instances of his tendency to "over-simplify life," a characteristic well and thoughtfully noted in his biography by his friend and translator, Mr. Aylmer Maude. In preparing *What is Art?* Tolstoy studied much—read a large number of new works in various languages, Kipling's early tales and the verses of Swinburne among the English examples; he listened (with great discomfort) to "modern" music; and examined recent paintings of the impressionist school—all with care, and a sincere desire to find in these things the pleasure and refreshment that

they could be seen to give to others. Then, realising that these others were people practised in the study of such things—stylists and specialists, as it were—he formed the curious opinion that art is not true art unless it can be appreciated by *all*.

This misconception on Tolstoy's part apparently arises from a misunderstanding of the term brotherhood—his watchword at all times. Because men are *brothers*, he thinks it follows that they are *equal*; and that therefore they can receive the same impression from the same artistic work—be they Jew or Greek, ancient or modern, gentle or simple, country peasant or city artisan. Any art, therefore, that exercises its influence, not because of some fundamental and essential emotion—religious feeling, compassion, charity—but which depends on the trained minds, cultured sentiments, perverted and degraded senses of town dwellers, and especially of the upper classes, he sweeps aside as false. This particular theorising is the natural outcome of Tolstoy's strong conviction that it would be better if all people lived a life of bodily labour upon the land which nourishes them—a life of health and of few wants, of fruitful activity and kindly fellowship. It appears to him the extreme of degradation that unwholesome city places, such as factories, printing offices and theatres, should employ thousands upon thousands of men and women in producing meaningless books, bad music and worthless plays. He goes farther, and will not even hear of its being of value to anybody to learn to act, to play upon an instrument, or, let us say, to dance upon the tight-rope, if thereby is excluded the perfect, all-round development which he believes can best be attained in country life.

What then remains that can be truly termed art, among present and past achievements? Very little, one must admit! Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, he regretfully decides, must go—what peasant audience could sit out its performance? And all opera must go—who can rightly follow music if combined with dramatic dialogue? (!) All the obscure and puzzling verse that occupies the intellect or excites the senses but stirs no feeling in us; and, for the same reason, all such novels, plays, poems or pictures as are merely well-informed—"interesting"—and describe scenery, houses, foreign travel, historical incident, technical processes even—these also are not art. Nearly all of his own works—and here, I think, there is no reader who will not rebel—are absolutely (and heroically!) condemned likewise; among them his huge and beautiful novel *War and Peace*, which his wife once described as a "prose poem". Almost the only things "universal" enough to be counted as art, seem to be the story of Joseph and his Brethren and the Psalms of David—and these latter he intends us to outgrow!

Let us go back, however, to the wide range that Tolstoy gives his subject. He says:

Art extends from cradle-song, jest, mimicry, the ornamentation of houses, dress and utensils, up to church services, buildings, monuments and triumphal processions.

And again:

The business of art lies in just this—to make that understood and felt which, in the form of an argument, might be incomprehensible and inaccessible. Usually it seems to the recipient of a truly artistic impression that he knew the thing before but had been unable to express it.

These words are most suggestive of the manner in which art influences us. Moreover they bring us to a

fresh part of the question, and it is one about which the author cared very deeply. Granted that "truly artistic impressions" reach us, *enter* us, what type of art ought we at our present stage of evolution to designate as "good art"?

Tolstoy, as we have seen, not only firmly believes in human progress but speaks as though man had already arrived at the consciousness of brotherhood. All art, therefore, that is separative in its tendency, must be retrograde in its effects. Tales that exalt pride, ambition, hate, revenge, warfare, or any form of strife, are bound to be harmful. Also the writings, music, painting or dress that arouse unwholesome excitement with regard to sexual love—all these things are "*bad art*". It may be mentioned in passing that he is very chary of encouraging love stories at all, partly because he found among his peasant readers and auditors that love was thought but a poor subject for art. If only we stopped to think about it, he declares, we should consider even a masterpiece like *Romeo and Juliet* the last thing desirable for our young girls to read or witness, lest it awaken their emotional nature too soon and exaggerate it. Even in such innocent love Tolstoy could discern too much of selfishness. But in heroism and self-sacrifice, benevolence and forgiveness, chastity and renunciation—in these he finds fit matter for what he deems to be *good art*.

All that now, independently of the fear of violence and punishment, makes the social life of man possible (and already this is an enormous part of the order of our lives)—all this has been brought about by art. If by art it has been inculcated how people should treat religious objects; their parents, their children, their wives, their relations, strangers, foreigners; how to conduct themselves to their elders, their superiors, to those who suffer, to their enemies and to animals—so that

the force of such customs can in no way be shaken but by means of art; then by the same art, other customs more in accord with the religious perception of our time, may be evoked.

For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with Tolstoy's philosophy of life, it should perhaps be pointed out here that many of the apparent virtues touched on in the paragraph just quoted, were to him anathema. "How to treat foreigners" is a negative piece of advice in the case of a man who has come to believe that patriotism—involving as it does the setting up or acknowledging of barriers between nation and nation—is an actual sin against brotherhood; in the same way, the correct procedure with regard to religious objects is a needless prescription for one who no longer admits that the Church is sincere in the doctrines and symbols that it gives to the people for their enlightenment and spiritual nourishment; and a teacher who desired to see perfect loving-kindness go out from us at all times to all men, has no use for any directions as to our conduct to our "enemies".

In fact, it here becomes apparent that *What is Art?* is written for that future period when laws, Churches, and Governments shall no longer be required. Possibly that is one reason why the book has had so little notice taken of it as yet. But are the dreamers, the idealists, the optimists, necessarily always in the wrong? It has been said elsewhere that Tolstoy foreshadows, in his life, the Root Race—the Seventh—which may some day make use of his country as its early home. In that Race the form side of life will be transcended by the spiritual aspect. His biographer somewhere remarks that the drawback to Tolstoy's outlook upon life is that it is apt to do away with one's sense of the usefulness of any

human activity whatsoever. That is true. But even now, in our very active, material and worldly Fifth Race, we have prophets of our own whose voices are in unison with that of the great Russian brother. In a book upon *Modern Problems*, by one who stands as high in the world of Science as Leo Tolstoy does in the realm of Literature, there is a passage so similar to some of *What is Art?*, breathing the same faith in man's inner nature and its continual unfoldment, that I wish to quote it here. Its author, Sir Oliver Lodge, in an essay on "The Position of Women in the State," is dealing with social service, and especially that branch of it known as Child Welfare, when he says that its difficulties cannot be solved by the intellect alone.

To coerce sane people into arrangements made in accordance with statistical and medical advice alone, is quite impracticable, and would lead to furious revolt. Besides, even if practicable, it would be unwise; Love is a spirit which rises superior to human understanding, and in its majesty affords a surer and diviner guide than any law or system. The spirit can appear in many disguises—strict justice, public service, organising energy and social work, among others—and can assume unexpected shapes; already it achieves more than is generally recognised, it must ultimately dominate all human activity; and when the affairs of the world are really controlled in harmony with the spirit of Love, the millennium will have come.

And it is this same millennium that Tolstoy believes shall be brought about by Art.

G. Hilda Pagan

## NOW—AND TO COME

THE shadowy wings of war enfold the earth.  
Shrouded in darkness, she speeds along her path,  
A globe so sorrowful that her sister-stars  
Shudder at her approach, and in her wake  
An icy wind disturbs the ether.

Sorrow and pain greet one another,  
Hatred and cruelty go hand-in-hand.  
Their eyes flame and their brows are dark,  
They stride over the mountains,  
And at their coming the waters are poisoned, and the plains  
[are a grey desolation.  
For the voice of war rises upon the wind—  
A voice so terrible that the souls of men  
Are shocked out of their bodies, and wander dumbly,  
Estranged from the warm homes that once were theirs.

Yet there are other voices.  
Youth and self-sacrifice now make a song—  
A song of courage that flings scorn in the face of the Grim  
[Angel,  
Courage that laughs 'neath the hand of the Angel of Pain,  
Courage that forgets self and dies magnificently,  
Hastening to give all, all that it has to give,  
In the great cause of Humanity.

When the voices are stilled,  
When the wind of war has died down,  
When Peace arises from the grave  
Where she has long slept with her parasites, Sloth and  
[Selfishness and Love-of-Ease—  
What voice will then ring out over the desolate earth?

The voice of Love will be heard at the sunrise,  
The hand of Love will heal all suffering,  
The tears of Love will water the desert places,  
And the heart of Love will beat among the stars.

EVA MARTIN





## BEETHOVEN: A STUDY IN KARMA

By JESSIE WAITE WRIGHT

**B**EETHOVEN, born in a garret, beaten about by a brutal father, made to earn money by playing in beer gardens and dance halls while yet a child, waked in the middle of the night and made to practice, exploited and betrayed by selfish and self-seeking brothers, cajoled and rejected by capricious women, heart-broken in early manhood because of almost total deafness—this

Beethoven was the greatest musical genius the modern world possesses. In the silence of his thought-world were born the wonderful sounds that electrify us to-day. His was a stormy karma, we say, meaning that his life was full of "stress and storm," of grief and bitter disappointment. Joy was his as well, and wondrous glimpses of a future happiness, not alone for himself, but for all humankind. "Karma?" some of you will ask, "what is that?" I answer: "The Law, the great Law of compensation. It never rests, it is a law of cause and effect, of action and reaction, of ebb and flow. It is the law of justice. The sun shines and the rain falls on the just and the unjust, on the rich and the poor alike. Nature equalises all things."

Had Beethoven been brought up in luxury, devoted to drinking, duelling and the other pursuits of the German student corps of his native town of Bonn, think you we should have the melting melody of the Moonlight Sonata, or the divine dignity of the Pathétique, as our heritage and our joy? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The pepper-plant will not give birth to roses, nor the sweet jasmine's silver star to thorn or thistle turn." This is the law of Karma, and it runs through all our lives.

Emerson says, in that incomparable essay of his on Compensation, that for everything you have missed you have gained something else: "The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalise themselves." Sometimes this truth is patent to us in the lives of our heroes and demi-gods, and in our own lives, for is not the life of hero and demi-god

lived over again by us, consciously or unconsciously? And sometimes it is hidden deep and must be dug up from beneath much rubbish of passion and error, much debris from the wreck of a storm-swept life. Thus it was with Beethoven, master music spirit of the Ages, the passion flower of music. It matters not to us when nor where he was born, for Spirit is eternal, is never born and never dies.

It is not for us to ask why this wondrous spirit, so alive, so sensitive to all beauty, should have been encased in an undersized, ugly body, with an unbeautiful temper and a venomous tongue, instead of being endowed with the grace and charm of a Mozart or a Mendelssohn. It is one of life's mysteries, and what boots it? The contrasts in his character give us the wonderful contrasts in his music, the bold dissonances and modulations, rhythmical thought-effects never dreamed of before and never equalled since. The thunderstorm that raged in his soul gave us that passionate storm in the Pastoral Symphony. This is no so-called descriptive music, no stage thunder or mock lightning, no make-believe, but the real thing, an expression of utmost feeling quieting down as the infinite Spirit calms the tumult of the mind and the birds of hope and love trill forth a song of thankfulness and peace : at last there is rest.

The widest range of feeling is expressed in his music, in fact it is not too much to say that he introduced feeling into instrumental music. Mozart took the forms laid down by Haydn, the father of the symphony, and enlarged and enriched them, making the most beautiful music the world had ever known up to that time, but Beethoven takes us through the whole gamut of human feelings and experiences, makes us think,

weep, smile and suffer, yet at the end leaves us satisfied, calmly happy. Rubinstein says: "His music emanates not from a human being, but as from an invisible Titan, who is filled with joy, who now rejoices over humanity, now is offended, who laughs and again weeps, a supernatural being not to be measured." And still, such are human limitations that it was with much labour and in sore travail that his immortal children came into the world. Not all at once, fully clothed, did they emerge from his thought, as Minerva from the brain of Jove. His sketch-books show that measure after measure was rewritten many times before the casket seemed worthy the jewel of his inspiration. So it is always. It is work that wins. However great the genius, work makes it greater. God means us to work—and win.

At twenty-eight years of age Beethoven was hopelessly deaf. His sensitive soul was almost submerged by this sorrow, so much it meant to him, such sacrifice of sweet sounds, such severing of companionships, such subjections to misunderstandings. And yet this very affliction, weaning him away from the gay and happy life he yearned for, drew him nearer to the source of his inspiration, developed in him a sublime discontent, a noble contempt for the pettiness of human life, and opened up to him that inner vision of a higher life within—a life of freedom, hope, joy. To him the true religion was love of humanity, and his motto was *God before all*.

He has been accused of being irreligious because he chose for his prayer book *Thoughts on the Works of God in Nature*, because the woods and fields were his temple wherein he offered up the sweet incense of his song and received divine inspiration in return. And

the music in which he has immortalised these experiences—how many lives have been enriched, ennobled, sanctified by it.

He believed in the *I am*. He kept constantly on his work-table these lines, framed under glass: "*I am that which is. I am all that is, that has been, and that shall be. No mortal hand has lifted my veil. He is by himself and it is to him that everything owes existence.*" This inscription, found in a temple at Sais, in Egypt, dedicated to the Goddess Neith, so impressed Beethoven as to become part of his very existence.

Far from being illiterate, as has been supposed, he was a thorough student along lines which interested him. "Plato's *Republic*," says Schindler, "was transfused into his flesh and blood." He was an ardent republican at heart, and took great interest in America's struggle for independence. His literary idols were Homer, Plutarch, Shakespeare and Goethe. He was an individualist and a humanitarian. He was sufficient unto himself and yet a devout believer in the brotherhood of man. He was a dreamer and a worker. He was one of those of whom it is said :

We are the music-makers  
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers  
 And sitting by desolate streams ;  
 World-losers and world forsakers  
 On whom the pale moon gleams ;  
 Yet we are the movers and shakers  
 Of the world, for ever, it seems.  
 With wonderful, deathless ditties,  
 We build up the world's great cities,  
 And out of a fabulous story,  
 We fashion an empire's glory ;  
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;  
 And *three* with a new song's measure  
 Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying  
 In the buried past of the earth,  
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
 And Babel itself in our mirth;  
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
 To the Old of the New World's worth;  
 For, each age is a dream that is dying,  
 Or one that is coming to birth.

He dreamed of a future when all men should be brothers, and we are told that the *Finale* of the Ninth Symphony is the musical expression of the dream and of the wish. His final note is always one of triumph, of rest, never of uncertainty or of unrest, as in Chopin's mournful melody; and so he found, always, at the last his compensation.

His the privilege to stand on the watch-tower and to sound forth to a waiting world the "*Everlasting Yea*". "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world." If all is well with the world, the individual must know that all is well with him also, since he is a part of the whole. He must feel this in spite of the fact that he suffers; even the agony which seems past bearing must be borne. He must learn to say: "All is Love! All is Law."

If in the fulfilling of the Law  
 I am broken, bruised and bent,  
 I must know it is best so,  
 And be content, and be content.

For:

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,  
 Which none at last can turn aside or stay;  
 The heart of it is Love, the end of it  
 Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms! The immortal Trinity in music. Bach, the foundation; Beethoven, the flower; Brahms, the future hope, the carrying on of the note of spirituality sounded by Beethoven.

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms; and the greatest of these is Beethoven. Why? Because of his humanism, because he voices the longing and love of the human heart in no uncertain tones. When humanity has *arrived*, as the French would say, when our evolution has progressed through many stages, when the new Sixth Race has been born and has taken its place in the history of the ages, we shall be ready for Brahms. Brahms the mystical, Brahms the subtle, Brahms the dweller on the loftiest mountain peaks of consciousness.

Those of us who are students of Theosophy can understand how a master like Beethoven, suddenly plunged into surrounding materiality from the creative heights of genius, from converse with the gods, should appear strange, uncanny, to the ignorant bystander. When the divine ecstasy possessed him, he would sing aloud and beat his breast, as he walked bareheaded through the streets. When he was made to realise where he was by the coarse and mocking derision of the crowd, he would turn from them in contempt and flee in terror to the woods and fields where, under the open sky, much of his best work was done. It is said that "when the master could lift up his shaggy head to the sky and cry aloud all undisturbed, he both heard and *saw* the sounds he sang". Sounds to some are invisible symbols of form and colour. Beethoven's heart was filled with love, with divine, unselfish love, love of his kind and of all nature. He wrote to his friends: "Forgive me, then, if you see me turn away when I would gladly mix with you. For me there is no recreation in human intercourse, no sweet interchange of thought. In solitary exile I am compelled





Knowledge is the accumulation of facts. Wisdom the transmuting of facts into faculty or power through experience. We who are students of the Ancient Wisdom try thus to transmute our experience into power, and that power into peace, the peace that passeth understanding. *Peace to all beings.*

Beethoven bore his karma well. If he seemed morose and peculiar to those who knew him none too well, it was because of the inner struggle, the longing for love, for light, for truth, for peace. The longing, the love, the light and the peace are all portrayed for us in his marvellous music. He made amends for many mistakes. He made return of love for abuse. He forgave those who reviled and despitefully used him. He was human; he tried to be divine. For thousands of weary souls he has helped to make life more beautiful, more bearable. He has helped to lift the heavy karma of the world.

Master! It is well with thee.

Jessie Waite Wright

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## GOD THE ONLY REAPER

BY AN IRISH CATHOLIC

AN Irish legend tells us that when St. Brigid coaxed from the king as much land as her neckerchief would cover, it was found, in stretching the garment out, that it spread over an acre of land, upon which she was able to build the Church she had in mind. There is a saying of St. Paul: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; which is like the Saint's neckerchief, not only because it can be widely extended but because on it we can build, not exactly a Church, but a whole Theosophy, a guiding principle through life.

Great is the confidence of the farmer as to his sowings. From barley seed will come forth barley; from oats, oats; and so on. And seed badly sown will produce a thin crop, whereas careful seeding brings a sure and more abundant harvest. Thus in agriculture effect follows cause with mathematical exactness and certainty, because of some hidden law of which the world knows little. Why should we conclude that the operations of this great law are confined to agriculture? Are there no seed and soil and harvest save those with which the farmer deals?

We know what the Christ referred to when He spoke of sowing and reaping (*Matt. xiii, 24*). He had in mind every thought and act of a man's life. Thoughts and acts

are the seeds we scatter every day, every hour. They are each and all followed by a result. Ill thoughts lead to ill acts from which an evil harvest is sure to come. And if our thoughts are good the resulting crop will be the same; and if the seed of good thoughts is plentiful the harvest of good will be bountiful.

Most men and women to-day have hesitated to take the Christ at His word. They declined the Divine bargain He offered. And as a result the world is full of trouble and sorrow, despair and confusion.

If Man only had Faith; if he could only bring himself to trust in the Divine assurance of the Christ; a new light would break on the world. He would then see that the accidents, the strokes of Fate, that brought him trouble and confusion, were no haphazard blows from chance, but all part and parcel of his life and its deserts.

“Burden not the back of Aries, Leo or Taurus with thy faults,” wrote Sir Thomas Browne, “nor make Saturn, Mars, or Venus guilty of thy follies.” We are wise when we recognise that our Fate in business and in everything else lies in our own hands. We are the architects and builders of our fortune, as Longfellow pointed out in his sweet verse. The common experience of life proves that all men who deserve to get on are sure to prosper. The world, in short, is governed by Law and not by Luck. There are cases that seem exceptions to this rule, but they only seem so. When we enquire fully about them we discover hidden facts that confirm us the more strongly in our belief in the great Law.

Animated by this new faith a man would face the world with hope and courage. Whole-heartedly always

and everywhere would he bend himself to his work, the work that lies next to his hand, as Carlyle called it, entirely indifferent as to wages or profit, knowing that a full and ample reward would follow, that, in fact, he could not escape it if he tried.

Emerson, the great American Seer, emphasised this truth. He had in mind those humble employees toiling all day long for little wage and less acknowledgment, and thinking they were deserted by the world and forgotten. But God never forgets; not even is the humblest of us out of His Mind for a single moment. "If you serve an ungrateful master," says Emerson, "serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the debt is withholden, the better for you, for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer."

If this great truth could only become universally known and accepted, it would bring hope and comfort to millions of poor toilers. Trade Unions might not all at once disappear, but men would learn to appeal in their hearts from the employer they distrusted to the Great Master of all on whom they relied. Knowing that in the long run no employer could defraud them, they would harbour no bitter feelings, but continue their work with confidence and goodwill.

And the employer, when he learns the great truth and accepts it, will be a different man. For him also Emerson has golden words: "It is always the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents and your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the

universe—to receive favours and render none. The benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent.”

This new faith enables us to drive away the demon of fear that has been so productive of evil in the world. The children of fear are coats of mail, locks and keys, barred doors, policemen, armies and navies, lawsuits, wars, etc., a foul progeny indeed. When we learn to trust in the Divine assurance, we shall scrap our fleets and all the rest. Nothing can come to us but what God wills, and He will send us only the punishment we deserve. With our fears we built up most of the evil things on earth, and they will remain with us until we get rid of the fears.

Above all we must get it out of our heads that any outside force can injure us wrongly. There is no outside force but God, and He will send us only the fruit of our sowing. “Men,” says the American Sage, “suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time.”

A man's true wealth is the result of his work; it is part of himself, and he can no more be robbed of it than he can be separated from his shadow in the Sun. When he realises this he will rely no more on bolts and bars, on locks and safes, on police and soldiers.

He will understand also that any ill will towards him in the world is solely a reply to his own ill will in the present or the past. It is a product of his own sowing, the fruit of his own thinking. If he has to suffer anything from it, he must bear it without grumbling as something he himself has earned. It is an effect

flowing naturally from a cause. If he replies to it with a blow, he is only sowing further ill seed. If he recognises it, as he should, as coming as directly from the hand of God as the harvest in the autumn, he should not be angry or vengeful. He must learn the wisdom of turning the other cheek.

To beginners this is by no means easy. Our mental body in the past was fed on such unsound, unhealthy thoughts. Those thoughts are still there, at least many of them are, and they govern our sub-conscious mind. By continuous thinking along right lines we shall in due course alter the constitution of our mental bodies. We shall oust the wrong thoughts and put the sound, healthy ones in their place. At present in every decision we have to take, those wrong thoughts influence us more or less, and it is only when we have thoroughly supplanted them that our mental bodies will be the perfect instruments that in our better moments we want them to be.

And the more learned amongst us must be interested to realise that the teaching of the Christ in this connection is supported and largely endorsed, not only by the American Emerson but by philosophers like Berkeley, Kant and Hegel, and the rest. They did valuable work in rousing a materialistic age out of the ignorant complacency with which it regarded, loved and almost worshipped the objective world. What a rude shock it must have been to materialists to learn that there were grave doubts as to whether the objective world existed at all. Berkeley aimed at convincing his followers that a man has only to deal with his own thoughts and with God, and the teaching of the Kantian School was largely in the same direction. Turning to

the East, we find the same great truth taught with greater clearness, greater knowledge and deeper conviction. From the Vedas and other sacred writings of the East we learn that for man nothing really exists but his Higher Soul and the Cosmic Soul, and that these two are in reality One. In the East it is taught with greater emphasis that a man reaps as he sows. Because of the religious doctrines held by the people, the value of thought and its possibilities are better understood. There the people appreciate the effective use that can be made of right thinking. We in the West also must learn to realise that the important thing for man is to think rightly, and that he has in his own hands the selection of his thoughts. He must realise that his thinking and acting are the sowing to which the Christ referred, and that for the real punishment or reward for his thinking and acting he must look, not to any relative or neighbour near or far, but to the Absolute. God and God alone is the great Reaper, the eternal Reaper of all harvests, great and small.

An Irish Catholic

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## A SONG IN SEASON

### I

A time for laughter, a time for fear,  
A time to gather the growing corn,  
And now the time for us to tear  
The Veil of Night from the rising morn.

### II

The Sun that set in the West has risen  
Long since in the land of the rising sun,  
But shadows still from the West imprison  
Our souls in the night of a work undone.

### III

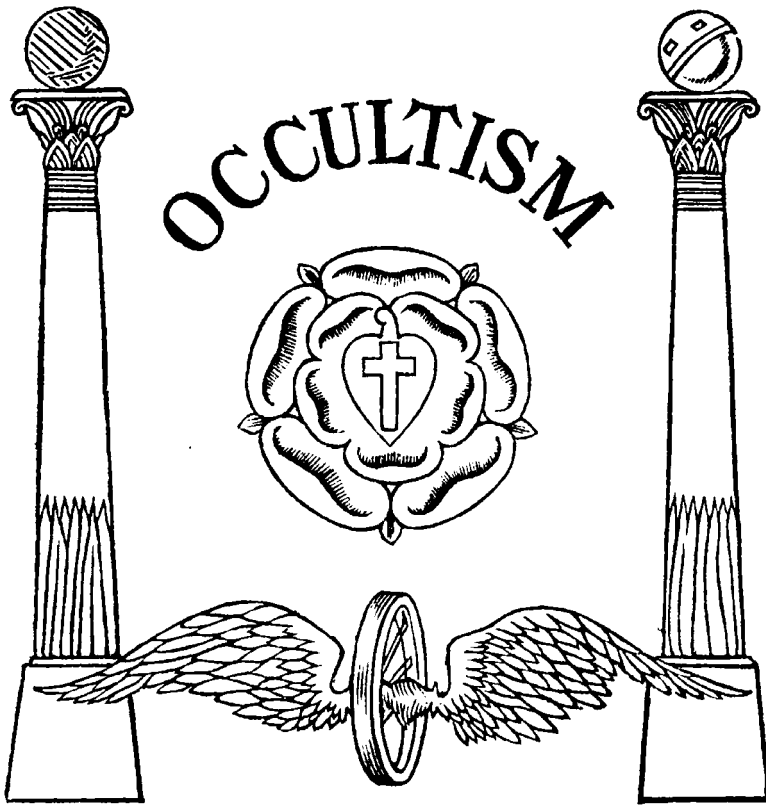
A world in pain, a world in labour,  
A wonder child soon to be born,  
But on our lips the same sad savour,  
Of bitter poppy, of musty corn.

### IV

Wake, for the sun burns overhead,  
Rise, for the time of serving is here,  
Live, for new life quickens the dead,  
Work, for the time of harvest is near.

JIVAN LAL KATHJU





## MAGIC IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By HOWARD E. WHITE

THE Christian Church, as it now exists, divides itself into two sections, when regarded not only from the standpoint of theological doctrine, but from that of practical life considered in its most essential features. This division is into Catholic and Protestant, and if we take these terms in their broader sense, leaving on one side all questions of detailed belief, we shall see that it is due to the fact that Catholic Christianity has as its

basis the Sacramental Principle, whereas in the Protestant Churches this principle is not found. It is true that the latter have two sacraments, Holy Communion and Baptism, but the one is but the outward expression of admission to membership, and the other merely a commemoration; whereas in the Catholic Church the sacraments act *ex opere operato*, *i.e.*, by their own inherent virtue, or, in other words, the rites themselves, when performed by duly authorised persons, and with right intention, are sufficient to bring about the desired sacramental change in a man's nature.

We can, for our present purpose, consider the "Catholic Church" to be represented by the Roman, Greek, and Anglican Churches. The title "Catholic" is only claimed by a section of the Anglicans, the so-called High Church—and this claim is repudiated by the Roman Church; but in a consideration of the Sacramental Principle such disputes do not concern us. Further, we shall find that it is most convenient to take the Roman Catholic Church as representing "Catholicism," for the Greek Church only differs in matters of detail and in questions of jurisdiction, and the "higher" the Anglican Church, the nearer it approaches to the Latin. The word Catholic, then, as here used, is applied to the principles underlying the above Churches, but as exemplified in the Roman Catholic Church, and this apart from any of the vexed questions existing among the Churches themselves.

This Sacramental Principle dividing the Churches is said by Occultists to be but one of the manifestations of what is called Magic; and this, in fact, has been brought forward in disparagement of the occult view, it being claimed that to hold such an opinion is to

reduce the Christian sacraments "to the level of heathen magic".

Such a statement, however, is due to a misunderstanding of the term Magic, and it will be well to consider some definitions of the word. It is derived from a Greek root which meant the science and religion of the Magi, or Priests of Zoroaster; but this has become changed, and according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is "the general term for the practice and power of wonder-working as depending upon the employment of supposed supernatural agencies". Let us now look at some occult and esoteric meanings. Eliphas Levi tells us that "Magic is the traditional science of the secrets of nature which has been transmitted to us from the Magi". Mrs. Annie Besant states that "Magic is the use of the will to guide the powers of external nature, and is truly, as its name implies, the great science". A most helpful account of its nature and value has been given by a modern Magician, Frater Perdurabo; he is speaking of the Mystic Path and its Goal, and says:

The Infinite is always present but veiled by the thoughts of the mind. . . . To attain knowledge of That it is only necessary to still all thoughts. . . . to attain perfect vigilance and attention of the mind, uninterrupted by the rise of thoughts. . . . Before concentrating the mind, the lower principle, one must concentrate the higher principle, the Will. . . . There are methods of training the will by which it is easy to check one's progress. The whole question has been threshed out and organised by wise men of old, they have made a science of life, complete and perfect, and they have given it the name Magic.

It is due to the failure to understand Magic in this sense, as the Great Science, that such objections as above stated have been made; and it is to avoid such misunderstandings and to distinguish true Magic from so-called Black Magic, Fortune-telling, Witchcraft, and

the like, from sleight-of-hand, etc., that Frater Perdurabo has recently proposed to adopt the old form of the word—"Magick".

From the above explanations and definitions we see that Magic consists in the use and the development of the will. In considering its connection with the Catholic Church we shall be concerned mainly with the former aspect, the use of the will to guide the powers of external nature, although its other form is also involved. The division of Magic into White and Black, depending upon the unselfishness or selfishness of the Magician, is well known and need not detain us; but we also have a division into Natural Magic and Ceremonial Magic, the one working directly by the force of the will, and the other, as its name implies, using rites and ceremonies to assist and strengthen the will. It is probable that to a highly developed man ceremonies are unnecessary in bringing about the desired magical results, although it would seem that to work directly must involve a far greater expenditure of energy than would be necessary if Ceremonial Magic were employed; and for the large majority, at any rate, ceremonies are essential, enabling results to be produced that would be otherwise unobtainable.

In Ceremonial Magic the will is assisted by an intense concentration of the mind, brought about by the nature of the ceremony itself, which is so arranged that every faculty and every sense is brought into play, and every impression made upon the mind repeats and recalls the one thing desired. Eliphas Levi tells us that "all faculties and all senses must share in the work, nothing has the right to remain idle; intelligence must be formulated by signs and characters and summed

by pentacles, will must be determined by words and must fulfil words by deeds, the magical idea must be rendered into light for the eyes, harmony for the ears, perfumes for the sense of smell, savours for the palate, objects for the touch; the Operator must become a magnet to attract the desired thing". The effect of this has been very well illustrated by a Brother of the A.:A.: as follows:

The will of the Magician may be compared to a lamp burning in a very dark and dirty room; first he sets to work to clean the room out, then he places a brightly polished mirror along one wall to reflect one sense, and then another to reflect another, and so on, until, whichever way he turns, up or down, to right or left, behind or before, there he sees his will shining, and ultimately so dazzling become the innumerable reflections that he can see but one great flame which obscures everything else.

To turn now to the Catholic Church. If we look back over its history we shall find this sacramental or magical principle existing from the earliest times. It is impossible to trace at all clearly the development of its rites, as there is very little evidence upon the subject, and even the documents which exist are silent to a very considerable extent with regard to the Sacraments and the most sacred doctrines and teachings. Altogether apart from any question of esoteric tradition, it is known that there existed what was called a "Discipline," which aimed at preventing sacred subjects from being profaned by those who were outside the Church; we find this, for instance, discussed by Cardinal Newman in his *Essay upon the Development of Christian Doctrine*. As an example we have the Mass divided into two parts, and after the first part the catechumens, unbaptised persons, and children were dismissed.

There seems good evidence for believing that in the early days Christian Mysteries existed, similar to

the famous Egyptian and Greek Mysteries; among the Gnostics it is known that Initiations and Mysteries were found. As evidence it has been pointed out, for instance, that the technical terms of the Greek Mysteries are found throughout the Gospels, Epistles, and the writings of the early Fathers; also that the language used throughout many of these writings implies, and often directly states, that there existed an inner and higher teaching for "those that are Perfect". Saint Clement says: "These are divine mysteries, hidden from most and revealed to the few who can receive them." Statements such as these are so frequent that a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* admits their existence and applicability to Mysteries within the Church, but, having started with the assumption that such did not exist, he is compelled to treat them as so much exaggeration and affectation. This question is, however, beside our present subject, and we must return to the other aspects of the Church.

There was a gradual growth and development of doctrine and practice, but the rites which we now have, existed in simpler forms in the earliest days. We can see this from such writings as those of St. Ignatius, dated by modern scholars about A.D. 120; and the sacramental, or magical, character can be clearly seen from such statements as that of Theodotus, about the year A.D. 165, where, speaking of the Consecrated Elements of the Mass, he says: "They remain the same in outward appearance as they were received, but by that power they are transformed into a spiritual power. So that the water, when it is exorcised and becomes baptismal, not only drives out the evil principle, but also contracts a power of hallowing." The great rites

of the Church are the Mass and the seven Sacraments : Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Communion, Matrimony, Penance, Orders, and Extreme Unction ; and they have been slowly elaborated until they reached their present state of perfection, and to the majority of people their elaboration of detail and beauty are unknown.

The Mass is the great central point of devotion, and according to the doctrine of the Church it consists in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Trinity incarnate, offered up to God in His undivided nature. This was offered once upon the Cross, and is now perpetuated in the Mass ; the latter being, however, a real sacrifice—one with that upon the Cross—and not a commemoration. In it, Christ is both Priest and Victim, and at the time of consecration the substance of the bread and wine is changed into the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ. This is the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and it has been very much misunderstood. According to the scholastic terms in which it was defined, every object consists of “ substance ” and “ accidents,” the substance being the underlying Reality, of which we know nothing save that It is, It being out of all relation to time and space ; while the accidents are the qualities perceived by the senses, extension, appearance, taste, etc. Now in the consecration it is the substance only that is changed, the accidents remain in their normal condition. Cardinal Newman, describing this doctrine, tells us that the Body of Christ exists “ locally ” in Heaven, that is the glorified and risen Body which exists in space. In the Host, however, it exists “ in substance,” sacramentally and after the manner of a spirit in a body ; but as it does not exist in space, it cannot be said to descend upon the altars, nor

does it move when the Host is carried in procession, and also from this results the possibility of its appearance upon every Catholic altar throughout the world at the same time.

The Mass itself is divided into two parts : (1) The general preparation, the Epistle, Gospel, Creed, Sanctification of the bread and wine, or Offertory as it is called—not the consecration but the offering to God of the unconsecrated elements. Then follows the Lavabo—the ceremonial washing of the Priest, the Preface and Sanctus. (2) The Canon, or main action of the sacrifice, the consecration of the bread and then the wine, followed by the Communion, the latter being that of the Priest himself, forming the completion of the sacrifice. We cannot attempt to enter into any detailed consideration of the Mass, but in passing may note that if the ceremony is examined, it will be found that every part is designed to emphasise the one idea of the sacrifice, made possible through the “ Real Presence ” upon the altar ; and this consecration of objects preserves them from the influences of evil spirits, and also imparts “ a power of hallowing ”.

Another point to be considered in all these ceremonies is the use of Latin. The use of mantras is well known in connection with the Eastern religions, but is frequently lost sight of in the Christian Church. The most important parts of the rituals of the Church should be considered as mantras, and hence as productive of a definite magical result, apart from their meaning as prayers ; from which it follows, of course, that they cannot be translated without losing their value. These mantras would seem to be assisted to a remarkable degree by the Gregorian Plain Song developed and used



by the Church. A modern Catholic writer, Huysmans, has described the effect of one of the Offices sung in Plain Chant in a Trappist Monastery, he says :

The Office began. It was not chanted but declaimed. The one side of the choir made all the vowels sharp and short letters, the other on the contrary altered them all into long letters. Thus chanted it became strange, and ended in rocking like an incantation and soothing the soul, which fell asleep in the rolling of the verses, interrupted by the recurrent doxology.

But this aspect, of the magical effects produced by certain sequences of sound, which is the basis of the mantra, opens up a whole subject in itself.

Howard E. White

*(To be concluded)*

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## JOAN OF ARC: A PRACTICAL MYSTIC

By J. GRIFFITHS

ONE of the most inspiring figures in mediæval European history is that of Joan of Arc, who was recently brought before the notice of the newspaper reading public through her canonisation by the Roman Catholic Church, which arose out of a petition made by the Bishop of Orléans in 1869. The matter has undergone many prolonged stages, including an enquiry at Orléans which lasted fourteen years. The final pronouncement took place in 1909. The Romish Church has officially, even if somewhat tardily, recognised the Maid of Orléans after a lapse of 478 years. Nevertheless, the Romish Church is in advance of the dogmatic scepticism of our age ; for some historians regard her as a deluded individual, whilst many people think of her as a rather mythical character. This is not to be wondered at, for truly hers was a life of marvels blended with the supernormal, so often incorrectly called the supernatural.

Yet there is not a single incident in European history of the last five hundred years more thoroughly authenticated than the life and experiences of Joan of Arc. During her trial she was closely questioned, and all her answers were recorded by the notaries appointed for that purpose. Twenty-one years after her death the

petition for her rehabilitation (for she had been excommunicated prior to her death) led to an enquiry which lasted over six months. Over 170 witnesses were heard, and much valuable evidence was brought forward by those who had known the Maid from her childhood onward, yet not a single well substantiated charge was brought forward against her, and all the evidence showed how deeply she was venerated by almost all who had known her.

To those who believe that unseen powers are ruling and shaping the world, it will be interesting to learn from a celebrated historian that

France in that period was a profoundly religious country; there was ignorance, superstition and bigotry, but there was Faith—a Faith that itself worked true miracles, even while it believed in unreal ones. At this time, also, one of those devotional movements began among the clergy in France, which from time to time occur in National Churches without it being possible for the historian to assign any adequate human cause for their immediate date or extension. Numberless friars and priests traversed the rural districts and towns of France, preaching to the people that they must seek from Heaven a deliverance from the pillages of the soldiery and the insolence of the foreign oppressors.

The idea of a Providence that works only by general laws was wholly alien to the feelings of the age. Every political event, as well as every natural phenomenon, was believed to be the immediate result of a special mandate from God. This led to the belief that His holy angels and saints were constantly employed in executing his commands and mingling in the affairs of men. The Church encouraged these feelings; and at the same time sanctioned the concurrent belief that hosts of evil spirits were also actively interposing in the current earthly events, with whom sorcerers and wizards could league themselves and thereby obtain the exercise of supernatural power.

This indicates the favourable state of the public mind to accept the Divine interposition through the instrumentality of Joan, and those who did not believe her to be inspired by superhuman beings were ready

enough to regard her as the instrument of the powers of evil.

The country was politically in one of the last stages of national extremity. The Dauphin had not been crowned, and three-quarters of France was under the sway of Henry VI of England, who had been declared King of France by his Burgundian allies. Orléans was the only large town loyal to the Dauphin, and it was the key to Southern France. Prior to Joan's arrival there its position seemed quite hopeless, for famine was looming ahead. Meanwhile the Dauphin dallied with his court at Chinon, letting national affairs drift. The extinction of France as an independent nation seemed inevitable; all her Generals had been entirely unsuccessful. The suitable man to infuse new life into the nation was not forthcoming, so the Higher Powers chose a woman—a mere girl—as an instrument whereby to accomplish their work, for France had a future before it.

In the year 1412, in Domremy, Joan was born. Her father was a well-to-do peasant, a dark, stern man, inclined to be gloomy and morose. Her mother trained her in household duties and the art of spinning and weaving, whilst she also taught her the devotional exercises of the Church. As a child Joan was eminent for piety and purity of soul, also for her compassion for the sick, poor or suffering; she was ever ready to aid, and much given to prayer and devotional exercise in the village church. When thirteen years of age, she said “a voice from God came near to her to help her in ruling herself”. She heard voices more frequently than she saw visions; the usual time she heard them was when the church bells were sounding for prayer.

They always spoke soothingly to her, their Presence gladdened her even to tears. They told her that France would be saved and that she would save it. As she grew older the visions became more frequent, yet she never mentioned them to anyone, for the voices bade her to be silent.

When she was about seventeen years of age the voices ordered her to leave home and go to Captain de Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs, and he would send her to the king. She revealed her mission to her parents, who would not believe in it. But her uncle accompanied her to Vaucouleurs. After seeing her, de Baudricourt, who thought the maid to be mad, told her uncle to take her home and give her a good whipping. Yet her faith in her mission never faltered, although she was laughed at as the maid who was going to save France. She had the will to believe; the greatness of the task did not deter her, but she was simple enough and strong enough to do just as she was told. In her difficulty Joan resorted to prayer and spent whole days in the little church. Gradually the villagers were won by her sweetness, piety and devotion, sustained by the firm assurance of her divine mission. News of a further defeat of the French arrived, and de Baudricourt, although he never expressed belief in her mission, recognised that she might be useful. Perhaps, of the many souls who have been divinely commissioned to carry out important work in the world, few have suffered more keenly from ridicule, as well as unbelief, than Joan, and nobody believed in her less than her own family at first. Later on, some of her officers were unwilling to obey her commands, for how could she know anything of war; but when her sagacity was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, they declared her to be

a witch. Perhaps the first stage of the Maid's career marks one of her greatest victories. She wore down doubt and ridicule by non-resistance, but meanwhile she steadily pursued her purpose. She insisted that she alone could save France, that it was God's will she should go the king, although she herself would rather remain with her poor mother and spin. On the morning of her departure from Vaucouleurs she assumed the arms and apparel of a knight, as bidden by her voices, and as she sat upon her horse with quiet and gentle dignity, she was asked: "Are you not afraid?" In her clear sweet voice, which even her enemies allowed was womanly, she said: "I was born to do this."

Seven in all, the little band rode off to accompany Joan to the king, and it is related that her wonderful purity and childlike simplicity made the deepest impression on her escort. One of her greatest charms was the entire absence of self-consciousness; she was as simple as a child, a mixture of simplicity and courage which appealed to the chivalrous knights of her escort. When they arrived at Chinon, the Dauphin refused her an audience. Joan was not deterred, but resorted to prayer, and three days later a small body of armed men arrived from Orléans and asked the king if he had heard of the wonderful maid. This strongly affected many of Charles's commanders, and he sent a commission to interview her; when, after a careful examination, they reported they could see no wrong in the maid, he consented to receive her. She was brought to the room where Charles was mingling with some three hundred of his courtiers. He had purposely dressed in unattractive garments, yet she instantly singled him out, and kneeling before him said:

“Noble Dauphin, the King of Heaven sends me to you, to raise the siege of Orléans and crown you king at Rheims.” Joan’s simple dignity carried her triumphantly through what would have been to most people a very trying ordeal. Little resulted from her first visit, although messengers were sent to her home to make enquiries concerning her. Later on, a commission of the Paris University was appointed to examine her at Poitiers, and Joan’s quiet dignity and wisdom astonished them. One learned Dominican asked her, if she came from God, why did she ask for men-at-arms, for God could work without human means. Joan answered: “The men will fight, but God will give the victory.” The commission reported favourably, yet the Dauphin still vacillated, whilst the Maid meanwhile spent much of her time in prayer, when not occupied in learning how to use the weapons of war. Finally the Dauphin presented her with a suit of white armour and a stately black war-horse; then she requested that a messenger might be sent to Fierbois, for there would be found a sword with five crosses graven on the blade, buried behind the altar. This sword was brought to Joan, and she also had a banner embroidered according to the instruction given by her voices. With the banner in her hand she rode at the head of the force placed at her disposal, admired, loved and revered by the soldiery.

Now wherein did her power lie? In the absolute conviction she carried with her, also in her purity of motive and perfect integrity. No one seemed to think her a self-seeker. Her remarkable powers of intuition enabled her to appoint the most trustworthy people to the important positions, yet it is related that she did

not interfere much with manœuvres of the troops, always leaving them to Dunois her chief in command. In the matter of moral discipline she was inflexibly strict; chaplains and priests marched with her. No foul language or oaths were allowed to pass without censure or punishment, and both Generals and men had to attend regularly at confession. She kept her men well braced morally and physically, so that they were ready for instant and effective action; even the roughest and most hardened veterans obeyed her and put aside the life they had been wont to live in those times of bloodshed and rapine, for they felt that they were going forth under a new influence to a nobler career. They acknowledged the moral beauty and holiness of the Heaven-sent Maid. Even the terrible La Hire, noted for his violence and swearing—a habit that had such a hold on him that Joan permitted him to swear by his staff—even he daily partook of the sacrament, kneeling at the side of Joan whenever possible. A sign of great promise was the devout love and reverence with which the soldiers regarded her. When asked at her trial what spells she used, she answered: “I used to say to them: ‘Go boldly in among the English,’ and then I used to go boldly in myself.” Such was her spell, the spell of moral force.

When all was ready, a detachment with a convoy of provisions left for Orléans; they entered the city as Joan had foretold, without any resistance from the English, who seemed to be paralysed with fear. That night a feast was held; the Maid did not attend, but as usual partook of a piece of bread, and this extreme abstemiousness characterised her short life throughout. The next morning she rode



through the city in solemn procession, clad in complete armour and mounted on a white horse ; the whole population thronged around her, and men, women and children strove to touch her garments. Joan spoke gently in reply to their acclamations and addresses ; she told them to fear God and trust in Him. Then again she resorted to prayer. On the following day she sent heralds to the English, summoning them in the name of the Most High to give up the forts to the Maid who was sent by Heaven. Later on, she repeated the summons in person, but they told her to go home to her cows, abusing her with such foul language that she wept for shame. Although vaunting loudly, they so strongly realised the power of Joan's presence, that when the French army arrived with a further convoy of provisions, they made no attempt to attack it, but cowered behind the walls of their forts as Joan and La Hire passed with their troops. Thus, whilst the French were being strengthened by the unifying forces of love and reverence for the Heaven-sent Maid, the English were shaken and distracted by the separative forces of fear and hate with which they regarded her whom they termed a witch. The French were being reinforced morally, whilst the shattering force of hate worked its way through the English camp. Fully considered, this explains the breaking up of the well tried English veterans, without resorting to supernatural explanations. The next day an attack was made on one of the forts without Joan's knowledge and whilst she slept. When awakened by her voices she made straight for the conflict. On her way she met numbers of the wounded being carried into the city. The sight of their suffering made her weep, yet she did not flinch, but entered

bravely into the conflict, turning the tide of victory against the English by the inspiring effect she had upon her soldiers. Altogether several forts were taken, and on one occasion Joan was wounded by an arrow in the shoulder just as she herself had foretold. She fell into a ditch, when the English thought her killed. However, she was carried away and the wound was dressed; she cried a little during the operation, but afterwards returned to the fight, much to the dismay of the English, who shortly after surrendered. On the fourth day the siege was raised.

In four days the Maid had accomplished what had been regarded as utterly impossible. Having fulfilled the first part of her promise in less than three months, the enthusiasm of her countrymen knew no bounds, for had it not been prophesied many years before that France should be saved by a woman? The English were equally well aware of this prophecy, and great must its effect have been upon them as they suffered defeat after defeat. The day on which they retired from Orléans was a Sunday. Prior to their departure they formed themselves in battle array before the city and the French wished to attack them, but Joan refused permission. She then led the citizens and the army forth in solemn procession round the city walls; then they knelt and gave thanks for the deliverance vouchsafed. Joan left Orléans to meet Charles, and begged him to come to Rheims to be crowned; but he would not consent, for much of the intervening country was in the hands of the enemy. She was sorely disappointed, but gave up her wish and set about clearing the country of the enemy. "Sire," we are told she said to Charles, "I can scarcely last another year, make

good use of me while you may." In vigorous pursuit of her campaign several towns were stormed, others surrendered, whilst a most disastrous defeat was inflicted on her foes in open battle at Patay, where an ambushade was rendered ineffective by a stag rushing from the open into the forest. The noise and disturbance of the frightened animal betrayed the position of the English, who were defeated before a juncture with their other forces could be effected. After the victory at Patay, Charles journeyed to Rheims, and there the coronation took place with imposing ceremony in the great cathedral; Joan, with the embroidered banner in her hand, standing at the side of Charles.

Her mission was accomplished, and she hung up her armour in the cathedral and begged permission to return home. Charles was not willing to lose so valuable a servant, so he persuaded her to stay on. Subsequently she fought in many engagements with conspicuous courage, but the Maid now no longer believed herself to be a minister appointed by Heaven to lead her countrymen to victory. Two or three slight reverses were experienced, and on one occasion a severe defeat was suffered; then, later on, whilst heading a sally outside the walls of Compiègne, the retreat was cut off by the Burgundians, and after a severe fight Joan was captured. After the king was crowned the unbroken successes had ceased, and many had begun to lose faith in the Maid, yet it is remarkable that after her capture not a single attempt of any kind was made to effect her rescue. She nearly managed to escape, but was then removed to a castle in the forest where she was imprisoned in a tower. She again tried to escape by jumping from a window and falling sixty

feet to the ground, but although badly bruised and shaken, she was not seriously injured. This, Joan told her inquisitors at the trial, was the only occasion on which she disobeyed her voices, her extreme anxiety for her friends in Compiègne, about which she had heard bad tidings, moving her to try and escape. She was eventually handed over by the Burgundians to the English, who had commissioned Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, to give a sum equal to £23,000 for the witch. She was removed to a tower in Rouen, and there placed within an iron cage, chained in an upright position by hands and feet. She was allowed no privacy, and five of the roughest soldiers were always kept on guard in the room night and day, but she bore her suffering with great calmness and fortitude.

It was arranged to try her in open court on the convenient charge of witchcraft. Cauchon arranged the trial and picked his assessors carefully, but it soon became evident that a public trial must end favourably for Joan, although she had not been allowed an advocate in her defence. So a private examination was resorted to in order to convict her. Meanwhile the strain of the cruel treatment during the captivity had told upon her marvellous constitution, and her life was almost despaired of; but under the care of a physician she recovered, and was afterwards kept chained to a plank bed.

During the public trial and private examination many efforts were made to entrap her. On being asked which was the true pope—for at that time there was a second claimant—she answered: “Are there two popes?” Then, when asked why she, rather than another, was

chosen for the work, she answered with gentle dignity: "It had pleased the Lord to do so by a simple maiden." Cauchon found that they could not get any condemnatory evidence from her by ordinary means, so he wished to submit her to torture, but only three voted for it. Then a digest of the examination was drawn up in seventy articles, which were finally reduced to twelve, and the Maid was represented as a devil worshipper, traitress and coward. The majority of the assessors accepted these, but the minority said they were true *unless* Joan's revelations came from God. The Bishop of Avranches announced that nothing she affirmed could be rejected as impossible, for which he was thrown into prison as a partisan of France. Nevertheless the Maid was handed over to the secular arm, and that meant death by fire. When all had been prepared and the death sentence was being read, Loyscleur, the infamous priest who had endeavoured to obtain condemnatory evidence from her in confession, whispered to her that she might save herself by signing the document and putting on a woman's dress. This implied she was wrong in putting on a man's dress, for which she claimed to have God's command. Joan pleaded that she could not write, she was weak and fearful after months of suffering, and she allowed them to guide her hand to sign her name.

After being taken back to prison she was seized with grief because of her action, and vowed that she did not understand and never had understood what was in the form of abjuration she had signed; further: "What I said, I revoked through fear of the fire." This relapse to her former position sealed her fate. The following day, when told of her sentence an hour before its

execution, she cried out in great grief and said: "Alas, am I to be so cruelly and horribly treated?" Joan devoted the remaining time to prayer and the receiving of the sacrament, before being led to the stake with a hideous mitre upon her head bearing the inscription: "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater." She bore herself bravely towards the end, and died resignedly, calling upon her saints. It is related that Cauchon, the perfidious Bishop of Beauvais, just before the final act, left the scene weeping. After all was over, many of the crowd left in great grief saying: "We are all lost, for we have burnt a saint." Such was the closing incident of one of the darkest pages of English history.

The unanimous testimony of historians regarding Joan's transcendent heroism and devotion, along with her pure disinterestedness, are the surest test of her greatness of soul, for not a single instance is given into which we can read the motive of self-gratification. She died before her nineteenth birthday after a short but wonderfully inspiring career. Her whole thought was how to be of service. Not a single instance do we read of her own desires or her personality obtruding and hindering her work. When her power began to be realised, it was beyond the understanding of most men. The noble, loving and charitable, realised that it must proceed from a higher source; but the jealous and the fearful, the ignoble and superstitious, believed it to be witchcraft, or what we now term the black art, or black magic; for those who do not rise above what is ignoble are apt to think that it is impossible for others to do so. One marked feature of Joan's life was her source of inspiration, or the "Voices". The hearing of voices is generally considered an unfavourable sign by doctors,

and is looked upon as one of the first signs of a disordered mind, or madness. The madman, however, is unable to discriminate between the physical and the astral, he confuses astral entities with those existing on the physical plane; but there is not the slightest doubt that Joan was fully conscious that the voices were from the higher worlds. Myers writes :

We need not assume that the voices which she heard were the offspring of any mind but her own; yet on the other hand we have no right to class Joan's monitions, any more than those of Socrates, as incipient madness. To be sane, after all, is to be adjusted to our environment, to be capable of coping with the facts around us; tried by this test, it is Socrates and Joan who should be our types of sanity; their differences from ourselves lying rather in the fact that they were better able to employ their own whole being, and received a clearer inspiration from the monitory soul within.

To express the latter portion of this quotation in Theosophical terminology, we might say that the Higher Self—the Ego—was able to express very much more of itself in Joan than is usual amongst good men and women.

Sir Edward Creasy writes with a noble appreciation of Joan's heroism, but he endeavours to explain away her inspiration in a manner that expresses the scepticism of our day. He writes: "At length she believed herself to have received the supernatural inspiration she sought." In *Cassell's Popular History* another appreciative account is given. This writer states that "her own thoughts and hopes seemed to take audible voice and returned to her as assurances and commands of her saints". A similar explanation is given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Some excuse must be made if an explanation is beyond the power of the historian. But viewed in the

light our teachers bring to us, it is not difficult to explain reasonably the power possessed by the Maid; for she was a mystic, and all mystics claim to have a wider range of consciousness than the intellectual. Perhaps in most cases the mystic uses his wider range of consciousness to help him in his work as a spiritual teacher. In Joan's case she used her super-consciousness as the director of her practical work, and through it was enabled to act with a clearness, insight and decision quite beyond the more vacillating process of reasoning.

Professor W. James tells us that St. Ignatius was a mystic, but his mysticism made him assuredly one of the most powerfully practical human engines that ever lived. He also considers that the evidences for the mystic state of consciousness are so strong that "they break down the non-mystical or rationalistic state of consciousness based upon the understanding and the senses alone. They show it to be only one kind of consciousness. They open out the possibility of other orders of truth, in which, so far as anything in us vitally responds to them, we may freely continue to have faith." This is the summing up of a man who pursues his researches into the mass of mystical writings in a truly scientific manner. The evidence shows that there is a higher state of consciousness, that the mystic reaches it by other methods than the intellectual, and that this higher state of consciousness may be directed to what men term practical purposes. The practical mystic is more intensely practical and energetic than the practical but merely intellectual man, for the mystic can bring a greater force, gathered through his wider consciousness, to aid him in anything he undertakes, and



therefore he is a greater power for good or evil. There seems to be no evidence that Joan had any intellectual training worthy of the name, yet she was more than a match for her inquisitors at the trial. Again, she had no training in strategy or the tactics of war, yet after the first attack her officers deferred to her. Although she was quite unlearned, she was not warped by the desires of the lower self.

The Maid of Orléans was but a peasant girl; she could neither read nor write, but she had "ceased to hear the many"—her own lower desires and the desires of those around her. She was simple, strong, pure, loving and utterly devoted, for she had learnt "to discern the ONE, the inner sound or voice which kills the outer".

J. Griffiths

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## A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

By HELEN VEALE

IN the summer preceding the outbreak of the great war, two sisters made up their minds to spend a day of their holidays at Stonehenge; not only to see that mighty monument of the past, but also to put to a practical test their own awakening powers of sensing the superphysical. They were in the happy position of being sometimes able to supplement each other's work, the one being able to exercise some clairvoyance, while the other could bring through a mental impression by means of writing—not exactly automatic, but spontaneous.

It was a hot day, and after a dusty walk from the country hotel in which they had spent a not-too-comfortable night, it was with some sense of disillusionment that they came at length on the stones—insignificant objects in the vastness of the surrounding plain, and guarded by a barbed wire fence from the intrusion of such sightseers as could not pay for the privilege of closer access.

Even within the magic enclosure, they could not at first put out of mind the tawdry modern setting, for the prosaic figure of a policeman loomed portentous, and his voice warned visitors not to stand on the stones, or otherwise molest them, while noisy parties of

Americans and natives frolicked around, and photographed each other against the Altar of Sacrifice as background.

The sisters despaired of attaining their object, but had no choice but to stay some hours, having made all arrangements to do so. Accordingly, they seated themselves in a central position, leaning against a recumbent stone, and were overjoyed to find that, as the lunch hour approached, the other visitors gradually dispersed, and they were left in undisputed possession, even the policeman thinking them sufficiently harmless in appearance to warrant his taking a short leave of absence.

Now then was the time, and the one sister opened her notebook. She had not long to wait before the question came: "What do you want to know?" Her mental questions then elicited the answers that her informants were Deva guardians of the place, and that the stones had been set up by an Atlantean race, about 17,200 B.C., but the date was rather hesitatingly given; it seemed to the writer that her own mental preconceptions, pronouncing such figures preposterously out of reason, here put a barrier to free information. She asked then if her sister could be shown something of what used to take place there, and the answer was that they were willing to help her. Almost immediately the other exclaimed that she could see a temple, in which a ceremony was taking place, but it was not in the open air, and the stones were nowhere visible. At once the explanation was supplied in writing that it was underneath, in a subterranean chamber, and that an ancient initiation ceremony was being performed. The clairvoyant then described the hierophant as wearing

a square head-dress, as seen on Egyptian mummy cases, and again the written commentary was that this was a branch of the Egyptian mysteries.

The temple was described as semicircular towards the east, the circle being completed by pillars evenly placed from the altar in the middle, while the western end was square. Prominent in the south was a very high door, going right up into the roof, and closely shut.

A candidate was brought in and led to the altar, where he was confronted by the hierophant, who held in his hand a dart or javelin. This he held by the middle, and suddenly cast at the candidate, who appeared to fall lifeless on the altar. An exclamation of horror escaped the witness of this violence, but reassurance was promptly given to the scribe, to the effect that he was not killed, but only temporarily driven from the physical body. As she read this aloud, her sister answered: "O yes! I see him standing in his astral body, and now the great South door is open, and the Sun shines down through the top, causing such curious shadows on the altar, like a cross." A moment later, she exclaimed that a cross was visible in the Sun, or rather a Svastika, moving round, and that the candidate had been drawn right up into the Sun, passing between the spokes of this wheel.

"Will he return?" they asked, and the answer came: "The priest will call him back at sunrise on the third day."

This ended the vision, and soon the stream of visitors recommenced, and the two sisters left.

On enquiry they found that it had been stated by H. P. Blavatsky, and corroborated by Mr. Sinnett,

that subterranean chambers existed under Stonehenge, though they had hitherto never come across the statement. Also, a curious passage was found in *The Secret Doctrine*, recalling the Svastika seen in the Sun. Moreover, some authorities ascribe an Egyptian origin to the temple, the antiquity of which also is beginning to be allowed to be much more hoary than used to be thought.

Such was an authentic experience of two novices in psychic investigation, recounted almost verbatim from the original notes. It was intended to seek further corroboration before giving them any publicity, but great things have intervened to hinder fireside study, and lest the episode should fade completely out of memory, it seemed worth while to record it, where at least it will undergo the test of criticism, and may be illuminated and supplemented by the researches of other students.

Helen Veale

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## LITTLE SEAWEED

By AHASHA

ON the bottom of the sea stood the palace of the sea-king. It was built of all kinds of shells in many colours. Here was an opening and there was an opening, through which the fishes swam in and out. There were no doors and windows.

Everything in the palace was very beautiful. The throne was made of coral; and the furniture was made of wood, which grew in the forests on the bottom of the sea. The wood was yellow and sometimes it spread out light. And if it was still too dark, the king gave order to his subjects, the mermen and mermaids, to bring light-spreading fishes, and then it was very snug and beautiful in the palace.

The palace was large, so large that you could nearly lose your way in it. There was also a large hall, and only the king was allowed to enter it. In this hall about a hundred bottles stood on shelves, and in every bottle was a jelly-like substance constantly moving to and fro; these were the souls of the drowned people, and the king preserved them.

The king was married, and had one little daughter: Seaweed. Little Seaweed was a kind, good girl; and she was always very obedient. She could play for

hours in the garden at the back of the palace and there she made cakes of the white sand.

Sometimes she went out for a drive on the back of a dolphin, but she liked best to listen to the stories of her mother. The queen sat with Little Seaweed in an arbour of seaweed and anemones; the queen was then making gowns or little baskets of sponge, and Little Seaweed sat very, very quiet at her feet. One day they were talking again to each other.

The queen told her about people on the earth, how they built ships and how they crossed the seas. But when a storm came on, the ship was sometimes wrecked, and the people who were on it sank down into the sea, deeper and deeper, till they came to the palace of the king. . . .

“And then?” Little Seaweed asked.

“Then? Yes, then the king takes them with him to the large hall, and he locks up the souls in the bottles.”

“But . . . that . . . that is not very kind of him,” Little Seaweed cried out.

“Be quiet, little one, he is your father, and you should not speak of him in this way.” He has to do it, because he is the king of the sea. And if we don’t get sons, your father and I, *you* will have to do the same when your father has died.

“But I won’t, mamma dear,” sobbed Little Seaweed, “please don’t let me reign. I feel so sorry for those poor souls. Where is their home?”

“Far away with All-father.”

“All-father?”

“Yes, darling.”

“Shall I come there also?”

“That is impossible. You have no soul; only men, and animals, fairies, gnomes, and ghosts have souls; and if they are dead, their souls go to All-father.”

“And when I die?”

“You will become sea-foam.”

“Can’t I get a soul?”

“It would be very difficult. You ought to do a very great deed. . . . But, dearest, be happy; you have got everything you want, you are princess of an immense kingdom, what else do you want?” “A soul,” she thought, but she dared not say that to her mother.

That night Little Seaweed could not sleep at all. ‘Oh,’ she thought, “how splendid it would be if I had a soul and could go to that All-father of the story. He will be very kind, I suppose. But then I have to do a great deed. What have I to do then? What?”

“Seaweed, Little Seaweed!” suddenly she heard a little voice.

She looked up and saw a little man standing beside her. He was dressed in green, and had a green cap on his head. He looked just like a little frog.

“Who are you, and where do you come from?” whispered Seaweed.

“I am a gnome, my name is Tula, and I will help you to do a great deed, that you may get a soul.”

“Thanks ever so much, dear Tula,” and she kissed him on his cheeks so full of wrinkles.

“Be quiet, you will wake the king, and if he sees me . . . .”

“But how do you know I want a soul?”

“The crocodiles told me, and the sharks told it to the crocodiles, and the sharks heard it when they were swimming about the harbour.”



“What must I do, Tula?”

“You have to give their freedom to all the souls which are locked up in the bottles in the large hall, and after that you must flee with me.”

“Flee? And leave father and mother?”

“Yes, if you really want to go to All-father you have to leave everything you love. Will you do that?”

She loved her father and mother dearly, so she thought it a hard thing to do. She loved the palace and the fishes so dearly. Her whole family had become sea-foam, why would she then have it different? She was born to rule over the mermen and mermaids.

“Tula, won't they despise me because I am of a family who really ought to become sea-foam?”

“No, little one, they will love you. In reality you first have to become a fish, but if you do a very great deed you can be an Undine directly.”

“What is an Undine?”

“A kind of a water-fairy, small and delicate, and if you die you become a ghost and then an angel, and after many years you can go to All-father.”

“You also?”

“I also.”

“Very well, I'll go with you.”

Tula helped her to fasten her frock, bound her blonde curls together, and then she went to the room where her parents were sleeping, and she kissed them long and fervently.

“Farewell for ever!” she sobbed.

Then they walked through several halls to the large hall where all the bottles stood. The hands of Little Seaweed trembled when she opened the first bottle.

Sjsjsj—, and the first soul flew away.

Sjsjsj—, another, and another, and so they all flew away.

“And what now?”

“Come with me directly.”

They clasped each other's hands lightly. First through the garden, and then through woods and meadows, where the sea-cows of the king were grazing.

On and on they went; at last it was growing dark, and the water didn't move any more.

“We have nearly reached the place,” sighed Tula.

“I am so tired. Let us rest here for a short time.”

They sat down near a coral-reef and ate and drank there.

“Look how the water is moving here,” exclaimed Little Seaweed.

“That is because we are near the shore.”

After some hours they had reached the shore and Tula shook the water from him.

“O Tula, are we now near All-father? How very beautiful it looks here. Just look how lovely sand is. And mountains . . . and what's that over yonder?”

“A ship; but let us go to the wood. I know a brook there, and near that brook lives an Undine. You must now also become an Undine.”

Little Seaweed couldn't get on very well at first. She had always been accustomed to live in the water, and so she could not walk at once as a gnome. When they came into the wood she got frightened, and she was very sorry she had left everything to get a soul. She asked Tula to return, but he said: “It is too late now. The souls are on the way to All-father, and the

king would be very, very angry. We can't return now, really we can't."

Tired and hungry, they reached the brook at last.

"Undine, Undine!"

The water was beginning to move, and slowly a woman rose up from it. She shook all the water drops from her body and looked with her pale blue eyes at Tula.

"Well, Tula, is there any news?"

"Good news, Undine," and now Tula told her the story of Seaweed.

"Poor Little Seaweed," sighed Undine. "Poor Little Seaweed. Are the souls saved?"

"They are saved."

"Is the little one here? All right, I'll help her."

Undine now came out of the water, her golden hair like a mantle around her. Her delicate, pink little wings moved to and fro in the evening air.

She approached Little Seaweed.

"Seaweed!"

Little Seaweed looked up.

Surely that was All-father. *So beautiful, so pure, so delicate!* Little Seaweed, who had never knelt before, knelt before Undine and bowed her head.

"Don't kneel before me, my dear, I'm only a water-fairy, an Undine, and you will be what I am. You have done a very great deed. You have left your father and mother, and now you'll get your reward, and get a soul."

Undine softly kissed Little Seaweed on the forehead, and it was as if she was taken up in the air and floated about in the universe.

When she dared to look up she floated softly hand in hand with Undine over the brook. She wasn't any

more hungry and she wasn't any more tired, and she felt she could sing, sing as an Undine.

Together they sang, and Tula accompanied the song upon a golden harp. Every evening he came back and they sang, and floated, and drank the dew . . . till death would come and they would become air-ghosts.

Ahasha

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## OCCASIONAL NOTES

By ALICE E. ADAIR

### I. LATTER-DAY ART

TO understand modern painting some acquaintance with the past history of art is essential, which is only another way of saying that if we wish truly to enter into the aspirations of the Futurists we must have some friends amongst "the Primitives," and know something of the happenings in the painters' world between their day and ours. Indeed the threads of past, present and future are so closely woven together that it is practically impossible to assert where any art movement has had its beginnings. Because it is a living spirit as well as an outward form, it appears as a continual flux. Many tributaries feed the main stream; the course varies; the channel deepens or becomes shallow, increases or decreases in breadth; but the current flows on unimpeded. Egyptian artists clasp hands with post-Impressionists, and the principles of "Synchromism" were present in the decorations of ancient Babylon.

It has been truly said that "every period in art contains within itself the germs of every movement, the seeds of its own dissolution and the germs of its succession". Hence no dogmas regarding the arts may be accepted blindly or looked upon as final. The

singling out of a particular phase or method which happens to dominate certain periods and labelling it "classic," tends to obscure the fact of this continuity. It obstructs the free expansion of new ideas by giving exaggerated importance to the old. It veils from the eyes the inextinguishable light of the eternal youth of art, and too often blinds men to the worth of the artists of their own period. Were it more commonly recognised that the evolution of life and the evolution of art are inseparable, all these tendencies to fossilise into the formal worship of mere conventions would be arrested, and the happiness of many a great master assured to him while living, instead of the empty posthumous fame which is, not always ungrudgingly, his.

Observation proves that this evolutionary process is dual: more and more complexity of form—technique, greater expansion of life—appreciation, pleasure, æsthetic rapture; and this process implies the preservation of the highest achievements of genius in the past and the destruction of forms which cannot expand in response to increased æsthetic stimulus. All the struggles of different schools and all the battles of artists with the public have been conflicts between the conventional and the novel, between accepted presentments and new methods.

The artists seem naturally to group themselves into two distinctly marked types, in which the Theosophist will recognise the temperaments of Occultist and of Mystic; and it is interesting to observe how constant is the reproduction of these types, which sometimes succeed and sometimes supplement each other in all great periods of inspiration. At one time it is the mystic-genius who occupies the stage, scoffed at by the public,

frequently on account of some defective technique, of which he is often quite as conscious as his critics. In spite of this, being more spiritually enlightened than they, he works in obedience to an impelling force from within, and becomes a fount of inspiration to scores of fellow artists in his own and succeeding generations. At another time it is the genius of occultist temperament who dominates his period. He is as a rule a man with great strength of character, remarkable versatility, insight and skill, and is usually endowed with the attractive qualities which create a magnetic personality. In his case the opposition he arouses is perhaps more virulent, for no fault can be found with his workmanship. His crime is the greater one; he is an iconoclast. "Away with your stupid and useless conventions," he cries, "I have other and finer forms to show you." And the bewildered people, finding their darling, painfully acquired idols thus derided, and fearing they may slip from their grasp, turn upon the insolent innovator and pour over him the vials of their righteous indignation. His life is one long battle, but in the end he succeeds in remodelling public opinion. The mystic type finds success in a spirit communicated, the occultist type in a truth embodied.

The unravelling of the tangled thread of latter-day art becomes simpler if these three points are kept in view: that the stream of art is continuous, that the evolution of art is a dual evolution, and that artists are the agents of forces which work along different but not antagonistic lines.

The history of European art has been broadly classified into four great periods: the period of the

primitives, which formed as it were the elemental essence of later forms, the period when line and form were especially studied and cultivated, the period when artists occupied themselves foremostly with the mastery of problems of light and shade, and lastly the period when attention was turned more especially to the analysis and development of colour. This classification obviously applies to painting, but there is evidence enough that in some of the sister arts this modern note is dominant, for poets, musicians and sculptors strive to express "colour," to create atmosphere in their work.

It is in this fourth period that latter-day art has its being—a period with many cycles, culminating in such an artistic upheaval at the beginning of the twentieth century as has not occurred before. The ordinary man has been quite unable to keep pace with the bewildering number of "sins" which have burst upon an astonished world in such rapid succession as to seem to have had simultaneous life, like sparks from the blow of a hammer. There have been Classicists, Romanticists, Idealists, Pre-Raphaelites, Impressionists; and to-day we have Neo-Impressionists, Pointillists, Luminists, Futurists, Orphists, Sensationalists, Compositionalists, Synchronists, Cubists; and no one can say what we shall have to-morrow. It is confusing, but it is hopeful, for whatever else may be said of art, at least it is not dead.

Turning to the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find the revolt against Classicism has begun, and the whole evolutionary trend of art during the ensuing years has been away from the "studio" picture and towards an ever closer contact with, and interpretation of, nature, until the dawn of the nineteenth century,



when unmistakable signs appear of a reverse swing of the pendulum towards imaginative painting.

After the "Classic" came the Romantic, then the Realistic and the Impressionistic phases of nineteenth century art.

The treatment of the nude was the special study of the Classicists, and in draughtsmanship they excelled. David and Ingres were the two most remarkable artists of this age, and both of them in their work expressed the mood of France. Colour implies sunshine, and France was enveloped in the storm clouds of revolution; hence what has been described as the "heroic austerity" of David. Neither of them was a colourist. Ingres was David's pupil, and in his turn taught: "A thing well drawn is always well enough painted." He regarded the rebels against cold classicism, Decamp and Delacroix, as traitors; for to him: "To be careless of a correct contour, to concentrate your thoughts on colour and action—that was to do nothing less than to offend against morality." Nevertheless in his later years he did not wholly escape the influence of the new spirit. Men had become thoroughly weary of the continual procession of meaningless "gods and goddesses," of artificial poses and stereotyped compositions. "Let us have warmth of colour and freedom of movement," cried the Romanticists, and this they achieved. Remarkable changes took place in figure painting and in landscape; but this movement in turn had to give place to a still more radical change. The Realists now appear upon the scene, and shepherds and shepherdesses, nymphs and cupids sporting in the woods, are banished.

It must not be forgotten that there are always men who combine in themselves characteristics of more than

one period, for example Corot's works have both classic and romantic elements, while he also adopted the practice of the impressionists of painting out of doors. The things he considered most important in the technique of pictures were drawing and values. To his treatment of the latter he largely owes his fame as a painter. "He succeeded in applying the principle of values to landscape painting as fully as Rembrandt had to figure painting."

The Barbizon School represented the Romantic element in landscape, and then we find in France naturalistic and realistic painters, such as Jongkind, Boudin, Courbet and, most important of all, Manet, blazing the trail for the later Impressionists. The Barbizon painters also had their formula: "There must be a rough foreground, a darkened distance, and perhaps, in the mid-distance, a glint or gleam of sunshine striking some rugged tree-trunk"; so once again new experiments were tried, and new discoveries displaced outgrown conventions. Jongkind and Boudin occupy the intermediate period between the Barbizon group and the Impressionists. On that account chiefly their work is interesting. Both men were exceptionally unfortunate (penury reduced the former to dipsomania), probably because they represented a transitional period; but Jongkind sowed the seed which afterwards flowered in the work of the greatest of the Impressionists—Monet. He was "one of the very first men in France to occupy himself with the enormous difficulties surrounding the study of atmospheric effects, the decomposition of luminous rays, the play of reflections and the unceasing change crossing over the same natural form during the different hours of the day".

Boudin was an ardent advocate for out-of-door painting and was thus linked to the Impressionists. He was persuaded by "la mère Toutain," one of the innkeepers, typically and peculiarly French, known as "mères des artistes," to open an Academy of painting at her inn at Saint Simeon. As a scheme for making money the Academy was a failure, but the inn itself became a delightful centre where for twenty-five years the most celebrated artists met continually, attracted by the beauty of the surroundings and the charm of Boudin's personality.

Courbet was essentially a realist, but romantic leanings filled his pictures with colour. Unhappily, owing to the failure of his experiments based on his own theories in regard to colour, the pictures have faded. He induced the younger amongst his fellow artists to turn to everyday life for their subjects, and his influence over Manet, the greatest of the Realists, in his earlier years was very pronounced. Later he could not follow this brilliant painter in his artistic flights. When "Olympia," one of Manet's most daring ventures, was exhibited to a rebellious public, even Courbet's sympathy failed. "It is flat and lacks modelling. It looks like the queen of spades coming out of a bath." To this criticism of his Manet's reply was: "He bores us with his modelling. Courbet's idea of rotundity is a billiard ball."

We have seen Romanticists in rebellion against the superstitions of Classicists, then, later, the arrival of the day when the former lost their grip upon truth, seeking emotional gratification at any cost. So that in their turn they are forced to make way for the Realists bringing a new message: "Fancy is

leading you astray, the charm in nature is greater than any you can invent." Many of this band of Realists were on the outskirts of Impressionism, although never identified with it—amongst them Manet, the most commanding personality amongst the painters of that era, who was one of those I should venture to call occultist—as distinguished from mystic—artists. A mere paragraph is not enough to do justice to this man and his remarkable influence; to him and to Impressionism, representing the evolutionary fruits of nineteenth century painting, future studies will be devoted.

No student of this period can fail to observe the rapid development of art in England and the extraordinarily vitalising influence of some English Masters, notably Turner and Constable, upon the French painters. Wynford Dewhurst says:

Excluding the miniaturists, and such foreign masters as Holbein, Vandyck, Kneller, and Lely, English art could hardly boast one hundred consecutive years of history when its landscape artists first exhibited in the Paris Salon. The French School could not forget Italy and its own past. Even to this day the entrance to the Ecole des Beaux Arts is guarded by two colossal busts of Poujet and Poussin, and the supreme prize in its gift is the Prix de Rome. But English art has never been trammelled excessively by its own past, simply because it did not possess one, and, with insular pride, refused to accept that of the Continent.

Hogarth was a sturdy example of British independence uttering all manner of "blasphemous expressions against the divinity even of Raphael, Correggio, and Michelangelo"; and indeed all the Englishmen made truth their goal, a trait which characterises the later Impressionists. In Mr. Dewhurst's opinion the impressionistic idea originated with the Englishmen; but this is perhaps claiming too much. It seems more probable

that the new impulse was at work in both countries, but that it found earlier and freer outlet in England because France was in leash to her traditions. For, curiously enough, after Constable and Turner, English art declined steadily until it was revived by the French Impressionists, who were the flower of the seeds of inspiration carried to France by these masters. Constable and Turner helped France to break the fetters of Classicalism, and France in her turn repaid the debt. The inspiration and encouragement the rebellious Frenchmen received from the great Englishmen was acknowledged most generously, for they showered upon them all the honours which their own countrymen denied them. In England these masters met with the proverbial fate of prophets in their own country, but Paris welcomed them with open arms; and if Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Manet, Monet, Sisley and Pissaro owe much to Englishmen, what do later English painters owe to them?

This study of the outlines of Art progress during the last century brings certain features into prominence, and they are these. Paris and London have been the vital centres during that period. The tendency has been a steady pursuit of truth with the consequent closer contact with Nature. This love of Nature resulted in remarkable discoveries in relation to light and to the possibilities of colour; and the naturalistic tendency was the reflection in Art of the Scientific Spirit of the age.

The Realistic Spirit flowered in Impressionism, and when its work is, for the time being, ended, we may, in obedience to cyclic law, which governs Art as well as life, expect to find the wave of inspiration pass to

the decorative arts and more purely imaginative painting. In that age we may expect a number of mystic-painters who shall bring to earth the dream beauties whose garments the nineteenth century has woven.

Alice E. Adair



## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

IN scientific investigations, in order to understand and interpret the phenomena, it is customary to form provisional hypotheses, which link together the discovered facts. When new facts are found which do not agree with the hypothesis, it is abandoned, and a new one is tried, until eventually a law of nature of the highest generality is established.

This method of cross-examining nature, and worming out her secrets, does not appear to have been yet adopted by Theosophical students to any great extent, and the following is an attempt to apply it to some of the occult teachings.

I propose to put to the test of experiment two hypotheses which may be thus stated.

(1) When a conscious entity changes from one plane to another, as in the case of birth or death, the energy of the vehicle in which the entity functions after the change, is the same per unit of volume, as the energy of the vehicle in which the entity functioned before the change.

To illustrate this by a concrete example, let a cubic inch of a man's body be taken, and its molecular energy measured, which let us suppose has the value  $w$ . Then if the man dies and the energy in a cubic inch of his astral vehicle is measured, this energy on the above hypothesis will still be  $w$ .

This first hypothesis is merely an extension of the law of the conservation of energy from the physical to the higher planes.

The second hypothesis is the following :

(2) The quantity of consciousness which can be experienced by an entity in unit time is proportionate to the vibratory velocity of the vehicle in which it is functioning.

To illustrate this second hypothesis by an example, if the vibratory velocity of the astral vehicle were ten times as great as the vibratory velocity of the physical vehicle, then one

day's experience on the astral plane would contain as much consciousness as ten days' experience on the physical plane.

The energy of unit volume, which by the first hypothesis is the same on all planes, is obtained by multiplying the weight of unit volume by half the square of the velocity, and to illustrate the two hypotheses in combination, if the astral velocity were ten times as great as the physical, the weight of unit volume of the physical, or the density of the physical vehicle, would be the square of ten, or one hundred times as great, as the astral vehicle.

Since both the density and the vibratory velocity of the physical vehicle is known, the energy of unit volume can be calculated. These data, with suitable mathematical proofs, are given in an article by the writer in *Modern Astrology* for August 1916, to which the reader is referred. The molecular velocity of the human brain  $v$ , is 228150.3 centimetres per second; the density of the human body  $d'$ , being the same as that of water approximately, we have  $d' = 1$ ; and since the energy per unit volume  $w$ , is the density multiplied by half the square of the velocity  $v$ , we have for the energy of unit volume of the physical vehicle

$$w = \frac{1}{2}d'v^2 = 2'60263 \times 10^{13} \text{ ergs} \quad (1)$$

By hypothesis (1), this is a constant on all planes, so that the quantities of energy per unit volume of the physical, astral, and mental vehicles are all equal to  $w$  in (1). In the above the unit of volume is the cubic centimetre.

Suppose now the consciousness is transferred from the physical vehicle to a vehicle composed of the ether of space, which has the vibratory velocity  $c$ . Now the vibratory velocity of the ether of space is well known, it is the velocity of light, so that  $c = 3 \times 10^{10}$  centimetres per second. This is much greater than the velocity of the physical vehicle  $v$ , as given above, in fact it is  $c/v = 131492.3$  times as great; so that, from hypothesis (2), the amount of experience that the entity would have in four minutes in its new etheric vehicle, would be as great as would be experienced in a physical vehicle in  $4 \times 131492.3 = 525969.6$  minutes. Dividing this number by the number of minutes in a day  $24 \times 60 = 1440$ , so as to get the corresponding time in days we have

$$525969.6/1440 = 365.256 \text{ days} = 1 \text{ year} \quad (2)$$

In other words, according to the second hypothesis given above, if an entity changed from a physical vehicle to one composed of the ether of space, it would become conscious of a year's experience in four minutes of physical time. Contrariwise, if the entity changed from a vehicle composed of



the ether of space to a physical vehicle, the experience of four minutes in the etheric vehicle would expand out into a year's experience in the physical vehicle. An illustration of such changes in the time ratios of conscious experiences is given in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. III, p. 259). Now according to one of the laws of Astrology, known as the system of Primary Directions, each four minutes of time after the birth of the native is the equivalent of one year of physical life, hence the method of Primary Directions merely supposed that at birth the entity is changing from a vehicle composed of the ether of space, with the vibratory velocity of light  $c$ , into a physical vehicle with the molecular velocity of the human brain  $v$ .

Another system of calculation, much used in Astrology, is the method of Secondary Directions, in which each day after birth is the equivalent of one year of physical life. This implies that in the process of birth the entity changes from a vehicle having the vibratory velocity  $V$ , to the physical vehicle having the known vibratory velocity  $v$ , and that  $V$  &  $v$ , are so related that

$$V = v \times 365 \cdot 256 = 8 \cdot 3334 \times 10^7 \text{ centimetres} \quad (3)$$

A system of electrons, which were acted on by a difference of potential of two volts, would have the required velocity  $V$  in (3) (*X Rays*, Kaye, Longmans, p. 96), and such a system of electrons would be identical with what are known as the Delta Rays (*Modern Electrical Theory*, 2nd. Ed., Campbell, Cambridge University Press, p. 323).

If, therefore, during the process of birth the incarnating entity changed from a vehicle having the vibratory velocity of the ether of space, passing through an intermediate vehicle, on the way to the physical, having the velocity of the Delta Rays, the two systems of Astrology known as the Primary and Secondary Directions would be scientifically accounted for. The latest investigations prove that the velocity of the Delta Rays is A UNIVERSAL CONSTANT (*Philosophical Magazine*, vol. XXII, p. 300, and vol. XXIV, p. 786).

Having thus obtained the vibratory velocities of the three vehicles, it is possible to obtain the densities also, because the density multiplied by half the square of the velocity, is equal to  $w$ , as given by (1), which is the same for all the vehicles on all the planes, in accordance with hypothesis (1).

The density of the physical vehicle is, of course, known; let us therefore ascertain the density of the vehicle having the velocity  $V$ , of the Delta Rays, as given by (3). Let this

density be  $d$ , so that the energy of unit volume is  $\frac{1}{2}dV^2$ , and by hypothesis we have

$$\frac{1}{2}dV^2 = W = 2.60263 \times 10^{10} \text{ ergs,} \quad \text{from (1)}$$

$$d = 2w/V^2 = 0.0000075636 \quad (4)$$

which gives us the density of the vehicle, the vibratory velocity of which is that of the Delta Rays. The density of the vehicle having the velocity of light  $c$ , may be left as an exercise to the student. It is given in *Modern Astrology* for August 1916. The density of air is 0.0012923, which is much greater than the density of the vehicle given by (4). The exact relation between the two may be ascertained by division thus:

$$0.0012923/0.0000075636 = 170.86 \quad (5)$$

from which it appears that air is about 171 times as dense as the vehicle occupied by the entity whilst the Secondary Directions are operating in the horoscope of the native. We are fortunately able to test the result given by (5), by actual experiment. Dr. J. L. W. P. Matla and Dr. G. J. Zaalberg van Zelst, of The Hague, Holland, have ascertained the density of bodies used by discarnate entities, or the spooks of the spiritualists. A review of their work will be found in the September number of *The Occult Review* for 1916 (pp. 130—40). They are well known men of science, who have done original work in high-frequency currents of electricity, liquid air, and the compression of gases, and have now published the results of twenty-two years of labour, in spiritistic and occult matters, in a voluminous work, in Dutch, entitled *The Mystery of Death*.

The experiments have been carried out without the aid of mediums, and purely with scientific apparatus, as in a chemical or physical laboratory, and one of the results is that they find that the vehicles in which the discarnate entities function, HAVE A DENSITY WHICH IS 176.5 TIMES THE DENSITY OF AIR (*Occult Review*, September 1916, p. 133).

Considering the delicacy of the experiments, this is in agreement with the result obtained theoretically in (5), from hypotheses (1) and (2). The difference between our theoretical result, 170.86, and the experimental result, 176.5, being about 3%. Part of the discrepancy is due to our assumption that the density of the physical body  $d'$  in (1) is the same as the density of water, whereas the density is slightly less than water, since human bodies will float. But the agreement is close enough for all practical purposes.

By our hypotheses, therefore, one of which is merely an extension of the well known law of the conservation of energy to other planes, and the other a rather obvious relation between

the vibratory velocity of a vehicle, and its capacity for manifesting consciousness, we are able to link together facts in nature, which appear as wide apart as the poles; facts, such as the fundamental bases of Astrology, which have been handed down to us from the remotest antiquity, and those most recently obtained from our physical laboratories. We are brought into touch with three fundamental velocities, which govern the interchange of life-forces between three planes, probably the three worlds of the Scriptures: the physical velocity  $v$ , or the molecular velocity of water or the human body, the velocity  $V$ , the velocity of the Delta Rays, probably the vibratory velocity of all astral vehicles, and which physicists have recently found to be A UNIVERSAL CONSTANT, and the velocity  $c$ , or the velocity of light, the vibratory velocity of the ether of space, and probably the vibratory velocity of the mental vehicle, the Causal Body of the Theosophist. The ratios between these three fundamental velocities are the reciprocals of the time ratios of Primary and Secondary Directions as used in the science of Astrology.

We are told that before descending into a new incarnation, the human consciousness ascends into the Causal Body, and whilst there, sees the events of the coming life; this may occur during the few hours after physical birth whilst the Primary Directions are operating. The Secondary Directions are operating during the three months after birth, when the incarnating ego may be supposed to be mostly in an astral vehicle, having the velocity of the Delta Rays, since it is not until the seventh year that the ego may be said to be fully incarnated. The Delta Rays consist of slowly moving electrons, and there are good grounds for supposing that electrons are the atoms of the astral plane (THE THEOSOPHIST, October 1908, p. 68; February 1909, p. 483; March 1910, p. 791).

G. E. Sutcliffe

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### A POINT OF DOGMA

I thank you for your kindness in printing my letter covering the words of our dear brother in service, Jinarājadāsa, wherein he maintains, as clearly as words can, the doctrine of transubstantiation as held by the most simple or unenlightened R. C. devotee, and I shall now put what I would say in reply as briefly as I can for your convenience:

1. We admit, of course, the magic process. We know that a good woman or a good man can so vitalise, or, as some would say, magnetise, bread or wine or water, that such may become the veritable vehicle or body of Life or God to the soul who partakes of it worthily, *i.e.*, in living faith. To this soul it will actually convey the holy thing of life, or the Divine Essence, and will accordingly bless this soul, and through this soul, the body. In this process is the work of the white magician.

2. But we know that it is equally true that an "evil" or unclean or unspiritual woman or man can, by identical act of will, effect a corresponding result in these elements, and that an unwholesomeness, or uncleanness, or a spiritual unhealth would be conveyed through them to the soul and body of the communicant, and this is black magic. Thus it follows, as I have often been told, that the presence of a certain type of priest at a death-bed for this service has produced a deep and lasting depression or dread in the passing soul.

3. Thus we admit a change of power or virtue in the elements, and the whole question resolves itself accordingly into what is the nature of the change. But this is very different from saying that the bread and wine, as soon as a duly consecrated priest utters the words, become the actual live flesh and blood of a Saviour.

4. Further, if we admit that any consecrated priest can effect this change, we must admit that the vilest priest can effect it too. But our most common experience teaches us that a holy substance cannot be conveyed holily, *i.e.*,

as a holy substance, through an unclean vessel. And we know also that as above, so below; and as in the outer, so in the inner. And by thus observing the truth in external nature we can surely and easily know the truth in the ways of the hidden things of life.

5. I know what I have seen on many solemn and illumined occasions. I have always seen these elements become the vehicle or body for the virtue of the living Spirit whom we name Christ. But these elements remain the material elements of bread and wine, and if subjected to the usual disintegrating forces of nature, would in time corrupt and perish.

And it has been laid upon me by this same holy Christ-Spirit to say so, in order that Her children may be delivered from the bondage of casuality or materialism, through the opening of their eyes to see and feel the power of the deathless and incorruptible, live Body of God. And this, dear Editor, is why I had to write you that letter.

6. I think your readers will at least concede that this unqualified doctrine of transubstantiation may be fraught with the grossest issues. To my seeing it could lead us easily into a materialistic psychism, far more dangerous than is the crudest Spiritism, because more subtle, giving sanction to what may be in very fact black magic. Again thanking you, believe me to be yours ever faithful in the cause of truth.

• JAMES L. MACBETH BAIN

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## ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THEOSOPHY

I send the following extract. Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., M.A., in the concluding chapter of his book entitled *Theosophy*, says:

I have sometimes been reproached for "taking Theosophy seriously"; I frankly confess I take it quite seriously. It is a form of religious belief and practice, and I cannot conceive myself taking any such form, however unprepossessing or remote, otherwise than seriously. What means to deal with God cannot be trivial.

Moreover, Theosophy consists of its ultimate doctrines, and of their popular presentment. Its elaborate historical, philosophical, and "occultist" *mise en scene* is probably what attracts the very great majority of its adherents, and this is serious.

After this frank confession from a Jesuit Roman Catholic priest, I hope my Roman Catholic friends will betake themselves to the study of Theosophy, as I myself, an Indian

Roman Catholic, do; for Theosophy teaches, among other things, that all human beings, without any exception, will finally go to "Heaven"; whereas Roman Catholicism teaches that the greatest part of humanity will go to "everlasting Hell".

Rangoon

A. ARULSWAMI

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### THE DAY OF JUDGMENT AND THE COMING RACE

In reply to Mr. Gulick, I would point out that two opposite principles appear to come into operation, in the early and late portions of a chain. In the early portion, the advanced are held back, and the laggards pushed forward, whilst in the later portion, the advanced are pushed forward, and the laggards held back. Since the fifth race belongs to the later portion of the chain and of the globe, the fact that the pioneers of this race were rather carefully selected, that is, were advanced egos, is quite normal and accords with rule.

The word laggard is not always appropriate to the class temporarily thrown out of evolution, for it may be unfit because it is too far advanced, and evolving along wrong lines. This was the case with the Lords of the Dark Face in Atlantis. They were more advanced intellectually than the rest, but were deficient in altruism, and in the virtues based on love; their return to evolution, therefore, in the fifth race, will place them on more equal terms intellectually with the rest, hence they can rejoin without dominating us, and forcing the race along wrong lines of evolution. Those that cannot be assimilated in this way will come under the third order "Day of Judgment," and will be suspended for a globe.

It is quite apposite that the principles of a Day of Judgment may apply to still higher cycles, and there may be such a re-classification in the fifth chain, and in the fifth set of chains. As far as we know, the only one of our current schemes that is in the fifth chain, is the Venus scheme, and the coming of the Lords of the Flame from Venus, six and a half million years ago, may have been an incident in such a re-classification.

The period of a chain is that of a Day of Brahmā, 4,320,000,000 years (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, pp. 397, 403, 719), so that a set of seven chains occupies a Week of Brahmā. Now just as this cycle can be split up into chains, rounds, and

globes, so the Māhamanvantara, or hundred Years of Brahmā, can be similarly split up into Kosmic Chains, Kosmic Rounds, and Kosmic Globes, in which seven Kosmic Chains embrace the whole period of a hundred years, or Age, of Brahmā. In such a classification, a set of our chains, or seven chains, is a Kosmic Globe period, and in the same way that the seven races of a globe build up seven Heavenly Men, so the seven chains of the Kosmic Globe have as their fruitage the Hierarchy of seven Creative Powers recorded in the Zodiac (*S. D.*, I, p. 233). Hence the relationship of a globe to a Kosmic Globe is that of a planet to its Zodiac.

Our present chain is the 1st Day of the 51st Year of Brahmā (*Central Hindū College Magazine*, vol. X, No. 11, p. 290, Nov. 1910), so that we are just a little over half way through the Age of Brahmā. From an Atlas of Occult Chronology, which I constructed some years ago on the above data, it appears that we are now in the fourth Kosmic Globe, of the fourth Kosmic Round, of the fourth Kosmic Chain; so that we may regard ourselves as in the fourth globe, of the fourth round, of the fourth chain, of the fourth Kosmic Globe, of the fourth Kosmic Round, of the fourth Kosmic Chain. Hence not only our earth evolution, but the evolution of the solar and planetary Logoi throughout the whole sidereal system, is at its lowest descent into materiality, and just beginning the ascending arc. Perhaps the Kosmic Chains and Rounds bear the same relation to Solar and Planetary Logoi that the ordinary chains and rounds bear to man.

We are apparently living in the critical period, not only of our earth or solar system, but of the whole sidereal system; and the victory of the Light Powers over the Dark, in the present struggle, may be a victory not only for our Day of Brahmā, but for the Age of Brahmā. If this be so, the crisis we are passing through is immeasurably more important than is shown in my article. It is the era *par excellence* of the Kosmic Evolution.

The relationship of the globes and rounds to the Kosmic Globes and Rounds may throw light on the doctrine of Æons, as taught by the Gnostics. A period of seven chains, or a Kosmic Globe period, would be an Æon of a planetary order, the fruitage of which is the Hierarchy of the Planet's Zodiac; and the relationship of man to the Zodiac may be the relationship of the human consciousness to the consciousness of the Planetary Logos. The Logos of our Terrestrial Chain is Brahmā, and each of us is entitled to exclaim with truth: "I am Brahmā," though we shall not adequately realise this until we are part of the Heavenly Man of our Root Race, and

have become assimilated to our Zodiac. When this is accomplished, our consciousness will be felt as an element of the Logic consciousness, and thus, being one with the Logos, we become a part of the evolution of the Solar and Planetary Logoi in the Kosmic Rounds and Chains.

G. E. SUTCLIFFE

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### RELATIVITY

The imaginative sketch with the above title in your issue for October contains, I venture to think, a fallacy which is common to most efforts of the kind. A terrestrial being presumably has a body to which he is tied, and which forms part of the material of the earth, and takes part in its rotation. One might possibly imagine the time or motion sense of such a being slowed down, or accelerated, by endowing it with enormously extended microscopic or telescopic vision, so as to bring within its purview the infra-world, or the supra-world (to borrow M. Fournier D'Albe's terms). In the former case, motions which are so slow to us as to be imperceptible, such as the growth of plants, or the movement of the hour hand of a clock, would be fairly rapid motions, quite cognisable. In the latter case enormous stretches of our terrestrial time would appear quite small intervals; the sun might appear to race round the sky, or rather, the earth to spin as fast as a football, while the movements of people on it would be so slow as to be imperceptible—probably only the geologic changes would be seen, and they would follow each other like cinema pictures.

In the first case, the appearance of the world would be so changed that the objects on it would be unrecognisable. While the growth of different parts of a plant or tree could be followed, the tree as a whole could not be seen, as it would enormously transcend the field of vision. The tip of the hour hand might be seen to move fairly fast, but the clock-face would be indiscernible. In the second case, we must imagine a being with a body co-extensive with, say, the solar system, or with a good slice of interstellar space. Such a body could not be tied to the earth at all, and would have to use microscopic vision to see the earth and its movements, just as we would have to do to detect the revolutions of an atom or electron.

For a being to be conditioned as we are as regards space, while at the same time transcending our time and motion



limits, seems inconceivable. Space and Time are inseparable, and must vary *pari passu*. As long as a clock looks like a clock, and as long as the world wears its familiar features, so long must the ordinary movements of objects remain as they appear at present.

H. L. S. WILKINSON

### SWĀMI VIVEKĀNAND ON MEAT-EATING

In the *Prabuddha Bhāraṭa* for May last, some conversations of Swāmi Vivekānand are recorded by a disciple. The latter is told by the Swami that in all the Upanishats, there can be found no such beautiful book as the Kāthopanishat; that it should be committed to memory, and that one should try to instil into one's life the faith, the courage, the discrimination and renunciation of Nachikēṭa. Further it is taught that: "Liberation or Samādhi only consists in doing away with the obstacles to the manifestation of Brahman. The Self is always shining forth like the sun. The cloud of ignorance has only veiled it. Remove the cloud and the Sun manifests. Then you get into the state in which the knots or bondages of the heart are torn asunder. The various paths that you find all advise you to remove the obstacles on the way. The end of all ways is the Knowledge of the Self." Then it is explained that intense longing is the means to realise religion. In the present Yuga there is the necessity of performing work as taught in the *Gītā*, and India requires the quality of *Rajas* to be developed. The dialogue between the Master and the pupil makes excellent reading, and is very suggestive and instructive.

As the discourse almost came to an end, word was brought that supper was ready for Swāmiji, who told his disciple to come and have a look at his food. "It is not good (said the Swāmi) to take much fatty or oily substances. *Roti* is better than *luchi*. *Luchi* is the food of the sick. *Take fish and meat*<sup>1</sup> and fresh vegetables, but sweets sparingly." While thus talking, the Swāmiji enquired: "Well, how many *rotis* have I taken? Am I to take more?" The disciple observed that "he could not remember how much he took, and did not feel even if he yet had any appetite. The sense of body failed away so much while he used to talk. He finished after taking a little more."

<sup>1</sup> The italics are mine.—N. D. K.

After the beautiful and uplifting impression created by reading the first part of the dialogue one would think that the Swāmiji, in asking his disciple at the end to come and see his food, was going to show him what simple and harmless food he was living on. One cannot but feel a rude shock when—after reading about the Swāmiji's exhortation "to do away with the obstacles to the manifestation of Brahman, so as to obtain Knowledge of the Self, and the realisation of the Self"—the disciple is told to take fish and meat, which the Swāmiji was with relish feeding upon.

It is hardly necessary to point out here that if we cease eating the carcasses of dead animals, then only shall we cease to feed certain evil entities in ourselves. So long as we eat meat habitually, we shall never be quite free from the influence of entities who live on the blood and other properties of meat. Let us eat purely, and by and by we shall find ourselves thinking purely and desiring purely. How can our inner bodies be purified, and how can "the obstacles to the manifestation of Brahman" be removed, so as to realise the Self within us, if we are advised to eat fish and meat.

The Swāmiji had a great admiration for Westerners, and in the dialogue, the disciple—in answer to his question: "Do you hope when you find Rajas in the Westerners that they will gradually become Sāttvic?"—gets the following answer: "Certainly; possessed of a plenitude of Rajas, they have now reached the culmination of Bhoga or enjoyment. Do you think it is not they who are going to achieve Yoga?" The Swāmiji deplures in another place that the Bengalis, whom he admired for their brain power, had no strength in their muscles. It was probably to make up for the want of muscular power that the disciple was advised to eat fish and meat. A very wrong notion is entertained by some Indians that to make themselves more energetic and active in their nature they must stimulate Rajas by eating meat. Properly selected and well prepared non-meat food is more nutritive and productive of the right sort of energy than bestialising meat food. Even under the great stress and strain of this devastating War, it has been found that grain and vegetarian diet is more suitable than a flesh dietary.

N. D. K.

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## BOOK-LORE

*The War and Religion*, by Alfred Loisy. Translated by Arthur Galton. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 1s. 6d.)

In the preface to the translation of his book the author writes as follows :

It is on account of the serious friction which the religious problem has caused in France during some twenty years ; on account also of certain movements which seem likely not only to revive but to over-stimulate those religious questions after the war ; as well, too, because some people have proclaimed that the whole French Nation, both those who have been fighting and those who are proud of their defenders, being carried away by the war, will surrender itself entirely and without reserve to the Catholic and Roman faith : for these reasons, it has seemed advisable to show how groundless the latter assertion really is, and at the same time to draw attention to the disagreeable and unfavourable position that the papacy has brought itself into by its attitude towards the European conflict.

This statement makes quite plain the aim of the book, which comprises four chapters : *The War and Religion ; The War ; The Churches ; Religion.*

At the end of the second chapter, in which a summary review has been given of the situation in Europe at the time when the French original edition first appeared, the author asks : " Meanwhile, what is happening to the god of the Christians ? Governments and peoples," he continues, " are behaving as though they knew him not ; though the world is still crowded with his official representatives, who assuredly will not remain silent in the present crisis, which is the most uncompromising challenge ever made to their faith since it came into existence."

And then he proceeds to a discussion of the question now causing so much harassment to many earnest and thoughtful people. Can we be patriotic and at the same time truly Christian ? M. Loisy's answer is : No. The Gospel, he says, knows nothing of patriotism. " The gospel of Jesus implies the non-existence of nationality : it effaces it." We must

choose. The true believer who "endures persecution, suffering, and death, because the kingdom of heaven belongs to him," cannot be roused to a sense of national responsibility, and the Churches which preach patriotism are deviating, more and more in proportion to their fervour, from the teachings of the Christ. A man cannot fight and pretend at the same time to be a follower of Him who preached the Sermon on the Mount.

In this connection the author criticises the attitude of Pope Benedict the Fifteenth very severely. "From Belgium and from France," he says, "devout Catholics have turned in their distress towards the throne of Peter; and they discovered, to their confusion, that his throne was empty." The reason for his having failed his people at this crisis is due to his having ignored or mistaken the proper meaning of the word impartiality, behind which he shelters, identifying it apparently with the word neutrality. His view of this identification the author expresses as follows :

By impartiality is understood that perfect justice which ought to be followed in the treatment of persons and the estimate of things. Neutrality has nothing moral in it, has no common link with justice; it implies a wholly passive attitude with regard to other people's quarrels, considering neither the facts nor the reasons which may influence the opposing parties. Impartiality is a duty and a virtue; neutrality is only a matter of common prudence, one might even say of policy. Thus impartiality and neutrality are quite different things: in fact they are incompatible with one another in the sphere of morals; for no one has any right to be neutral in moral questions; and whoever pretends to be neutral in matters where justice is concerned fails to be impartial.

The gospel having failed us, the Roman pontificate having failed us, a choice must be made between Christianity and patriotism. M. Loisy chooses the latter. And in his fourth chapter he points out that the "religion" of the army as of the rest of the people is now love of their country and an imperishable belief in her future.

The book is very much worth reading, whether one sympathises with the author's point of view or not. For it puts a very real problem before us with that clarity of thought and simplicity of expression which characterises the true artist.

A. DE L.

*The Nation of the Future: A Survey of Hygienic Conditions and Possibilities in School and Home Life*, by L. Haden Guest, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Price 2s.)

Readers of *The Herald of the Star* and *The Commonwealth* will doubtless remember two series of articles Dr. Haden Guest wrote for these journals; the title of the former was "The Nation of the Future," and that of the latter "The Method of Medical Inspection of Children in Schools". These articles are now published in book form, together with the original eight photographs and a paper that first appeared in the proceedings of a Congress on Public Health and in the *Journal of State Medicine*; and we welcome this little volume as a more permanent means of bringing the articles before a larger public. Though it may not be necessary to remind many of our readers of their contents, a brief summary may be useful to those who have not already made their acquaintance.

First of all we read of the most common ailments and defects from which many children continually suffer, while supposed by their parents to be quite fit to attend school; then of the method of inspection now in practice; finally some simple but effective remedies are indicated. But Dr. Guest is not content to stop at purely medical and hygienic prescriptions; his sociological training has impressed on him the necessity of dealing with causes rather than tinkering with effects, and with no uncertain voice he denounces the root cause of all the needless wastage of child-efficiency he meets at every turn—poverty.

A section of special interest to Theosophists is one in which the author forecasts the possibilities and the gradual adoption of "a regular and systematic inspection of the mind and of the emotions". He mentions the significant step taken by the London County Council in employing a professional psychologist to develop this aspect of education with a view to adapting teaching to temperament. But he goes a great deal further in the direction of that more spiritual ideal of education towards which the Theosophical Educational Trust is working.

Short as the book is—and this is no disadvantage to a busy public—it is packed with practical information, and makes its

chief appeal to the loftiest sense of national and human solidarity. Speaking of the value of School Clinics the author sums up as follows :

Medical inspection of school children reveals defects which are common to the children of the human race in all parts of the world, and belonging to all its subdivisions of which I have been able to get any knowledge. The cure of those defects by School Clinics, or, better, their prevention, will achieve one of the most striking changes in the physical well-being of mankind that history has to record. Contemplating the massed statistics, the records from all countries, we get the impression of the human race waking up to a sense of the value of its child life, an impression of the human race determining that, what of service we know for the improvement of mankind, that serviceable knowledge shall be applied.

The "prevention" hinted at above is defined in a single sentence that may well be taken as the starting point for social reconstruction: "The measures designed to achieve this end must be based on the explicit assumption on the part of the Government of responsibility at all times, and in all places, and under all conditions, for the well-being of every citizen." Dr. Guest writes a forcible preface from "somewhere in France" to the effect that he has nothing to unsay; on the contrary his experience with the R.A.M.C. at the front entirely bears out his contention that the foundations of a sound physique must be laid in childhood.

W. D. S. B.

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*Thoughts from Trine: An Anthology from the Work of Ralph Waldo Trine.* (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

To all who seek inspiration in New Thought literature the books of Ralph Waldo Trine are well known. They have done much to hearten up the dispirited and strengthen those who lack self-reliance. The present selections from his work are well chosen. The author beams at us from the frontispiece, and the passages here gathered together are well calculated to communicate to the reader his cheerful outlook on life.

A. DE L.

*The Making of the Old Testament*, by W. F. Lofthouse, M.A. (Charles H. Kelly, London. Price 1s.)

This book is written in an interesting way, with the reverence we should expect from one of a series of Christian Manuals, yet with a breadth of view which permits the author to point out errors and alterations in the Old Testament which exist in spite of the care of the scribes, whose duty it was since the fifth century B.C. to preserve the text.

We are taken back in the history of the only extant literature of the Hebrews, older than 200 years B.C., to the clay tablets of Babylonia, where, according to a theory of Prof. Sayce, this literature may have existed before its translation into Hebrew. Then we hear of its probable existence on leather rolls, such as were used, we know, as far back as 2000 B.C. Coming to later days, we read that existing MSS. are not earlier than the ninth century after Christ, with the exception of a fragment of papyrus dating from the second century A.D.

After reading this book we may wonder at the care taken by the Jews to preserve the Old Testament from error, but we certainly shall not underrate their efforts, or regret having followed the author's investigations.

E. S. B.

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*What to Eat and How Much*, by Florence Daniel. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

The old proverb: "We do not desire and follow after the things that we think to be good, but we think to be good the things that we desire to follow after," is generally borne out in the study of any question concerning our food.

This book is not a compendium of "don'ts," but rather a plain and sensible summary of what is taught by various qualified medical men about food, made readable and convincing by the author's charming individuality. She tells us what food is, the relative value of its different elements, what are its most suitable combinations, how much is required, and the effects of taking too much or too little of it.

We are also told the reasons why our grandmothers were restricted to a more simple but beneficial diet, and how our choice should be governed by the knowledge and selection of what contains the largest amount of feeding material and the smallest amount of waste. Her conclusion is that practically all those who can afford to do so, eat too much, and that too great a carelessness prevails in learning how to keep the body fit.

G. G.

*The Kingdom of Heaven as Seen by Swedenborg*, by John Howard Spalding. (J. M. Dent & Sons, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The aim of this work, as explained on its cover, is "to present the main principles of Swedenborg's teachings in the simplest possible way, so that the reader who wishes to consult his works for himself may have some conception beforehand of the system of thought they expound, into which he may be able to fit the many unfamiliar statements which he will meet with in the course of his study".

The problems of the nature of God, of creation, of the Word, of the Incarnation, of the Second Coming of the Lord, of heaven and hell, of evil, of pain, of free will, etc., are examined and explained in simple, clear language, and judging by the author's evident love for and knowledge of the subject, it is fair to assume that he is in a position to interpret rightly the spirit of Swedenborg's philosophy. It might have been an advantage to intersperse the text with frequent quotations from Swedenborg's writings, so as to bring the would-be student to some extent into direct touch with them and to give him a taste for, an insight into, Swedenborg's manner of presenting his revelations, apart from the interpretation put on them by the author of the book.

The subject-matter is undoubtedly interesting, for Swedenborg's visions were of a high order, recorded in good faith and with the best of motives. Being a scientist and a philosopher, as well as a man of pure and blameless life, possessing a well balanced mind, his intercourse with the



spiritual world, which began at the age of fifty-six and continued without interruption for twenty-eight years, till a few days before his death, cannot be put down to the hallucinations of a diseased mind. They are definite evidence of the possibility of communication with the invisible world, well worth serious attention, provided always one bears in mind the difficulty of presenting the truths of the higher worlds in terms of physical plane language, and makes allowance for the personal equation which is bound to affect every seer. To us, Swedenborg's teachings seem incomplete in the absence of certain doctrines, like Reincarnation, which alone can solve some of the problems of life, and which have since his time been proclaimed to the western world; but as they stand, they have satisfied and helped many in the past and are accepted by many in the present. Mr. Spalding's book will therefore serve as a welcome aid, not only to enquirers, but probably also to older students, and we heartily recommend it as a most useful contribution on an important subject.

A. S.

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*Christus Consolator*, by the Right Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D., Bishop of Durham. (S.P.C.K., London. Price 1s. 6d.)

This book is written with the object of bringing comfort to those in sore trouble through the war, and is full of consoling and helpful thoughts. Its various chapters lead us from "Sorrow," and "The Mystery of Death" to "Christ" and "The World to Come". The chapters entitled "Passing Souls" and "With Christ" are beautiful and comforting, but as Theosophists, we are thankful to possess deeper knowledge of these mysteries of the life hereafter than is shown in the author's treatment of the subject.

E. S. B.

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## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## MR. GANDHI ON AHIMSA

In *The Modern Review* (published in Calcutta) for October we find an effective vindication of the eastern doctrine of *Ahimsa* (non-injury) by Mr. M. K. Gandhi of South African fame. It is primarily a reply to Mr. Lala Lajpat Rai, who had previously written asserting that the elevation of this doctrine of *Ahimsa* to the highest position in religion had contributed to the downfall of India, a charge which is here refuted by the counter-claim that it has been internal dissension—the very antithesis of real religion—that has weakened India.

Mr. Gandhi has the double advantage of not only having studied and assimilated the theory of this doctrine, but also having practised it with conspicuous success. Comparatively few people are aware of the difficulties he surmounted in his campaign of passive resistance to obtain redress for the grievances of his fellow-countrymen in South Africa, but the mere fact that this movement accomplished its object without violence and consequent bitterness, is a memorable object lesson in the working of the Great Law and the ability of ordinary humanity to apply it when the way is shown by personal example.

The doctrine of *Ahimsa*, as Mr. Gandhi points out, is not peculiar to any one sect or religion, though it has come to be popularly identified with Jainism. It is to be found in the Scriptures of all the great faiths of the world, from the Hindu *Shastras* and the Buddhist *Suttas* to the Christian Sermon on the Mount. Neither is it, in Mr. Gandhi's opinion, a doctrine only fit for *Sannyasis*, but a practical rule of conduct that all may obey with equal advantage to themselves and others.

The usual objection raised by the casual enquirer is that the duty of protection is thereby abandoned, in fact becomes impossible. Mr. Gandhi would be the last man to harbour such a misconception. To use his own words:

In its negative form it means not injuring any living being whether by body or mind. I may not therefore hurt the person of any wrong-doer, or bear any ill will to him and so cause him mental suffering. This statement does not cover suffering caused to the wrong-doer by natural acts of mine which do not proceed from ill will. It therefore does not prevent me from withdrawing from his presence a child whom he, we shall imagine, is about to strike. Indeed the proper practice of *Ahimsa* requires me to withdraw the intended victim from the wrong-doer, if I am in any way whatsoever the guardian of such a child. It was therefore most proper for the passive resisters of South Africa to have resisted the evil that the Union Government sought to do to them. They bore no ill will to it. They showed this by helping the

Government whenever it needed their help. *Their resistance consisted of disobedience of the orders of the Government, even to the extent of suffering death at their hands.* Ahimsa requires deliberate self-suffering, not a deliberate injuring of the supposed wrong-doer.

Further on he enlarges on the same aspect as follows :

And so the South African passive resisters in their thousands were ready to die rather than sell their honour for a little personal ease. This was Ahimsa in its active form. It *never* barter away honour. A helpless girl in the hands of a follower of Ahimsa finds better and surer protection than in the hands of one who is prepared to defend her only to the point to which his weapons would carry him. The tyrant, in the first instance, will have to walk to his victim over the dead body of her defender ; for it is assumed that the canon of propriety in the second instance will be satisfied when the defender has fought to the extent of his physical valour. In the first instance, as the defender has matched his very soul against the mere body of the tyrant, the odds are that the soul in the latter will be awakened, and the girl would stand an infinitely greater chance of her honour being protected than in any other conceivable circumstance, barring, of course, that of her own personal courage.

But it is not enough, says Mr. Gandhi, merely to abstain from ill will ; there must be a positive cultivation of goodwill in the face of injury from others. A point which is well brought out is that such an attitude demands the most complete fearlessness ; it is the very reverse of weakness.

In its positive form, Ahimsa means the largest love, the greatest charity. If I am a follower of Ahimsa, I *must love* my enemy. I must apply the same rules to the wrong-doer who is my enemy or a stranger to me, as I would to my wrong-doing father or son. This active Ahimsa necessarily includes truth and fearlessness. A man cannot deceive the loved one he does not fear, or frighten him or her. **अभयदान** (Gift of life) is the greatest of all gifts. A man who gives it in reality, disarms all hostility. He has paved the way for an honourable understanding. And no one who is himself subject to fear can bestow that gift. He must therefore be himself fearless. A man cannot then practise Ahimsa and be a coward at the same time. The practice of Ahimsa calls forth the greatest courage. It is the most soldierly of soldier's virtues.

We have quoted rather fully because this is a case where a record of first-hand experience is both rare and invaluable. The writer is not deceived by the many specious imitations of "harmlessness," but exposes in the plainest language the inconsistency of people who make a big show of charity, while all the time they allow others to be killed "by inches" through unjust trade and other "respectable" forms of crime.

Such a doctrine may sound utterly incongruous under the conditions prevailing in Europe ; but may not the latter appear to the Ahimsaist as the great incongruity ? There is a half-way school who believe in forgiving their enemy when they have so far injured him that he can no longer injure them ; and these are the people who answer with "this is not the time". Of course it is something to be thankful for nowadays

to find anyone ready to forgive at all, even when it is quite safe, but such a patchwork charity finds no place in Mr. Gandhi's creed. He clearly sees that a spiritual law must by its very nature be eternal and unchanging, and not a matter for compromise and opportunity. He does not prescribe his remedy as an occasional palliative, but as a universal cure for human suffering.

Ahimsa, truly understood, is, in my humble opinion, a panacea for all evils mundane and extra-mundane. We can never over-do it. Just at present we are not doing it at all. Ahimsa does not displace the practice of other virtues, but renders their practice imperatively necessary before it can be practised even in its rudiments.

W. D. S. B.

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*Kosmos—The Monthly Magazine of Universal Interest:* "The Twenty-four Preludes of Chopin: Their pictorial and poetical interpretation." Illustrations by Robert Spies. Poems by Laura Vulda. Translation by R. J. Minney. (The Eastern Bureau, Ltd., Calcutta. Price Re. 1.)

Rarely does one find such a successful combination of the arts of poetry, illustration and publication in the service of the interpretation of music, as in the issue of *Kosmos* devoted to the Twenty-four Preludes of Chopin. A medallino portrait of the great Polish composer forms the Frontispiece, and a short Biography constitutes a fitting Preface. Each succeeding page illustrates a Prelude by means of a short poem, in French, named and derived by the writer from the inspiration of the music; a dainty sketch in black and white, visualising the poem; and an English prose translation of the latter.

With one or two exceptions the poetry and illustrations show clever and original powers of interpretation, and will give pleasure even to musicians who delight in music as a "thing-in-itself" without any desire for its more concrete expression.

The English translations are, unfortunately, unworthy of the production, and are like the weak translations of a school-boy, at times showing an entire lack of good taste, even in the choice of words. The publication is very artistically displayed in purple printing, and is to be recommended as an interesting and unique addition to a musical library.

M. E. C.

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# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th August to 10th September, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

### ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Hon. Edward Drayton, Barlados, B. W. I., for 1916, £1. ... ..	15	0	0

### DONATIONS

Through Mr. Samuel Studd, Melbourne, £21. 7s. 0d.... ..	320	4	0
Mr. P. Vander Linden, Oakland, California, £3. 14s. 0d.... ..	55	2	9
Mr. Fricke, Holland ... ..	31	4	0
Mr. C. R. Parthasarathy Iyengar, High Court Vakil, Chittoor ... ..	20	0	0
Hyderabad Sind Lodge, T. S. ... ..	15	4	0
Mr. O. R. Carras, Brazil, 10 shillings ... ..	7	5	7
	464	4	4

*Adyar,*  
11th September, 1916.

A. SCHWARZ,  
*Hon. Treasurer, T.S.*

OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th August to 10th September, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
"A Friend," Adyar, towards Food Fund ...	400	0	0
Lotus Circle and Servants of the Star, Brisbane, £2.	30	0	0
	430	0	0

A. SCHWARZ,

*Adyar,*                      *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.*

11th September, 1916.

ADYAR LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

A few years ago an Association was formed under the above name to group together friends of the Adyar Library able and willing to help that Institution financially by means of annual donations. Up till now a sum of Rs. 420 has been collected in that way. As the undersigned is leaving Adyar and severing his connection with the Library, he has handed over the amount to the Treasurer of the Theosophical Society.

*Adyar,* 1st September, 1916.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

The above sum of Rs. 420 has been duly received by me, and will, unless a desire to the contrary be expressed by any of the donors, be booked to the credit of the Adyar Library as a gift.

*Adyar,*

1st September, 1916.

A. SCHWARZ,

*Treasurer, T.S.*

Supplement to this Issue

# Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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CIRCULAR, OCTOBER 1916

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## OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following has been issued during September :

HOME RULE FOR INDIA

By G. S. ARUNDALE

No. 16 of the *Home Rule Pamphlets Series*

Price : Anna 1 or 1d. or 2c. Postage :  $\frac{1}{2}$  anna or  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. or 1c.

In this lecture Mr. Arundale urges upon his audience the necessity of personal work in educating the people on the part of every person who wishes to aid the cause of Self-Government for India. "Do a little," he says, "however insignificant." But in order that the many "littles" may count, organisation is necessary. Indians do not seize the opportunities that already exist for benefiting their country. They must learn to exert themselves before they can or should expect Self-Government.

Published by *The Commonwealth Office.*

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## A FORTHCOMING PUBLICATION

GOSPEL GLEANINGS OF UNIVERSAL RELIGION

By J. K. PRASANTA-MURTI

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## THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. IX

(SEPTEMBER)

No. 9

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 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; Science in the East and West, by Annie Besant; A Boy Saint, by M. Venkatarao; Dawu (Poem), by L. M. P.; From My Scrap-Book, by Felix; Two Letters to a Troubled Soul, by C. G. S.; The True Singer (Poem), by G. W.; From Twilight to Dawn, by E. B. Yeomans.

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 THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

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. 138.—Patriotism, by Annie Besant; Pilgrims and Their Comforts, by a Pilgrim; Indian Nationalism and the British Empire: XV. Swami Vivekananda and Hindu Foreign Missions, by Bipin Chandra Pal; On Some Special Principles Underlying the Present Teaching of Children, by George S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B.; Edward FitzGerald, by F. Hadland Davis; The Deccan Trap Flows at Linga, by G. S. A.; The Affairs of the West: Ireland and the Coalition, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 139.—Courage, by Annie Besant; The Right of Petition and the Indian Councils, by A. Rangaswami Iyengar; Makers of Modern India: Ananda Mohan Bose, by S. N.; On Some Special Principles Underlying the Present Teaching of Children, by George S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B.; The Mother and the Child: A National Question, by the Lady Frances Balfour; The Affairs of the West: The Great Offensive and Peace, by H. N. Brailsford.



No. 140.—The Pure Food Law in America, by Dr. Lillian B. Daily; Educational Statistics, by E. Gilbert; Indian Nationalism and the British Empire: XV. Swami Vivekananda and Hindu Foreign Missions, by Bipin Chandra Pal; The Only Criterion of Progress, by A Home Ruler; The Affairs of the West: Ireland and the Coalition, by H. N. Brailsford; The Place of English in Indian Education, by C. Rajagopalachariar.

No. 141.—Commercial Education, by B. S. Ramaswami Ayyar, B.A.; Why India is Kept Back, by T. L. Crombie, B.A.; In England and in India, by a Student of Politics; Madame de Krüdener: I, by Pestanji Dorabji Khandalavala; Raksha Bandhan, by P.; A Foretaste of Imperial Preference, by K.; The Affairs of the West: The End of Free Trade, by H. N. Brailsford; Why is Grave Crime Increasing in India? by S.; Climbing in the "Land of Fire," by Sir Martin Conway.

No. 142.—Indian Rulers and British Indian Services, by A. Rangaswami Iyengar, B.A., B.L.; The Claim of Imperial Citizenship, by K. M. Panikkar; We Should Be on the Look Out, by K.; The Allahabad University and Home Rule, by E. Gilbert; The Study of History: Does it Profit us in Any Way? by A Student of History; Madame de Krüdener: II, by Pestanji Dorabji Khandalavala; Futurism in Music, by A. de L.; The Arts in Nation-Building: I, The Nation in Art, by James H. Cousins; The Affairs of the West: The Recognition of Women, by H. N. Brailsford.

Published by *The Commonwealth Office.*

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## INTUITIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

By FRANCESCA ARUNDALE

No. 69 of the *Adyar Pamphlets Series*

7½" X 5". Wrapper. Pages 13.

Price: As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

Postage: India ¼ anna. Foreign ½d. or 1c.

Annual Subscription: Re. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.

The subject of this pamphlet is the unfoldment of the Buddhic aspect in man. The author explains how this may be awakened by emotion or by thought, and draws our attention to the signs by which we may know that it is beginning to become active.

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## THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXVIII

(OCTOBER)

No. 1

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½"

Handsome Wrapper.

Pages 120

Price: As. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 30c. *Post Free.*Yearly: Rs. 8 or 12s. or \$3. *Post Free.*

CONTENTS: On the Watch-Tower; A Poem by Giordano Bruno, by F. L. Woodward; The Nature, Power, and Evolution of Faith, by Ernest Kirk; To Annie Besant (Poem), by F. K.; The White Army, by A. R. Warren; The Early Japanese Myths: I, by F. Hadland Davis; Periodic Rest in Hell, by The Lady Abbess X—, O.S.B.; Life's Tomb (Poem), by Kai Kushrou Ardaschir; The Fourth Dimension, by E. L. Gardner; The War and the Prophets, by "Mercurial"; The Third Object of the Theosophical Society, by M. R. St. John; A Dream, by W. H. K.; Relativity, by Tagulo; Quarterly Literary Supplement; Supplement.

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 WANTED

THE THEOSOPHIST, Vol. 30, complete. Also a single copy of January 1916. Will anyone having the above to dispose of kindly communicate with the T. P. H.

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 Printed by Annie Besant at the Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE THEOSOPHIST

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CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, 1916,  
AT LUCKNOW

The Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society having accepted the invitation of the Lodges, and the President having given her approval to the same, the T. S. Convention of 1916 will be held at Lucknow in the month of December next (Christmas week).

In the absence of any Headquarters at Lucknow, arrangements will have to be made from now for the comfort and convenience of the large number of delegates that are likely to attend the First Theosophical Convention at Lucknow. In order that as little inconvenience as possible may be suffered we request the intending visitors :

1. To notify their coming by November 14th at the latest. Each member attending the Convention should send in the usual registration or delegation Fee of Rupee One, and send notice of his coming to Pandit Rai Iqbal Narain Gurtu, Theosophical Society, Benares.
2. To bring with them bedding, mosquito-nets (if needed), towels, soap, travelling lantern and drinking utensils.

Further particulars will be published in due course.

iv SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST NOVEMBER  
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th September to 10th October, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Indian Section, T. S., balance of dues for 1915 ...	216	8	0
Indian Section, T. S., part payment of dues for 1916 ... ..	1,800	0	0

DONATIONS

Mrs. Annie Besant, towards cost of New Electric Battery ... ..	2,000	0	0
Birthday Gift to the President, T. S., from Java ...	2,000	0	0
Adyar Lodge, T. S. ... ..	100	0	0
Mr. R. Christie, for Brookhampton ... ..	50	0	0
Mr. Charles A. King, for Brookhampton ... ..	50	0	0
E. S. Group in Valparaiso, £1. 18s. 0d. ... ..	28	8	0
Two Lodges of Vancouver, T. S., America ... ..	20	4	0
T. S. Members in Khairpur, Mirs ... ..	15	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5 ... ..	1	0	0
	6,281	4	0

Adyar,  
10th October, 1916.

A. SCHWARZ,  
Hon. Treasurer, T.S.

OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS  
FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th September to 10th October, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	RS.	A.	P.
Birthday Gift to the President, T. S., from Java ...	500	0	0
"A Friend," Adyar, for repairs to stable at Olcott Gardens ... ..	74	12	0
Pandit Somasundaram Pillai ... ..	35	0	0
Major C. L. Peacocke ... ..	17	6	5
	627	2	5

A. SCHWARZ,

*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.*  
Adyar,  
10th October, 1916.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.	Brotherhood Lodge, T. S.	10-4-1916
Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A. ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S.	11-4-1916
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A. ...	Maryland " "	30-4-1916
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. ...	Woodlawn " "	1-5-1916
El Paso, Texas, U. S. A. ...	J. C. Chatterji Lodge, T. S.	14-5-1916
Brooklyn, New York, U. S. A. ...	Origen Lodge, T. S.	18-5-1916
Sioux City, Iowa, U. S. A. ...	Sioux City " "	31-5-1916
Santa Barbara, Cal., U. S. A. ...	Santa Barbara Lodge, T. S.	1-6-1916
Madison, Wisconsin, U. S. A. ...	Madison Lodge, T. S.	7-6-1916
Enschede, The Netherlands	Enschedesche Lodge, T. S.	2-7-1916

Adyar  
25th August, 1916.

J. R. ARIA,  
*Recording Secretary, T.S.*

## NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Giridih, Dist. Hazaribag, India	... Tattwa Lodge, T. S. ...	9-6-1916
Colombo, Ceylon	... Service	30-6-1916
Karaparamba, India	... Ram Krishna Lodge, T. S. ...	30-6-1916
Dewas, Central India	... Dewas Hindi Lodge, T. S. ...	2-9-1916
Trichinopoly, India	... Varaganeri Lodge, T. S. ...	2-9-1916
Balasinore, Bombay Presi- dency	... Maitrya Lodge, T. S. ...	5-9-1916
Tiruvattar, S. Travancore, India	... Adikeshava Lodge, T. S. ...	25-9-1916

*Adyar,*  
2nd October, 1916.

J. R. ARIA,  
*Recording Secretary, T.S.*

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 LODGES DISSOLVED

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of Dissolution
Hart, Michigan, U. S. A. ...	Hart Lodge, T. S.	1-6-1916
Omaha, Nebraska, U. S. A.	Olcott " "	30-6-1916
New York, N. Y., U. S. A. ...	Unity " "	30-6-1916
Pelham, N. Y., U. S. A. ...	Pelham " "	30-6-1916
Webb City, Mo., U. S. A. ...	Webb City Lodge, T. S.	30-6-1916
Fairhope, Alabama, U. S. A.	Fairhope Lodge, T. S.	30-6-1916

*Adyar,*  
25th August, 1916.

J. R. ARIA,  
*Recording Secretary, T.S.*

Supplement to this Issue

# Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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CIRCULAR, NOVEMBER 1916

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## OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following has been issued during October :

### DISTRICT PROBLEMS

By C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR

No. 17 of the *Home Rule Pamphlets Series*

Price : Anna 1 or 1d. or 2c. Postage :  $\frac{1}{2}$  anna or  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. or 1c.

In this speech, delivered at Negapatam at the Tanjore District Conference, Mr. Ramaswami Aiyar gives a general survey of many of the problems arising in a District, such as Local Self-Government, Village Panchayats, Co-operation, Education, etc. His information is drawn from many sources, and his advice is exceedingly practical. The pamphlet is a very useful one for all members of District Conferences, and for the general public.

Published by *The Commonwealth Office.*

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## A FORTHCOMING PUBLICATION

GOSPEL GLEANINGS OF UNIVERSAL RELIGION

By J. K. PRASANTAMURTI

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## THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. IX

(OCTOBER)

No. 10

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×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; The "Law of the Jungle" and the Message of the World Teacher, by M. d'Asbeck; Some Dolls of Life, by Alexander Macedon; The Parting of the Way, by C. Shuddemagen, Ph.D.; From Twilight to Dawn, by Frances C. Adney; From My Scrap-Book, by Felix; Theosophical Notes and News.

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Foreign : Yearly, 10s. 6d. *Post Free.*

## PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :

No. 143.—The Futility of Indian Education, by George S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B.; The Economic Policy of Ancient India, by M. V. Gopalrao; The Control of Religious Institutions: What is Done in Baroda, by K.; Madame de Krüdener: III, by Pestanji Dorabji Khandalavala; The Vernacular and the Masses, by A Student of Politics; The Arts in Nation-Building: II, Art in the Nation, by James H. Cousins; The Affairs of the West: The Real Mood of Germany, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 144.—Wanted an Inquiry, by Professor V. G. Kale, M.A.; Tours of District Officers, by K.; Indian Nationalism and the British Empire: XVI. The Contribution of British Policy, by Bipin



Chandra Pal; The Philosophy of Tennyson, by P. Ananthaswami; A Momentous Period in Our National Life, by A Home Ruler; The Onam in Malabar: Its Significance, by Kakkannat Achutha Menon; The Affairs of the West: The Collapse of Austria, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 145.—The Reorganisation of Indian Provinces, by the Standing Committee of the Andhra Conference, Guntur; To Anglo-Indian Brothers, by K. L. Venkat-Ram; Sugar-cane in India, by Professor G. S. Agashe, M.A., M.Sc.; The Crime of Caste, by C. Subramania Bharati; Will You Help a Fellow Help Himself? by Howard A. Schapder ("Tex"), Editor of "The Square Deal"; An Open Letter to Congress Secretaries, by a Man in the Street; The Reconstruction of Christianity, by T. L. Crombie, B.A.; The Affairs of the West: Rumania Comes In, by H. N. Brailsford.

No. 146.—"The Betrothed Lovers," by Pestanji Dorabji Khandalavala; A Plea for Historical Study, by P. A.; The Exclusion of Indians from the Colonies, by K. M. Panikkar; The Reorganisation of Indian Provinces, by The Standing Committee of the Andhra Conference, Guntur; Mysore Forging Ahead, by A Compiler; The Affairs of the West: The Evolution of Trade, by H. N. Brailsford.

Published by *The Commonweal Office.*

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## MAN'S WAKING CONSCIOUSNESS

By G. S. ARUNDALE

No. 70 of the *Adyar Pamphlets Series*

7½" × 5". Wrapper. Pages 20.

Price: As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

Postage: India ½ anna. Foreign ½d. or 1c.

Annual Subscription: Re. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.

How does man acquire what is known as his waking consciousness? The author gives a brief and graphic sketch of the process by which the divine spark reaches individuality as a human being, and finally describes and explains the flowering of the "Waking Consciousness" in the sage, the saint, and the hero.

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## THE THEOSOPHIST

Vol. XXXVIII

(NOVEMBER)

No. 2

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½" × 6½"

Handsome Wrapper

Pages 120

Price : As. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 30c. *Post Free.*Yearly : Rs. 8 or 12s. or \$3. *Post Free.*

CONTENTS : On the Watch-Tower; The Wider Outlook, by Annie Besant, P.T.S. ; Art as a Key, by John Begg, F.R.I.B.A. ; Ourselves As Others See Us : I, by M. L. L. ; The Sacramental Life, by The Lady Emily Lutyens ; The Early Japanese Myths : II, by F. Hadland Davis ; Dreams, by Ernest G. Palmer ; Individual and National Karma, by W. D. S. Brown ; Kitchener's New Army : Extracts from Letters of a Subaltern in France ; Dr. Hübbe Schleiden ; Correspondence ; Book-Lore ; Supplement.

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Printed by Annie Besant at the Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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## THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th October to 10th November, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

### ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Egizio Veronesi, Egypt, Charter Fees, Entrance Fees and Annual Dues of 6 new members, Dues of Mrs. Olga de Lebedef and Mr. Egizio Veronesi, for 1915-6 ... ..	42	8	0
T. S. in the Netherlands-Indies, Dues of 963 members for 1916 ... ..	481	8	0
Miss A. Wernigg, £1. for 1917 ... ..	15	0	0
Mr. F. A. Belcher, Secretary, Toronto Branch, T.S., Ontario, Dues of 2 new members for 1917 ... ..	7	4	0

### DONATIONS

American Section, T. S., £209. 11s. 0d. ... ..	3,088	15	2
Mr. C. R. Parthasarathy Aiyangar, High Court Vakil, Chittoor ... ..	40	0	0
Captain Meuleman ... ..	12	8	0
	3,687	11	2

*Adyar,*  
10th November, 1916.

A. SCHWARZ,  
*Hon. Treasurer, T.S.*

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## OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th October to 10th November, 1916, are acknowledged with thanks:

## DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Chester Green, Massachusetts, U.S.A. ...	15	0	0
	<hr/>		
	15	0	0

A. SCHWARZ,

Adyar,

*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.*

10th November, 1916.

## NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Toulouse, France ...	Giordano Bruno Lodge, T. S.	16-2-1916
Dijon, France ...	Stella Lodge, T. S.	30-3-1916
Morningside, Edinburgh...	Morningside Lodge, T. S.	15-6-1916
Fargo, North Dakota, U. S. A. ...	Fargo Lodge, T. S.	1-7-1916
San Diego, California, U. S. A. ...	Blavatsky Lodge, T. S.	1-7-1916
Paris, France ...	Volute " "	7-9-1916
Maidstone, Kent, England	Maidstone " "	7-10-1916
Heliopolis, Cairo, Egypt ...	The "Ra" " "	11-10-1916

Adyar,

J. R. ARIA,

1st November, 1916.

*Recording Secretary, T.S.*


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 Printer: Annie Besant, Vasantā Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

# Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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CIRCULAR, DECEMBER 1916

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## OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following has been issued during November :

### ON REPRESSION

By DR. RASH BEHARI GHOSE AND GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE

No. 11 of the *New India Political Pamphlets* Series.

Price : Anna 1 or 1d. or 2c. Postage :  $\frac{1}{2}$  anna or  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. or 1c.

At a meeting of the Supreme Legislative Council held at Simla on November 1st, 1907, the Hon. Sir Harvey Adamson moved that the Report of the Select Committee on the Seditious Meetings Bill be taken into consideration.

This pamphlet contains the speech of Dr. Rash Behari Ghose opposing the motion, and a short speech on Sedition and Repression made by the Hon. Mr. Gokhale at the same meeting of the Legislative Council.

Published by *The Commonwealth Office.*

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## POST-WAR REFORMS

By NINETEEN UNOFFICIAL ELECTED MEMBERS

*of the Imperial Legislative Council*No. 18 of the *Home Rule Pamphlets Series*Price : Anna 1 or 1d. or 2c. Postage :  $\frac{1}{2}$  anna or  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. or 1c.

The Memorandum submitted to H. E. The Viceroy by nineteen additional members of the Imperial Legislative Council with regard to Post-War Reforms. In all thirteen measures were submitted for consideration and adoption.

Published by *The Commonweal Office.*

## THE ADYAR BULLETIN

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VOL. IX

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Wrapper

Pages 32

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CONTENTS: From the Editor; The Work and Hopes of the T. S., by Annie Besant; When Friends Meet, by One of Them; Fire-Flies, by Margaret E. Cousins; Among the Pines in the Nilgiri Hills, by O. W. S. B; "The Forks of the Road," by Adelia H. Taffinder; From Twilight to Dawn, by J. L. Davidge; From My Scrap-Book, by Felix; Theosophical Notes and News.

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## PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :

No. 147.—The Courts and the Government of India Act, by A. Rangaswami Aiyengar, Editor, *Swadeshamitran*; A Flaming Signal of Danger, by M. S. K.; The Woman's Movement in S. Africa; A New Party, by Annie Besant; Indian Nationalism and the British Empire: XVII. Lord Curzon's Contribution, by Bipin Chandra Pal; The Reorganisation of Indian Provinces, by The Standing Committee of the Andhra Conference, Guntur; The Philosophy of "Agitation," by K. L. Venkat-Ram; The Affairs of the West: "Pacific Penetration," by H. N. Brailsford; "One Phase of Brotherhood," by T. L. C.

No. 148.—The Courts and the Government of India Act, by A. Rangaswami Aiyengar, Editor, *Swadeshamitran*; The Sunset Club, by X.; Makers of Modern India: Aswini Kumar Datta, by A Friend; The National Education Association of the United States, by P. C. Meserve, Superintendent of Schools, Waverly, N.Y.; An Important Drawback, by A Home Ruler; Indian Nationalism and the British Empire: XVIII. Swadeshi and Boycott, by Bipin Chandra Pal; Rulers of Feudatory States and British India, by A Student of Politics; The Affairs of the West: "Blood and Iron," by H. N. Brailsford; Hoffman, the Arch-Priest of German Romanticism, by Pestanji Dorabji Khandalavala; Indian Home Rule and Imperial Federalism, by K. M. Panikkar.

No. 149.—Successful Panchayats, by M. S. K.; A Political "Mantram," the Cure for Indian Unrest: Rajya-Dharma-Mantram, by K. L. Venkat-Ram; Agricultural Education, by A. S.; The Mysore Cauvery Dam, by Politicus; The Depressed Classes Mission of India, by A Social Servant; Hoffman, the Arch-Priest of German Romanticism: II, by Pestanji Dorabji Khandalavala; The Old Order Changeth, by Adelia H. Taffinder; The Affairs of the West: The American Election, by H. N. Brailsford; The Press Act in the U. P., by K.; Notable Utterances of the Week.

No. 150.—A Council of Notables Again? by Home Ruler; What the Navy Has Done, by Earl Selborne; Some Indian Characteristics, by T. L. Crombie, B.A. (Oxon); The Mineral Production of India during 1915, by Professor G. S. Agashe, M. A., M.Sc.; The Philosophy of Robert Browning, by P. A.; A Governor on the Exodus, by A Student of Politics; Archæology in Burma, by V. R. K.; Home Rule in Bombay, by E. Gilbert; Feroke: A Legend, by Kakkanath Achutha Menon; The Affairs of the West: Two Attitudes Towards Mediation, by H. N. Brailsford; Notable Utterances of the Week.

# THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

**FIRST.**—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

**SECOND.**—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

**THIRD.**—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good will, whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

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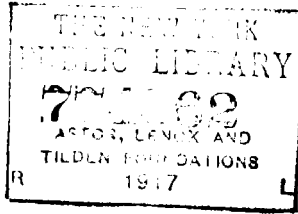
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VOL. XXXVIII



No. 4

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

MRS. BESANT is away from Adyar on a visit to Benares and then to Lucknow, where our Convention takes place, and expects to be back at Adyar in the first week in January.

---

A happy New Year to all our readers. Ānanda, Bliss, Joy, are at the very core of Being, and the human craving for happiness is but the natural expression of the yearning for Divinity which man, woman and child, in East and West alike, manifest to-day as they have manifested since the Dawn of the Great Day. Different people mean different things when they speak of happiness; the devotee craves for the rapture of Love; the man of knowledge for the rapture of Truth; the man of action for the rapture of Service. Our Indian poetess, Sarojini, has well expressed in her musical words the idea:

To field and forest  
 The gifts of the spring,  
 To hawk and to heron  
 The pride of their wing;  
 Her grace to the panther,  
 Her tints to the dove . . . .  
 For me, O my Master,  
 The rapture of Love!

To the hand of the diver  
 The gems of the tide,  
 To the eyes of the bridegroom  
 The face of his bride;  
 To the heart of a dreamer  
 The dreams of his youth . . . .  
 For me, O my Master,  
 The rapture of Truth!

To priests and to prophets  
 The joy of their creeds,  
 To kings and their cohorts  
 The glory of deeds;  
 And peace to the vanquished  
 And hope to the strong . . . .  
 For me, O my Master,  
 The rapture of Song!

Thus to each one what he desires—to each one the fulfilment of his own aspirations. From one point of view the world is made up of Theosophists only—some are conscious of their unfolding Divinity, others, the great majority, are unconscious. The savage who kills and steals is even thereby unfolding his soul-powers—his very weakness and deformities and ignorance being made, by the Powers unseen, instruments of help and progress; such is the wonderful and ever-compassionate way of God. The man of ambition, with his desire for wealth and comfort and power and love, learns through that ambition and grows out of it. The Great Economist is Ishvara, who blends harmoniously the forces of His Nature, and utilises the weaknesses of the flesh as aids to the vision of the Spirit. For the conscious



Theosophist, who has come to know something of the marvellous Plan of the Great Hierarchy of Adepts, happiness lies in deliberate efforts at the widening of his spiritual horizon, bringing him a better and deeper understanding of his brother man and Nature, with a view to serve humbly those fellow men and reverently that Nature. We wish all readers of THE THEOSOPHIST happiness in this sense, so that 1917 may prove a year of inner joy and peace, and of outer helpfulness and service to all.

\* \* \*

A few years ago our President—she was not President then—wrote an article in this magazine from which we quote the closing paragraph:

We are all parts of the Theosophical Movement, and the Society should joyously recognise this, even though the others be blind to it.

It is this which gave its impress to the late International Congress in London, which saw in painting, in arts and crafts, in music, in drama, vehicles for Theosophical thought; which welcomed to its platform representatives of kindred movements; which claimed for itself only the privilege of serving all. All the precedence the Society can claim is that it knows whence it comes and whither it goes, and its wisdom lies in the frankest, fullest, most ungrudging recognition of the fact that many, besides itself, are labouring towards the same end, and that greater than the Theosophical Society is the Theosophical Movement.

The central idea of the above she has expanded in her recent article on "The Wider Outlook" in our November number. In the coming year, let us hope, our members will vivify public institutions and activities to a greater extent. Two years ago it was written in *The Adyar Bulletin*:

The Society at large is recognising more and more that its potential influence is greater than its members ever conceived, that it can vivify more lines of human activity which make for civilisation, than was thought possible. The

speciality of the T.S. seems to be in its power to unveil knowledge at all grades of Her shining forth. The T.S. realises that it has the power to lift veil after veil of that great *pardanashin* Goddess ; that it can show Her in the very simple aspect of the teacher of the alphabet or in the very mysterious one of the revealer of the Hidden Light. To put it otherwise, the T.S. has come to self-consciousness, and has recognised that its life need not be confined, but may be allowed to permeate many walks of life, and that to its own advantage also. It has realised, what hitherto was an intellectual recognition, that greater than the Theosophical Society is the Theosophical Movement.

More and more Theosophy has been influencing the political, social, artistic, educational, religious progress of humanity. May our readers, may all members of the T.S., participate in an ever-increasing degree in that service of the world which is the surest proof of our belief in the Universal Brotherhood of humanity.

\* \* \*

For the Editor and those closely associated with her work at Adyar, 1916 has been a year of struggle and strife ; but throughout they have been fully conscious of the righteousness of their cause ; and on the stormiest of nights, when the wind blew and the rain poured, and the very heavens were falling, uprooting giant trees and causing damage to hearths and homes all around, in the very flashes of lightning we saw the Power of the Lord which surrounds our Society and protects our President. Through stress and storm we are progressing in our march which inspires us, and the Star of Hope lightens our weary way.

\* \* \*

The world is sore with struggle, and how can it be possible that this ancient and holy land of India should be altogether free of it? Also, how can we expect such an embodiment of sacrifice and

service as our President not to be in it? This War, let us hope, will settle the issues of freedom against slavery, of liberty against tyranny. There is a war within war going on at this moment everywhere, and the future progress of the world will depend not only on the terms of peace but on the programme of political and economical, social and religious activity which the nations on both sides will plan and carry out. The world is a heap of ruins—not only physical but moral, philosophical and religious. May this year enable our race to transform that chaos into an ordered and harmonious Cosmos, and in that great work may our Society and its members contribute their legitimate share. By the grace of the Lords of Light, who are our true Leaders, may we go forth into a veritable hell of lust and carnage and vanity, and by the end of 1917 help in transforming it into a New Earth and ultimately into a New Heaven.

\* \* \*

This year's Convention will be over by the time this reaches our readers, even in India. Instead of one lecturer and four lectures, this year's programme announces seven lectures, divided between three speakers. Our President gives three on "The Duty of the Theosophist to Religion," "The Duty of the Theosophist to Society," "The Duty of the Theosophist to his Nation and Humanity"; two lectures, on subjects not announced, because he arrived just in time for the Convention, will be given by Mr. Jinarājadāsa; Mr. G. S. Arundale gives two on "Education". With other meetings besides the regular Convention ones, the programme is a very crowded one.

\* \* \*

This number of THE THEOSOPHIST contains the first instalment of a series entitled "Letters From India" by Maria Cruz. These have been translated from the French of the book *Lettres de l'Inde*, published by friends to whom the original letters were sent. Those of us who remember Miss Cruz at the Convention of 1912, when she was staying at Adyar, will especially appreciate these spontaneous and realistic impressions. Miss Cruz had collected notes for a book which she intended writing on her return to France, but unfortunately the climate of India had affected her health, and she did not live to carry out her intention.

\* \* \*

The loved and much respected Madras leader, our brother Sir S. Subramania Iyer, though old in body, is young in his outlook on the transforming world. This trusted servant of our Masters, who has served our Society so well during a long course of years, is ever ready to help the young man or Theosophist. The students of Madras, who have formed for themselves a body of their own called the Madras Students' Convention, are holding their first session in this city in the Gokhale Hall belonging to the Y.M.I.A., which owes its birth and steady activity entirely to Mrs. Annie Besant. They have selected the old veteran, who is the prime leader of the Presidency, to guide their deliberations. The Presidential Address, read out at their meeting on 27th December, contains the following, which our readers will like to see. These are the words addressed to future servants of the Motherland :

You are eager to render service to your country, to your fellow-men ; make yourselves worthy for that high calling.

You have within you the spirit of self-sacrifice, but ask yourselves whether you have anything worth offering. You aspire to worship the Motherland, let me exhort you not to go to the National Temple empty-handed, empty-headed, empty-hearted. Let your heart be a veritable mine of sparkling gems of pure emotions—diamonds of power, rubies of love, emeralds of deep sympathy; let your head be a silent lake wherein are reflected the grandeur of the mountain peak of knowledge, the golden clouds of understanding, the marvellous foliage of logic and reasoning; let your hands carry the flowers of virtuous action—the Lotus of Duty, the Rose of Purity, the Jessamine of Faith, the Lily of Sacrifice, for no action which is not duty, which is not pure, which does not deserve faith and does not evoke sacrifice, is worthy your handling. Make yourselves ready then, do not waste your time.

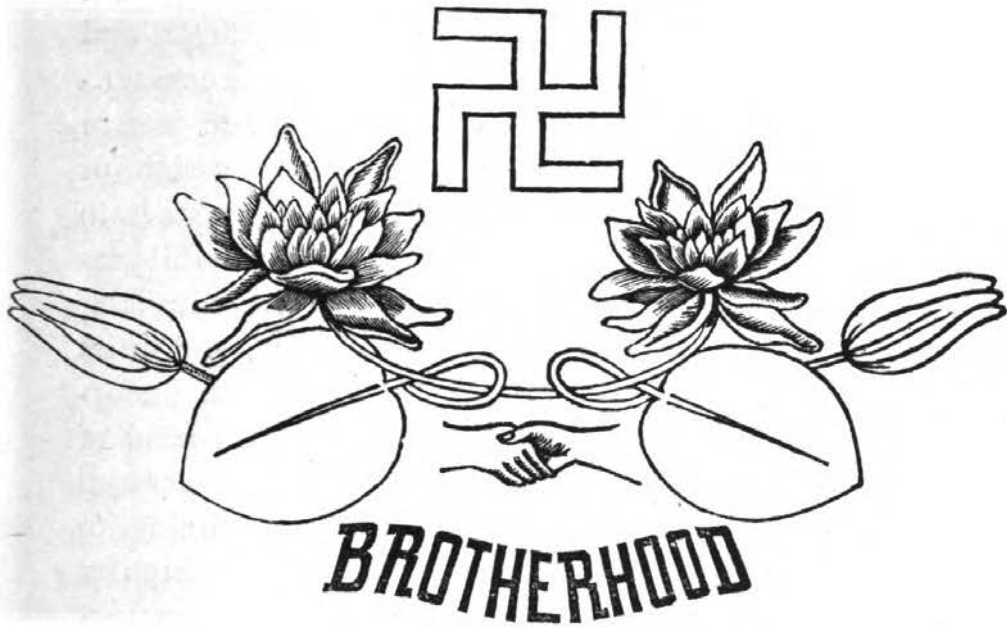
The same sage advice may be given to all our members who, ever eager to serve, are often hampered because of the lack of adequate knowledge and necessary efficiency.

\* \* \*

Those whose function it is to reveal gradually the mysteries of Nature to the enquiring mind of man, and who are always ready and willing to respond to the legitimate thirst for knowledge, appear to be using the War in an opportune manner. War is related to death, and death to the great Unknown. Human intelligence darkly gropes after that Unknown; and because of his immortality, though he is not consciously aware of it, man feels certainly that all of him does not die. He feels that there is another side of the grave, that the fire which consumes his dead body of flesh wafts to subtler regions his immortal soul. Orthodox religions do not fully and scientifically explain the conditions of after-death states, or satisfy completely the concrete mind of our concrete race. In our Theosophical literature a detailed description is given, which has brought illumination and comfort to thousands, thanks to our great teacher Mr. C. W. Leadbeater. To

the man of scientific temperament who demands first-hand knowledge and proofs under test conditions, Mr. Leadbeater's teachings appear to be only the authoritative dicta of a religious enthusiast. To such the unseen powers have also to bring some kind of aid. While thousands are dying every day on account of this ghastly War, thousands are left behind in their ignorance to mourn the "loss of the dear departed". For the latter, the new book of Sir Oliver Lodge, let us hope, will bring a comforting message. *Raymond* is a volume which we think will convince many of the fact that death is not the end of things, and that beyond is a condition of life and incessant activity. A few months ago we reviewed in these pages *The War Letters of a Living Dead Man*, which spoke of that other side; and now comes, associated with the name of one of the world's greatest scientists, another volume giving proofs, obtained by reasonable, sane and honest people, that man is not mortal and that death is but a portal to a richer and more beautiful life. What ancient Indian teachers taught in full measure in their old Universities, a modern University man gives out haltingly to a materialistic generation. But we are once again coming unto the days of Light and Wisdom, and our T.S. is the herald of their approach.

---



## TOLERANCE AND INTOLERANCE

A STUDY IN NATIONALITY

By SRI PRAKASA, B.A., LL.B. (CANTAB.)  
BARR.-AT-LAW

The multiplicity of beliefs which results in . . . toleration finally results also in weakness. We therefore come to a psychological problem not hitherto resolved; how to possess a faith at once powerful and tolerant.<sup>1</sup>

**A**T the very outset we shall accept, as a working hypothesis, that every period of human history, describing a definite phase of human civilisation, bears the stamp of an intention to satisfy some one deep craving of the human heart, and to fulfil some one

<sup>1</sup> *The Psychology of Revolution*, by Gustave le Bon, translated into English by Bernard Miall, p. 48. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.)

insistent desire of the human soul. The ancient Hindū civilisation stood for the giving to the world a philosophic polity that divided man's life into stages, and human beings into classes, in order to eliminate competition—as far as practicable—from life, and to assure every person a definite position in society by right of his birth; and also to lead the individual from stage to stage and from life to life to the destined goal—Liberation. The ancient Greek civilisation stood for the satisfaction of the human desire for Beauty; and in its Arts it developed, to a perfection difficult to understand and impossible to underrate, the great ideal of Beauty in all its aspects. In its gymnasiums it required of every man and woman to undergo strict training, to ensure the bodies of the citizens achieving the highest pitch of physical beauty imaginable. The ancient Roman civilisation stood for the giving to the world of law and organised government on an extended scale, to satisfy the craving of the human heart for peace and order, for security of life and limb. The mediæval European civilisation stood for the realisation of the splendid ideal of the harmonious union of Church and State, so that both the spiritual and the temporal wants of human beings might be fully met. The dominant civilisation of to-day, called Modern, European, or Western, stands pre-eminently for Liberty—Liberty to every individual to think as he likes, to speak as he likes, and to act as he likes; in other words it stands for the granting, to every human being, of freedom in every branch of human endeavour, freedom in thought, word and deed.

It might be pertinently argued here that in a thousand ways we see around us how freedom is denied



to man and woman in the modern world ; there are innumerable conventions and legal enactments that bind us, and social and political pressure forces us all down. To this the only answer is that the ideal is the goal that is striven after ; it is not anything actually realised. Just as hundreds of defects can be pointed out in all the previous phases of civilisation—the Hindū, Greek, Roman and mediæval European—showing how these failed to attain their ideals, so can the shortcomings of the modern world be pointed out ; the more easily as its defects are living realities to us and we suffer under them from day to day. But at the same time we cannot deny that in every branch of life the Modern Age is *attempting* to grant to every man and every woman the utmost freedom possible. The general principle that is enunciated is that, in the exercise of one's own freedom, one ought not to take away the freedom of another. If it be regarded as an exception that the privilege of a few to abuse, if they like, their freedom, is taken away, it might be pointed out that this principle ensures the others their own freedom, and protects their honour, their persons and their property from being violated. This is done by the strict adherence to the clauses and the sections of the criminal law in every country.

How modern civilisation tries its best to grant freedom to every individual can be easily realised by taking a few facts into consideration. Freedom can take three forms : freedom of thought ; freedom of speech ; freedom of action. So far as the first form of freedom goes, all attempts that were made in centuries gone by to get at the very thought of man, to make one confess his religious opinion by putting before him the terrors

of the Inquisition, have now been abandoned. No one need now fear to entertain any thoughts on religious or other matters. In the past, for the sake of the enforced imposition of any one particular religious creed, freedom of thought has often been unhesitatingly violated, and the most revolting cruelties have been practised by the strong in order to force a particular faith on the weak.

Nowadays, however, it has been taken for granted that religion is the expression of the relationship of the individual with his Maker, and that it is not the business of temporal powers or other persons to impose their own views, by force, upon anyone that does not agree with them on the subject of religious faith. No interference is now permitted in religious matters, and every one is free to worship, or not, as he pleases, and seek God in his own way. The most vivid expression of this is seen in the successful efforts that are being constantly made to dissociate the Church from the State, by dis-establishing all churches and allowing members of every faith to maintain, or not, their own houses of worship, their priests and their clergy. Even after all these efforts some people are not satisfied. They feel that there is still a great deal of social and political pressure in such matters, and more freedom should be granted. All this goes to prove the contention that freedom of thought is demanded, as of right, by the modern world—a phenomenon not witnessed on such an extensive and continuous scale ever before, because in the past, till comparatively recent times, doctrines of faith were not discussed, and but few dared to feel that these might be questioned and argued and put to the “divine test of reason”.

Next we have the question of the freedom of speech. Subject to their laws of libel, treason and sedition, modern nations allow entire freedom of speech. This right has come to be so deeply ingrained in the human mind that in case any restriction is put upon it, even at such critical times as those of foreign aggressions or internal confusions, the subjects feel that one of their cherished privileges has been violated and that their first duty is to get it re-established.

Then we have freedom of action. Scarcely, if ever, was there such widespread security in the world as there is to-day. An inhabitant of one country can go to other lands without let or hindrance, can wander round the world safely—armed with no other weapon than an umbrella to protect him from sun and rain—and come back home after years of extended travel without so much as a scratch on his body. This is a splendid achievement of modern civilisation. It has made the world safe for all to go about at will. By its imposition of mutual understanding between country and country, it has secured freedom from molestation for the subjects of one sovereign travelling about in the land ruled by another.<sup>1</sup> It has even carried this principle to a cruel extreme, and is already attempting to grant "free trade" to all. It has almost ignored, in its desire for the spreading of Freedom, the fact that in certain circumstances the State should protect industries; and we have been witnessing the spectacle, for some time past, of a certain class of political economists demanding freedom in trade all round. In these days there is practically no pressure being exercised on any person to act in any particular way or to follow

<sup>1</sup> The abnormal conditions produced by the present war are not taken into consideration in this connection.—S. P.

any special vocation, and every human being is allowed to seek his fortune in his own way, to follow his own free will, provided always that in so doing he does not come into conflict with the freedom and the rights of others.

In order to attain the highest amount of freedom and to ensure to every individual the greatest amount of liberty imaginable, modern civilisation has evolved nationalities. The world of human beings is split up into various nations, and every nation tries its hardest to maintain its liberty and its individuality as a separate nation, and to grant as much liberty as is possible to every individual that belongs to the nation.

It stands to reason that when we have limited ourselves by dividing ourselves up into nations, we have also limited our freedom to a certain extent. And in the modern world we see the phenomenon that in pursuit of liberty, human beings are deliberately restricting their individual freedom whenever it comes into conflict with the interests of their State. The State is, at times, more important than individuals, and for its defence subjects are required to yield up all their rights, because it is supposed that, by this temporary suspension of their individual liberties in defence of their State, they ensure the permanence of their freedom for evermore. Thus the State, by its laws of treason, sedition and conspiracy, protects itself from possible dangers from within; and by its recognised right to call on all its subjects to take up arms at a time of foreign aggression, to yield up all their property at critical junctures to save the State from bankruptcy and embarrassment, it protects itself from dangers from without. At the moment of danger, necessitating these extreme steps, individual rights are eclipsed in the

more insistent demand for the preservation of the State. But no sooner is the danger passed, than the old order of things must come back forthwith; and freedom, in all its varied forms, must be granted once again.

By a careful consideration of these facts we are led inevitably to conclude that the ideal of the Modern Age is Liberty, and that for its fullest possible expression in an imperfect world, nations have grown, and nationality has become one of the fundamental characteristics of the times in which we live.

And here comes a paradox. A modern man is proud of two things: firstly, that he belongs to a particular country, which country is bound to protect him through all vicissitudes; secondly that he enjoys freedom to think, speak and act as he likes. In other words he is the subject of a State that ensures him liberty. In fact it is for the granting of freedom to individuals that nation-States seem to have been established, and, as we have already said before, the only reason for which individuals have from time to time to forego their liberties is for the safety and the maintenance of the State.

Now we shall discuss how these nation-States came into existence at all. We contend (and here is the paradox) that these nation-States came into being by the forcible suppression of what they ultimately came to stand for; that is to say, nations have grown by the crushing down of individual liberty. At the time when nations were forming, there was the greatest amount of intolerance prevalent in the western world, and our contention is that strong nations could never have come into being if this had not been the case. It seems to us that historians commit a very gross inconsistency when

they admire the growth of nations and the freedom enjoyed to-day by the citizens thereof, on the one hand, and condemn their forefathers, who brought these nations into being, for their cruel intolerance in everything. For, we believe, if this cruel intolerance had not been practised, nation-States would never have been born, and the amount of freedom that individuals enjoy to-day, under their auspices, could never have been enjoyed at all.

Let us explain ourselves. During the time preceding the Modern Age, the great bond of union between man and man—perhaps the only bond of union—was the adherence to a common religion. This bond obliterated space and time; it took no account of the barriers of seas and mountains, of language and custom. The very fact of belonging to the same religious faith made two strangers friends; and the fact of belonging to different faiths made two brothers enemies. The pathetic story of the Crusades—when all Christendom poured forth from its homes to traverse distant and hostile lands to meet the foe of their faith in a far-off spot of earth—shows how strong was the bond of religion to the men of that time. Then, as the Middle Ages were ending and the “Reformation” was spreading, we find that under the influence of the members of the Society of Jesus—the last champions of the age that was dying—a brother would bear witness against a brother in a case where the two belonged to different denominations. In short, the supreme bond of religion between individual and individual was religion throughout the mediæval period of European history.

In a world like this, nationality was to be established. Nationality takes no account of the religious beliefs of individuals. It depends upon territory. The earth's

surface is divided up into various parts—sometimes the dividing line between one country and another is only an artificial one—and each such part constitutes a nation. The inhabitants of each nation owe allegiance to that nation, and it is their duty to protect it against outside attack and to strengthen and enrich it from within. The bond of union between man and man is not the fact of belonging to the same religion, but the fact of inhabiting the same territory. Religion, as a binding force, has been thrust so much into the background that we learn that in Japan, the most wonderful of modern nations, one and the same family might consist of persons belonging to different religions—Buddhism, Christianity and Shintoism.

From the “love of a common faith” of the mediæval world, humanity—at least the dominant portion thereof—had to come to the “love of a common land” of the modern world. How was this to be effected? If religious tolerance, if entire individual freedom had been permitted by the greatest and the most powerful persons of that time, and humanity left to evolve peacefully along its own lines, we fear that modern nation-States could never have grown at all. Persons who were the great magnates at the close of the Middle Ages—for selfish reasons, of course—decided that they must strengthen their territorial possessions; that the wealth of their territories should remain in their own territories, and not go to keep a distant spiritual lord, the Pope, in luxury. Stringent steps had, therefore, to be taken to suppress the people whose religious faith was stronger than their “patriotism” (a term, till then, unknown). Persons of English birth, for example, who prayed for the success of the Spaniards at the critical time of

the invasion of the Spanish Armada, needed to be put down!

If one desires the welfare of a member of his own faith in these circumstances, there apparently seems to be no harm, provided we recognise that the bond of a common religion should be stronger than love of country. But if we say that love of land should throw every other consideration to the four winds, then it is obviously criminal to desire the well-being of the enemy of one's country—even if that enemy belongs to one's own religion. Judgment on these matters entirely depends upon the *ideal* one has in view. The ideal being now that the defence of one's country is more important than defence of one's faith, it becomes essential that all subjects who belong to a religion that is not the religion of their State (and who, because of this, are disaffected towards that State and friendly to an enemy State), should be punished, and should be forced to adhere to the religion of the State. There could be no tolerance safely practised at such a time, if the ideal of a nation-State was to be kept in view. Either nationality need not evolve, with its rich possibilities of granting individual freedom; or toleration must temporarily be disregarded.

It was by the infliction of extreme penalties, by the complete ostracism of toleration, that modern nationalities came into existence: each nationality became bound to its ruler by every possible tie; it thrust out of its fold such subjects as belonged to a different creed and would not accept the creed of their State; it allowed these "disaffected" persons to migrate to lands where their own Gods were worshipped.<sup>1</sup> To take any one instance, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes

<sup>1</sup> See Articles of the Religious Peace of Augsburg (1555).



by Louis XIV, the French Huguenots migrated to Flanders and to England, where their own creed was the dominant creed. Every denomination of the Christian religion persecuted every other, till definite territories came to form their own nationalities, based on the adherence—active or passive—of all their subjects to a common faith and a common sovereign. When such nations grew in strength from day to day; when the feeling of nationality became an all-absorbing and all-pervading passion; when the growth of science, commerce and industries showed how important and useful the bond of a common nationality was, and how unimportant the bond of a common faith; when, in short, the very mental outlook on life was changed; then no more persecution of religious faith was necessary; then every man could safely be allowed to worship God in his own way; then religion became an intensely personal matter, and came to have, practically, no part in the daily political life of citizens.<sup>1</sup>

It is necessary to mention here that, historically, speaking, religion does not only consist of the usually supposed three factors, *viz.*, (1) the enunciation of a peculiar cosmogony, offering an explanation of the beginnings of life; (2) a definite set of rights and ceremonies that the followers of a religion have to perform; and (3) a number of moral teachings regulating man's relation with man, having their sanction in rewards and penalties, if not in this, in the next world; but religion also consists of a social and a political factor. Looking at the early history of religions, we find that every religion first collected its followers

<sup>1</sup> The writer hesitates to pass his judgment as to whether this is desirable or not. He only seeks to record facts as impartially as possible.—S. P.

into a strong social union, usually at a time when the greater number of the people around were hostile to it. Both the comparatively new religions—Christianity and Islām—bear out this contention. Each of these brought its first converts into a strong social bond: the novelty of a new faith; the hostility of others; the hope that it offered of a better life to those who are crushed by the burden of the present—and this was especially the case in the history of early Christianity; the illumination that a new faith vividly gives to many searching questions of the heart—any one or all of these factors produce in the minds of the first converts a mystic relationship between one another. This social bond, developing and gaining strength by the overcoming of obstacles, becomes later on a political faith. It formulates a definite political programme, and the might of a strong belief enables people to do wonders, for they are willing to undergo the utmost sacrifice for their faith. Thus the political aspect of a religion is brought out. In this way it comes into conflict with other established political orders, which naturally try to crush this new political activity; they either succeed in crushing it out, or are in turn crushed out themselves.

If we take these facts into consideration, we shall see clearly that when we condemn intolerance in religious matters on the part of the sovereigns of Europe at the beginning of the Modern Age (and these sovereigns actually ushered nation-States into the world), we must not forget that they were not trying to stamp out merely a peculiar theology, merely a particular form of belief, but that they were attempting to put down the social and political aspects of that theology and that belief,

which, if allowed to grow unchecked, would have cut at the very roots of their desire and their mission to establish strong nation-States.

The history and the present condition of our own land might well be examined in this light. The great characteristic of the Hindū faith, that has been often pointed out—and rightly pointed out—and in which we can take legitimate pride, is its *tolerance*. But we cannot deny the further fact that this tolerance resulted in our complete inability to form a strong nation-State for any length of time. A thousand different faiths, with conflicting ideals and interests, have grown up in the country, which, because they have been strengthened by the passage of time and allowed uninterrupted growth by the feeling of tolerance, have, at all critical periods of our history, proved a great bar to national union.

Because in the East—excepting Japan—religion is still the bond of union, and the political sense, based on considerations of territorial patriotism and territorial nationality, has not yet grown, the spirit of tolerance of our forefathers—admirable and praiseworthy as it doubtless was—is to-day proving a barrier to our homogeneity and national solidarity.

Sri Prakasa

## WAR—AND WORSE

By M. A. KELLNER

**I**N the midst of its keenest agony, it seems a strange and hopeless attempt to minimise the horrors of war. Yet even in this direction, there is surely something to be said, for by our ways of thinking we are prone to magnify its all too terrible aspects.

There is war everywhere; it permeates the whole creation, as we know it, and therefore we must conclude that its presence is a law of our being, a condition of our progress. Nature, wherever we look, is one continuous, never-ending struggle between opposing forces. Wherever there is life, there is war; in the vegetable and animal worlds, a grim, relentless, all-pervading struggle—the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. So, too, there is war among men.

It is contended that men should have got beyond this stage, that arbitration should supersede war. So it should, and so, no doubt, it eventually will; but we shall not thereby have got rid of war. War is woven into the very fabric of our present life—it is, indeed, the very essence of that immaterial fabric—it represents the inevitable and necessary opposition between the warp and the woof.

Even when the happy day to which we look forward comes, when physical war between nations has

been abolished, other and perhaps worse kinds will remain. We shall only have scotched the serpent, not killed it. What can there be worse than the horrors of the present war?—some one may ask. If we kill a man because we hate him, the hate is more evil—incomparably so—than the physical injury. If—as most of us are prepared to grant, at least in theory—motive is more important than action, then it follows that the prompting motive must be, for those who have eyes to see it, a more terrible thing than the resulting blow. But war consists mainly in killing without hatred. Soldiers have no personal quarrel with the men they kill; therefore war must be a lesser evil than other things with which we are familiar and which appal us less—or, it may be, do not appal us at all—such things as unscrupulous competition, bad class-feeling, industrial struggles, and all unfriendly behaviour between man and man; for we have seen that it is worse to hate a man, although we do not kill him, than to kill him without hating him.

There remains, then, to explain our supreme horror of war, only its physical consequences—its effect upon the bodies of men, and the resulting separation from those we love. Both these results are facts and must be admitted, and yet both we are apt to magnify unduly.

Certain sections of that universal war which permeates nature and life, we recognise as good and desirable—that, for instance, between a man's good feelings and his bad, or between the disease germs which enter the blood and the white corpuscles which attack them. Why is it that these kinds of warfare appear to us desirable, while other kinds appear the

reverse? It is because, in these cases, we are able to have a long view, and to see and approve the *purpose* of the conflict. We realise that it is well for the individual and for the world that good qualities should overcome bad ones; and equally we see it as desirable that disease germs should be eradicated from the system; therefore we regard these forms of warfare not only without horror, but with positive satisfaction. But from the point of view of the bad qualities and the disease germs, and no doubt of the white corpuscles also, the struggle is as sad and terrible as is the present European conflict to us. They, too, must shrink from injury and death, although *we* count the destruction or crippling of the disease well worth the cost.

Can we not then believe that even *our* war has a purpose, and a purpose which is equally worth the cost? To us it seems a gigantic, world-upheaving event; but to higher beings whose view, embracing the entire universe, sees that universe as one mighty organism, the present war can be no more than a single, short-lived effort to purify the great system from some local disorder. We need to take a longer view—to withdraw ourselves, sometimes, in thought, from the midst of the turmoil, for there all perspective and sense of proportion is lost, and our minute experiences are magnified and distorted till they actually eclipse the vast purpose which lies behind the mighty scheme of which our entire universe is but an infinitesimal part.

So, too, in the case of separation from those we love—it is the longer view we need. Physical separation will remain a fact for most of us, however much we think and talk; but if we *really* believed in the immortality of man's spirit and in everlasting life,

should we regard this separation with such utter despair? We feel this despair, because those who die pass out of our ken. Were we able to see them still—to follow them in thought, and communicate with them freely, we should see death in truer proportions. It is not *death* that we fear so much, but the veil which hides from our senses all that lies beyond. Emigration would be almost equivalent to death, were there no post, cable, or passenger ships. If, standing afar off, we could see the partings of death in their relation to the unending life of man, they would seem, in the shortness of their duration, no more than the daily absence in the city of men who return at night.

Let us, then, in thinking of the war, strive to take this longer, wider view; for in so doing, its worst terrors will grow less terrible, and facing calmly the worst, we shall be able to realise that, fearful as its details are, even this war may—nay, *must*—have behind it some divine and wholly beneficent purpose.

But while the horrors of the war grow less in our eyes, we shall find that other evils increase in importance. As we learn to look more calmly on the destruction of the physical body, regarding it simply as an outer garment which a man may cast off without any injury to his real self, so we shall realise more and more clearly the terrible import and results of evil thinking and bad motive. We shall see how a blow is over and done with almost as soon as given, whereas the anger which prompted it is like a festering sore in the great human organism.

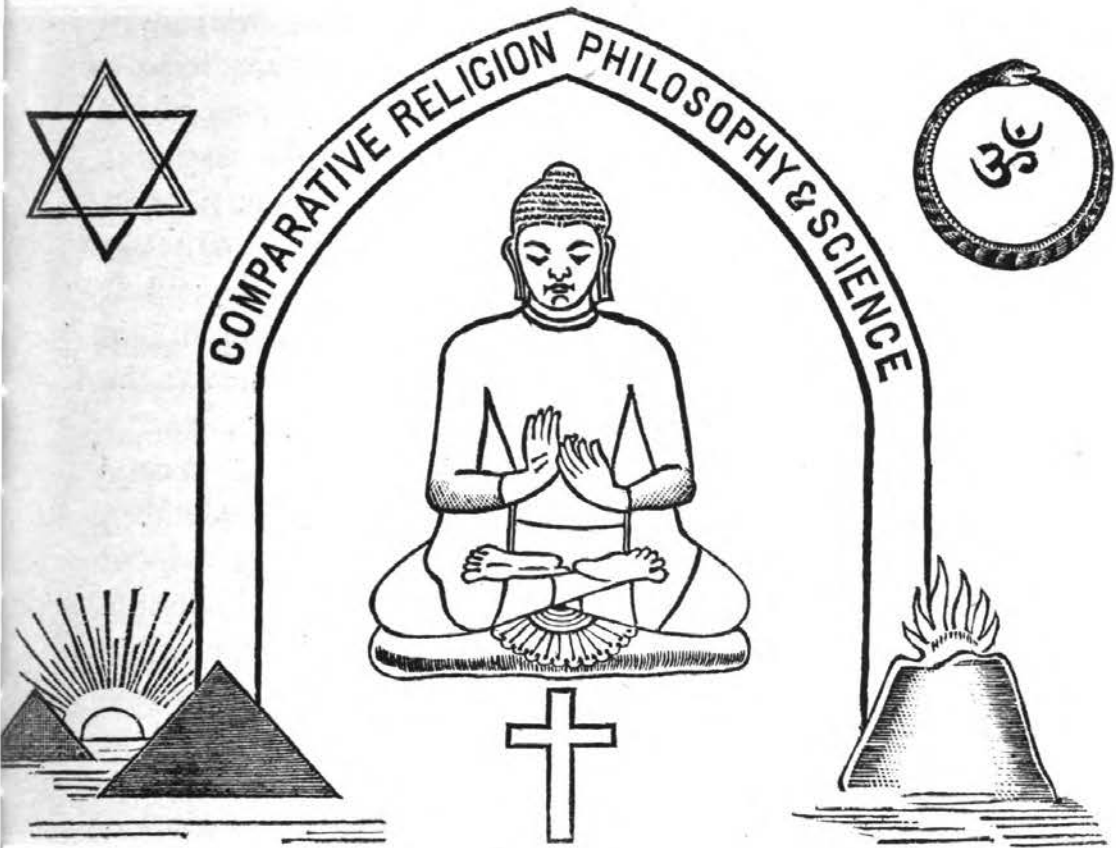
Therefore the incidents of life will take to themselves new values; many things which before we regarded as undesirable perhaps, but venial—such, for

instance, as class antagonism and religious bigotry—we shall now recognise, not as minor ailments of the body politic, but as a fell disease, threatening its very life. And the lesson of the war for us will be to realise that, terrible as is this strife which we see, with its horror of bloodshed and pain and misery, yet more terrible must be the results—notwithstanding that they are invisible—of every form of hatred, malice and ill-feeling. Therefore we shall not only work, by every means in our power, to establish a better means than warfare of deciding the differences of nations, but shall seek yet more strenuously to supersede all such ill-feeling and hatred by that serene and changeless Love which, in its perfect beauty, is a foretaste and a promise of the life of God Himself.

M. A. Kellner.

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## THREE SAINTS OF OLD JAPAN

### I. KOBO DAISHI

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

**K**UKAI, popularly known by his posthumous title, Kobo Daishi ("Glory to the Great Teacher"), is generally regarded as the most famous of all Japanese Buddhist saints. As a rule saints are not versatile, for their spiritual enthusiasm is generally all-absorbing. It is said that Leonardo da Vinci was called away while

painting "The Last Supper" in order that a distinguished lady might have a hot bath, the water supply being defective. He was a plumber as well as a painter, one well versed in alchemy and medicine, a mathematician and an inventor, almost everything except a saint. Kobo Daishi was equally versatile. He was renowned as a distinguished preacher, painter, sculptor, calligraphist, inventor of the *Hiragana* syllabary—a form of running script—and traveller; while we learn in the *Namudaishi*, a poem on the life of Kobo Daishi, that "it was he that demonstrated to the world the use of coal".

To the Theosophist, Kobo Daishi is of special interest as a great Occultist. He seems to have plumbed the depths and scaled the heights of Occultism without coming anywhere near St. Francis of Assisi in simple holiness of life. Judging from the almost inexhaustible store of miraculous stories associated with this Japanese saint, Kobo Daishi performed a sufficient number of miracles to embellish the lives of at least half a dozen Oriental sages. Professor B. H. Chamberlain writes: "Had his life lasted six hundred years instead of sixty, he could hardly have graven all the images, scaled all the mountain peaks, confounded all the sceptics, wrought all the miracles, and performed all the other feats with which he is popularly credited." But even if we make ample allowance for popular credulity, for an age that extolled the worker of wonders, Kobo Daishi still stands out as a profoundly interesting figure, one almost as brilliant, almost as eminent, as Shotoku Taishi himself.

Kobo Daishi was born in A.D. 774 at Byobu-gura, near the modern temple of Kompira in Shikoku.

His conception was miraculous, for at his birth a bright light shone, and he came into the world with his hands folded as if in prayer, incidents which are also recorded of other Japanese saints. When five years old he displayed none of those healthy traits associated with boyhood. He did not fly a kite or with a shout race after a burnished dragon-fly, or pretend that he was a great Japanese hero, a Bankei or a Yoshitsune. He was subject to no impulses of this kind. He was born old and wise and saintly. Indeed, when only five years old, he seems to have lifted the veil that to many separates this world from the celestial regions. We are told that he sat upon lotuses and conversed with Buddhas. The boyhood of Christ displays no such depth of initiation, even if we take into consideration some of the apocryphal stories relating to the childhood of the Master. Even at that early age Kobo Daishi was sorely affected by the sorrow and pain of humanity. Indeed, the misery of the masses, their poverty and degradation, touched him so acutely that while on Mount Shashin he sought to sacrifice his own life by way of propitiation. He would assuredly have done so, had not a number of angels revealed to him that in life and not in death lay the salvation of the souls of others. These heavenly beings consoled him in that dark hour. They told him of the great mission he was destined to fulfil. While still a child, he made a clay pagoda. As soon as his little hands had finished moulding the soft, moist substance, he was surrounded by the Four Heavenly Kings (originally Hindū deities). The miracle was seen by the Imperial Messenger, who, utterly amazed, described young Kobo Daishi as "a divine prodigy". We read

in the *Namudaishi* that while at Muroto, in the province of Tosa, a bright star fell from Heaven and entered his mouth. A few hours later he was accosted by a dragon, "but he spat upon it, and with his saliva killed it".

In the sixth century Myong, King of Pekche, one of the Korean kingdoms, sent to Japan a golden image of the Buddha, together with volumes of *Sūtras* and men who were able to expound their wisdom. The King of Pekche wrote to the Emperor of Japan: "This doctrine is amongst all doctrines the most excellent. But it is hard to explain and hard to comprehend. Imagine a man in possession of treasures to his heart's content, so that he might satisfy all his wishes in proportion as he used them. Thus it is with the treasure of this wonderful doctrine. Every prayer is fulfilled and naught is wanting." Kobo Daishi would have most fervently endorsed these words, for he himself said: "Many are the ways, but Buddhism is the best of all."

In his nineteenth year Kobo Daishi became a Buddhist priest. He was particularly interested in the Shingon doctrine, with which his name is now closely associated. According to the late Arthur Lloyd, Shingon "contains doctrines very similar to those of the Gnostics of Alexandria". It was certainly very far from being pure Buddhism as expounded by that religious zealot, Nicheren. Shingon was dualistic, for it represented the World of Light, or the Diamond World (*Kongo Kai*) and the World of Darkness. The one was fixed, eternal, the abode of permanent ideas, the other was the place of birth and death. In the World of Light the Egyptians placed the unknown I AM, whose name was

never uttered by the priests of Pharaoh. The Gnostics called Him *Pater Innatus*, while the followers of Shingon called Him *Roshana*, the Buddha of Light. Arthur Lloyd writes: "From that central and eternal Deity emanate, or proceed, four Beings—Æons in Gnosticism, Buddhas in the Shingon—who surround the central God on the Four Quarters. The Gnostics termed them Logos, Phronesis, Sophia, Dynamis. The Shingon personifies them as Ashuku, Hosho, Amida, Fujkujoju." But the Shingon sect is not exclusively devoted to the study of esoteric problems: it is also associated with magic spells and incantations, and from what we know of Kobo Daishi, it was the occult in religion that particularly appealed to him. He was undoubtedly a religious reformer, and it is claimed by more than one authority that he was instrumental in uniting Buddhism with Shinto on the assumption that the Shinto *Kāmi* are *Avatārs* of the Buddha.

All things were not miraculously revealed to Kobo Daishi. A certain abstruse *sūtra* connected with the Shingon doctrine had long puzzled him, and it was not until he went to China and sat at the feet of the great abbot Hui-kwo (Japanese, Kei-kwa) that he was able to acquire the knowledge which he so earnestly desired.

Even in China, where the great pagodas are miracles of loveliness, the fame of Kobo Daishi had spread. The Emperor sent for him and bade him write the name of a certain room in his palace. He set to work with a brush in each hand, another in his mouth, and two others between the toes, and wrote the required characters with lightning rapidity, but in a manner which suggests a certain kind of music hall turn. The Emperor, astonished by the performance, named him

Gohitsu-Osho ("The Priest who writes with Five Brushes"). Such a feat was mere child's play to Kobo Daishi, for he could write on the sky and upon running water.

When Kobo Daishi was about to leave China and return to his own country, he went down to the seashore and threw his *vajra*. It was not grasped by a mysterious hand, like the Excalibur, and dragged under the ocean wave. It flew over the sea, as if it had been a swift-flying bird, and was afterwards found hanging on the branch of a pine tree at Takano, in Japan. At this time he consigned to the waves an image of himself, which he had carved. It eventually floated into the net of a Japanese fisherman and was finally housed in a temple at Kawasaki, where it is said to have performed numerous miracles. "The trees in the temple grounds," writes Professor Chamberlain, "trained in the shape of junks under sail, attest the devotion paid to this holy image by the seafaring folk."

Without a doubt Kobo Daishi obtained knowledge of an occult kind in China, which he had been unable to glean elsewhere. If genius, as some assert, is closely connected with abnormal vitality, then Kobo Daishi was beyond question a notable spiritual genius. His wonderful sermons drew men to him. He poured light into their darkness and healed the wound in many an aching heart. He preached incessantly, and with a kind of radiant joy that must have been most convincing. In 810 he was appointed abbot of Toji in Kyoto, and a few years later he founded the great monastery of Koya-san, where he spent the closing years of his life in incessant toil. While engaged in a religious discussion

the Divine Light streamed from him. He made brackish water pure, raised the dead to life, and seemed to be in constant communion with certain deities. On one occasion Inari, the God of Rice (later known as the Fox God), appeared on Mount Fushime and accepted from the great saint the sacrifice he offered. "Together, you and I," said Kobo Daishi, "we will protect this people."

In 834 this remarkable saint died, though there were many who claimed that he did not see death but retired to a vaulted tomb where he awaited the coming of Miroku, the Buddhist Messiah. Whether he died, as we understand the meaning of that word, or whether he had solved the mystery of human immortality, matters but little after all. Those who loved him worshipped him and went on spinning their incredible stories, while others added still more wonderful details. Kobo Daishi had performed far-famed miracles, and, thought these weavers of fantastic stories, he who could write on the sky could with a glance, a magic word, stay the hand of Death. It was only adding a drop of wonder to a cup that was already brimming over with a sparkling draught of the miraculous. It is said that when the Emperor Saga died, "his coffin was mysteriously borne through the air to Koya, and Kobo himself, coming forth from his grave, performed the funeral obsequies," while the Emperor Uda received from this saint the sacred Baptism. It is also recorded that when the Imperial Messenger went to Koya and was unable to see the face of this holy man, Kobo Daishi "guided the worshipper's hand to touch his knee. Never, as long as he lived, did the Messenger forget that feeling!"

F. Hadland Davis.

## THE PROBLEM OF SPACE

By H. L. S. WILKINSON

THE enigma of Space and Time lies at the back of everything in the objective universe. We may conjure the enigma away by denying the objective reality of the universe, by asserting that consciousness is the only reality, and that outer and inner are the same. But this does not explain things as they are on the physical plane, for we are at once met with the objection that seer and seen are fundamentally two, not one. They are separate and distinct forms of consciousness. Our consciousness of outer things is different from our consciousness of ourselves. The former seems to stand in a sort of relation of *compulsion* to the latter (the compulsion of inertia) dominating and compelling it. If there is any form of consciousness which unifies the two, it must be something very different from physical plane consciousness. But one feels one would like to understand something more of the enigma of space without soaring away to this transcendental plane. One would like to understand, for instance, how the space of our solar system is related to the surrounding interstellar space, and whether it is possible by means of terrestrial geometry to gauge to any extent the distances and positions of



stars, and to ascertain the configuration of the galaxy of which our solar system forms a minute part.

Astronomers have not been backward in attacking this problem. At first one or two, and finally over a hundred stars were found to show parallaxes, that is, an apparent shifting of position round a tiny circle in the heavens corresponding to the movement of the earth in its orbit. The diameter of the earth's orbit being known, and the diameter in decimals of a second of a degree of this corresponding parallax in the heavens, the distance of the star can be calculated by triangulation, the same as in a terrestrial survey. In this way the distances of some two hundred stars have been calculated, and found to vary from 27 billion to 100 billion miles. Lately, stellar parallaxes have been found by photography very much more easily and exactly than has been found possible by a measuring instrument, and it is confidently expected that the number of stars showing parallaxes will soon amount to thousands.

With the aid of the spectroscope, which enables us to measure the motion of stars towards or away from us, and by various other methods in which guess-work and the law of probabilities plays a part, we have discovered that our solar system occupies a nearly central position in a vast star-cluster, which is supposed to have the shape of a cloven grindstone. This galaxy, familiar to us as the Milky Way, is a broad nebulous belt of stars which girdles the entire heavens, above and round the Antipodes, and is supposed to be about ten thousand light-years across; the lesser diameter or thickness of the grindstone being about 2,000 to 3,000 light-years (one light-year is equal to 5·86 billion miles).

Probing through the stratum along its lesser diameter we find practically soundless depths of space, in which, here and there, white nebulæ appear, whose spectrum shows them to be star-clusters, though our utmost telescopic power is unable to resolve them into separate stars. Their distance may be anything from 30,000 to 100,000 light-years, or about two to six trillion miles, a trillion being  $10^{18}$  or unity followed by eighteen ciphers. This distance is, of course, practically infinite, and might be represented by the symbol of infinity. Yet it is suspected that each of these white smudges in the infinite blackness is a universe of stars similar in extent to our own galaxy, or perhaps vastly bigger.

So, notwithstanding the infinite gulf which separates us from these galaxies, their light finds its way across and impinges on our retinas, though the etherial waves may have been emitted 100,000 years ago!

But if this is so, there seems no reason to stop at these universes. Number in the abstract is unlimited, and so must space be. Consequently there must be further and further chasms of space beyond these star-clusters, tenanted by further universes whose light, owing to the enormous distance, cannot reach us at all; and so on, for ever and ever, without end. We are, in fact, compelled to believe the starry universe to be infinite in extent—a sort of sphere of infinite diameter, with centre everywhere, and circumference nowhere. We are compelled to believe this, because in actual experience we never come across bounded space. There is bounded matter of some kind, but there is always space outside the boundary.

But if we try and picture this idea of infinite space to the mind, we are at once impaled on the horns of a dilemma. We find two opposed and mutually exclusive ideas simultaneously suggested to the mind, and we have to embrace both, we cannot choose between them. The consequence is, the mind succumbs asphyxiated.

The finite and infinite seem mutually opposed ideas. The universe cannot be infinite as a whole and yet composed of finite parts. If infinite, it must be indivisible into parts, for any part, however large, would be zero or nothing in relation to the whole, and would consequently vanish. All size or magnitude is really a ratio or comparison; but the ratio of  $N$ , a finite quantity, to infinity, is nothing. Consequently, all finite universes, from atoms to star systems, become non-existent, and nothing remains but infinity itself, without form, or size, or particulars at all, a blank negation or "nothing" in another form. So our assumption destroys itself. On the other hand if we consider the universe finite, our conception calls up the infinite at once like a spectre, or shadow, which we cannot evade. We are caught between a pair of opposites, and there is no escape.

Again, there is the parallel mystery of the infinitely minute. We can conceive of nothing so small that it cannot be subdivided still further; however small, it must always have parts or magnitude. Apparently, therefore, infinity stretches downwards in fractions as well as upwards in integers, and the trend of discovery in physical science appears to confirm this, for the inconceivably minute atom is now discovered to be a little solar system. It has even been said that if our

solar system was by sudden magic reduced to the size of an atom, we should not be aware of any change, except perhaps in meteorological and astronomical phenomena.

Euclid, in his system of geometry, defines the point, the absolute limit of smallness, as that which has no parts or magnitude. It is evident, too, from his definitions and postulates, and their application, that a line is made up of points, a plane of lines, and a solid of planes; so that cubic space is somehow made up of a threefold infinity of points, the cube of infinity, if that were possible; or we might rather say that space in itself, cosmic space, is an infinity of points raised to the 4th power, for an infinity of points make a line, an infinity of lines a plane, an infinity of planes a finite solid, and an infinity of finite solids infinite space.

All this may be considered to be ideal and conventional, and not actual; but this at once raises the question as to what is real. If Euclid's symbols enable us to chart the positions of the heavenly bodies, are they not real? It is commonly said that space is not *made up* of planes, lines, and points, but these magnitudes must be imagined to *move* in a certain way, and by their motion they generate the different elements of space; the point generates the line, the line the plane, and so on. But this is only another way of stating the same thing. Suppose a sphere rests on a plane, it touches it in a point; suppose it rolls, every instant there is a fresh point, an infinity of fresh points, and the original point becomes a line. Motion does not explain how nothing becomes something. Motion *achieves* infinity; strides over it instantaneously; it does not *explain* it. Euclid avails himself of the results of

motion, as in his postulate about line-drawing. But we should like to know *how* point becomes line.

In Algebra there is a similar paradox; the magnitude or cipher, Zero, is not merely nothing; it is the infinitesimal, the limit of infinite subdivision; for

$$a-a \left( \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8} + \dots \text{ etc. to infinity} \right) = 0.$$

Also

$$\frac{N}{0} = \text{Infinity}; \quad \frac{N}{\text{Infinity}} = 0; \quad N = 0 \times \text{Infinity}.$$

It is useless and disingenuous to evade the inconceivability involved in these formulæ by saying that they are not real. Pragmatically they *are* real. Platonically, they are a good deal more real than the counters and formulæ of physics and chemistry. And on this quagmire of unthinkability we base our sciences of number and measurement!

The well known paradoxes propounded by Zeno the Stoic are based on these antinomies. The following problem exhibits a similar puzzle, and is well worth thinking over.

Imagine a horizontal plane extended to infinity, and suppose the setting sun casts an ever-lengthening shadow on it of some vertical object, such as a tower. Suppose the sun sets below the top of the tower at seven o'clock. At any finite instant of time before seven o'clock the shadow of the tower has a finite length. We may decrease the interval of time remaining before seven o'clock to as small a fraction as we please, and we shall still find the shadow of a finite length, though approaching the infinite by leaps and bounds. At seven o'clock the shadow is of an infinite length, but how or when the

finite becomes infinite passes our comprehension altogether. It is a miracle, just as all motion is a miracle, and all space also. We can analyse space and time (or we think we can) into infinitesimals, but the synthesis escapes us.

The answer to the above problem is that the construction is an impossible one, as all space is relative, and consequently a tower of finite height on an infinite plane would shrink to zero, which is another way of saying what we said before, that on a background of infinity, no space, time or motion, as we know it, is possible. The idea of the infinite swallows up everything but itself, or *seems* to; and yet again this is only for an instant, so to speak; for the two ideas, finite and infinite, like all opposites are interdependent. The mind wobbles between them like the needle of a telegraph instrument between its stops.

All this perplexity seems to come from the fundamental error of imagining that the tested uniformity of Euclid's laws confers some sort of objective reality on space, apart from the matter contained in it; makes space more solid and real and persistent, more a thing in itself, than matter. The truth seems to be the other way, that as we approach reality, objectivity seems to disappear.

We find, as a matter of experience, that space extends outside all material forms, and permeates inside them as well. Therefore we look upon space as continuous and infinite, transcending all boundaries both within and without. But reflection shows that this very continuity and infinity is unrealisable in thought, and becomes a contradiction in terms. It follows, therefore, that space, to us, stands for some uncompleted

perception, and is therefore not a complete idea at all. There is something hazy and hypothetical about it, and we have no right to speak of it as if it were something constant and persistent. It varies as *we* vary, as our consciousness varies. Our consciousness is masked and incomplete, and just as *our* space is much more real than that of an insect or an animal, so our space must fall far short of that in which superior beings live and move and have their being. There are as many universes as minds, though on some plane beyond space and time, where all minds merge into One, these universes all also become one.

The universe as revealed to us by science has a threefold appearance: (1) Overhead is the firmament of stars, called by Professor Fournier D'Albe the supra-world. (2) Under our feet is the planet we live on, and around us are other planets constituting the solar system. (3) Within us, and in the stuff of the planet we inhabit, is another world below the threshold of sense, what Professor D'Albe calls the infra-world, the world of atoms and electrons. Now these three worlds, supra-world, actual world, and infra-world, are mere names or symbols, referring to different stages of consciousness. We have absolutely no right to assume that they exist in the order we have named, or that they exist separately at all. They may, for all we know, be reflections of one thing, not three different things. Size has not existence in itself—it is purely a matter of development of consciousness. Our actual world may be the infra-world of higher beings, and our supra-world may be their actual world. Our infra-world may be the actual world of inferior creatures, with our atoms their solar systems, and our molecules and masses their

stars, set in a firmament overhead. Cast out the geocentric tendency to refer everything to our own standard for comparison, and try and view the universe as it is in itself, and we literally "don't know where we are". We cannot get beyond these three appearances, and we somehow feel that size is a delusion.

If we are to consider space objectively, we must regard it as a *quality* attaching to some *substance*, and we must regard the substance as the reality, and not the quality. We must look upon the laws promulgated by Euclid as being ultimately empirical and experimental, possessing no separate intrinsic virtue or sanction of their own, but dependent on the properties of this substance. We must regard space as only one degree removed from matter, and its laws as being, in the main, material laws.

Now the only substance which science knows of, which fills every corner of space, is the ether. Evidently, then, it is the ether which somehow is responsible for our sensation of extension. If there were no ether, we should have no space, and should never have known geometry, or the science of forms, at all. It is the ether, together with matter, which supplies the objective element of space—all of it which is not purely abstract or mental. So if we would thoroughly understand what space is, we must first of all try and understand the physical properties of the ether, on which the laws of space depend.

Now science considers the ether to be a continuous, homogeneous medium, which extends to the uttermost bounds of space (*we* should rather say, which *constitutes* space) and fills up the voids between the ultimate



particles of matter. But science is still puzzling over the relation of matter to ether. It somehow looks upon the universe as an infinite globe of ether, in which stars and planets swim, as fishes in the sea. But when bodies move through water or air, there is always friction between the latter and the former, whereas, curiously enough, no trace of friction has been discovered between the moving planets and the etheric medium.

Another curious thing is that the ether is subject to wave motion, or what we perceive as light, which is propagated through it at 186,000 miles per second. But, one would think, if the medium is infinite in extent, it could not have waves travelling through it at a finite velocity, which indicates *structure* of some kind. One would imagine it to be structureless, and to transmit vibrations instantaneously. Here again we have the mystery of *form* in that which is *formless*.

But the most serious difficulty attending the conception of the universe as an infinite static sea of ether with material bodies moving about in it, arises from the very nature of motion, regarding which there is much misconception. If there is one thing which appears established by every advance of physical science, it is that *all* matter is in motion, and that motion is only relative.

Supposing we are adrift in an open boat, without oars or sail, in the ocean, and no shore in sight; a floating object passes us. How can we tell whether the object moves, or whether *we* move?

If we have oars or motive power to propel us along, we can infer that *we* move, and we can verify our inference by watching the disturbance caused by the friction of our vessel with the water. But what if

there were no friction, and yet we were propelled by some invisible *external* motive power? And supposing we had strong reason for supposing that the very source of this motive power was *itself* moving—that there was some vast current carrying along with it the ship and the very water in which, and with reference to which, the ship was supposed to be moving?

Now suppose for a moment that the surface of the ocean was flat instead of convex, and that we somehow possessed the faculty of seeing to a vast distance along its surface. And suppose we saw other ships at distances so great that after we had been moving for a very long time, there was still no appreciable change of position in any of the distant ships. But suppose that we increased enormously the delicacy of our measuring instruments, and finally managed to detect a trifling parallax, amounting to  $1/3600$  of a degree or less, in the position of one of the ships with reference to the rest. And supposing we attempted to make our own motion, and this small parallax, the basis of an attempt to estimate the ship's distance, neglecting the current by which we are ourselves being carried along, and neglecting also the proper motion of the distant ship, and any current to which it may be subject. What would be thought of our attempt at measurement? Would it not be thought laughable, and the merest wild guess-work? And supposing, not content with ascertaining, by these enormously elongated triangles, the positions of a few of the distant ships, we actually presumed to chart the whole ocean and even make some guess at its limits and the distant shores. Would we not be attempting to catch a whale with a fishing-rod, or to swim in a vacuum, or something equally absurd and

impossible? Yet it is exactly this which astronomers are doing, in gauging the distances of the fixed stars.

In triangulating on the earth's surface, surveyors have a fixed base-line to start from, and a reasonable approach to equality between the base and vertical angles of the triangle. In triangulating on to the nearest star, the sides of the triangle are so nearly parallel, that if we were to try and draw it to scale on paper, representing the base-line, 192,000,000 miles in length, by a line a quarter of an inch long, we should require, not ten or twenty strips of foolscap, but a strip *over half a mile long* in order to draw the triangle! Consider the liability to error involved in that sort of triangulation, even on solid, prepared ground, and then ask yourself what sort of result can be hoped for when the base-line is flying through space in an unknown direction at the rate of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles per second. During the six months which must elapse between the two observations of the star, the whole solar system must have moved through space a distance equal to a whole diameter of the earth's orbit, that is, equal to the base-line itself. This may, for all we know, double the assumed length of the base-line, and make the calculated distance of the star enormously short of the actual. Then there is the star's own peculiar motion to consider. Surely it must be evident that to attempt the topography of flying bodies from a flying basis must be a hopeless task. There is, by hypothesis, nothing fixed or static to lay hold of but the ether itself, which is so elusive that it *will not be laid hold of!*

Apart from this, it is difficult to see how we could be aware of the sensation of light at all, let alone

measure its waves and their velocity, how in fact we could know anything about the ether or subject it to mathematical treatment, on the hypothesis that it is an independent medium, separate from the bodies which move in it. For the rays which come to us from the sun would, owing to the sun's motion of rotation and translation, every instant come to us from a different part of space. The rate of impact of the waves on our telescopes would necessarily be affected by these motions, and by the earth's orbital motion. The waves would be accelerated sometimes, and retarded at others, and the result would be a jumbled chaos of light and darkness. The ether would be a turbulent chaotic sea of waves of all sorts of periods, emitted by thousands of dancing, gyrating suns, and the result would be a chaos instead of cosmos.

Clearly, the idea of the universe as a stationary sea of ether with bodies moving through it independently is untenable. Hence arises a theory of relativity which treats all motions, and consequently all space and time, as relative to one particular system. It emphatically denies that there can be such a thing as absolute motion, and asserts that consequently space and time, considered as absolute things, are delusions.

Unfortunately the existence of the ether is an obstacle to this theory of relativity, and consequently several relativists conjure it away altogether—how, we need not stop to enquire. This constitutes a flaw in the theory. The ether has established itself too firmly to be conjured away. But what *can* be conjured away is the idea of a *separate* ether, independent of material bodies. We must try and realise

that ether and matter are not separate things, but one thing.

We usually consider matter as comprised within that portion of space which it insists on occupying, beyond which it will not extend, and within which it will not be compressed without the expenditure of force. But beyond the limits of this space, every lump of matter has an *aura*, consisting of lines of force like tentacles, which tend to lock themselves into the tentacles of other matter, to draw that other to it and to resist being drawn by it. The result is that the two bodies, under the influence of these opposed forces of gravitation and inertia, tend to form a system, the lesser revolving round the greater at a certain constant distance from it. Any attempt to force the two bodies together, or to decrease the distance between them, would be met by the same sort of resistance as the molecules of matter offer when force is used to compress them.

It follows, therefore, that solid masses which appear isolated in space, are in reality just as much bound together and continuous as their own intimate particles are, and that there is in reality just as much non-material space, or ether, *inside* as there is *outside* a body. The lines of force constituting the aura of a body outside are simply an extension of similar, but differently functioning, lines of force inside; and these lines of force *are* the ether. There is no other ether. Their properties and our reactions to those properties constitute space to us. There is no other space. The laws of geometry are a machine forged by the mind for dealing with our mental reactions to those properties. The efficiency of this machine is the sole validity geometry

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possesses. Like good coinage, its value consists in its function for exchange purposes. It has no other intrinsic or transcendental value.

Space is therefore the aura pertaining to an attracting body, including the super-physical auras. On the physical plane it is defined by the centripetal and centrifugal forces peculiar to the body. Force is therefore part and parcel of the idea of space. Take away force, and space is annihilated. Space is extension, and extension connotes force. "Position" only has meaning with reference to the aura of a larger body in which a lesser is enfolded. Outside that aura, the term has no meaning except with reference to a still larger aura enfolding the other two.

The aura of the sun, which extends beyond the outermost planets up to the boundaries of the auras of the adjacent stars, determines space and time and motion as far as we are concerned. Outside the limits of the solar aura we can know nothing of space or time unless and until we can detect the position of some larger sun, or group of suns, round which our solar system revolves. When we can sense that distant sun, we shall perhaps gradually be able to gain some idea of the scope of its aura, and to chart the positions of the stars included within its extent, and paying tribute to its sway. It seems doubtful, however, whether we shall be able to do this with the instruments now at our command, which only serve to reinforce the geocentric, or heliocentric ideas without altering their character. It seems more likely that we shall have to go to work to develop and expand the vehicle of consciousness, and to free ourselves from the limitations which now hem us like an iron wall. When we develop a superphysical

vehicle, with superphysical means of locomotion, our whole idea and conception of space will alter, and with this superphysical faculty to reinforce physical methods, we shall be far better equipped to study the great auras outside our own cosmos.

Curiously enough, when we expand our consciousness in this way, we come into touch at once with the infinitely great and the infinitely little; with the latter, in the stuff of which our vehicles are made; with the former, in the scope and field of the mighty force-vibrations to which they respond. Expansion within is *pari passu* with expansion without; which seems to indicate the interdependence and correlation of the two infinities, and to foreshadow their mergence beyond the plane of space and time.

Space is, in fact, nothing but limitation. The measure of space is our ability to burst the bonds which imprison our consciousness and restrict our freedom. On the astral plane we can overcome the resistance of the medium in which we live by a mere effort of will, and can move with the speed of light, though still restricted to the astral portions of the earth's aura. There can be no doubt that our sense of space and time under such conditions would be enormously modified.

Authentic communications from spirits working on the astral plane speak of a different measure of time to which astral dwellers are subject, the said dwellers only coming under the influence of terrestrial time when they visit the earth's surface.

C. W. Leadbeater mentions the case of an astral explorer who was marooned on the moon, owing to his missing the occasion when the astral auras of earth and moon were in contact during a part of their revolution,

and having to wait for the next contact before being able to return. All this bears out our theory.

This brings us to a consideration of the so-called higher dimensions of space. There is every reason to suppose that the unveiling of each new sense which brings us into touch with higher planes, discloses an additional dimension of space. But there is no necessity to look upon these higher dimensions as additional co-ordinates, superadded in some incomprehensible way to our familiar three. Space, not being a rigid something, but a quality pertaining to force or motion, these new dimensions may be some additional manifestation of the all-embracing force which surrounds us, or some extra manifestation of time or motion. Or, if we wish to carry on the idea of co-ordinates, we may remember that size, in the absolute sense, is an illusion; so there is as much scope for extra dimensions in the direction of the infinitely small as towards the infinitely great. Most probably it is in this way, by plunging into the *recesses* of matter, so to speak, that the higher senses are awakened, and as before mentioned, each new dimension inwards discloses a vaster area of space outwards. As we have now become cognisant of three dimensions in the outward direction, so we may perhaps look in the future to gain three corresponding ones in the inner direction, and finally, perhaps, a seventh to synthesise the other six, and in so doing, abolish and supersede space altogether.

The mystery of the absence of slip or friction between the ether and the bodies moving through it, is fully accounted for under our theory. For as the ether is itself nothing but the lines of force, the latter of course partake in the orbital revolution of the bodies



just as if they were material bonds. This does not mean that the aura of the earth or sun partakes in the *axial* revolution of these bodies. It is only the internal line of force—those which constitute the dual forces of cohesion and elasticity, and are bounded by the material surface of the body, which partake in this revolution. The gravitational lines of force partake in the *orbital* motion which they, in combination with the resisting force of inertia, bring about. If several planets revolve round one centre at different speeds, each has its own appropriate lines of force, and these do not interfere with each other.

It will thus be seen that the lines of force between two bodies constitute the space between them. There is no other space. If the two bodies are tied to a common centre, then the lines of force radiating from this centre constitute for both bodies their field of space and time.

We can of course *see* stars and nebulæ outside the aura of our solar system. But to locate them by the same triangulation by which we locate terrestrial objects is futile. We may get results, but those results are certain to be widely different from the truth. Obviously, the path of light from the star to us is bent out of the straight when it enters our atmosphere. What bending must there be at the junction of our solar aura with the aura of the star? Most probably the ray passes through at least three different orders of ether—not the physical ethers spoken of by Theosophy, but higher grades of matter, astral and mental. In passing through each of these, the ray might traverse one of the higher dimensions of space, so that all we see really is a sort of mirage of the star.

It is possible that, notwithstanding this, the observed parallaxes of the stars *do* furnish some rough clue to their distances. We are not in a position to definitely challenge the results so far obtained, except in their neglect of the solar motion. But it does appear certain that until we can find the common centre of attraction round which our sun and his neighbours revolve, we shall not be able to know much about the positions of those neighbours with reference to ourselves. As for ascertaining the structure of our galaxy, we may definitely give up any such wild idea.

To sum up. Space is not the fixed, rigid, three-dimensioned, infinite receptacle for matter which we suppose it to be. It is more a quality than a thing—more a condition than an object. It is part and parcel of matter, and what we call the ether. It is connected with our sense of weight and gravity, with our restriction of locomotion, with our feeling of motion and time. Objectively, it is that dynamic compulsion to our consciousness, which is the chief feature of the outer world, masked by the nature of our vehicles. As we react to the lines of force which constitute the aura in which we live and move and have our being, so does the sense of space arise. These lines of force constitute a great vibration, and our sense of space is our response to that vibration. Subjectively, therefore, space is the interaction between the consciousness of the Logos, outpoured in His aura, and our consciousness. The measure of our response is the measure of space to us. It is largely a matter of our Karma and our Will. The space we know to-day is the result of our thought and will-power in the past.

But the seemingly adamant bonds of space which hem us in, the pressure which girds us about on all sides as by an iron wall, is an illusion. We can overcome it if we will, and we *shall* overcome all the sooner if we give up that fatal habit of accepting the face-value of things for reality. Things are *not* what they seem, and the sooner we understand this, the sooner shall we plant our feet on the path to knowledge and freedom. To recognise matter as *force*, and space as its radius of action, is the first step.

When we overcome these bonds of space, the spectre of infinity will also vanish. Our mathematics and philosophy will be freed from delusive "pairs of opposites," and we shall discover processes which will outstrip our present halting methods as much as the calculus outstrips the child's arithmetic.

H. L. S. Wilkinson.

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## THRENODY

AH! My beloved must I sing thee now,  
Now thou art gone from me.  
The sunlight has deserted the green wood  
Where we were wont to walk,  
The very flowers that sweetened all the meads  
With their rich fragrance hang their heads and droop  
Because thou art not here.

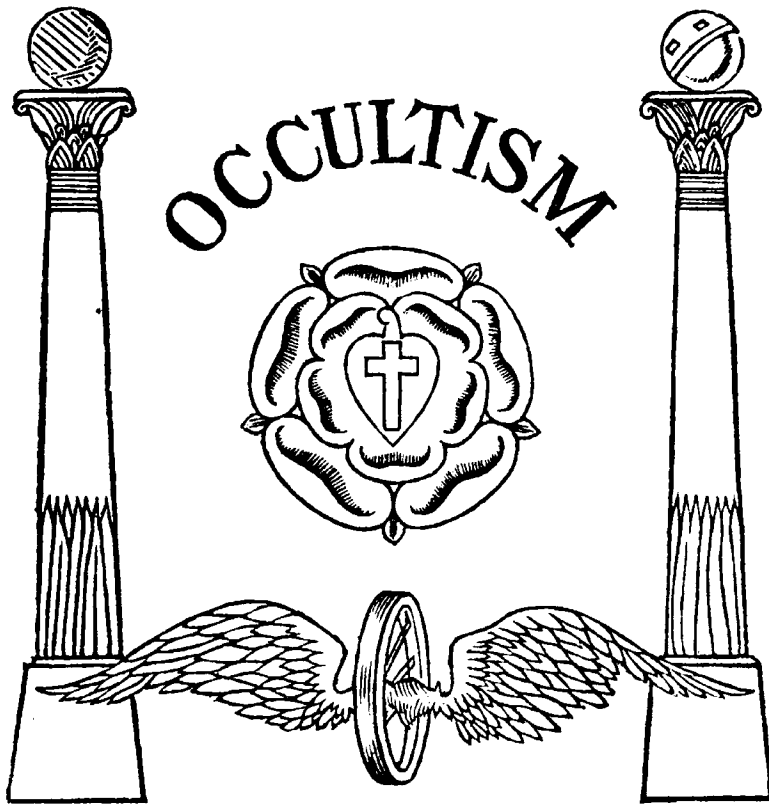
The trees wave listlessly their laden boughs—  
Laden with summer's riot of greenery  
As yet untouched by autumn's mellowing wand—  
These boughs, which used to shade thy head for fear  
The jealous sun should strike thee with his heat,  
These boughs are weary with their weight of woe  
Because thou art not here.

And only I am left to mourn for thee  
In words that give expression to the pain  
That Nature, albeit silent, shares with me  
Because thou art not here.

Why didst thou leave us, dear?  
Did the flowers' sweetness weary thee?  
Did the green boughs press heavy o'er thy head?  
Did the sun's rays strike with unkindly warmth?  
Or did I fail in any way, beloved?

Speak just one word o'er the wide distances,  
A whisper which the airs of heaven may carry  
To one whose heart is beating.  
Is there a wrong that still waits to be righted  
That if thou shouldst return—?  
*Ah! If thou shouldst return.*

T. L. CROMBIE



## MEMORY IN NATURE

By W. C. WORSDELL

**T**HIS paper is penned with a view to showing with what strides biological science is coming into line, as regards some of its most important view-points, with the teaching of Theosophy. This subject of Memory is a most important and profound one, and we may consider it under two headings:

### 1. SCIENTIFIC

Orthodox biological science, as represented by such men as Charles Darwin and Huxley, would hardly

regard memory as occurring lower down in the scale of nature than man and some of the most advanced animals. All the phenomena connected with the life of the lower animals and the plants, such as growth, nutrition, irritability, etc., they would regard as merely the reaction of the blind chemical and physical forces within the plant to the influence of the environment, controlled, of course, by that mysterious factor, heredity. They would not allow that anything psychic, any quality at all analogous or comparable to any mental attribute of man, could possibly exist in these lower organisms. Animals and plants are very complex machines, built up upon a very complex material basis, but that is all. Such was, in brief, the teaching of the last century.

But with the dawn of the twentieth century a new era of biological thought seems also about to awaken. How illuminating, to one who is at once a Theosophist and a botanist, was, for instance, the address given, as President of the British Association in 1908, by Mr. (now Sir) Francis Darwin, the son of Charles Darwin. He, on that (to me) memorable occasion, elaborated his belief in the existence of a factor in plant-life, governing and underlying its whole course, which orthodox botany had rarely heard mentioned before, *viz.*, that of *memory*. Let us see what he says :

The reaction of an organism depends on its past history, and in the higher organisms past experience is all-important in deciding the response to stimulus ; the unknown process intervening between stimulus and reaction (on which indirectness of response depends) must have the fullest value allowed it as a characteristic of living creatures. . . . The fact that stimuli are not momentary in effect, but leave a trace of themselves on the organism is the physical basis of the phenomena grouped under memory in its widest sense as indicating that action is regulated by past experience. . . . The essential features in behaviour depend very largely on the history of the individual.

This same idea had already been recently formulated by Semon<sup>1</sup> in Germany in a work of some note, in which he set out that the traces left on the organism by external stimuli, and which he termed "engrams," constituted in their *ensemble* a species of *memory* enabling the organism to react over and over again in the same way to the same stimuli. This theory is, however, as one might expect, formulated strictly along the rigid lines of orthodox science, and thus entirely in a mechanical sense. We may quote a sentence from his second chapter:

We have shown that in very many cases, whether in Protist, Plant, or Animal, when an organism has passed into an indifferent state after the reaction to a stimulus has ceased, its irritable substance has suffered a lasting change: I call this after-action of the stimulus its "imprint" or "engraphic" action, since it penetrates and imprints in the organic substance; and I term the change so effected an "imprint" or "engrave" of the stimulus; and the sum of all the imprints possessed by the organism may be called its "store of imprints," wherein we must distinguish between those which it has inherited from its forbears and those which it has acquired itself. Any phenomenon displayed by an organism as the result either of a single imprint or of a sum of them, I term a "mnemonic phenomenon"; and the mnemonic possibilities of an organism may be termed, collectively, its "Mneme".

Another German writer, Hering,<sup>2</sup> also formulates a theory of memory as the main factor in organisation. He says:

An organised being stands before us a product of the unconscious memory of organised matter which, ever increasing and ever dividing itself, ever assimilating new matter and returning it in changed shape to the inorganic world, ever receiving some new thing into its memory, and transmitting its acquisitions by the way of reproduction, grows continually richer and richer the longer it lives. Thus regarded, the development of one of the more highly organised

<sup>1</sup> *Mneme, a Principle of Conservation in the Transformations of Organic Existence*, 1904.

<sup>2</sup> *Memory as a Universal Function of Organised Matter*.

animals represents a continuous series of organised recollections concerning the past development of the great chain of living forms, the last link of which stands before us in the particular animal we may be considering.

This "memory" of Hering's consists of vibrations along the nerve-fibres from all parts of the body to the germ-cells, storing up in them the characteristics and experiences of every part, to be transmitted in turn to the next generation. Hartog suggests that the mechanism of memory is to be found in rhythmic chemical changes<sup>1</sup> rather than in molecular vibrations, a view also put forth by J. J. Cunningham in his "Hormone Theory of Heredity".<sup>2</sup> In this connection we are naturally led on to the consideration of the nature of Habit. It is remarkable how Francis Darwin, in the above address, testified his appreciation of the work of Samuel Butler who, in the seventies, was a most outspoken opponent of the views held by Charles Darwin. Butler, in that original book *Life and Habit*, published in 1877, sets forth that the most perfect powers or knowledge are those which have been the most habitual in the case of the individual, that unconscious actions are the most perfect, that the perfect instincts of animals are merely the inherited memory of the race; each individual organism being merely a reproduction of its parents, and thus reproducing by unconscious memory all that they ever were. That all the successive tissues and organs formed during the growth to maturity of the young animal or plant, each developed in its proper place and sequence, are the result of this same unconscious memory, perpetuated

<sup>1</sup> "The Fundamental Principles of Heredity." (*Natural Science*, Oct. 1897.)

<sup>2</sup> (*Archiv fur Entwicklungsmechanik*, 1909.)



in "generation after generation". In brief, that every function and structure of the individual and the race is perfectly performed and builded, because of their repeated recurrence through millions of generations, whereby a memory of them becomes ingrained in the organism; for the nuclear substance of the germ-cells is, of course, continuous between the successive generations, and thus such memory could be transmitted right through the race.

Let us return to Francis Darwin's statements.

"Habit" he defines as "a capacity, acquired by repetition, of reacting to a fraction of the original environment".

"When a series of actions are compelled to follow each other by applying a series of stimuli, they become organically tied together, *or associated*, and follow each other automatically, even when the whole series of stimuli are not acting."

This exhibition of "memory" is afforded by an experiment with the animalcule *Stentor*:

Stimulation by a jet of water containing carmine.

*Stimuli.*

- |    |              |                            |
|----|--------------|----------------------------|
| 1. | State A..... | no visible reaction.       |
|    | ↓            |                            |
| 2. | „ B.....     | bends to one side.         |
|    | ↓            |                            |
| 3. | „ C.....     | reverses ciliary movement. |
|    | ↓            |                            |
| 4. | „ D.....     | contracts into tube.       |

After many repetitions of the stimulus, state D is produced at once, by a short circuit, as indicated by the large arrow.

Another instance of an ingrained habit, implying a kind of memory, is afforded by the experiment with Clover, whose leaves, in normal circumstances, "go to sleep" at night, and open again in daylight. If the plant is kept in *continuous* darkness, the leaves will, for a certain period, continue to close and open their leaves at the same regular intervals as when exposed to the normal alternation of day and night! Such is the force of habit. And habits, like those shown by the *Stentor* and the Clover plant, are due to the working of an unconscious memory, which is thus seen to be independent of external stimuli. F. Darwin states that the objection might be raised that if associative action occurs in plants, this would imply the presence of consciousness; and he proceeds to say:

It is impossible to know whether or not plants are conscious; but it is consistent with the doctrine of continuity that in all living things there is something psychic, and if we accept this point of view we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves.

This is surely rather startling language to come from a leader of orthodox science. He goes on to suggest that the phenomenon of ontogeny in animals and plants, *e.g.*, embryonic, and seedling development in the latter, is due to habit. As the young plant grows upwards to maturity there is a rhythmic sequence shown in the construction of each successive type of organ and tissue in the right time and place. The ingrained habit or memory would seem to work in this way: that each stage of development serves as a *reminding stimulus* for the next, *e.g.*, the formation of the cotyledons in

the seedling would be the signal for that of the first plumular leaf or leaves; without the antecedent cotyledon formation no subsequent leaves could be formed, for the unconscious memory of the plant would prove defective without the accustomed stimulus to prompt it. It is like the recitation of a poem in which each verse suggests and brings into view the next, as is shown by the fact that if a verse is, for some reason, suddenly forgotten, it can often be recalled by the repetition of the one or two preceding verses.

As, in the long ancestry of plants, cotyledons and plumular leaves have constantly and invariably been associated according to the sequence of development so well known, the memory of this sequence and development has become perfect, *i.e.*, under all normal circumstances. But if memory and repetition were all, there would be no evolution. F. Darwin appears to have held that the individuals could acquire new characters and transmit them to their progeny, just as a man may learn or concoct a new verse of a poem and add it on to those already familiar to himself and the race, until it, like the preceding verses, becomes habitual. Most biologists, however, as well as some great philosophers, like Bergson, are antagonistic to the idea that acquired characters are ever inherited. (This subject cannot be gone into here.) F. Darwin's conclusion is that "evolution is a process of drilling organisms into habits".

We thus see from the above that modern biology is beginning to believe in a kind of psychic energy, a consciousness, in plant and animal life, which directs their growth and functions, and that these latter cannot be ascribed to the blind working of chemical and physical energies. Nevertheless, in the cases of Semon

and Hering the theory of memory remains quite materialistic.

## 2. THEOSOPHICAL

This conception of scientific men, that the organisation, habits, and functions of living things are due to an ingrained memory, is a perfectly correct one. Indeed, no more advanced or enlightened view than those propounded could well have been given from the point of view (which could not be departed from) of strict *biological* enquiry.

When we turn our attention to the far broader, more comprehensive Theosophical view of the matter, we see that the limitations which inevitably prevent a full and complete explanation on the part of the scientist lie, firstly, in his attempt to explain phenomena in terms of physical matter only, and, secondly, in the non-recognition of a *Consciousness* or Life which can function on material planes subtler than the physical.

The remarkable phenomena (so familiar that we hardly pause to consider them) of instinctual actions and functions, of organisation, the rhythmic succession of events which we see in plant and animal life, are, according to Theosophical teaching, due to memory, *i.e.*, to unconscious memory; and this memory must be, in part, purely physical. How are we to account, otherwise, for those peculiarities of gait, posture, expression, etc., in which a child simulates one or both of its parents? as also the numerous phenomena of heredity in animal and plant? Yet it is hard to believe that the vital, impelling, organising force which produces the oak tree or the lily, the sea-anemone or the elephant, is derived merely from a *physical* memory, *i.e.*, matter vibrating under the influence of chemical and physical energies;

or that this theory can explain the flight of the chick to the mother's wing on its first sight of the hawk.

At any rate, a far more plausible and comprehensive theory, once the reasonable idea of the Divine Life in the Universe and that of the graduated planes of matter can be intuited, is afforded by the Theosophical teaching of the Group-soul. That for each kind of animal and plant there is a "block" of Divine Life or Soul existing on the astral plane, portions of which inform or ensoul every new individual of that particular kind as it is born. That the experiences which each individual plant or animal goes through, leave mnemonic imprints (engrams, if you like) upon its informing soul; and when, on the death of the physical and astral forms, the soul (which had been residing in the astral body and through it receiving impressions from the physical) merges back into the general or Group-soul, it adds its quota to the reservoir of experience-imprints therein stored and, as we may suppose, uniformly distributed throughout the reservoir. Each newly born soul is a portion of this undifferentiated reservoir, and carries with it the imprints of the experiences of many preceding souls of long-extinct forms. By dint of innumerable experiences of much the same kind, repeated life after life, *habits* are set up, habits in the building of tissues and organs, habits of action under particular stimuli, habits of function, of feeling, of perception. Here is the working of unconscious Memory: the experience-imprints of the Group-soul reproduced through each individual soul as habits in the outer world. And these constitute the *instinctive* life of animal and plant, founded on the experience of the race.

If scientific methodology be alone employed, if we are to speak in terms of biological science only, following Professor Lloyd Morgan in his recent interesting book<sup>1</sup> and recognising that science deals only with process and its products, and not with the source of phenomena, then, indeed, the theories of Semon, Hering, Butler and F. Darwin are all-sufficing. But the intuition of some among us students of Nature enables us to recognise the possibility that a wider portion of the realm of truth in these matters has been explored than is given in the mere physical organism with its chemico-physical energies and material framework; and once the reasonableness of the world-theory which includes these other factors of the Divine Life and the higher planes is seen, we can most legitimately add to our scientific studies of "process and its products" those also of "source" and all the innumerable and important factors intervening between these two, which constitute the rational, as well as grandiose, Theosophical teaching.

From this latter we see that memory really inheres, not in the physical organism (for how could mere energy-imbued matter act in the ordered way of Instinct?), not even in the astral form, but in the immaterial Group-soul, of Divine Source, working through the material forms. Hence F. Darwin's suggestion that the memory of plants may be something *psychic* and *conscious*, would seem to be a tentative bridging of the gulf between the scientific and the Theosophic teaching with regard to the organisation of lower forms.

W. C. Worsdell.

(*To be concluded*)

<sup>1</sup> *Instinct and Experience*, 1914.

## MAGIC IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By HOWARD E. WHITE

*(Concluded from p. 293)*

TO turn now to the Sacraments. From the standpoint of Catholic theology the essential features, called the matter and form, are very simple. For instance, in Baptism all that is essential is to pour water upon the head and repeat the baptismal formula: "I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." In spite of this, however, we have in all cases a most elaborate ritual, as already stated, and this is used on all possible occasions. The simple essential features constitute the sacramental portion of the rite, and Mr. Leadbeater has told us that in the Christian Church there exist forces which may be called down by a priest in the Apostolic Succession, that is by priests in the Roman, Greek, and Anglican Churches, and it is these forces which are poured out in the Sacraments, called down by the Words and Signs of Power. Apart from this result it will be interesting to enquire what is the precise value of the elaborated magical ritual as used by the Church. It would seem possible that the essential sacramental features complete this aspect of the rite, and that the remainder of the

ceremony is purely magical, and as such has a definite value of its own, additional to any sacramental result.

According to our definitions of Magic it is clear that the purpose of the elaboration of the ritual is to assist in increasing the power of the Magician by bringing about more definite concentration of the mind and will. Now it is true that the ritual of the Church may be considered, in connection with the words of the prayers, as explanatory of the theological aspect of the particular rite. Thus, for instance, in the ceremony of Baptism the whole of the ritual may be, and has been, interpreted as emphasising the unfortunate condition of the unbaptised person due to original sin, and, in the case of adults, to sins actually committed; and in the second place the purification of the soul—its spiritual birth, admission into the Church and the outpouring of “grace,” these being the results of the Sacrament according to the theological explanation. The question, however, that I would here ask is whether in the ceremonies is to be found an esoteric meaning, foreshadowing an esoteric or magical result; in other words whether it is possible to discover from the rituals themselves a magical intention, such as might be held by anyone performing the rite who had been “initiated into the Mysteries,” and thus in reality form a magical ceremony, as covered by our definitions, directed to a definite magical or mystical end.

We have already noticed that the Mass is the most important of all the rites of the Church, but it is far too complex to examine here; so we must select a simple ceremony such as Baptism, which will be of additional value to us as we have already considered its orthodox interpretation, and in addition its general scope and



meaning is much more widely understood than any of the other sacraments.

In endeavouring to trace the symbolism in this ceremony we shall have to do so largely by means of Kabalistic methods, correspondences of number, colour, form, and material; and to some it may seem that such correspondences are fanciful, possibly that they have been elaborated simply for the purpose of reading into the ceremony things which are in reality not to be found there. It should be pointed out that such correspondences as will be used are those which have no connection with any system in particular, or perhaps they would be more correctly stated as being connected with all systems; for they can be, and are, applied not only to such ceremonies as we are now considering, but to those of other religions, to Initiations in Occult Orders and Schools, and, I believe, to Freemasonry. They were used by the Kabalists, Alchemists, Mediæval Mystics, etc., and it is stated by those who have an extensive knowledge of such matters that the more the different Orders, Religions, Philosophies, and Schools are examined in the light of such correspondences, the greater becomes the certainty that all are but different expressions of the great underlying truths of Mysticism and Magic.<sup>1</sup>

The Baptismal Ceremony is as follows: The Priest, vested in a white surplice and a violet stole, receives the person to be baptised outside the Church, as the purpose of the ceremony is one of consecration and admission. After asking his, or her, name, he performs

<sup>1</sup> On the Kabala see *An Introduction to the Kabbalah*, by W. Wynn Westcott. John M. Watkins, London; and for complete tables of correspondences of all schools see *777 vel Prolegomena, etc.*, Wieland & Co., Avenue Studios, South Kensington, London.

the first exorcism; and we may note in passing that it is stated that the name should be that of a Saint, this being interesting in view of the occult teaching with regard to names and sounds, and the effect of their constant repetition, it being considered that a name has a definite occult value and is connected with the nature of the thing itself; while in some, at least, of the Occult Orders different names are taken at the different stages of initiation. To return to the exorcism: the priest breathes three times upon the face, the breath being a symbol of Spirit—the words “breath” and “spirit” being originally the same, as seen in such a word as “inspiration”—and it is triple, symbolising in the Kabala the Supernal Triad, the first three Sephiroth or Emanations: (1) Kether, the Crown; (2) Chokmah, Wisdom; (3) Binah, Understanding. In the different religions we have, as is well known, this Triad or Trinity; in Christianity: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; in Hindūism: Shiva, Viṣṇu, and Brahmā; in Taoism: Shang Ti, the Yang, the Yin; and so on. We may also notice that breath, or Air, corresponds to the first of the Four Magic Powers: *Noscere*, to Know. The words of the exorcism begin: “Go out of him, thou unclean spirit, and give place unto the Holy Spirit”; and we can, of course, consider the threefold breathing as representative of the Third Member of the Triad instead of the Three, and thus connect this with the fact that it is the Third Person of the Trinity who is mentioned in the exorcism itself; this, according to the Kabalists, being Binah, Understanding; and from this we have the influx of the higher Understanding purifying the lower elements. The Priest then makes the Sign of the Cross upon the head and breast, consecrating both intellect

and emotion, and laying his hand upon the head of the unbaptised person, he repeats certain prayers.

We may notice here that there is a difference between the Sign of the Cross used by the Church and its occult form, known as the Kabalistic Cross. The former is made by touching the forehead, breast, left and right shoulders, while repeating the words: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The Kabalistic Cross is made as follows: Touching the forehead, say Ateh (Unto Thee); touching the breast, say Malkuth (the Kingdom); touching the right shoulder, say ve-Geburah (and the Power); touching the left shoulder, say ve-Gedulah (and the Glory); and clasping the hands upon the breast, say le-Olahm, Amen (to the Ages, Amen). These words, as you will notice, are the closing words of the "Lord's Prayer" as found in the Protestant Churches; they are not found in the original manuscripts and are not used in this connection by the Catholic Church. Malkuth, Geburah, and Gedulah are three of the Ten Sephiroth; Malkuth is the tenth, and is called the Kingdom; it is the lowest, and we are said to live "in its shadow"; Geburah is the fifth, and is usually translated Strength; while Gedulah is the fourth, usually translated Majesty, but more frequently known by the name Chesed, Mercy. The Tree of Life, being a diagrammatic representation of the Ten Sephiroth, consists of three "pillars"; the pillar on one side, having Geburah at the head, is known as the Pillar of Justice; and that on the other side, having Gedulah at the head, is called the Pillar of Mercy; the centre pillar, having at the head Kether, the Crown, and the foot, Malkuth, is called the Pillar of Mildness. From this it will be seen that in making the Kabalistic Cross,

the Magician identifies himself with the Tree of Life, and in repeating the names of the Sephiroth, he touches the parts of the body corresponding. These two pillars, represented by Geburah and Gedulah, are the Jachin and Boaz of the Temple of King Solomon.

To return to the ceremony. After the prayers mentioned, follows the exorcism and consecration of the salt, salt being said by the Church to be the symbol of Wisdom and also of the preservative forces of the Spirit. If taken as a material object, salt corresponds to Earth in the Four Elements, and Pṛṥhivī in the Ṭaṭṭvas; and of the parts of Body and Soul it is Nephesh to the Kabalist, the Animal Soul, and to the Hindū it is Sṥhūla Sharīra, or, as sometimes stated, Kāma. It is, then, the symbol of the lowest part of a man's nature, which is here exorcised and consecrated, and, as we shall see later, a part of this consecrated salt is placed in the mouth, the organ of speech; and salt corresponds to the fourth of the Magic Powers: *Tacere*, to Keep Silent. If, on the other hand, we consider the salt as representing Salt in the Alchemical Elements: Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury (Hindū: Rajas, Ṭamas, and Saṭṭva), we shall again have a correspondence with Binah, Understanding, also called the Supernal Mother. The exorcism of the salt begins: "I exorcise thee, creature of salt," and continues, invoking the names of the three Persons of the Trinity, with the Sign of the Cross made over the salt at each repetition of the name; then follows: "I exorcise thee in the name of the Living God, the True God, the Holy God, the God who hath created thee," the Cross being here made four times over the salt. At the conclusion of the exorcism the salt is consecrated and the Sign of the Cross twice repeated.

These repetitions of the Sign of the Cross are interesting in respect of the exorcism with three and four ; three being the Supernal Triad and also " the Creative Mind, the divine Activity ready to manifest as Creator " ; four being " God manifested in the Universe, the triad resumed by Unity, source of all combinations and origin of all forms ". The consecration, on the other hand, with the double sign shows forth the Second Person, the harmony of which we shall see a little more clearly when we remember that in Hindūism the name given to Viṣṇu is the Preserver.

A small quantity of salt having been placed in the mouth, preparation is made for entering the Church. The person to be baptised is sealed with the Cross upon the forehead, the priest using his thumb for this purpose ; and the thumb is the sign of the Spirit, as the fingers are signs of the elements. The priest then lays his hand upon the head of the person, and also lays on him the end of his stole, the latter being the symbol of authority, and admits him to the Church. Prayers are repeated, and before the Baptistery is entered another exorcism takes place. The priest wets his right thumb with spittle from his mouth and touches with the Sign of the Cross first the right ear, then the left, and afterwards the nostrils, saying "*Ephphatha*"—a Hebrew word meaning " Be opened ". This word is the only one in the Hebrew language used throughout the ceremony, and it is taken from the account of a miracle recorded in the Gospel. Then follows a renunciation of Satan, and after this the priest dips a small silver rod into the Holy Oil, previously consecrated, and anoints the person on the breast and between the shoulders. Of the Holy Oil we are told : " The Holy Oil is the

Aspiration, not the desire of the lower to reach the higher, but that spark of the higher which wishes to unite the lower with itself." The rod is of silver, and this metal corresponds to Yesod, the Ninth Sephira; and in man to the Ruach, the Intellect—the lower Manas according to the Hindū. It is dipped into the Oil, symbolising the consecration of the intellect by the Aspiration. Yesod is sometimes taken to correspond with the Animal Soul, which also might be considered to have been consecrated. The Oil is used to anoint the breast and the shoulders, and once again, from another standpoint, we have the same symbolism; the astrological rulers of these parts of the body are the Sun and Moon, corresponding to the Higher Self and the lower self respectively. Thus the whole man is consecrated. The priest at this point changes the violet stole for a white one, and from this again we can see the nature of the rite; violet is the colour of the Ninth Sephira and the intellect, this being changed to white, the colour of the First Sephira—Kether, and in man to Jechidah, the Self (to the Hindū, Ātmā)—thus showing the raising of the consciousness from the lower mind, the intellect, to the Highest, the Self.

Immediately after this is an expression of belief and the Baptism itself. Water is poured three times upon the head in the form of a Cross, and the baptismal formula is repeated. With regard to the use of water, there would seem to be a very elaborate system of correspondences, and we might note that it represents *Audere* in the Four Magic Powers, and in the Tarot it is attributed to "The Hanged Man," having as one of its meanings Redemption through Sacrifice. Water also is a symbol of the Great Work, corresponding to the Lotus—a symbol of attainment, and its common

use in the West is similar to that of the Lotus in the East. It should also be noticed that in the West a man is "Born of Water and of the Spirit," and in the East he is said to "Enter the Stream"; and another interesting correspondence is seen in the words immediately following those above quoted, where it is stated: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou . . . canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." And we have exactly the same idea in the East, where a man who has "Entered the Stream" is called a "Wanderer".

After the baptism proper, the man is again anointed with oil, this time upon the head, showing again the nature of the Aspiration, the descent from above; a white linen cloth is placed upon his head, the colour being that of Kether, and a lighted candle is placed in his hand. Fire corresponds to Spirit—the Ruach Elohim, the Spirit of the Gods, in *Genesis i.*—to the highest of the Four Worlds, Atziluth. It also represents the third of the Magic Powers, *Velle*—to Will—and in the Tarot it is: "The Angel," the Completion of the Great Work. With this the ceremony is concluded: "N., go in peace and the Lord be with thee."

Let us now attempt to sum up some of the features of the ceremony. We have the exorcism twice performed, and the consecration of all the different elements in a man's nature, the senses, the emotions, and the intellect. We have the lower self connected to the Higher Self and consecrated by the Aspiration, the desire of the Higher to unite the lower with itself. Then we have the main purpose of the rite shown in many ways, this consisting in the raising of consciousness from its present low plane to the Highest, from

Malkuth to Kether, from our present normal consciousness to Samādhi—Ātmaḍarshana, Nirvāṇa. This constitutes the Great Work, which is symbolised by the principal element used, Water. It is the Birth of Water and the Spirit by which a man "Enters the Stream". It is brought about by the Aspiration; the Higher Self is the cause of this activity, and to this end it is necessary that the Path should be entered upon. The Four Elements, Air, Earth, Water, and Fire, are consecrated and used, showing the consecration of all the elements in a man's nature; these to the Kabalist are five, the highest is Jechidah—the Self—and the other four which are consecrated, as stated above, are Nephesh—the Animal Soul, Ruach—the Intellect, Chiah—the Life Force, and Neshamah—the Intuition. The elements also correspond to the Four Powers of the Sphinx, which are essential to the Great Work, these being—To Know, To Dare, To Will, and To Keep Silent; and the Air, Salt, Water, and Fire are all applied directly to the individual, conferring upon him these powers.

The completion of the Quest is foreshadowed in the condition of the neophyte at the end of the Ceremony: The Holy Oil is upon his head, together with the white cloth, showing forth the Crown; the lower self has been raised to the Higher through the Aspiration, the ascent has been made from Malkuth to Kether; and in his hand is the Fire—Atziluth; the highest world has been reached and transcended, all of which is again shown in "The Angel," of which it is said: "It is the accomplishment of the Great Work in answer to the summons of the supernal—which summons is heard and answered from within."

Howard E. White.



## LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

### I

BOMBAY,

*November 1912.*

DEAR FRIEND,

They tell me that the mail leaves to-morrow, and I do not want to let it go without sending you a few lines from a hand lame with fatigue and melted with the heat. We landed to-day between two and four, in sunshine that has almost driven me mad, and found ourselves in a red-hot furnace, surrounded by trunks and boxes, with voices howling all around us in some infernal gibberish. Then, after wearing out my feet running round after my luggage, more dead than alive I started out for the hotel, the road to which was one long nightmare of fantastic faces, which I was too dazed to be able to look at. All journeys end; and at last mine did, at the hotel, where to my great satisfaction I met Mme. Blech, who had arrived that morning as arranged. She was already attended by her "boy," a young Hindu with a beard, whose name I have not yet succeeded in remembering. A dark-complexioned "brother" came to call on us, and we went for a drive towards six o'clock. As for impressions, I

remember nothing but a glamour as of the Arabian Nights: villas, or rather sparkling palaces, among the palm trees, a seething mass of turbans, a sunset beside which fire would seem pale, and against which there stood out, along the sea, the silhouettes of coco-nut palms and a line of club-buildings—the European, the Japanese, the Parsi Ladies', and so on. My poor head is bursting, and my body has been done for, ever since this morning when, with the terrible sun shining into my cabin, I packed my boxes at seven o'clock.

Our "brother" escorted us through the native quarter, ubiquitous as a shadow, and took us to see the Towers of Silence, which, as you know, are the cemetery of the Parsis of Bombay. This brother, our guide, was a Parsi, which fact made it possible for us to gain entrance to the place, although we arrived after hours. The last part of our drive had been up a hill, tropically green, and now, on foot, we continued the ascent under a leafy canopy to a splendid garden, shady with palms and full of myrtle. The red earth and luxuriant vegetation reminded me of the Alhambra and the *Généralife*. A fountain was playing in the middle of the garden, and hospitable seats held out their arms to us. Nothing suggested a halting-place of Death; nothing, save the high, white wall which was just visible through a curtain of flowers, and on the top of which were massed together, in two close ranks, a crowd of vultures and crows.

The Parsis reverence fire too much to allow it to be polluted by the touch of a corpse, nor do they wish the dead to pollute the earth. They think the best way of disposing of the body is to throw it out to carrion

birds. A Parsi multimillionaire gave of his abundance enough to build these five towers, where the thing is done far from the eyes of men—for of the living none but the attendants are allowed inside. A model of one of these towers is shown to visitors in the garden. It is circular. Inside is a kind of grating, divided into three parts, on the first of which the men are laid; the second is for women, and the smallest for children. These compartments are crossed by gutters running down towards the centre, where there is an immense pit. The corpse, taken from the hands of the bearers, after the last ceremonies have been performed, is laid, naked, in the division allotted to one of its age and sex. From two to three hundred vultures swoop down upon it. In two hours' time they have done their work. The sun then takes up the task of drying the bones. Water is forced up through pipes and cleans the rest, washing away the bones into the bottom of the pit. Then the water, having accomplished its task, is carried away through four pipes into a bed, first of carbon and then of lime. Through this it filters and re-emerges purified, to quench the thirst of the living.

## II

BENARES,

*December 1912.*

I am writing from Benares, where I arrived a day or two ago under the wing of Mme. Blech, just when the Ganges was reflecting the setting sun.

At the station two students were waiting for us. One took charge of our boxes and the other took us in

a carriage to Headquarters. Mme. Blech was to stay with Mrs. Besant, and I in the European quarters. Picture to yourself a "finca" in America: the low houses covered with leaves, the cattle wandering all about, the Indians, half or three-quarters naked, round a fire just outside their doors; people coming and going with lanterns, and a silhouette of coco-nut palms sharp-cut against a red sky. My dear friend, it seemed to me that I was back in my own country.

On the threshold of Mrs. Besant's little house, Miss Arundale, the aunt of the Principal of the College, received us with that brotherliness which we miss so much away from our own people; and she put herself to no end of trouble to supply us with everything we could possibly want. My neighbours, two Englishwomen, also received me with great kindness, one offering me a shawl, the other a candle; and, as soon as I had tidied myself up, I started off to dine with Mme. Blech at Miss Arundale's, preceded by another sister who had come to fetch me and show me the way and lend a lantern.

Yesterday, at the rather impossible hour of noon, escorted by the black eyes and white teeth of our student of the station, we went to make the acquaintance of the Ganges. Everything swam before me in a golden dust so dazzling that, in addition to your grey veil, I was obliged to put on smoked glasses, which changed all the colours for me and made the domes and glowing walls dingy and sad—but then it was a choice between a spoiled view and ophthalmia. In two places they were burning corpses. Through the smoke from the pyre could be seen a man armed with a long stick, who seemed to be poking the fire or

else breaking obstinate bones. One could hear the crackling and frizzling of the flesh ; it was horrible. I saw a piece of a knee near a calcined skeleton ; and then I turned my back on the whole thing. Just close by, people were bathing, chatting, smoking, ruminating, meditating, sleeping, eating. From the domes and roofs of several temples, partly sunk into the water and looking like islands, people were throwing flowers into the river and saying their prayers before bathing. The whole of Benares seems to live either on the brink or in the water ; but as for me—nothing is real to me at midday.

We dined with Miss Arundale and her nephew whom you saw in Paris. He polished off his dinner in two minutes, and then left for his evening meeting, to which he had invited us. At about half-past seven Miss Arundale, Mme. Blech and I went to the hall. Mr. George Arundale was there already, wrapped in a yellow scarf and curled up among the cushions of a large arm-chair.

In an easy, informal way he received the band of students who, also for the most part in yellow scarves, glided in barefooted and silent as shadows, seating themselves on the floor in a semicircle at Mr. Arundale's feet. They asked questions and Mr. Arundale answered in the simplest way in the world ; the beauty of that scene lay in its simplicity. Few things have affected me so deeply as the sight of that young man, surrounded by students who seemed to worship him, and who come every evening to sit at his feet and listen to him as he talks of the spiritual life. To me that picture was worth the whole journey and all the solemn lectures in the world.

Yesterday morning Krishna Lal took us to the daily opening service at the College, which stands just across the road. This College, which was first begun in the palace of the Maharaja of Benares with a handful of pupils, now occupies huge buildings where hundreds of boys are educated in their own faith. Hardly any of the Professors are salaried. Everywhere one is conscious of that feeling of satisfaction which surrounds those who serve for the love of service. Before going to their several classrooms, the students sing a hymn together with deep earnestness.

Miss Arundale wanted to have a school for girls. She made a beginning with two or three little ones, to whom she gave lessons in her own house. Then, as the number of pupils increased, she finally built the school we visited to-day. It is in splendid working order, and there are about two hundred pupils. The school deserves another hundred; and what I cannot admire enough is the devotion and energy of all those people, who do not even give themselves time to eat or sleep. I am not sorry I came, in spite of the misgivings I experienced at the thought of the journey; it has cleared up many things for me which before were dark.

We expect Mrs. Besant to-morrow. I have already seen two of her dresses that she wore in Paris, hanging on a string on her veranda and warming themselves in the sun—in true Guatemalian style. We may possibly leave with her for Madras, and then it will be I who will make her tea or her soup in the train. Chimène, who would have foretold that? Rodrigue, who would have believed it? Not I, certainly!

MARIA CRUZ.

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## THE LITTLE HUNTER

By AHASHA

“JUST listen, my boy,” Jack’s father said to him one hot day in June, “it will soon be holiday time; then you will have to leave school and learn a trade; what would you like best?”

Jack didn’t know at this moment, and said: “Father, may I tell you to-morrow?”

“Of course, my little fellow,” said his father.

That night Jack couldn’t sleep, and so he was thinking about all kinds of trades, but he couldn’t come to a conclusion.

While he was staring in the dark, he saw on the wall opposite his bed a round, bright spot. This spot became larger and larger, and at last he saw the figure of a woman wearing a robe with a long train. Her eyes were kind, and she moved up and down before Jack’s bed.

“Good day, Jack,” she said.

Jack dared not give any answer. He had never seen such a wonderful thing—in the depth of the night, while he was awake, a ghost had come to his bed and said: “Good day, Jack.”

“Jack,” continued the woman, “you don’t know what you want—you have to choose a trade, have you not?”

"Yes, . . . mad—am," stuttered Jack, and he thought to himself: "I'll be polite; it is a pity I have not got my cap on my head, otherwise I could take it off."

"Jack, you must call me 'Nobleyard'."

"Yes, Mrs. Nobleyard."

"Look here, Jack, I'll give you a piece of advice; you must become a carpenter, mason, or blacksmith; then you'll be a decent man in the future. Well, what do you choose?"

"Blacksmith, if you please."

"Very well, Jack, that's all right; you'll become a blacksmith."

"Yes, Madam—I mean Nobleyard."

The woman disappeared, leaving Jack alone.

So he would become a blacksmith.

He got up very early the next morning, and took a walk in the garden. He still was under the impression of what he had seen in the night, and couldn't forget it.

All at once he saw a small thing running across the garden path. It looked a little like a squirrel or a hare. It stopped, and when Jack approached he saw it was a little gnome.

Jack knew there were giants, and gnomes, and fairies; but he had never seen one so near to him.

It was an ugly little man—very ugly. His little coat was brown, and so were his tiny trousers. His cap was black, and his little face was dirty. But the most disagreeable part of him was his eyes. He didn't look straight into Jack's face; first he looked at the ground, and then he peeped at Jack.

"Oh dear! such a little monster," Jack thought.

"Well, Jack," said the little man.



"Good day," Jack said, but he didn't like to speak to him.

"I say, Jack, you were talking with Nobleyard last night, weren't you?"

"How do you know that?"

"My dear little fellow, I know everything, *everything*. That Nobleyard is a fairy, and she is my greatest enemy."

"Well, she was very kind to me."

"Ha ha," laughed the little fellow, "do you think I'm kind too?"

"I don't know," Jack answered, "I really don't know," and he got frightened.

"No, Jack, I'm neither kind nor good; I'm a jolly little fellow, I only say—let us live and be happy." When speaking these words, he began softly to dance, and then Jack saw he had no feet, but . . . goat's hoofs.

"Listen, Jack," he continued, "you mustn't become a blacksmith. If you are a blacksmith you will work all day long, you will be as black as a nigger, and besides all this, no girl in the village will dance with you when it is fair time. Then you'll stand all by yourself, will you not? No, my boy, you must become a hunter. That's the best thing I know—a beautiful green suit, a nice hat with a feather, a gun, a couple of good dogs, and then to the wood; and when you see the tail and the ears of a hare, then . . . you shoot. That's better than being a blacksmith. Don't care what Nobleyard says."

Jack was thinking for a little while. No girl to dance with when it was fair time. Always to stand before the big fire when it was summer. A bad job

indeed! No, rather be a hunter and be free in the wood. He was sure *now*.

“All right, I choose to be a hunter.”

“Hurrah! my boy, that’s what I wanted. Won’t we be friends?”

“All right.”

“Your name is Jack, isn’t it? My name is Lucifa; I’ll now return to my cave. So-long, Jack.”

“So-long, Lucifa.”

Jack walked home, and when he came there, papa and mamma were taking an early cup of tea on the veranda.

“Good morning, mamma! Good morning, papa!”

“Good morning, Jack; slept well?”

“Fairly.”

“Well, and, . . . and?”

“I want to be a hunter, papa.”

“Hunter? What a strange idea! Do you know what a hunter is, my boy? A hunter kills animals. So my eldest son is to be a . . . murderer. Very fine, indeed!”

“But, papa, people eat meat; and whether / kill the animals or whether somebody else does—it’s just the same, isn’t it? They have to die after all.”

“Jack, I won’t say it’s good, yet people *will* eat meat; but a hunter, you know, only does it for his pleasure; so I’ll never consent to your being a hunter.”

“Papa!”

“No, you’ll become a carpenter; you are not able to choose yourself; next week I’ll send you as a pupil to Peters.”

Papa and mamma went inside, and Jack followed.

At breakfast he didn't say anything, but in school he was thinking all the time what he could do to become a hunter.

"O Lucifa, Lucifa!"

"Here I am."

And look! his little friend sat on the desk, invisible to everybody but Jack.

"I know all about it. Go to Peters, and I'll help you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack was satisfied, all would be well now.

It was holiday time, and the day came that Jack had to go for the first time to Peters.

Peters was a good man. He taught him all kinds of things, and gave him books to read. But Jack didn't want to learn. The books were found in a corner, and of course he didn't get any more books.

In this way summer passed, and autumn and winter also; and it was spring already, and still Jack was working with Peters; but he wasn't a bit cleverer than when he first entered the workshop.

One evening in summer, when Lucifa was walking with Jack through the wood, he said: "Jack, we have to make an end of it."

"An end?"

"Yes, to-morrow you must tease Peters, and then of course he'll go to your father."

"All right, I'll do what you tell me."

Next morning Jack went to the carpenter's shop as usual, and when Peters said: "Jack, will you take this drying-frame to the vicarage?" he said: "You can do it yourself." Peters said nothing; but in the afternoon he went to Jack's father and said that he didn't want Jack one day longer in his shop.

Jack had to stay at home the whole day.

“Please, papa, let me be a hunter,” he cried; and his mother said: “It is best for him to follow his bent. Then we shall see how it turns out.”

And so Jack became a servant to the forester. He got a fine suit and a little hat with a feather, and . . . a game-pouch and a gun round his shoulders. But he had not yet a dog. . . .

It was a beautiful day in autumn; the sky was so clear, and the leaves on the trees looked so green. The sun still gave a little heat; he had to exert himself, and presently he sat down. Everywhere the gossamer was floating; on such a day Jack had gone with his gun to the wood.

Suddenly he saw a little hare running across the path. One—two—three—the hare fell down.

But what happened? He felt at the same moment that he left his own body, and he saw himself standing outside it. Was he himself? He felt that he was pressed into the body of the poor little hare, and he felt the pain of the bullet. Oh, how painful it was! And there was his body standing, looking at the poor hare. The little hare died, and the little soul rose.

When Jack was back again in his hunter's body, he threw the gun aside. “Never, never again do I want to go out hunting. Lucifa, O Lucifa, go away from me.”

There stood Lucifa and grinned at him.

“Go away, far away, bad Lucifa.”

“Do you mean what you say?”

“Yes, yes, I do mean it!”

Lucifa disappeared in the air, and Jack was alone—alone with the little dead hare.

“Nobleyard,” he whispered.

There she came flying over the moss.

“I forgive you, Jack ; you are just the same as any other little boy. It is much easier to follow *him* than *me*. You have conquered at last. Come along and let us bury the poor little hare, and then—then you must learn—learn hard, my boy.” They buried the little hare and Nobleyard continued: “Jack, you have wasted nearly a whole year by listening to Lucifa. You must regain all that time. I’ll bring you for seven years to the fairies, and they will teach you all you need.”

She placed her hands on Jack’s shoulders. Jack was in terror, his body shrank, and now he was as small as a gnome. “Now follow me,” she exclaimed, and he ran as fast as his little feet would carry him. How strange everything was now ; the grass looked so high, and the mushrooms so thick. After a quarter of an hour the wood became more open.

Formerly Jack had been here very often, but how different it seemed now !

Ten or twelve gnomes were sitting there reading in books. “Look, here is my friend Jack. He has to become a blacksmith.” Having said this, Nobleyard went away.

“Well, my young friend,” said one of the gnomes, “Do your parents know you are here?”

“No they don’t.”

“Then you had better write to them, little man.”

Jack took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote :

MY DEAR PARENTS,

Don’t think I am dead ; I have seen much, and when I come home I’ll tell you all. I have to remain seven years here with the gnomes.

A kiss from your loving son,

JACK.

A little bird brought the note to Jack's parents, and threw it into the house, and that night Nobleyard appeared to his mother in a dream, and explained everything to her. And now his parents knew all was well with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

For seven years Jack worked in the smith's shop with the gnomes. He worked from five in the morning till noon. Then they all took a bath in the brook and ate fruits and nuts. After that every one went his own way to help and comfort the people, and at night they again ate fruits and nuts, and when the sun had set, and the moon stood high in the sky, they went to the brook, and there they found fairies, undines, hares, rabbits, birds, and oh, so many other things. And then the fairies danced, and sang in the moonshine, and they talked with Jack. Those evenings were very snug.

The seven years were soon passed. Then came the time when he was to return to his parents, his village and his home. They all were quiet and serious. Jack saw they whispered to one another. One of the eldest gnomes approached him, took his hand and said: "Dear Jack, you have been a good pupil. We all love you, and know your character. We know that gold is for many people a misfortune, but with you it won't be the case. Your parents are not rich; take this lump of gold, and when you have arrived at your parents, it will just be sufficient to buy the smith's shop from the village blacksmith. He is already an old man, and would like to rest from his work." He then handed Jack the gold. Oh, the gnomes had been so kind to him, so very kind.

That night he slept for the last time in his little bed with a pillow of moss, and sheets of fern. And

when the sun rose the next morning Nobleyard came, and looked deep, very deep into his eyes, and he felt that he grew, and grew, till she turned away with a smile and said: "Now that's enough."

He was now a young man of twenty years. Nobleyard nodded her head once more, and then disappeared. She had sunk away into the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

He hurried home. His father didn't remember him at once, but his mother did. Oh! how glad they were! Jack was *so* tall and he was such a nice young man.

His mother gave an extra good dinner that day. "Well, Jack," said his father, "take some mincemeat, and some pears." . . .

"No, no meat for me, father."

"How is that?"

"Father, I still feel the pain I felt when I was in the little body of the hare; no, never, never again will I eat meat. When I lived with the gnomes, I never ate any meat."

"Just as you like," said his father.

Jack bought the smith's shop with the money he got from the gnomes. He worked very hard. People thought him very foolish, he wouldn't eat any meat; and they called him a "vegetarian". But he didn't care. Some people said: "He will get too ill to do heavy work, through eating no meat." But Jack laughed when he heard this, and he lifted a heavy iron bar, and said: "Look at the strength of a vegetarian!"

He now understood why Nobleyard had chosen the trade of a blacksmith for him.

Ahasha.

## A FABLE

By E. M. M.

**T**H**ERE** was once a little boy who went to school, and refused to believe that two and two made four until his teacher gave him four hard strokes with the cane and made him count them. When he grew older he would not believe that the earth moved round the sun, for he saw the sun rising in the East and setting in the West, and preferred to trust his own deluded eyes rather than the superior knowledge of others. Nor would he believe that the moon had any influence on the sea, because he saw no actual connecting link between them; or that the stars were larger than the earth, because to him they all appeared smaller.

When he was getting on in years, a stranger came one day to the little village where his narrow life was spent, and told him of some of the wonderful new inventions that men had made in the outside world.

The old man laughed at him.

“ Mean to tell me that if I stood at one end of a tube and you at the other end a hundred miles away, you could make me hear what you said? Why, if you talked to me through a tube from the end of the village street, I shouldn’t hear ! ”

“ But do you mean to say that you haven’t read about telephones and wireless messages and aeroplanes ? ” asked the stranger.



"I don't read the papers much, and why should I believe what they say? Half the pictures they publish are faked. I can't fly myself, and I'm pretty sure no one else can. You can't gammon me with that kind of nonsense."

The stranger was silent a moment.

"And when this life is over—when Death comes to you—what do you suppose is going to happen then?"

"Nothing happens," said the old man. "No one's ever come back to tell me about it, and if there was any life after death you may be sure they would have."

"I am more sure that you wouldn't have either seen them or listened to them!" said the stranger. "But some day you will know, for that's a thing that even the most ignorant have to learn. And some day you'll be sorry that you weren't more ready to believe those wiser than yourself."

Before very long Death did come to the old man. For some time afterwards he was dazed and bewildered, and when at last he made his way back to his old home, to his surprise no one took any notice of him, or answered him when he spoke. Finally he sought out his little grandchild, a boy of seven years.

"Why, grandpa," said the child, "what are you doing here? You died three weeks ago!"

"Died! How dare you say such a thing? I'm as much alive as you are. . . . ."

But in the midst of his wrath he realised the truth of the child's words, for he perceived that he had no physical body. The lighter body with which he was clothed seemed full of strange knots and twists, and as he stood looking down at himself in puzzled surprise, the stranger whom he had once met on earth came up to him.

“Beginning to realise that there *is* a life after death, eh? Though no one ever came back to tell you about it! But never mind. You’ll soon be seeing much greater wonders than aeroplanes and telephones. Only first—and before my earth-body wakes up—we must try to get some of these knots undone, for you’ll have no peace or comfort until you are rid of them. Heavens! how many of them there are!”

“What are they?” asked the other meekly, for he saw that it was no use disbelieving any longer. “I don’t like them. They. . . they hurt me.”

“Good sign, that!” said the stranger. “There’s some hope when narrow-mindedness and prejudice begin to hurt. For that’s what has caused them, my dear sir—nothing else! Now we’ll set to work to undo them. But it will take a long time, and just think how much trouble you’d have saved us both if you had been a little more open-minded on earth!”

E. M. M.



## A WAR PROPHECY

By R. G. M.

MY attention has been called to a short article entitled "Una Profezia Sulla Guerra" which appeared in the Italian *Scena Illustrata* of January 15, 1913, about three months after the termination of the Italo-Turkish war. The following rendering into English may be of interest to those who are familiar with the forecast contained in Chapter XXVII of *Mun: Whence, How and Whither*. In 1903 there appeared in France and England a singular booklet which, while exhibiting no mean knowledge of politics and avoiding any apocalyptic tone, foretold—with a wealth of geographical and political detail and of exceedingly precise dates—the events which would trouble Europe during the years to elapse between that year (1903) and 1931.

The pamphlet was not one of political propaganda; rather did it seem, or was it intended, to be a means of evangelisation; in fact it described everything which was to happen according to the prediction of the Prophet Daniel. And now, after ten years, it is not without a curious interest that we glean a few items from the many flights of fancy which, with unshakable conviction and an apparently natural interpretation of Holy Writ, the author retails to us through many pages.

Some of the predictions touch us Italians very closely, and cannot but cause us some astonishment at the present moment.

From 1906 to 1919, then, great revolutions and great wars. . . . About 1919 a Confederation of the ten States of Europe. In the same year will come, it is not stated where from, another Napoleon, who from 1926 to 1931 will be President of the Confederation. But there is still better to come. From February 26, 1924 (mark the precision of dates) to a date to be determined in 1926, the ascension to Heaven of 144,000 Christians; which superhuman event will be followed—it is not clear why—by a persecution which will last no less than three and a half years; and the persecution will at last be put an end to by the descent in Jerusalem of Jesus Christ, who will remain there at His pleasure from May 2, 1929 to April 9, 1931. Putting aside the descent of Christ and the ascent of the Christians, let us rather enquire how these ten Kingdoms have arisen? The Prophet Daniel, through his modern commentator, hastens to enlighten us, after drawing a picture of the twenty-two States which are now grouped around Europe.

And here we must draw attention to a note: “Morocco will be annexed to France; *Tripoli will be joined to France or Italy.*” We must not ask too much. France, I admit, comes in, showing some doubt in the mind of the prophet; but we must remember that the commentator was probably a Frenchman. On the other hand we know that the prophetic style is generally of this nature.

Elsewhere, however, he gives fuller details, and is more sure of himself. “The ten States will unite in

a Confederation which will take the place of the present Triple Alliance between Italy, Austria, and Germany, and of the Dual Alliance between France and Russia." And among these ten States will be: FRANCE, which will annex many smaller States up to the Rhine and to the Roman ramparts of Bingen to Ratisbon (the reason being that that river and these walls were once the frontier of the Roman Empire between France and Germany); ENGLAND, separated from Ireland, India, and all the other colonies (because these never formed part of the Roman Empire); SPAIN, with Portugal and that portion of Morocco which will not be annexed by France; GREECE, with Thessaly, Macedonia etc.; TURKEY, which will only comprise Ancient Greece and Bithynia, etc., etc.; ITALY, *probably with Tripoli*.

We must really congratulate the Prophet Daniel and his modern commentator on having been, ten years ago, more far-seeing than European diplomacy and those who thought to keep Italy on the leash.

R. G. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A CURIOUS OCCURRENCE

A friend of mine, Mr. Somasundaram Aiyar of Poovalur, gave me the following information, which may be of interest to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST—especially those who look to the coming of a great World-Teacher :

Poovalur is a small village in Trichinopoly District—about thirteen miles from Trichy Fort Station, S.I.R. There is a channel, called *Panguni*, running on one side of the village. One day Mr. Somasundaram Aiyar and some other villagers were cleaning their teeth in the channel in the early morning—as is generally the custom in our country parts—when they saw a number of palm leaves floating down the current. Some of the leaves were collected, and it was found that they contained Tamil verses written therein in the old way, with an “*yezhuṭṭāni*” (as it is called in Tamil). On trying to decipher the contents, Mr. Somasundaram Aiyar found that they referred to the Advent of a Great Leader soon to be among us, and urged us to prepare ourselves to receive Him when He comes. Unfortunately they paid no serious attention to the leaves and their contents.

*Trivandrum.*

R. SRINIVASAN.

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### THEOSOPHICAL POETRY, ETC.

On reading Mr. J. H. Cousins' article in THE THEOSOPHIST for May (“On Theosophical Poetry”), I wondered whether he was acquainted with Joaquin Miller's last poem. I enclose a copy, in case he is not. It appeared in the daily papers here soon after his death.

I think it is rather to be regretted that the recovery from poisoning by carbolic acid (May THEOSOPHIST p. 193) should

have been published as a case of invisible help. It struck me, while reading the article, that the statements therein were rather wide of the mark; so I took some trouble in turning up the literature of the subject. Instead of "10 minims or less being sufficient to cause death in anybody within 10 minutes," the smallest fatal dose I can find recorded is 60 minims in 12 hours. There are many cases where death has occurred in a much shorter time, but after taking much larger doses, though it *has* been delayed for 60 hours; and, on the other hand, recovery has sometimes followed enormous doses—as much as 900 to 1,000 minims.

Given proper treatment, it would seem from the data given in the article that the chances were distinctly in favour of a recovery, and the case for invisible help correspondingly weak. The other case—the fall of a ceiling—is much more striking.

“AT THE FINAL PARTING”

(Written on his death-bed by Joaquin Miller

“The Poet of the Sierras.”)

“*My Last Message to the World*”

Could I but teach men to believe,  
 Could I but make small men to grow,  
 To break frail spider-webs that weave  
 About their thews and bind them low;  
 Could I but sing one song and lay  
 Grim doubt, I then could go my way  
 In tranquil silence, glad, serene,  
 And satisfied from off the scene,  
 But ah! this disbelief, this doubt,  
 This doubt of God, this doubt of good,  
 The damned spot will not out.  
 Wouldst learn to know one little flower,  
 Its perfume, perfect form, and hue—  
 Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour,  
 Of all the years that come to you?  
 Then grow as God hath planted; grow  
 A lordly oak or daisy low,  
 As he hath set his garden; be  
 Just what thou art, or grass or tree;  
 Thy treasures, up in heaven laid  
 Await thy sure ascending soul—  
 Life after life; be not afraid.

A. HOWARD.

## THE DAY OF THE WOMAN

Miss Stark, in her illuminating note on Strindberg's naturalistic plays, says of the characters of Adolph and Gustav: "They failed to see in woman the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual." Truly they did, and the statement of their error leads the reader from Strindberg's instance to the wide field of life in general; one asks oneself, a little unassuredly, how many men do see the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual in a woman; how many are free from sex illusion.

From the present writer's point of view, the greatest need of any human being is self-respect. There is nothing that a man who has it prizes more, for he knows that upon it depends all else he values, that with its loss his very life were over; and yet there is nothing men in general less help their fellows to attain, or when it is attained to keep, than this same prized possession. Continually they break the bruised reed, continually they quench the smoking flax of this foundation of all virtue; continually they degrade the ideals of others, continually pinch out the buds of their divine virility; and very specially is this lack of brotherly kindness shown by men, in the narrow acceptance of the term, to women. How often do we not hear the phrase: "I respect"—wife, daughter, sister, it may be, or simply women—too much to let . . ."? The conclusion does not matter, for the "respect" that will not let another Soul judge for itself, rule its own life, learn by its own experience, is, frankly, not respect at all, but self-regard.

"Neither do I condemn thee," said the Master to her whom men would stone, "go, sin no more." And the woman left Him in a dream. The Prophet had not blamed her—had not questioned her right to live even as she had lived! The Prophet had not threatened her—had actually believed her capable of choosing better things! Truly "a bruised reed shall *He* not break, and the smoking flax shall *He* not quench". Truly *His* love "believeth all things, hopeth all things".

Maeterlinck, in his *Marie-Madeleine* has given a very perfect study of this scene, and of the whole question now at issue. Marie has heard the Master's voice, and her heart burns within her; she would go to Him. The men would stay her; if she must go, they would go with her; they call her mad when she declines their proffered aid, and does the thing she wills. The intellectual Silenus observes sententiously that a woman's thoughts would sometimes puzzle a philosopher; but yet, whether from an incipient respect for Marie's selfhood, or from Stoic self-control, restrains the



amazed and angry Verus from pursuit. Swift follows the attempted stoning, the Master's wonderful rebuke, His gentle words to the astounded woman. Then :

Verus s'avance pour soutenir Marie-Madeleine, qui s'est arretee et demeure droite et immobile au milieu d'allee. D'un geste sec et sauvage, elle refuse l'aide offerte, et regardant fixement devant elle, seule, entre les autres qui la considerent sans comprendre, elle gravit lentement les degres de la terrasse.

Yes, see the bruised reed straightening its stem once more beneath the cooling drops of the Lord's dispassionate "Nor do I condemn". Yes, see the long dulled spark divine kindling to flame, at the breath of the Master's faith-full "Go, and sin no more". The basis of all virtue, self-respect, is born in Marie's Soul, and with it such a mighty love for Him that had begotten it, that she is lifted on its wings into another world, stands so securely there that the worst this world can hurl upon her fails, as the last scene of the drama shows with exquisite art, to beat her back to its forsaken level.

The Day of the Woman—do we in truth believe that it is coming—is upon us? With glorious faith the writers of *The Perfect Way* thirty-four years ago began to date their publications Anno Dominae, from the Year of Our Lady. But the Day of the Woman is not yet, nor will be, until Woman takes what Man is slow to give, her liberty; takes it, as all the free have taken it, at cost of her heart's blood, compelling in the far end that respect man would not grant her of his grace.

Yet surely there are some among us who can help and will? Yes, there are men who understand, men whose respect for women is real and profound; and yet their help seems only to increase the suffering of those for whom they cheerfully would give their lives. Their fellows laugh at them, or sneer, and think still more contemptuously of those whose actions they support. A man must be most sure of the way he treads before he joins this band. To his faith he must have added virtue, to his virtue knowledge, and—difficult task indeed—to his knowledge abstinence. For knowledge scarce can bear to stand by and see badly done work it could perfectly accomplish, to stand by and see blunders made it could prevent almost without an effort. The man who knows is tempted constantly to meddle with the lives of others; now he will stand between them and the profitable pain their dharma has prepared for them, now he will push them into an experience that must needs be at the moment profitless, because untimely. "Add to your knowledge abstinence," cries the Apostle; and truly, would one be a helper of his fellows, one must learn when not to act, when not to intervene, when to stand by

and see—the ruin of a Soul? Nay, but “the salvation of the Lord”.

The man who would help woman must be prepared to see her do that which he personally, if asked, would not advise, that which he personally, if asked, would not approve; must be prepared to see her fail of her endeavour, to see her broken by forces she has over-eagerly invoked; he must be strong enough to show his perfect sympathy both with her failure and her heroism, her suffering and the bravery that brought it her. On peril of his Soul he must not say: “I warned you”; “You see what flying in the face of custom means”; “You are going the wrong way to work”; though the unregenerate man of him, keen to parade its masculine superiority of foresight, yearn for such utterance. He must wait till balance is restored, and then, if heart and brain be still for effort, he must say: “Bravo! This time you shall succeed.” If the lust of battle is still strong within the warrior, he must cry: “On! and the Gods go with you!” Counsel, if he have counsel worth the giving, he may give her—give as a man gives counsel unto men, straight craft talk, offered to a fellow craftsman for the precise measure of its worth to him and not a scruple more; to be left, at his discretion, without prejudice to fellowly relations. So only can he help—all other kind of counsel is betrayal. Weak moments come to all, and Woman in the moment of her weakness will call this faithful counsellor a brute; but when her weakness passes, if so be he has kept his feet, he will reap the rich reward of *her* respect, and of a love that is beyond the foolish thing that most know by that name, a love that sits securely in the stirless deeps beyond the surge of passion, a love akin to worship.

His men friends for the most part will not understand. They will say many things of him, and, since extremes inevitably meet, will deem him wanting in respect to women; but he who has embarked upon this quest is not concerned with what his men friends say of him; he knows the cost of his adventure, and right cheerfully he pays it. Yet, for the Cause he serves, and for the Coming Time in which that Cause shall triumph, he wishes sometimes that his fellow men were something clearer-eyed.

TUTANEKAI

## QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*Raymond: or Life and Death*, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen and Co., Ltd. London. Price 10s. 6d.)

Only the tragedy of this European War could have evoked such a book as this. It is not remarkable on account of its literary and scientific merits, for its distinguished author's reputation is already established as to these. Its unusual interest lies in the fact that it is a human document recording an intimate phase of personal experience with unsparing sincerity. Only those who understand the English character, with its impenetrable shield of reserve ever covering the deeper emotions, will appreciate adequately the sacrifice involved in this revelation. It is the kind of gift one accepts with bowed head and in silence.

A fragmentary collection of poems and character pencilings at the beginning shows the esteem in which Raymond was held by his relatives and friends, though it is not an essential part of the book. Then follows the first section of the book, which introduces the reader to the youth as he was in life. No claims are made to any exceptional abilities in his son by Sir Oliver Lodge, but the portraits illustrating the book, and the letters from the Front, give the impression of strong will, intellectual capacity and engaging frankness. Raymond Lodge went to the War at the call of duty, for he had no military leanings whatever; indeed there are hints in his bravely cheerful letters of how distasteful the whole business was to him.

The Second Section gives the communications with him after death, and it is this which will be of the deepest interest to those who have lost relatives and friends in the War and to all who are interested in Psychical Research. It is so written as to be useful alike to those who are just beginning to study psychic phenomena and also to more

advanced students, on account of its carefully arranged data. The communications are classified as verifiable and not verifiable; the former refer to facts which can be easily and satisfactorily proved by ordinary physical plane evidence, the latter relate to the experiences of Raymond in the other world and cannot be so tested. There are several interesting points brought out; amongst them the anxiety of those on the other side to get into touch with those on this, and their distress at the, to them, unnecessary grief of those they have left on earth; the fact that they find the ability to communicate quite as difficult on their side; and the different types of mediums and their various idiosyncracies.

Theosophists will find it difficult to bring some of the information given by the "Controls" into accord with their theories in relation to the astral plane. For instance, we are told of houses built of bricks, these bricks being "unstable atoms from the atmosphere" which crystallise "as they draw near certain central attraction"; of a sister who "has grown up in the Spirit life"; of clothes made of the decomposed elements of worsted; of all manner of things made from the smell of decomposed objects, and finally "when any body is blown to pieces, it takes some time for the spirit body to complete itself".

The third Section of the book is devoted to proving that Psychical Research is a genuine branch of psychological science, and that efforts to establish communication between the two worlds are not as idle as ignorant and prejudiced people suppose. The author refutes the argument for a dynamical theory of the Universe. His philosophy has its foundations in biology. Life is intelligent, it *times* and *directs*. Death is a "separation of a controlling entity from a physico-chemical organism". Experience is our only authority for existence, and it is as difficult to prove the reality of existence here as elsewhere. Bodies are merely "means of manifestation," therefore why not an ethereal body, even though it be invisible to our physical senses? There is a connection between mind and the brain, but memory is seated in the mind; it is not possible to assert that it, or "any kind of consciousness, is located in the brain, but without the aid of it memory, as far as this planet is concerned, is latent and inaccessible. "In the past and future we really live . . . the experience of the

past and expectation of the future," and the possibility of foretelling events is allied to this, for "to a mind of wide enough purview, where hardly anything is unforeseen, there may be possibilities of inference to an unsuspected extent". All these, and other facts in addition, demand an open attitude of mind in wise and earnest people towards psychic phenomena. Several chapters are given to the discussion of communication between the worlds and one to table-tilting. Then the author gives what one may call his articles of belief, based on data he has acquired of the survival of life and of individual life.

In conclusion he reviews these new discoveries in relation to the Christian views, and declares them to be firmly rooted in truth. His final words are: "God through his agents and messengers is continually striving and working and planning, so as to bring this creation of His through its preparatory labour and pain and lead it on to an existence higher and better than anything we have ever known."

A. E. A.

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*Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena: Their Observation and Experimentation*, by Dr. Paul Joire. (William Rider and Son, Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

The author of this book is a professor at the Psycho-Physiological Institute of France, and President of the Societe Universelle d'etudes Psychiques. We may expect then—and we are not disappointed—a really scientific presentment of the subject treated. In the first chapter, "Psychical Phenomena in General," the author very clearly states the position of the scientist—a position of open mind—a position which, in the region of psychic phenomena, has not always been maintained. Science is not stationary; and to reject a fact because it does not fit in with the theories of official science is utterly unscientific.

We ought only to regard as scientifically impossible that which is absurd, that is to say, contrary to mathematical or geometrical truths, the only ones which are immutable. Even opposition to a physical law should not suffice to make us deny a fact. Physical laws may be momentarily suspended or have their effect destroyed by other laws; whether we know these laws or whether we do not. . . . What is here said of physical laws is equally true of physiological laws: we must therefore deny only what is absurd.

But unfortunately the study of psychical phenomena (with the exception of a very small number) has not been subjected "to sufficiently serious observation and truly scientific analysis". There is a tendency even among scientists to despise psychical phenomena, "not because they cannot study them, but because they do not believe in their existence, and declare them impossible without having studied or even seriously examined them". It is this rigid insistence on truly scientific investigation of these supernormal phenomena, on which our author insists, that makes his book so valuable. He has studied deeply the science of hypnotism, and written of it in his *Traite de l'Hypnotisme*, but in the volume under review he rather studies phenomena which lie either on the confines between hypnotic and psychical phenomena, or go over the boundary line altogether. We are first given some of his own experiments to demonstrate externalisation of sensibility, produced under hypnotism, but manifesting peculiarities which go beyond the domain of hypnotism. As is to be expected, the book is filled with example after example of every kind of psychical phenomena. We have instances of abnormal dreams, haunted houses, telepathy, crystal-gazing, typtology, lucidity, photography of the invisible, levitation, and, finally, materialisation.

The majority of readers of THE THEOSOPHIST are not sceptical as to psychical phenomena—in many cases, perhaps, they err on the other side—and they may be rather inclined to show impatience at the apparently negative conclusions which Dr. Joire draws from the results of his experiments. But herein, to our thinking, lies the value of the book for Theosophists, who must bear in mind constantly that though the Theosophical explanations often overleap the difficulties encountered by the scientists, these explanations are in reality to the ordinary Theosophist but theories built on observation made clairvoyantly by most trustworthy persons, but presenting no evidential proof to the scientist. We may take one example. A chapter is given to "Photography of the Invisible or of Thought".

This shows the great advance made in psychical research. Actual photographs of some strongly thought-of object have been made. To the Theosophist, familiar with the idea of

thought forms, it is but a further confirmation of a truth he thinks he knows—but it is more than that; it is evidential. So with telepathy, or appearances at a distance of a newly dead person to a friend. But the mental and astral worlds, as the Theosophist understands them, are not scientifically proved. It is in a book such as the one under review, that we seem to be growing nearer the possibility of scientific proof of these hypotheses. In any case it is a distinct step towards that.

For the sceptic, the careful precautions taken by the scientists, the full and uncoloured records of their experiments, must bear the impress of truth, and he cannot disregard the evidence presented. Even Professor Richet, whose account is given of the phenomena at the Villa Carmen, though he will not admit himself convinced of the fact of materialisation, is bound to confess :

After all, it may be that I have been deceived. But the explanation of such an error would be of considerable importance. And then—need I say it?—I do not believe that I have been deceived. I am convinced that I have been present at realities, not at deceptions.

The latter part of the book is devoted to methods of experimentation in the truly scientific manner, eliminating as far as can be all possibility of fraud. The scientist, *qua* scientist, must do this, however convinced he may be of the *bona fides* of those on whom he may experiment. When we learn that there are known at least five possibilities of “faking” a spirit photograph, one sees what precautions must be taken.

As was said before, most of the book is taken up with carefully selected examples of the different kinds of phenomena. These form most interesting reading; and some of the communications gained through typtology, and their subsequent verification, are truly marvellous. We can recommend this book to all, in that, though scientific, it is not dull, and opens out the infinite possibilities of this form of scientific research. “What we find in fact,” says Dr. Joire, “is that with every discovery we make, the extent of our ignorance appears more clearly before our eyes.”

The translation from the French is admirably rendered by Mr. Dudley Wright.

T. L. C.

*Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, by C. G. Jung, M.D., LL.D. (Bailliere Tindall & Cox, London. Price 12s. 6d.)

As stated in the Preface, this volume of 377 pages contains a selection of articles and pamphlets on Analytical Psychology, written at intervals during the past fourteen years and now presented for the first time to English readers. The author, formerly Professor at the University of Zurich, represents the Zurich school of Psychoanalysis, differing in important points from the Viennese school as expounded by Freud and Adler. Briefly put, "the Viennese school takes the standpoint of an exclusive sexual conception, while that of the Zurich school is symbolistic. The methods of the former school are analytical and causal; those of the latter analytical and causal as well as synthetic and prospective "in recognition of the fact that the human mind is characterised by *causae* and also by *fines* (aims)".

Causality is only one principle, and psychology cannot be exhausted by causal methods only, because the mind lives by aims as well. The Vienna school interprets the psychological symbol as a sign or token of certain primitive psychosexual processes; it reduces the phantasy products of the patient to the fundamental infantile desire for pleasure or power, in accordance with scientific biologism and naturalism.

The Zurich school, while recognising the value of this conception, "considers it to be but a half-truth, and has in view also the final result of analysis, regarding the fundamental thoughts and impulses of the Unconscious as symbols indicative of a definite line of future development". It is from this point of view that the papers collected in the volume before us are written. They contain a view of life as yet unrecognised by present day science, which is based as a whole on causality and, as Dr. Long remarks in his editorial preface, "they will come as a relief to many students of the Unconscious who will see in them another aspect than that of a wild beast couched, waiting its hour to spring".

In fourteen chapters on the Psychology and Pathology of so-called Occult Phenomena, the Association Method, the Significance of Number Dreams, the Psychology of Dreams, the Importance of the Unconscious in Psychopathology, the Content of the Psychoses, New Paths in Psychology, etc., the author presents most interesting and valuable material in support of his theory. Speaking of dreams, he shows how an



apparently senseless dream is quite full of sense, and deals with extraordinarily important and serious problems of the soul; how the dreams and phantasies of patients may be interpreted so as to yield a clue to their real meaning and to the treatment of the mental disease.

In his "Association Method" he employs a number (100) of definitely chosen words (head, green, water, to sing, dead, long, ship, to pay, etc.) to which the test person is asked to answer as quickly as possible with the first word that comes to his mind. From the time of reaction and the nature of the reply he is able to obtain a definite insight into the test person's mind. As an example he shows how by this method the person guilty of theft was discovered among a number of hospital nurses.

Chapter IX contains the most interesting correspondence between Dr. Jung and Dr. Loy on "Some Crucial Points in Psychoanalysis," in which Dr. Jung explains his reasons for giving up hypnotic suggestion in favour of his method of psychoanalysis, though recognising that the former, as every other method, has its use in particular cases, and none can be employed in all cases. He makes a distinction between the practitioner who employs certain methods and the scientist who investigates new ground, who searches for truth and for newer and better methods.

These are but a few indications of the contents of the book, which are naturally of a technical character, most of the papers having been prepared for medical congresses. They are not, however, incomprehensible to the lay mind; on the contrary, the book can be read with profit by anyone interested in the problems of dreams, mental disease, and psychology in general. The author is not only a scientist, but also a philosopher, broad-minded and tolerant, and it is not possible to follow his exposition without feeling that one has gained a new and deeper insight into the working of the human mind, and recognising that the new methods of psychoanalysis, at present in their infancy, may lead to great results in the future. We highly recommend the book.

A. S.

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*Principles of Plant Teratology*, by Wilson Crosfield Worsdell, F.L.S. Vol. I. Issued by the Ray Society, London. (Dulau & Co., Ltd., London. Price 25s.)

As the author remarks in his preface, "during the last forty-five years our knowledge of abnormal structures has increased enormously". He explains that his intention is to carry a step further, both in respect of matter and mode of treatment, the work of Dr. M. T. Masters on *Vegetable Teratology*, issued by the Ray Society in 1869. In his introduction he gives clear reasons for the importance he attaches to abnormalities as clues to the relations between different varieties and their original forms. He contends that such "freaks of nature" are not isolated exceptions to the rule of purposive adaptation to conditions, but are themselves adaptations to abnormal conditions; also that they are by no means invariably reversions, but often actually progressions.

Non-vascular plants, such as fungi, are first dealt with; then vascular plants, the consideration of which naturally takes up the greater part of the volume. The former are classified under types of abnormality, and the latter under the headings of the various main organs or parts of the plant—root, stem and leaf—the second volume will treat of the flower.

A standard work of this kind is of course too technical for anyone but a specialist to appreciate or even follow, but to those of our readers who are botanists the merits of the book will be obvious. Apart from the value of the information *per se*, a fruitful field is opened up for the testing and elaboration of Theosophical principles by examples taken from vegetable life. To the mere layman the illustrations, especially the excellent plates at the end of the book, are a pleasing incentive to the study of this complex subject, a study that will be much facilitated by the glossary and copious bibliographies that are included. The volume is got up in a style worthy of its contents.

W. D. S. B.

*The Witness of Religious Experience*, by the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, R.C.V.D., D.D., D.C.L. (Williams and Norgate, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

As a Christian, the author claims that God may be known by the individual as a great reality, and in this series of lectures—the Donnellan Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin in 1914 and in Westminster Abbey in 1916—he tries to answer the questions: Is this claim a legitimate one? What is the nature of the religious consciousness? Whence comes this active force we call religion? How does this force manifest itself in human lives?

The most interesting part of the book is that in which the fourth question is dealt with. The first three are disposed of in a rather unsatisfactory and superficial way. According to the author the religious consciousness is a fact—no distinction is made between knowing God as a great reality and any form of consciousness that has ever been called religious—for although efforts have been made to find some race or tribe without religious rite or feeling, these have all proved unsuccessful. This mysterious force, religion, he then proceeds to analyse, showing that it is one which permeates the whole of life, and comparing its influence with that exercised by Art, Science or Ethics. This unexplained force, this religious consciousness “is after all due to the fact that He was in us, and it has led us on to the discovery that we are in Him who is true”. The author now compares the religious experiences of St. Paul with those of Jesus, and describes these as typifying the two main varieties of religious consciousness. St. Paul is the “twice born” soul, to use Professor James’s phrase which the author himself adopts, and Jesus the “healthy-minded”. This comparison, to which three of the lectures are devoted, is very interesting. The conclusion drawn from it is that though the actual experiences which a soul undergoes, because of this impelling force of religion, vary according to his temperament, in essence they are all of one kind, namely, that which leads to the “unselfing” of the man. They stimulate the highest in him and lead to self-surrender.

A. DE L.

*Hungry Stones and Other Stories*, and *Fruit-Gathering*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan, London. Prices 5s. and 4s. 6d. respectively.)

The former of these the two latest productions of this distinguished author consists of thirteen short stories translated from the original Bengali with the assistance of several of the author's friends, and in one case by the author himself. They are for the most part simple tales of Indian life, lit up with flashes of rare poetic insight. The rich shades of local colour, both in temperament and surroundings, are blended with all the subtlety of a master artist; the tragedy is sharp and poignant, but transmuted by unexpected revelations of nobility; the humour is free and natural; and the whole is guiltless of exaggeration.

To Theosophists, by far the most interesting study is to be found in "The Devotee," portraying, as it does, a phase of Indian religious life almost incomprehensible to western minds. The situation on which the story hinges is the homage paid by a woman who has renounced the world, to a man apparently unknown to her, but whom she worships as an embodiment of the Deity she lives but to serve. The man at once understands her point of view, and is neither gratified nor disconcerted at being addressed by a strange woman as "my God," but listens in complete sympathy while she confesses the disillusionment that drove her forth to seek for truth.

Another story of more definite bearing on Theosophical teaching is "My Lord, the Baby," in which a supposed case of reincarnation supplies the motive of the principal character. Raicharan, a man-servant, is devoted to his master's little son, so much so that when the child is drowned while under his care, he allows the mother to accuse him of having stolen her son, rather than confess to the child's tragic death. When, however, his wife gives birth to a son not long afterwards, he recognises in his own baby all the winning ways of his former charge, and takes for granted that his "little master" has come back to him. Acting on this belief he spends his last penny on the boy's education and brings him to his old master and mistress, who believe that he is their own child and that Raicharan has really been keeping him away from them. This is the bitterest part of his renunciation, for he is turned away from the door of his son's new home.

The first story, from which the book takes its title, is of a haunted palace, and conveys a realistic impression of "borderland" experience, incidentally introducing a "theosophist kinsman" with some humorous references to his credulity. Of the remainder, "Once there was a King," "The Home-Coming" and "The Cabuliwallah" linger foremost in the memory as gems of child-study, especially the latter story. "We Crown Thee King" and "The Babus of Nayanjore" are full of quiet humour, the former providing a delightful Indian commentary on Anglo-Indian self-sufficiency.

*Fruit-Gathering* is a worthy sequel to *Gitanjali*, now a household word among lovers of mystical poetry. Through all these songs of praise and prayer runs a confident and almost familiar affirmation of the divine life in man and nature. Theosophists may not be able to pick out odd "texts" in support of their more specialised tenets, but none the less will they find the very essence of Theosophy expressed in thoughts and measures of intrinsic beauty; hence the wonderful power of these lines to create an atmosphere of self-forgetfulness and aspiration.

This later work possibly connotes a field of vision wider even than its predecessor, though its general tone is more subdued and sometimes sombre. "The Oarsmen" is a fine example of the poet's later and bolder style, whilst a picturesque background is formed by several anecdotes from the life of the Lord Buddha and other spiritual teachers. It is certainly difficult to make selection from among so many treasures, but perhaps the following is characteristic of Tagore's message:

I will meet one day the Life within me, the joy that hides in my life, though the days perplex my path with their idle dust.

I have known it in glimpses, and its fitful breath has come upon me making my thoughts fragrant for a while.

I will meet one day the Joy without me that dwells behind the screen of light—and will stand in the overflowing solitude where all things are seen as by their creator.

In these troublous times, when national barriers are being fortified all round, it is well that the world still has a few men who can strike the lofty note of universality, and we should ever remember with gratitude that India has rendered such a service in the works of Tagore.

W. D. S. B.

*The Coming End of the Age: Its Imminent Nearness and What It Means for Our Race*, by Dr. C. Williams. (Jarrold and Sons. London. Price 1s.)

Written to prove the nearness of the end of the age from Biblical prophecies, this book also contains very strong condemnation of the Higher Critics, especially when they attack the Book of Daniel, the chief source of the prophecies mentioned.

We also find much attack upon Christian Science, Theosophy, the New Theology, Spiritism, Mormonism, etc., and read that those who follow the above "forms of infidelity," as the author's expression is, will have a worse time in the future than the faithful Christians, as they are followers of "doctrines of devils and of false prophets"—expressions which, in his opinion, clearly point to Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Eddy, etc., and their adherents.

We are promised further information later, which of course we shall look forward to, for he gives us such exact details as to the date of the end of the age, also the coming visit of Satan, who is to rise from obscurity to be a statesman, military commander, and ultimately a king. We are even told what his manner and appearance will be like, also that he will be attended by two satellites called in Biblical prophecies "the Antichrist" and "the False Prophet". They are to have supernatural power, for they will bring fire down from Heaven and will make statues speak, establishing a new religion which the author seems to think will be a mixture of Paganism, Spiritism and Buddhism. He does not tell us what will happen to this religion when the coming visitors are cast into the "Bottomless Pit" and "the Lake of Fire," which is their ultimate fate, or why they have these different warm places reserved for them and are not put away together, but perhaps these details are left for the promised second volume.

E. S. B.

*The Village Gods of South India* ("The Religious Life of India" Series), by The Right Reverend Henry Whitehead, D.D., Bishop of Madras.

The book under review is one of a series of little volumes intended "to produce really reliable information for the use of all who are seeking the welfare of India". Editors and writers of this series promise to work in "the spirit of the best modern science, looking only for the truth". We are told that they will seek "to bring to the interpretation of the system under review such imagination and sympathy as characterises the best study in the domain of religion to-day". These editors and writers declare that they had "religious intercourse with the people who live by the faith described" and that they have persistently questioned "those likely to be able to give information". The pious hope expressed by them is that readers in India will recognise the value of this practical method of bringing out the salient features of Indian Spiritual Life.

One expects after this declaration a constructive criticism on various superstitions that might be associated with the worship of the village Gods in South India. The expectation increases when one sees that the Bishop of Madras, ably assisted by his wife, has undertaken such a task. Both the learned Bishop and his wife have long associated themselves with the social activities of the Hindus in this Presidency, and they are supposed to have a sympathetic attitude towards their religious beliefs. At any rate the Bishop and his wife know, or ought to know, that the Hindus themselves are working in the direction of reform and trying to root out superstitious beliefs from amongst their community. The Social Service League, the Social Reform Association and other similar institutions are not unknown to the Bishop. These reformers want reform and not destruction. What has their friend the Bishop to say to them? Says he: "We can only condemn it (the system of worship) from a moral and religious point of view as a debasing superstition, and the only attitude which the Christian Church can possibly take towards it as a working system is one of uncompromising hostility." The most sympathetic and constructive remedy that he suggests is, in his own words, as follows: "The first step towards any religious

progress in the villages of South India is to cut down this jungle of beliefs and practices and rites and ceremonies, and clear the ground for the teaching and worship of the Christian Church." The Bishop finds one hopeful sign in this village worship, which is that no particular caste has any predominance in it, and that there is still the instinctive craving of the human heart for communion with God. He concludes that this attitude of mind towards the spiritual world is to a certain degree a preparation for the Gospel and thus not a bad foundation for the Christian Church to build upon.

Thus does the learned Bishop of Madras, perhaps following the traditions of the early Muhammadan invaders of India, try first to destroy the Village Gods of South India and then to build upon that destruction the Church of Christ. His chief instruments of destruction are the animal sacrifices that take place in some of the village temples, and the habit of drink. The Bishop thinks that the object of these sacrifices is to propitiate various spirits, good and evil. Animal sacrifice is never justifiable, but one must be consistent in condemning it everywhere. It is equally wrong to sacrifice animals by thousands in slaughter houses to propitiate the tongue of man, and the sight in a slaughter house cannot be less repulsive than that in any stray temple of a village God. While the Hindu Reformers are paying attention to the improvement of their backward classes, will it not be better if the Bishop will turn his attention to his brothers in Christ who sacrifice animals to propitiate themselves and to add to the beauty of their dress? Similarly must the habit of drinking be condemned, but the Hindu religion does not give it any encouragement—at least not more than Christianity does. What about the licences given away profusely, not only in towns but in villages and in almost all localities—at times even against protests from the residents thereof? Are Hindu Gods responsible for these also? The Salvation Army has been doing splendid work among soldiers, and has cured people by crores, but their work is real, and so less noisy.

V. R. S.

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*Man's Hidden Being*, by Annie Pitt. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The inspirer of this book is "Aziel," who is supposed to be but the mouthpiece of a powerful band of "spirits," some of whom are very ancient, and are engaged in mission work, chiefly in South Africa. This band, which is called "The Love Circle," is said to have its Hall of Praise in the Sixth Sphere of Paradise, a region too lofty to permit many of its most high and holy members to come near the earth plane. Their teaching is therefore brought by Aziel, and transmitted through his medium, Mrs. Pitt, who receives it either through trance or automatic writing.

This particular message, written in very simple language, is full of uplifting and helpful advice for the perfecting of human nature. It traces the spiritual progress of a soul seeking light, up to the point where it attains illumination; then follow the rewards attending such seeking; but the whole amounts to little more than the "be good and you will be happy" philosophy. Three truths are elaborated—"perfection is our goal, angels are our guardians, and God is our Father".

G. G.

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*Science From an Easy Chair*, by Sir Ray Lankester. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

Science used to be a rather severe and appalling word in the ears of the untrained, non-scientific person, but of late years many of the secrets of nature which science has discovered have been presented to the public in a very simple and attractive way. One of these glimpses into the Fairyland of Science comes to us through the present collection of essays. The book has reached its eighth edition in its original form, and now a popular edition—the ninth—has been published, with a very few omissions only. The thirty-six little essays are illustrated by 64 woodcuts.

A. DE L.

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## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## THE NEW EDUCATION

In *The Nineteenth Century and After* appears an article by the Bishop of Carlisle under the above title, which shows how the truer view of education that inevitably follows from the application of Theosophical principles, is slowly but surely gaining ground among the leaders of public opinion. The first complaint the Bishop has to make is that hitherto national education has been too much of a machine through which all children are passed, irrespective of their inclinations or capacities.

The radical defect of our present national education is not that it is systematised but that it is over-systematised; not that it is scrupulously organised but that it is scantily vitalised; not that it has become methodical but that it is growing mechanical. Just as the universality of machinery is perverting much labour into monotonous drudgery and is killing the labourer's joy in his work, so our mechanical education is devitalising our schools and killing the children's delight in knowledge. It should be impossible for even the most backward child to regard his school as a prison, and look forward to the day of his final leaving as a day of glad emancipation. Yet what the coming of legal age is to the hungry and expectant heir, that, or something like that, the growing out of school age has become, through our "system of education," to multitudes of our mechanised children.

The writer blames neither teachers nor administrators, in fact he gratefully acknowledges the generous supply of voluntary service that distinguishes this branch of public work; what he is trying to find is a practical remedy. In his opinion the compulsory establishment of "continuation" schools does not go to the root of the trouble, if it merely continues a routine already hateful to the young, while the increase of scholarships may have quite the opposite effect to what was intended, by imposing undue strain on the unformed brain of the average child. The fundamental "heresy" that he sees beneath all educational progress before the war, lies in "the illusion that education is principally an affair of the head, and that schools are the all-supreme instrument in the development of children". He considers that the home should play as important a part in education as the school, by reason of its influence on the heart; and yet parents seem to think "that when they have sent their children to school they have done all that is required of them and that everything will turn out right".

The next step, according to this writer, is to form a clear idea as to the real aim of education, and here, we think, even a slight acquaintance with the Theosophical outlook would obviate much dissipation of well meaning energy. It is not enough to lament the fact that material success has so far been the only standard by which education has been judged—even in this respect it is generally a failure—but the creative impulse must be understood, evoked, and directed by true ideals of life. However, it is something to find the writer laying such stress on the development of a strong and altruistic character; even though such efforts be limited to the sphere of “morality,” they will be some guarantee against a lop-sided mentality of the kind the writer cites in the case of Germany. The following extract contains the pith of his recommendations :

To gain this great end it is essential that boards, committees, inspectors, managers, and teachers should intelligently, diligently, sympathetically study child-nature and master the laws of its development. Our old education had a superabundance of logic in it, not unfrequently based on doubtful premises. It gloried in miles of tape that did little but tie. Our new education must build less on dubious logic and more on sound psychology. It must labour under fewer fetters and rejoice in more freedom. Every child is a seed; but all children are not the same seed, or even seed of the same kind. They need, therefore, different soils, different tillage, different methods of cultivation. Hitherto these beneficent diversities have received but scanty recognition. Children have been treated too much as if they were all alike. They have been taught the same things, standardised by the same measure, run into the same mould, forced into the same bed.

We find no mention of the need for better remuneration in the teaching profession, not only to attract the most capable teachers but to give the profession its proper status in the eyes of the public. However, the article winds up in a hopeful tone as to the fresh impetus that we may expect education to receive after the war.

Our State ideals are steadily, although slowly, ascending; and no inconsiderable proportion of our teachers and managers are craving for larger freedom to foster their own ideals. So are our universities, both ancient and modern. The influence of these latter in some of our great cities is most benign. They are creating around them an intellectually lucent and morally bracing atmosphere. Some of the Professors are recognised leaders of thought and civic progress. They dwell among the people and identify themselves with the best interests of the communities in which they live.

The results to be achieved by “the new education” are summarised as: (1) the narrowing of the gulf between “classes” and “masses,” (2) the growth of a corporate

national consciousness, and (3) "the exaltation of labour to its proper and inherent dignity".

Another article of more definite interest to educationists is one in *The Contemporary Review* by Sidney Webb. It is entitled "Half-Time for Adolescents," and is the first of a series under the title "The Coming Educational Revolution". After calling attention to the premature employment of boys and girls in competitive industries, often of the "blind alley" type, to the detriment of their efficiency as adults, Mr. Webb outlines a measure for providing further training for adolescents. His main propositions concerning this measure are as follows: (1) The measure must be made compulsory on employers. (2) It must be made simultaneously obligatory on all Local Education authorities. (3) It must be made simultaneously applicable to all employers. (4) It must come into force gradually, by yearly stages. (5) Its requirements must be made to vary according to the conditions of each industry. (6) It must provide for more than technical instruction in a particular industry. (7) It should apply equally to both sexes. (8) It should stipulate for "Half-Time for Adolescents". (9) It should involve practically no increase in the local Educational Rate. (10) It should not be made an excuse for any diminution in the present inadequate scholarship ladder, or in the provision of secondary schools, which both need to be greatly increased.

Each of these propositions is backed by solid arguments, stated in the businesslike manner one associates with this exceptionally effective social reformer. Theosophists will understand his impatience with what he calls the feeble-minded philanthropist, and will appreciate his clear-cut demands for specific legislation.

W. D. S. B.



# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IT has been a wonderful week, the National Week, in the old royal City of Lucknow, and there is no doubt of the wisdom of the decision of the General Council to have the choice of the place of meeting left open, to be decided year by year. The most important Societies in India, engaged in work religious, social, temperance, industrial, humanitarian, etc., gather round the National Congress, and all that is best and noblest in India makes pilgrimage to the political Mecca, and pitches its tents as near as may be to the central spot. The brotherly love that is the atmosphere of all the many activities is breathed in with delight; differences that seemed insuperable at a distance become dwarfed when heart touches heart; it was verily a United India, not united by a dull uniformity of opinion, for that would mean an India intellectually and emotionally dead, but an India throbbing with eager life, with innumerable differences, all merged into one Aim, one

Hope, one Will—the welfare and the splendour of the Motherland.

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Among the many Conferences, two and three a day, the Theosophical Convention was much approved. We had a very fine pandal, holding, when crowded, some four thousand people, and it was packed to the uttermost for the Convention Lectures. It was gay with pennons, and very well arranged; the whole centre was without chairs, the ground being the universal bench; at the back, and down each side, chairs and benches were arranged for all who preferred their stiffer welcome. The platform was high, so that the voice might travel far. The Chairman of the Theosophical Reception Committee was the Hon. Paṇḍit Gokarannath Misra, who was also one of the Secretaries of the Congress Convention Committee. Much of the success of both gatherings was due to his unwearied labours, for he worked day after day for months before the important Week, and was literally worn out on the last day, and obliged to gaze at the last meeting of the Congress from the depths of an arm-chair.

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Our Cadets from the Cawnpur Theosophical School, in their handsome uniform, led by their Head Master, made a gallant show. Lads who are working together the whole year round have a great advantage over those who only meet for a few days; and it would be well if every town that invites the Congress would request its High Schools and Colleges to put their lads through a regular course of military drill, in order that they may preserve order in the huge meetings of the Week. To guide delegates to the seats assigned to them, to keep

the passages open, to receive distinguished visitors, and to be useful without being obtrusive, all these duties need to be practised together, and advantage of the town's meetings during the year may be taken for such practice. An Indian paper remarks :

Of all the gatherings held at Lucknow, the Theosophical Convention was the most orderly and the best organised. Its proceedings are an example in punctuality, personal discipline and earnest devotion to a good cause. And it is a very hopeful sign of the times that, like the Ārya Samāj and the Hindū Conference, the Theosophical Society has been trying to spiritualise public life in India. Only last evening, Mr. Vernon, of the Cawnpore Elgin Mills, said that the Theosophical High School there was the best in that town. Here again Mrs. Besant has earned our gratitude. Out of her 26 Educational Institutions, this is being nurtured by the joint co-operation of the Hindū and Muslim graduates, who work like brothers. The Besant National College in Bombay will soon take shape, and the present T.S. Educational Trust will, in a short time, be constituted into a National Education Trust. It is inspiring to see that several Englishmen, like Mr. Arundale, Mr. Wood and Mr. Kirk, are working hard for it at great personal sacrifice.

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We must try to deserve all the nice things said of us by increased devotion, bearing the good fruit of earnest work. I may add that the co-operation of Hindūs, Musalmāns and Pārsīs is going on in many of our schools, for we try to find teachers of each faith to teach their own form of religion to the boys belonging to it.

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Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak must have felt that the intense love and gratitude which flow out to him wherever he goes is some compensation for all the agony he suffered during seven and a half years of prison life. He is the most modest of men, for all his strong views and his deep devotion to the Motherland.

He must have spoken much to his own people in their mother-tongue, for his speech is lucid, simple, in short sentences, sometimes humorous, or biting or sarcastic. It is no wonder that "the common people hear him gladly," and that the scribes and pharisees hate him. He is totally unselfish, his thought fixed only on the Motherland; no personal desires cloud that pure upspringing column; he would sacrifice his dearest, as he would sacrifice himself, on her altar. What matters it if such men live or die? Living, they lead a Nation to the Promised Land. Dead, they become a deathless inspiration and—they return.

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The great events of the Week in the political world were the reunion of the Moderates and Extremists in one National Party, and the union of Hindūs and Musalmāns into one Nation. Long may that blessed union continue for the good of the country, the Empire and the World.

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Mr. Arundale spoke to enthusiastic audiences on Education, the subject nearest to his heart. Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa also gave two lectures, on "Theosophy and the Modern Search for Truth" and "Theosophy and National Life," all to very large audiences. There was a Star Meeting on December 28th, meetings of the E.S., the Theosophical Trust, the Councils of the T.S. and the Indian Convention, and of the Governing Body of the Trust. At all three of these Council meetings resolutions of far-reaching importance were passed. At the T.S. Council, the Scottish General Secretary proposed and the Russian General Secretary seconded a resolution directing the President to



determine the book business, left for the support of the President of the Society by the President-Founder. In making the Deed of Gift, he left the power to determine the business in the hands of the Council of the Society. He valued the business at Rs. 5,000, and the monthly income was from Rs. 50 to Rs. 250. I brought into it the Theosophical Publishing House from Benares, and before the War the monthly turn-over was about Rs. 30,000. I draw from it Rs. 1,000 a month, and pay income-tax on that amount, although over Rs. 600 a month goes to school and college fees and scholarships and educational help to teachers. The less than Rs. 400 cover my personal expenses and other charities. This is right enough, but we cannot ensure always having as President a man or woman who will follow out this policy, and it would be disastrous to have a President attracted by the income of the post! So I asked the Council to determine the business, and allow me to make a new Deed of Gift, vesting the whole thing in the Executive of the T.S., elected annually by the General Council, and leaving them to assign to the President a sufficient, but not extravagant income. I retain Rs. 1,000 *per mensem* for life, so that, if I am not re-elected, the educational charities will not suffer.

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The important resolution of the Council of the Indian Section was the transfer of the General Secretaryship, with the late incumbent's glad assent, to our revered Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao, Retired Sub-Judge, with two Asst. Secretaries, Mr. Wagle for office and Mr. Harjiven Mehta specially for lecturing. Our good Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu had broken down from overwork, and he now resumes his favourite work only, that of teaching,

as Head of our Benares Boys' School. It is right that South India should give the T.S. in India its most capable Provincial Secretary, and we look forward with confidence to the coming year.

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The Governing Body of the T.E.T. decided to merge in the National Educational Trust now forming, earmarking its funds and buildings, as all other schools can do.

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A very delightful letter has come from one of the Muffasal Pañchama Schools, managed by the Kumbhakonam T.S. The school has just been recognised up to the Third Standard, and there is only one pupil in that :

But he is helping the teacher in teaching the other classes, and is paid Rs. 3. He is a really intelligent student, and is willing to go to the Training School, and after that to take charge of the school itself. There is also another smart boy in the Second Standard and he is also being trained in the same way. The example set by these is catching, and some parents of these children are really anxious to educate them. One such parent has actually given up drinking and saved his income, with which he is now able to feed his children without compelling them to work with him and thus preventing them from going to school. You may ask: "Is this all for three years' work?" Yet, though it may appear very poor, I believe we have laid a strong foundation, and it is only in future years we can hope to reap the full reward of our labours.

All? I think it is splendid. A man redeemed from drunkenness, and using the money saved to educate his boys. Who can tell how far that example may spread? If the school were closed to-morrow, its work would have been more than worth while.

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Among good workers who have gone to the Peace from India, I must mention our Brother B. P. Oza, President of the Bhavnagar Lodge, and a most helpful

worker. "His life," writes a member, "was an ideal one." Such men will return to carry on the Great Work.

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Very beautiful is the testimony to the character and work of our Brother, Captain H. J. Cannan, D.S.O., who passed away last November, of wounds received some nine days previously. His holding of the Ypres salient for three long months, exposed to fire on three sides, won mention for him in Dispatches of January 1, 1916, and he gained the D.S.O. for exceptional bravery in the battle of the Somme and in a long series of reconnaissances. A superior officer in his Brigade wrote to his wife of his exceeding regret at his death, and a friend writes that this officer

spoke so enthusiastically of him. He said he could not think of anyone whom they admired or respected more; that he "was an example to all of us regulars, and his influence with the young officers was something quite by itself—quite wonderful". He said that Capt. Cannan was "always so modest and unassuming, that he probably had not the least idea of what they all thought of him". He said he should always remember one morning at dawn, before the Lille Gate at Ypres. General Jackson had been meeting them, and he said afterwards to this Major: "Cannan is the stoutest-hearted of them all." He said that "on the Somme every one was talking of him" (of course necessarily in their own area), and he finished by saying: "He was one in ten thousand." It means the more, all this, I think, because Capt. Cannan's manners were not what you would call ingratiating, and he never took any pains to create a good impression on the outside.

I like to mention here any such records of "our living dead".

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Mr. T. H. Martyn has been made General Secretary of our Australian Section, Mrs. John remaining as Asst. General Secretary, the office she held for many

years under her husband. I congratulate the Section. It can have no better General Secretary than this quiet, strong man.

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The Asst. General Secretary sends me the following from the Asst. Surgeon, Civil Hospital, Basra, relating to my para of November last, p. 122, wherein I spoke of the Basra Lodge as founded by soldiers. I print the correction, of course, though I spoke to one of the founders of the original Lodge, when he returned to India, and he was certainly a soldier. Perhaps the original Lodge died when the regiment left, and rose again as civilian. Dr. Jacob E. Soloman, President of the Basra Lodge, must certainly know its present composition :

Will you kindly correct our President's mistake regarding the Basra Lodge which was noticed in the last month's THEOSOPHIST. Our Lodge does not consist of members from the ranks of soldiers and officers. It consists of civilians attached to the expeditionary Force, a few merchants from India, and local men. When the Centre was started here, we had four civilians and two local members, one of the latter working as an interpreter during the study classes. Shortly after that our members increased, and on 22nd November, 1915, our Charter was granted by the President. Now the total strength consists of 22 members, of whom 13 are local members and the majority of the rest are Government servants attached to the force. A few of the Indians joined the Society here and are now in India, their names being transferred to India, or are still here attached or unattached to our Lodge. Brother Mathalone, the Secretary, is also the interpreter of the Lodge. In our Lodge there is a majority of Jews, but there are also Christians, a Muhammadan and a Hindū.

We wish the lonely Lodge all usefulness and prosperity. But why should I say "lonely"? No. T.S. Lodge can be really lonely, when it is part of the great company of the Divine Wisdom.

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## THE UNITY OF THE HINDŪ FAITH

By T. R. RANGASWAMI AYYANGAR, M.A.

THE absence of a connected and rational exposition of Ontology, as conceived by the ancient Hindūs and handed down with scrupulous care to posterity, has given rise to various misconceptions and perversions. The innate indifference of the Hindū mind to creating a favourable impression in the mind of a foreigner about his own views of life and religion has easily paved the way for the grandest conception of God which the human mind is capable of, to be roughly handled, if not positively misrepresented, even by an earnest seeker of truth from foreign lands. From the earliest times it has been an established canon of the

Hindū faith not to seek converts and evince a spirit of anxiety to impress one's own views upon the mind of a foreigner. On the other hand, a seeker after truth within the fold was subject to a series of disciplinary measures and even humiliation, so that many a disciple had to give up the attempt with a sigh of pain, if not of relief. It is beside the province of this paper to account for this state of affairs, but when the political and social condition of the race in the past and the practically insular nature of the country are taken into consideration, it is no wonder that the rich heritage of wisdom acquired by the simple law of inheritance has been so zealously guarded and shut out from the prying eyes of a foreign enquirer. The unshaken belief in the Law of Karma and in the evolution of each race on its own lines of perfection or imperfection, has heightened this spirit of isolation. Successive waves of foreign incursions and domination have not been able even to shake off the external web of Hindū society woven by the hands of time and accident. But a faith which can produce a sage who complacently smiled and cried: "Yet even thou art He," when an infuriated British soldier thrust his bayonet into his bosom on the banks of the Gaṅgā, and a set of devotees who would not allow their evening meditations to be distracted by cannon shots on the banks of the Cauvery in the famous siege of Trichinopoly, must have a mysterious power within it.

The nobility of a religion must be determined by the nature and qualities of its followers shown in *actual* life, and not by the volumes of books which pretend to expound the views and life of its founder or founders. It is a true saying that nothing bad is found in print, at

least in the domain of religion and philosophy, and it is equally true that since creation more crimes have been committed in the name of religion and God than good. The burning of the library at Alexandria, the inhuman massacre of millions in the conquest of Mexico, the awful burning of Protestant heretics in Catholic Europe, the throwing of the primitive Christian into the mouth of a starved lion to glut the eye of a Roman populace, the fierce persecution of the Jain and the Buddhist by the Shaivites of Southern India during the Dark Ages—a singular instance of intolerance even in this land of peace and religious freedom—have all been done in the sacred name of God, as seen by jaundiced eyes through the thick glass of bigotry and presumption.

Be the cause what it may, even the worst enemies of the Hindū faith readily concede that as a race the Hindūs are docile, patient, law-abiding and unworldly, and that nothing can provoke them to acts of violence and resentment unless their religious susceptibilities are wounded. Even at this day, when gross materialism has entered into this land in the shape of Western culture, it is but a plain statement of fact that many a Hindū is prepared to sacrifice anything for the religion of his forefathers. There are instances on record which show that kings sacrificed their thrones, ministers their power, warriors their lives, devotees their limbs and eyes, and even women their lives and children—all for the sake of a faith with all its anomalies and diversities. To a sincere Hindū the world is only a place of toil and torment; the family, a useless encumbrance brought on by his own desires and actions; power, an easy road to perdition; and life, but a preparation for the other world. Is it possible

for a false faith to create such a spirit? The boldest reasonings of the most intellectual western philosopher fall flat upon a Hindū's ear, the proudest discoveries of science create in his mind no sense of incompatibility, the grandest inventions excite no admiration in him, and the most enlightened form of Government is only a convenient garb in which he can safely work out his own salvation. The religion of such a race of people deserves careful study and the idea of God as conceived by such a race, if properly expounded, can gratify the curiosity of even a casual thinker.

The first idea that strikes the mind of a student of the Hindū religion, especially if he happens to be outside its pale, is that it does not seem to be *one* religion, with a system of dogmas and ritual of its own, but a congeries of various *forms* of faith with different conceptions of God, the soul and immortality, and with beliefs and observances essentially differing from one another. It is not associated with the name of any particular individual claiming to be its founder, like the other great religions of the world. There is no cut-and-dried system of doctrines and principles of its own, a belief in which is essential for any man to claim to be within its fold. The grossest forms of nature worship and demon worship are found side by side with the highest form of philosophical development and the purest form of devotional worship, and all claim a common origin and base their existence on the authority of a central text-book which itself seems to be but a collection of various hymns and songs sung in the course of several ages and at several stages of intellectual progress. A student of the early Vaidic texts, like Max Müller, calls Hindūism a form of nature worship. One who



has made a special study of the later Vedas calls it an elaborate system of ritualistic offerings made by a primitive race in a spirit of terror or thankfulness to a legion of supposed deities, which are believed to preside over the destinies of the human race. A study of the Upaniṣhaṭs makes one think that the Hindū faith is a series of philosophical speculations made by a highly imaginative race in its unaided struggle to weave a rational system of religious belief. On the other hand, a student of the Purāṇas will unhesitatingly pronounce the Hindū faith to be a sort of hero worship and the celebrations of the rejoicings of tribal warfare and conquests. To a casual observer who has no knowledge of any sacred book of the Hindū religion—a western traveller or a Christian missionary for instance—the Hindū religion will appear to be a gross form of superstitious idolatry full of objectionable practices and childish beliefs.

The fault is neither here nor there. It is an infirmity of human nature not to dive into the inner nature of things, but to rush to conclusions and opinions formed by a hasty judgment, resulting from superficial observation through coloured glasses and preconceived notions. A non-Christian has as little right to condemn the religion of Christ and its soul-stirring message to the world, by observing the conduct of some of its so-called followers in a particular age and in a particular part of the world, as a non-Hindū has to condemn the grandeur of the Hindū faith by observing the gross forms of worship practised by a particular set of people in a particular part of the country. Buddhism has not lost its excellence because it has been expelled from the land of its birth or assimilated by the very faith

which made its rise possible. The religion of Muhammad has lost nothing of its grandeur and fame for wisdom, though some of its so-called followers gave it a turn of military aggressiveness. An earnest student of religion and philosophy must, as far as possible, divest himself of all preconceived notions, exercise his imagination so far as to identify himself with the race whose system of religion he presumes to study, go directly to the fountain-head with an open mind and a humble heart, cut out the weeds of obstruction on his onward march, and grasp the *genius* of the race which has evolved such a form of worship for its guidance. Then he will understand that God's chosen seeds are found everywhere, and that no particular nation, race or tribe can claim the exclusive privilege of being nearest or dearest to God. Different individuals work on different planes by the necessity of their nature and environment, and nations themselves have different ideals, but at the root of all aspirations and achievements, there is this common thread of thirst for eternal happiness, call it salvation if you like, deeply embedded in the heart of every rational soul.

A humble attempt is sought to be made here to present, as far as possible, a rational view of God as conceived by the mystic expounders of the Hindū faith and meekly accepted by their followers, who, in handing down their heritage to their posterity, cared only for the ennobling influence of the resultant force, without taking the trouble of systematically presenting the various forces at work. It is not the aim of the writer to adopt any scholarly method of historical exposition and trace the different stages of the evolution of philosophical or religious thought in this

land. It is for a more masterly pen to make that attempt.

The aim of the present writer is only to present before the reader a string of reasonings and ideas which go to prove the possibility of the existence of different and various conceptions of God and His nature, and yet all traceable to a common fountain, so that in the midst of hopeless diversity there is an undercurrent of admirable accord, and there is perfect fellowship in a society which is apparently divided by various forms of observances and worship.

Since the aim of this article is only to attempt a rational explanation of the various creeds and conceptions of God now prevalent in this land and all passing under the common name of Hindūism, it is not proposed to examine in detail the creed of each sect and trace its origin to the fountain of all creeds—the Vedas of the ancient Hindūs. It must be carefully noted that each sect is anxious to base its beliefs on the authority of the Vedas, which themselves are believed to be of divine origin—in the sense that the ultimate ideas of God, the soul and immortality contained therein cannot be the outcome of the mere human reason or imagination, but of divine revelation. This view is commonly accepted by all sects, and anybody presuming to advocate a set of views on the authority of his own intellectual greatness without pointing his finger to any part of the Vedas in support of his views, has always been looked upon with disfavour. This accounts for the immense trouble taken by even the most original thinkers, the founders of the various sects in the country, in repudiating all claim to originality, but maintaining by means of chapter and verse that they

are only expounding the truth of the Vedas in an easier and more assimilable form. The moment a reformer succeeds in tracing his view to any text or texts in the Vedas, and weaves out a consistent system in the light of his own interpretation, he is surrounded by a number of admirers and he claims to be the only true interpreter of the Vedas, exactly as an adventurer who could muster a troop of horse could aspire to a throne in the days of Aurangzeb. Themselves and their followers know that other interpretations are possible, but rest satisfied with an air of self-complacency that their own view of the matter is the most correct. Their unshakable belief in the law of Karma makes them tolerant of other views and even religions, and to the dismay of a foreign observer, the people of various sects, whose views on the cardinal points of religion and philosophy materially differ from one another, are found to live together in perfect peace and accord.

If it is true that all the various sects claim a common origin and are able to weave a consistent whole from the parent stalk, why should the parent itself, which claims to be of divine origin, be so very elastic as to render the existence of different views on the same one subject possible? The very excellence of the Vedas, commonly believed to be their bane, consists in their chameleon-like myriad-mindedness. Truth, even in the abstract, is many-sided, and a one-sided representation of it can be neither comprehensive nor perfect. The excellence of a thing is seen by its contrast, and the moment the whole is levelled to a dull uniformity, intellectual stagnation is the inevitable result—a consummation neither possible nor desirable. Even the simplest religions of the world, having pronounced views in the

clearest terms, in their essential beliefs and doctrines have given rise to various sects, which go to the length of even warring upon one another. It is as it should be ; and no genius, earth-born or heaven-born, can wipe out the existence of this dissimilarity in any society and at any stage in the progress of civilisation. Why such differences exist, is not a proper field of enquiry ; but how such differences came to exist, will amply repay investigation. Avoiding the pitfalls of interminable sectarian controversy let us dive deep and directly to the central idea of God as revealed by the Hindū scriptures, whose authority is undisputedly owned by all the sectarians who claim a Vaidic origin for their beliefs.

Since creation there has been no nation, however low, which has been completely devoid of a vague consciousness of some supreme Power controlling the destinies of the human race. Whether it is due to the impotency of human nature or an innate idea caused by the necessity of the human intellectual frame, or the mere outcome of the workings of the inexorable law of Relativity, the idea is there and nothing has been able to shake it out of existence. So then the ancient Hindūs also had their own consciousness of the existence of a supreme Power or Powers in common with the rest of humanity. For that consciousness, necessarily vague at first, to take shape and become matured into a regular conception must have been the work of ages. The point at issue is not whether it is produced by slow evolution or a sudden revelation at any particular stage of intellectual progress. A presumably mature conception in all its variety is found in a number of books, unquestionably the most ancient documents which the

human mind has created on the globe. Is the conception found there adequate to satisfy the longings of a thirsty soul, and is there any means of appealing to human experience for at least an approximate verification of the same? All knowledge is of necessity the outcome of observation and experiment or inference, and can this knowledge of God, as conceived by the ancient Hindū, be brought within the sphere of human observation and inference? Is it too grand an attempt and must it necessarily be inadequate and unsatisfactory? However, an attempt is not out of place, and failure is no disgrace.

It is not proposed to adopt the usual *a priori* method of beginning with certain generalisations and then deductively reasoning to account for the various shades of opinion prevailing among the different sects into which the believers in the Hindū faith have divided themselves. Having recourse to the more scientific method of proceeding from the known to the unknown, the present writer proposes to take an average individual man as the unit of Consciousness for purposes of metaphysical reasoning. Even an uncultured man is conscious of an entity in himself called the ego, or self, or individuality, as apart from the non-ego, or something different from himself—a living organism like himself or a material object, devoid of activity and motion, *i.e.*, inanimate in the ordinary sense of the word. He feels that his own physical body is something apart from his mind, and no amount of reasoning can make him feel that his body is only an illusory manifestation of his own consciousness, or that his mind is only the outcome of a number of physical forces evolved out of, or acting through, his body. In spite of

all the reasonings of materialism, the world will continue to believe in the existence of an individual soul, and no amount of reasoning can turn a Johnson from stamping upon the earth and believing in its separate existence, in spite of all the persuasions of a Berkeley, who would explain it away as nothing but a consciousness of expanded muscular energy. To an average mind, matter and mind are two different entities, though inseparable from each other in common experience.

Another thing that he easily realises to himself is that all animated beings are of two sexes—the male and the female, the one an active agent and the other a passive receptacle. This differentiation of sex is found to exist even in the vegetable kingdom, and the bold imagination of some thinkers would find it to exist even in the mineral kingdom. Here too an attempt may be made to deduce the one from the other, but for all practical purposes it puts no strain upon anybody's credence to accept the separate existence of the two sexes at least in the animal kingdom. Then again the individual man, the hero of our study, is conscious of three states of consciousness—the wakeful, the dreamy or sub-conscious, and the dormant or the sleep condition of his mind. It may be safely asserted that all living beings are subject to every one of those conditions at some time, and we cannot possibly conceive of any living object absolutely free from all these necessities of life. The differentiation of sex and the above-mentioned three conditions are purely of a physical nature, though they have their corresponding influence on the mental side of nature. Apart from all physical causes the average man is conscious of certain mental activities of an evanescent nature, a perfect release from which

cannot possibly be imagined as long as human nature continues to be what it is.

Psychologically they have been analysed into thirteen qualities, and morally into three guṇas—the Saṭṭva (the good), the Rajas (the active), and the Ṭamas (the bad or dark). These three guṇas are interpenetrative. Each divides itself into a number of permutative triads, and in each triad one quality is predominant with an admixture of the other two in different proportions. In other words, the three main guṇas do not act independently as absolutely apart from one another. This point should be carefully noted, as it gives an effective explanation for the various discrepancies and deficiencies found in human nature, and in the same man at different stages of his life, and for the varying moods to which a man is subject even in the course of a day or even an hour of his existence. This is no empty metaphysical theorising, as it is found to be true in the experience of every human being on the globe. The world has yet to produce a perfect saint or prophet, absolutely free from all weaknesses, nor has it produced hitherto an unalloyed villain of the worst stamp. There is no guarantee that a saint will ever be one incapable of falling into a weakness in thought, word or deed; nor is it impossible for a villain to reform and become a better man.

This threefold aspect of nature is at the root of all experience, and education or deterioration has become possible on account of its changeability. This serves as the basis of all speculation in the hands of a Hindū metaphysician. These guṇas are subject to the working of certain cosmic laws, an investigation of which is beyond the scope of the present enquiry. But it may



be remarked in this connection that nature, viewed in the light of this explanation, offers a workable, if not a satisfying, solution for many knotty problems of philosophy and metaphysics. Every state of consciousness is under the control of these guṇas, and the fleeting nature of consciousness is due to the fleeting nature of these guṇas which set it in motion, and the ever-occurring and impermanent cogitations and sensations are the direct outcome of the workings of these guṇas, from whose toils the human soul cannot shake itself free unless the guṇa germs are detected and burnt away—an apparently hopeless task.

With all the fleeting nature of the body and its functions, the mind and its states of consciousness, the world and its environments, we feel that there is something permanent inside and outside, round which the whole world seems to be revolving and have its being. Mind is only a conventional name for all the states of consciousness passing in rapid succession in varying degrees of intensity, but the feeling of this feeling and the consciousness of this consciousness is strongly embedded in an inner entity which cannot be influenced by any kind of stimuli, external or internal. This permanent something is the soul, which by its very nature cannot be mortal. Just as in science destruction means change of matter from one state to another, so in philosophy mortality means change of one order of consciousness into another order of consciousness, and just as it is impossible to get rid of the irreducible atom in the physical world, so it is impossible to get rid of the irreducible minimum in the mental world. The mysterious "I" persists in having a local habitation and a name, in spite of all the

reasonings of a materialist, a phenomenalist or a nihilist, and insists upon keeping itself aloof from any state of consciousness, and calls this his own without identifying himself with it. The very expression "my mind" implies a possessor owning a mind, and no amount of philosophical quibbling can gainsay what is warranted by the universal experience of all sentient beings.

The next thing that our hero is conscious of is the idea of time and space. It is not our present purpose to enter into an elaborate enquiry into the origin of this idea, for be it the result of intuition or experience, the idea is there and no external influence has put it in his mind. Whatever else he may try to get rid of, this he cannot shake off, and, according to the Hindū faith, not even after his physical death, till his soul becomes finally free from the bondage of the guṇas and its consequent activity. Ideas of home and country, birth and death, youth and age, far and near, and now and then, are only concrete embodiments of this abstract idea, and no philosopher is required to come out of his seclusion and teach us this simple fact.

The idea of limitation has crept into his soul, and the impermanent nature of his joys and sorrows, rank and fortune, and health and prosperity, has made him feel discontented with his earthly existence, and nothing can fill up the void in his heart which he is painfully conscious of every moment of his life. It is in this gloomy aspect of his nature, this longing for something else, that lies the path of redemption. In the work of creation, with growth and decay going on within him and around him, he is conscious of a mysterious Power over which he has no control, and by the very necessity of his nature he begins to speculate upon a

world beyond, a life beyond and a power beyond what has come within his own experience. However callous a man may appear to be, there is this thirst in his heart, of which he himself may not be conscious. The veil of *guṇa* is thick enough to conceal it from his view, but is not powerful enough to root it out. It manifests itself in proportion to the grossness or the subtlety of the web woven by the *guṇas* around his soul.

Summarising, then, the result of our enquiry, we arrive at some elementary notions which even a primitive man should have been conscious of, and they are the ideas of matter, mind, spirit or soul, sex, the three *avasthās*, the three *guṇas*, time and space. The first includes the perception of the world and the physical body, the second accounts for the feeling, volition and thought into which all human experience is ultimately resolved, the third is the intuitive consciousness of an individual soul apart from every physical or mental state, the fourth is the invariable distinction of male and female, observable in all living beings, the fifth is the phenomenon of wakefulness, dream and sleep, which every sentient object is necessarily subject to, the sixth is the grand moral law working in the whole universe, and the seventh is the ultimate principle into which all human knowledge reduces itself, giving rise, by the working of the law of Relativity, to ideas of God, the soul and immortality. This is the *summum bonum* of human experience, and any rational system of theology must be able to give an adequate explanation for the existence of all these notions, and since we cannot possibly conceive of something coming out of nothing, it is the duty of a philosopher, prophet, or reformer to propound a system

of philosophy or religion which gives at least an intelligible, if not a realisable, account for the existence of such physical and mental phenomena in the world—a set of phenomena which are the common property of all nations, irrespective of caste, colour or creed. A system which has no explanation for any or all of these phenomena, is at best an imperfect one, and it is the duty of an earnest enquirer and seeker after truth to compare the existing systems of philosophy and the religions of the world, and to decide for himself which gives the nearest scientific explanation that can appeal to his sense of propriety and reason.

T. R. Rangaswami Ayyangar.

*(To be concluded)*

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## WHAT IS THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH?

By AN OLD CATHOLIC

THE Old Catholic Church, which in the aggregate numbers from twenty to twenty-five thousand, traces its episcopal lineage to the ancient Church of the Netherlands, founded in the Seventh Century by a Briton, S. Willibrord, and consolidated by his successor S. Boniface; the hierarchy was overthrown in the sixteenth century when the Dutch provinces revolted from Spanish rule, and its place was taken, as in other countries, by Vicars Apostolic. During the persecution of the Jansenists, the Dutch Catholics extended to them sympathy and hospitality. The Jesuits, implacable enemies of the Jansenists, brought about the suspension of Peter Codde, who was Vicar Apostolic in 1702. Codde, who was elected Archbishop of the Chapter of Utrecht (which had been reformed in 1631) fought against unjust persecution until his death in 1710. The Chapter of Utrecht, supported by the Staats-General, maintained the struggle for liberty, and elected as his successor Stenhoven, the Vicar-General. The supply of priests was kept up by sympathetic French and Irish bishops, who ordained the candidates for the Chapter.

In 1719 a certain Bishop Varlet, who had been Bishop of Ascalon and Coadjutor to the Bishop of Babylon, arrived in Holland *en route* for Persia, and at the

request of the Chapters of Utrecht and Haarlem, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to some six hundred persons, no Confirmation having been given in Holland for ten years. For this act of Christian charity Varlet was suspended. Varlet returned to Holland and consecrated successively four Archbishops of Utrecht, by the last of whom the succession was continued, and the bishoprics of Haarlem and Deventer established.

The legality of Varlet's act was defended by the celebrated canonist Van Espen. It is interesting to note that Bishop Varlet traces his episcopal succession through his consecrator Bishop de Matignon to the renowned James Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Condom and afterwards of Meaux, the golden tongued "Eagle of Meaux," who in his turn through his consecrator was linked with the celebrated Cardinal Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban the Eighth; of such an ancestry any prelate might well be proud.

The Dutch Church has continued its existence ever since. Termed Jansenist by its traducers, it has nevertheless repeatedly cleared itself of this charge of heresy, and its Orders are unquestioned and unquestionable. It is known in Holland as the Old Roman (Oud Roomsch) Church or Church of the Clergy, and at the present day numbers some 8,000 persons.

The next step in the formation of the Old Catholic Church was taken at the time when the Vatican Council decreed the infallibility of the Pope. Dr. Döllinger, of Munich, the foremost ecclesiastical historian of the day, protested against this innovation, backed by the flower of continental scholarship. In 1871 the leaders of this movement who had remained true to their convictions,

organised themselves into Old Catholic congregations. Dr. Reinkens received episcopal Consecration from the afore-mentioned Dutch Church, and the new movement received governmental recognition, several churches being made over to them. Anglican bishops and representatives from various other bodies have attended Old Catholic Congresses, so that the movement is widely respected for its stand for liberty.

Dr. Herzog was consecrated Bishop for the movement in Switzerland in 1876, and established a Theological faculty at Berne University.

In Austria there is a "Los von Rom" movement. Dr. Ized is administrator, but no bishop may be consecrated.

There is also a branch movement in France. In Poland, the Mariavites, numbering some 15,000 and possessing three bishops (Archbishop Kowalsky, Bishop Golembiowski, and Bishop Prochniewski), have recently united themselves with the Old Catholic movement. In Switzerland the Bishop is Dr. Herzog of Berne.

In America there is a Bishop of a National Polish Church, Bishop Hodur, who was consecrated by the Archbishop of Utrecht.

There is also a movement headed by Archbishop Vilatte, who was ordained priest by Bishop Herzog and received episcopal Consecration from the independent Archbishop Alvarez, of Ceylon, who is in union with the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch.

The validity of Archbishop Vilatte's Episcopal Orders is frequently impugned, but the doubt would seem rather to be suggested by malice prepense, than to have any real foundation.

In England, the Old Catholic movement was introduced by Dr. Arnold H. Mathew, *de jure* Earl of Llandaff and Thomastown, who was consecrated by the Archbishop of Utrecht on April 28th, 1908.

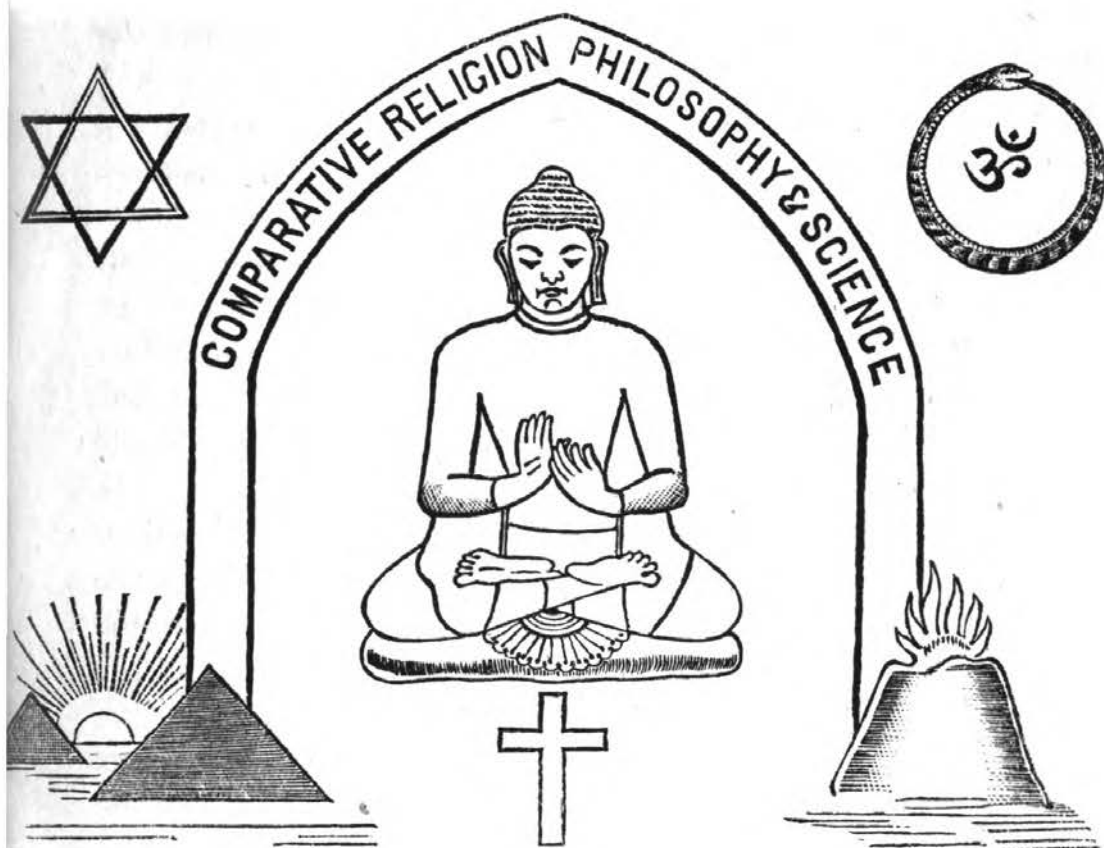
Unfortunately the magnificent prospects which lay ahead of the movement were marred by some want of statesmanship in its management. The Bishop quarrelled simultaneously with the Dutch and the Anglican Churches, and few of those who were consecrated as Bishops Auxiliary remained in the movement. Eventually, having ordained several clergy with liberal outlook, the Bishop found occasion to disagree with them, whereupon in December 1915 he made his submission to Rome and addressed a letter to the press declaring that he was "absolutely and irrevocably" convinced of the necessity of actual union with the Roman See and accepted "without hesitation or doubt" the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope.

The English movement continues, however, under other Episcopal auspices, and intends working quietly and unostentatiously to minister to the rapidly increasing number who find spiritual satisfaction therein.

An Old Catholic.







## LIFE, DEATH, AND WHAT THEN?<sup>1</sup>

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

WHEN, two years ago, the peaceful life of the world transformed itself into one of warfare, there were certain words that suited better that transformation than any others that I know: "In the midst of life we are in death." We have always had the problem of death before us as a mystery which has been little

<sup>1</sup> A Lecture delivered in the Maclellan Galleries, Glasgow, on Sunday evening, 8th October, 1916.

explained, but I think thousands in these lands of the West will agree that that mystery has become more profound since the days of the war. For when the war broke out for us of the Empire, what did it mean? Thousands of young men, the flower of the land, at once volunteered for a cause that did not touch them personally; they sprang forward to a great ideal, they responded to a call from God. And what was their reward? The reward has been, for thousands of them, death; and so many of us have wanted to know why these, the flower of the land, should have been taken from our midst when we could have spared so many other men.

Now if you consider, in the light of such religious ideas about after-death conditions as you profess, the fate of those who have died, you will not find the problem easy to solve. It is quite true that all the religions of the world tell you that death is not the ending of man, that there is a life beyond the grave, and that life there is a happy one or an unhappy one according to what you have thought and felt and done before you died. Take the Christian conception of the life beyond the grave; there is a heaven of happiness and there is a place of pain, and after death you go to the one or the other according to what you have been in life. Think now of all those young men who have passed away. They were called suddenly from their ordinary occupations; no time was given them to prepare themselves, to purify themselves. Had they all lived to old age, perhaps some of them would have had more opportunities of purification and so a better chance of heaven. They were not, most of them, saints; and there would be nothing for them specially

appealing in the ordinary conception of heaven. Nor were they all entirely sinners, so as to merit any kind of hell; they were like most of us, with good and evil in them. What is their condition beyond the grave? Where are they? There is the problem that so many thousands are asking. Is there any light to be had on this matter? We say yes, and not only light, but accurate knowledge.

It is true that there has been nothing in religious traditions that could be called real scientific knowledge, but that was only because hitherto men have not wanted it. For ages we have been satisfied to respond to the message of religion with faith; but in the modern world, with our scientific education, we desire to understand with the mind, not only to believe with our intuitions. It is because there is this new need of knowledge that there is a new possibility of fulfilling that desire for knowledge; and I want to show you that there is a knowledge on the subject as precise, as definite, as anything that you will get in any department of science.

Now that seems a striking statement to make, does it not? Let me therefore show you first how this knowledge is gained; because, even if you may not immediately be able to accept it, still, if only you could see a rational method of gaining that knowledge, you would be willing to investigate. That is what I would like to do for you, to rouse in you the desire to investigate.

For a few moments I must take you away seemingly from my subject, to analyse for you how we know anything at all according to such facts as science has told us. I see you before me, and that knowledge is a fact of my

consciousness. But how has that fact reached me? Now, says science, there is a mysterious substance everywhere called the æther, so tenuous and fine that it is finer than the finest gas that we have. This æther interpenetrates all substances; and the substances of the pillars, the walls, the tables and the chairs in this room, and of our own bodies, are porous to this mysterious æther. This æther is put into waves by the light that comes from the electric bulbs in the room. Some of those waves in the æther are reflected by your bodies, and are sent to my eye; and as my optic nerve is thrown into vibration by those waves, a particular centre in my brain is also thrown into vibration; and thence arises in me the knowledge, "I see". You hear my voice, but that is only because I throw into vibration, by means of my vocal chords and lips, the air in this room; those vibrations impinge upon your auditory nerve, and send a vibration to a particular centre in your brain; and then arises the consciousness in each of you, "I hear". So you see that the method of knowledge by any of our senses is by means of a response to vibrations, which vibrations are produced in a medium that exists between each of us as the knower and the thing to be known.

This world in which we live, which normally we know by means of our five senses, is, according to science, a larger world in reality than we are aware of; there are myriads of things which we do not see, which we do not hear, which we do not in any way cognise, because of our limitations. Take, for instance, the matter of sight. We know that when the sun shines, the sun's rays are composed of great series of vibrations; what is called the white ray of sunlight is a bundle of many such

series. We can sort out these vibrations by means of a glass prism, and when we do so, at once there come before our eyes the colours of the solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. But science tells us that there are colours in the sun's rays which our eyes cannot see, that before the red, which is the first colour that we see, there are the infra-red rays, and that beyond the violet there are the ultra-violet rays; and those new colours are everywhere, and they come in with their shades into the objects round us, but our eyes cannot see them. Then, furthermore, we know that we do not hear all the possible sounds. There are some people who cannot hear the squeak of a bat, because its note is too high, and there are sounds too which can be produced by mechanical means with vibrations so slow that though they are really sounds our ears do not hear them. There are many, many other vibrations all round us in this our mysterious world to which we are utterly blind, deaf and insensitive.

Now supposing we were sensitive to some of those mysterious things that are around us, the world which we look at would be quite different. It was Sir William Crookes, the great chemist, who many years ago took a very instructive simile. He said: Supposing you had a man who was so organised that he did not respond to the waves of light, as you and I do, but did respond to the waves of electricity, which we do not—for electricity to us must become light before we see it, or it must affect our nerves by a shock before we can feel it—if you had this peculiarly gifted individual, then, as he stood in this room which is now lit, it would be absolutely dark to him, because he would not respond

to the waves of light; but wherever there was an electric wire, by means of the electric flow in it he would know the room and the things in it. If he were to be outside this room at noon, when the sun was shining, there would be no light in the world to him, it would be all dark; but wherever there was an electric wire, a telegraph wire, or a telephone wire, he would see light; wherever there were two atoms moving, creating thereby electricity, there he would see light; and he would see the world around him by means of electrical waves, but not by means of the light waves from the sun. I mention these things only to show you how limited in reality we are as regards knowing the world in which we live. The statement has been made by scientists that of the knowable world recognised by physical science—to be known of course by means of vibrations, the only method—we, constituted as we are, know only about one-eighth.

Now supposing you had a person with a nervous organisation so constructed that he began to see something, if not all, of the other seven-eighths of the world that science says is not known by us; then at once would he not see many curious mysteries of life solved? Let me take a crude instance to suggest to you the line of solution. Supposing you had a man who could not see *water*, or *vapour*, but could see solid things. Supposing, then, you took him to the seaside; he would not see the water, he would see stretching before him a vast emptiness, and in this hollow he would see fishes moving about unsupported in the air, or what is to him air, and so breaking all the laws of gravity. But supposing he could see the water, then at once he would know that those mysterious breakages of the laws of

gravity were not such at all, that the fishes were using the very laws of gravity as they moved. Similarly too, when the sun was shining, and there were clouds moving across it, he would see the sun but not the clouds; and he would note that mysterious shadows fell on the ground from the direction of the sun, and that objects round him were sometimes more illuminated than at other times. We of course would know the reason, that the shadows were cast by clouds and that the sun's light was being diminished by clouds as they passed in front of it; but till he could see as we see, it would all be a great puzzle.

Now it is in such a way that the moment an individual begins to see more than others of this mysterious world of which they see normally only one-eighth, that the great problem of life beyond the grave becomes solved by him; for the simple reason that he sees that there are other worlds of finer matter everywhere round him, interpenetrating all things, and that in these other worlds the so-called dead live. You may well ask the question: How is it possible to have, here in this room, other worlds? The answer is a very simple scientific reason. Matter such as we know—solid matter, liquid matter, gaseous matter—is not so closely packed as we imagine. The hardest piece of steel, we know from our scientific experiments, is a very porous thing indeed; between the particles of steel there are enormous vacancies. You can take a piece of lead half an inch thick, and put it in the way of a discharge of ions and electrons, and those tiny particles of matter will go through the piece of lead as if it were nothing more than a wire screen. Such is the constitution of matter as we know it; matter does not fill space

absolutely compactly; there are enormous empty spaces between our atoms, and, says science, in those empty spaces matter of a finer composition can exist.

If you were to have this hall packed full of cannon balls, then, because cannon balls are spheres, as are atoms of matter, you could not pack this hall absolutely without empty spaces; in the vacant spaces between the packed cannon balls you could have thousands of tiny shot, and each shot could move about in the empty spaces without being hindered by the fact that there were those monstrous cannon balls about; and you could have a few millions of bacteria also moving about in the same room, quite unconscious of the huge worlds of little shot and cannon balls.

It is because there are finer types of matter than our senses recognise that there is the possibility in one space of many worlds. It was over thirty years ago that science came upon the verge of some of these many worlds. When Crookes put a gas into a tube and exhausted the gas so that there was only one-millionth part of it left, he found that the gas had changed; it became radiant matter, matter of a new kind, matter that glowed with a charge of electricity, matter that behaved in all kinds of queer ways. And since that time of Crookes's radiant matter, finer types of matter—ions, electrons, and so on—are the commonplace of science. It was at that time that Crookes, puzzled over the nature of his radiant matter, made a suggestion which is very striking. He suggested that the matter of a comet's tail might be this mysterious radiant matter, for the matter of a comet's tail behaves so very differently from matter such as we know. The tail of a comet is millions of miles long, and broad and thick,



and as a comet goes through space its tail is whirled at incredible speeds. Now that tail has a certain definite shape; but no bar of steel of that length and size would retain for a moment its shape at that speed; it would all evaporate into gas; but the tail of the comet does not. Crookes therefore suggested that perhaps in a comet's tail we were dealing with this new type of matter, radiant matter; and then he said that if only we could get the matter of a comet's tail and reduce it to such matter as we know, it would not perhaps fill more than a tea-spoon. Radiant matter in a tube is invisible, but in a comet's tail it is visible because of the volume there—another most suggestive idea.

It is because there are invisible worlds of matter all round us that we have here in this room finer worlds of matter than the eye can see. If my personal testimony is worth anything, I can give you this much of my own consciousness, that here, in this room, interpenetrating your bodies, my body, the walls, everywhere, there are finer types of matter; I have seen these finer types of matter for many years, not in trance, not dreaming, but awake, in full consciousness; and I see them now, as I am looking at you; what I see is not an imagination, not a delusion; it is matter, intensely real, intensely alive, moving with new movements that I suppose are fourth-dimensional; there is a far greater reality to me in this invisible world that I see, than in you, the audience I am talking to. Now this knowledge that I have is only a tiny part of a greater knowledge that I am going to describe to you; what I see is an infinitesimal fraction of the many worlds to be seen. Though I shall have to tell you many things I cannot yet see for myself, yet I do see something;

I know the invisible world is a fact, and that this which we call the world is only a part of a larger world. Others more gifted than I have gathered this knowledge bit by bit, investigating as the scientist investigates, which is by the exercise of the trained reason; the knowledge has not been gained by going into trances, nor by table-turning, nor by any kind of inspiration, but by direct personal observation. Just as the scientist, looking through a microscope at a drop of blood, sees the corpuscles there and draws deductions from them, just as he looks through a spectroscope and notes the lines there and then draws his deductions as to the composition of the object he is investigating, so has this work been done, according to the methods of induction and deduction after observing the facts.

And now I come to the knowledge itself, and I must sum up that knowledge very briefly for you. I cannot expect you to believe it, because the knowledge will seem so strange at first, but I am delivering a scientific lecture, propounding certain things worthy of your investigation; belief must be a matter of your own personal judgment. Now supposing there exists a person endowed with these added sensibilities, what does he see? He sees in this world, through it, here in this room as elsewhere, several worlds; each of its own type of matter, with its own vibrations, with its own sounds, with its own colours, and with its own inhabitants. He sees that we ourselves, you and I, have our lives in two of these invisible worlds, the two that fade off, shall I say, and are nearest to this our earthly world; and these two worlds are called in Theosophical studies the astral world and the heaven world. The first is

called the astral or the starry, for a very simple reason; every particle of matter there is so luminous, because of its rapidity of movement, that the impression you get is like millions of little stars everywhere, exactly like the effect you get when snow is lying about at night, and a gas lamp shines above it, and each snow crystal has become a tiny star. The other finer world is called the heaven world, because of the conditions of bliss there for all those who live in it.

In these two invisible worlds we have our part, as we have our part in the visible. My body is made up of matter that is in the earth; the carbon, the phosphorus, the calcium, the oxygen and the hydrogen in it are what are in the earth, but that crude matter of the earth has been transformed by the life processes into living cells and organs, into a living body. Similarly, each one of us has a part in the astral world and in the heaven world, for we have aggregated from each of them an astral body and a heavenly body; and we have these bodies here and now. As I am speaking to you, your eyes see only my physical body making movements; but could you see with the higher sensitiveness, you would see, as I talked, that my astral body, which is here interpenetrating my physical body, and also extending with an aura outside of my body, was all being thrown into waves of colour; and similarly you would see, had you a higher faculty still, that my heavenly body was being thrown into waves of colour by my attempt to make certain ideas clear to you. Now this is our normal life. As I make a movement, I use my physical body; as I have a desire or an emotion, I use my astral body; and as I have a thought of aspiration, of unselfishness, a dream

of some human service, I use the powers of my heavenly body.

Every day, then, we are using these three bodies, though only one of them is seen. Now after the hours of active waking life—which we call “life”—each evening we put the body on the bed, and, as the phrase is, we “go to sleep”. But we do nothing of the kind, for *we* do not sleep. What sleeps is the body; we live in our astral and heavenly bodies, and there we continue our thoughts, our worries, our happiness, while our physical outer garment is on the bed. Now that thing on the bed is not dead. It has a life of its own, a curious, limited childish consciousness, sufficient to protect itself, to cover itself if the blankets are slipping off, to turn over if it is tired on one side, and so on; it does all these intelligent things with what is called the sub-conscious mind. But during this time we are in the astral world, sometimes hovering near the physical body and seeing it lying on the bed. Haven't some of you had those dreams when you seem to be outside your body and yet you see yourself lying on the bed, and you are rather shocked and wake up with a start? Sometimes it happens that you travel about the world in your astral body, and see an event at the other side of the world, and you wake up with a full, detailed remembrance of what you saw; there are hundreds of such cases of “veridical” or truth-telling dreams, which have been proved true afterwards by confirmation. It is in the astral world, and in the astral body, that each one of us lives during the hours of sleep every day of our lives. So, as a matter of fact, we play a dual rôle during life, one in the visible and one in the invisible.

Then comes, sooner or later, that change which is called death, and when death happens, nothing new happens to us that has not been happening every day of our lives. Each day we left our earthly body at night, when we went to sleep; when death comes we do it for the last time, for we do not return to the body again. So that, so far as the real you, the soul, is concerned, death is not the mysterious, awful something that you are told to expect; you have "died" every night, and to do it once more is not such a shock, and when you do so, death makes no change whatsoever in you.

C. Jinarājadāsa.

*(To be concluded)*

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## THREE SAINTS OF OLD JAPAN

### II. SHOTOKU TAISHI

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

PRINCE MUMAYADO (572—621), better known by his posthumous title of Shotoku Taishi, has been described as the “Constantine of Japanese Buddhism”. He was the son of the Emperor Yomei, and acted as Regent under the Empress Suiko, that ardent Buddhist convert who issued religious edicts bidding princes and ministers possess images of Shākya Muni, and who showered royal favours upon sculptors of Buddhist deities. Shotoku Taishi, like Kobo Daishi, was extremely versatile, and to his credit it must be admitted that he was equally brilliant in his many accomplishments. He was a devout Buddhist saint and propagandist, a famous General and statesman, a distinguished artist and sculptor, as well as a notable historian.

Shotoku Taishi's influence upon Buddhism is incalculable. He was not only one of Japan's most notable saints, but he was also the first great Japanese patron of learning in its widest meaning. He was not one of those who accumulate knowledge simply for their own personal use or for their own particular glory. On the contrary he gleaned wisdom solely that

he might shed it abroad for the advancement of his people. He constantly poured into the darkness of ignorance the light of science and art, and propounded a religion that struck deeper roots than Shintoism and gave forth more profound and more vital truths than those associated with the national faith. In short, he revealed to the wondering eyes of the Japanese people the great civilisation of China.

He was not simply a mystical dreamer, for he framed the first code of laws based upon Chinese philosophy, and these laws still bear fruit in Japan. It has often been said of the Japanese people that they are not original, that they are incorrigible borrowers of every kind of knowledge, from the painting of a *kakemono* to the construction of a battleship. This opinion, so frequently expressed, is perfectly true, but we do not sufficiently appreciate the fact that Japan's genius is to be found in borrowing silver, as it were, and transmuting it into gold. That is to say she borrows freely, but always pays back at a very high rate of interest. This was the case with Shotoku Taishi's code of laws, known as the Constitution of the Seventeen Articles. The code was undoubtedly based upon Chinese philosophy; but it was very far from being simply a slavish imitation. He studied Chinese philosophy deeply. He knew its profound complexities, its tedious diffuseness, and he knew that in its original form it was much too unwieldy for the comprehension of the masses. He squeezed, as it were, the quint-essence of that philosophy into a few terse sentences, just as a Japanese poet manages to express in a verse of only thirty-one syllables a poem as brief, but as suggestive, as the bugle notes of the Last Call. The

Articles are briefly as follows: Art. I. A plea for concord. Art. II. The acceptance of Buddhism. Art. III. The dignity of the Emperor. Art. IV. The duties of rulers and magistrates. Art. V. Bribery and corruption. Art. VI. Lying and flattery. Art. VII-VIII. The evils of hereditary office. Art. IX. The result of those evils. Art. X—XIV. The responsibility of hereditary holders of office. Art. XV. The significance of sages and saints. Art. XVI. The exercise of patience and self-control. Art. XVII. "Never act on your own private initiative or authority; and never take any step of importance without consultation. In a doubtful case consult the more."

Shortly after the promulgation of his Constitution, he lectured in his palace at Naniwa on the *Saddharama-pundarika-sutra*, the *Vimala-Kirtti-nirdesa-sutra*, and the *Srimaladeni-simhananda-sutra*, known in the Japanese as *Hokekyo*, *Yuima-kyo* and *Shomagyo*. The first *sutra* dealt with theology, the second with the duties of faithful laymen, and the third with the duties of faithful women. "On these three *sutras*," writes Arthur Lloyd in *The Creed of Half Japan*, "he preached and also composed commentaries." Shotoku Taishi did not preach the wonderful life of Shākya Muni with all its simplicity and all its beauty. He did not portray the Lord Buddha as Sir Edwin Arnold portrayed him in *The Light of Asia*. Just as St. Paul added to Christianity a wealth of mysticism and revealed a sublime communion with his Master in a way beyond the conception of St. Matthew or St. Luke, so did Shotoku Taishi preach a form of Buddhism which was essentially esoteric. He represented Shākya Muni as "the Eternal Buddha, without beginning and without end,



manifested in India as Goṭama, but manifested often both before and since." Shotoku Taishi portrayed the Lord Buddha as "spiritually present with his people, giving them His spiritual Body for their worship, with four great Ministers before Him, and surrounded with a glorious company which no man can number, of perfected saints who rise to greet Him out of the clefts of the earth". It was a wonderful conception, vital, soul-stirring; and propounded by a saintly prince, it was a teaching that did not fail to create a large number of converts among both sexes.

Saints seldom, if ever, escape the embellishing hand of legend. Shotoku Taishi was certainly no exception, though the miraculous stories told of him are neither so wonderful or so numerous as in the case of Kobo Daishi. Zealous Buddhists saw in the Prince a holy man worthy of high honour. Some went so far as to assert that he was an incarnation of the Buddha. Those who were not religiously inclined were by no means meagre in their praise. They believed that this preacher-prince gave fresh life to the nation, that he raised the status of the Empire, laid the foundations of Japanese learning, fixed the laws of decorum, and dealt with foreign affairs with conspicuous success. His religious followers were not content with merely princely attributes. They very naturally regarded saintliness as of far more importance than good statesmanship, and in so doing probably failed to recognise how good and how rare such a combination is.

According to legend, Shotoku Taishi could speak when he was four months old, while we are informed that eight months later (eight is a sacred number in Japan) he turned to the East, folded his hands, and

prayed to Buddha. So potent was the invocation that when the boy opened his hands, one of them was found to contain the pupil of Shākya Muni's eye. At a much later date the Prince built the monastery of Horyuji, between Osaka and Nara, and here the holy relic was deposited. The monastery, which exists to-day, is the oldest type of Buddhist architecture in Japan. It contains paintings alleged to be the work of the founder. A heap of swords, tarnished by time, and a pile of mirrors, both simple and ornate, testify that many a believer has received an answer to his or her prayer.

Shotoku Taishi received the name of Mumayado ("Stable Door") because he is said to have been born outside the Imperial stables. He was also called Yatsumimi-no-Oji ("Prince of Eight Ears") because it is recorded that he was able to hear the appeals of eight persons at the same time, and what was much more important, able to give to each a fitting answer. When he was sixteen years old he was on the battle-field, fighting against the traitorous head of the Mononobe who had opposed the Emperor's accession. When the Imperial army had received a third repulse, the Prince exclaimed: "Without prayer we cannot succeed." He accordingly carved a representation of the Deva Kings and wore it in his hair, while to those who served him he gave pictures of these Buddhist Guardians, and bade them wear the sacred figures upon their armour. The young Prince vowed that if success should crown his efforts, he would build a temple in honour of the Deva Kings. Having invoked, not the power of ancestors, as Shintoists would have done, but the much greater strength of divine beings, he rallied

his men, and an archer killed the head of the Mononobe. The opposing army, destitute of a leader, was utterly routed.

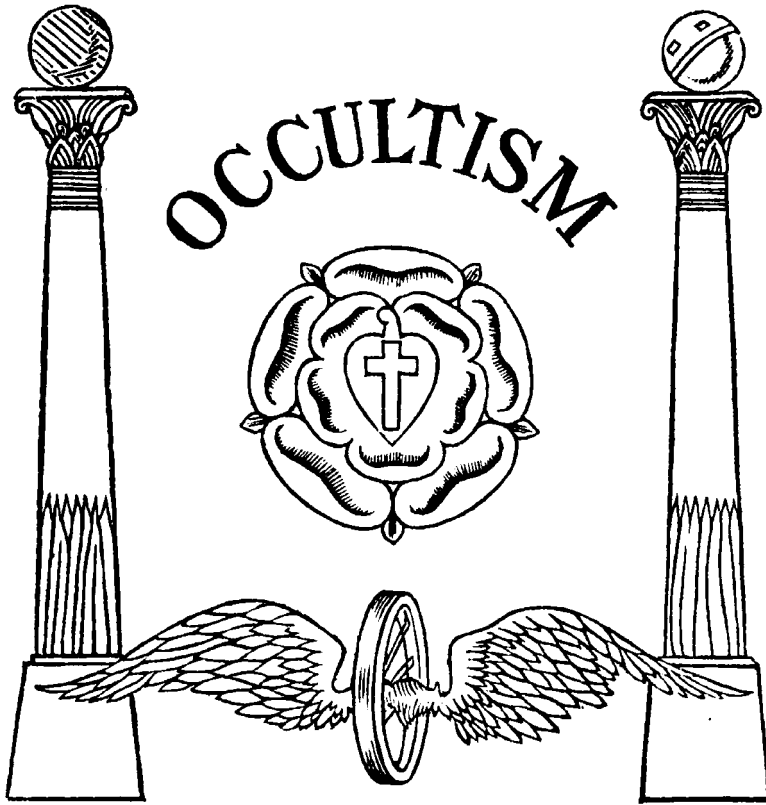
The Prince did not forget his promise in the event of victory. He built, in fulfilment of his vow, the famous Temple of Tennoji at Osaka, which Lafcadio Hearn described in one of his letters as "a queer, dear, old temple". To-day the original dedication seems to be lost sight of. The Deva Kings sit, as it were, in the dust of long neglect, while he who prayed to them has become a god, if posthumous honour and a saintly life can make him so. There is a shrine called Taishi-do, dedicated to Shotoku Taishi, and another shrine containing what is known as the "Bell of Leading". This bell is rung in order that the saintly Prince may lead the dead into Paradise. Among the departed must be many souls of children, for various toys are to be found before the shrine. Within the temple is a stone chamber where water pours forth from the mouth of a stone tortoise. Slips of bamboo, bearing the names of those who have recently died, are dipped into the sacred water by means of a long stick, and the stream is believed to carry prayers for the departed to the great Shotoku Taishi. Running water in Japan, as in other countries, is the great highway of prayer. It leads to Jizo, the God of Japanese children, and it plays a most important part in the great Festival of the Dead.

Shotoku Taishi died in the year 621. He seems to have known the day and hour of his decease. Hyecha, a Buddhist priest who had instructed the Prince in the "Inner Doctrine," decided to pass into the Beyond on the first anniversary of his disciple's

death, so as "to meet the Prince in the Pure Land and, together with him, pass through the metempsychosis of all living creatures". Rich and poor alike mourned the loss of one who was a devout saint and a loyal and wise prince. The people exclaimed: "'The sun and moon have lost their brightness, Heaven and Earth have crumbled to ruin—henceforth in whom shall we put our trust?'" But the master-hand is never still. It guides behind the Veil. The *Kojiki* informs us that at the death of this saint the old felt as if they had lost a dear child, the young as if a beloved parent had taken the last journey of all. That is a tribute worthy of a great saint; but in course of time human love quickened into the divine, and prince and saint became a god in the eyes of his people.

F. Hadland Davis.





## DEVACHAN—A WORLD OF THOUGHT

A TALK WITH A CLASS

By ANNIE BESANT

WE are often asked questions about Devachan, and specific information about it has been given in our books and in our lectures. But if you understand only stray *facts* concerning Devachan, you will really have only fragments of knowledge, for though your immediate question may be answered, it may not help

you to deal with your next question. What you want to do, if you are really to get a grasp of the laws of the spiritual world, is to take the underlying *cause*, study it and grasp it. You do not then answer questions by *facts*, but you apply the *principle* that you grasp to explain the facts that you come across. That is the only way really of gaining knowledge worth calling knowledge, because there is no end to facts and therefore no end to questions; but you can answer them yourself if you can only apply their underlying principles.

So with regard to the underlying principle of Devachan. If it is grasped, if you really understand what it means and work it out, you will be able to answer all the subsidiary questions for yourselves, instead of bringing them to other people and memorising, as it were, the answers. The object, you must remember, of all our teaching is not to give facts to memorise, as is done in the case of ordinary knowledge, but to evolve in yourselves the faculties which will enable you to understand and grasp facts and arrange them in their proper place. Of course it is enormously more difficult, but it means growth, whereas the other really only means marking time.

With regard to Devachan, the whole principle is that it is a World of Thought. That is a phrase with which the whole of you are familiar; and if you are asked what Devachan is, you can say: "A world of thought." But if you realise what those three words, "world of thought," mean, you might work out the whole of the devachanic conditions for anyone whose mental possibilities would enable him to understand it.

You have to realise what it means to be living in the mental body. It does not mean in Devachan something quite different from what it means down here. Only down here you do not realise your life in the mental body, but in the workings of the mental body as transmitted to the physical brain, which is a very different matter. You cut off at each stage a large number of your mental perceptions. It is just like shutting windows as you go down. On the mental level the windows are very, very numerous—practically continuous. As you come down into the astral, a number of those windows are closed; into the physical, nearly all of them are closed. If you do that in thought, if you use your imagination to do it, you would be able to understand practically the devachanic state, and you would give the right meaning to such words as “illusory,” and the others which are used in describing it.

Try to think of yourselves without the astral and the physical bodies. You know I have often told you that one of the most useful exercises is to take the physical body as it is, and shut off one of your senses mentally, taking first of all that which affects you the least, and so going on and on until only one sense is left. You will find, if that is then eliminated, the physical world is out of contact with you. H. P. B. was very fond of teaching her pupils to do this. She would say: “Go and meditate as though you were blind.” You would shut out your sense of sight, think, as far as you could, as though you had not the sense of sight. It is difficult to do that, because of all the mental impressions that you gained through that sense in the past. That is where the real difficulty comes in. You

can shut out the sense of sight by thinking of yourself as in the dark, but it is far more difficult to shut out all that that sense of sight has impressed upon you during the whole of your waking life, and to get back into the condition, say, of the man born blind, who has never seen.

I remember trying to do that once in Avenue Road by talking a great deal with people who used to come to the meetings from a blind asylum close by. I made friends with them, and gradually they came to tell me how the world seemed to them. Of course there was an enormous difference between the person who had been born blind and the person who had seen and could re-create the world around him. But the ideas of the man who had been born blind were very peculiar. His ideas of the world were based on what people said to him about it, and he had to add to their words meanings of his own which they could not convey. Take the idea of colour. To convey the idea of colour to a man who has been born blind is an almost impossible thing. You have nothing to go upon with it.

In that fashion you can practically learn something at least of how the world seems to these people; then you can imagine this in meditation. Again, a way of getting some ideas on the subject would be to take the biography of Helen Keller, who was practically out of contact with the world, you might say, except by touch. From that you would see what the world was to her, and how it gradually changed with the very beautiful course of instruction through which she was taken.

It is only by this kind of definite, practical effort of the imagination, trained by facts, not allowed to fly all



over the place, that you will really gain the power of isolating yourselves from the physical sheath deliberately and consciously. Then you try to do the same thing in the astral world ; then observe what you come to in the world of mind alone. You take with you, of course, into that world of mind all the impressions which have been made through the physical and the astral bodies. The workings of the mind have been thus focalised, and the result in that manner is not fabricated but is nearer the truth. If you can work that out, not hastily, but slowly and gradually and steadily, you will be able to get a very clear idea of the devachanic state, because all that you have left there is the mental body as a means of contact with the outer world. Hence, of course, as you know perfectly well, the immense importance in your present life of gaining a very great variety of mental impressions, a rich consciousness full of impressions, and above all full of what you have made out of the impressions, which is the real work of thought ; not the mere bricks which have been given you from this outer world of the senses, but the houses that you construct out of those bricks, because that is done by the building power of mind.

One valuable thing H. P. B. taught us was that you do not jump at things in Occultism ; you gradually, bit by bit, build them up. Her idea, for instance, of creating the picture of the Master was very different from the idea of most people when they do it. Of course I know that if you have a strong power of visualisation you can do it very quickly, but even then, if you want the training that she laid so much stress upon, so that every power that you have becomes a tool for your use, you would find her method very helpful.

She told us that the way to make a picture of the Master was to begin at the feet and to work up step by step as though we had a paint brush in our hands, and paint the picture mentally bit by bit. Not one of the impressionist pictures, because that is not the sort that she wanted us to do. She wanted an accurate picture of the physical thing, very, very carefully created. I am not saying that that is the highest form of painting, but I am only telling you what she wanted us to do. If that is done, you may say that it is done once for all; and that you can do by concentrating the mind.

Similarly when you are trying to realise this mental state apart from the continual checks that your thoughts receive by the grosser matter of the physical world, which you are not able to affect very strongly by your thought. If you take the pains to do that thoroughly and carefully, you will find that the result is that you get a clear idea of the devachanic state.

There are two points about that which need special notice. One is that there is no check upon it from outside. When you are thinking here in your brain, your thoughts are constantly corrected by outside happenings, and constantly corrected also by the working of the reason from the impressions of the senses, which is a very important factor. The senses convey the *impressions* which they receive from outside; there is no guarantee that those are accurate as regards the *facts*. The senses are perfectly accurate so far as the impression goes of what they get; but the conclusion drawn from that impression is very often entirely wrong, as you know. For example, take the common illustration of the sun rising. You see it rise; there is no doubt

that you see it rise. The eye is perfectly accurate in conveying to your brain the impression made upon it. But the conclusion that the sun is moving is, as you know, quite wrong. Hence with every mental impression you get a double action: you come up against certain physical facts that you can't get away from; then by your reason you have to correct the impression they make upon you.

There is nothing of that in Devachan, and that makes an immense difference naturally. Hence the importance of accurate thinking here, if Devachan is to be useful. You must train your imagination not to be controlled by the impression which physical plane facts make upon your senses. Then in your Devachan you will not have a very mistaken sort of idea of things in general. The use of the physical plane is to make your mental powers precise and accurate, to give them a precision which in their own plane they have not got, until the mental powers of that particular person have been subjected to a long amount of training from the physical plane. It is only that which takes away the vagueness, the cloudiness, such as you will find, for instance, in all the inferior ranks of devas.

The devas have the vaguest and cloudiest conceptions of things; very beautiful from the artistic standpoint, exceedingly beautiful, but inaccurate so far as facts are concerned. They don't know the facts; they are not living in the world of physical facts. They have no experience of it except by playing upon it from outside, and they are not corrected by it in any sense. That is one of the reasons why we are told that while a deva friend may be an exceedingly interesting person, you had better be very careful how you follow out his

ideas, because he may lead you into the most extraordinary bogs; not only bogs of inaccurate thinking but also bogs of exceedingly immoral conduct, judged by the ordinary standard. That is a danger from the lower order of devas—not, of course, from the higher: they are not in themselves immoral at all in their world, but they are entirely different from us. They have no relation to the facts in which humanity is evolving, because, as I think I once explained to you, they see only the end and they don't care one scrap about the means. A certain thing has to be done and they do it. And that is all right in their world. But supposing they tell you to do it; you come up against all the facts of this world, among which there are laws, such as: "Thou shalt not kill." Now the deva's particular business may be to kill at the moment. He cares about nothing except that particular thing which he has to do. But if he used you as an agent, as he is quite willing to do sometimes to save himself trouble, then naturally you come into contact with the forms of human justice. Hence the unwisdom of taking a deva as a guide; I am not speaking about the high Devas, of course, but of most of the devas on the astral plane, the nature-spirits as we often call them, who are most in contact with human beings. They are very pleasant friends, because they can be very loving creatures, and there is no earthly reason why you should not enjoy their company, provided you realise that the power to make pictures does not necessarily go hand in hand with an understanding of human affairs. As I have sometimes told you, when such a deva occasionally comes in contact with a human being and guides him, that human being becomes the most

annoying and troublesome person; very charming, but most troublesome in ordinary human society. You don't know what to do with him or her.

When you come to Devachan you carry into it just the mental furniture that you have—neither less nor more. You should therefore take advantage of your stay in the physical world to make your thinking accurate and precise, because the amount of inaccuracy in people's ordinary talk is something astounding when you begin to analyse it. You had better find it out in yourself first; it always answers to make one's experiments in one's own body. If you try it, you will find out how extraordinarily untruthful you are. I am not being rude, because I found the same thing in myself, though I rather prided myself on being very truthful and accurate. Without thinking, you colour things; without thinking, you make a nice story about a thing, a little more or a little less than actually happened, and so on. All those things will very much limit the usefulness of your Devachan, because you will carry with you a whole mass of imaginings and fancies which are not in either heaven or earth. Hence you will not get out of Devachan all you should get, the growth of all experience into faculty, which is one use of Devachan.

That lack of correction, then, by the hard outside experience which you cannot manage, is one thing to think of; and remember that in the mental world matter answers to whatever you think, at once responds and takes shape according to your thought.

The other important point, which you should specially notice with regard to your stay in Devachan, is your inherent shades of perception and your capability

to appreciate. That is the other great limit. You know in Devachan everything to which you can answer, and nothing more. You can increase that capacity in Devachan if you started here on any point, but you can't begin a new starting point there. It is not a world of causes; it is a world of effects. Hence the great importance of multiplying, so far as possible, your points of contact with other minds, as well as your points of contact with the outside physical world, so as to get many starting points of new lines of development in Devachan.

Every great mind that you come into touch with is one such germinal capacity for evolution in the devachanic state. Where you begin is the great point, for you will thus make endless opportunities for evolution in Devachan. I think on the whole that the "capability to appreciate" is the most important point as regards the devachanic life. Think for a moment of the very little that we can appreciate in the Master. We do not know the Master; we know only the impressions to which we are able respond to that He makes upon us. You come, let us say, in the night-world, in the world when your body is sleeping, into touch with the Master. You feel you are coming into touch with Him, which is perfectly true; but only with a little bit of Him, that fragment in Him to which you are able to answer.

You want to increase your capacity to respond to greatness; and there are two ways of course—by the expansion of the intellect, and by the expansion of devotion. The expansion of the intellect is the more difficult and slow work. It has to be done, of course; you must not neglect it. The expansion of the heart by love and devotion is comparatively rapid, and the

tendency, when you come across anyone who is a good deal greater than yourself, to try to appreciate rather than to criticise, means that you are increasing the part of you which is responsive to that which is beyond your present capacity.

It is not necessary to limit that to persons greater than yourself. One can learn something from every individual one meets, because every Self is unfolding in his own way, not in yours nor in the way of anybody else. He may be very much less unfolded than you are yourself; but on the other hand he may have unfolded a particular point that you have not unfolded, and one way of profiting by people around you is by trying to come into touch with them on the point on which you do not sympathise. If you sympathise, that would mean that you had the power to respond; when you do not sympathise, it means that you have not the power to respond to that particular point. That is the simple answer. Instead of thinking of the person: "He is irresponsive, he is uninteresting and very dull" (I dare say he may be), adapt yourself to him and try to find something in him which you do not appreciate and which you ought to appreciate.

A witty Frenchwoman once said, when she had been to a party and was asked if she had not found it dull: "It would have been very dull if I had not been there myself." That is exactly the spirit you want. There is nothing dull in this world for a person who is himself intellectual and responsive; and if he finds it dull, it is because he is lacking in something which he ought to supply.

Every one who does much in the way of leading, or who has what is called the power of leading, is a

person who, whether he knows it or not, is always learning something from every person he meets. A person may be very dull, stupid, undeveloped, but instinctively the person who is a leader at heart and has the power to lead, will meet that man on the one point that the man knows more about than he does, and he will learn something from him. The attitude of receptivity makes the man open out, and he will explain the best that is in him, and the leader will get that out of him, and so much will be added to his own capacity to respond, while the man will love him.

That is one of the most practical and useful lessons that I know. When you study Occultism you come into it with an understanding as to why you are doing it, which you did not have before, but it is a wonderful thing which is instinctive in a person who has the power to lead. The very fact that he leads means that he is more developed along a certain line than the other people whom he leads consciously. Hence his need to be able to come into contact with very large numbers of people, because he is not effective as a leader if he does not get a big following. Some do this naturally, and I suppose instinctively; but Occultists do it deliberately. With every person whom they meet they say, as it were, to the ego of that person: "What have you got to say to me?" and they do not try to push what they have to say on the other person. They give the other person a chance to explain himself.

If two people happen to meet who are both trying to do this same thing, it may be a little amusing, because each is trying to find out the point on which he does not contact the other. Well, then the stronger



wins, and the one who has the more power of assimilation is the one who will get the most out of it. But this deliberate effort is comparatively rare, and if you will really practise it, you will find the world becomes enormously more interesting; you never will find it dull, for the reason that you are always learning something.

That is one of the practices which makes Devachan rich. You have developed an enormous number of points of contact with the outer world of thought, and along each of those you can work. That is what makes the Devachan of the developed person who goes there so very long; he must have time to work out all these different things, and his progress is enormous. I think I have said to you before that there are two sides to that, and that the very, very long Devachan is apt to take a person too much out of touch with the world and thus make him forget it, as it were, so that when he comes back again the world has changed so enormously that there are a great many things in it to which he does not respond and he has to learn to do so.

You cannot have everything in character and responsiveness at the present time, until you reach perfection—perhaps I won't say perfection—until you reach the Jīvanmukṭa stage. There is always a certain lop-sidedness growing out of our past, and we gradually learn to understand our own lop-sidedness.

If you can follow out these lines of thinking, you will be able to answer all the questions put to you on Devachan, and that is the value of it to you. It should help you not only in your own experience at present, but also in helping other people to understand. This clear appreciation of what Devachan means will be

found helpful in answering people's questions, which seem sometimes puzzling to you.

It has been said that our ideas in Devachan are of the ego's own making. Do not mistake that, as so many people do, by thinking it less real than what your ego is going through down here, because the whole of your contact with the world here is also of your ego's own making. He cannot alter the facts that he meets that are not his own, so to speak, but he alters his attitude to the facts, and so the impression that the facts make on him.

Each one of you in his own world is living quite separate from everybody else in his own world. You only know the impressions that other people make upon you, modified by your own receptivity. You do not know other people. Just because one of them, who may be stronger, can knock you down physically, you think that is real. That does not make him real to you. It only means that down on this physical plane one kind of matter does not readily permeate another, and if one kind bangs up against another, the stronger knocks the weaker down. It is merely that one fact.

You are already living in the world of your own making. That is what I want you to realise. It is not real; it is a world of your own impressions only, and that is what you are living in, and that is why you make so many mistakes, which we all do and have done. It is because we are living in an unreal world among other people, each of whom is living in his own unreal world; it is because we come tumbling up against each other with all our unrealities that we naturally misunderstand each other. If you saw a human being as he is, you would misunderstand,

you would understand him. Then you would never quarrel with him. It is because you see him, not as he is, but as he appears to be, that you have misunderstandings and quarrels and all the rest of it. Unrealities make these; not realities. So you are truly living now in a world of your own making.

In Devachan the difference is that all the disagreeable things are kept out. Of course that makes a great difference in your happiness, but they are artificially kept out, just as artificially as, when you go into your own room, you close the door and thus shut out the outer world.

Annie Besant.



## MEMORY IN NATURE

By W. C. WORSDELL

*(Concluded from p. 416)*

WE saw that Hering, Butler, and Sir F. Darwin held that the line of living organisms, generation after generation, is perpetuated; like producing like, time after time, by means of a process of memory transmitted by the germ-nucleus from parent to offspring; Hering holding that vibrations along the nerve-substance from all parts of the body impinge on the germ-nucleus and therein store up impressions.

Now the Theosophical teaching is much akin to this. But while, in the scientific view, physical matter only is considered; in the Theosophical, many planes of matter and, in the case of man, an immortal Ego are added factors, giving a much more comprehensive outlook upon the subject. In Theosophy, too, we have the teaching of the Divine Life, as a force distinct from that of the chemistry and physics of the cell; a force guiding and controlling these lower energies.

For each group (composed of allied individuals or species) of mineral, vegetable, and animal forms there is a block or reservoir of this Divine Life, spoken of as the "group-soul". In this, not in the physical germ-cell only, as science would have us believe, is stored the

fund of experiences obtained by the Divine Life during its separate incarnations in each of the physical forms. For on the birth of each new organism a portion of the group-soul-life flows into it, giving it the Instinct whereby its destiny is guided and controlled. This Instinct, the result of the accumulation of many separate experiences in the common group-soul, is the unconscious memory of the race exhibited in each individual organism. Hence the embryo plant remembers how to build up its tissues and organs in the right order and way, the duckling remembers how to swim, the young crystal the proper angles to lay down.

Organisms cannot be adequately explained on the basis of their ensoulment by chemical and physical energies only. It is necessary to postulate another factor, that of Life. If the chemico-physical energies dissipate, as they do, with the break-up of the physical form, this Life does not likewise perish, but persists; not as something transcendental, outside of the world of matter, but, in the case of the mineral Life, on the higher levels of the physical plane; in the case of plants, on the astral; and in that of animals, on the mental plane.

Thence the idea of the group-soul is a natural one, and explains in a rational manner the growth and development of organisms.

In the being known as Man there is the added factor of the Immortal Ego, corresponding to the group-soul of the lower kingdoms. At each incarnation a portion of the Ego enters the new body to guide and control its destinies, and on the death of the body returns to the common reservoir, the Ego, with its

quota of experiences gained. Each new incarnation is directed according to the experiences passed through in previous incarnations, and this direction is due, as in the case of the group-soul-life informing every new animal and plant, to an unconscious memory of the past. For the ordinary man has no self-conscious memory of his past lives.

We saw that in the case of the animalcule *Stentor* the response or reaction to stimulus was indirect, an internal change occurring before the succeeding state was produced. In the same way the experiences of each human incarnation may be regarded as the stimulus causing a reaction or response in the form of the succeeding incarnation or state; but this reaction is indirect, an internal change first of all taking place during the after-death life, especially in *Devachan*, where a readjustment and assimilation of all experiences occurs, before the natural successor to the last incarnation supervenes.

When once incarnation has taken place, it is the unconscious memory of past incarnations, in the form chiefly of character and faculty, which gives the stimulus for all desire, thought and action in the present incarnation. It is thus more or less a blindly working stimulus like that of the instinct of animals.

The physical, astral, and mental bodies go through much the same activities as they did in the previous life, because the permanent atom or germ of each has brought over, stored within itself, all the characteristics and the essence of all the experiences of the body of which in the past it was the living centre and nucleus. Just as Hering postulated vibrations travelling along the nerve fibres to the germ-cell and storing within it

the characteristics of all parts of the organism, in the same way the Theosophical teaching postulates a similar process of which vibrations from all parts of the body impinge upon the permanent atom or unit, giving it the characteristics (*multum in parvo*) of the whole body. Following this potent stimulus, there is, on the death of the body—physical, astral or mental—a period of rest, during which, doubtless, internal adjustments occur with the permanent germ until, on a new incarnation supervening, the awakened life-impulse within the germ sets up vibrations similar to those it erst-while received; but they are this time outgoing and not incoming (action and reaction being equal and opposite), and the unconscious, instinctive memory within the germ enables it to organise a new physical, astral or mental body, as the case may be, along lines congruous with those of its organisation in the past incarnation.

In each of these bodies a *habit* of acting, feeling, and thinking has been set up, which is faithfully reproduced life after life; just as in each generation of plant or animal life (as Butler and F. Darwin suggested) the features of the ancestry are reproduced as a result of habit. The successive incarnations of human life correspond in this respect to the successive generations of plant and animal life; and the permanent atoms or units of the former correspond to the germ-nuclei of the latter.

But in each incarnation some fresh experiences are passed through, and thus gradually fresh habits of acting, feeling, and thinking are acquired, or the old ones are modified, and in this way evolution takes place. The development of a habit shows two stages: firstly,

that of conscious effort in the same direction, repeated over and over again many times, and secondly, the natural result of this, unconscious, effortless activity, which is the perfected habit. Hence our physical body gets into grooves of action, our astral body into grooves of attachment, our mind into grooves of thought. But a habit persisted in for a long period of time leads eventually to exhaustion, and the desire for something new. The complete fulfilment and exhaustion of any stage of development acts as a kind of stimulus for the inauguration of a new stage. The tense condition produced in the nervous system as a result of its fullest exploitation tends to awaken the etheric body to activity. Again, the completest exploitation of the lower astral plane activities leads to a revolt therefrom, and a desire to experience those of the higher levels of that plane. As regards the lower mental body, its activity consists in logical or inductive reasoning, ratiocination, moving by graduated stages from one concept to another, each stage serving as a reminding stimulus for the next, until a generalisation is reached. In order to reach this generalisation all the stages of induction must be passed through, none may be missed out, just as seed-formation, the consummation of plant development, can only be reached after all the earlier stages of the flower and vegetative growth have been passed through.

Now if ordinary logical thought along some particular line, say Theosophy, is persisted in for several incarnations, that part of the lower mental body concerned would tend to become so tense and alert as to arouse corresponding vibrations in the higher or causal body, giving rise to abstract thought, which last, in its turn, would tend to produce, at a still higher level, the faculty of



*intuition.* The habit of thought along certain lines, carried on during many lives, induces automatic action, the conscious effort of induction at each stage being dispensed with, and an *unconscious* process established in its stead. Here once more, as was the case in the lower physical and astral world of instinctive actions, unconscious memory appears upon the scene. In the lower world there is the unhesitating, perfect action of the instinctive life, followed by the hesitating, imperfect, erring action of self-conscious mentality, this followed in its turn once more by the unhesitating, perfect action of the more spiritual mind. At this higher stage truth is grasped immediately, without the intervention of the steps of inductive reasoning. Why? Because of the habit of thought set up in the past along that particular line, this habit inducing automatic action which precludes the necessity for recurrence of the stimulus of each successive stage of inductive thought in order to reach the final generalisation. In the case of the Stentor, after the successive stimuli had been given a sufficient number of times, the *final* state of the creature was produced *at once* in response to the first stimulus given, the intervening states being omitted. Again, in the development of an individual, animal or plant, the stages in the evolution of the race are all passed through before its own mature condition is reached; in many cases, however, these early stages are passed through so rapidly as to be practically imperceptible to observation, the mature state appearing upon the scene without anything that can be seen to have led up to it.

It is thus with the development of that mento-spiritual faculty known as Intuition. Like the Stentor,

it leaps to the conclusion, apparently omitting all the intervening steps. Some writer has said that intuition "is but the conviction arising from those inductions or deductions of which the processes are so shadowy as to escape our consciousness, elude our reason, or defy our capacity of expression". And doubtless this is an important factor in the origin of intuition: a process of extremely rapid reasoning, which is wholly unconscious and therefore is no longer reasoning such as we know it in the lower world of thought, but an unconscious memory of all previous stages merged into one. But the vibrations which cause the flash of intuitive thought in that arūpa or formless world are congruous with, because complementary to, and initiated by, the vibrations of inductive thought in the rūpa world. For both worlds are departments of the mental plane, and must therefore be closely allied.

But though what has been said above indicates the substantial factor in intuition, that which gives it its foundation in experience; nevertheless, some of the vitality and illumination of this faculty will doubtless come from the downflow of vibrations from the Buddhic principle, attracted, as they would be, to mingle with those set up in the Causal body.

All the phenomena of life in the lower Kingdoms are due, therefore, to unconscious memory of the past; every human incarnation is but a reminiscence of those long gone by, and, for most men, an unconscious reminiscence. For the advanced Egos, however, each incarnation is a conscious memory of the past ones, for the powerful vibrations of such a conscious memory are not able to shatter or injure the perfect balance which at that stage he has attained, as they would

upset the equilibrium of those who were less evolved. Finally, the great phenomena of the world itself and the solar system of which it is a part, are but the Memory of the Logos, His Consciousness reproducing in matter that which it has experienced in a bygone Universe.

W. C. Worsdell.

## T.S. CONVENTION, 1916

By C.

A CITY of ruined splendours is Lucknow, the ancient capital of Oudh, its origin dating earlier than the records of any written history, where still the bones of her Nawabs lie entombed. Even to-day it is beautiful—a city of trees, of mosques, palaces and tombs, of domes and minarets innumerable, that gleam and glitter in the noonday sun or reach up as black silhouettes into the red and gold of a sunset sky. This style of architecture is peculiar to Muhammadan India, and although this is an old Hindū stronghold, it marks the period when Lucknow passed under the Mughal dominion. And yet, beautiful as it all is still, wandering down the wide avenues and through the green parks, at every turn we seem to glimpse between the bars of locked gates the dim but glorious past; we touch the pulse of a life-current that has ceased throbbing, and while we wonder, another Lucknow slowly rises into being.

As now I write, I sit among the ruined turrets of the Great Imambara, itself a monument to brotherhood and a human brother, for the building of this magnificent palace was begun by the fourth Nawab of Oudh, Asaf-ud-Daula, to relieve the starving populace in a time of famine; and now it stands, his

own befitting tomb. I look down upon what might be mistaken for stretches of wood and forest, were it not for the inevitable cupolas and minarets rising from among the trees. This palace itself is crowned with score upon score of tiny cupolas and minarets, and one wonders how long it took to build them all; one wonders also at the numerous passages just wide enough to walk in between walls some seven to ten feet deep. A waste of labour and materials, our moderns would call it, but in those days use was not given pre-eminence before Beauty, and no Buckingham Palace, nor Windsor Castle, nor hardly even Hampton Court, can touch this for majesty and splendour, ruined now though it be. This is India! Here one breathes the spirit of the glorious past; one goes back to the time when the Court of Oudh was the most splendid and sumptuous in India, when this city was a celebrated centre for the sale of gold and silver fabrics, fine muslins and rich pottery. Nay, back with me further still, back into the mist of undiscovered history; for is there not facing me the dazzling white mosque erected by the Emperor Aurangzeb to mark the oldest site in Lucknow, the stronghold of Lakṣhman, Rāma's brother, from whom the city derives its name?

We might dream here for ever, but you will ask: What has this to do with Convention? Everything. For having lifted the veil of the past and breathed with me for one moment the spirit of Ancient India, let us turn to the present. Remember that although this is the International Convention of our Society, we are in India; this is called "the National Week," for in this week will be held the All-India Social Conference, in this week will meet the All-India

Muslim League, the Brāhmo-Samāj, the Ārya-Samāj, and first and foremost, the Indian National Congress. Come with me along the streets, where the great crowd walks under the flying flags to the large *pandal* decorated with flags and tricolour, where ten thousand of India's most enlightened men are assembled; hear how they are cheering her patriots as they walk through the crowded gangway to the platform; and our own President is one of them, and Tilak is another, and Gandhi, and others, arriving one by one. To see how they love our President and feel her one of themselves—an Indian—and to think how largely all this has been her work, and ours! Not a few are the fair-skinned faces sprinkled among the crowds, our Mr. Arundale, and also Mr. Horniman, President of the Press Association, among the foremost. Suddenly that mighty assembly is quiet, and slowly and sweetly, like a mellow violin, rise the voices of women from the platform, singing the *Vande Mātaram*, India's National Song. Here are no drum and fife, no warlike bursts, no marching metre, for this is another people, a new race being born. The music is sweet, spiritual, sacred, falling on the ears like a mantram, and these are the words in English :

Hail mother, we bow to thee!  
 Nature supplies thee with all thy wants,  
 With sweet water and with luscious fruits ;  
 Thou art soothed by balmy breeze,  
 Ever verdant with green herbage ;  
 Thy nights resplendent with silver moons,  
 Bedecked thou art in flowery plants,  
 Ever cheerful, ever bright,  
 Full of promise and of hope ;  
 Mother, thou bestowest  
     Sweet pleasure and happiness divine,  
 Thy cause championed by thirty crores of souls,

Twice thirty crores of arms to defend thee.  
 Who says, mother, thou art feeble?  
 Thou commandest immense strength,  
 Our salvation lies in thee:  
 Hail mother, we bow to thee!  
 Thou hast power to ward off foes,  
 Mother, we bow to thee.  
 Ever happy and ever simple,  
 Ever bright and ever beautiful,  
 Thou our support, our nourishment,  
 We bow to thee.

This, then, is New India, or Young India, or India of the future—call it what you will. Can you wonder if the spirit of it permeated our own Convention, where most of our brothers were Indians? And why not?—for this is brotherhood. While over in Europe our members are giving their lives and their labour for the freedom of an outraged people, for the sacredness of pledges, Theosophists on this side are carrying out the same principle of brotherhood by helping this Nation to realise itself as a free people and maintaining the pledges made to them by the Queen-Empress. We are trying to realise Alexander's dream of two thousand years ago, of "an Empire of an eastern and a western people having equal rights and privileges"; this is indeed a work of brotherhood, worthy of our Society and its great President. Theosophists are not party politicians, taking this or that side, they are only brothers of humanity, taking always God's side, the side of the future, the side of the wronged, the side of the weak and helpless. Such are our politics, and our party is always that of brotherhood, and our leader the greatest human brother we know—Annie Besant.

Such also was the tune of her message to us in her three morning lectures—"The Duty of the Theosophist to Religion," "The Duty of the

Theosophist to Society” and “The Duty of the Theosophist to the Nation”. After all our doubts and fears concerning internments and Provincial Governors’ orders, it seemed too good to be true that she was really standing there on our platform in our own big *pandal*, as powerful, as stately, as humorous, as ever; that her voice resounded once again as a cathedral bell on the ears of her three or four thousand listeners; for what, as she asked us, should she fear who is only doing God’s work, and what may she lose whose hands are empty but ever filled for the helping of humanity? We did not have her with us quite so much, perhaps, as we should have liked, but we gave her up gladly to humanity’s work, as she knew we would.

Mr. Arundale refused to let us weep, by giving us humorous discourses on Education, though of course there were pills somewhere in the jam, such as some underlying ideals and principles. One thing that he was clearly aiming at was a National system of education in India and a National Educational Trust.

Mr. Jinarājadāsa, bringing with him Mrs. Jinarājadāsa, Mrs. Besant-Scott and Mrs. Christoffel, joined us in the middle of the week, having barely returned from England. He introduced an element of Westernism, giving two lectures on “Theosophy and the Modern Search for Truth” and “Theosophy and National Life”. He restored a healthy normality to the pulse of Young India (set throbbing rather violently by Mr. Arundale) by reminding them that there are a few things, such as railways, organisations and institutions, as well as a common language, for which India is indebted to the English, as contributing to her solidarity as a Nation. One might say that the Englishman spoke for India and the Indian spoke



for England, thus cementing the tie between the brother races that are to form the great Empire of the future.

Mr. Jinarājadāsa also presided over a Conference of the Theosophical Educational Trust, which, as remarked by one of the speakers, Mr. Kilroe, the Assistant Director of Public Instruction, U.P., was of exceptional practical value, each speaker giving the results of his own experience. Some of the main principles agreed to were: that happiness and an element of play should be aimed at in child-education; that discipline can be perfectly maintained without corporal punishment, or even any punishment at all; that sex instruction is advisable from childhood upwards, proceeding gradually from plant life to animal life.

One morning, on December 28th, a little before 8 a.m., a small sparrow fluttered into a covered yard. "Tweet! tweet! look here! look here!" he cried, and another sparrow fluttered on to the roof-edge beside him. "Look at all these people sitting on the floor," they cried, "what are they going to do?" Some other sparrows joined them, and an elder sparrow said: "It is the Order of the Star in the East, and they are going to talk about the Great Teacher who loves all the world and who is coming to put everything right. I heard them announcing it yesterday, and do you not see how they all wear a little silver star?" "Then we need not stay," said the second sparrow, "it's for the people." "No," said the old sparrow, "for He is not only coming to the people, but to the animals, the birds and the fishes, and also to the flowers." And then they all broke into a sweet, joyful song. Afterwards Mr. Jinarājadāsa gave a beautiful address. He told us that the Great Teacher would not be so likely to teach

us about God, nor how to find Him through religion, but rather how to find Him in our brother man. Brotherhood would be the key-note of His teaching, and to realise Him each should turn to the man sitting beside him and call him "Brother". He told us also of His love for children, which is His special characteristic, and how we should serve the children and make them happy, especially those who are children now, but who will gather round Him and serve Him as men and women when He comes amongst us.

On Tuesday, December 26th, the Convention proper of our Society was held, our President herself taking the chair. Not a few were those who received words of praise from her this year, prominently Mr. Arundale, for his energising and vitalising work as General Secretary of England and Wales, Mr. Jinarāja-dāsa, also for his fine work in England, where he brought so much of beauty and culture to bear upon it. "Happy is the Society," she said, "that can claim such a worker." She spoke of Mme. Kamensky's courage and steadfast devotion while the Russian Society was in difficulty with the Government, such as would not pass unnoticed by the Great Masters. Also she told us of Miss de Normann's good work in England, and how she has given up her Government work in order to spread Theosophical ideals in education. Other details will be printed at length for all to read. I will now close this report by quoting our President's own closing words, her call to her own soldiers, as she said: "Come with me into the darkness and the peril. There is no failure for those who march beneath the Shining of the Star."

C.

## LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

### III

BENARES,

*December 1912.*

THE celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Hindu College began last night with matches in various English games, which did not interest me at all except from the point of view of colour. Mrs. Besant, who came on the 6th, was present, with Mme. Blech and Miss Arundale. The prize distribution was presided over by H.H. the Maharaja of Benares. He sat on the platform between Mrs. Besant and his son, who looked like his brother and acted as spokesman for the speech he addressed to the students. This function took place on the roof of the ancient palace which the Raja had given for the founding of the school. In the distance, one could see against the blue sky a tall, solitary palm; nearer there were red walls, and, seen through an open door, a line of huts which looked like the "ranchos" of a village in Guatemala; nearer still, in the middle of the courtyard, the white temple of Sarasvati, the Goddess of Wisdom, corresponding to Minerva.

A little to one side of the Raja, they had built a kind of loggia of green venetian blinds, and in

this were seated the "purda" ladies, who must keep out of sight. The emancipated ones, whom we often see about, were scattered through the audience. They wear no veils and are as shy as gazelles, and look out of the corners of their eyes, frightened by their own boldness. These are the wives or daughters of some of the professors, often Cambridge graduates, who themselves, the first in their Province, are reading for their degree at the school which Miss Arundale has founded for girls. The dress of the students is sometimes half Hindu and half European, sometimes entirely that of the Province to which the man belongs. They wear a red cap or turban, or perhaps are simply wrapped from head to foot in an ample robe. In their midst were the cadets of the College in their gala dress of white, with large turbans striped white and mauve and topped with plumes of mauve and silver. Mr. Arundale looked very fine in this costume with the black gown of a University man over it.

The Maharaja, or rather his son, opened the proceedings. Then G. Arundale spoke. Here, in a word or two, is the gist of his speech: This school is the first where is taught the *spirit* of religion, which unites men and makes them tolerant one of another, and not the *letter*, which separates them and provokes quarrels. The Hindu entering the College full of hatred towards the race of his conquerors, leaves it loving his English brother. In this way, then, this College has done more than an army could for the consolidation of the Empire.

Mrs. Besant was the next to speak. Again a summary: Words of gratitude to the Maharaja whose munificence has made possible the realisation of this

great work. Reminiscences, full of feeling, of the days long ago when, with the plan already in their minds but without a rupee to give it material form, and furthermore, discouraged by those who feared that the establishing of such a College, based on religion, would only make the hatred more bitter, they one evening crossed the Ganga and went to see the great Raja. He expressed himself as not at all unfriendly to the scheme and promised help. After indescribable difficulties, overcome with the greatest trouble, they succeeded in opening a small school. Then the Raja presented a Moorish palace, and little by little were built the beautiful buildings which to-day we look upon with admiration, and where hundreds of students "live" brotherhood and devotion. During the year just passed, not a single misdemeanour has had to be punished; brotherly love is the only discipline; and seeing such results, the Raja of Mysore and the Raja of Kashmir also wanted Central Hindu Colleges in their domains, constructed on the model of this one and guided by its principles. Then followed more expressions of gratitude to the Maharaja, who, having acknowledged the graceful tribute and being due elsewhere to fill another appointment, retired with his son, between two rows of white cadets.

Then we had recitations in Samskrit, in Bengali, in Hindi (all Greek to us), and tea to end up with.

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On the morning of the 9th we went to Sarnath, where the Buddha preached His first sermon. There is nothing there now but a museum of archæological remains, the ruins of a great monastery, of which there is almost nothing left, and those small bell-shaped monuments called "stupas". In the evening at five o'clock,

dressed in a white sari, barefooted, standing on a little square platform just large enough for one to sit on, Hindu-fashion, Mrs. Besant addressed the Theosophists on the subject of the seven paths which liberated souls may tread. She left that evening at eleven o'clock. Several people went with her as far as Moghal Serai junction; they got back at one or two, and at five were up again at work. We went next day to Buddha Gaya. We were scarcely out of the train when the brothers to whose care Mrs. Besant had entrusted us (when I say we, you understand that I refer to Mme. Blech) were already attending to our luggage, lantern in hand. In a horrid, tiny little carriage, all closed up, without springs, much less rubber tyres, we were jolted through dark, narrow streets lighted by smoky lamps or by the lanterns of passers-by, to the "Rest House". Our brothers put us up there, as there is no hotel. We made a little supper, and the next day, in the same excruciating vehicle, we went on to Buddha Gaya, to see the tree in the shade of which Gautama reached illumination.

The way there was fortunately not so dry and dusty as were Agra and Delhi; groves of palms, of mangoes, of tamarind, and the low hills on the horizon delighted our eyes. People were at work ploughing the fields and watering them; there seemed to be hope of a harvest where the spectre of famine had stalked. The temple stood in a hollow; excavations are being made all round it, and the relics, which to the uninitiated are merely pieces of carved stone, were on view. I know nothing as yet of all that the learned see in them, but I think the Library here will inform me. The tree is called "Pippala"—I am sending you

one of its leaves. The Buddhas inside the temple are enormous, gilt, painted and covered with tawdry trappings, in Spanish or Italian style. By the way, the whole shrine is bespattered with clarified butter, so we fled hastily, our sight and smell equally offended. Ever since our arrival we had been assailed by a crowd of guides and beggars, who did not leave us a moment's peace, and it was with difficulty that we managed to break through the circle of them and get to our carriage past their black, outstretched arms.

The Theosophists of Gaya—about sixty-six in number—are all poor. There are some who live on seven rupees a month. For all that, they are already at work on a building which is to contain even two or three rooms for the use of visiting members.

From Gaya to Calcutta is a night's journey. The landscape grew more and more varied, green and tropical-looking as we proceeded. Calcutta is a splendid city with broad streets, fine buildings and fine shops. And furthermore, it has the generous Ganga instead of the meagre Jumna, which, at Delhi, looks smaller every day. I cannot imagine why they don't keep it as the capital.

#### IV

ADYAR,

*December 1912.*

At Madras Mrs. Besant was waiting for Mme. Blech in her motor-car. I was put between them, and so it was that I passed under the archway brought there by H. P. B., and arrived at the Guest House opposite the Headquarters' buildings, where we were to

be put up. We are there alone for the present, but during Convention several others will find harbourage there. It is a one-story house—again rather like a Guatemalian “finca”. Mme. Blech’s room is octagonal and all windows; a regular lantern. Mine, next door, is more modest. We have our meals in a corner of the little courtyard; but, my dear, what patience one needs! Mme. Blech has a boy; an ayah had been provided for me, but she refused to sweep, and so this morning she was succeeded by a boy who knows something about cooking. We have been obliged to buy crockery and provisions, at least for our early morning meal and our evening dinner, for it takes twenty minutes to walk to Leadbeater Chambers where the general dining room is.

By way of spiritual exercises we have substituted for meditation the preparing of tea, coffee, chocolate or soup, according to the needs of the moment. Still, I hope that soon our household will run on automatically and leave us some peace.

Immediately after our arrival Mme. Blech’s friends came to see us, and in the evening we went to our first “Adyar Talk”. We all gathered in the Hall and sat facing the life-size statues of Mme. Blavatsky (seated) and Colonel Olcott, standing beside her. The Hindus and others who were shoe-less sat down on a carpet, the rest behind on seats; the important people had cane arm-chairs. Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater came in together and sat down at the foot of the statues. The talk began, and was informally interrupted or given fresh turns by questions and remarks from the audience.

MARIA CRUZ.

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## THE OLD TREE

By AHASHA

ON the heath stood an oak tree.

How old that tree was he didn't know himself. He only knew he was very old. He could remember his youth very well. He still saw before him, just as if it had only happened yesterday, the soldiers who had lost their way, wandering over the heath one cold night in November.

"Look," they had said, when they approached the oak, "look, this is the tree about which our prince was speaking, and now we must keep to the left."

He could also remember many ladies passing with beautiful collars on, and gentlemen wearing old-fashioned trousers and wigs passed the oak in coaches. Later on it heard the horn of the stage-coach blowing its merry call.

Inside those stage-coaches the ladies and gentleman sat very close to each other, and talked and smoked; and the ladies handed each other eau-de-Cologne and talked about the fashions, and their dresses were cut very low and the bodices ended in a long point. The gentlemen looked very serious, and had high collars round their necks, with black neckties, and their coat tails were long.

That had been the golden time of life. And then, besides all this, there were also the shepherds. There were very many of them. They often came and took a nap beneath the old oak tree.

And at night! at night—Oh! he just loved the nights. At night the little folk came. The fairies, and the gnomes and the animals; and then Pan came, the good ghost, who protected the shepherds and the flocks. Pan was ugly, but merry and good. Oh, Pan was so very, very good.

He had a long wooden flute and he sat down under the tree, and began to play softly. And the fairies danced and the gnomes jumped about.

And now? Now the oak felt sorry.

The stage-coaches didn't pass any longer. No trumpet sounded merrily now over the heath. The people were in a hurry and were now going by train. The farmers passed once a week when they went to market, and of all the shepherds only old Rule was left.

Rule lived in a lonely cottage on the heath. Rule was still an old-fashioned shepherd; he knitted stockings, he loved his sheep, and he talked very much with Wolf, his dog. And all this was about days long ago.

Only the nights were the same. Pan came always and said: "As long as there is one shepherd left on earth, I'll remain on earth too."

The oak was sorry. He nearly cried, so miserable was he. For a lot of people came and chalked a number on the old tree. No. 36 — No. 36. This meant for him: "When the other thirty-five trees have had their turn, they'll come to me, and cut me down." The oak always had had one wish: to die in an ordinary way, and not to be cut down by men.

And now there was written on his bark "36"!

Why had he to die? Why was he in the way? He asked it of the gnomes and so he came to know it.

That part of the heath where he stood would be changed into a building estate, "and," continued the gnome, "then *we* go away too. Just fancy us remaining with men! No, then we shall go deeper into the wood."

"Oh," sighed the oak, "you will live; but I?"

"You, you will go to All-Father, think of that!"

"Oh," he sobbed, "Oh, Pan, if I had a wish it would be to die an ordinary death. And now, so —  
. . . Pan, by the hands of man."

Pan dashed away a tear.

"Poor fellow! but think, it's the will of All-Father."

"Yes, it's his will."

Pan whistled, and the gnomes and fairies began to sing with their beautiful, clear voices:

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught:  
Thy will be done!

"Thanks ever so much, dear friends. Oh, if you could only feel the scorn. Oh, it is so terrible to bear. The axe will tear my body asunder. Oh, that axe! I'm not wanted. A row of villas will be built here, and so there is no room for me, such an old oak."

"Well, be comforted, you must die some time."

"It is not the pain, children; no, it is the scorn."

Or breathe the prayer divinely taught:  
Thy will be done!

"O Father," prayed the tree, "Oh, if it is possible, not this scorn, to be killed by an axe at the hands of men."

The sky was getting dark. Thunder-clouds came up, one after the other. A thunder-clap. Again and again. . . .

Rule turned round and said sleepily: "Bad weather." Wolf started up, and barked.

"Be quiet, Wolf. Be quiet, my dog, it is nothing."

Wolf crept to his master; he was afraid.

An awful flash of lightning . . . one rattling thunder-clap.

The oak sighed; again the oak sighed. His leaves rustled: "Thanks, All-Father, for this favour."

The old tree was dead.

"All-Father had heard his prayer," said Pan. "Let us go now into the wood; now the old oak is dead it is of no use to stay here longer."

Some days after, the old oak was chopped in pieces.

Rule looked at it and tears were in his eyes.

"Just look here," one of the men said, "old Rule is weeping."

Rule went his way leaning on his staff. Near the wood he sat down on a little hill, with Wolf at his feet.

Rule took the body of Wolf between his knees, and he took his head in his hands.

"Wolf, dear dog, we understand each other, don't we, old fellow? The poor old oak was not wanted, he had to die, but our Lord saved him from such scorn."

Wolf wagged his tail. Happily there were two creatures who felt for the tree, though they were only a shepherd and . . . a dog.

Ahasha.



## OCCASIONAL NOTES

By ALICE E. ADAIR

### II. EDOUARD MANET

**I**N the year 1866, a small group of men began to meet regularly at a café near the Rue de Saint Petersburg, Paris, called the Café Guerbois. They were men who were thoroughly dissatisfied with the state of French Art and literature. As they were regarded by the world in general as crazy rebels, they sought encouragement and sympathy from each other. The first members of the group were artists, sworn foes to tradition and classicalism. They were banned by Press, public, and artists of the accepted type, but no opposition could quell their enthusiasm or their faith. It rather fanned the flame.

“During the period of the Second Empire the spirit of authority was being vigorously revived. Constituted bodies were invested with an immense amount of power. In Art, Academies and the Juries of Salons exerted a veritable dictatorship.” So writes M. Theodore Duret in *Manet and the French Impressionists*; and it was to the overthrow of this dictatorship and to the shattering of the bonds of classicalism in which French art had been imprisoned for more than forty years, that this brave little band

addressed itself. Art has its heroes as well as war, and the courage and self-sacrifice of the men who engaged in this struggle have never been rivalled on any battle-field. The lives of some were shortened by the hardships they endured; others "went under" in a more tragic sense, but in the end France was freed from the tyranny of the mock heroic.

The small circle of the Café Guerbois gradually expanded to include all writers, artists and literary men who were infected with the "new" spirit; these in turn brought their friends, and eventually the meetings became so popular that the Café was thronged on certain nights with the rarest wit and talent of Paris. Questions of all kinds were discussed, but with an artist as the leading spirit, naturally enough the chief interest was centred round matters relating to Art.

Fantin Latour, Guillaumet; Desboutins and Belot the engravers; Zacharie Astruc, sculptor and poet; Cladel and Emile Zola; Duranty, a journalist of some reputation in those days; Vignaux, Proust, Henner and Alfred Stevens were all habitués of the café. Whistler, Legros, Monet, Degas, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Bazille and Cezanne were also in the group that gathered round Edouard Manet. "Manet was the dominating figure; with his animation, his flashing wit, his sound judgment on matters of art, he gave the tone to the discussions. Moreover, as an artist who had suffered persecution, who had been expelled from the Salons and excommunicated by the representatives of official art, he was naturally marked out for the place of leadership among a group of men whose one common feature, in art and literature, was the spirit of revolt."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Manet and the French Impressionists.*—Theodore Duret,

Apart from his art there was nothing in Manet of the revolutionary. He was a man of medium height with a well knit figure, somewhat of a dandy. He had well cut features, clear, grey eyes and closely trimmed, fair beard. His speech was decisive, hearty, and "informed with a manly and sincere understanding of life". He was college-bred, belonged to the "*haute bourgeoisie*" and was welcomed everywhere in society for his brilliant conversational powers and his distinction of manner. Simplicity and directness were characteristic of the man, of his life, and of his work. George Moore says of him: "Never was an artist's inner nature in more direct conformity with his work. There were no circumlocutions in Manet's nature, there were none in his art." Yet no man's career can have been more stormy than his; it was one long battle against ignorance, prejudice and spite. One episode will illustrate the depths to which some of the artists of the older school sank in their fierce championship of tradition and their blind rage against the innovator. Emile Zola wrote an article in the *Figaro* praising the work of Manet and hailing him as the greatest artist of his time. The editor of the paper met with such a storm of abuse that Zola had to relinquish his position on the staff; and further, these stupid men bought up copies of the offending number in order to take them to the Boulevard, seek out either Zola or Manet, and tear them up under their eyes with all the contempt they were able to express.

There was nothing in the character of Manet to provoke such violent opposition, nor was there any cause for reproach in his private life. It was quite a normal life. He was born in 1832, and from early childhood

showed his artistic gifts. His father was a judge, and wished his son to adopt the same profession, or else that of a soldier. Manet's heart was set upon being a painter. A struggle ensued, and Manet was sent to sea in the hope that he would thus be cured of his folly. He returned as determined as ever, and his father gave in. Manet then went to study under Couture. Once more he had to struggle for the right to express himself in his own way, and this struggle was aggravated by radical differences of birth and breeding in master and pupil; Couture being the son of a shoemaker, ill-mannered, hating the upper classes, especially lawyers, whilst Manet was a cultured exquisite, the descendant of generations of legal ancestry. Couture was, however, the best teacher in Paris, so Manet conquered his distastes and remained in his studio until he was twenty-five years old. After this followed some years of travel in Germany, Holland and Italy. He then returned to Paris and settled down to his career, throwing all his energy and enthusiasm into his work. In 1863 he married a Dutch lady who was very musical, his father having left him a moderate fortune, which made him independent of dealers and sales for several years, but which was finally exhausted; and then ensued a period of great financial strain.

At the outbreak of the war in 1870 he joined the National Guard in Paris; the "clique" at the Café Guerbois was scattered far and wide; some of them went a-soldiering; Bazille was killed in action. Manet was made a Captain and promoted to the General Staff. After the siege he returned to his art, and several years of strenuous work succeeded. In 1879 the effects of the long strain of the struggle on his highly strung



nerves showed themselves. He was seized with paralysis, which he fought with his accustomed bravery. Some remedies he took caused blood-poisoning, and in 1883 he died. He was one of the last of the "old" Parisian type—a type which disappeared when Paris became overrun with provincials and foreigners; a type created by a refined, cultured, if rather artificial mode of life, but which was charming in its elegance and its delight in social intercourse.

Manet's career as artist provides quite other reading; and to understand the strange incongruity, a knowledge of existing opinions relating to art when he came upon the scene is necessary. In the first place it was firmly believed and emphatically asserted "that art depended upon the observance of certain fixed rules and was inseparable from certain particular types". These rules and these types had been evolved by the genius of the Masters of the past, and nothing further remained to do except to perpetuate their ideals for all time. Genius consisted in the most faithful reproduction of these ideals. The highest art could only be expressed in subjects drawn from Greek and Roman mythology; historical scenes and religious subjects might be ranked as great art; Oriental subjects were only just allowed, because in them imagination was still supposed to be brought into play; but modern realism was considered to be beyond the pale altogether. So rigid were the rules that even the size of the canvas was "fixed" by the subject; there were fixed poses—regarded as "heroic," and there were fixed types of models—men and women of "heroic" proportions.

As to colour, all brilliance was avoided, and the different tones had to be blended together; and a

“fixed opposition of light and shade” was insisted upon. The result of all this was a succession of monotonous and lifeless paintings.

Predecessors of Manet, who had broken through the wall of tradition—Ingres, Delacroix, Corot and others—had all fared badly, but they suffered at the hands of the limited circle of the cultured few—society people, connoisseurs, artists and literary men whose tastes were cultivated tastes. Just before Manet’s time, however, the general public had begun to interest itself in art, so the storm that burst over his head was far more violent, since the uncultured are always the most aggressively conservative in matters of art.

The many grievances against Manet can be summed up under two charges. He flouted conventions of all kinds, and he introduced new and startling methods of colour. He quarrelled with the models at Conture’s studio because he insisted on their adopting new attitudes, and because he wished to paint them with draperies or clothed, so tired was he of the eternal Nude of the classical tradition. He offended the artists because he used bright colours; discarding blacks and greys, he illuminated shadows and he placed his tones side by side without any attempt at shading one into another. In short he strove to introduce colour, light and brilliance into his pictures, while their work was dull and lifeless. He angered the people by his choice of subjects, by his realism and his modernity. But George Moore regards the culmination of his offending as this: “During his life the excuse given for the constant persecution waged against him by the authorities was his excessive originality. But this was mere subterfuge; what was really hated—what

made him so unpopular was the extraordinary beauty of his handling. Whatever he painted became beautiful—his hand was dowered with the gift of quality, and there his art began and ended.”

Year after year there was the steady rejection of his canvases by the Juries of the Salon. He replied by opening exhibitions of his own. He believed that by constantly keeping his work before the people, their acceptance of it would be won ; and after long years of struggle his belief was justified. In the meanwhile all manner of abuse and ridicule was heaped upon him, his pictures were the laughingstock of Paris. But perhaps the worst insult he ever had to bear was the refusal of the Jury to hang any of his pictures in the *Exposition Universelle* of 1878, for this was an exhibition of representative French artists, and it took place after Manet had won a share even of the public approval by his picture “*Le Bon Bock*”. It was a contemptible action on the part of his opponents ; prejudice and spite could not well be carried further ; and already the tide of public opinion was beginning to turn in Manet’s favour. Unfortunately he was not to profit very much himself, for he was dying ; but he had blazed the trail for the Impressionists.

The reception given to the first of Manet’s great pictures will illustrate the particular difficulties he had to face. The year was that one in which the Jury of the Salon rejected so many pictures that it created somewhat of a scandal, and Napoleon III authorised the opening of the “*Salon des Refusés*” in the same building as the other Salon, to receive the discarded canvases. The most striking of them all was Manet’s “*Breakfast on the Grass*”. Harmless enough the picture seems now, but

it was then regarded as indecent. The first offence was that Manet had painted a realistic picture on the sized canvas that was reserved for "idealised" subjects, secondly he had mixed together draped and undraped figures. It did not matter to his critics in the least that he had borrowed the idea from the Venetian painters; what was excusable in *their* "idealised" works was unpardonable in his realistic painting. Thirdly, his figures were either sitting or lying in natural attitudes, there was no attempt at "heroic" posing. Fourthly, the men were clothed in the garments of the middle class, with no attempt at the picturesque. And added to all this there was the "patchwork" colouring. Poor Manet had hoped that this picture would bring him fame; it brought him instead the reputation of a madman and a rebel. The treatment of the white flesh against the black clothes was an achievement of which he was justly proud, but it was an achievement the public was quite incapable of appreciating; hence the shocked propriety.

Another obstacle to public favour that he placed in his own way was his constant experimentation. No sooner were the people becoming used to one innovation than he provided them with another. Just as they were preparing to accept the bright colours of his studio paintings, he adopted the practice of open air painting and introduced still more vivid colouring and brilliance of light into his pictures, and so made them more angry than ever.

There were, however, some flashes of sunlight on his stormy path. He did slowly convert, first the Press and then the public, to a more reasonable frame of mind. He won many staunch friends and had always

the support and admiration of his own group, including the whole band of Impressionists ; but this appreciation did not satisfy the man whose ideal of an artist's career was that it should be like Rubens—a career of great achievements and popular enthusiasm.

Although Manet did not belong to the group of Impressionists, he shared most of their ideas and undoubtedly exercised a marked influence upon them, and his name will always be associated with that group. Mr. Wynford Dewhurst says: " The history of the early battles over Impressionism centres for the most part round one personality. In following the story of the failures and successes of Edouard Manet we follow the gradual rise of the entire school, for no man fought more bravely in ' defence of its principles '."

He was a wonderful painter, and he was besides a great iconoclast. Into a world of shams he brought the Torch of Truth and a clear vision. He found French art enslaved by false ideals. He shattered the idols and set the spirit free to again set forth upon the great adventure—the never-ending quest of Supreme and Eternal Beauty. His own physical body was broken against the wall of prejudice and convention, but not before he had made the breach through which could be poured new riches of colour and beauty upon a purblind and thankless world. So lived and so died the painter genius of the nineteenth century.

Alice E. Adair.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

BRETHREN,

Welcome to the Forty-First Anniversary of our beloved Theosophical Society, the latest Messenger of the Great White Brotherhood to the world of men. Forty-one years ago the faithful servants of that Brotherhood, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott, laid the foundations of our Society in the city of New York, in the United States of America. In the eighteenth century, men inspired by that same Brotherhood proclaimed the Rights of Man, and sent through the world the message of Liberty, the sacred birthright of the sons of God. A century later came the correlative proclamation of the Duties of Man, and these two servants of the Hierarchy that guides the evolution of humanity were chosen to send through the world the message of Brotherhood, the sacred tie that, once recognised, shall substitute the Reign of Love for the struggles of contesting hosts. May Those who are the embodiment of love continue Their gracious protection to the Society established to do Their will on earth ; may They ever guard it by Their Power, inspire it with Their Wisdom, and energise it by Their Activity.

### THE WORLD-WAR

Again we meet under the terrible clouds of War, which shut out the world from the Sun which ever shines undimmed in the blue vault of heaven. Nor do those War-clouds show any signs of passing away, nor is there any loosening in the death-grip of the wrestling Nations. But in spite of all the horrors of the struggle, in spite of the destruction wrought, and of the ever-increasing burdens entailed by the prolongation of the strife, we, who believe that the destinies of mankind are guided by the highest wisdom to the noblest end, cannot but remain secure in that strong faith, and we wait patiently through the long night for the breaking of the Day.

I have naught to change in that which I said last year on this subject, and it is unnecessary to repeat it. The Society has, with the exception of a very few members, endorsed the

position then taken up, and there is no reason to recede from it.

The world-struggle on the battle-field affects the currents of thought in every country, provoking unrest, and both forward and backward streams. The movements of mind here are subtler than the movements of men in Europe, and they need for their recognition a keener intuition, a sharper insight. Religion and life are inseparable, and religion, if it be true, must inspire all the actions of a man's life and dominate his conduct in all his relations with the outer world; it must fix his principles, and teach him to be loyal to those principles wherever he may be living, whatever may be his environment. For religion is an informing Spirit and not a collection of dogmas, and it is truly written in the Christian Scriptures: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, liberty of speech, have ever been the claim of every great religious movement of reform. Only where a religion has lost the spirit and become a slave of the letter, does it become indifferent to liberty, which alone can ensure its progress and prevent its fossilisation.

One serious attack on its religious liberty has lately been suffered by the Theosophical Society in India; many attacks have indeed been made upon it since it came to India; its members have suffered from much paltry official persecution, and it has always been regarded as dangerous by the great majority of Anglo-Indians, because all its Christian members show a real brotherhood to men of eastern faiths, and the colourless and the coloured meet in perfect social equality; the Theosophists knows, in India as elsewhere, no barriers of race or creed, of caste or colour. This is considered to injure English prestige and the claim of racial superiority. Hence we have never been in the good graces of the ruling caste. But, while we have been frowned at, and have lived in the chill of official disfavour, we have never been actively interfered with in the holding of our meetings, until Sir Benjamin Robertson took it upon himself to prevent the President of the Theosophical Society from presiding over a Theosophical Federation, and delivering Theosophical addresses. Such a departure from the religious neutrality pledged to India by the Crown has never before been seen in India, and we may trust will never be repeated. We are encouraged in this trust by the non-interference of the Government of the United Provinces with my presiding over our Annual Meeting here.

#### THE GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY

Forty-four new Lodges have been chartered, as against thirty-one last year.

We have, of course, no reports from the belligerent enemy countries; nothing from devastated Belgium; for the second time there is no report from Finland, except from the one independent Lodge. The Australian mail is so irregular that we hope for reports from Australia and New Zealand before we go to press: the Netherlands report has not yet arrived, nor those of Cuba and Norway.

I am leaving out this year the enemy countries, as the figures we have probably bear no relation to the realities. Thus we omit: Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia; reducing the National Societies to 19. The numbers in Australia, New Zealand, the Netherlands, Cuba, Finland, Belgium, and Norway are given as in last year, for though we know the number of new members, we do not know how many have died or have resigned; those will all be understated. Altogether in the 19 National Societies there will be something over 28,000 members.

#### NATIONAL SOCIETIES

Our oldest National Society is that of America, which is outside the battle-zone. The General Secretary sends a report of a very successful year; the T.S. in America incorporated itself last year under American law—a quite wise step, and it has now a “National President,” the good and faithful worker whom we know as General Secretary, Mr. A. P. Warrington. Our present Constitution does not recognise the title of National President, but there seems no particular objection to it. A feature peculiar, so far as I know, to America, is the appearance of Theosophical teachings on the kinematograph. A generous gift of Rs. 3,000 from the American Convention to the Headquarters, suffering from a War deficit, was a very kindly and gracious act.

In England and Wales much important work has been done. The National Executive has been formed into a corporation capable of holding property, so that it can take over the splendid Headquarters Building when complete, as well as any other property that it may acquire. The War has taken away most of our work-people, so that the building has been much delayed. The Theosophical Educational Trust has been definitely established, with its fine school at Letchworth, and another in Bromley, Kent; Miss de Normann, a Government Inspector of Schools, has resigned office in order to devote herself wholly to the Education Department of the Society, and is doing splendid work in spreading and popularising Theosophical Ideals in Education. A training scheme has been started for teachers and social workers at Queen Mary's Hostel, Campden Hill, London, and a “Theosophical



Fraternity in Education," for the purpose of bringing Theosophical ideals into all branches of Education, and of working to secure conditions which will give freedom for the expression of these ideals, seems a promising movement. Miss Douglas Fox has been put in charge of the Propaganda Department, to the great loss of the Southern Federation and the greater gain of the Society in England as a whole. Mrs. Whyte has taken up the Young People's Department, and is issuing an admirable journal for her work, *The Young Age*. The General Secretary, Mr. Baillie-Weaver, gives the credit for this admirable organisation of work and workers to his predecessor, Mr. George S. Arundale, whose fine devotion and power of inspiring others are an asset of incalculable value. We only lent him to England for a time, and India has now taken back her own.

India reports good progress, and Southern India keeps its foremost place in organised work. The passing over of a late Secretary, Mr. Jehangir Sorabji, leaves a gap, especially felt in Bombay, where he had settled.

No report, as said, has reached us from Australasia, but we must place on record the great loss sustained by the Society there by the passing away of our devoted General Secretary, Mr. John. His wife is carrying on the work for the remainder of the year. The whole Society in Australasia and New Zealand has been vitalised and energised by the presence of my great colleague, Charles W. Leadbeater, whose regular teachings in the Sydney Lodge have become a feature in the life of the City, and whose example is an inspiration to all. The new Headquarters are open, and form the centre of the spreading work.

Scandinavia reports being much hampered by the War, though its countries are neutral; the young people there, as everywhere, are showing great activity. This drawing of the youth of the country to the Theosophical Society is a welcome sign of the return of many servants of other days, coming back to meet their Lord on His return.

We cannot, in the absence of a report, say much of the Netherlands, but we heard a short time since of the opening of the new Headquarters of The Hague Lodge, which drew members from all parts of Holland. The Netherlands, however, is never a source of anxiety, for it is always solid, and always doing good work.

Heroic, suffering France, while necessarily utilising all her strength for the War, yet has succeeded in carrying on a propaganda that brings comfort to the sorrowing and hope to the heart-broken. Mr. Polak, the General Secretary of the T.S.

in Belgium, has helped the French Society, his own being rendered helpless in the German grip. The greater part of the work done is, rightly and naturally, in the National service, in hospitals and in aid of prisoners, in helping the blind and the mutilated by giving them instruction in work which brightens their broken lives. Much Theosophical work is done among the soldiers at the front, and a little newspaper, *Kurukshetra*, is issued, largely written by the soldiers themselves. The fine Headquarters building is completed, save for some furnishing, and attracts much friendly interest. A touching proof of Theosophical affection was given by the T.S. in England and Wales, which sent over to our impoverished French brethren help which will enable them to print some important works, ready for the press, but withheld from want of means.

Italy reports a quiet year, with a much greater sale of literature, showing increased public interest.

From Finland we have only the report of a single Lodge, and we feel anxious about our good friend Pekka Ervast.

Russia is represented here by the General Secretary, Mme. Anna Kamensky, who brings a record of steady and progressive work. She comes here also commissioned by the Imperial Academy of Sciences to collect some ethnological specimens for the Museum of Anthropology and Ethnography, and we congratulate her on this mission from the highest scientific body in Russia. A lecture on the Brotherhood of Religions was prohibited by the Synod and the Policy, reminding us that in Russia religious freedom is only partially achieved. It is wonderful how much our Russian brethren accomplish in the midst of such difficult conditions. Few realise how much we owe to the steadfast and quiet courage and the unwearied labours of Anna Kamensky, but the Masters know and will remember.

In South Africa, ill-health compelled the resignation of Mr. Nelson, who has done so much for the Section, and Miss M. L. Murchie has been elected in his stead. Literature is spreading, but the work is difficult and necessarily slow.

Our General Secretary from Scotland is here in person, invalidated from the front, after passing through and being wounded in the terrible Loos battle. We miss the bright Scottish magazine, temporarily discontinued, but hope to re-welcome it, and we grieve with the Scottish Society for the heavy loss sustained in the passing away of that most helpful worker, James A. Allan.

The report from Switzerland is a remarkable one in the amount of work done, work truly Theosophical, for prisoners of war, refugees from France and Belgium, the provision of

meals for the passing trains of refugees, the "adoption" of French prisoners in Germany, sending them food and clothes monthly, and performing other kindly services for the suffering. Well has the General Secretary, Mlle. Stephani, grasped the idea that "all this outer work has been the natural growth of the ideal of Brotherhood," and she realises the need of filling all social forms with Theosophical life, adding: "But how could we fill them with this life if we did not gather it in the heart of the Theosophical Society?" I must specially congratulate the Swiss T.S. and its Secretary on the crowded work of the year. Propaganda has not been neglected, but the best propaganda has been the work.

The Netherlands-Indies is most active in humanitarian work. It is fortunate in having a most sympathetic Government, who recognise the value of the T.S. The powerful Muhammadan movement, with some 900,000 members, officially invited the Theosophical Society to its first National Congress, and the General Secretary addressed an audience of ten thousand people on Self-Government. Another important movement is for "Indian Self-Defence," and our General Secretary has taken an active part in this, and is one of the members of a Deputation which is to go to Holland to lay before the Queen, the Colonial Minister, and the Dutch Parliament, a petition for help in this movement "to enable Insulinia to stand on its own feet," and to gain Parliamentary representation and education. The new Governor-General is, most wisely, giving his sympathy and help to the Deputation, which starts for Holland on January 3rd, 1917, and in Holland itself the late Governor-General will aid the Deputation with his counsel. Bitter opposition has arisen among the "Dutch-Indians," the class which answers here to our non-official Anglo-Indians, but Holland is too solidly devoted to freedom to view with dislike or apprehension the natural yearnings of her Colonies to share in the blessings she enjoys.

Burma has had a quiet year, but has gained in internal solidarity. The new building for the Boys' School at Rangoon, under the Burma Educational Trust, was opened by Mr. Covernton, Director of Public Instruction for Burma, who gave credit to the Theosophical Society for the success of the work.

A pleasant feature of the reports, to me personally, is the warm sympathy shown with my work in India, and the love expressed to me, for which I am deeply grateful. Amid the difficulties here, and the misunderstanding of my aims and work shown by the Local Governments, the knowledge that the Theosophical Society approves the policy of its President is an added strength and a real consolation.

It is interesting and significant that in other lands also the National Societies are coming so much to the front in National Service, and are becoming pillars of Liberty, of Social Uplift, and of Brotherhood, putting their principles into practice in life.

#### SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

Once more, educational work looms large, and promises to become larger. The Theosophical Educational Trust has issued a large and handsome report, and we insert a brief summary. It has a college for boys and one for girls, and 16 schools, with 6 affiliated schools in addition. It is teaching 4,577 students—3,463 boys and 1,114 girls, and has 237 teachers. The report does not include one boys' and two girls' schools at Gaya, and four more are on the way. Mr. Arundale has been appointed as Inspector of our colleges and schools, and Mr. Ernest Wood remains the life of the Trust as Hon. Secretary. Mrs. Wood now gives her capable help as Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Kirk remains as an efficient collector of funds. The land in Benares, acquired for Rs. 40,000, has been sold for Rs. 48,000. Upwards of Rs. 18,000 of this is being spent on land to increase the accommodation for the Girls' College and School at Benares. Rs. 6,000 have been assigned to the Boys' School there, and the remainder of the Rs. 40,000 is being held for the Benares Schools, for which the money was originally given; the gain of Rs. 8,000, less Rs. 500 expenses, is assigned to the central fund.

No report has been received from the Buddhist Theosophical Society, but the report of the Ananda College shows much progress since January, 1914, when Mr. Fritz Kunz took up the work. A Boarding House has been established, with the Head Master as Warden, and has now fifty boarders. The Boy Scout movement has proved a great success; during the floods they took relief to 2,000 sufferers, and have collected money for the War Funds. For two years no boy has been struck or corporally punished, nor had any physical indignity put upon him; the discipline is admirable and the atmosphere is one of happiness, with "a corresponding advance in intellectual keenness". Few teachers in schools where brutal punishment prevails, realise that a boy who is constantly in fear of pain cannot work with a mind alert and at ease.

The Galle Mahinda College suffered a severe loss in the passing away of Mr. Henry Amarasuriya, its constant supporter. The year has been a very successful one, thanks to the devoted work of Mr. F. L. Woodward, who has been aided by Mr. Gordon Pearce as Vice-Principal. A Science Laboratory, a playing field, and a club for Boy Scouts are welcome improvements. The Boy Scouts movement was started in the

Mahinda College by Mr. Pearce, and has been taken up all over the Island. A Scout from this first troop, joining our Madanapalle College, began the movement in India for Indian boys. In the inauguration of this movement, from which coloured lads had been shut out, India owes another debt to the Theosophical Society.

The Musæus School for Buddhist Girls keeps up its record of good work, and this year celebrated its Silver Jubilee, in which Mrs. Higgins was overwhelmed by tokens of affection and gratitude. The Vernacular Training School for Teachers sent up 20 students to the Government Examination and 18 passed, a most satisfactory result. I doubt the wisdom of yielding to the parents' wishes in converting the Anglo-Vernacular School into an English one, and putting the extra strain on the girls of making English the medium of instruction.

The Olcott Panchama Free Schools continue to repay their loving Superintendent, Miss Kofel, for her unremitting toil. An increase of 50 per cent in the grant-in-aid has been recommended "for good results and continued efficiency". At an exhibition held in Trichinopoly two silver medals and six certificates of merit were awarded to the schools. Some promising pupils have been sent on to higher schools. An important event was the Medical Examination made gratuitously by Mr. Srinivasamurti, M.B., C.M., which revealed the shocking fact that 78 per cent of the children suffer from malnutrition. A night-school is held for scavengers, and it is pleasant to record that the Municipal Overseer remarked that he found our scavengers more regular and conscientious in their work than others. 800 children are under instruction in the five schools. Sad to say this good work is very poorly supported, and we suffer constant financial anxiety on its account.

The Round Table in Australia sends a good report; its membership stands at 287. The Tables look chiefly after Babies and Young Children, and work also for comforts for soldiers. The Melbourne Tables, among other useful activities, have sent 40 lads recovering from sickness into the country for rest and recuperation.

The Sons and Daughters of India are working usefully. A very large number of lads have joined in Madras, and from among them between 70 and 80 Boy Scouts have been enrolled.

We have no report from the Order of the Star in the East from England, but Dr. Rocke has kindly supplied us with one. The Star Depot in Regent Street, London, with its Reading Room and Circulating Library, proves most valuable as a

means of propaganda. In India, there are 12,000 members, half of whom are "Servants of the Star," *i.e.*, are under 21 years of age. It has two vernacular journals, and its pamphlets have been translated into 15 vernaculars. There is also the monthly *Brothers of the Star*. Much of the success is due to the admirable work of Mrs. Charles Kerr, who left Adyar to take up War work in England.

Dr. van Hook reports good work from the Karma and Reincarnation League, the valuable movement set on foot by him to spread these two doctrines, the very foundation of all reform work in education and society.

The return of Mr. Arundale to India has necessitated a change of General Secretary in England after his short but fruitful work there. Mr. Baillie-Weaver, well known for his humanitarian work, has taken his place and is most effective. Mr. John, our Australian General Secretary, passed away after long illness, and his wife was appointed for the remainder of the year to carry on the work. Our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, is very effective in his ever useful lines of activity; I have already spoken of Mr. Leadbeater's work in Australasia and New Zealand.

My faithful colleague and true servant of the Masters, Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, has worked this year in India and England. His long tours in India have been of immense value in carrying the message of Theosophy, clothed in culture and artistic beauty as well as in learning and spirituality. In England he has worked alike for Theosophy and for India, presenting her case with knowledge and skill. Happy is the Society which has such a worker in its ranks.

In India, the Society owes much gratitude to Mr. Ramachandra Rao for his unceasing work, weighted with his pure and self-denying life and deep learning. Mr. Mehta in the West has laboured unremittingly. Needless to speak of all the Section owes to its General Secretary, who has had placed on his willing shoulders two men's work, to the serious detriment of his health. Many other faithful and good workers has the Society, to whom it owes its growing strength and influence. Never, I think, can a President have been blessed with more loving and loyal friends in every part of the world, making the work a constant joy and inspiration. May we all work together for many lives to come.

#### THE HEADQUARTERS

Of our Adyar home what can I say, save that with every year it seems to grow more harmonious, and therefore a better instrument for the Master's work. The band of workers

round Mr. B. P. Wadia—to whose loyal co-operation and great ability, ever bearing new burdens and rising to every emergency, I owe more than I can put into words—carry on the varied activities of the place with unchanging devotion. In each department capable helpers guide its activities: Mr. Schwarz, our invaluable guide in our finances, exact and business-like, Mr. J. R. Aria, our able Recording Secretary, Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri at the Vasanta Press, Mr. Ranga Reddy in the building work, Rao Sahab Soobiah Chetty, my helper in the erection of buildings for *New India*, for the Y.M.I.A. with its splendid hall, and other work which, though outside the T.S., is all inspired by Theosophy, Mr. J. Srinivasa Rao at the Bhojanashala, Messrs. Huidekoper and Jassawalla in the management of our lands, Mr. Shah at our Dairy. All these and many others make Adyar what it is.

The long continuance of the War has rendered it necessary to fill the post of Director, and it is also obvious that the general condition of feeling would render impossible Dr. Schrader's return, even after the War. So with regret on both sides, he and I decided that it was best that he should return to Germany when set free. His services to the Library have been unique, and we shall ever keep them in grateful memory. His latest work is a most valuable treatise in English on Shaiva texts, completed during his captivity, an introduction to the Pañcharâtra literature. Two previous volumes contain the Samskrit text of the *Ahirbudhnya-Samhitâ*.

Mr. van Manen completed his stay at Adyar, and has left behind him a record of much valuable work.

Pandit A. Mahadeva Shastri, Curator of the Government Library at Mysore, having finished his term of Government Service, has come to Adyar as Director of our Library, an office for which he is most admirably fitted.

The high price of paper and dislocation of trade caused by the War have much limited our work. Moreover, the cruel Press Act under which we live makes the keeping of a Press in India, as Chief Justice Abdur Rahim said, "a hazardous undertaking," as it has to be carried on under the incalculable whims of the Local Government, which may at any time crush a Press at its free will and pleasure. I have taken such precautions as were practicable, but we are much harassed by the unnecessary annoyances to which we are put in carrying on our business.

My Brethren, the times are times of transition; the civilised world is cast into the melting-pot, is being purified of its dross, that the great Craftsman of our globe may shape the glowing metal into new forms of usefulness and of beauty. For the reception of that precious metal, moulds have now to

be prepared, moulds religious, intellectual, moral, political, and social, such as may be used by the Great Messenger of the Occult Hierarchy, the Jagad-Guru, the World-Teacher, the Bodhisattva, Shri Kṛṣṇa, the Lord Christ—call Him, the Mighty and the Compassionate One, by what name you will. He comes to make all things new, to re-create our shattered world.

Is the Theosophical Society—the humble Messenger sent out by that same Hierarchy of the Lovers of Men, sent to be the Herald of His Coming, sent to prepare and make straight His Road—is that Society to stand aside, to look on indifferently at the whirling chaos, and, fearing to soil its white robes by contact with the turmoil, leave undone the work which is needed, and to plead its spirituality as a reason for cowardice and for sloth? Have we gathered wisdom to hide it away as a treasure for ourselves, instead of using it for the enriching of the world? For what have we been preparing ourselves for these forty years? For what have we developed insight, studied underlying causes, mastered the mysteries of karma, offered ourselves in self-surrender to the Will which makes for Righteousness, to the Power which works for good? There are problems, religious, intellectual, moral, political and social, which need for their solving the wisdom we have gathered, the insight we have developed, the knowledge of causes we have obtained. Are these for the service of the world, or for our self-glorification? Are we to be misers or redeemers?

He who is coming has declared His will that the Society shall use for the helping of man all that for forty years it has garnered by the help of the Lords of Love. They have enriched the Society that it may use its treasures for the service of humanity at this great crisis of its fate. It is now no question of party politics, no matter of party strife. It is the moulds into which Nations are to be cast for a new civilisation, that are preparing; it is these which we are summoned to help in the shaping. Away, then, with fear and with the shreds of futile shibboleths. Away with a false neutrality, which is but a cloak for indefiniteness of thought and irresolution in action. The Theosophical Society is called to take its share in the mighty world-creation, to spread its ideals through the mental atmosphere, to work them out into the physical forms for the new civilisation. I summon you, my Brethren, to set your hands with me to this great task, to march forward boldly to prepare for the New Era, to repay, as far as you can, by helping in Their work, the loving care showered upon you by our Elder Brethren for the last 40 years. Come with me into the darkness and the peril. There is no failure for those who march beneath the Shining of the Star.

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## BOOK-LORE

*Concerning Prayer*, by the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, Harold Anson, Edwyn Bevan, R. G. Collingwood, Leonard Hodgson, Rufus M. Jones, W. F. Lofthouse, C. H. S. Matthews, N. Micklem, A. C. Turner, and B. H. Streeter. (Macmillan, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

Not the least of many "signs of the times" is the increasing number of collectively written books, *i.e.*, books in which not only have a number of authors expressed their views on a given subject from different standpoints, but in some cases, like the present, have previously met for discussion and exchange of ideas. The volume which forms the subject of this review is an excellent example of this growing practice of literary co-operation, containing, as it does, fourteen contributions from eleven authors—a woman, three laymen, two parish clergymen, two clerical dons, a Wesleyan theological tutor, a Congregational minister and an American professor belonging to the Society of Friends.

As may be imagined, there is ample scope for the variety of treatment to which the subject naturally lends itself. Broadly speaking, we may distinguish three main threads of thought running through most of the conceptions, namely, the practical, the rational, and what may be called the tentative. The practical element is particularly noticeable throughout; there is none of the old professional pose and evasion of modern needs that have for so long isolated the writer on religious topics from the man of action. Here life is frankly accepted as involving difficulties to be faced by all and work to be shared by all—an attitude that leaves an impression of intellectual courage, honesty, and unaffected humility. The rational element also shows much greater boldness and

emancipation from theological convention, while the "tentative" displays originality and a determined search for spiritual truth as being the goal of strenuous effort rather than a matter for arid speculation.

Another welcome tendency in these essays is to appeal directly to the life of Christ in His aspect of the ideal man, and in this note of intelligent simplicity we see a hopeful sign of new life awakening in Christianity. In the absence of the more definite scheme of things open to the Theosophical student, it is really surprising how close to fundamentals many of these writers get, by what appears to be no more than an application of sound common sense to the Christian gospels. The reader must expect to find many of the stock objections of the old rationalists revived, with regard to the efficacy of petition, the place of evil, etc.; but though he himself may have given these the *coup de grace* long ago, they are still skeletons in the cupboard for many, and justify much careful clearing of the ground.

It is difficult to choose from among so much excellent matter, but we were specially taken with the two articles by Harold Anson on "Prayer as Understanding" and "Prayer and Bodily Health". The author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* comes next on our honours list, with two characteristic chapters on "Repentance and Hope" and "Prayer for the Dead". Other contributions of more than average merit are "God and the World's Pain" by B. H. Streeter, "Prayer and the Mystic Vision" by R. M. Jones, "Faith, Prayer and the World's Order" by A. C. Turner, and last but by no means least, a most up-to-date account of "The Devil" by R. G. Collingwood.

We might mention that there is actually a mention of Theosophy in the book, though it is only in the form of a footnote; but we are thankful for small mercies, and recognise that the spirit of Theosophy fairly breathes through these pages, and even through the personal appellations assigned to God. It may, however, be of interest if we quote the context of this rather meagre footnote:

We can, however, as a matter of fact, almost always trace suffering back to the results of evil-doing. This does not mean that we can by any means always assign the suffering to the sin or wrong doing of the person who suffers. This is very far from being the case, and we are very specially warned by our Lord against the attempt to do so. But we can so very generally

trace back suffering to the direct source of sin committed in the society of which the sufferer forms a part that we are justified in believing that if we knew all the circumstances which surround a case of suffering, we should always be able to point to the sin which caused it. A baby, for instance, dies almost as soon as it is born in some slum of a great town. It certainly, as far as we can see, is not the baby's fault [Foot-note as follows: Theosophists would probably say that the personality incarnated in the baby suffered for its sins done in a former incarnation.], it may very probably not be the mother's fault, it may very likely be the fault of the people who own the slum, or of the Town Council who continue to allow the slum to exist, or the sin of people like ourselves, who take no real trouble to remove the conditions which cause deaths which obviously would not happen if God's known will were being carried out.

Unfortunately, however, this brief allusion to what is at least a promising clue to the mystery is not followed up, the writer preferring to impress the lesson of social responsibility.

The book is no mean literary achievement, apart from its helpfulness to the more thoughtful of Christians and its moments of apparent inspiration. We hope it will reach a wide circle of readers.

W. D. S. B.

*The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage, The Sparkling Stone, and the Book of Truth*, by Jan van Ruysbroeck. Translated from the original Flemish by C. A. Wynschenk Dom, edited, with an Introduction, by Evelyn Underhill. (J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

In this volume we are presented with the first English translation of three of the most important works of the notable, though comparatively little known, mystic of the thirteenth century, Jan van Ruysbroeck. Miss Underhill writes an illuminating Introduction in which she sketches the life of Ruysbroeck and his work, giving a more detailed analysis of the three treatises which follow. All who have read her *Practical Mysticism* and know something about the subject of this essay, will realise how congenial must have been her task as commentator. Ruysbroeck's mysticism was of the practical kind, and holds up as the ideal of spirituality the "balanced career" in which contemplation and action supplement each other. Ecstatic absorption in God must not be allowed to unfit a man for the service of his fellows, he teaches; nor should the recognition of the divine in all around

blind him to the ordinary values of life. True to this ideal "his rapturous ascents towards Divine Reality were compensated by the eager and loving interest with which he turned towards the world of men"; and his "gift of the discernment of spirits," that insight by which he was able to expose the weaknesses of humanity as well as appreciate its greatness, grew as he developed more and more his power of merging himself in the Transcendent.

Ruysbroeck's writings treat of the spiritual life—what is its goal, by what means may the goal be reached, what are the dangers by the way and how may these be avoided. In the three contained in the volume under review all his characteristic teachings are found. The path to spiritual perfection, that state of "pure simplicity" in which the soul is able to "lose itself in the Fathomless Love" of God, is divided into distinct stages, called in *The Sparkling Stone* by the old names of the state of Servant, Friend and Son, and described there and in *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage* at length and in detail. As summarised in the Introduction the teaching is as follows :

Man, we know, has a natural, active life; the only one he usually recognises. This he may "adorn with virtues" and make well pleasing to God. But beyond this he has a spiritual or "interior" life, which is susceptible of grace, the Divine energy and love; and by this can be remodelled in accordance with its true pattern or archetype, the Spirit of Christ. Beyond this, again, he has a super-essential or "God-seeing life," in virtue of the spark of Divine life implanted in him. By the union of his powers of reason, will and feeling with this spark—a welding of the several elements of his being into unity—he may enter into his highest life.

Of the translation as such we are not in a position to judge. But as regards all that concerns the general reader, the work is thoroughly satisfactory.

A. DE L.

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*Tao Teh King*, by Lao Tzu. A Tentative Translation from the Chinese, by Dr. Isabella Mears. (William McLellan and Co., Glasgow. Price 2s. 6d.)

The philosophy of the Tao, as expounded by Lao-tze in his immortal classic, has already provided a fruitful field of research for Chinese scholars, and the several English translations now available have become widely known, not

only for the profundity of the conceptions they present, but also by reason of the latitude they offer for interpretation. All these translations bear enough resemblance to one another to enable the intuitive student, even though ignorant of the Chinese language, to discern a common philosophical basis beneath their divergence of expression; but probably the translators themselves would be the first to admit that they are still far from having fully reproduced the ideas of the original. Hence the justification for further attempts, and the welcome we cordially extend to this latest translation by Dr. Isabella Mears.

In an instructive Introduction we are given a few examples of the extreme difficulty that confronts the translator intent on a faithful analysis of the Chinese script. Not only is each character a combination of several signs, often apparently disconnected in meaning, but each of these signs has often several different meanings according to juxtaposition and context. We can readily understand, therefore, how a too literal translation, relying on anything short of complete familiarity with Chinese idiom, may easily obscure essential features by irrelevant embellishments, while on the other hand the temptation to read into the original some preconceived belief of the translator's is equally fatal.

Now the impression produced by Dr. Mears' translation—but of course it can be no more than an impression—is that, in her anxiety to bring out the subtler distinctions of the text, she has fallen back on the more specialised phrases of modern writers, with their resultant tendency to cramp the reader's imagination and lead him on to some side track. For instance, let us take the first syllables of the title—Tao, Teh—as typical of the few pivotal concepts on which the whole system turns. The best known rendering of the first—"The Way"—is certainly open to the objection of indefiniteness, though its very simplicity is almost a direct challenge to the enquiring mind; but can we be content to see this symbol of the First Cause labelled "progressive intelligence"? Again, the popular translation of Teh—"Virtue"—is far from happy, chiefly owing to its priggish associations, but when we find Tao-Teh translated as "Life-consciousness and its manifestation in action" we begin to envy the Chinaman

who can convey the same idea in two syllables. Similarly the author seems impatient—and perhaps rightly so—at the paradox of *wu wei* when taken as meaning “not striving,” and so substitutes “striving through the power of the Inner Life”; yet in so doing she deprives us of the very element that has aroused such opposition to so-called negative doctrines, like “non-resistance,” etc., but which leads to further enquiry and the final discovery that the personality must be definitely held in abeyance before the “Way” can open out.

However, it is far from our intention to dwell on what may appear to be slight flaws in an original and thoroughly conscientious piece of work, especially as these features may be the very ones to appeal to other temperaments. The same might be said of the arrangement of the lines in metrical form, which certainly enhances the appearance of the text, if not the flow of language. The following stanza (XLVII) is taken at random as a glimpse of Lao-tze, according to Dr. Mears—both at their best :

Without going out of my door  
I know the Universe.

Without opening my window  
I perceive Heavenly Tao.

The more I go abroad, the less I understand.

That is why the self-controlled man  
Arrives without going,  
Names things without seeing them,  
Perfects without activity.

The philosophy itself is too well known to need any comment here, in fact one of the most commendable features of Dr. Mears' version is its absence of “commentaries”. The “old-young” philosopher wields the magic of contrast in his own inimitable way ; and if it fails to reach the reader's intuition, explanations will not make it succeed. All we would say is: Do not dismiss Lao-tze hastily as merely a “Quietist,” but see whether he does not point to the same secret of “action in inaction” that we find in the *Gītā* and the Gospels.

W. D. S. B.

*The Goal of the Race: A Study in New Thought*, by A. T. Schofield, M.D. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This book is written in an interesting manner, with numerous anecdotes, to show that Modernism, as the author styles New Thought, Higher Thought, and Theosophy, is false to Christianity, and makes the Scriptures meaningless. The writer says that Evolution is a process necessary to man in everything *he* makes, that is, in everything artificial; but it is never a force, and there is no power to rise from within, and no evidence that any creature progresses by its own power and will, but only by Divine Power from without.

From the earliest commencement of life the goal was Man, the Divine Man; and the book leads us through seven stages, beginning from the unicellular kingdom, up to the fifth, the head of animal creation, but separated from it by an impassable gulf and bearing the impress of the Creator, which, we are told, does not make that stage divine, as Mrs. Besant asserts, but human.

Because Man is discontented with the fifth step, and aspires to the sixth, the state of Spiritual Man, these cults of Modernism have been evolved which have as their basis the Immanence of God. They lead only to the sixth, but beyond is the seventh, the Goal of the Race, when Man is conformed and becomes the Image of his Lord by simply looking to, and trusting in, the sacrifice of the Christ. The writer holds that this stage is not, as Modernists assert, when a man knows he is God, but when he revolves round this new centre, *Christus Consummator*, the New Birth, the Resurrection Life, the Goal of the Race.

We doubt if our readers will be able to extract much information from these pages, but they are of interest as representing a point of view.

E. S. B.

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*A Song of the Open Road and Other Verses*, by Louis J. McQuilland. (Heath Cranton, Ltd., London. Price 3s.)

A proem in verse by G. K. Chesterton and a preface by Cecil Chesterton herald the first complete collection of Mr. McQuilland's poems. The volume is less than one hundred

pages in length, showing how restrained the poet has been in his output. None of the poems are long, but all are well and carefully wrought. As they represent the work of some fifteen years perhaps, they reflect varying styles, but a similar fastidiousness and reaching after perfection pervades them all. We have "The House of the Strange Woman," representing the influence of the decadent period, but withal a very pleasing piece of work. We have humour and pathos charmingly blended in "A Georgian Snuff-Box," and "In a Library"—both little gems of "light verse".

The poet has a good command of language, and a very pretty turn for expression, so that all his work is pleasing and is saved from monotony. Perhaps this freedom from monotony is partially accounted for by the fact that he has written so little. The most serious effort is, we take it, one of his latest poems—"The Song of the Flag," written in irregular metre, but with a singularly beautiful rhythm, and described by Mr. Cecil Chesterton as "a Song of Internationalism by a Nationalist". Mr. McQuilland is one of the Irish poets, and exhibits the Celtic temperament; tears and laughter lie not far apart from each other in much of his work; and a slightly mystic atmosphere surrounds it, though it does not obtrude. But a love of eighteenth century England, its habits and customs, also shows itself in a rather bewildering contrast. Mr. McQuilland in imaginative and reflective vein may be illustrated by his verses on "Fleet Street," which will convey to the reader something of the charm of the writer :

La Rue des Pas Perdus  
We hear the echoing feet,  
Dragged by ghastly down-at-heels  
Along the ghostly street.

The Street of Strange Shadows ;  
We see the shadows crawl  
Stumbling to the gutter,  
Slinking to the wall.

The Street of the Dead Men  
Secure on Hades' floor,  
In sooth a gladder lot is ours,  
For we return no more.

The volume has a pencil sketch of the author and three decorative drawings by David Wilson.

T. L. C.



## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## THE COMING EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTION

In view of the present demand for the practical application of Theosophy, no apology is needed for referring to the second of Sidney Webb's articles in *The Contemporary Review* for December under the above heading. The subject is "Health and Employment"; and though the writer's proposals for the reduction of disease in children, and the prevention of post-war unemployment in the cases of adolescents and parents, are put forward on a purely financial basis, Theosophists will find in them a number of definite steps towards the realisation of brotherhood that should be taken immediately the war is over.

The prevalence of ill-health in the rising generation, already serious enough, has been considerably increased during the war by reductions in the School Medical Service, the premature withdrawal of numbers of children from school, and "by subjecting young adolescents to prolonged hours of labour, incessant overtime and continuous night-work without the protection of the Factory Acts". The latest Report of the Board of Education states that in England and Wales alone there are now "not less than a million children of school age so physically and mentally defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education which the State provides". This figure represents about one-sixth of the total number of children. We also read that, on an average, 40 per cent of the serious defects revealed by medical inspection remain untreated.

The only way in which this wastage can be prevented in the future is by a substantial extension of the School Medical Service and its powers, as soon as peace conditions are restored. Before this can be done, however, it is necessary to impress upon the Local Education Authorities that they are by law already responsible for the physical as well as the mental nurture of the children under their charge. The means proposed by Mr. Webb for bringing about the recognition and assumption of this added responsibility are as follows: public speeches by the President of the Board of Education; a circular from the Board to the Local Authorities; a Press campaign; and a prescribed minimum for the School Medical Service in each district.

Another necessary step is the provision of special schools for the physically and mentally defective—amounting to at least 40,000 in England and Wales alone. At present these children either have to go without any education or medical treatment at all, or else they become a drag on the healthy children and the teaching staff. The enormous loss of efficiency due to malnutrition is more difficult to weed out,

but again Mr. Webb suggests a prescribed minimum for the number of underfed children permissible, and obligatory school meals whenever this minimum is exceeded. The penalty he suggests for default in this and other cases is a deduction from the Government grants, though at first sight this sounds rather like "taking the breeches off a Highlander"; we would rather suggest the censure and, if necessary, the reconstitution of the obstructive committees. It further follows from the first article of this series, on "Half-Time for Adolescents" (see THE THEOSOPHIST, January 1917, p. 470), that if State-provided education is to be extended to adolescents, the School Medical Service must be similarly extended.

The writer then issues a grave warning as to the peril of unemployment when the abnormal output of shells is suddenly stopped, especially in its demoralising effect on the children. Apart from the semi-starvation of the younger children through poverty of the parents, we read :

Forty per cent of all the criminal offences are committed (so the Chairman of the Prison Commissioners once informed us) by youths between sixteen and twenty-one, *for the most part when they were out of employment.* Nor is this a small matter. Four-fifths of all the criminals in our gaols went there for the first time before they were twenty-one. It is practically certain if, in the dislocation that must happen when peace comes, the Government allows unemployment to occur among adolescents, it will be creating wastrels and criminals by the thousand.

He then refers to the several means, already prescribed elsewhere, by which the Government can prevent such widespread unemployment, and calls on the Education Authorities to insist on the Government applying these means, as well as keeping adolescents at school for an additional period. The shortage of trained teachers is to be met by an increase in training college accommodation, in the number of scholarships enabling boys and girls to qualify, and in the initial salaries and prospects of advancement offered. In the latter connection the writer reminds us that "the local Government Board does not allow Boards of Guardians to offer as little as they choose to Poor Law medical officers, workhouse officers, sanitary inspectors, etc. It insists on what it thinks a sufficient salary, even in the most parsimonious areas".

Of course every one will naturally say : But who is to pay for all this ? Mr. Webb does not attempt to minimise the price that must be paid by the nation, if its schools are to provide the citizens of the future with their rightful equipment of mind and body ; but in the first place he correctly maintains that an ample expenditure under this head is the soundest national economy, and then he advocates the charging of this cost to revenue and not to the local rates. These are a few of the more important of the many practical and clearly outlined proposals that Sidney Webb lays before the British public.

W. D. S. B.

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE storm-clouds are very heavy, hanging now over the whole world, for the United States have been drawn to the very edge of the War-zone, and are ringing with the preparations for War. South America is the only continent which is still undisturbed. The day of its greatness lies far off in the remote future; but that day will dawn, and it will rise to a dazzling height of splendour, far surpassing that most wonderful Ancient Peru, the decaying remnants of which were trampled into blood and mire by the Spanish Pizarro, the treacherous and brutal conqueror. Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia, North America, are now all enveloped in the flames of War. Truly is this age of Christendom being destroyed by fire, though not the kind of fire expected by the Christian world; they looked for fire from heaven, but it has burst forth from hell. The close of the Age is upon us, the Day of its Judgment has dawned; when that judgment has been pronounced, then shall be the Coming of the Son of Man, the World-Teacher, to lay the foundations of

the new civilisation, and to give the plan for its building.

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How blind is the world to the full significance of the events which are passing before its eyes. In the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, bound up together as the Bible accepted by the Christian Church, we have, as in all Scriptures of great religions, obscure hintings of the future in broad outlines, looming dimly through the mists which veil the future. There is given the End of the Age, and the "destruction of the world" by fire. Spoken of as brought about by divine agency, as verily are all things, superstition made it "miraculous" and scepticism mocked at it as imaginary. But the wheels of God grind on, heedless alike of superstition and scepticism, and the Nations are tried as by fire, and prove to be either gold or dross in the trying. And still the voice of the great Teacher sounds over the writhing world: "If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace." On England, more than on any other Nation, depends the immediate fate of the world. Will she, at least, know the things that belong unto her peace, in time for the world's saving?

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One obstacle in the way of England's triumph in the battle-field is in the unregarded cries of the thousands of Indian coolies who are being ruined, body and soul, by the horrible form of slavery known as indentured labour. The Government of India, a year ago this month, promised its total abolition "soon". A year has rolled away and the promise remains unredeemed, but not by the default of the Indian Government.

It is in England that the root of this shameful evil is fixed. It is in the urgency of the Colonial Office and the weakness of the India Office—strong to tyrannise in India but plastic to pressure in London—that lies the cause of the helplessness of the Government of India. But it is the latter which has to face the difficulties in India caused by the unworthy action of the London Secretaries of State. The dividends of Companies in Fiji weigh there more heavily than the souls and bodies of the Indian coolies, collected here and carried over at so much a head paid to the collecting agent, and living under circumstances so horrible and so degrading that they are made physical and moral wrecks. The condition may be imagined from one sentence, that the sex-proportion laid down for the emigrants is three men to one woman. They live in filthy barracks, children are born there and grow up there, into what decency of life may be imagined.

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We welcome *Theosophy in Scotland*, reborn into new life. One very interesting, and we think unique, fact is noticed by Miss Isabelle M. Pagan, who always writes the most delightful articles: There were no schools in Iceland to the end of the nineteenth century, but in 1880, "a child of ten unable to read is not to be found from one end of the island to the other. A peasant understanding several languages is no rarity, and the amount of general information that these people possess might be envied by many who have greater facilities for acquiring knowledge." I remember how enthusiastically that old Viking, William Morris, used to talk of Iceland, which he loved to visit. Miss Pagan tells us that a Hindū student has made an excellent translation of the Elder Edda, who was drawn to the old literature by some "versions of the Sagas given by William Morris". It is interesting to meet a Hindū in this unexpected bye-way.

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"Olcott Day," February 17th, as it is called in India and Ceylon, was kept as usual at Headquarters.

Let me give the rest of this month's Watch-Tower to his honoured memory. We gathered as usual at 7.10 a.m. in the large Hall, and stood in a large semi-circle in front of the alcove in which are the statues of our Founders. At 7.17, the time of his last breath, I said :

As many of you are aware, it was here, on this day and at this time in 1907, that Henry Steele Olcott passed away from us, exactly at the moment that we begin our annual meeting; his cast-off body lay here (indicating the spot) and a large number of friends and of those whom he had helped and served among the poor and the outcaste filed past that body and covered it with flowers. In memory of that we meet each year on the day and the hour when he passed away; and as year by year there are rather fewer people who knew him when he was living in that physical body, it becomes all the more necessary that we should keep his memory green by this annual remembrance.

To us, of course, death is but a very slight matter; he passed through the gate of death, and soon afterwards passed again through the gate of birth back to fresh work in the world. He is living now and growing well in the physical world, and we hope that, as he comes to manhood, the memory of the past will bring him back amongst us once again. Of that we have practically no doubt, but he has to train the new body and get it ready for its work.

His old friend, Dr. English, is unable to be here with us to-day because he sprained himself a few days ago and is unable to walk; hence we are unable to hear from him the words of memory and of love that he always gives to his old friend. They were very, very near together in the work, and that love remains ever fresh and green in the heart of Dr. English.

There is also, you know, another anniversary that we keep to-day, the anniversary of what we call a birth, not a death, but that which in Occultism is called rather the death into the physical body, while what we call death is regarded as birth into the higher life. To use, however, the worldly term, we celebrate also the anniversary of the birth of Charles W. Leadbeater, the great servant of the Masters, who is ever devoted to Their work and labouring in Their service; and we like to send him year by year from our meeting here a cable of goodwill and good wishes. Writing to me some time ago about the work that had been given us to do, he said that in our seventieth year it seemed rather a big job for us to

begin ; but years do not count, when work has to be done, and when the Masters give work They always give the strength to carry it out.

Those two memories, then, we celebrate here to-day ; both of them with peace and joy in our hearts, for we sorrow neither for the so-called dead nor for the so-called living. Both are always living, and for those who serve the Masters all must be well.

We have here this morning one who was with Col. Olcott in his last moments, helped in his nursing, was near him at his passing, and I will ask Mrs. Russak-Hotchner to say a word in memory of him. He loved her very much.

Mrs. Russak-Hotchner said :

Even though my heart is full of gratitude to H. P. B. and C. W. L. for what they are to me and to us all, on this special morning there is scarcely any room for memories other than those clustering around our beloved Col. Olcott. I feel very much in sympathy with Shah Jehan who wished to express in some beautiful memorial what he felt in love and tenderness for a beautiful soul. Our Theosophical Taj Mahal is not erected in one place but extends over the whole world, built by our grateful memory of Col. Olcott, and the shrine of that Temple is here in this centre. To me it speaks of his greatness and also his humility as his chief characteristics. To express to you something of what I feel, I shall tell you now an incident which I had intended to tell you to-morrow night at my memorial lecture of him. A friend of his, a life-long friend, had come to see him at his death-bed to say good-bye, and Colonel was talking over with him reminiscences of their love, life and work together for Theosophy, and their long friendship ; he thanked him for coming to see him to say farewell. And the friend said : "I did not come for that alone, but also because some one told me that you said something in criticism of me (he detailed the criticism) ; I could not bear to think that you would leave me with that doubt in your heart, and before I could believe that you did say that thing, I wanted to ask you personally." Colonel smiled into his face and said : "No, I did not say it ; but, my friend, you really ought to have been the Founder of the Theosophical Society, since you possess so great a sense of justice as to ask me first before you believed." It was his great appreciation of truth that spoke.

In those last days so many incidents told us, told me, that Col. Olcott had *lived* his beliefs, and thus he demonstrated each day how real his Theosophy was to him. What a worthy example to us all ! If the time ever came in our

Theosophical Taj Mahal when we needed to engrave or place in mosaic his name, or to record those things concerning him which he most personified, the most fitting word would be "Theosophy".

I then called on Mr. Jinarājadāsa, as a Buddhist.  
Mr. Jinarājadāsa said :

As the only Buddhist present in this assembly, yet representing the millions of a mighty Religion, my words can but be those of gratitude to one who brought back the ancient light of Buddhism to its modern followers. People can little appreciate, those who are not Buddhists, the sense of gratitude with which Buddhists regard him, for he came to Buddhist lands at a time when the ancient glories of the Religion were fading away from men's minds, and those that were the inheritors of a mighty truth were looking to other truths. It was the work of Col. Olcott to revive a sense of respect and reverence for the ancient truths of Buddhism, and he did it in a wonderful way. He taught us to understand the simple truths of Buddhism and to teach them to our children, so that, as the generations passed, the ancient light of Buddhism might be passed on to the world with all its purity. The work that he did in establishing schools for boys and girls in Ceylon has come to fruition, and now close on 30,000 children go to schools founded by him, and there are taught the principles of their Religion.

Let me also once again mention a great work that he did—to unite the two sections of the Buddhist world, the Northern Church, as it was called, and the Southern, by bringing together the priests of Japan and the priests of Siam and Burma and Ceylon, so that they should come to a common understanding as to what were the fundamentals of Buddhism.

These things stand to his credit, and as the centuries pass, more and more Buddhists will look upon him as their great benefactor, as a great saint of the Buddhist world who brought back once again the light. We know the work that the Colonel has done for the whole world, but, speaking for that part which is the Buddhist world, our sense of gratitude is very deep for what he has done for us. He proclaimed himself a Buddhist, and helped us once again to come to the feet of the great Lord Buddha.

Mr. Srinivasa Rao, an old worker with Col. Olcott, a Hindū, was next called on. He said :

Before Col. Olcott came to India Hindūism was in a most decadent state. After he came to India he revived that Religion, and so the Hindūs must be always very grateful to him.



Once while Col. Olcott was here, one of his servants was injured. When it was reported to him, he went out to him at once, lifted him in his arms, carried him into his room, and ministered to him until a doctor was brought. This largeness of heart was one of the things that we deeply appreciated in him. But especially Hindūs must be very grateful to him for reviving their great Religion.

Miss Kofel was then called, as the Superintendent of Col. Olcott's noble work among the Pañchamas. She said :

I came out to Ceylon first on account of his love for the Buddhists, to help there in the Musæus School. Afterwards he wished me to take up his work for the Pañchamas, as that was one of the works which he had most at heart. Naturally I was very glad to take it up and I have been carrying it on for over ten years. Naturally I feel very happy to show my love and appreciation for him by carrying on his work to the best of my ability.

Mr. Wadia, speaking as a Zoroastrian, then said :

The first I knew about the Colonel was his great lecture that he delivered many, many years ago when he first came to India, on "The Spirit of Zoroastrianism". His insight into the Religion, though he did not know the language of its Scriptures, was a marvellous thing for some of us who were going to the Madarasa, and were trying to learn the language ourselves. And it was that which first attracted me to the personality of Col. Olcott.

Then I came across another piece of work that he did for the Pārsi community. He tried to arouse in them a sense of dignity and appreciation for the Religion which, in their growing materialism, they were discarding, and he took a very effective step towards that. Complaint was made to him that the Zoroastrian Scriptures were not satisfactory in explaining the modern theories of science and of evolution. Like a practical man, he at once suggested that we must fill up those gaps in the Scriptures by finding out any old manuscripts which might be hidden somewhere in the world. He started a fund for that and worked enthusiastically for it, and though nothing came out of that fund, that helped to convince the Pārsi community that there was something to be said in favour of the argument of the Colonel, and from that day the revival of Zoroastrianism took place.

Curiously enough the other great Pārsi religious reformer and revivalist, K. R. Cama, was a very great friend of his. He was a materialist, went to Germany, studied under

German doctors, came out to Bombay, and drew around him a group from which grew up a school of Zoroastrian thinkers and scholars. In the last three years of his life, after hearing the Colonel speak at the Silver Jubilee at the Blavatsky Lodge in Bombay, this old man came to join the Theosophical Society, to the utter surprise and dismay of his many followers. Col. Olcott has done a great piece of work for the Pārsi community and, although it is not recognised by all of them, it is thoroughly recognised by the thoughtful and scholarly people among us ; and in the Blavatsky Lodge, which he and Madame Blavatsky first founded on Indian soil, there are many followers who cherish his memory, and their devotion, though silent, is very deep.

I then spoke the few closing words :

It is not many people of whom it can be said by the Hindū, the Buddhist, and the Pārsi, that he had been the great reviver, reformer of their Religions in this ancient land. Yet that is the testimony which is borne here to Col. Olcott.

Let me say, in closing, that his loyalty to Theosophy, his absolute devotion to the Masters, lay at the root of all his work. From Them he learnt his love of the old Religions, and also his desire to help the outcaste and the helpless, which were the characteristics of his life. Such a memory cannot die. Here, in commemorating him, we only add our little tribute to the great tributes which come to him from the Hindū, the Buddhist, the Pārsi and the Pañchama.

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Then started the long procession of friends and admirers, beginning with the President of the T.S., including the old Pañchama servants of the Colonel, and ending with the women sweepers, filing past the alcove, and each in turn mounting the platform and placing a few flowers at the feet of the statues of H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, and before the photograph of C. W. Leadbeater. Among the people were some little children, who danced up joyously to the alcove, without regard to the procession, climbed or were lifted on to the platform and threw down their flowers, with little hands folded for a moment in grave salute. Maybe in far-off years some of them may be good workers for Theosophy and may remember, with tender pleasure, their childhood's flower-homage to the great Living-dead.

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## PEACE OR TRUCE ?

By W. D. S. BROWN

**W**HATEVER the differences of opinion as to circumstances, practically all are agreed that a treaty of peace which would only postpone the present conflict to a still more terrible conflagration in the future would be a disaster second only to war itself. The real issue, then, hangs on the nature of an undertaking such as will render possible a lasting peace and not merely a patched-up truce.

Most people are content with a vague belief that if only the Allies can "crush Germany," their purpose in carrying on the war will have been achieved, and all

will be well. When asked to describe a predicament in which Germany might be fairly said to have been "crushed," these people will generally shelve the question with some such reply as: "Oh, when they've got no more men or money left, I suppose." Or perhaps they will settle the matter by dividing the German Empire into its original separate States. When it is pointed out that men can still be born, that money can still be made, and that separated States can still unite, we get nearer to the point, and are then told: "But of course we don't want to crush the German people, it is only German militarism that has to be crushed."

So far so good; but unfortunately militarism is primarily a belief; and though one course of action to which it has led may be suppressed, the belief may not have been shaken; in which case it will inevitably break out again into action at the next opportunity. Like all other beliefs, it can only be displaced by a contrary belief, in this case by the belief that national interests are not essentially antagonistic but interdependent—let us call this belief "federalism". A belief that has once gained a footing is not abandoned, and rightly so, until it has been disproved in practice; neither should a new belief be accepted until it has been proved in practice, at least to the satisfaction of the person concerned. Proof begins with experiment and ends with demonstration. Now the belief called militarism is clearly in the demonstration stage, while that called federalism has barely reached the experimental stage. We naturally hope that militarism will be incontestably demonstrated by the war to be a fallacy, and an immoral fallacy at that. Has this yet

been demonstrated? If not, is it likely to be, and in what way?

So far it may be said without much fear of contradiction from either side that the failure of the German government's original intentions has been amply demonstrated. It must still be admitted, however, that Germany came very near to being at least partially successful, and that on the traditional basis of territory under occupation she may still claim a plausible appearance of success. It is therefore necessary for a convincing demonstration of failure that the minimum terms accepted by the Allies be the *status quo* supplemented by some form of reparation and security for the future. They must amount, not merely to an unqualified admission on the part of the German government of the failure of its military resources to impose German rule on other countries, but also to a binding declaration of a radical change of policy.

On the other hand, if the demands of the Allies are going to be clearly excessive in the eyes of neutrals, and are going to be enforced by a vindictive prolongation of the war—which happily is extremely improbable, if not impossible, in spite of the wild talk promulgated by the jingo press and echoed by its dupes—then the militarists among the Allies will certainly point to their gains as justifying the use of force, at least as a means of retaliation, if not of acquisition. Modern warfare, however, has been found to be so limited by the output of ammunition, that it is extremely doubtful whether any overwhelming military ascendancy can be established; thus there is every prospect that the world will finally witness the supreme sacrifice of the war, for which all others have but prepared

the way—the sacrifice of governmental pride and its shibboleths.

It stands to reason that any attempt to define the actual terms would not only be out of place in a Theosophical magazine, but would be open to refutation by subsequent events and the secret processes of diplomacy; for it is, unfortunately, only too probable that the preliminary negotiations at least will once more follow the picturesque methods of the auction room. But the Theosophist should certainly be among those who see that the future peace of the world depends on very much more than the first compromise under which exhausted combatants will consent to cease from mutual slaughter. He will readily admit that there must be a genuine change of belief as well as a scrapping and re-designing of social and political machinery. However, he must not stop there, for there is a paralysing notion in our midst that a system of international law must be reserved for a planet populated by saints or even higher orders of evolution. Let us not be lulled by this “sweet bye and bye” narcotic. The same human nature that has evolved systems of civil law within nations can and will evolve, when it chooses, a more comprehensive system of jurisdiction as between nations, and from the same motive, namely, a healthy abhorrence of the only alternative—anarchy.

I submit, therefore, that the British electorate should not rest satisfied with any treaty that does not stipulate for the establishment and acceptance by each country of a *permanent* International Council for the *open* discussion of matters concerning more than one nation, and a standing judicial Tribunal to decide on

points of difference submitted by the Council. Neutrals should be invited to join, and this invitation should remain open indefinitely.

The main function of the Council would be legislative. Instead of beginning at the wrong end, as hitherto, by wrangling over methods of warfare and drawing up absurd distinctions between "civilised" and uncivilised devices for killing one another—distinctions that no warring nation is likely to trouble about when it believes its existence to be threatened—the normal relations of peace time should be placed on a sound footing, so that every government can know when it is within its rights and when it has exceeded them. Within the limits of international law, as laid down by the Council, each nation would be free to follow its own line of development.

This framework of international law would necessarily be of gradual growth and capable of continual adaptation to changing conditions. It is the absence of any definite agreement on questions of everyday occurrence, such as commercial complications, and the rigidity of such agreements as have hitherto been arrived at, that have so often precipitated the even course of honourable negotiations into veiled or open threats of hostility, as being the only available means of satisfying wounded national "honour" or effecting necessary changes. The militarists have scattered broadcast the following catch-phrase: "The war has proved that there is no such thing as international law." Unfortunately it is true that there is very little international law; but there is much more than most people have any idea of; and to argue that because a law has been broken, therefore it is no longer a law, is

like saying that there is no penal code because there are criminals. Such evasions can only thrive in a soil of loose thinking. A secondary, but no less needed function is the adjustment of particular cases that do not fall directly under existing provisions.

In the event of the failure of the negotiating parties to come to a decision, whether in a matter unprovided for by law or in the interpretation of a point of law, it would be incumbent on them to refer the matter to the judicial tribunal and await its decision before taking any steps of a warlike character. It is not to be expected that the decisions of the tribunal can be enforced, at least not until the federated governments have undertaken to support the tribunal against any government who ignored its authority; but the mere existence of such a body would at once place the onus of a rupture on the government that refused either to submit its case or comply with the decisions of the tribunal. Again, in the latter eventuality, enough time would have been gained to allow the first outburst of popular feeling to subside and a calmer attitude to prevail; while the decision of the tribunal would do much to turn the moral support of the civilised world against the law-breaker, as well as damping the enthusiasm of its own subjects.

Perhaps the very freedom of any applicant to accept or reject the tribunal's decision would be a greater element of safety than any scheme for the concerted use of force, as there would be less hesitation about submitting the disputed point in the first instance, and the real honour of accepting an unfavourable decision would be much greater and of incalculable educative value. By the time that international respect and confidence



had recovered enough to overcome the suspicion with which a scheme for military co-operation would at first be regarded, it would probably be found possible to carry out the scheme with a mere fraction of the present armaments—the reduction of which would be a great benefit to the peoples of all countries.

The next question is that of the selection of the national representatives to sit on the International Council. Clearly the first qualification is that they should be in touch with the *real* wishes of their respective countries and not merely with those of one or more sections, even though they be influential and money-making sections. This is one of the many reasons why, if the world is to go forward, or even recover the position it has lost by the war, the upholders of the principle of democracy must at all costs recapture the autocratic outposts from which they have been driven, and be prepared for a prolonged and determined political struggle for democratic existence.

Theosophists are fond of saying: "Oh, democracy is quite un-Theosophical. We know the world is governed by a Hierarchy." True, but in the first place the spiritual Hierarchy is in a position to *know*, which is hardly the case with a military plutocracy; and in the second, that Hierarchy does not *force* the will of the humblest human being. It guides and inspires; and when we have national hierarchies who can do the same, democracy will be unnecessary, because the rights of the people will be respected. As long as a people can only obtain its rights by making its voice heard, democracy is essential to peaceful development.

But democracy does not consist in asking every labourer to try his hand at framing the laws of the land,

as the conventional would fain have us believe. Under a true democracy—for as yet the world has only witnessed democracies in name—the best men would stand a much better chance of filling the important posts, because they would then have to satisfy the whole nation and not merely a political or commercial clique; the nation would then judge by results, and if a certain minister or ministry failed to give satisfactory results, the necessary change would be made on a clear issue. Whatever form the government took, it would be appointed under a mandate from the nation to conduct the national business in the real interests of the nation as a whole, and not in fictitious interests, such as the acquisition of “undeveloped” countries and “spheres of influence,” or the domination and exploitation of other races—interests which always turn out to be those of certain privileged classes for whom the nation has eventually to suffer. Of course it would be almost as great a mistake to administer the nation’s affairs for the sole benefit of the manual workers, though there is little fear of such a mistake occurring in England.

Again, the nation must be taken into the confidence of its representatives, or they will forfeit the confidence of the nation. It is not enough that the people should be told, after a private conspiracy has landed them in a crisis, that they must support a course of action to which they have been committed without a semblance of consultation. If a government fears the verdict of its own people, what confidence can it have in others, or even in itself?

Finally as regards the qualifications of the electorate, it is no part of the democratic principle to

saddle the elector with any greater responsibility than that of recording whether he or she approves of a definite scheme, laid before the country in broad outline, and submitted to a referendum. It may be said that a sound judgment on even the simplest matters demands a certain amount of special education and intelligence. Quite so. Then why not provide the necessary education, making it "special" in the sense of teaching subjects that really matter, like history and political economy, instead of a number of fads of an examiner ?

A revised system of education would soon evoke intelligence enough to see what was being done with the people's lives and money, and stop any nonsense before it went too far ; for the people have always the power and the *right* to refuse to work and pay for conditions they have not sanctioned. In any case we surely cannot plead our deficiencies in national education as an excuse for withholding the legitimate exercise of a man or woman's national responsibility ; rather should democracy be welcomed as necessitating universal education. It is often said that the great mass of the people take no interest in national and foreign affairs. Such theorists can never have entered a working-men's club, or they might easily have found their match in political debate. True, there is little enough reliable information on foreign affairs, but this cannot be attributed wholly to popular indifference ; given the increased opportunity, the interest will soon enough be roused.

The development of democracy is especially essential to the success of international federation because otherwise such federations will be little more than trade

combines for the exclusion of rival combines. The resolutions passed at the Paris Conference should be warning enough of the dangerous lengths to which a military alliance is prepared to go under commercial pressure. The power of co-operation is already admitted; the danger is that it will be used as a weapon and not as a safeguard. Even within the British Empire we find a privately organised attempt to keep one part of the Empire—India—in a position of subjection to the remainder, presumably for fear that a recognition of equal rights would curtail the profits made by one part of the Empire at the expense of another. It follows, therefore, that until a government respects the rights of its own people, it is not likely to respect the rights of other peoples, and any scheme of federation that does not respect the rights of all will be partially or wholly an imposition, however fine it may sound from the platform.

How do we know that other nations can be relied on? We do not know. We have got to find out by trying them. If each nation waits for the others to make the first move, no move will be made. The nation that does make the first move will have proved itself fit to lead in the coming civilisation; not in the old sense of being able to get its own way regardless of consequences, but in the new sense of being ready to give way for the common safety. If Britain cannot lead in this respect, how can she continue to plead high ideals in justification of the war? The co-operation of the Allies, in spite of every attempt from the other side to sow discord, has proved that nations who had recently regarded one another as traditional enemies can trust one another when faced by a common danger;

can anyone say that such co-operation is impossible when directed to securing the common safety?

But how can such agreement be extended to our present enemies? No one can pretend that it will be easy. But there is no other alternative to a continuation of war—in the preparation if not actually in the waging. Granted that German humanity has fallen a prey to the madness of thwarted ambition, is it to be denied the chance of rising again? We Theosophists, who believe in the irresistible urge of evolution, must know that sooner or later it *will* rise again, whether it is helped by us or hindered. Shall it be our karma to help or to hinder?

W. D. S. Brown.



## THE UNITY OF THE HINDŪ FAITH

By T. R. RANGASWAMI AYYANGAR, M.A.

*(Concluded from p. 494)*

HAVING formulated these simple facts of experience, we enter into the proper field of our enquiry. At the outset it must be said that the Hindū does not believe that his ancestors have inferred by a process of inductive reasoning the existence of God from these facts of experience, but he maintains that God in His many-sided manifestations was revealed to the Vaiḍic sages, and the truth of their representation is verified by our own experiences in life. In other words, he does not argue that God's nature must be such and such, because our nature is such and such, but asserts that our nature has been so determined because God's nature is such. Every man is a miniature divinity, and whatever is found in him is only an emanation from Him, and nothing exists in man or any other object which cannot be traced to a divine origin. All creation is only a manifestation of God, and like the spider which weaves its own web out of the substance of its own body and takes its abode in it. God has created this universe out of His own substance and manifests Himself in it and is also apart from it. This sounds like a paradox, but the paradox lies in the weakness of our nature, in attempting

to study His nature, and not in Himself. Under the influence of the wind a mighty wave rises on the surface of the ocean, becomes differentiated from it, gets a name of its own, flows over the same surface and at last spends itself in it. Still nothing new has been created nor anything old destroyed. In the same manner, under the influence of the Divine Force, this mighty universe rises out of Himself and becomes finally absorbed into Himself. In Hindū Cosmology there is no beginning and perforce there can be no end. The work of creation, growth, and decay goes on in a circle, and what is born must grow and die only to be born again. This circle never ceases to revolve, and so this universe has been created and destroyed countless times. Whatever applies to the whole must necessarily apply to every part.

From the sun down to the meanest object, animate or inanimate, everything is subject to this law of change. Observation proves it and science confirms it. This has given birth to the doctrine of Reincarnation, a belief in which is universally shared, not only by all the sects of the Hindū faith, but also by the offshoots of Hindūism, Buddhism, and Jainism. To enter into the critical examination of this doctrine is beside the scope of this enquiry, but the Hindū claims that, apart from the testimony of great sages, every man can realise for himself the truth of this doctrine at a particular stage of psychic development, if he cares to undergo the necessary discipline and training in his psychological life.

This doctrine of Reincarnation presupposes another cardinal doctrine of the Hindū Faith, *i.e.*, the doctrine of predestination or Karma. The law of Karma is only the universal law of causation carried to its logical

conclusion. Here too we do not propose to enter into a critical enquiry, but it is enough for the purpose of this discourse to mention the simple fact that it is universally believed by all who claim a Hindū origin for their faith. It must be conceded that this doctrine of Karma offers an ingenious explanation for many otherwise inexplicable phenomena in the world, but it must be admitted at the same time that it is at best but a theory which cannot be raised to the dignity of a law according to the scientific conception of the word. A Hindū feels this as no hindrance to his belief, because in his heart of hearts he seeks no confirmation for his belief in modern and material science. His faith is so strong that, if modern science does not conform to his belief, he pities science and not his faith, and asserts that science is not sufficiently developed to grasp the truth of the working of these cosmic laws.

The law of Karma does not preclude him from believing that man is a moral agent, responsible for his actions, and that reward and punishment are meted out to him according to the nature of his actions. At the time of a man's birth the law of predestination determines his environment, his caste, his rank in life, the general tendencies of his mind, his likes and dislikes, his age, and even the state of his physical body; but at the same time he is a free agent, though in a limited sphere, capable of influencing his life by his efforts. Circumstances, actions and experiences over which he has no control are the effects of the law of Karma, but everything which is within the sphere of his *choice* is a direct outcome of his own will, for which he is responsible both to society and to God. An interdependence between freedom and destiny is recognised,



and to represent the Hindū as a blind believer in fate is a perversion of truth. Eternal reward or damnation is an outrage to his sense of justice and reason, nor does he disclaim the meritableness of his reaping the fruits of his own actions; in fact he believes that his future births and experiences are the necessary outcome of his past and present karmas, from whose effects there can be no escape.

A Hindū makes no difference between science and philosophy, or philosophy and religion, and so traces every art or science to a philosophical basis, and religion to him is only the practical side of philosophy. All knowledge to him has a religious significance, and all his institutions, social, moral or political, have a religious basis. It is no exaggeration to say that a Hindū's life moves in an atmosphere of religion and nothing else from birth to death, and every thought, word, or deed of his has a flavour of religion at the root. That is why his customs and institutions have stood the test of time, and unless a change is brought about at the root, a partial reform will produce no appreciable good.

A Hindū, then, to whatever sect he may belong, believes in the existence of an eternal God; an external world, created or manifested by Himself; an individual soul, divine in its essence and aspiring after final redemption; in the eternal laws of karma (or causation) and reincarnation (a cosmic necessity); in rewards and punishments according to the nature of his actions; and, lastly, in salvation, which, in his conception, means the realisation of his divine nature by shaking off the bondage of karma, good, bad or indifferent. There is no such thing as an Evil Principle co-existent with God, and claiming equal authority and taking a malicious pleasure

in bringing humanity to eternal damnation. He recognises no arbitrary commandments, a strict obedience to which is enjoined by a divine law; and whatever contributes to put off his final release is sin, and whatever helps him to hasten towards it is virtue. He does not claim, as is misrepresented by some, that salvation is the exclusive property of a chosen few, but believes that every soul will have to work out its own salvation on its own line of action, determined by its karmas, past, present, and future. Every man has been placed in the midst of environments most congenial for his amelioration, and in the faithful discharge of his duties lies his path of salvation. Thus we see that in cardinal points of religion and philosophy there is no difference of opinion at all among the various sects, but, on the other hand, all work towards a common end. What is it, then, that has brought these sects into existence?

It has been already observed that all the sects agree in viewing the Vedas as the final authority on all religious questions, and there is no sect which does not claim a Vaidic origin for its beliefs. Differences of opinion crop up only in the interpretation of the texts which favour the views of a particular sect. Each tries to weave a consistent whole out of the apparently inconsistent statements made in the Vedas. The central point on which the whole controversy revolves is the conception of the Ultimate Cause as symbolically represented by the mystic syllable "Aum". It is in interpreting this word that all the difference lies. This syllable is found at the beginning and at the end of the Vaidic literature. It is beside our point to enquire why this word, above all others, should be made to represent the Final Cause. All agree in viewing it so, and not

without reason. Viewed collectively, the Vedas speak of the ultimate substance, in some places, as a personal Being, and in some other places as an impersonal Being. The three demonstratives "he," "she" and "it" are freely predicated of it. In one place it is spoken of as a male Being endowed with all laudable qualities in perfection, and in another place as a neuter object, devoid of all qualities or states. In no place is it maintained that it is a non-entity, though everything observed and observable is denied of it. It is beyond all comprehension, and yet the attempt has become possible only by virtue of its presence in every thinking soul. Though it is not possible for anybody to know it in all its perfection, yet it is not impossible to realise its divine essence. To the Hindū, God is *not* unknown and unknowable. Otherwise all the attempts were futile, and life were not worth living. A free, vegetarian life would be enough for all practical purposes, and there would be no necessity for religion or philosophy.

In one place the Vedas advocate a strict monotheistic theory, and in another place they speak of innumerable Gods and Goddesses presiding over the destinies of mankind. In one place they seem to favour a pantheistic view, and in another place they advocate a polytheistic theory. In one place the "Paramāṭman" is differentiated from the "Jīvāṭman," and in another place the bold assertion: "It is I," is made with all the force of self-assertion. Every hymn sung in praise of a deity raises that deity to the dignity of the highest power, and even contradictory statements are made of the same deity in two different places. How is it, then, that such a document, full of anomalies, could have passed for the highest authority among the most

intellectual race of the ancient world? How can such a document create an abiding interest in the race, and exercise an influence which even centuries of foreign contact cannot affect? The explanation is simple—with all its apparent inconsistencies it contains the vital truth, and no other faith has been able to present a saner view. The Vedas represent the truth in all its many-sided aspects in different places, and this accounts for their apparent inconsistencies. Just as there is perfect accord in the essential doctrines they have propounded for man's guidance, so there is an undercurrent of unity in which all inconsistencies find a ready explanation. This unity of faith has been recognised by all the sects. Otherwise, there would have arisen an endless struggle in which some one would have asserted its predominance and wiped the others out of existence. Physical nature presents an endless variety in the midst of a palpable touch of similarity. So is the Hindū faith; and as nature does not become less beautiful on account of its diversities, so has the Hindū religion become not less true on account of its various sects.

The Spirit Supreme, represented by the mystic "Aum," is both active and passive, male and female. Nature or Prakṛti is an inseparable accident in it, just as heat cannot lie separated from fire, force from matter, and light from the sun. By virtue of its divine presence Prakṛti begins to act. It is represented as the female principle, and when it takes a kinetic condition it assumes a personality and permeates itself in chaos with three qualities: Saṭṭva, Rajas, and Ṭamas. Prakṛti should not be regarded as a second substance apart from Brahman, and yet should not be viewed as one with it.

When viewed in combination with Prakṛti, the Spirit has a personal appearance, endowed with all qualities, and when viewed as apart from it, it seems to be an impersonal substance devoid of qualities and not susceptible of any action. It is purely an intellectual process of thinking, because *per se* the Spirit is never found apart from Shakti, nor can Shakti be thoroughly identified with it. For all practical purposes of philosophical reasoning they are regarded as two separate entities—the one (Shakti) acting under the influence of the other (Brahman). The fully manifested Brahman in its active stage is represented as Virāt or Puruṣha. The three kinds of cosmic energy evolve themselves out of Him, and each, subject to the law of heterogeneity from homogeneity, undergoes a series of triple ramifications to an infinite extent. The Sāttvic part subdivided itself into three more aspects, as Saṭṭva in Saṭṭva, Rajas in Saṭṭva, and Ṭamas in Saṭṭva. The Rājasic part correspondingly divided itself into Saṭṭva in Rajas, Rajas in Rajas, and Ṭamas in Rajas. The Ṭamasic part has its corresponding divisions—Saṭṭva in Ṭamas, Rajas in Ṭamas, and Ṭamas in Ṭamas.

Thus the Supreme One yields place to the inseparable Two, which, in beginning to act in three ways, manifests itself in nine varieties. The Saṭṭva in Saṭṭva assumes a definite shape, and gets a local habitation and a name. He is called Vishṇu, the Protector of the universe. The Rājasic part of the original Saṭṭva, activity being its nature, becomes Brahmā, the Creator and Father of the whole universe. The Ṭamasic aspect of the primeval Saṭṭva becomes the dread Destroyer of the universe, called Ruḍra by name. What one creates, another protects and supports, and the third destroys,

only to be created, developed and destroyed again. The three always act in concert, and their work is interminable and inseparable. Destroy the one, the other two cease from existence. Each is supreme in his field of activity, and each is the direct and supreme manifestation of the eternal Puruṣha in whom they move and have their being. Each is the Supreme Deity when viewed apart from his functional activity. This inevitable "Triad" is a necessary law of existence, because there is nothing, here or elsewhere, which is outside the scope of its influence. They form the presiding deities, each viewed by a sect as the highest manifestation of the Supreme Deity. All worship, all ṭapas and all devotion are made only to these, and for all purposes of religion there is no necessity to go beyond, nor is it possible to do so. The higher stages are pure intellectual abstractions, and practical worship is impossible. That is why each sect has stopped with one of these deities, and popular religion does not care to go beyond. Each is conscious that it worships only the Supreme Deity in its divine form, and has no quarrel with its neighbour who has a different idea. But religion, as a system of dogmas and observances, cannot but breed bigotry in some narrow hearts. This naturally leads to bickerings and social exclusion, but persecution in the real sense of the word, of one sect by another sect, never existed in the land. People were never put to horrible forms of death, their women defiled, their children murdered and their homes destroyed in the sacred name of God. Each sect with its narrowness of vision looked down upon the other as an inferior form of worship, but no sect had the boldness to deny a Vaidic origin to its rival.

Coming to the second grand quality, of Rajas, in the Supreme Puruṣha, we find the same threefold, inevitable classification. The Saṭṭva aspect of this quality, which represents supreme activity, manifested itself in a number of Gods, or divine Beings, or immortals. The Sāṭṭvic essence of their nature has placed them above the workings of the laws of this cosmos, and so they have been endowed with grand powers to influence the destinies of their less favoured brethren of mundane existence. They can be easily propitiated to do good, or provoked to do harm. They live in a world like our own, but sorrow and death may not enter there. They are divided into various orders, each having qualities and powers peculiar to itself. Differences of rank, position and function are found there. They are immortals only in a relative sense, and their dominion is perfectly within the grasp of a mortal man, if he cares to seek their bliss and share their enjoyments. The lower deities of this realm are jealous of the aspiring mortals, and seek to put obstructions in their path of seeking entrance into their dominion. The demons and Asuras of the nether regions often wage war with them, and sometimes usurp their dominion, only to be supplanted by the intervention of the higher powers in authority. The Hindū religious literature is full of such stories, which readily appeal to popular imagination and foster a spirit of reverence and love to the favourite deity who works out the redemption of the Devas from the hands of the Asuras. This is a never-ending struggle, and admits of an allegorical interpretation, but to form an idea of the Hindū faith from this part of its literature alone, is to do it great injustice, if not harm. Foreigners, to whom this part of our literature alone is readily

accessible, find in it an easy weapon to be directed against the followers of the Hindū faith, and it is no wonder that even many educated people within the fold are prone to form a poor opinion of their faith. It is beside our point to enter into the details in this part of our enquiry, though an elaborate investigation is worth the trouble.

Passing on to the Rājasic part of the primeval Rajas quality, we are told that it has manifested itself in the shape of human beings. Activity is the very essence of human existence, and no nation or race can ever remain stagnant. But the nations of the world are characterised by varying degrees of activity, wisdom and ignorance, exactly in proportion to the subtler triads of this ramified quality. The permutation changes with time, and so one nation, most advanced in one age, may sink in power or intellectuality in another age, and a less fortunate one at one stage may become a more favoured one at a different stage. Since change is the watchword of nature, no nation, tribe or individual can possibly be in a fixed position of greatness or savagery for a continuous period of time. Changes do not take place arbitrarily, but are subject to the workings of certain cosmic laws, and there is a destiny which controls even the fall of a sparrow. There is no such thing as chance in Nature, but whatever we do not know is called superstition and whatever we cannot account for is called chance. This accounts for the various grades of civilisation at various times in the history of the nations of the world.

The Tāmasic aspect of the primeval Rājasa quality, subject to the same laws of permutation and change, permeated itself into the lower animals, from the



highest mammalia down to the lowest insect. Mobility is their chief characteristic, inasmuch as they have emanated from the Rajas quality, but their Tāmasic nature has deprived them of all intellectual functions. All their activities are confined to mere brute instincts, and they are incapable of any intellectual life. Though the higher animals may approach almost to the grade of the lowest man, yet there is an ocean of difference between the two. If placed in better environments and circumstances, the meanest savage is capable of intellectual development; but the highest animal, even in the midst of the most favourable circumstances, cannot develop an intellectual life on account of the Tāmasic feature of its nature. The evolutionary philosopher cannot step over the gulf, in spite of all his ingenuity. The different grades into which the three primeval qualities may permute themselves may produce different grades of consciousness, but the radical element in each cannot be eliminated. The workings of these three guṇas are beautifully seen in the types of animals they have created with various instincts and qualities. But the common aspect of their Tāmasic nature has produced a common feature in them all—the absence of intellectuality. There is evolution in the sense that various types are evolved from a common origin; but Hindū philosophy does *not* admit that one species is developed from another, and account for the existing gaps by assuming a number of missing links in the chain of evolution. It must be carefully noted that the original duality of sex has portrayed itself in all emanations, and one cannot possibly be reduced into the other.

Coming to the third grand quality of the Supreme Shakti, Tamas, we find the same laws of permutation

and change repeated. Following the distinction of sex in the other two evolutions, the Tāmasic quality manifests itself in two aspects, as matter and force, the one representing the passive side and the other the active side of Nature. Both are inseparable, and each, when reduced, will appear to have been evolved out of the other. A pronounced judgment is impossible, and hence the philosopher's puzzle. The materialist would pronounce with all the potency of his soul that "force is only matter in another state," and an idealist would affirm that "matter is only a manifestation of force, which itself is only a product of the phenomenal mind". According to the Vaidic philosopher the material universe in its twofold aspect is only a manifestation of the Tāmasic quality of Shakti, and since Shakti is nothing different from God, but means only God in activity, the material universe is also nothing different from God; yet, at the same time, it cannot be identified with God, inasmuch as it is only a manifestation of one aspect of God's active nature. It is true when God is contemplated as having an active side in His nature, and false when that activity is denied of Him. Matter, force, mind, soul, and every other thing, is a true entity when the Supreme Deity is in a state of activity; and the moment He shrinks back into inactivity, the whole becomes potential in Him. The "She" merges into "Him," and "He" becomes transferred into "It". All the three states are true, and no state represents the entire truth.

We cannot say that any one of these states is non-existent, because we find the same intact in a subsequent manifestation; and since what is destroyed cannot revive, in the same state at least, nothing can be said

to have been destroyed or to be unreal, nor can one be the product of another. Sectarian importance attached to a particular aspect has brought about an apparent inconsistency, but when viewed *in toto*, the whole seems to be rational, and a belief in one aspect is perfectly compatible with another, provided that passion and prejudice do not intervene.

It is in determining the nature of the material universe *per se* that a difference of opinion within the fold is possible. All other differences naturally follow from this, and so a right conception of each system of philosophy becomes imperative, before an attempt is made to reconcile the various views. The Dvaitin (the dualist) affirms that matter is eternal, soul is eternal, and God is eternal. The individual soul therefore is something essentially different from the Universal Soul, and matter is different from both. God, as the active agent in the other two, has sway over them. Salvation or freedom consists in breaking the web woven by Prakṛti round the individual soul, thus preventing it from realising its true nature. The freed soul breaks the chain of karma and rebirth, and translates itself into the region of eternal bliss in the presence of the Universal Soul, *i.e.*, God Almighty. The Advaitin has exactly a contrary opinion. The Universal Soul is the only one true entity, and matter and mind are but illusory creations of Prakṛti, which itself is an illusion. Just as in sleep a soul is conscious of no external world or individual existence, so in the end, *i.e.*, in the stage of final release, the so-called individual soul finds itself nothing but the Universal Soul, which alone is the irreducible minimum. There is nothing else than God eternal, and everything else which seems to have a local

habitation and a name, is a mere illusion to be realised as such in the end. Until an individual soul realises this truth, it is in bondage ; and salvation, in its highest sense, means the destruction of the individuality and the realisation of oneness with the eternal Soul. The sun, reflected in the several pots of water, appears to be different suns, but the moment the media are destroyed, plurality vanishes and there is only one sun. It is idle to question why this illusion should creep into the soul, but the only legitimate aim should be to find out if it is not illusion. That it is so, is borne out by the phenomenon of sleep ; and if sleep becomes eternal, the phenomenal world and individual consciousness exist nowhere. The highest stage of realisation is to find out that "I am God and nothing else".

There is a third philosopher, the Vishishtādvaitin, who takes an amphibious stand of reconciliation between the other two. He is at one with the dualist when maintaining that the three entities are eternal, each having an individual existence. But he differs from him in not believing that all the three have independent existences. Matter and mind are but emanations from God and have their existence in Him only. The Universal Soul overlaps the other two, and it is only through its agency that the other two are capable of activity. They, though eternal, have no "separate" existence, in the sense that they themselves are but emanations from the Supreme Spirit, and move and have their being within and not outside Him. There is but one Supreme Being, and there is no second substance independent of Him and co-existent with Him.

He differs from the Advaitin in repudiating the Māyā theory, which, he thinks, is only a convenient

device to explain away the various discrepancies found in the Vedas. He does not admit that matter is an illusory creation of the mind, and that the soul, by some mysterious impotency inherent in it, imagines itself to have a separate existence. The material universe, which is only an emanation of the Tāmasic aspect of the Divine Being, and the mental world, which is an emanation of His Rājasic quality, are as eternal as the Being Himself in whom they have their existence. The individual soul, divine in its essence, has an eternal existence by itself; and, when freed from the bondage of Karma, realises its divine nature and is in perpetual enjoyment of divine bliss, resulting from a consciousness of its being a passive entity under the sweet control of a charming lover. The relation between the individual soul and the Supreme Soul is exactly like that between Shakti and her Divine Consort. While She is not apart from Him, She has an individual existence to enjoy His sweet company. There are no different grades in the Supreme Godhead—as a Saḡuṇa Brahman on an inferior plane and a Nirḡuṇa Brahman working on a superior plane.

It is needless to observe that each philosopher bases his theory on the Vaidic texts, and quotes chapter and verse in support of his view. When the whole is taken together and viewed impartially, it may be seen that there is no real antagonism among the contending parties. In the language of Logic they are dealing in contraries and not in contradictories. Each pays special attention to *one* particular aspect of the nature of the Divine Self, and there is no question of right or wrong in the controversy. As stated in a former part of this paper, the Supreme Being in His

waking state assumes an individual existence, and the whole universe, material and mental, has separate existences and is coeval and eternal with Him. In His subconscious condition they converge back to their original source and lose their individual activity. They realise that they are only passive tools, subject to the control of a Supreme Power, and though apart and individualised, they only form parts of His divine essence. Though the parts are many, the whole is one. When the Supreme Being goes into a state of inactivity, the other two, whose very existence depends upon divine activity, become potential and are lost in the sea of Universal Consciousness. Again, when He comes to the waking state, all come out intact and assume their former existence. The philosophical portion of the Vedas, which has to take note of each by itself and the whole in aggregate, necessarily indulges in apparently contrary and inconsistent views. It cannot truthfully give prominence to one view only, and every sect, consciously or unconsciously, has to admit this fact. Each is contented with its own view of the matter and has no quarrel with its neighbour.

Coming to the practical side of religion or philosophy, there is an admirable consensus of opinion among all the sects, and though differing in unimportant details, they all agree in the efficacy of Karma performed with a selfless motive, devotion to the Supreme Being, as the only means of spiritual discipline, and the realisation of Divine Wisdom as the end of all human existence.

Hindūism, as a whole, occupies a unique position in the history of human thought and speculation, and claims that no other religion or philosophy can

present to the world anything new, which cannot be found in it. If, as it claims, the boldest speculation of a philosopher in any part of the world at any age is nothing new to it ; if the highest form of rational worship found in any other religion can be found in it ; if the most admirable discoveries of science or art are not incompatible with it, but serve only to bring out its beauties into greater prominence and acceptance ; if, in short, it has created a race of people, however unwise from a worldly standpoint, the most selfless, tolerant and peaceful, and the least greedy of earthly power and enjoyments— it is for an earnest seeker of truth to investigate and find out how far its pretensions are true and trustworthy.

T. R. Rangaswami Ayyangar.

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## THE BASIS OF DEMOCRACY<sup>1</sup>

By SRI PRAKASA, B.A., LL.B. (CANTAB.),  
BARR.-AT-LAW

ARISTOTLE, the first exponent of Political Science to the western world, says that a State can be of three kinds: (1) where supreme power is vested in *an individual*; (2) where it is vested in *a few persons*; and (3) where it is vested in *the many*. If, he goes on to tell us, this power is exercised for the benefit of the community at large, then the polities are *normal*; if, however, it is used for the private benefit of the persons in authority, the politics are *perversions*.

According to this writer, Democracy is the perversion of the polity where supreme power is vested in *the Many*—the normal form of the rule of “the Many,” he calls simply *polity*. The ancients had to make this distinction between normal and perverted polities because they could never lose sight of the moral element, *viz.*, whether the Government did or did not look after the interests of the subjects. Modern political scientists do not care for this fact; their duty seems to end when they have examined as to where the supreme sovereign power rests in a land, and have declared the nature of

<sup>1</sup> In discussing this world-old, yet ever new, subject, it is not my intention to take up the standpoint of a partisan, but that of a student earnestly desirous of understanding what the word Democracy means; what form of government it connotes; as well as the difficulties that lie in the way of the complete realisation of the ideal aimed at.—S. P.



the polity they have been examining. Therefore Aristotle's "Government of the Many" would correspond to a great extent with Democracy as conceived in the modern world, regardless of what it does for the weal or woe of those whom it rules.

Two important facts, however, must not be lost sight of: (1) The States which Aristotle studied were small city-States, and in his scheme the "Governing Many" would take part in all the departments of State directly in person; (2) Aristotle's "Many" did not include the working classes. The persons who worked by their hands were usually slaves carried away by the Greeks in their conquering expeditions, and as such, not admitted to Greek citizenship. Aristotle's "citizen" was not any- and everybody born in the State, irrespective of the trade he was carrying on, but he was essentially the person of leisure who never "soiled (?) his hands by manual work, and whose only business was Politics.

Modern statesmen have not to deal with small city-States, but large nation-States consisting of many millions of inhabitants. Such a State was an absurdity for Aristotle. His ideal of the dimensions of a State was that if a person stood in the market-place and shouted at the top of his voice, all members of the State should be able to hear him; to him a State of ten thousand persons was as impossible as the State of ten: the former was too large as the latter too small. Then again, modern democracies attempt to include *all* and not only *the Many*. From time to time the number of qualifications required of persons eligible to take part in government has been steadily reduced—the tendency being to exclude as few as possible, if any at all.

Manual work is no disqualification now; manual workers are not slaves but citizens.

Democracy—the Government of the People—should mean that all persons who comprise the State, and who are affected by the Government, should take part in the exercise of power in that Government. In other words, every one should be allowed a voice in all the three departments of the State, *viz.*, the Legislative, the Executive and the Judicial: the power of making laws; the power of enforcing laws; the power of punishing the breakers of these laws.

If a State consists of only a few persons—a few hundreds of leisured people, we will say—it might be possible—though there still would be difficulties, as the histories of democratic Greek States show—to collect all of them together for the exercise of the various functions of the State in its legislative, executive and judicial departments. But this procedure is manifestly impossible in the case of modern States. Therefore the system of *election* has been invented. In a modern democratic country the whole land is divided into electoral districts; from each such district a representative is to be sent to the national legislative. The citizens inhabiting a district are to meet and elect their representative. It is obvious that there cannot be unanimity; and, to facilitate matters, the system of regarding *the view of the majority as the view of all* has been further invented.<sup>1</sup> This ultimately comes to mean that a little less than half the population

<sup>1</sup> We must remember that this system of deciding questions by a majority-vote is a very recent one in the history of mankind. The former and perhaps more natural system was for the minority to secede. To this day, in Hindū communal questions—which are becoming more and more bitter owing to the influx of reform ideas—the minority invariably secedes and forms a separate party, cutting off all social relations from the members of the majority. In the Middle Ages, in Europe, it was the same. To give only one

—for persons are seldom elected by more than a slender majority—is not represented at all.

When the legislature has been elected, the executive has next to be formed. The nations that have followed the lead of the British Constitution get their executive mainly from among the elected members of the legislature itself, *e.g.*, England, France and Italy. Where, however, the choice of the members of the executive is wholly dependent on the will of the elected or the hereditary head, *e.g.*, America and Germany, care is taken that such persons alone are appointed who can command the confidence of the legislature, for the grant of money being in its hands—and it being impossible to carry on the government without money, even for a single day—the legislature can refuse grants, and thereby effectively express its disapproval of the *personnel* or the actions of the executive body. The executive is practically bound to resign, in case of an adverse vote, in England and France; but even if it be not so bound, as in America and Germany, all the same it has always to be on its guard, and has to be careful not to lose the support of the elected Legislative Assembly. In this fashion, in a democratic land, the people, who elect the Legislative Assembly, are supposed to keep a check—however indirect it may be—on the Executive.

Then we have the judiciary, which serves the double purpose of protecting the rights of the subject against the possible violence and high-handedness of the executive, and also of punishing those who break

illustration, the troubles of Thomas a Becket came upon him because he refused to be bound by the decisions of the Council of the King, Henry II. as he, being absent from it at the time of its meeting, had not given his consent to the measures passed.—S. P.

the laws enacted by the legislature. The Constitutional history of England furnishes a good illustration of the legitimate struggle made for the independence of the judiciary from executive control. So long as the King—the hereditary head of the executive in England—had the absolute power of appointing and dismissing the judiciary, so long could he force his judges to give judgments, in the various cases of far-reaching constitutional importance, in his own favour. This is specially notable in the times of the Stuarts, when the constitutional struggle was assuming a threatening aspect. And before the seventeenth century closed, it was decided that, though the executive were authorised to appoint judges, they had no power of dismissing them; this could only be done by the express desire of the legislature.

To sum up, then, the whole argument, we find that, though it is physically impossible for modern Democracy to get all citizens to come together and assist directly at the performance of the functions of government in the three great departments—Legislative, Executive and Judicial—still every effort is made to give all citizens, indirectly, a voice in all these functions through *their right to vote* for elected representatives on the legislative assemblies, which, as we have seen, exercise the most potent influence in modern States; and it is recognised, in this connection, that all disputed points—whether in the election of a person or the settlement of a question—should be decided by a majority-vote.

In practical working this is all that Democracy means; all the same, it is important enough not to be belittled or ignored. The questions, however, that next present themselves to us, are: What is the need for

this system of government? What is the principle on which it is based? So far as it is possible to judge, Democracy seems to be based on one important factor of human nature—selfishness. We have to take it for granted that human beings are selfish; and that each man wants his own well-being, and each class jealously guards its own interests. If, it might be rightly said, the government falls in the hands of one man or one class of men, all legislation would be for the benefit of that man or that class of men, and that consequently other men and other classes would suffer. Therefore it is necessary that all men and all classes should be represented, so that the needs and requirements of none may be neglected. The opponent might say: “Law-making is not an easy affair. It requires technical skill and knowledge. If it is not possible for every one to be even a good shoemaker, how can everyone be a good law-maker?” The obvious answer is: “If one cannot make a good shoe, he can at least say where it pinches him; and though all cannot make laws, all can know how a particular law affects them; and, if they have the power in their hands, they will naturally try to make or unmake these laws in accordance with their own interests.”

In the inherent selfishness of human beings, therefore, lies the intellectual basis of democracy. And the only question now left for us to solve is whether, in democracy, we are or are not to apply any test for the fitness, or otherwise, of a person to vote. So far it has not been claimed, by even the most extreme democrats, that the right to vote should be conceded to all; or, in other words, that no qualification, except birth in a human body, should be required. We shall discuss the

various restrictions that have been proposed in this connection :

Firstly, *age*. It has been generally accepted that persons below a certain age are not capable of exercising a vote properly, however precocious or highly educated some individuals might be found below the required age. We might take this to be a wholesome restriction, for we are bound to draw a line somewhere, and cannot be expected to make exceptions because of a few extraordinary cases.

Secondly, *sex*. A vigorous demand is being made for the acknowledgment of the equality of the two sexes in politics. The only objection that seems to have been raised is that domestic life would suffer. This is a well worn topic and need be discussed no further. It is coming to be generally recognised—due to the spread of intellectual education among women, as also to the phenomenon that many women remain unmarried and have no “homes” in the accepted sense of the word—that, in politics, we ought to place the two sexes on an equal footing.

Thirdly, *education*. “We cannot merely count heads: we must weigh them as well”—so say those who want an educational qualification for voters. The difficulty is that there are quite a number of persons who might not be able to pass comparatively simple educational tests, but who are, by experience and temperament, endowed with sufficient capability of fulfilling the duties of their own professions and of even filling responsible positions in the State. If, however, the test is very low indeed, and if primary education has spread broadcast, then this test might be applied; otherwise it would have to go. Having once

recognised that democracy means the representation of all interests, we have to look after the interests of the educated as well as the uneducated, and the latter might feel that the former cannot safeguard their interests as fully as they can do themselves.

Fourthly, *abnormality*. Should the criminals and the lunatics be allowed this privilege? It would be conceded that their state of mind disqualifies them from the proper discharge of this responsibility.

Fifthly and lastly—and this is both important and delicate—we have to deal with *property*. Persons with property claim that they have greater stakes in the land than persons who have no wealth: the more a man's property, the more his stake. On this basis the further claim is put forward that the greater the property of a person, the greater should be his share in the government, and that persons who have no property should have no voice in the State, as they stand to gain or to lose nothing. Opposed to this is the view that all persons are interested in the welfare of the State; that the State helps and protects all to an equal degree; and that there should be no distinction made on the ground of property. In England there has been a great deal of agitation against "plural voting," *i.e.*, the demand has been made that no one should have more than one vote, even if he has property in different parts of the country, or fulfils other qualifications, *e.g.*, has the M.A. degree of the University of Cambridge; every person, so long entitled to more than one vote owing to his holding more than one qualification, should be deprived of all votes except one, and accordingly should choose in what capacity he intends to exercise his right. Apparently the claim of the propertied man seems unreasonable,

and the view of his opponents as correct and proper. But the problem is very much more difficult than it looks.

Judging from a purely intellectual standpoint, we see that the major portion of the people of the country must invariably consist of the working classes, who, by necessity, are driven to concentrate their minds entirely on the great problem of "bread and butter". If every individual, as such, had an equal voice in government, the working classes, forming the majority, would preponderate in the legislatures and swamp all other interests. The voice of the wealthy, and the claims of their welfare, would be drowned. It might also be legitimately feared that the cause of art, literature and learning would suffer. It is, therefore, necessary—say the wealthy—to safeguard the interests that they represent, and so to compensate the propertied classes for the smallness of their numbers, especially because they pay higher taxes, by giving them more voice and more authority in the government of their country.

Then, again, in life we actually see that persons who hold lands and properties of a high value are willing to sacrifice a great deal for their protection, and are more loath to leave them than persons in that property who are willing to emigrate from place to place, and even from one country to another, wherever the prospects are better; as such the poor cannot have the same love for their land as the rich. The present gigantic war, that has resulted in the upsetting of many shibboleths and doctrines supposed so long to be unshakable, has also brought before us the unique sight of the flower of a



nation's manhood, sons of the nobility and gentry, flinging themselves in the forefront of the battle-line with the sole aim of serving their land, and, in that service, losing everything that they hold dear. In sharp contrast to this, we find that various forcible and imperative methods have to be applied to the poorer folk to induce them to enlist. These do not seem to feel the same attachment for their country as the upper classes, and this inevitably leads us to the conclusion that the claim that the rich made in the days of peace, they have justified in the dire times of war.

Sri Prakasa.



## UNITY

HIGH on the rock-paved praying-ground  
The sons of Allah stand :  
Then in obeisance, mute, profound,  
Bend earthward head and hand.  
In robe and turban many-hued,  
They bloom upon the mind  
A bank of flowers in prayerful mood  
That bends before the wind.

And here, beside the white-towered shrine,  
God Shiva's ancient seat,  
Field-blossoms in the sunlight shine  
About my wandering feet ;  
Then, as a breeze across my brow  
On some glad errand runs,  
They bow, as in devotion bow  
Allah's and Shiva's sons.

So calm the circling hills, so sweet  
The jasmine-scented air,  
God, man, and nature seem to meet  
And blot out " here " and " there " ;  
And show, beneath their painted mask  
One holy impulse stirs  
Those flowers who grace from Allah ask,  
These clay-born worshippers.

In such clear glimpses of the Whole  
Our foolish barriers fall.  
For who finds kinship with the Soul  
Is kindred unto all.

*Madanapalle.*

JAMES H. COUSINS.



## LIFE, DEATH, AND WHAT THEN ?

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

*(Concluded from p. 511)*

**N**OW let me try to give you an idea, with brief examples, of the possible conditions of life for you after you put aside your body. There is one great law that holds good in the invisible worlds as in the visible, and it is that according to your nature, your

faculty, and your aptitude, is the happiness or the misery that you will have wheresoever you are. Suppose, then, you have a man dying who has developed in himself certain desires which could only be satisfied with his earthly body. Take the case of a drunkard; the craving for drink, for its stimulus, is in his desire nature, in his astral body; but he has wanted the gratification of it by means of his physical body, and when death comes his body is cut down. Now the man has not changed, he is still the drunkard, he still has the craving for the stimulus; but he cannot gratify the desire. Now we know the maddening thirst and pain that a drunkard has when you remove from him the source of his gratification; and it is that same maddening pain that the drunkard or the victim of the drug habit has after the body is dead. But it is not a punishment, it is the automatic way that nature's laws work. Suppose by some kind of a miracle a friend of mine from Madras in India, where it is warm and where people wear cotton clothes, were now to be brought into this room; he would not have a happy time, he would be shivering all the time, but his shivering would be due to the fact that he did not know that Scotland was cold. He would not be punished by anybody, except by himself, for coming to a place without adjusting himself to the laws of life of that place. And so it is when a person dies who has a bodily vice of any kind; there is intense pain for him afterwards because he cannot gratify it.

Similarly, where the vice is more mental, as in the case of a miser, when he dies he does not change, he is exactly the same; and, probably relying on the ordinary opinion about after-death conditions, thinks he

is not dead. You know you are taught to believe that when death comes, your faculties will somehow be locked up in that body which is going to decay, will be put to sleep till the trumpet sounds at the day of resurrection; the conception that most people have is that immediately after death a kind of negativity takes place; your memories will end, and your affections, your hopes, your dreams—all that is really you—will be put to sleep. When, then, the miser who has heard that sort of thing finds that after death he still has a body, that he is exactly the same in appearance, and still remembers his gold, has all his memories—well, of course he does not think he is dead, and so he hovers over his gold or his safe or his cheque book or whatever the thing is that meant to him his gold. And then, when he sees that those whom he has left behind use his money, open his safe, dispose of his property and so on, can you not imagine the hell such a miser has when all that meant to him life is taken away from him? But it is not a pain inflicted on him by anyone except himself.

Or think of another type of man, say a business man who is all business, to whom wife and children count little, who lives in the office, who thinks office, who dreams office; when he dies, where is he? At the office. And there he is, watching. He has, if anything, a clearer imagination for business; he can also read the thoughts of his competitors in business; and so he sees vaster possibilities of business achievement. But he cannot put a single one into action; he cannot sign a cheque, he cannot telephone, he cannot set moving the markets of the world, because his astral body will not move physical matter. Imagine a man with power in

his hand like that, but not the ability to use that power. That is another kind of hell.

So too is it with another man who has been a drone in life, who has done nothing of any rational purpose, who has spent his time and money in racing, automobiling, gambling, who has generally frittered away his time; or the woman to whom life meant dresses, bridge parties, gossip, and all those kind of things. After they die they are exactly the same; they still hover about their ancient haunts; only there is no longer amusement there, for the astral body cannot handle cards, or money for betting; nor are the other dead round you interested in your dresses, nor in you because you had money or title. Then ensues a life of intense boredom, with nothing to do, with nothing interesting, truly a grey world.

Now all these conditions follow automatically upon the life that is begun by people as they die; if they are "earth-bound," as the phrase is, if they had not purified themselves nor developed such interests as give satisfaction in the astral world, then life after death can indeed be a "hell". There are indeed conditions of torment for souls, but it is self-inflicted torment. But hell is not a special place; for look where you will in the invisible world, there is no burning pit of fire, and there are no devils to torture. In our Oriental religions, arising in Oriental countries, where we not only dislike extreme heat but also extreme cold, we go one better than western theologies, for we have not only hot hells but also cold hells. But look where you will, you will find no hells, as places; they are the creations of monkish minds. There is no fire to burn a man but that of his own fierce lusts, there

is no cold to freeze him but the isolation of his own utter selfishness, and there are no devils to torment him but the thoughts of his own cruelties.

Nevertheless there is pain, which is symbolised graphically by these descriptions of hell. But hell does not last for ever ; it lasts only so long as a man gives it strength for its lasting. You cannot have an eternal hell from a set of causes that were set a-going in a few brief years of time ; and so the period of pain for a man lasts according to the strength of his unsatisfiable desire. That very pain itself purifies the man, so that slowly his particular lust is as it were burnt out of him.

Now take another case, that of a soldier on the battle-field. He is perhaps charging, and is shot, and his body falls. But he does not know he is dead ; he is still dressed in khaki, for his astral body takes the semblance of the physical ; and so he still goes charging on with his comrades. But he may note soon after a few things that make him think ; he may see a shell bursting near him, and a piece of it hits him, and by rights it ought to blow him to bits ; but he notes it does not, he sees it go through him. And he looks at a few things like that, and then he knows that he is what the world calls dead. But he is still living, he sees his comrades, though they do not see him ; but some, he finds, can sense his presence, and if he is the kindly soldier, caring for his comrades and ready always to help, he will get to work and help and inspire and encourage and strengthen his living comrades. Sometimes he may see a comrade wounded, far away and unobserved ; he will then suggest to the mind of a stretcher-bearer : " go in that direction," and the

stretcher-bearer, if he is sensitive, will go and will discover the wounded man.

One soldier, then, who dies while he is thinking of being with his comrades, is indeed with them the moment his body falls. But suppose it is another soldier, and he dies thinking of his sweetheart, or of his mother or of his wife and children; the moment after death he is not on the battle-field, but only where he desired to be, by the side of those that he loves. And so there is the mysterious law that after death we are where we desire to be. Take the case—such a common case indeed—of the man who dies in the home. He “dies” surrounded by his wife and children and relations. The moment after death he is exactly the same—nay, if he had died after a lingering illness, then fresher, without pain, younger in feeling; and he is still in the room, by the side of his bed. But he sees that his wife and children are all crying, and that they are all absorbed in a great thought that he is dead, that he is gone, that he has vanished; yet he is there by their side. But they have erected a barrier harder than the hardest steel between him and themselves. He loves them still and desires to comfort them, desires to make himself known; but they will not allow him, for they think, they feel, they all the time build into every cell of their brain the affirmation: “He is dead, he is gone, he has vanished.” Now can you imagine the pain of such a man, when those that he cares for are full of grief? Yet that pain is given to him by those who, not understanding, grieve, thinking that grief is a mark of love. We think it is natural to grieve—yes, it is true; but it is also unnatural to inflict pain on those that we love, and that is what we do, when we grieve for the dead.



Ah, if only we could understand, if only we had some knowledge of what are the conditions beyond the grave, then, when one of our beloved died, we would keep in a quiet calm and meditation, for we would know that the soul that loved us once still loved, that the same memories were still there in the soul, that our beloved was there in the room with us still ; and we would try to commune with him, and give him our strongest thoughts of love and gratitude ; and if he died with some failing which was bound to give him suffering, then we would give him thoughts of strength and protection all the time. These are the possibilities for those who know.

After death each one of us, then, has his first period in the astral world, and to those of us who have such desires as can only be satisfied in the physical body there comes pain. But happily for so many of us there is after death no pain, akin to the pain of a hell, for we have had our hell before we died. Through intense grief and agony and loss, through the utter crushing of all our hopes, we get purified ; and when the day of death comes we have exhausted all that part of ourselves that might call us to any kind of life in that first part of the other world, the astral world ; and when the impure part has been eliminated, as in the case of the drunkard after many years of pain, or in the case of the normal man who has lived a good life during the years before death, there begins then to blossom once again the nobility that was within ourselves. If you take a man who dies a villain and a murderer, who has had long years of cruelty to his record, yet if you could see all his life from childhood to manhood, you would find in his boyhood, in his

youth, some part of himself that was noble—a love that he bore to his mother, an affection that he had for a while to a sweetheart, a phase of himself that in after years was covered over and seemed dead. But that phase of the man was never gone ; it was always there ; and what happened of evil was only as a crust laid on the true nature of the man. After death that crust is worn away by suffering, and then comes to fruition the nobler side of the man.

When after death these nobler sides within ourselves—the loves, the hopes, the dreams, the ambitions of service and usefulness—awaken, then begins the second great stage, the life in the heaven world. And this heaven world is here in this room, as much as the astral world. Why is it called the heaven world? For the reason that the nature of God, who is bliss and joy indescribable, is more manifest to the human consciousness there in that world than in this world of ours. His nature as bliss we do know now and then. When we look at a flower and feel its beauty we sense something of that joy ; when we look at the face of a smiling child and smile in return and feel glad, it is something of the nature of God we begin to know ; when we look at the sunset and see the beauty there and are glad, it is something of Him again that we greet ; when we listen to music and it has a message for us and we dream dreams, it is something of God that we see in each dream. For He, in His infinitude of beauty and wisdom, power and love, is trying to pour it on all His children all the time. But in this world of ours it is only as we open the little windows of our aspirations, our loves, our dreams, our service, that He can look into our natures, and give us of Himself. Wherever a man,

woman, or little child dreams of an unselfish service, or happiness of any kind, then it is God who looks in; and where God looked in once on earth, it was only as the earnest of the hundreds of times that He would look in with His joy in the heaven world.

While we live on earth we see only now and then something of His true life; and for the most part our eyes are turned earthwards again, for so many are the duties that we must perform, and dreams and duty so often conflict. But there comes the time, when this body is put aside, that the first part of the after-death life in the astral world is over; and then we see Life for the first time, as it is; we see the whole world of God, not as "in a glass, darkly," but in the full splendour of His light. It is this truest life which has been described in every religion under some symbol as a heaven full of intense happiness. Yet heaven is not a special place; look into the heaven world, and you do not see a golden city with gates of pearl, nor those wonderful gardens of the Oriental imagination, with trees bearing jewelled fruit that make music with each breeze; the descriptions of heaven of the theologies are all symbols of a reality too great for the mind of man to grasp except in symbols.

For the reality is this, that through every particle of matter the life of God, His beauty, His grandeur, His wisdom, is flashing every moment of time, here and now; but we do not see it. When these earthly veils are put aside, when we begin our life in the heaven world, and enter there with a certain nobility of nature, then it is that He shows us what life is. In that heaven world you will not see God in a form, but you will know there is indeed God because of the intense

bliss of your life. Are you the Christian whose dream of heaven was to be with Christ and the angels? As you come to live in the heaven world there is Christ for you and there are the angels, and they give to you, they flash to you, all the joy and the beauty and the grandeur that you dreamed of. Are you the Roman Catholic, and was your dream of heaven to be with the Virgin Mary and to adore the Christ Child? They are there; it is Christ, but as the Child, who is before you there; and it is the Virgin Mary; and both give you the bliss that you dreamed of. Are you the Hindū in far off India, and was your dream to be with Kṛiṣṇa, the founder of your religion? You are with Him in your heaven. Are you the Buddhist, and was your longing to listen to the great wisdom expounded by Buddha? You are there with the Lord Buddha and you listen to His discourses, and practise with joy His commandments. Or are you the Muhammadan who dreams of heaven with Muhammad? Then Muhammad waits for you in your heaven world. For all these mighty founders of the religions form one great Brotherhood, and each is as a great mirror that flashes the life of God to the millions that follow him.

But are you one who has not cared for religion, but in a business office toiled night and day for love of wife and child, who dreamed of their happiness, sacrificed yourself for their welfare? That dream of happiness was God looking into your mind, into your heart, and where He looked once He looks long in the heaven world, and you are there with your wife and child, and you give them that fullness of love and achievement that you dreamed of. But it is God who gives you your wealth of love that you are giving to your beloved. You will

not see Him, but you may know of Him because a mighty love flows through you now. Are you the artist who lived a life only for your art, who renounced everything in life rather than be a traitor to your great ideal? That ideal was God looking into your life, and after death He looks into your life again, and according to your dream of achievement He teaches you to achieve. Are you the painter, the sculptor? Then you paint mightier pictures than you ever could when on earth, and you carve mightier statues, more full of beauty, than had ever entered into your imagination. Are you the musician? You shall compose grander symphonies than earth's ears have ever heard, and the music, the beauty, and the wonder of it all is but the nature of God flowing through you to men. Are you perhaps a lover of science, to whom religion means nothing but superstition and the difficulties that humanity has had to transcend? Are you like our great scientists, who seek knowledge for the welfare of man? Then God shall come to you as Knowledge, and in the heaven world you shall discover grander truths of nature than you are able to on earth. Or are you a man like Bradlaugh to whom God meant nothing at all, but who struggled to achieve reforms for his fellow men, who was a Secularist, who was an Atheist—what matters the label—but who had an ideal of service? It is God who looks into your life as your ideal of service, and after death it is God who will look into your life again and for long, giving you bliss beyond dreams. For God is not the God of Christians alone; He is the God of Christians, Hindūs, Buddhists, Muhammadans, of scientists, atheists, artists, of every man, woman and child who turns away from his little self and greets

gladly the great Self of God, or Humanity, or the world.

Wherever a man has found an ideal for which he sacrifices himself, that is the vision of God in the man's brain; it is because of this mighty truth that there is a heaven for all humanity, and there is not a single child of man who will not have his heaven. Take even the murderer; there was a time when he was a boy and loved his sister perhaps, when he was a young man and had love perhaps for a sweetheart, and during that time there was a nobility manifested in him. After death he has his heaven world too, with his sister, or with his sweetheart, as the case may be. To each of us there is just that type of heaven of which we dream, for each daydream of ours is only God's Face looking into our lives, into each according to his temperament, helping each to grow into a fuller beauty and grandeur, into a truer happiness.

Now this wonderful heaven, this place of the fulfilment of hopes and dreams and aspirations, is only heaven because there for the first time we know something of our life as souls; if only we could realise that life here in our brain, then would we know the life of God, the wonder of heaven, here in this room. It is something of this wonderful grandeur, this mystery of what life really is, that a poet senses now and then; such a poet was Browning, and he has the true vision of things when he gives us his message:

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as  
 before;  
 The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;  
 What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good  
 more;  
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect  
 round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;  
 Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor  
 power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the  
 melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;  
 Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it bye and bye.

So the little melodies we make on earth with our loves and day-dreams we hear again in the heaven world. But our life there in heaven is not for ever and ever. For, as before with the period in a "hell," so too is it with the time in heaven ; you cannot have an eternity of effect from causes in a few brief years of time. True, the period we live in heaven can be a long one, of many centuries ; the stronger, purer, and nobler our unselfish dreams are, the longer is our life in our heaven world. Is it the saint who lived a long, saintly life ? Then he may live in the heaven world fifteen to twenty centuries. Or is it the little child who died at ten or twelve years of age ? That child will live in his heaven world some thirty to forty years. But both will return to earth again.

Why, if heaven is so wonderful, and so full of happiness, why should we come back again to this vale of tears ? Because of a law of nature ; there is this mysterious law about happiness, that it must grow from moment to moment, that unless it so grows the capacity for happiness ceases ; and happiness can only grow from moment to moment by being transformed into acts of human service. Now God is infinite happiness, and you in your heaven world know only one little part of what He has to give you, and you

cannot know more of His happiness until you grow into a larger capacity for happiness. And to grow into a larger capacity for happiness you must return to earthly conditions, and there put your happiness into acts of human service. And so we return.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.

So we return and are little children again, but each with a character, each with an aptitude, each slowly feeling life again and becoming himself master of life, each using an inborn aptitude for science, for art, for government, for the human affections. And we remember something of our life in the heaven world, as we take up with enthusiasm any work of life. For what is the enthusiasm with which we respond to a noble ideal but the memory of our life in the heaven world, when we lived that ideal? And so we come back to life to accomplish more, to master the old temptations and to be stronger thereby, and to feel more and more that we are masters of achievement. Life after life we live, at each death entering the heaven world for a longer period, with a fuller capacity for happiness. If you are in one life chiefly the man of family affections, you have your heaven of love and joy, and then you return to birth again; but you come back, not only to increase your capacity of love for wife and children, but also to create within you an admiration for beauty, to know something of science and philosophy, to know God in new ways.



Life after life we so live, and die, and return; till slowly, through purification, through achievement in the heaven world and on this dull earth, we come to be as pillars in the Temple of God, and "go no more out"; for then have we become the great geniuses of the world, souls who give a message, not to one people or to one time, but to all the world. Then it is that the life and nature of God works through us in mighty acts of creation, and His peace is in our heart wheresoever we are, and we give that heaven to the thousands that listen to our message; and His plan is in our brain, and we leave behind us mighty arts and sciences. This is life, death, and after.

Now there is one striking fact taking place just now, during the days of this war, that I must briefly mention. There is the curious fact that it is the flower of the land that is called by God to the sacrifice. Why? Because He is at work in this mighty war. We have always believed vaguely that He is "everywhere" and that He governs all earthly conditions; but it has been a vague, pious belief, not a real understanding. Now we can understand. We began to understand faintly with our intuitions when the war broke out, and we knew that we of the Empire were standing for the cause of humanity. There is truly a mighty ideal behind this war, because it is indeed a part of God's plan that there shall begin a reconstruction for all humanity, that certain base ideals shall utterly vanish from the face of the earth; that is why thousands in Britain, Australia, India and elsewhere, unknowing with their minds, but sensing with their intuitions, all sprang to the call of a great ideal. And these, our best, the noblest of the land, who could have built

up a mighty nation, have all been slain. But they have not really died, only their bodies; nor are their lives wasted, for the simple reason that it is they whom God is sending back to earth to be reborn swiftly; to them is given the opportunity to renounce that bliss of heaven which is theirs, to come back again at once to the homes of Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and India, and France and Italy and Russia, to be reborn as boys and girls, so that within a few swift years, as they grow to boyhood, manhood and womanhood, they shall take part in the mighty reconstruction which has been planned by God. For who have a better right to reconstruct this world than those who died for the world? That is the mystery which is being enacted now, and that is why on our battle-fields the flower of the land are being slain. For God works in mysterious ways His plan to achieve.

This, then, briefly is the great message of Theosophy about life and death. Now suppose you could believe the message, what would it mean for you? It would mean that for you there is no death, that for you death has no sting, and the grave no victory. For what are you? An immortal child of God, who has begun a great series of wonderful experiences, whose whole life, in this visible world or in the invisible, is a series of adventures among masterpieces, each of beauty, of wonder, and of grandeur.

Can you believe this message? You can, but you must bring first the aptitude for belief. That aptitude is not a matter of faith; it is a matter of having done something in life through which you have sensed your immortality. You will never prove to yourself the immortality of the soul by any amount of hard thinking;

you must first live the life, and find that immortal moment when you know you are a soul and not a body. In the great drama of life you know that moment when you are willing to sacrifice yourself for love, you know it in the act of heroism when life is nothing so long as a great work is done, in the art of creation which has been your joy and your suffering. Find even one such moment in life, and you will inevitably know that you are indeed immortal. And then to retain that moment, so that the moment becomes eternity, understand this mighty Wisdom. You will then find that your immortality pours into you through all life—through the happiness of all your fellow men, from these flowers you gaze at now, from the sunset you see, and from the music you hear; for there is only one Immortal, God Himself, and it is His nature that is ready to pour Itself into your heart and mine, if only we will open the doors of our hearts. Ah, it is not difficult to open those doors when you have the key to the opening, and that key is the mighty Wisdom of Theosophy.

C. Jinarājadāsa.

## THE DHAMMAPADA <sup>1</sup>

*A translation by Sir Edwin Arnold of the first chapter  
of one of the principal books of the Buddhist  
Scriptures, The Dhammapada.*

THOUGHT in the mind hath made us. What we are  
By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind  
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes  
The wheel the ox behind.

What we are is what we thought and willed ;  
Our thoughts shape us and frame. If one endure  
In purity of thought, joy follows him  
As his own shadow—sure.

“ He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,  
Abased me, beaten me.” If one should keep  
Thoughts like these angry words within his breast  
Hatred will never sleep.

“ He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,  
Abased me, beaten me.” If one should send  
Such angry words away for pardoning thoughts,  
Hatreds will have an end.

For never anywhere at any time  
Did hatred cease by hatred. Always 'tis  
By love that hatred ceases—only love ;  
The ancient law is this.

<sup>1</sup> Extracted from *The Buddhist*, Vol. I, No. 30, July 12th 1889, for which it was written by Sir Edwin Arnold. *The Buddhist* was edited by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in Colombo, and as far as he is aware, the above translation has never been republished in any of the collections of Sir Edwin's works.

The many who are foolish, have forgot—  
 Or never knew—how mortal wrongs pass by ;  
 But they who know and who remember, let  
 Transient quarrels die.

Whoso abides looking for joy, unschooled,  
 Gluttonous, weak, in idle luxuries,  
 Māra will overthrow him, as fierce winds  
 Level short-rooted trees.

Whoso abides, disowning joys, controlled,  
 Temperate, faithful, strong, shunning all ill,  
 Māra shall no more overthrow that man  
 Than the wind doth a hill.

Whoso “ kāshya ” wears—the yellow robe—  
 Being “ anishkashya ”<sup>1</sup>—not sin-free,  
 Nor heeding truth and governance—unfit  
 To wear that dress is he.

But whoso, being “ nishkashya,” pure,  
 Clean from offence, doth still in virtues dwell,  
 Regarding temperance and truth—that man  
 Weareth “ kāshya ” well.

Whoso imagines truth in the untrue,  
 And in the true finds untruth—he expires  
 Never attaining knowledge ; life is waste ;  
 He follows vain desires.

Whoso discerns in truth the true, and sees  
 The false in falseness with unblinded eye,  
 He shall attain to knowledge ; life with such  
 Aims well before it dies.

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched roof, so break  
 Passions through minds that holy thought despise ;  
 As rain runs from a perfect thatch, so run  
 Passions from off the wise.

<sup>1</sup>There is a play here upon the words “ Kāshya,” the yellow robe of the Buddhist priest, and “ Kashya,” impurity.

The evil-doer mourneth in this world,  
And mourneth in the world to come ; in both  
He grieveth. When he sees fruit of his deeds  
To see he will be loath.

The righteous man rejoiceth in this world  
And in the world to come ; in both he takes  
Pleasure. When he shall see fruit of his works  
The good sight gladness makes.

Glad is he living, glad in dying, glad  
Having once died ; glad always, glad to know  
What good deeds he hath done, glad to foresee  
More good where he shall go.

The lawless man who, not obeying law,  
Leaf after leaf recites, and line by line,  
No Buddhist is he, but a foolish herd  
Who counts another's kine.

The law-obeying, loving one, who knows  
Only one verse of Dharma, but hath ceased  
From envy, hatred, malice, foolishness—  
*He is the Buddhist priest.*

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## THREE SAINTS OF OLD JAPAN

### III. NICHIREN

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

NICHIREN stands out in the religious history of Japan as one who widely differed from his contemporaries, as well as those who preceded and came after him. He possessed a strong and independent character, far stronger than that of either Kobo Daishi or Shotoku Taishi. The one seemed to be a kind of religious magician, immensely popular with those who everlastingly call for a sign and can never be surfeited with miracles, while the other was a royal scholar, whose royalty was in itself an attraction, and whose discourse was learned and at the same time full of charm. Both eschewed fanatical sensationalism, and neither had to fight for their popularity. Nichiren, on the other hand, had to contend with difficulties and strong opposition all his life. He had the advantage and disadvantage of being a candid preacher, one who never minced his words, and one who always had the strength of his convictions. He was a respecter of souls but not of persons. He gloried in Truth as he understood it. It was too precious, too vital, to be sugared with the words of flattery or subterfuge. He

thundered forth the same message and in the same uncompromising manner in the palace and in the woodman's hut. He was of the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Nichiren was born in 1222 in a village on the coast of Awa. His father had been a retainer at Court, and had been banished for some offence which is not recorded. If he resembled his son in freedom of speech, such lack of decorum would have been more than sufficient to account for his exile. Nichiren was the only child, and being highly sensitive, he must have quickly realised that his parents were shunned even by the simple fisher-folk. He grew up solitary and alone, the butt of the village boys. But Nichiren was high-spirited and fearless. Deprived of friends of his own age, he lavished his affection, apart from his parents, upon animals, and was especially devoted to those which were injured and maimed.

When Nichiren was twelve years old, his parents very wisely decided that he should enter the Buddhist priesthood, and he was accordingly taken to the Temple of Kyosumidera, which was situated not far from his home. He entered the religious life with extraordinary fervour. As a student in the Kiyozumi Temple, he used to retire frequently to the oratory, and prostrating himself before an image of Kokuzo Bosatsu, pray that he might some day become a priest worthy of the name. Even as a youth he was conscious of his great vocation. He discovered with burning shame that Buddhism, as it existed in his day, was very different from the Buddhism of its Founder. Many sects and schisms, many unscrupulous expounders, had succeeded in distorting the original doctrines. He saw



with pain, not unmixed with anger, that religious chaos existed in Kyoto, Nara, and Kamakura. He saw, too, that evil was rampant where only good should have prevailed. Having realised such a deplorable state of affairs, he did not sit down in sackcloth and ashes, and, Job-like, pour forth a series of complaints. On the contrary, it called forth his courage and determination. He believed so much in the efficacy of the Lord Buddha's teaching that he never questioned for a moment that if Buddhism were purified, vivified, and above all united, it would be the means of saving Japan from dangers that threatened her complete downfall. Nichiren, youth though he was, was resolved that he and he alone would accomplish the stupendous task of saving his country, not only from moral corruption, but from the hands of a greedy enemy, eager to pounce upon a weakened nation.

At this time Nichiren studied the *Saddharma-pundarika Sutra*, and this work seemed to strengthen his ideals and prepare the way for his great mission. For several years he travelled throughout Japan with the sole object of studying every variety of Buddhism. In this way he gained first-hand information, and having accumulated every shade of Buddhist opinion, he began to formulate his own religious views. He was always something of a fanatic. Religion did not make him dream: it made him act with a decision that left little room for courtesy. He was not a polite preacher. Had he lived to-day and been a British subject, he would not have been asked to occupy a velvet-padded pulpit in a Nonconformist church. Neither would he have been permitted to discourse in Brompton Oratory or Westminster Cathedral. He would

have been content to speak in Hyde Park. He was an open-air preacher in his own country, for the simple reason that all the Buddhist temples were closed against him. He had abused the priests of the existing Buddhist sects roundly and hotly. They regarded him as a rude fanatic, and possibly as a dangerous madman. What others thought of him mattered nothing. He was solely concerned with the message of his Master. That message was not delivered with the gentle voice of a fashionable preacher who lips of heaven and future reward, but is much too polite to hint at hell and future punishment. Some one has wittily observed that: "Tact is telling people the things they want to hear." Nichiren occupied his time in telling people things they did not want to hear. He delivered his message with the magnetic power of a Savonarola. He knew that Japan was fast asleep and that it was his business to rouse her. He was an iconoclast at a time when iconoclasts were sorely needed in his country. He saw all too clearly that Japan was in a state of religious and political upheaval. He saw that the Emperor, who should have reigned, not by the divine right of kings, but by the divine right of Gods, from whom he was descended, had become a puppet relegated to the background, while Shogun and Regent took his place. He saw, too, with righteous anger, that Buddha's teaching had been thrown "to the moles and bats," while the homage of the people was given to Amida, Dainichi, and Vairoc'ana. That is why he cried in one of his early sermons: "Awake, men, awake! Awake, and look around you. No man is born with two fathers or two mothers. Look at the heavens above you: there

are no two suns in the sky. Look at the earth at your feet: no two kings can rule a country."

It must be admitted that Nichiren's fanaticism sometimes carried him away. He was certainly not justified in calling Kobo Daishi the "prize liar of Japan". Hitherto Buddhism had been extremely tolerant. It was ready to welcome Shintoism as a manifestation of the Indian religion, and at a later date, when Xavier laboured for Christianity in Japan, was prepared to regard the Virgin Mary as another name for Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. Nichiren, on the other hand, was excessively intolerant. It was not in his sturdy nature to make his all-absorbing and all-sufficient faith a nesting-place for every kind of religion. In his opinion the sect which bore his name was the only sect where Buddha was honoured and worshipped and understood in the right way. It was such a belief that made him intolerant in regard to those who differed from him. He had no hesitation in telling the people that the late Regent, the devout and well-meaning Saimyoji, was in hell, and that the present Regent, Tokimune, the most brilliant of the Hojo usurpers, would shortly follow him and participate in the same torments. Needless to say such comments did not pass unnoticed, while his famous treatise, *Rissho Ankoku-ron*, raised a storm of angry protest. His outspokenness on all occasions had made many enemies, and these were only too pleased to have an opportunity to inform against him. Nichiren was arrested and brought before the Regent. He was condemned to death, and with almost sublime fortitude he was led out for execution on the sands of Tatsu-no-Kuchi, between Kamakura and Enoshima. The Regent was very far

from being a saint. Yet his conscience troubled him, and he had the wit to see that Nichiren was a man of considerable power and influence, one with whom it was best not to quarrel. At the last moment he sent a messenger after the executioner, revoked Nichiren's death-warrant, and gave instructions that he should be banished to the Island of Sado. Legend adds a picturesque story. While the condemned priest was kneeling on the mats, awaiting the stroke of the executioner's sword, and surrounded by his devoted disciples, it is said that lightning suddenly flashed from a cloudless sky and rendered the blow futile. While the dazed executioner was preparing to lift his sword for the second time, the Regent's messenger arrived and the danger was past.

Nichiren soon returned from exile, and proceeded to carry on his mission with unabated zest. His sermons were now full of solemn warnings in regard to the dangers of a Mongol invasion. He spoke with the voice of a prophet, and when asked to state his reasons for predicting a terrible conflict, he observed that what he said was based upon scriptural authority. He did not speak in vain. The people listened to him eagerly, for they realised at last that religion was a national necessity. They saw in that preacher the very spirit of their race. They grasped the significance of the danger which he foretold. Nichiren welded the people together by the force of his dominant personality. All the world knows of the coming to the shores of Japan of Kublai Khan's great Armada, but perhaps only Japan knows the significance of that attempted invasion. Had that Mongol invasion been successful, Japan would not be in the position she occupies to-day. Conquering

Mongols would have meant for the Land of the Gods barbarism of the very worst kind. Japan would have been plunged into a state of hopeless misery which we in England can only compare with the dark and awful pages of history which would be written if Germany became victorious in the Great War. Nichiren lived to see his beloved country saved from the iron heel of the Mongols. He who has been described as "a strange compound of old Hebrew prophet, Dominican friar, and John Knox" has the distinction of being a true patriot and a loyal and fearless saint. He roused Japan from her long sleep. He saved her body in the name of his country. He saved her soul in the Name of his beloved Master.

F. Hadland Davis.

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## THE ANGEL OF PAIN

HOLY are the feet of pain  
Bearing from us our beloved,  
Knowing with the eyes of wisdom  
That no hope is with the morrow.

Holy are the feet of pain  
Standing by the broken-hearted,  
Knowing with a heart of pity  
Man must run the length of sorrow.

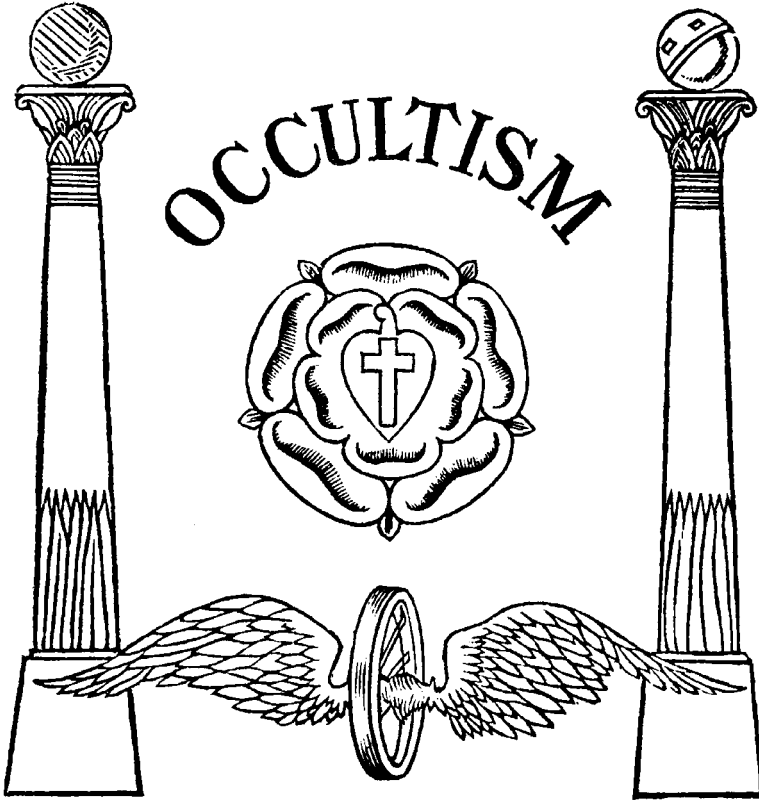
Holy are the feet of pain  
Passing by the homes of comfort,  
Passing doors of cold indifference,  
With a lantern for the lonely.

Holy are the feet of pain  
Leading on the heart courageous,  
Leading through renunciation  
Where God's soldiers follow only.

Holy are the feet of pain,  
Catch his floating garment passing,  
Kiss its hem, my brother, praying,  
Lest again he come not hither.

Holy are the feet of pain,  
And his hands outstretched in blessing  
With a laurel for the victor,  
Laurels they that never wither.

C.



## NOTES ON THE SIXTH RACE

By FRITZ KUNZ

**T**HE present upheaval and the subsequent readjustment will crystallise the Fifth Race Empire and formulate definitely, by the quick reincarnation of the suitable egos, the beginnings of the sixth sub-race.

The fixing of the fifth sub-race is now mostly a question of politics and empire; the physical type has been fairly established, and needs chiefly expression

and guidance, particularly through the spiritualisation of science. The sixth sub-race is still in process of physical evolution, and the course of its growth will be largely influenced by the young, so-called dead. Just as after the American Civil War there was an outbreak of spiritualism due to the sudden crowding of the astral world, so this war will be followed by a marked reaction of forces from the emotional world. The effect, however, will not this time be seen in the abnormal form of mediumship, but through the usual impulse arising from the incarnation of selected egos, since arrangements have been made to bring back quickly into this world a large number of those who go. One such selected group will play a part in the rapid establishment of the sub-race ; another will be employed in the crystallisation of the Root-Race. From the sub-race will spring in due course the Sixth Root-Race, which will have its home in the continent that is now slowly rising from the Pacific Ocean.

A consideration of some of the physical, especially the historical and geographical elements in this formulation and this springing, gives a little glimpse of the mode by which the great world changes are wrought, and reveals inferentially the smooth perfection in co-operation wherefrom springs the truly titanic power of the Chohans and the Devas.

Roughly speaking, all the great continents, when they appear, drape themselves from the North Pole. This longitudinal arrangement is needed as a practical measure, so that the tides may not mount too high ; but the reason is more deeply rooted and comprehensive than that. A glance at the modern world on the projection of Mercator establishes the fact of this



arrangement clearly enough with reference to the present continents. North and South America, Africa, India, and the chief peninsulas and promontories and islands run, generally speaking, to the south. The northward lands are broken and are mostly old land. Unfortunately the existing maps of Atlantis and Lemuria do not represent the full facts; but in the case of Lemuria, reference to maps obtained by occult means can be checked by observing the contour of Greenland and the soundings in the Arctic Sea, which indicate the general outline of the Star of Lemuria, whose points drooped to what is now the south. At any rate it seems to be the custom of the Deva-Raja to drape His new continent over the earth by unrolling it, as it were, from beneath the veil of the sea from the North down toward the South Pole.

Such we find to be the case with the coming Pacific Continent, which has its faint beginnings in the Bogosloff Islands in the North Pacific, in the more recent phenomena at Kodiak Island there, and in the constant adjustments marked by the earthquakes which run like frequent shivers along the Pacific basin, revealed by the seismograph in Japan and Korea and in the Americas. Occasional greater changes produce quakes such as that which was experienced in San Francisco in 1906. However, for the most part the changes are being made slowly. The Commander of the Forces has time enough, since to Him there is no present as distinct from past and future—"to Him the future is like an open page". These little changes are indicated most significantly by what is happening to Japan, which is being slowly *tipped over*. That is to say the Pacific Coast of Japan is rising and the Japan Sea Coast

is sinking as the North Pacific Ocean floor is gradually pushed up.

The first choice for the foundation of the new sub-race (and consequently for the new Root-Race) was America, and especially the United States. The second choice is Russia.<sup>1</sup> It appears that America is taking the opportunity, and that the type, by means which have been indicated elsewhere, has been or is being successfully cast. Had she failed, then the less immediately suitable, but still possible Russia would have had the rôle. It was, I suppose, in order to retard the development of the new type in Russia that she has been so long denied a place in the warm sun that she has bid for through Turkey and Asia Minor, and all along through Asia to Chusan; for the sub-tropics stimulate the transformation of the old into the new. Russia seems now in a fair way to win through to a hot-house that will force the growth of her spiritual tendencies, but until America had succeeded or failed in Their eyes, Russia needed the restraint and rigour which her cold climate lays upon her. Yet we note that in order that the future should be secure, whatever might be the fate of the United States, it was arranged that Russia should have Siberia, contiguous upon the North Pacific at the one side, and that the United States should have Alaska, which touches on the other. In this way the new Pacific Continent, at its appearance, provides the first stable land adjacent both to the *prima donna* and to the understudy in this magnificent drama.

But America, happily, is not failing in the larger work. Especially in Southern California she is nurturing the slender saplings of the new race; in that

<sup>1</sup> It is more than merely curious that the two chief founders of the T.S. were Russian and American respectively.

wonderfully charged land she is growing a race that is veritably clothed with the sun. And lately in Australia the same brooding Genius had begun to spin His magic web. So that on both sides of the future continent substantial beginnings are apparent.

I have heard that in preparation for a phase of this work an Adept travelled from Europe some centuries ago, *via* Mexico, into what is now California. Stout Cortez heard the story when he came, long after. It is a common tale of the Aztec and the Mayan that the White Prophet came from the dawn and foretold His own return. This Man laid His own spells in what is now the Californias. There are centres in undiscovered lands from whose bourne no traveller returns, that provide the force which keeps the thread bright and strong.

We tend too easily to scoff at people who attribute strength to the unseen. The Monroe doctrine is a case in point. Here we have a dictum by the United States, voiced in this world by President Monroe, that no European power shall establish itself further in America. Behind this demand lies apparently only the feeble force of arms that the States command; nor is the Doctrine even established by universal treaty; and yet the pronouncement is strong and has served its purpose. It has maintained the needed insularity of the Americas and aided in the fulfilment of the Plan, because, in reality, it is a doctrine laid down by the Manu.

The problem of the physical establishment of the new type resolves itself into an adjustment of the forces playing through the etheric world, so made that the etheric vehicle may be modulated and finally shaped to meet the new requirements, and so fixed that

in turn it may cast anew the flesh. The major etheric forces in this alteration (I refer only to those known to us by name) are electricity, heat and light. It follows immediately, therefore, that cold and rigorous climates retard or make difficult the establishment of a new type; and, *per contra*, that in the sub-tropical districts the work can proceed far more rapidly. This explains, as I have said, the withholding of Russia from the warmer lands, and the quick growth of the sixth sub-race in Southern California and northward along the Pacific coast, and in Queensland and southward along that coast. In these latter places we have the atmosphere charged with vitality, not, however, with so much warmth as to be enervating. The light and heat and the highly charged molecules stimulate and make easy the repeated rearrangement of the etheric form according to a plan brought down by the Manu; and the work of the hosts of higher Devas and the more enlightened of humanity is thus rendered more sure and lasting.

It is interesting to note that the largest part of the most vital remnants of the Fourth Race stock has been isolated on the Pacific Ocean rim. It is quite possible that the Japanese and Chinese are to contribute to the work of the Sixth Race—hardly, I think, through the transmission of any measurable physical characteristics; but conceivably through the creation of skeletal forms of social structure that may be employed by the new Race in uplifting such lower races as may then remain. It is, however, true that the physical admixture that is now proceeding, for example, in Hawaii, has developed a certain type of body that is quite superior to the usual hybrid from coloured and

uncoloured stocks in mere physical beauty. We know nothing as yet about the vitality of the brain nor of the capacity of the advancement along moral and ethical lines of these few peoples; but the bodies are often tall, supple and finely formed; and the face, in some cases, is delicately modelled in the women and generously strong in some of the men. However, these elements would be, at most, but small in comparison to the whole of the new stock; and in any case the Sixth Race will spring from families almost wholly Aryan.

Fritz Kunz.

## REINCARNATION

By M. R. ST. JOHN

MANY Theosophists consider that, as far as our knowledge extends at present, everything that could possibly be said in support of this fascinating theme has been put forward, or, to put it more tersely, the subject has been worn almost threadbare. The stock arguments—that it is the only theory which explains the apparent injustice of things; that it is a necessary concomitant to the law of cause and effect; that it is believed in by something like two-thirds of the human race; and that certain events described in our own scriptures lend support to it—have been used over and over again. But in spite of this, the critical and scientific mind of the West has, on the whole, not taken kindly to the teaching, although there are many who do regard it sympathetically, and an ever-increasing number of people who are accepting it.

Yet it does seem that one of the strongest arguments in proof of Reincarnation has been overlooked; has in some mysterious way eluded the vigilance of even its most ardent supporters; and that argument is one that arises in the mind from a study of Weissmann's theory, Mendelism, and heredity in general; for one cannot fail to be struck rather forcibly by a curious fact in connection with both individual, collective, and national heredity (as far as a State is concerned) which

not only supplies the missing link in the theory so admirably propounded by Weissmann, but nullifies the arguments of those who were opposed to his views regarding the transmission of character to progeny.

Now, while it must be admitted that the hereditary strain has a very marked influence, there is something appertaining to the individuals comprising a race which is often far stronger, which not only modifies the hereditary influence, but frequently actually opposes it; and this is so noticeable a trait, that it seems only capable of explanation by an admission of the reincarnation of certain egos and groups of egos at the same period in order to produce this phenomenon of national and racial change of temperament which is found pervading different nations. Some hereditary theorists assert that we inherit from our progenitors, not only our physical encasement, but also our family feelings and characteristic habits of mind, that our lineage is responsible for our temperament and general make-up, and in proof of this, they point to numerous isolated cases from which the well known and significant expression "chip of the old block" owes its derivation. But when a man or woman displays a marked divergence from the parental type, it is ascribed to a "throw back" to some remote ancestral trait, either good or bad, as the case may be.

Assuming for the moment that the latter are the exceptions and the former the rule, we should expect the following evolutionary result: *viz.*, that all offspring would carry on the family and national traits more intensified, and therefore that different nations would tend to become more diverse, which, in spite of this war, is by no means true in a general sense. What we

do find taking place is something very different, especially in the more advanced nations ; for if we begin with Great Britain and glance back at the habits, ideas, customs, manners and ways of the inhabitants of this country say 150 to 200 years ago, could it possibly be held that evolution had proceeded along those lines, intensifying them, carrying them on further, or even trying to perfect them ?

On the contrary, we have recently altered so radically in all those things, that the theory of heredity as regards our temperamental characteristics is untenable, for numbers of people in this country to-day are aghast at the comparative savagery of our ancestors of even three generations back ; at the laws, the manners, the wit, the customs, and habits that were considered quite ordinary, if not correct, in the eighteenth century. And here comes in the most remarkable thing in connection with this, namely, that while our physical bodies, with all their imperfections, are a legacy from our ancestors, our ideas, etc., are far more in harmony and sympathy with those which history asserts were characteristic of nations which existed over a thousand years ago and even earlier. Take, for instance, the remarkable love for games and the attraction to physical culture, which has been so much overdone of recent years ; that has not come down to us from our ancestors, since they, from all accounts, were content with a few simple amusements, by which they helped to while away spare time, of which in those days there seemed to have been a superfluity ; there was no such intenseness as we find now, and certainly no professionalism.

How then is this to be explained ? Simply by the fact that enormous numbers of souls who have



previously been incarnated in Greek and Roman bodies have reincarnated, bringing with them temperamental characteristics of their Greek and Roman lives. It may be adduced that law and environment are responsible for this "improvement" in the national traits, but although these do exercise a powerful influence, they are not responsible for such a marked change of temperament and habit—of which the above is only one instance—as has taken place in the British Isles within the last one hundred years.

What then of Germany? Surely the influence of law and environment is solely responsible for the characteristic change that has taken place in the ideas, aspirations, and habits of its people since the days when a fine philosophy and the poetic and mystic writings of Schiller and Goethe held a place in their hearts and minds. To a certain extent, yes; but no outside influence could change "the soul of a people" to such a radical extent unless that influence had a very different kind of soil in which to implant its virus, and numbers of egos now incarnate in German bodies must be of a very different order from those of a few generations back, in whom the philosophy and poetry of the time evoked an answering note.

And in India too, young India, has not the influence of western civilisation found a suitable soil in the souls of the rising generation? For when we synchronise this with the change that has taken place among a large section of western peoples in the direction of anti-materialism and mysticism, it is obvious that there has been a change over of egos between the two civilisations, that of the East and that of the West.

The critics would put this down entirely to the influence of intercourse assisted by travelling facilities ; but such would hardly suffice to account for that inter-blending of thought and temperament which has been steadily increasing during the last thirty or forty years. And since exceptions are said to prove the rule, have we not instances of English men and women who, even after years of residence in eastern climes, cannot get rid of that crystallising insularity which is one of the distinguishing signs of a backward soul. Heredity, climate, and environment are very powerful factors, but in spite of this, there are many who succeed in rising superior to all three, and even a greater number who would do so if they had the necessary strength to face the combat entailed.

The writer does not ask indulgence for having mixed up the family and national hereditary influences, for he holds that the two factors are not diverse, but are in fact so intimately related that they act and react on one another ; further, that this will become more so in the future and will extend to other nations, and finally to the whole world.

M. R. St. John.

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## LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

V

ADYAR,

*December 1912.*

THE result of my first expedition in sandals is a blister which prevents me, for the time being, from going for a walk. So I have not been able to join the procession which, every evening at five o'clock, accompanies Mrs. Besant on her walk. It seems that yesterday Mrs. Besant went all round on a tour of inspection with a view to Convention arrangements and the lodging of all the brothers who are to be here then. In the evening, at the class on *A Study in Karma*, the audience had already increased considerably.

This morning the Countesses Schack, fair-haired Germans who are playing the formidable rôle of house-keepers, warned me that to-morrow the cleaning will begin of the rooms next to ours. We shall make ourselves as compact as possible, vacating the retreat which has served us as a dining-room. Only our kitchen (a hut made by the boys) and our "sideboard" will be left there.

The train of the evening procession is being increased by our friends the Parsis from Bombay, the

Benares people, and some who have arrived all the way from Australia. On all sides they are putting up huts—*rancho* style—and improvising beds for the new arrivals. Our number is already nearly two thousand.

The meetings follow close upon each other; they are all interesting, and they are so numerous that it is impossible not to miss some. Only Mrs. Besant has strength enough for that. She presides over or speaks at almost all, without showing the least sign of fatigue. I have just been to a meeting where Reports were read of the various Theosophical activities. Mrs. Higgins, a fine old lady who manages the Buddhist schools in Ceylon; another Englishwoman who has some schools for outcastes; Miss Gmeiner, whom I saw myself at work at Delhi, where, with her friend Miss Priest, she conducts a girls' school; Miss Arundale, who started the one in Benares; G. S. Arundale for his College—all these read Reports most encouraging to our spiritual movement.

For the last day and a half I have not had time to write a single line. We run from the Hall to the banyan tree, from the banyan home, and from there back to the Hall. I get up at dawn and try to get to bed by ten o'clock. I do not know whether it is because of an inner peace (outer peace there is none just now), or whether it is the atmosphere, but I notice that I understand many things I did not understand before, and that I am *growing*. Unfortunately my physical self is following my superphysical, and my dresses will soon be too tight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yesterday at 5 o'clock, under the enchanted tent of the banyan—whose hanging branches, taking root and

growing into new trunks, make archways and galleries and passages and colonnades and even rooms—a great carpet was spread. It was studded with masculine heads, smooth and chocolate coloured, and adorned with painted caste marks, quaint coloured turbans and caps, which show to the initiated to what part of the country its wearer belongs and to which caste. To me they meant nothing but the brilliant play of the most vivid colours. The Hindu ladies, their noses and ears sparkling with jewels, and rows of much less picturesque Europeans, bordered this odorous throng, where a dew lay heavy which was not the dew of heaven. Every corner was crowded, and through the trellis-work of branches was visible the gold of the sun.

Mrs. Besant stood on a high platform. From a distance she seemed to be standing on a branch of the tree. You will read her lectures in the papers; but alas, you will not have her magnificent gestures, her finely modulated voice, now melodious as a song, now rolling like thunder. Theosophy apart, she is a splendid orator, and an artist before whom Mounet-Sully and Sarah would bow in reverence. In French she loses half her expressiveness. While she spoke, the light changed and gradually died away; the electric lamps were lighted (with discretion) and the white figure stood out clearly against the foliage, opening its arms wide like a great bird that spreads its wings. The wind shivering in the branches, the crickets shrilling in the distance, everything seemed to follow the cadence of her voice. It was splendid, and we felt far away from earth, hovering above it as in a dream.

To-day, Sunday, we were invited to a big tea-party, given by Miss Rea, under the banyan. The

whole of Adyar was there—with shoes on for the most part. Shoes are the height of elegance here, an elegance which is generally reserved for the company of “Madrasites”. The “Madrasites” are to us the epitome of snobbery, English propriety, the world and the philistines. When they come, sandals and saris are hidden away. We had an excellent tea, thanks to the van Hook bakery and confectionery. Mrs. Besant showed herself for a quarter of a second, and Mr. Ransom amused the company with conjuring tricks and songs.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

In the Hall Mrs. Besant spoke of the Path of Return and the stumbling-blocks that we should find there. One of the greatest is the sense of possession. With respect to that, India, with its joint family system in which the various members of the family use each other's things indiscriminately, sins less than the West. We are always vexed when people make use of our possessions, and we say: He might at least have asked me. It is just in that feeling that the harm lies. It is not a question of lending or giving, much less of robbing ourselves, but of realising in the depths of our souls that we possess nothing. We are nothing but custodians, with no exclusive rights.

Miss Kofel invited us to visit a Pariah School here (she has several others in the neighbourhood). We got there at nine, in time for prayers. There were about two hundred ragamuffins, more or less clothed, the “less” often reaching its extreme limit. In a large hall, with its walls covered with tulle, the classes of the older children were gathered; the little ones were under a thatched roof and under a tree—all seated on the ground. One of the teachers is blind in one eye;

another is hideously marked with smallpox, a fact which has not prevented him from marrying a very pretty wife and being the father of one of the little boys whom he teaches; he is happy.

Mme. Blech was bending over a little girl to look at her slate, when I noticed on the child's glossy hair a miniature world of life! From that moment on, I couldn't take as much interest in Miss Kofel's splendid work as I ought to have done.

In the afternoon the Governor of Madras came with his Aides-de-camp to visit the school; it interested him very much. Miss Kofel was radiant. She deserves to go to heaven.

## VI

*January 4th, 1913.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have thought of you a great deal, and of the New Year gatherings at your house; for several years now, we have passed that festal day together. Here it passed unnoticed. Mrs. Besant and Miss d' A. and some others had been invited to a garden party at Government House, and came home very late. The next day the Benares people started on their return journey. We were present to see the exodus, the last detachment being the Arundale party, who were honoured with the motor-car and the escort of Mr. Leadbeater.

Meanwhile Mrs. Besant was resting from her labours by distributing with her own hands, one by one, cakes and toys to three or four hundred little ones from the Panchama Schools. When we had said

good-bye to Miss Arundale and had reached Blavatsky Gardens, the clothes had already been given away and the children were going to the banyan tree, where Chinese lanterns were being lighted. The Adyarites made a kind of protective circle round the tree; a curious crowd remained outside it, and the children sat down in circles, back to back, in perfect order. Mrs. Besant, followed by a Burmese boy of thirteen (who looks rather like my brother José when he was a child) who carried her tray for her, bending again and again to put the things into the little black paws, went round the circles five or six times even before I left, and I went away before the end. You try bending down five hundred times in succession, and then you will understand my astonishment. You want my impressions? I am astounded by it all.

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I have received your letter, and I am still dazed by it. What? You can already see a book on Adyar, even to the colour of the binding? The sad part about it is that the real Adyar is not on the physical plane, and that I could never convey the least conception of it to anyone who has not felt its influences. Describe the effect of an electric shock to people who have never felt it. Even the physical plane things, such as the colour of the sky, are impossible to reproduce. I often go out with Mme. Bermond, who is a painter and who almost swoons before the beauty of the twilight, but cannot describe the colours—so wonderful are they. When you expect green, you find it is blue or yellow, but the greens and the yellows are such as one is not accustomed to seeing, hence they are indefinable. The same may be said of the reds. The



woods sing: it isn't the song of the wind in the trees nor the twittering of the birds; it is all that; but there are other invisible things that make up the melodious choir. It brings tears to one's eyes; but to try to describe it—that is impossible; it would be base treachery, almost. It would be like a photograph of the Taj Mahal; it tells you nothing, though the Taj is one of the Marvels of the World.

Anyway, *I* cannot do it; I do not feel able to undertake a chapter on the mystical side of Adyar. Perhaps I shall write a poem on it in my next life. Everyday Adyar, past and present, I *can* manage, if you think that will serve your purpose. I will send you a little bit of it at a time, and afterwards it can all be trimmed and strung together.

MARIA CRUZ.



# PATTIDĀNA<sup>1</sup>

AN INCIDENT

By S.

[T was October. Overhead great fleets of clouds, white as the whitest wool, like silver-sailed galleons bound in haste for some far shore, passed in gay procession over the clean, clear, rain-washed blue of heaven. Below stretched wide on every hand the green sea of the never-ending paddy fields, where the grain seemed to heave in veritable waves as its stalks bent to the breath of the monsoon wind now blowing its last.

Like some lonely, grey-brown island in the midst of that green sea, perched on its posts above the surface of the waving grain, stood the house of Maung Ba Zin, cultivator and part owner of the fields of paddy around. In this house great events were toward. A new little voyager on the sea of life had just made his appearance there; and the happy mother, well wrapped up, and with the hot bricks duly ranged about her, was holding her first-born son to her heart. In a corner the midwife was busied about the preparation of some rice-gruel; and below the house, in between the posts, Maung Ba Zin squatted beside a fire, heating more bricks in case

<sup>1</sup> *Pattidānam* : The transferring to another of "merit" made.

they should be wanted, Ma Noo looking on with much wonder expressed in her little face.

“What is the matter, father?” she asked, pointing first to the big hot fire, and then upward at the floor over her head.

“Nothing at all is the matter: everything is all right. But you have got a little brother now, Noo Noo,” replied her father. “Are you not glad? Wouldn’t you like to have a nice little brother to play with?” and he picked the little girl up in his arms and affectionately sniffed over her face and hair.

“A little brother! Oh! let me see him.”

“Yes, yes, of course I’ll let you see him; but not just now. We must wait a little bit, you and I, until Daw Hpyu says it is all right. Then we will both go upstairs together, daughterkin, and see your new little brother. What shall we call him, Noo Noo?”

Ma Noo smiled pleasedly at thus being asked to find a name for the little brother she had not yet seen. For a moment or two her eyes wandered round over the paddy all about their dwelling. Then she said slowly:

“I think we should call little brother Red Rice. Red rice is very good.”

“A splendid name! The very thing!” said her father. “That’s just what we’ll call him. His name shall be Maung San Nee, Mr. Red Rice.”

The green of the far-stretching paddy fields was turning to a dull bronze in the sunset light and the wind had almost sunk to its evening quiet, before Daw Hpyu called down from above that now they might come up and see the new baby, and get their evening rice. Picking up Ma Noo on his hip, Maung Ba Zin

climbed the narrow outside stair of his dwelling, set her down on the floor, and then, holding her hand, approached where the midwife held in her arms a strangely small bundle of clothing. Cautiously Daw Hpyu turned back a cloth from one end of it, and exposed to the gaze of Ma Noo and her father, the little, bare, round head and puckered face of Maung San Nee.

For a moment of perfect stillness Ma Noo stood by her father's side looking at the new little brother; then she burst into a heartbroken wail of lamentation. Father and aunt gazed at the girl, astonished. Then the father spoke:

"Why, Noo Noo! Whatever is the matter with you? What are you crying for? Hush, hush; you'll frighten your mother and make her ill."

"Oh, Oh!" wailed the little girl, but in more subdued tones; and she crushed her face close against her father's side and tried for her mother's sake to stifle her sobs.

"But what is the matter?" again asked her father, puzzled and half alarmed.

"Oh, Oh!" sobbed out Ma Noo. "Oh, Oh! Poor little brother has got no hair on his head, no hair on his head at all. Oh, poor little brother!"

Her father and her aunt could only stare after her as the little girl broke away from them, paused a moment, and then, picking up something from the floor, ran out of the door and down the steps as fast as her little legs would carry her.

At the foot of the stair she almost tumbled full length over Pegoh, the big Pegu hound who was standing there gazing up at the house with an air of anxious enquiry.

“Pegoh!” called the little girl. “*La, la*, come, come!” for she felt a little afraid. It was fast getting dark, and she had something to do she must do at once.

The old hound turned to obey her call, as he had been accustomed to do ever since she could walk, and in his wonted silent, undemonstrative fashion, padded after her along a narrow path between the tall grain that hid both child and dog, until they reached the road that led to the great city. A short way along this road there glimmered through the dusk a tin, white-washed pagoda, not much higher than Ma Noo herself—a very humble little structure made of common clay, but always kept white and beautiful with fresh coats of wash when required. Towards this Ma Noo turned her steps.

As she approached it, she stopped and stood a few minutes in the concealing dusk, fumbling about her head. Then she went up to the little pagoda, and Pegoh—nobody else—saw her lay down a little bunch of something that even in the gathering gloom stood out black against the white ledge of the pagoda. Next she knelt down, and after bowing three times with folded hands laid to her forehead, she murmured something that was half speech, half chant. Again she bowed reverently to the pagoda three times, and rose to her feet. For a moment she stood there as though hesitating, put her hand to her head and pulled it quickly away again, and then turned back along the way she had come and up the path between the tall paddy toward the house, old Pegoh silently padding after her.

“Ho, Noo Noo! Noo Noo yay!” she heard her father calling urgently as she drew near. “*La, la!* *Htamin-sa pyin pyee-bye.* Come, come! Rice is ready.”

But Noo Noo was unable to call back ; her little heart was too full.

“Where can that girl be?” exclaimed the father to himself. “It is getting quite late. She should not be out in the dark like this.” And he called again ; and still got no reply.

“Oh, never mind her,” said his sister, “she is quite safe. Pegoh is sure to be with her. She has only gone away to finish her cry. Come and eat your own rice. When she is hungry she will come in for hers.”

So Maung Ba Zin and Daw Hpyu sat down on the floor before the low table lit by one smoky oil light at its side, which made only a little illumination and a whole host of shadows, and partook of their evening meal of rice and curry.

As they ate, a little form stole softly up the stair outside, crept through the doorway, and tried to slink in the shadow round by the wall behind Daw Hpyu to where the baby now lay sleeping beside its mother. But Daw Hpyu’s eyes were too quick for her.

“Ah, there she is,” she said. “Come along, Noo Noo, and take your rice.”

The girl paid her no heed, but shrank closer to the wall, still making toward the sleeping babe.

“No, no ; baby is sleeping,” called Daw Hpyu. “Come and take your rice now,” and putting out her hand behind her, she laid hold of a corner of the girl’s jacket and gently pulled her toward the table.

“*Ah-ma-lay!*” she exclaimed in a voice of horror and surprise as the light fell upon the little girl’s head. “Oh, Noo Noo, what have you been doing?”

She had good cause to exclaim. Where was the neat little banded coil of glossy, jet-black hair

that used to adorn the top of Ma Noo's head, with a red poppy-flower coquettishly stuck in it just over her little ear—that headgear which, when dressed up in her best to go to the big pagoda at Rangoon, made her look such a sweet, quaint, little woman, the image of her mother in perfect miniature! Where was it? For nothing was there now but a woeful rump of sadly hacked and haggled hair.

“*Ameh!*” cried the father, as his eyes too fell on the ruin. “Where is your hair, Noo Noo? What have you done?” and he took out of her hands the scissors he now spied there. “Come, tell me! Where have you been? Who did that? Was it you? How did you do it. Why did you do it?”

The little girl, crouching beside the smoky light, heard these quick-flung questions to the end with lips that trembled more and more but gave forth no sound.

“Oh, father, let me see little brother,” she burst out at length when her father's breath was exhausted.

“No, no; you can't see little brother: he is sleeping. He must not be waked,” said Daw Hpyu. “What do you want to see him for now? You'll see him to-morrow. But tell me! Why did you cut off all your pretty hair? What made you do such a thing?”

“Oh father, tell me first,” pleaded the little girl in a voice on the verge of tears, “tell me first—has little brother got plenty of hair on his head now?”

“Hair on his head! No, you funny little daughter-kin. But never mind San Nee's hair. What about your own? What have you done with it?”

“Oh, *opay*, please do not be angry,” said the little girl haltingly, appealingly.

“No, no, I am not angry. But tell me now what you have been doing with your head.”

Ma Noo seemed to pull herself together. “Yes, I will tell you,” she said in a low voice, her eyes fixed on the floor.

“Poor little San Nee had no hair on his head, so I thought. . . . I thought. . . . At the big golden pagoda in Rangoon I saw hanging up a bunch of hair, and I thought, maybe. . . . So I thought, maybe, if I cut off my hair too. . . . And I went to the pagoda on the road and laid it there. And I worshipped the pagoda the same as we did the big one at Rangoon, and I said the words you told me to say when I laid the flowers before the Lord Buddha that day. I said: ‘If there be any merit in this my deed, may it help me to gain Nibbana.’ Only, I didn’t say: ‘May it help me to gain Nibbana.’ I said instead: ‘May it help poor little brother to get hair on his head.’”

For a breathless second father and aunt stared in dumb amazement at the pathetic little face now looking anxiously up at them. Then—they could not help it—they burst into a united peal of hilarious laughter. But the next moment they checked themselves, as the serious voice of the little girl struck them with an almost painful anxiety in its tones: “But has little brother got hair on his head now?”

For a second or so the father’s eyes rested tenderly on the anxious face of his little daughter. Then he said in serious but cheerful tones:

“No, Noo Noo—that is not yet, not yet. But never mind; do not be sad,” he continued quickly as he noticed the little girl’s face fall, “he soon will have. Oh, very soon. You will see. Just wait. Not very



long. Only a little while. And then, I am sure, quite sure, he will have the very biggest and finest lot of hair on his head, in the whole world."

The little girl's face brightened. "Oh, will he? Sure?" she said. "I am so glad, then, that I cut off mine for him. I should like him to have the best head of hair of any little brother all round here." And she fell to eating her rice in very evident satisfaction and content.

And indeed, all fell out exactly as Maung Ba Zin said.

As the weeks passed, Maung San Nee did come to have a most marvellous head of plentiful, fine, glossy, black hair, just like his sister's, which now was growing almost as good as it had been before. And in the cool of the evenings, as Maung Ba Zin sits on the lock gate, smoking his cheroot and chatting to his friend the canal lock keeper, he glances from time to time over at the little pagoda gleaming whitely by the roadside, and says:

"Well, it was very good Dāna, that of Ma Noo, quite sure. For you never saw a boy of his age with such a splendid lot of hair as Maung San Nee; now did you?"

And the lock keeper gravely replies:

"You speak true, Maung Ba Zin. It is certain I never did; not even in the big city of Rangoon. No, I never did."

And the travellers along the road, as they pass the little pagoda shining so dazzling clean and white in the sun, are accustomed to nod toward the little bunch of hair on its ledge, held safe from being blown away by the stone some one has laid on it, and to say to their

neighbour, with a smile always in their eyes that sometimes reaches their lips as well :

“Ah, it was a very good deed, that of little Ma Noo: no doubt about it. There isn't another boy with a head of hair like Maung San Nee all the way between here and Rangoon. Indeed there isn't.”

S.



## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE FOURTH DIMENSION

I hope you may find space for the enclosed. Claude Bragdon is our Theosophical pioneer in a new field of art. We owe him gratitude and open recognition of the value of his service in adding to the World-beauty.

In a recent letter to a T.S. friend, who had given him a few words of appreciation, he said: "I am very much alone in my propaganda and appreciate all the recognition I get from any quarter." We feel the pathos of that loneliness which surrounds all great souls who lead the van, whose vision is so big that others cannot follow it.

Greeting from the Santa Rosa Lodge to all the dear workers at Adyar, and may peace be with you during 1917.

ADELAIDE COX,  
*President, Santa Rosa Lodge.*

[We append our correspondent's contribution herewith.—ED.]

Mr. E. L. Gardner, in the October THEOSOPHIST, frightens (?) all Fourth Dimension enthusiasts by reference to "the vigorous and healthy curse of Athanasius which awaits the heretic" etc.: parenthetically it may be said that a new brand of heresy is invented to suit the occasion. He softens the curse by referring to it as a "gentle (?) protest" and continues: "I submit that the Fourth Dimension is a formless mental abstraction, that it has no proper standing. . . . The purport of this article amounts to a denial of its existence." In making these assertions our tender friend feigns a timidity that is not apparent; but well may he shake in his three-dimensional shoes, for we are after his one-dimension scalp, which we will gently remove and spin merrily in a four-dimensional direction. The heretic in question is one who adds a fourth and unknown dimension to the three dimensions of space, which are "reflections in terms of form of the Divine Trinity in Unity of the one Life". Mr. Gardner adds: "It is an attempt to identify the attributes of Life with the figures of form, and however willingly we grant that behind the Fourth Dimension there stands something real, it is of importance that the reality should be described in terms of Life or Consciousness, and not be regarded as a further extension of form."

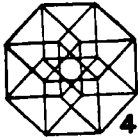
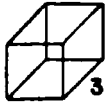
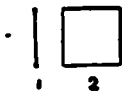
Three questions are in order: Is there not a Divine Quaternary? and does not H. P. B. diagram the plane of

manifested matter as a square? We cognise three dimensions through our normal senses; the race is evolving a sixth sense. May it not include the comprehension of a higher dimension?

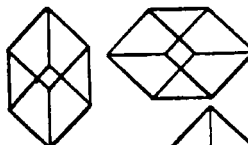
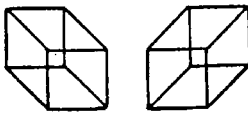
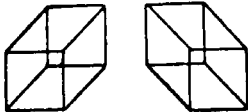
The annihilation of the four-dimensional idea would seem a catastrophe to Claude Bragdon's friends and admirers, for on that is based his new art, explained in his books entitled *A Primer of Higher Space* and *Projective Ornament*.

All who have studied the works of C. H. Hinton and Claude Bragdon admit that to understand their explanation of the Fourth Dimension one must draw largely on the imagination; hence it becomes to that extent a mental abstraction, "formless" we will not admit.

**PLATE . A.**



**TESSERACT.**



**8 CUBES OF  
TESSERACT.**

Mr. Gardner says: "By dimensions of space we really mean extension of matter." Let us reflect that matter is not confined to the physical plane. We do not make any impossible leap from the physical to the higher mental plane, but take our natural, leisurely way, one step at a time. Our first adventure in a four-dimensional direction leads to the astral world, and when hypersolid disappears into that region, we find that the forms there are exact duplicates of the three-space physical forms, with the added extension (dimension) which annihilates distance, and with it time.

All writers about the Fourth Dimension and the Astral Plane deplore the inadequacy of the names used, but they have become accepted terms *faute de mieux*. In order to lead the mind by easy stages, the formula given is something like this: A no-dimensional point moving in a one-dimensional direction generates a line; a line moving at right angles to its length in a two-dimensional direction generates a plane; a plane moving at right angles to its surface in a three-dimensional direction generates a solid; a solid moving at right angles to its content in a four-dimensional direction generates a hypersolid (Plate A). Now a solid, moving thus, obviously moves in every direction, which, as I understand it, is radiation—an unlimited extension in all directions, making it possible to see the solid at any distance

<sup>1</sup> Claude Bragdon, Architect. Rochester, New York, U.S.A.

from its physical base by means of four-dimensional vision, in other words by astral or mental clairvoyance. From the standpoint of physical plane consciousness, may not this radiant extension be called dimension or no dimension, just as we say a point is everywhere and nowhere? We are forced to express ourselves in terms of time and space, so why object to the word dimension? It has a mathematical fitness that no other word possesses. The tesseract or hypercube is given as an example (No. 4, Plate A).

Mathematically it is absolutely correct, since the two points which bound the line find their fourth power in the sixteen points of the tesseract. Claude Bragdon's diagrams of hypersolids are illuminating. He does not attempt the impossible, but leads the mind unmistakably to a vision of higher things. The tesseract implies radiation, but shows only as many lines as a mind working through a physical brain can easily follow. It shows other qualities belonging to higher planes, *i.e.*, the transparency and interpenetrability of forms. He does not claim that the diagram describes the real hypercube, which is always a cube; the drawing, being necessarily on a plane surface, is not even a perspective of a tesseract, but the perspective of a perspective, for it is a two-dimensional representation of a three-dimensional representation of a four-dimension form. Furthermore these plain diagrams of the tesseract and hypersolid are attractive in themselves, and in the hands of an artist give rise to endless adaptations in design, the beauty of which is extraordinary. This beauty is an evidence of underlying truth; beauty can be built on no other foundation. "Truth to the mind is beauty to the eye"; and we owe it to an F.T.S. that these avenues of beauty are opened to a world thirsting for some new expression of art. Claude Bragdon's Projective Ornament, while noble in its pure beauty, holds a satisfying appeal to the intelligence and stirs a mystical urge within to delve for the soul of things. When he is able to combine colour and light with his geometric projections, as was possible in a recent song and light festival in Central Park, New York, they become glorified to the entrancing loveliness that belongs to a spiritual fairyland; this brings them a step nearer as representations of mental forms which are self-luminous and *are* colour.

While most of the cubists and futurists are prowling vaguely around on lower astral levels, and bringing through some truth with many distortions, Claude Bragdon is boldly pointing the way to a higher world of wondrous possibilities. He sees Art and Theosophy as one. He teaches them together in language that is clear and clean-cut. Not often do we find so richly blended in one the artist, the occultist and the diction of his book. He attacks the apparently impossible with

a tantalising insouciance and a subtle humour that draws you on, however reluctant your mental feet. He fascinates you with some magic mystery, then uses it as a hammer to drive home the Ancient Wisdom, and fasten a wedge in his art. He builds his art on that same numerical foundation which builds the universe, and sings in the music of the spheres. Who shall say it will not endure, expand, create, become, or rather IS NOW, a worthy child of the new race, and it is primarily a four-dimensional idea. May the shadow of the tesseract never grow less! though it be only the shadow of a shadow.

Mr. Gardner says: "No one should destroy who is not prepared to construct," and Mr. Bragdon did construct grandly without any previous destruction being necessary; his diagrams and explanations are illuminating; they throw light on a subject that has as many sides as the circle has radii. Dear Brother Gardner, we may annex wings to a building, without destroying it, in order to build anew.

The controversy seems to rest mainly on a question of terminology. Prithee let us not split hairs over a name-word.

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### PRINCIPLE OR PUBLIC OPINION

Having read in THE THEOSOPHIST with interest both M. A. Kellner's and M. E. Cousins' discussions on "Principle or Public Opinion," I beg leave to say that if we all lived up to our ideals we should never have to consider laws or public opinion; so why this discussion? Having found "Self," and that Self being the perfect "I am," how can we in any way offend or be offended? The state we lived in would be a state of Peace. Events and people are controlled by law; there is an eternal law of justice; I am one with that law and rest in it.

As regards Mrs. Besant's "changes"—any one who has read her autobiography would never dare to criticise her—one feels all through her life the great hunger for a truth which would help man to be bigger than his surroundings; we all of us take many roads in going "home," and out of each experience she brought forth something beautiful, until she reached the one perfect ideal of Brotherhood. Who are we to judge? Let us spend our time in building up our lives and *not* in pulling down others.

RAY CORSER DUGUENNE.

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## BOOK-LORE

*The Message of the Future*, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A.  
(Star Publishing Trust, Glasgow. Price 2s.)

In the symphony of first rate Theosophical literature Mr. Jinarājadāsa undeniably plays his own special tune; to use his own words, he weaves—and with no uncertain touch—his own melody into the great song of Divine Wisdom. More especially does he do so in this new book, published by the Star Publishing Trust in Glasgow; or rather re-published, for all the “messages” originally appeared in one or another of the magazines. Yet this book, in the totality of its various articles and lectures, is a new and valuable gift to the world, a true message of the future; for it brings its reader so much nearer to the greater Teacher to whose Coming the author’s message relates.

We know very few mystic treatises, if any, that make such living realities of the great mystic facts of divine and human life as these articles do. The great religious dogmas—“God made Man,” “Man the Son of God,” “Christ the Mediator,”—they all at once become acceptable, intelligible—nay, glorious, living realities—by the perusal of this little book. In fact the Divine World constantly peeps through every image, every sentence; and the great World Teacher Himself seems to breathe through the atmosphere of the book.

Moreover we know that Mr. Jinarājadāsa is the apostle of beauty, that he, we may almost say for the first time, has brought beauty to the forefront in our literature. Nowhere does he do this more than in these treatises; they speak about beauty; the beauty of nature, of Creation; the beauty of Beethoven and Wagner; the beauty of the New Spring arising amid the dying of the Old World; beauty is woven into the articles as is gold thread into costly Indian shawls. And reading the

book quietly, reading with a stillness in our being, we feel its beauty, its enthusiasm, its certainty reflected in ourselves.

So will these mere reprints of several "Starlight" talks, of the Parable of the Three Old Men, of the Children's Playhouse and of the three lectures about the World Teacher be welcome to all Star brothers, all Theosophists, and all true Christians, not only for their own benefit but also as an excellent volume for propaganda.

A. G. V.

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*The Psychology of Music*, by H. P. Krishna Rao, B.A. (Wesleyan Mission Press, Mysore. Price Re. 1 As. 4.)

This is a small book containing twelve short chapters. In it an attempt is made to establish certain recognisable relations between human emotions and different musical notes. The reader is led through the first four chapters—which are, so to say, introductory—to the main theme of the book, which is dealt with in the fifth and succeeding chapters. The author considers the ordinary 12 swaram division of an octave, dividing it into two main divisions, S to P and P to S, and relates them to the lower and higher planes of consciousness. The different stages of a psychic impression, *viz.*, tranquillity, disturbance, perception, uneasiness, enquiry, egoism and pain, are taken to correspond to S, R<sub>1</sub>, R<sub>2</sub>, G<sub>1</sub>, G<sub>2</sub>, M<sub>1</sub>, M<sub>2</sub>; P again corresponding to tranquillity, though of a higher order. Of course it is difficult to "prove" this correspondence, it can only be felt. But where feeling is concerned it is not possible to give a common definite basis to the principles of correspondence. What appears to be a natural classification to one may seem entirely artificial to another. The different stages above mentioned may also be taken to correspond on a larger scale to S, R<sub>2</sub>, G<sub>2</sub>, M<sub>1</sub>, P, D<sub>2</sub>, N<sub>1</sub>, and a consistent system of interpretation may be developed. But at the same time it may be remarked that the correspondence adopted by our author seems to be self-consistent and illuminative. The pictures given in illustration of the emotions represented by different notes are tolerably appropriate.

Chapter VIII is very fascinating and instructive. A high degree of ingenuity is apparent throughout this chapter.



The fact that rhythmical movements of the hands, nods of the head and changes of the face muscles, accompanying the singing of a piece of music, are quite natural, is very clearly brought out. Even a bird goes on nodding its head in accompaniment to its song; no wonder, then, that a human being does so. A cold, immovable face is an artificiality for a musician.

The characteristic features of the eastern and western systems of music—melody and harmony—are very ably explained in the next chapter. That the sublime and the beautiful have their correspondences in the realm of music also is explained in the tenth chapter. While in the West musicians mix up these two, the musicians of India have clearly recognised the distinction, and never mar the beauty of music by unnecessary orchestral accompaniments. Real Indian music cannot even tolerate the harmonium and the organ.

The author then shows that natural music is always nasal, and that the bass and the tenor are artificialities. The harmonium is a very convenient instrument for a beginner, but advanced Indian music is inconsistent with the use of that instrument. He rightly deprecates its use by even some of our professional experts as a drone or as an accompaniment:

In the West the status of a musician is well defined. Music is looked upon as an accomplishment, and the musician is held in great esteem as one who contributes to social enjoyment and improvement.

Unfortunately it is not so here in India. The true place of music in the life of a Nation has yet to be recognised, and we heartily agree with the author when he says:

When instruction is begun from sound-language, and when the authorities in India responsible for the education of the country recognise, as in the West, the importance of music in the training of the child as well as the man, the art will attain a position not inferior to any other, and musicians, versed either in theory, composition or performance of the art, will all be of service in the great work of the spread of education throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The last chapter deals with "the dark side of our picture of music," but we fear that the author has painted it blacker than it really is. It is very difficult to agree with his wholesale condemnation of some of the ideas of our forefathers—who have been solely responsible for having developed our musical system to such a marvellous degree of complexity and refinement—regarding the absolute pitch of the musical notes, the time and season

for singing the ragas, and the "supernatural" powers of "certain ragas, such as bringing rain or kindling fire". When all types of living beings reach the condition which has been marked out severally for them by the Lord of the Universe in His Archetypes, their normal sounds would probably correspond to certain notes of unvarying relative pitches. Anyhow the author's objection has not been well maintained. It must be within the experience of most of us that certain ragams do seem to be more appropriate to certain times of the day than other ragams. To say that this is merely due to prejudice is "cutting the Gordian knot," and does not prove anything. Experience is a better teacher than any wrangling disquisition, and it teaches us—at least some of us—that our forefathers were after all wise enough on this point, as in other matters also.

The term "supernatural" is a very unhappy one. In Nature there cannot be anything "supernatural"; "supernormal" would be a better word. The whole universe can be explained and every phenomenon in it can be related to natural laws by a proper understanding of the nature of vibrations. Modern science is beginning to realise the all-sweeping nature of vibrational theories. It is idle to say that rain cannot be brought down nor fire kindled by a proper adjustment of vibrations. And music is the best adjuster of the vibrations. Even to-day the remarkable effect of *Varunajapam* can be observed.

There are some other statements also in the book which may seem to be unwarranted, as, for instance, the remarks about the Pythagorean "music of the spheres". The sublime must always appear ludicrous on the plane of the vulgar. Things must be judged from appropriate standpoints.

On the whole the book deserves a hearty welcome; it is provocative of much thought; the author has taken very great pains to present the subject in a thoroughly intellectual form and has very fairly succeeded in his efforts. The get-up of the book is excellent, though it is priced a little too high.

R. S.

*Jesus Christ and the Social Question*, by Francis Greenwood Peabody. (The Macmillan Co., London. Price 2s.)

This book is not a new one, having been reprinted several times since it first appeared in 1900, but it is one which is very appropriate to the present time. All over Christendom people are asking themselves the question: what, in the face of all the social problems that confront us, should be our attitude as followers of the Christ? And now that the war has thrown the world into still greater confusion than before, and the need for thorough reconstruction is apparent to all, this question of Christ's probable attitude towards it all is more than ever to the fore in Christian thought. As the author remarks:

This is an age of the social question. Never were so many people . . . so stirred by this recognition of inequality in social opportunity, by the call to social service, by dreams of a better social world. . . . The social question of the present age is not a question of mitigating the evils of the existing order, but a question whether the existing order itself shall last.

Of what value, then, is the life of Jesus to us as we turn our energies to the unravelling of this tangled mass of human needs and interests? Professor Peabody's answer, very briefly summarised, is as follows: Jesus was not primarily the deviser of a system, but the quickener of single lives; He held aloof from social problems and surveyed them with a detachment that prevented Him from throwing Himself into the solution of these questions in detail; His chief concern was with individual human souls, and His main object was to explain to these their relation to God. But it must not be supposed because of this that His influence is not productive of social results. "The same social fruitfulness has followed in every age each new access of genuine Christian life," and the reason of this lies in the fact that a constant stream of an abundant social service can only have its source in the moral and spiritual energy of the individual. It is this continually renewed impulse that contact with the personality of Jesus imparts.

The author works out this idea with great care and elaboration, supplying his readers copiously with references to contemporary European writers on the subject, and analyses the main aspects of the problem with a breadth of view which makes his book valuable to students, whatever their religious views.

A. DE L.

*Adventures of the Christian Soul*, being Chapters in the Psychology of Religion, by K. J. Saunders. With a Preface by the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. (Cambridge University Press, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This book is based upon an Essay entitled "The Psychology of Religious Experiences," which won the Burney prize at Cambridge, in 1908. It relates the adventures of the soul to biological and physiological processes in the affairs of everyday life, and we are led to examine various phases of religious experience through the spectacles of a psychologist, for psychology should be a stepping-stone from the material to the spiritual.

We first examine the subconscious mind, the deep current of the stream of consciousness, unseen yet active, a storehouse and laboratory which may work independently of consciousness, and which perhaps explains the visions of mystics during meditation. The writer insists that the subconscious mind is only a theory, and says :

Some writers have fallen into the trap of its existence, and speak of it as Madame Blavatsky used to speak of Tibet. When that ingenious impostor [!] desired to mystify her followers, or gain authority for her vagaries, she used to speak of the Mahatmas of Tibet, and to describe the sacred city of Lhasa, but when Thomas Atkins penetrated there, her Mahatmas had to seek fresh pastures, for Lhasa was not by any means the Ideal City of her vision.

Sturdy common sense can disapprove of much teaching about the subconscious; and to glorify it at the expense of consciousness is misleading—so our author says.

The next thing treated of is child-study; children do seem to have a "tendency toward God," but we cannot agree with the view in the book that Hindüism, Buddhism, and Muhammadanism have not as much adaptability to the needs of every stage of life as Christianity has; also, as Theosophists, we note a want of knowledge as to the so-called imagination of children, and their companionship with "imaginary" beings.

We are then shown that "Conversion"—a deep-seated emotional change—is the birth of Love, a passion for the Real and Eternal which strengthens the Will and illuminates the Mind, giving an ecstatic joy and a unification of the divided will. This adventure comes generally at adolescence, when the mind is specially receptive—emotional but chaotic—and the

author urges a more scientific, healthy education in the matter of sex. No word in religion, we are told, has been more abused than mysticism, the pursuit of the Beyond, the Real. The mystic is a religious genius, a nature capable of great love. This is the stage of the Lover. The concluding one of all the adventures that lead the soul to fulfil her natural destiny and return whence she came, is Prayer, Meditation, or Contemplation; for they all have the same effect, and become one with mysticism in tuning the will, intellect, and affections. We can recommend this book as a textbook on the psychology of religion, especially to those who like to keep the Christian presentment, and who have not time to study the larger works on the subject.

E. S. B.

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*The Black Dwarf of Vienna: and other Weird Tales*, by Princess Catherine Radziwill. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

This volume contains sixteen strange stories connected with some of the old families of continental Europe—mostly Polish, Russian and Hungarian. The tales are not the old familiar ones but some which are little known. The author offers no explanation of the weird occurrences she recounts and makes few comments, but in the Preface we are assured that all of them are well authenticated and that in every case the author has either visited the haunted locality or heard the story first-hand from the families in question, or even herself witnessed the events narrated. The tales are of unequal merit as stories, being in some cases rather baldly told, but in any case they are interesting additions to our collection of witnesses to the reality of the so-called "supernatural".

A. DE L.

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#### PAMPHLETS—ON EDUCATION AND BROTHERHOOD

The Theosophical Educational Trust (in Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., has issued a neat compendium of its objects, principles, and the methods of applying these; the conditions of affiliation of schools to the Trust are also stated. The Trust has already done so much good work, especially in India, that most Theosophists know at least something of

its aims, but it is useful to have them clearly defined in a convenient form for the information both of enquirers and propagandists. Affiliated to the Trust is the Theosophical Fraternity in Education, which has issued a similar booklet setting forth the ideals that the Fraternity stands for. Full membership is confined to members of the teaching profession (of course of either sex), but all workers in the educational field and sympathisers may become Associate Members. The Secretary of the Fraternity, Miss B. de Normann, is the author of a pithy article in pamphlet form entitled *Brotherhood and Education*, also published by the Trust on behalf of the Fraternity. The writer opens on the note of "divine discontent" with existing methods, especially in education, and shows how the principle of Brotherhood applied to education reveals its present defects and points to their remedy. Reforms are dealt with under three heads: the Child, the Teacher, and Administration; and two of the principal points brought out are the responsibility of the State for the care of its children and reverence for the child's individuality. The Brackenhill Children's Home, which belongs to the T.E.T., appeals for support in its "interesting educational experiment," to use the words of the prospectus. Enclosed with this is a reprint of the Programme of Education Reform issued by the Education Reform Council in November 1916. *Educational Reconstruction* is the title of a pamphlet published by The Workers' Educational Association, being their recommendations to the Reconstruction Committee.

*Brotherhood and Social Conditions* by G. Colmore is a powerful indictment of some of the social violations of Brotherhood that disfigure modern civilisation, such as under-paid labour, the prison system and prostitution. The plea is urged for vigorous action based on the truth that if one member suffers the whole body suffers.

To Holland belongs the credit of an "International School of Philosophy" founded at Amersfoort in September 1915. The programme of work undertaken for the summer of 1916 is announced in an attractive illustrated syllabus. We wish the organisers every success.

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## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## THE SYNTHESIS OF YOGA

Conspicuous among the Indian magazines is *Arya*, a "Philosophical Review" published at Pondicherry. The title we have quoted belongs to a series of articles by the Editor, Sri Aurobindo Ghose, which have been appearing for some time past; the January number contains the twenty-sixth, dealing with "The Passive and the Active Brahman". The task the author sets before him is best summed up in his own words:

The difficulty which the mental being experiences in arriving at an integral realisation of true being and world-being may be met by following one or other of two different lines of his self-development. He may evolve himself from plane to plane of his own being and embrace on each successively his oneness with the world and with Sachchidananda realised as the Purusha and Prakriti, Conscious-Soul and Nature-Soul of that plane, taking into himself the action of the lower grades of being as he ascends. He may, that is to say, work out by a sort of inclusive process of self-enlargement and transformation the evolution of the material into the divine or spiritual man. This seems to have been the method of the most ancient sages of which we get some glimpse in the Rig Veda and some of the Upanishads. He may, on the other hand, aim straight at the realisation of pure self-existence on the highest plane of mental being and from that secure basis realise spiritually under the conditions of his mentality the process by which the Self-existent becomes all existences, but without that descent into the self-divided egoistic consciousness which is a circumstance of evolution in the Ignorance. Thus identified with Sachchidananda in the universal self-existence as the spiritualised mental being, he may then ascend beyond to the supramental plane of the pure spiritual existence. It is the latter method the stages of which we may now attempt to trace for the seeker by the path of knowledge.

The main line of argument is roughly as follows: The mental process of withdrawal from the vehicles and their activities culminates in a state of equipoise in which the "passive Brahman," the unchanging Self, the disinterested Witness, is more or less realised. In this state the world and its interests, though retained within the consciousness as its creation, assume a semblance of unreality or illusion. But this is not the end of Yoga, though often mistaken for it. Such abstraction is but the first step, for if it were persisted in alone, mental existence would be lost in the Unknowable. The next and most difficult step is to return to ordinary activity without losing the sense of peace and unity gained in the passive state. This can be done by bearing in mind that the life of the world is the "active Brahman" and not merely a

personal activity; and such a disposition in turn reveals the reality of the "active Brahman" as being identical with that of the "passive Brahman".

The extremes to be avoided in both the passive and active states are well described in the following extract :

The difficulty is created by the exclusive concentration of the mental being on its plane of pure existence, in which consciousness is at rest in passivity, and delight of existence at rest in peace of existence. It has to embrace also its plane of conscious force of existence, in which consciousness is active as power and will, and delight is active as joy of existence. Here the difficulty is that mind is likely to precipitate itself into the consciousness of Force instead of possessing it. The extreme mental state of precipitation into Nature is that of the ordinary man who takes his bodily and vital activity and the mind movements dependent on them for his whole real existence and regards all passivity of the soul as a departure from existence and an approach towards nullity. He lives in the superficiality of the active Brahman. . . .

Yet the avoidance of these two extremes does not lie in mediocrity, as might be supposed, but in breaking through the barrier that shuts out the one state from the other, and so combining them in true proportion. The mechanical ideas, as seen from the passive existence, have to be infused with life in order that they may be vehicles of expression, communication and perception; but they must not be allowed to imprison the life bestowed on them. A final quotation will serve to illustrate the real aim of Yoga, as seen by the author, and incidentally the clear and forceful manner in which it is presented.

In proportion as this realisation is accomplished, the status of consciousness as well as the mental view proper to it will change. Instead of an immutable self containing name and form, containing without sharing in them the mutations of Nature, there will be the consciousness of the Self, immutable in essence, unalterable in its fundamental poise, but constituting and becoming in its experience all these existences which the mind distinguishes as name and form. All formations of mind and body will not be merely figures reflected in the Purusha, but real forms of which Brahman itself, conscious Being, is the substance and, as it were, the material of their formation. The name attaching to the form will be not a mere conception of the mind, answering to no real existence bearing the name, but there will be behind it a true power of conscious being, a true self-experience of the Brahman, answering to something that it contained potential but unmanifest in its silence.

W. D. S. B.



# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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Supplement to this Issue

# Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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CIRCULAR, JANUARY 1917

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## OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following has been issued during December :

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Published by *The Commonweal* Office.

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## REPRINTS

THE MEANING AND METHOD OF SPIRITUAL LIFE, by Annie Besant. *Adyar Pamphlet* No. 7.

THE FUTURE SOCIALISM, by Annie Besant. *Adyar Pamphlet* No. 18.

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VOL. IX

(DECEMBER)

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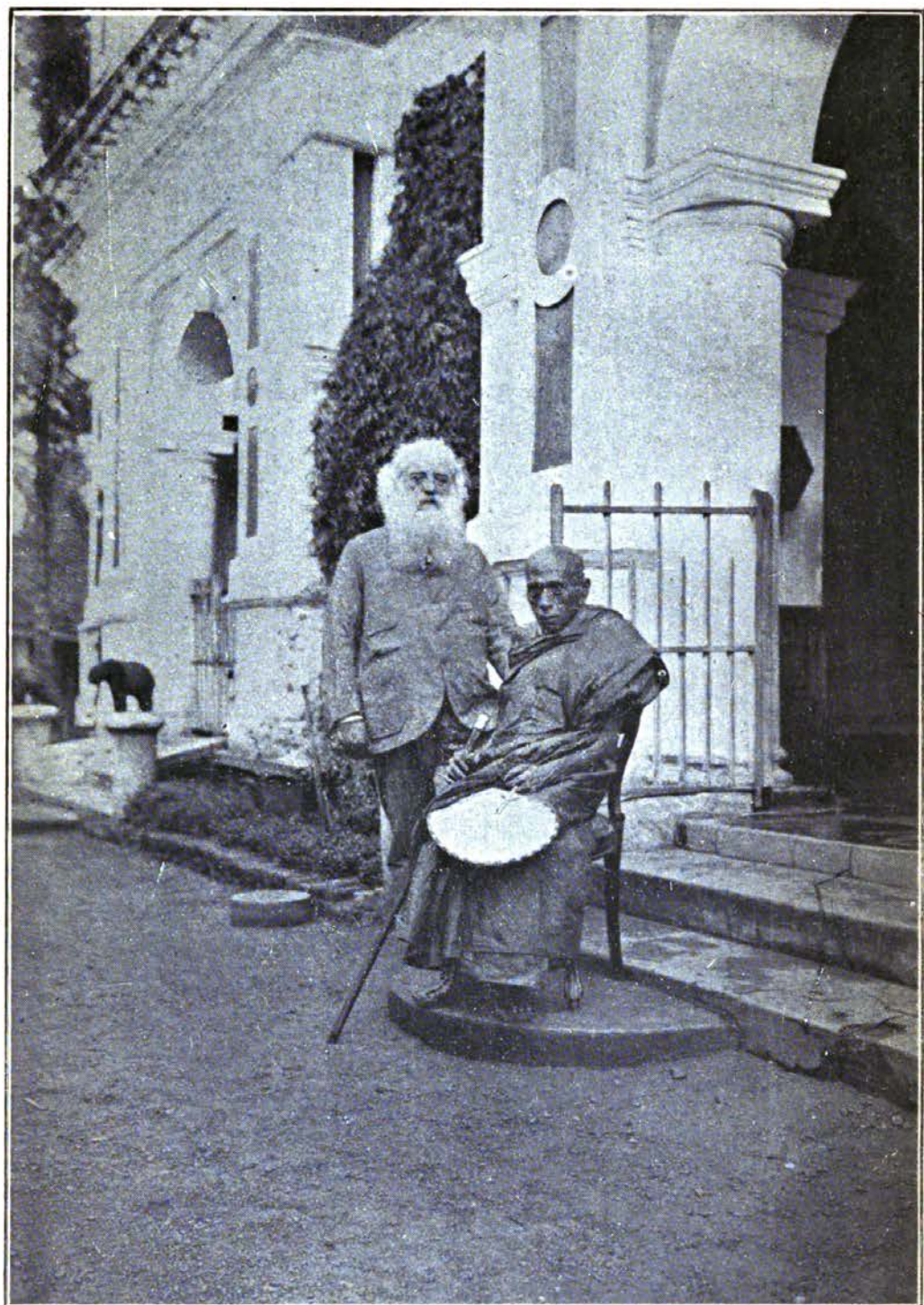
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COLONEL OLCOTT AND SUMANGALA

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THINGS move swiftly in these days of preparation for the Coming, for great are the changes in the world which mark the closing of one Age, and the opening of another. The passages in the Christian Gospels, so familiar and so terrifying to many Christians, do but tell in figurative language the portents which accompany the turning over of a new page in the great book of Evolution. H. P. Blavatsky wrote of the early years of this twentieth century as a time during which many accounts between the Nations would be settled, and her words are being worked out before our eyes. The ancient throne of the Celestial Empire in the East came crashing down not long ago, and on the ruins has arisen a Republic, the hugest in the world, comprising some 400 millions of people. Now the modern throne of Peter the Great has fallen, in the semi-eastern Empire of Russia, fallen at a touch it would seem, and causing no commotion in Russia herself. In Russia, as in Germany

and Austria, the Government was an autocracy, and the Spirit of the Age is against autocracies; everything, save that Spirit, was against the success of the Revolution—an ignorant peasantry, a shackled Press, a tyrannous police, “administrative orders” consigning untried men to prison and exile. But the imperial throne has toppled over without resistance worth the name, hunger, as is ever the case in Revolutions, being the final impelling cause. It is significant that one of the first acts of the crowd was, as in France in July, 1789, to attack their Bastille, the fortress of Peter and Paul, and to set free the political prisoners. If the Duma can hold its own, a fairer day will dawn for Russia, and liberty will replace autocracy.

\* \* \*

What will be the result on the Central Powers? Will the thrones of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs follow that of the Romanofs? It will be a happy day for Europe if the contagion of the revolutionary spirit spread, as it well may, and if we see the great European tyrannies crumbling into pieces before our eyes. Germany, above all, has chosen the evil path, and her fall is sure, and we may well hope that the brief Imperial sway of the Hohenzollerns, dating only from 1871, will soon be over. But the German people, well educated as they are, may yet be less fitted for Liberty than the ignorant Russians, for the Germans have been so drilled and organised, all initiative has been so starved out of them, that they may be like a limb paralysed by long inaction in a casing of plaster, into which the power of movement returns but slowly.

\* \* \*

We who, as Theosophists, have learned to look on the scroll of history as the unrolling of a definite Plan, in which each Race and Sub-Race and Nation plays its own part, cannot but watch the present happenings with intensest interest, as each new event comes into sight, and is seen as a fragment of the great mosaic. In that Plan, as often said, the bringing together of India and Great Britain was for the helping of the world; partly in order that India's priceless treasures of spiritual knowledge might be circulated over all the world in the language that is the most widely spread at the present time, and thus reach and influence the virile but unspiritual younger Nations, springing from the sturdy British stock. Partly also that the Indians, who had so deeply sinned by their divisions, might be driven together by a foreign rule and prepared to make a united Nation. Partly that the literature of Freedom, found nowhere in such splendid form and instinct with such fiery passion as in the tongue of Milton, Burke and Shelley, might re-awaken in India her sleeping traditions of intellectual freedom, out of which all other forms of freedom grow, and might drive that mighty force into modern channels, to irrigate the vast extent of Indian life. Through the union of India and Great Britain, at first as ruler and ruled, and then as willing, equal partners in a world-wide Empire, humanity was to be prepared for the Coming of the World-Teacher, and the foundations of a new civilisation were to be laid.

\* \* \*

I have often pointed out in the past, and have just repeated, that Great Britain was peculiarly fitted for her task by her own past history and present

constitution. I may reproduce here that which I wrote in *New India* on March 19th :

Great Britain—which does not include Ireland—is by far the freest country in the world, not only freer than the Central Powers, but freer than the Republic of France and even than the Republic of the United States of America. She has a free Press, and personal liberty is less shackled than in any other land; there is less interference with personal liberty there than anywhere else in the world, and property is safe from executive seizure outside the law. It is because of this that the British throne is safer than any other, and it is because of this that Great Britain was chosen, out of the competing European Powers, to bring India into the circle of free World-Powers. East and West, Asia and Europe, can only be brought together in peaceful and harmonious union through Great Britain and India, standing side by side as Free Nations, in close and intimate co-operation. If the primacy of Asia falls either to Japan or China—both Fourth-Race Nations—evolution will suffer a serious set-back.

Great Britain and India together are the natural leaders of Asia, for the civilisations of eastern Asia have been largely dominated by Indian thought. The Lord Buddha is followed by millions in Japan, China, Tibet and Siam. Japan has long looked to India as to the Mother of her people. The hoary antiquity of China, ante-dating the birth of the Āryan Race, has been deeply leavened by her thought and culture. The peoples of Persia, Mesopotamia, the Caucasus, Arabia, are all branches of the wide-spreading banyan-tree, rooted in India, and those branches have spread over Europe itself, the Kelt and the Teuton finding in the Āryan root-stock the ancient unity now separated into such wide divergencies. What more fitting than that India and Great Britain, the eldest and the youngest, grey Mother and lusty Daughter, should meet again in the Family Home, and claim their joint Heritage? May it not be that, in this terrible War, there may be developed by the wondrous alchemy of God a binding material to

unite the East and West? We must not forget that this union is part of the preparation for the Coming, and that the great Eastern Teacher who once came as the Christ—has not every great religious Teacher been born in the East?—wills that eastern Nations shall be recognised as part of the mighty family of Āryan freemen. Not to be “despised and rejected” does He return among men, but to be revered and followed, Asiatic though He be.

\* \* \*

To come down from these high themes, from the mountain, whence glimpses of the Promised Land are to be seen, to the common light of day, the common events of life. Yet the event to be noted is uncommon, and it has happened, most uncommonly, in Spain. Dr. Manuel de Brioude, Professor of Physiology in the University of Seville, joined the Theosophical Society, and, greatly daring, “*en pleine faculté de médecine*,” defended the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, knowing that he would thereby lose the post which he desired. However, the tribunal approved his thesis, and he rejoices to have been the first man in Spain to have spoken of Theosophy in a University assembly. Furthermore, he is endeavouring to eliminate vivisection, like a true Theosophist. H. P. B.’s faithful pupil, Señor Don José Xifré, who has laboured against such tremendous obstacles in Spain, must rejoice over this brave worker.

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Our members belonging to the Bradford Lodge of the Society will be glad to know that Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa is giving two lectures entitled “Child Welfare in a Model Municipality,” the Municipality being Bradford. The first lecture was delivered on March 15th, and the

audience was deeply interested in the fine series of lantern slides on which the lecture was founded. He showed us all the arrangements made by the Municipality for the care of the expectant mother, the newborn babe, the milk supply, the babies' hospital, and they were followed with keen attention. He reminded us that similar care might be shown here, ending with the remark, which I fear is but too true, that the difficulty was not "too little money but too little heart". The lecture was delivered under the auspices of the League of Parents and Teachers, the objects of which are "to bring about the abolition of corporal punishment both in homes and in schools," and "to spread among parents and teachers a knowledge of the latest ideas in educational science which affect the training of children". The League is fortunate in having among its officers so capable an exponent of its teachings as our wise and gentle Brother.

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This number begins a new volume, and I ask our subscribers to help us to increase our circulation, for in these hard times, with dear paper, and even that difficult to get, things are not smooth. We have been obliged to decrease the amount of matter because of the cost of paper, and the new postal regulations are burdensome, making all casual sales impossible. The restrictions placed on the Press by the Local Government prevent me from writing the comments on passing events, in the light of Theosophy and of Occultism, which formed one of the most valuable and interesting features of the paper. The events which mark the preparation of the world for the Coming of the World-Teacher are inevitably world-changing, and show



themselves in political movements, and these are barred. If it were a question of personal loss and suffering, I should be indifferent, and should go on till forcibly repressed. But the Vasanṭā Press is the centre of our propaganda, and, considering the whole work, I do not feel justified in allowing its forfeiture for one part of the work. And I would ask my readers to bear the deprivation until we have liberty of the Press in India. At present, a Local Government can forfeit the first security, and then the second security and the press on its own motion. An appeal to the High Court is permitted, but is useless; first, because, by the decision of two High Courts, any publication can be brought within the "all-embracing" clauses of the Act; secondly, because in cases in which the High Court declares the action of Government to be illegal—as pronounced by the High Court of Madras in my own case—it is powerless to give a remedy. The action taken by Government cannot be foreseen; some papers are allowed to say the most violent things and go scatheless; others are struck down for passages far less violent. The usefulness and value of THE THEOSOPHIST have been much lessened by the fetters placed on the Vasanṭā Press by the Local Government, but this is not without its usefulness, as it helps the whole world—for our circulation is world-wide—to know how we are governed in India as regards the liberty of the Press, and has aroused wide sympathy in the United States of America and in other countries, where subscribers have read what has been written here, and find it incredible that an English Government should act in such fashion. Some copies have reached Java, mutilated *à la Russe*. Our circulation has seriously

fallen, owing to this Government action, but I think that the faithful should share the burden with me, and thus lighten it. Many might take a second copy and place it in a public library, and thus utilise the repression.

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I have arranged to contribute a series of talks to a class, of which the first have appeared, and trust that these may prove useful to the studious. A few more "Rents in the Veil of Time" are available, and these will appear, in order to replace the "dangerous matter." In this and other ways, we shall try to increase the interest of our magazine. But to my own people I appeal to help, apart from any question of interest.

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## BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS<sup>1</sup>

17TH NOVEMBER 1875

By H. BAILLIE-WEAVER

THE Theosophical Society is no longer an infant ; it is a vigorous growing child with all the pains and difficulties inseparable from that stage. It has done a great work in the world already, though no doubt small in comparison with the work which it can and will do in the future.

Now in looking back at its beginnings one is struck, at least I am, by what, from a physical plane viewpoint, I can only term the unsuitability of the agents chosen to lay the foundations. I never had the

<sup>1</sup> A paper read at the Headquarters of the English Section on November 17th, 1916.

advantage of seeing, let alone becoming acquainted with, either Madame Blavatsky or Colonel Olcott, and therefore I can speak only as I have heard or read. But so speaking, I can imagine few persons less suitable, in the opinion of the type of man commonly known as "the man in the street," for the work which those two were given to do and which those two did. Neither from training, habits, nor social position, did they answer to any ordinary test of suitability, at least so it seems to me. And let me here parenthetically remark that the ordinary test of suitability is very important when you remember that the majority of the people with whom those two, like other teachers and reformers, had to deal (and with whom, by the way, the Theosophical Society has still to deal), were ordinary people.

This curious state of things seems to be usually, if not invariably, as I incline to think, the case with all great evolutionary movements. It would almost appear as if the greater and more wide-reaching the movement is going to be, the more inconvenient and full of drawbacks and blemishes are the environment and conditions of every one and everything connected with its beginnings. Take only one other great movement, with the early story of which, as conventionally told and accepted, we are all familiar, *viz.*, the Christian Movement. No doubt that story is imperfect, when not absolutely incorrect, in many particulars which the Churches still teach to be essential. No doubt when, if ever, the right, full version is given to the world, familiar dates and incidents, teachings and conceptions which are still accepted, even by Christian progressives, may have to be abandoned; but I do not think that any amount of correction will ever show that

the Christian Movement started in what can be termed a helpful environment, or was engineered and guided by persons, starting with the Master Himself; whom the ordinary clever, well-educated, cultured, influential people of the day would have dreamed of choosing for the purpose.

The explanation of this phenomenon—assuming I am right in my opinion that it is a phenomenon common to most if not all of the great evolutionary movements which have been organised and got going in the world—is, I imagine, *partly* that the standard whereby the great and eminent—not to mention our friend “the man in the street”—judge of suitability, is not the right one, and *partly* that the best possible cannot in the nature of things be the basis of choice, but instead the best available.

However, whatsoever the explanation of the phenomenon be, it teaches several important lessons, as it seems to me, and among them are four, upon one of which I will dilate somewhat. The other three I have only time to touch on.

1. The first lesson is that, although the people connected with the beginnings of a movement which they believe to be of wide-reaching importance, nay even essential to the well-being of Humanity, should strive to do everything according to the best standard, should strive to obtain for their movement, and the enterprises deemed desirable in connection with it, the best expert advice and methods they can command, they must not be disappointed if they cannot win the approval and support of the learned, the scientific, the influential. They must not be

disappointed if they cannot get such even to treat them seriously, or at best as better than lunatics with lucid intervals; they must not be disappointed if everything they do is judged unfairly; they must not be disappointed if the benefit of the doubt is always given against them instead of in their favour.

2. The second lesson is that, while always trying to gain adherents of good social position and acknowledged intellectual ability, as well as others of a different type, so as to have at their disposal propagandists suitable for all kinds of human material, and thus to be able to adopt the line of least resistance in all cases, they must never imagine that social position, education or intellectual attainments are *essential* to progress in the work.

Not to mention the case of the immediate followers of the Christ, 2,000 years ago, think of the early total abstainers; think of their ignorance of physiology, of the elementary facts of medical science; think of the so-called vulgarity of many of them, of the inaccuracy and exaggeration of many of their statements and assertions; think of the forces arrayed against them, of the attitude of the great and eminent, and of the vast majority of the medical profession, leaders as well as rank and file. Think that Benjamin Ward Richardson, a qualified man connected with the beginnings of the first Temperance Hospital was threatened by the Royal College of Physicians with a prosecution for manslaughter if a patient died in that Hospital! And then think of the present position of the movement those "inferior" people initiated! It is not too much to say that those

ignorant fanatics, as they were called, have beaten the whole medical profession hip and thigh; have forced those eminent scoffers, those learned scientific gibbers, to revise all their opinions and teachings on the subject of alcohol in the light of evidence they had no hand in providing and collecting, nay, did their best to stifle.

3. The third lesson is that they must have infinite patience with the peculiarities and weaknesses of their co-workers, being ever mindful that in all probability they themselves have their full share of those peculiarities or weaknesses, or of others equally trying, and always striving in fact to remember the best and forget the worst in their fellows. But (and this is most important to note) at the same time they must distinguish sharply between patience with others as far as they themselves are concerned, and weakness in dealing with others where the good of the Cause is concerned.

Nothing seems to me more dangerous than the unwillingness, when not inability, which many people display to make this distinction. I maintain that where the good of the Cause is concerned, no excuse should be made or accepted. If people are unsuitable for official connection with the Movement, or for any position therein which may cause outsiders to identify any aspect of the movement with them, they must be removed from that official connection, from that position, at whatever cost; even though their unsuitability arises from reasons with which they are in no way concerned; even although the genuineness of their devotion to the Movement cannot be doubted.

Take a physical instance to illustrate my point. No one would, I think, seriously contend that for a job involving active physical exertion a cripple should be chosen, however much we might sympathise with his physical disability, which might be due, say, to the kick of a drunken father. Well, right selection is just as much imposed upon us in the case of disability of a non-physical kind as of a physical kind, and is under exactly the same conditions. The test in every case is and always must be the good of the Cause, irrespective of every other consideration whatsoever, and the benefit of the doubt must always be given to the Cause as against the individual.

4. The fourth and last lesson I would draw from the phenomenon of the initial difficulties due to unsuitable agents and unfavourable environment, which seems to me to beset the beginnings of nearly all, if not all, evolutionary movements, is that slowness of growth in the numbers of those who openly join and associate themselves with any new movement should never be considered discouraging, or as more than one way of testing progress, and that not the best way.

How could it be otherwise, seeing that the great majority of people care nothing about the non-material, and are not interested even in the material, except to the extent to which it directly affects their own interests, and more particularly their pockets ; while of those who do realise something beyond the material immediately affecting themselves, even of those who interest themselves in the non-material, the vast majority find the convenience of going with the stream irresistible.



Study in this connection, if you have not already done so, the story of the abolition of slavery in the British Empire, and you will realise how true it is that one man may be a host in himself. Why, at times in the history of that agitation it seemed as if William Wilberforce were doing the whole thing by himself, and at no time in that history was the number of his open, declared supporters considerable. But he succeeded, and yet the weight of prejudice and vested money interests which had to be dislodged and broken up was enormous.

That is one of the reasons, among others, why I always regret to hear adherents, and often very genuine adherents, of a progressive movement maintain what seems to me a gross and dangerous fallacy, *viz.*, that increase in money expenditure can only, or at least can best, be justified by increase in numbers of declared adherents. To my mind increase in numbers of declared adherents is hardly, if ever, the right test of increase in money expenditure. The true test is the nature of the work which has to be done and the best way of doing it.

Now I daresay these foregoing remarks may seem very homely and uninspiring, and quite unsuitable to a birthday party speech from the General Secretary. But believe me, clear and deliberate thinking about just such homely, uninspiring themes as those I have touched upon, is essential to right decision and the governance of any Society; but of none so much as ours, just because ours possesses such tremendous possibilities, such glorious main avenues, such entrancing bye-paths, such wonderful vistas and perspectives, such absorbingly interesting teachings and possibilities of teachings.

Such immense privileges as we possess demand and receive a correspondingly big price, and that big

price is obvious to my mind; it is dual, and consists of the danger we incur and the self-sacrifices we must make to conquer that danger. I have worked hard in many causes, but in no cause in which I have worked have I ever been so conscious as in ours of the great danger of losing one's balance, one's sense of proportion, one's critical faculty, one's sense which is called common, but which is so uncommon in some people and, at some times, in all people. Well may the need for discrimination be emphasised by all our teachers, though even without that emphasis a short acquaintance with some of the things we hear would show that the need for discrimination arises from the very nature of the case. Why, the danger of the disease which is vulgarly called "swelled head" is so inseparable from much of our teaching, that it should be enough to impose caution on the most unwary. The one teaching alone, that there are mighty Spiritual Beings behind this Society, who founded it, and are using it as Their direct instrument, is enough to upset anyone's balance, who accepts it and is not very careful.

Friends, there never was a time when the very best we can give to our beloved Society in the way of service in all directions was more needed than now. We have been told that the T.S. will play a big part in the world and in the building up of the New Era, and assuredly there is ample evidence that the opportunity is being afforded to us to-day. I spoke in my Outlook in this month's *Vahan* of the Theosophical Co-operative Community, for which I am working, as the forerunner of the Brotherhood State which has been foretold, and in the advent of which I firmly believe. You may or may not agree with

my way of conceiving or expressing our rightful goal, but it is astonishing how things seem to be shaping themselves, almost of themselves as it were, so as to render the realisation of my conception and expression possible, nay probable. The embryo of practically all the departments in that Theosophical Co-operative Community, at which for want of space I could only hint in my Outlook, is already in existence.

But however you conceive or express our ideals, however you interpret or describe the opportunities which are offering themselves, certain it is that our utmost powers of clear thinking, of self-control, of self-sacrifice, of utmost effort towards the ultimate goal of Humanity, *i.e.*, the complete spiritualisation of the personal self, will be needed to take full advantage of those opportunities. And remember we may fail to do so. More than one teacher has told us that Great Ones are behind the Theosophical Movement and that it must in the long run succeed; that they are using the machinery of the Theosophical Society among other instruments to further that Movement; and many of us believe that this is literally true. But no teacher has ever told us that we who now constitute that Society, or rather, I should say, a part of it, are certain to play our rôles in such a way as to prove worthy of retaining so glorious a position, so godlike a privilege. The Theosophical Society truly may go on, but we may drop out.

Friends, let all of us who can, here and now make a solemn pledge to those Great Ones and to each other, that nothing on our part shall be wanting, which is within our power, to render ourselves worthy of our task.

H. Baillie-Weaver.

## THEOSOPHY AND CHILD STUDY

By E. H. C. PAGAN<sup>1</sup>

WHAT is the "Theosophical point of view" about a child? And how does it differ from other theories that have been current in recent times?

Take, for instance, the view of the materialistic scientists, who regard a child as a mechanical structure whose movements can all be explained in terms of reflex action. They contend that a child's whole development—mental, moral, and physical—is determined by impacts from the physical environment. "A baby learns to walk," they say, "because he dislikes the feeling of the ground touching his feet; he lifts one foot after another, to avoid the sensation, and so he chances to discover a means of locomotion."

This seems like describing a Beethoven Sonata in terms of wires which vibrate under the impact of a hammer. It is a perfectly true description so far as Bechstein is concerned; but it is incomplete inasmuch as it leaves out both Beethoven and Paderewski. We must find a description that includes all three.

Another class of theorists take into account such considerations as a child's likes and dislikes, and feel convinced that there is some thought or purpose guiding the baby's movements and giving them more and

<sup>1</sup> Essendon School, Skegness.

more co-ordination. They satisfy themselves that this purpose is due to the action of certain brain cells and nerve tissues inherited from innumerable ancestors who have had similar purposes. But if heredity were the whole explanation, we should expect to see something like uniformity in members of one family; and we should not expect to see striking resemblances between people who are wholly unrelated to each other.

Heredity was hailed early last century as the explanation of all human development. But long before the days of Darwin, the evolution of the body had been acknowledged by various thinkers to be quite outside of biological investigation. The tenth century mosaics in the vestibule of S. Mark's at Venice depict the stages of creation through lower forms of animal life and upwards till a dwarfish human form appears, which the next picture shows heightened and dignified, and having the Divine Spirit breathed into it.

The embryologist has his own way of telling the same story; for his science teaches us that each human body, in its development, recapitulates the evolution of the species, reaching at birth the complete human organism, when the Divine Spirit can be breathed into it and henceforth animate it.

Thus it would seem that in humanity, as we know it, at least two lines of evolution have met and combined. On the one hand there is the physical body which has evolved through lower forms to its present stage of complexity; and on the other, there is the higher principle, loosely spoken of as "Soul" or "Spirit," which uses this body as its means of expression on the physical plane. It is said that in Man, the lowest form of matter is united with the highest type of

Spirit. Our Theosophical Seal includes the symbol of the double triangle, which represents this idea of the two currents meeting, the principles of involution and evolution being interwoven, plaited or matted together. From this idea some etymologists derive the word "matter"; for without this meeting and blending there could be no manifestation on the physical plane.

This intertwining may be said to constitute a third principle, which in each individual forms the connecting link between the other two. And now we have the three—Body, Soul and Spirit—which, to return to our metaphor of the Sonata, correspond to Bechstein, Paderewski and Beethoven. Above all three is the Eternal Music of the spheres; and so above our threefold nature of body, soul and spirit, there is the great Eternal unmanifested or abstract Mind, the source of all life and inspiration.

Plato's metaphor for the threefold nature of man is the well known image of the Charioteer. The car, or chariot, upon which he stands, represents the physical body, or vehicle; the steeds which draw it correspond to the Soul, or psychic principle, on whose force and volition the speed and direction depend; while the Charioteer is the Spirit, training and guiding the steeds to enable them willingly to carry out his purposes.

The Old Testament tells the same truth in the story of Adam and Eve; Adam being, as we see in the margin, "red Earth," that is physical matter; and Eve, from the form of the Hebrew word, represents the breath, or psychic principle. Adam, therefore, as we are told, *did not sin*; that is to say, the physical body, or chariot, is not responsible; but Eve, the Soul, makes choice of good or evil, suffers for the wrong

choice, and learns; and is finally redeemed by the Holy Spirit.

In the New Testament the same Trinity is emphasised in various ways. S. Paul plainly tells his disciples: "You have a psychic body and a spiritual body." The passage is wrongly translated by the word "natural". He did not need to tell us of our natural, or physical body; we all know we have it. So it is not the Greek word "*phusikon*" (physical), but "*psuchikon*" (psychic), that he uses, taking the word "*pneumatikon*" for the third principle, Spirit or breath, in accordance with all poetic tradition, by which the Spirit is said to enter the physical frame with the infant's first complete breath, and to leave it at death with the last sigh.

Now Theosophists regard the individual soul, or life principle, as a ray from the divine; a ray which envelops itself in dense matter, attracting to itself those particles that are best suited to build the form it requires, and shaping them to its use. They do not believe that it had necessarily any previous association with the particles composing its physical envelope, any more than a Sonata has association with the piano before the music has been performed upon it. Pianos have been evolved because musicians required them; and so, we believe, the human organism has come into being because of the Spirit's desire for manifestation.

According to this view, the ego, or individual soul, is directed by its own desire, under the guidance of higher intelligences, or "Guardian Angels," to the particular parenthood and environment that can best supply the required material. And just as from any suitable soil an acorn will select those substances that

are required to build an oak tree, while from the very same soil a mustard seed will build a mustard plant, so the determining factor in the development of human personality is surely neither heredity nor environment (though these are facts in nature and deserve study), but rather the character of the individual ego, or animating principle, which selects for itself, *from its chosen environment*, those atoms that can combine to form the body it requires for its present expression on the physical plane. Spirit controls matter. In other words: "GOD giveth the body as it pleaseth him; *and to every seed its own body*"; that is, not its ancestor's; for there are no two alike.

This, then, is what one may venture to call the Theosophic view of a child; a divine Spirit manifesting in material form. And just as an artist's ideal transcends the work of his hands, so the Spirit, or over-soul of the child is greater than can be expressed through the human personality. The question of how much he will express is the question that concerns the educator; for does not the word *education* mean nothing else but *drawing forth*, or *leading out*, something presumably hidden within?

The Theosophical educator believes that the whole *raison d'être* of the personality is to manifest this inner Self. The personality is, indeed, only the *persona*, or "mask," which the larger Self assumes for the purpose of acting out a given part.

The true use of the mask is therefore to help the actor to express himself in the drama of life; the misuse of it is to obscure the meaning of the part. It is the teacher's duty to remove, as far as possible, whatever may prevent the inner light from shining forth.



But, it may be asked, if the process is in every case the expression of divine Spirit in physical form, why are not all children born alike, divinely perfect? The answer is expressed by Shelley, in his *Song from Hellas*, where he sings :

They are still immortal  
Who through birth's orient portal  
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,  
Clothe their unceasing flight  
In the brief dust and light  
Gathered around their chariots as they go.  
New shapes they still may weave,  
New Gods, new laws receive ;  
Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last  
On Death's bare ribs had cast.

This, according to Shelley, is what constitutes the differences in how they let their light shine. *Bright or dim are they*, he says, *as the robes they last on Death's bare ribs had cast*. That is to say, our brightness or dimness depends on the stage of evolution we had reached in a previous *physical* existence, *here or elsewhere*. Our souls have their evolution as our bodies have ; and the evolution of the soul, while imprisoned in the flesh, consists of the progress we make in subduing matter, dominating whatever is material or base, bringing mind and body so completely under the control of the Spirit, that the inner Self shines through everything we say or do.

Even here and now the saints of this world are known by their spiritual radiance ; and those who are not yet saints are at very various stages on their journey towards perfection. We can recognise among our fellow-men the "baby-souls" who are mere beginners in this world's training and are still struggling with the earliest lessons : "Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not steal". They need all the help we can give them to

make them understand the discipline of life, so that the lesson may be thoroughly learnt and the pain of it need not recur.

And just as the human embryo rapidly recapitulates the evolution of the human species, so the civilised human being seems to recapitulate in childhood the stages of civilisation through which previous lives have led him, from the savage to the sage. The further the soul has progressed in previous lives, the more rapidly are those stages passed through and got over. Then the child begins to choose aright; that is, to choose to conform to the leading of Spirit, to identify itself with the larger Self, the Over-soul, rather than with the limitations and temptations of the body.

Notice that it is a case of *choice*. There is no compulsion; the soul has *free will*; so this submission to spiritual guidance must be spontaneous.

Then where does the teacher come in? If a child has all wisdom potentially within himself, is it not superfluous, or even impertinent, to try to guide or control him? This is the question that is being asked by advanced educationalists now; and it indicates a natural reaction from an older state of things, where repressive discipline and dogmatic teaching were over-emphasised. Would it really be better, as some progressive theorists suggest, to leave children quite free—not coerced, controlled, or guided in any way—except by sheer force of example or stress of circumstances; for of course these would remain as an educative force, even if all direct precept were removed?

Of course knowledge would come in the long run by experience alone; but could not the process be hastened and some of the mistakes avoided if a wise

guardian were at hand to give timely warning and good counsel? We do not in physical matters, such as food, leave children to find out what is wholesome or unwholesome. Is it reasonable, then, to leave them without guidance where mental and moral nourishment are concerned?

The problem seems to be how to reconcile Law and Liberty. In other words, how are we to guide a child without stifling his individuality; how maintain discipline without destroying initiative; how preserve order without killing originality? What kind of teaching can fulfil all these conditions?

Perhaps the safest course is to take law in its widest sense, and try to discover what are the great laws which govern the growth of character—or indeed, growth of any kind. If we take plant life, we find that growth consists of a constant changing of form by means of some expansive impulse from within and the assimilation of nutriment derived from the environment. This law applies to all vegetable and animal life; yet there are no two creatures alike, no two leaves on the same tree exactly similar. The animal and vegetable kingdoms, therefore, seem to have solved the problem of Law and Liberty by each individual organism preserving its own individual characteristics while obeying the laws of growth that apply to all. Even in Astronomy we know that among the heavenly bodies there is one glory of the Sun and another of the Moon; yet each moves according to the same mathematical laws.

Now does the same principle hold for the human being? Does conformity to law help individual expression, or does it not—conformity, that is, to the

essential laws of human nature, for that is what we are trying to get at?

If a human being, like any other organism, grows by virtue of an expansive principle from within and the assimilation of nourishment from the environment, the two conditions necessary for successful development must be, on the one hand, space for expansion, and on the other, a sufficient supply of a suitable nourishment. Both these processes are quite obvious on the physical plane at what is called "the growing age". But, as we know from S. Paul, we have also a psychic body and a spiritual body; and these too grow and develop by parallel processes and at special periods. There is rhythm throughout the universe in all the spheres, a rhythmic vibration which makes for harmony, an alternate inbreathing and outpouring, whether of the breath of our bodies or of the feelings and thoughts of those finer vehicles commonly called the heart and mind.

And so with the child; when educationalists recently woke up to realise that "all work and no play made Jack a dull boy," and that making him take in facts continually did not conduce to the development of faculty, they were apt immediately to go to the opposite extreme, by refraining from supplying facts, and expecting the child to keep up the exercise of self-expression at all times. This is why we hear so much about leaving the child free, and so little about discipline and training, in education discussions of the present time.

It is quite true that the cramming system was overdone, and that repressive discipline was overdone, when children were expected to sit still in school, hour after hour, taking in facts; it may even be true that to

withhold facts till the child asks for them and to impose *no* restrictions on the child's movements, is a system fraught with lesser evils. But surely Nature's plan, of rhythmic alternations between the two processes, would be a safe guide to follow. And the fact that the breathing of a little child is quicker than that of an adult, might be taken as an indication that the alternations of taking in and giving forth mental and emotional experiences should follow each other in quicker succession also. That is to say, one should not expect long sustained attention from a child, or long sustained activity, but a quick alternation between the active and the passive states.

It is true that the health and happiness of any human being depends on the right exercise of faculty at any given stage of development, and it is interesting to investigate the methods employed by various educationalists in their attempts to supply suitable occupations and materials at the successive stages of a child's development. But more useful than any rigid system, or concrete material, is surely a sound scientific knowledge of the laws by which all the faculties unfold.

In this search after fundamental principles, no one has done such valuable work as some Theosophical writers on the subject.

The laws of growth as stated by Dr. Steiner, for instance, are extremely helpful; for, without taking his divisions of time too literally, we can regard the order of development as a very safe guide.

He says that the different departments of our nature, or, as Theosophists call them, the different vehicles of consciousness, evolve in ordered sequence. Thus, the moment of physical birth marks the time when

the physical organism is individualised; the various functions of the body become independent of the parent. During the pre-natal period, when the physical body is being built up, certain conditions are necessary for its healthy development. If these conditions are not fulfilled, there will be something lacking in the organism, which nothing can afterwards supply. The time is then past for that kind of growth; and so the organism will be by that much the poorer throughout that incarnation.

At birth a new stage begins, which Theosophists describe as the individualising, or freeing, of the etheric body. By this they mean very much the same as what is usually called the power of co-ordination. Thus the first efforts of an infant seem to be aimed at gaining control over his own movements. The process of guiding his own fists into his mouth is seen to be one of great difficulty and complexity, taking hours, days, weeks, or even months to accomplish. The struggle to obtain mastery of movement continues through the creeping and the walking exercises; and is continued and helped to perfection by the best kinds of gymnastics and dancing. And with every step gained towards independence, there is a tendency to rebel against help which was formerly welcome and is now felt to be superfluous. We are all familiar with the phrase so often reiterated: "I can do it myself!" And we know that long before the words can be pronounced, the child has been making their import clear by every expressive sound and gesture. Nothing gives greater offence at this stage than the well meant offers of help from older people, who do not understand the delight that is experienced in the exercise of a newly acquired faculty, and a sense

of increased independence. Nothing later can make up for neglect at this stage. It seems to me that this is just a type of what happens with each faculty in turn ; and although it is not always possible, or safe, to gratify the budding ambition, a good deal of friction can be avoided by an understanding of the situation.

And the avoidance of friction is of the very greatest importance for the next stage in the child's development ; which is no other than the individualising of the emotional nature. For just as before birth the child's physical life was one with that of the mother ; so before the emotional nature is fully developed, the child shares the feelings of the mother ; and indeed is sensitive and responsive to the moods and emotions of all around him, not having yet attained independence of feeling. It is then of the first importance that a child should be surrounded with the *best* feelings—love and sympathy. The worst kind of person to have with children at this stage would be one who continually laughs at their mistakes and teases and embarrasses them, " just for fun " ; and takes no trouble to understand the child's point of view. A frequent mistake made even by affectionate parents is to go on treating the child as if it had no individuality of its own on the emotional plane, after the individual feelings are beginning to form. A child will then rebel at being asked to make demonstrations of affection towards this person or that, at a word of command ; and will fiercely resent being petted as a domestic pet by anyone who happens to be in a caressing mood. It is as the child's emotional vehicle, or astral body, becomes freed from its astral envelope and he begins to contact others' emotions directly, that coercion is resented as an

outrage against the rights of the individual, and the child is said to have become "naughty and disobedient and rude" by those who ignore his emotional rights.

During the period when the emotional nature is forming and before the mental nature is individualised, a child certainly learns most through the exercise of the emotions and the imagination, through make-belief and acting, through entering into the feelings related in tales of giants and fairies, heroes and villains. Woe betide the parent or guardian who does or says in the child's presence what he would not like the child to imitate! One of the most distressing things an irresponsible friend or acquaintance can do, is to teach a little child ugly words and ugly ways. Such people imagine they are doing no harm, since the little one does not know what associations these words and gestures call up to those who understand them; but surely such teaching is opening up an avenue by which all that is degrading in that connection will sooner or later reach the consciousness. Meanwhile the child is dimly aware, through the emotions, of something undesirable; and, moreover, his wonderful power of memorising is being used to impress ugly images on the mind at its most receptive and impressionable period. By the time a child comes to school, his teachers soon discover what sort of impressions have been registered on the sensitive medium of the growing brain. If it is already crowded with undignified pictures of life, coloured with low motives and vulgar feelings, it is very difficult to obliterate these images and put a dignified and reverent view of life in their place. This is particularly distressing to anyone who believes that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom," and



that without a foundation of humility and reverence, which should be well and truly laid while the emotional nature is developing, nothing can be learnt that is really worth knowing.

And just as the control of the body, and the powers of co-ordination are helped by such exercises as scientific gymnastics and rhythmic dancing, so the control and direction of the emotions can be aided by the discipline of entering into the characters of great dramatic masterpieces, whose motives and destinies are portrayed in accordance with fundamental laws of cause and effect, so that a study of them is a course of Moral Philosophy in itself.

After this period of emotional growth, which dates roughly from the cutting of the second teeth to the maturity of the whole organism, the time for sheer imitation is past, and reason begins to appear. Instead of the request: "Tell me a story," the question: "Why?" and "What for?" is constantly heard. This reasoning faculty wants the kind of exercise that can be got from the study of mathematics and grammar, and from the observation and examination of natural laws. This is a difficult time for discipline, as the questioning attitude is turned on to the ruling of the elders; and there is a disinclination on the part of the growing intelligence to acquiesce in any arrangement without "seeing the good of it". This again wants scope for wholesome exercise; and if the elders would take opportunities to discuss problems of character in history and fiction, hold formal debates for enquiry into various systems of thought, the new faculty can be trained on lines of clear thinking, and learn to discriminate

between true and false in life and art. The importance of truth at this stage cannot be overrated; for, as Mr. F. T. Brooks points out, truth is the health of the mind, as falsehood is its disease. Thus, if the mental body has an atmosphere of truth to grow up in, it forms healthily; whereas if its growth is being hampered and hindered by having falsehood and muddle as its pabulum, the power to think clearly can never develop.

By the time the mental body is complete, the individual wants to make decisions and hold opinions in his own right; and it is when this right is denied that there is apt to be a clash between parent and child—or rather, one may say, between father and son; for childhood is past.

We may now consider that the incarnating ego has gathered round itself the various vehicles suitable for its manifestation on the physical, astral and mental planes. Before this point is reached we should picture the soul as hovering over those planes of being, and only gradually coming into closer relationship with the instrument it is shaping for its use on each. In infancy, for instance, the ego is, as it were, presiding at a distance over the development of the organism that is destined to become its means of expression on the physical plane. Its chief centre of consciousness is still in other realms.

Wordsworth describes this process of becoming more and more identified with these vehicles, when he says in his Ode, *Intimations of Immortality* :

Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy.

Plato also speaks of this life as an “imprisonment,” and believes the soul suffers it because of sins committed

in a former state of existence. So also do all religions teach that this life is a discipline from which we hope one day to be free, an exile from which we look forward to returning home.

Now the two ideas most emphasised in religious teaching are surely these: of discipline on earth in the meantime, and the return of the soul to its heavenly home when the earthly sojourn is finished. And the two ideas are intimately interwoven. For we are never really separated from heaven. "The Kingdom of heaven is within us, as well as around us."

And, as Wordsworth says, there are moments when we are aware of it, as we journey through life.

Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither ;  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

It is this inward calm, this "season of calm weather," as Wordsworth calls it, that we wish to establish as a permanent condition of the soul; so that the higher principle, or Holy Spirit, can be clearly reflected; and if our enquiry into the youthful stages of human development have been carried out on sound lines, we must have discovered some principles that will show us how this calm is to be achieved, and in what way a teacher can help its attainment. Surely there are definite teachings that would help. For instance, if it is true that the soul's pilgrimage on earth is a discipline leading to the state of inward calm which will bring peace on earth, the sooner a child can grasp the idea that he is here *to learn*, the better will he use all his opportunities. I venture to think that when a child has

accepted that principle, he will not grow up to be a grumbler against fate, an envier of his neighbour, or a flippant seeker after pleasure. Similarly, he will never talk of a misfortune being *all some one else's fault*. If he has accepted the idea that he is reaping now what he has sown in past lives, or in an earlier period of his present life, he will, by degrees, come to see—especially if it is pointed out to him—that we could not learn anything with certainty, or accomplish anything practical, unless we could rely absolutely on the law of Cause and Effect.

These laws can be shown operating on the mental and moral plane as well as on the physical. “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,” was not spoken only of agriculture. And the parent or teacher who fails to point out the application of this law to matters of character and conduct, is neglecting a great opportunity, and shirking a grave responsibility.

And no one need be afraid of really altering a child's essential qualities. You cannot, by training, make a born artist into a clever business man, any more than you can, by culture, change a rose into a turnip. But you can mar all four by depriving them of suitable conditions for healthy development.

The responsibility that seems to lie with parents and teachers is to see that the supply of nourishment on all the planes is pure and abundant, and that there is ample scope for the healthy exercise of every faculty. A child's powers of selection can best be trained by stimulating the highest motives—which can best be summed up as the service of humanity. Self-expression alone is not a safe guide in life, any more than it is a satisfactory definition of art. It is a wholesome

discipline to ask ourselves whether our self-expression, artistic or otherwise, has helped anyone. And a child can soon acquire the habit of applying the same test ; no restriction can be harmful that is imposed upon us by the Law of Love. It is submission to that Law which leads to Liberty ; for Love is the fulfilling of the Law, in whose Service is Perfect Freedom.

E. H. C. Pagan.

## AUTUMN, 1916

THE wind blows from the west,  
Cold and clean,  
The clouds fly, and the trees  
And hedges lean  
Like grass before its strength.  
The birds and leaves  
Whirl in the sky, like snow  
On winter eves.  
O wind, blow loud and strong!  
Blow long!

Blow long, O wind of God,  
O wind of Grace!  
Blow through men's minds, and leave  
Therein no trace  
Of falsehood, fear, pretence  
Or envious greed.  
Blow through men's hearts, and make  
Them as a reed  
To voice the Song of life,  
'Mid strife!

Blow sloth out of the world—  
Sloth and decay,  
That clog the heart and sap  
The strength away!  
Sweep all lands free of dust,  
Grey dust of years:  
O wash earth clean again  
In her own tears!  
Great wind, blow all things new  
And true!

EVA MARTIN.



## RELIGION AND ITS FUTURE

By THE REV. A. H. E. LEE

THAT is, if it has one, apart from State morality and police-court ethics, which must be enforced if society is not to be broken up into its component atoms and perish in nihilism.

Even to hazard the vaguest guess at the future of that "cosmic emotion" which western Latinism has labelled "religion," one must have some knowledge of

the sub-surface influences which have produced the religious phenomena of the past. Now it takes several types of character to form anything like a coherent Faith. Buddhism, Hinduism and Christianity survive because—whatever their Founders intended—they are “catholic”: houses of many mansions. Mithraism perished because it was not. What types, then, do we meet with in the past which will reappear—or are already reappearing?

First, the vast mass of that excellent and worthy class called in the New Testament “God-fearers”—Cornelius of Cæsarea (*Acts* x. 1, 2) is a good specimen. They are open to any earnest appeal; they are the rank and file who constitute spontaneously the strength and weakness of all official churches. They cannot see beyond their noses in superphysical affairs, and hence are easily led by the nose. Clement of Alexandria, in his gently cynical manner, called them the “*simpliciores*”. And like the poor, they are always with us. No religion, which numbers more than one adherent, can shake itself free of them.

Secondly, the devotee, or pietist. These become, in some semblance, the N.C.O.’s of the religiously-minded *simpliciores*. They really know and love their knee-drill; and are apt to think less of “tactics” than of elementary military duties. Hence the perpetual danger of Pharisaism. They have a little more (and therefore a more dangerous) knowledge than plain Cornelius; and with any mental limitations or narrow-mindedness, pride creeps in. As long as anyone can bow down with an honest and humble sincerity to the image of the Madonna or Mumbo Jumbo, he is not far from the kingdom of God. But if he begins denouncing



those who do so bow down, let him beware. The faith once delivered leans to positivity rather than negation.

Closely allied with the devotee is the ritualist. Forms and ceremonies are continually denounced by puritanic prophets, yet they are indispensable. Few people will believe that a man can show politeness towards ladies unless he takes off his hat to them; and a religious ceremonial is a church-party in honour of a God, just as a dinner-party is given in honour of one's friends. Moreover pageantry always impresses the crowd, who (not understanding contemplation) like to "see something done," just as children prefer a little play to a recitation or reading. The danger of the ritualist is that he may stop short at "the authority of the Church" without trying to keep in mental touch with the Unseen Power that is trying to express itself through ecclesiastical symbolism.

These constitute the *synthetic* tendencies in religious affairs. Not actually opposed to them, but running on parallel lines, are the *analytic* forces. Broadly speaking, they consist of Gnostics. Most of the new movements which marked the close of the Victorian Age—from Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* to R. J. Campbell's *New Theology*—have been decidedly Gnostic. Most of my readers will understand the tendencies I refer to without further description. Subdividing them, one may suggest that Theosophy, Christian Science and Spiritualism are likely to endure because of their positivity. Agnosticism proper, Theism, and Ethical Religion show little signs of surviving for very long; they are too heavily burdened by a mid-Victorian atmosphere.

Lastly come the Mystics proper : those individuals in whose life and teaching Spirit has most evidently shaken off material trammels : those in whom Bergson's *élan vitale* is most strenuous. Walt Whitman is a leading example in the nineteenth century. The Mystics rarely form schools or found Churches : they pervade and permeate old forms, rather than labour to create new ones. Thus Tagore influences people far more by merely expressing himself in books, than he would if he posed as an orthodox Hindū or Christian, or adherent of any "New-Thought" group.

How will these forces mingle in the future? That depends on the struggles, aims and ambitions of the rising generation and its successors. What is their task?

(A) The simplifying of the complexities of modern life.

(B) As once the discovery of America was the calling in of a new world to balance the old, so now the discovery of a new sphere of spiritual energy is required to balance the enormous increase of material knowledge in the nineteenth century.

(C) The realisation of something not hitherto attained, nor indeed attainable, by the faculties of external observation.

And, of course, there are other ways of describing this new quest. All we know is that the old instruments, the old terms and phrases and methods, are wearing thin. They need not necessarily be discarded, but they must be re-formed and re-vitalised.

Now at present the vast mass of religious people have not grasped the need of the new synthesis or ideal. A few here and there (*e.g.*, the late Archdeacon

Wilberforce) have struck out a line for themselves and launched boldly "into the deep," but they are still regarded as cranks. When the War is over, Victorian Christianity will be found stranded high and dry. Some men, or group of men (probably still at school), will arise, who will do for the Churches now what Cranmer and the Reforming Divines did in the sixteenth century—raise a living and native liturgy out of dead and decaying formulæ. When we have a new grasp of Reality, the *simpliciores* will cease to puzzle themselves about how, *e.g.*, the Ascension could have "really" happened. When we have got historic blinkers off, the Bible will be read like a new book, hot from the printing-press.

The task will be mainly the work of a Mystic, with various "Gnostics" acting as lieutenants and following his inspirations. It must be some one with sympathies not unlike those of R. J. Campbell, but of a stronger nature.

Christian Science will gradually approach orthodoxy without being merged into it. In fact one can easily imagine a time when Mrs. Eddy's Healers will be regarded by the vanguard of orthodox believers as a kind of Religious Order, working independently under a rule (metaphysical as well as moral) of their own. As Christian Science, which is part of the New Thought Movement, will be regarded as importing new ideas, Theosophy will tend to prove more and more that they are all included in the Ancient Wisdom of the East. I believe it will also do much to clear away the muddle-headedness (posing as "simple faith") of so many believers. Philosophers have often pointed out that immortality after physical dissolution logically implies pre-existence. At

present most Westerns shy at the idea of reincarnation. So did the medical profession shy at "mesmerism" a century ago. Yet they finally accepted it as "hypnotism". Perhaps "pre-existence" or "rebirth" may prove the blessed word Mesopotamia which all can accept. With some modification the law of Karma (which is latent in the New Testament) will be—if it is not already—implicitly accepted.

I have only one more prediction to hazard, and I do not know if I can express it coherently. What is to be the upshot of psychic research and trance phenomena generally? They have brought academic and official knowledge to the brink of a great discovery—now vaguely known as telepathy (a term which explains nothing). Telepathic phenomena must, when finally accepted, revolutionise many of our spatial and temporal concepts. Ultimately they will become part of the province through which cautious and timid minds will freely move. It will be called a new method of intercession, communion and prayer, exercised largely by pietists and the *simpliciores*. It will be largely combined with spiritual healing.

But the Gnostics (in the shape of Sir Oliver Lodge and kindred spirits) will not rest satisfied with this. Their eyes are looking to a further horizon—the establishment of a regular means of communication with the departed. Now—at present—this question is a highly debatable one: neither the orthodox scientific nor orthodox religious world is convinced. Whether they ought to be or not is another matter, not of our present concern. The fact seems to be: a rough and ready method has been stumbled upon, very uncertain, very occasional, and rarely reliable. I mean communication

through mediums. It is incomplete because the connection is only established through *several intermediaries*. As for example: if I wish to communicate with my deceased friend B, the intervening agencies are: (1) a medium, (2) the medium in control, (3) some sort of psychic "telephone girl," like the Rector-Imperator group of Mrs. Piper. Whatever message comes has to pass through the (possibly) distorting atmosphere of other psychic entities, including the peculiarities of the medium's physical organism.

Is another way of communication possible? Directly, perhaps no. Indirectly, yes. There are ways of penetrating the veil, not with the certainty of communicating with any special "spirit," but of realising personally the planes immediately transcending this earthly one. And if you know something of the "country" where your friend is resident, you will not need his assurance through the agency of strangers that he is "quite well".

The Egyptian priests knew the method. They practised it when they "initiated" a candidate. Silence—trance—the three days' rest in a tomb—all these are dimly outlined in the *Book of the Dead* and in certain modern rites. There was a dignity and solemnity about these ancient practices of adventures in the unseen that is, unfortunately, quite lacking in the modern séance-room. The modern critic cannot even read of such things as the Eleusinian Mysteries without murmuring "fraud". And for people who can only analyse and dissect, without the synthetic "vision," the secret will always remain a secret. I believe that all through the centuries a hidden Brotherhood has always kept the keys—the priests of Osiris are not without their

successors—and the keys are still available. Since the discovery of hypnotism and the trance state, indeed, they have been almost obvious. But the true Pontiffs and the actual bridge-builders between two worlds are still lacking.

When they come—and when rites, symbols, pageants are once more understood as a means of opening, not closing, the inner eye, a new era will dawn. Where—who knows? There are more unlikely places than Russia. The co-operation of France with her Russian Ally on the battle-field may be a prelude to a movement on other planes where the French “push” and keenness in investigating psychics may be the beginning of a realisation conveyed to the world through the extraordinary devotion of Russian faith.

Whether these vague suggestions will ever be realised, lies, dear reader, with you and others. We are shaping our future (religion and otherwise) daily. One consolation for those who survive the present world struggle is that at least we shall be certain of thirty or forty years of peace in which Religion will have time to try on a new dress.

A. H. E. Lee.

## THEOSOPHY AND THE MODERN SEARCH FOR TRUTH<sup>1</sup>

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

**I**T is one of the striking phenomena of human civilisation that humanity is always found seeking for Truth. When we look back into even the most ancient times, we find the primitive savage asking the question : “ What is Life ? ”, and we find that the savage discovers, to some extent, the solution of the problem. But his solution is satisfactory only for a while and not for all time ; as he lives his primitive religion and becomes less savage, his world grows, and begins to be full of problems his religion cannot solve ; and so the quest is once again resumed, and again it is asked : “ What is Life ? ”

From the times when men were savages to these days of our modern civilisations, that question has been asked generation after generation ; and there have arisen in reply to it the great religions, philosophies and sciences. But you will find that each solution, whether of religion or of philosophy, gives satisfaction only for a time ; the time may be many centuries, as with the great religions, or only a few decades, as with passing religious movements or philosophical schools. Consider what has happened in Christianity ;

<sup>1</sup> A lecture given in England in 1916.

when Christ came, He did not come to a people without religious ideas; the Law and the Prophets were in Palestine before Him. But for the most thoughtful people of His day, the Law and the Prophets were not enough, for there were problems that they did not solve. Hence thousands were seeking the truth in Palestine and adjacent lands, when Christ came to them with His solution.

It was exactly the same in ancient India; there was the time, thousands of years ago, when the original, simple polytheistic teaching of the Vedas sufficed for the problems of life; but generations passed, and then the search was resumed, and the question was asked: "Who then knows, who has declared it here, from whence came this creation? The Gods came later than this creation; who then knows whence it came? He from whom this creation arose, whether He made it or did not make it, the Highest Seer in the highest heaven, He forsooth knows; or does even He not know?" In answer to this arose the mystic teachings of the Upaniṣhads; but their solution was sufficient only so long as the conditions of life remained the same, and teachers lived to whom the teachings were a reality and not a tradition. Six centuries before Christ, when Gauṭama Buḍḍha was born, not only had social conditions changed, but the teachings too had become a mere tradition; so once again the search was resumed by Him, and He gave His solution in Buḍḍhism.

Since the days of the rise of Buḍḍhism and of Christianity, we have had philosophy after philosophy, one phase of religion after another; and yet it is a curious fact that though we have, in these modern days, many



a philosophy and many a religion, there are nevertheless many people to-day in the world who once again are seeking an answer to the problems: What is man? What is God? What is life?

Now there are certain reasons why, in these modern days especially, we are once again seeking Truth. You yourselves would not be present here in this hall, but for the fact that you are seeking it. For when you test your profession of truth by its applicability to life's problems, you find that it is not inclusive of all the problems. In other words, life has grown too large for such wisdom as you have, and therefore you are forced to ask: "What is the solution to all the mysteries of life?" There are certain contributory causes why we moderns are seeking truth once more, and the first cause is that religion is, for the most part, a tradition, and a tradition merely. When we look at the life of religious people, we find that, except in the case of a few Mystics, what is called religion is nothing but a continuation of tradition. Centuries ago there were thousands and tens of thousands who discovered religion for themselves; if we had them among us now, there would be no need for me to give a Theosophical lecture on this subject. Religion now, for the most part, is a tradition, and when religion is a tradition the search for truth must be resumed; for only when religion is a living thing, to be discovered by each man for himself, with fresh flashes of beauty each day, only then is religion worthy of the name.

But there is another reason why religion no longer satisfies the cravings of the human heart. Religions in the past have largely dealt with the problem of the relation between man and God. You will find that in

all the religions, except Confucianism, the religious life is stated in terms of a personal salvation. But in these days each man has to put to himself not only the question: "What do I owe to God?" but also the question: "What do I owe to the larger life around me?" In past times it was necessary to understand only the relation between yourself and God in order to live a truly religious life; every problem could be solved in the light of the construction you put on the relation between God and man. But the world has changed, and that change is largely due to the results of Science. Science has given us the printing press, the steamer, the railway, the telegraph, with the result that we have not only vast economic changes everywhere, but also a network of relations and interests between individual and individual, and between community and community, that did not exist before. A new sense of interdependence and solidarity has made us look into life and see more problems than merely the problem of God and man. We find ourselves confronted with the problem of capital and labour, the problem of nation and nation, of the rich and the poor, of the State and the individual, of the ethical, social and political relations of men and women, and many others. We have propounded to us now the question of the relation between, not only God and man, but also between man and man. Our social life forces each of us to ask: "What is my relation, as a citizen of my State, to my fellow citizens, and what is my position in the larger humanity?"

Now all these new problems are not answered by the religions of the world of to-day. We have dozens of problems which have arisen since the time the

religions began, and it is because the religions give us no clear solutions to them that thinking men and women of the West and the East are asking once again: "Where is Truth?" One reason, therefore, why that question is asked is that religion is a tradition, and so has no longer all the solutions that we need.

It was when religion was found to leave gaps in its explanations, that modern science was born and gave its solution; but in these last years we are finding so clearly the failure of modern science too. It is quite true that all the facts gathered by modern scientists give us conclusions that are universal; we see linked together in one vast cosmic process both the tiniest atoms and also the great stellar orbs. But then science deals mainly with types, and not with individuals. Evolution is shown as a ruthless process of Nature, "red in tooth and claw with ravin," which goes onwards crushing individual after individual out of existence, satisfied if only the type persists; and even the type itself is only temporary, and is succeeded in course of time by yet another type. And what are we men in all this? Mere items in an evolutionary pageant, mere fragments of a vast scheme, useful only so long as we produce the needed progeny to carry on the type. We are only the brute and are not a Spirit. Science will tell us, with utmost clearness, how to understand the formation of the cells of our bodies, but it has no help to give us in understanding the workings of the human heart, it can give us no aid in satisfying our desire for immortality.

Nothing is so characteristic of the failure of Science to serve all human needs as her incapacity to explain the vast tragedy that is taking place in Europe to-day.

She has no answer to the question: "How has this tragedy come?" That is outside her domain of investigation. Science can tell you how to combine various chemical elements, so as to make deadly explosives; that knowledge can be obtained by anyone with mental ability, irrespective of moral fitness, for moral fitness deals with a man's soul nature, with which science has no concern. The outcome is seen in these events of the war, where all the combatants use the latest results of scientific discovery for the greatest success in killing or destroying. Science has given us both greater knowledge and greater power, but not greater fitness for either; she has added to the complexity of our outer lives, without giving us the simplicity we need in our inner to be truly happy.

The failure of modern science is noticeable in another way, and it is due to the enormous accumulation of facts. In each department of science, every month adds hundreds of new facts to the old; each new tiny fact is not necessarily important, but it may, on the other hand, turn out to be quite revolutionary, as were the seemingly unimportant facts noted by Mendel in the crossing of peas. Science must therefore catalogue every fact, and to-day there are so many of them that we "cannot see the wood for the trees". Each year that passes, modern science is becoming less of a philosophy; the more we know scientific facts, the less we know the proper values to give them, and hence the centre of scientific philosophic thought is unstable and shifting. Science can no longer give us a philosophy of life, since it cannot give us a vision of facts for all time.

Now there being this situation, when neither from religion nor from science is there full satisfaction, the

Spirit in man, which is never satisfied with a negation, has during the last few decades once again sought the truth. Let me point out to you some of the ways in which man has been reaching out into the darkness. One way has been through Spiritualism. In Spiritualism a partial solution has been found, but it is only a partial solution. For what does it tell us? In ways that have been scientifically organised, we can prove to ourselves that the human body is not the man, that at the death of the body the individual does not perish; it is possible now for anyone who will undertake a scientific method of investigation, to discover for himself that the individual persists beyond death. But when you have gone through all the experiments, you have proved that, but done no more. But that is not enough; for if you are to answer the problem of life satisfactorily, you must have a philosophy which will enable you to stand in the very centre of things, and to link up the whole world around you, and every department of it, into one great central scheme of thought. No such scheme as this is to be found in Spiritualism.

From Spiritualism we pass to another method by which people have tried to discover for themselves some of the elements of truth, and these are the methods of Psychism. Especially has this way been attempted by thousands in the West. They have dipped into "Yoga" philosophies and tried their practices; they have gazed at crystals, they have experimented with various processes of breathing, and they think that they have discovered the solution. But it is only one tiny part, and leads them but a little distance, and is no real answer to the great problem. We find in the West yet another method, a new type

of Mysticism (or rather, a very, very old type, well known in India, but coming to life in the West in a new garb), and its method is typical in the forms of New Thought and Christian Science. If you study these two philosophies, you will find satisfaction up to a certain point. If you are interested only in your own difficulties and troubles, if you take no interest in the vast problems of the world, and are not puzzled concerning the future of humanity, you will certainly find a satisfaction in them ; but, once again, in both there are lacking those elements of philosophy which will permanently satisfy ; there is nothing in them which will develop out of them a great human culture, and you cannot be really satisfied until you stand in the Centre, and see raying out from that Centre all sciences, all religions, all arts, and every type of human endeavour. Man must stand in the centre, with no possible quibbling, with no doubt, but calm and serene, if he is to be both efficient and happy amidst the problems of life.

There is yet one other method of seeking the truth, a most noble method, full of inspiration for some, and that is the method of those who have turned from science, from religion, from philosophy, and have found satisfaction in working to alleviate human suffering. There are thousands who live noble lives, dedicating themselves to human welfare, who have come to the conclusion that there is no solution to satisfy the mind and heart ; but yet, because they are innately spiritual, they desire to express it by going into the slums and relieving suffering, by organising the efforts of their brothers into some system of self-help. But it is a life not entirely without dissatisfaction ; they know that, however much they may do to help and relieve

their fellow men, there remains so much more to do; the task seems an almost endless one, and so the problem confronts them: "Why should there be all this suffering? Why should there be any suffering at all?"

So in one or other of these several ways some find satisfaction, because in all these ways there is some element of truth. But they will none of them satisfy permanently; and into this problem, into this modern search for truth, Theosophy enters with a certain definite contribution. Now, this definite contribution offered by Theosophy will have to be judged by you—as to whether it is more satisfactory than those other ways—fundamentally from the point of view: "Is it a philosophy such as will enable me to stand in the centre of things and work for growth and happiness? And is it, indeed, such a scheme of thought and feeling as will enable me to discover truth for myself?" In other words, if Theosophy is to be of any value to the world, it must be based on facts; and it must be a philosophy, not spun out of the hopes and beliefs of men, but based on solid facts.

This is what we claim for Theosophy—that it is based on facts. But whence are these facts? In Theosophy we are dealing with a body of thought as old as the hills, but that body of thought has arisen in just the same way as modern science has arisen. In modern scientific books we have facts, definite facts, because generation after generation of scientists have observed facts, have catalogued them, and have used the processes of induction and deduction to discover the laws innate in the facts. That is the way in which we have gathered our scientific knowledge; and now an individual can go out into the world with his textbook of science and test

the teaching for himself. In just the same way, throughout the long, long years of humanity, there have been the scientists of humanity, who one by one have looked into life and observed its facts, and through the processes of induction and deduction have found certain great laws about life. In Theosophy we are dealing with such a body of scientific thought accumulated throughout the ages.

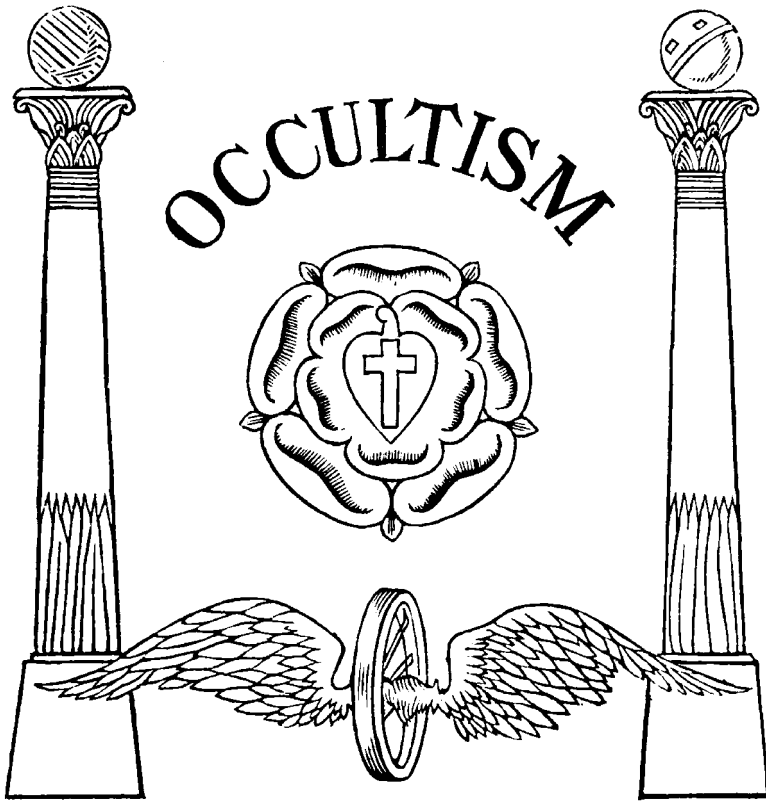
Then it is a tradition, you say? Yes, partly. But there is this about Theosophy that distinguishes it from a mere tradition—that each one of you can test it for himself; nay, not test it only, but add to the store of truth by his own observation. You have in Theosophy both the elements of a truth discovered by the sages of the past, and also of a truth being discovered now by the sages of the present. So that Theosophy is a living body of truth, steadily growing.

C. Jinarājādāsa.

*(To be continued)*

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## FACTORS IN SPIRITUAL PROGRESS

A TALK WITH A CLASS

II

By ANNIE BESANT

[I propose to reproduce here a series of "Talks" with a class at Headquarters, because the paper, printed in February on "Devachan" seems to have interested some. They will appear month by month.—A. B.]

**I**N our Theosophical studies considerable confusion is caused by the fact that so many different meanings are given to the word "spiritual". Spirituality is the

realisation of the One, hence of Oneness. Strictly speaking, therefore, that word, when applied to the planes of our system, ought to be confined to the highest planes, the ātmic, the buddhic, and the upper mānasic, as it becomes illuminated by buddhi—those which are the direct reflections, or rather reproductions, of the Monad. Those are the real, the only, phases which ought, strictly speaking, to be called spiritual, because the Monad himself, the essential Self of each, taking up the atoms of nirvāṇic, buddhic, and mānasic matter, holding these and manifesting himself in connection with these, thus gives us the spiritual in our universe. Nothing save that ought, strictly speaking, to be called spiritual, and that is the definition that ought to govern our thought when we are trying to be accurate.

In evolution there is the drawing up of the essence of the mānasic into the buddhic, the drawing up of both of those into the ātmic, and so the reproduction of what is often called the “triple Ātma,” which was separated off into these three distinct atomic existences in evolution. If you get hold of and keep that general idea very clearly and definitely in mind, it will guide you. The coming forth out of the darkness, the manifestation, or reproduction, and the going back, are the actual course of the Monad. He reproduces himself with his triple nature on the nirvāṇic plane, then picks up the buddhic and mānasic atoms and enfolds himself in those; each aspect of the Monad is represented by what you may call a technically-separated phase during human evolution.

This distinction of the atoms gives a precision that did not exist in the Monadic consciousness on his own plane; that three-faced unity, putting himself outward

and taking up this connection with matter, manifests forth as a triplicity, a definitely threefold existence, and that is the Self in the world of men.

If you are fond of the metaphysical way of looking at things, you might almost compare that with the appearance for the long day of Brahmā of the Saguṇa-Brahman, Sachchidānanda, where you have distinctly the divine triplicity, which is the root of every trinity in all religions. That coming forth into cosmic manifestation we have reproduced in our solar system by the LOGOS, of whom the Monad is a fragment, and his is made a more distinct process for the purpose of unfolding; he re-gathers himself up again when the human evolution is over and the superhuman evolution begins. You have thus that long swing of the opening life from the nirvāṇic and back to the nirvāṇic, and between the two is the whole of human evolution. That finishes with the Initiation of the Jīvanmukṭa, the Master, where the superhuman evolution begins.

I remind you of this because to keep the whole of that clearly in mind through your entire study is essential to the clarity of your thought. It is the indefiniteness, the confusion, the muddle of thought, which makes so many difficulties for almost all people; and you, who are earnest students, ought to get over that, and not to have this vague, indefinite, so-called "thinking," that you find normally, but the clear, precise understanding of what this unfolding means and how this unfolding of the true ego, of the Spirit, of the Self, of him who endures because he is eternal, influences and brings about what we call evolution, the building up of the bodies to suit this gradual unfolding. Everything is in the Self, but each thing comes forth

into the outer world very slowly and gradually. That is paralleled, correlated, with the ordinary scientific evolution of forms; it controls them, guides them, shapes them, and is the inspiring life.

Realising that, you will also understand quite clearly and definitely what it means when one of these evolving and developing creatures "falls out of the stream". There you have, not the inspiration of the life of the Self, the third Life-Wave shaping and guiding the forms, but the appropriation by the forms of the life of that higher type, that higher type which ought to purify and redeem matter here, instead of being dragged down and identified with and imprisoned in matter. That is what H. P. B. calls the "second death," though she does not go into detail. What really happens is that the second Life-Wave, which is in all the atoms of the forms, seizes hold of and blends with itself this higher type of life from the third Life-Wave, takes into itself part of that life and, keeping hold of it, weakens this embodied Ray of the Monad; it weakens it by imprisoning in the atoms of the astral and mental bodies part of this monadic Ray, so that it can no longer function in the outer world. It therefore goes back to its source, having lost, not gained by the manifestation; there is less life there than there was, instead of more, for part of the life has been dragged away from and imprisoned in the forms, and these, breaking away from the Ray, carry the living creature into a descending path. The life diminishes with each rebirth, and finally passes back into the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and is mixed up in the general reservoir with material to be worked up into later evolutions.

That is the whole of the mystery of the "second death," the "eighth plane," and the other phrases that are used. In such cases the Selves are withdrawn into the plane beyond the nirvāṇic, and have to wait for a new great cycle of evolution before the Monad can begin a new work. Although this Ray returns less than it went out, it blends again with the life on its own plane; there is no diminution of life possible. That particular Monad has for the time being lost the unfoldment which he might have gained, but he is one with the great Monadic Host to begin the course of unfolding life. That unfolding of the life is necessary for him in order that he may realise his own divinity, and, having become master of matter, become one of the consciously creative forces of future universes.

In the early days, when we did not possess as much knowledge as we now have, and did not have all the present literature, we puzzled over this phrase about the "dropping out," and the passing into the "planet of death," the mental as well as the physical satellite of our earth. The moon is the physical satellite of our earth, and as you know, we were all on it at one time and came on to our present active planet. That, belonging to a past evolution, is now from a physical standpoint a dead world—a dying world, would perhaps be more strictly accurate.

That physical counterpart has connections on the astral and mental planes—the lower mentality, the two and a half planes which are the changing planes of bodies constantly renewed, the bodies that are formed of them, the constantly-changing bodies that are formed of them. All this has its relation to the moon,

and you can therefore realise what is meant in the old writings as to the "eighth sphere," and why people were puzzled as to what this meant. Some thought that the "eighth sphere" was the physical moon, which did not seem an unnatural meaning.

We may think of the moon as we may think of our own embodiments, with physical, astral, and mental bodies. The moon is a triple body just as we are. Those are the mortal forms; they constitute our mortal body. So with the moon there is the physical, the astral, and the mental, all connected with the physical, the astral, and the mental of our earth, closely related, and in each case, on their own particular plane of matter, the satellites of the earth.

But we have there not the mental plane as you know it, where Devachan is and where your thought is working, but its corresponding sphere reflected downward, as it were. There is the world as we know it, and the denser world which is part of it. As we have our astral, there is a lower astral which is denser than the dense physical, and so also you have the mental reflected down below the lower astral. There is the same correspondence in this that you have in the reflection of a mountain in a lake. The lowest part of the mountain is the highest part of the reflection, and so you look downwards and downwards until the apex of the mountain is the deepest point in the water—the law of reflection, of course—a perfect analogy. This is often called a *devolution*, instead of evolution, a proceeding downwards instead of proceeding upwards. Of course, at this stage, very few people pass downwards in this way; there is only an occasional case,

In our study of after-death states you may remember that H. P. B. divided the astral and the mental into kāmīc, kāmā-mānāsīc, and lower mānāsīc ; that was one of her divisions. You have there a triple division—pure kāmā (mere animal passions) ; kāmā-mānāsīc (mentality mixed with these, thus producing the emotional life) ; and then the lower Mānāsīc, the mind, purified from the disruptive influence of passion and emotion, and becoming a relatively pure mentality, with the personal emotions, which were pure and unselfish in their character, added to the mind as an enrichment.

Now kāmā, or desire, or the animal instincts, may, in the ordinary civilised human body, be said to die with the body ; that is, the mind has so controlled the purely animal instincts and has so transmuted them into emotions, that it has drawn all the higher life out of them, and when the physical body dies and the etheric double disintegrates, there is only a practically lifeless shell left of the purely animal instincts. That is just round the man as he passes into purgatory, or kāmā-loka, but it is not vivified enough, nor enough in touch with him, for him to be conscious of it. He has drawn out of it all that was human in the desire-life and has lifted that on to the upper part of the astral, into the emotional world—the kāmā-mānāsīc. Hence it is a mere shell, a concentric shell, around him ; but nothing comes through that to him from those lower sub-planes in the astral. They cannot affect him. That sphere is filled largely with criminals, with murderers, with profligates, with suicides, and so on. These cannot communicate with the ego in this astral body ; he has won away from all that during his physical life. There is practically nothing in him that responds

to that; he has drawn out of it all the life that is his.

On that we may just pause for a moment that you may realise that those animal instincts are hardly recognised in your thought for exactly what they are. In the animal they are an essential part of his life, and dominate his consciousness, his existence. He is driven by them. The brute is moved by these, and they are stimulated from the astral and physical planes. The man in the savage state is still largely under these, and, as long as he is under them, he is, from the occult standpoint, a savage. He is not really a man, he is an animal-man; and the stages remaining in him of the animal life are not eliminated after life, but their forces must be gradually drawn into him. These lower forces are forces, and are therefore valuable; but if they dominate, they are destructive of the human. If they are controlled and drawn upwards into the emotional sphere, then they make a very powerful emotional nature which is very valuable to the man, because out of that his motive power is to be made.

Naturally in the struggle between the purely animal instincts and the higher emotions built into them, in the midst of the struggle against the domination of the lower, many tendencies remain that we regard as being evil because they hold us back. And you must obtain a repulsive force sufficient to transmute these. What is wanted is not that these forces shall be killed out, but that they shall be transmuted. The force is really valuable, but it is destructive if allowed to play about in the lower matter of the astral plane. That is always what is meant by purification—the



transmutation of those forces into higher expressions of life.

Of course, up to a very considerable stage of civilisation, these passions play by far too great a part in the life of the average man. But if you will study the scheme of evolution as laid down by the Manu, you will see how carefully that scheme is planned to utilise and lift them, so that when the man has lived through his life he has practically eliminated that side before he passes through the gateway of death. The whole of the castes, most markedly in the Brāhmaṇa and the Kṣhatriya, are especially arranged for this purpose, and in those castes exists the most perfect scheme of human evolution that has ever been devised. The fact that you see around you now a mere tangled remnant of the system, ought not to blind you to the fundamental value of the whole conception of what was necessary for the co-operation of the human with the deva worlds, the man recognising his duty and the deva guiding the man back to the exact stage in the physical world where he would find the duty, which was fit for him at the stage of evolution he had reached.

Now that, in its perfection, existed only in the root-stock of the Āryan race. Of course it exists through the whole race as a principle in the types and temperaments, but there was not elsewhere the same correlation between the human and the guiding worlds. That correlation is now practically broken by the failure of the human to co-operate, and now there is the confusion and the turmoil which you all know; hence, only very rarely now is there the guidance of a soul that has reached a particular stage into the body suitable for that stage, and therefrom comes the confusion,

and comes also the necessity to recast the whole thing because it is no longer real. It has become a mere sham at the present time.

When that was perfectly worked out, as it was in its very early stages, you had the whole of this transmutation process going on, life after life, until the man became fit for Initiation, and passed onwards through the stages of Initiation into Liberation or Salvation.

The clear understanding of that is still useful, but it should be generally realised that if a man wants to escape from any consciousness after death on these lower sub-planes, he must have totally eliminated from himself the purely passional (kāmic), and during his physical life he must have transmuted passions into emotions. There must no longer be passions, because if they still exist on leaving the body, the man must be conscious on those lower sub-planes, and that means a miserable existence for a time. You know what it would be to any one of you now to be confined to the society of criminals, murderers, suicides, and so on, and what a horrible thing you would feel it to be. Yet it is the inevitable result of the existence of what we call the animal desire-nature at the time of death. It is far harder to fight through it after death than it is here, even though the struggle may be great on this side. If it is left, any of it, to the other side of death, you are forced into the struggle; you can't help it then. Then it is a matter of pure patience, a starving out of an agonising instinct. And there lies the absolute folly of a human being who allows that to remain master during his physical life, when he is the best able to dominate it, for it is enormously more difficult to dominate it on the other side.

In the study of some of our early literature, students find a difficulty, because its nomenclature is different from that which we use to-day, but they should familiarise themselves with the old as well as with the new. It is really helpful and it is very good for you to have all your categories broken up occasionally, so that they shall not hold you and make you rigid and unreceptive. There is always the danger of the student, when he begins study, forgetting that a classification is made for use and ought not to tie you down. It is only to help you to understand certain things more definitely and more clearly. If instead of using it you let it dominate you, then it becomes a hindrance.

You want to learn things, let us say. Then you re-arrange them as you want them for a particular kind of study, as is done in every science. If you are studying psycho-physiology, you get the division of body and mind, and the reactions of one upon the other. In order to study these, you want those two divisions only, and how they react continually upon each other. But suppose you wish to study the physical body, its physiology. Then you at once begin to subdivide that in other ways. You may subdivide it into organs, according to functions—heart, brain, lungs, stomach and all the rest, and those are perfectly true subdivisions. But you have divided them in that way because you want to understand the functions of the body, and therefore you take the organs as a subject for study. But suppose, instead of that, you wanted to understand the anatomy of the body. Then you would not trouble any more about these organs. You would think simply of the materials of the body, and

you divide it up into bone, muscular tissue, connective tissue, nerve tissue, and so on. There is no real confusion in that. Each division clarifies your study.

I notice, however, in our Theosophical studies, that very often those of our members, who have not gone through a scientific training, get very confused and muddled over our different categories. "Oh, this contradicts that," they say. It is just as though, when you are dealing with muscular tissue, you should say that it was in the heart, and later on, when you were dealing with connective tissue, you should say that it was in the heart also. Then the student might say; "I was told that there was muscular tissue in the heart; now you are telling me that there is connective tissue; which is true?"

As you gain exact knowledge, your knowledge divides itself according to its nature, and as you study the occult view of the world, as you study your own constitution from the occult standpoint, you want different divisions from time to time according to the object of your study. You remember how I have pointed out to you that in studying Yoga you deal with a duality—spirit and matter. That is all you want. You want to realise in your study of Yoga that there is that duality. There is the spirit-side; there is the form-side. And so you get the two fundamental divisions that you need in Yoga, where all the bodies are treated as one body, where all the phases of consciousness are treated as one consciousness; for you want in Yoga to realise consciousness and vehicles. You do not want for the moment to divide the matter up into all its phases. Your first duty is to separate man into

a duality. That does not alter the fact that he is also a septenary, a quaternary, and a triad. Exactly according to the points of your study you should divide things, and you will never get confused if you study facts. Get all the descriptions, all the subdivisions and the divisions you can, and then get hold of the facts under each. When you thoroughly understand the facts you can divide them up according to the particular thing that you then want to study.

In one of our earlier classifications we had the lower triad and the higher quaternary—physical, astral, mental, and Intellect, Buddhi, Ātma, Monad. That was a division between the mortal and the immortal, and that was an excellent way for the study of that difference. There comes eventually the struggle between those two, the mortal and the immortal. The mortal part, kāma-manas and the lower manas (desire-mind and lower mind)—that has to die. It struggles for its life. The immortal part must either draw out of that all that is valuable, and so enrich itself with the product of the life-period that is over, carrying the whole of that into the immortal part in order to build up the next personality, or it must lose it. And that is the struggle that takes place between the upper astral and the devachanic life. The struggle is practically over when the man takes into the mental body the most valuable part of the emotions. While he is living in the higher astral world his work is to draw the purely unselfish emotional part away from the astral body, to bring that into the mental body and carry it on into Devachan.

Then comes the second stage of unconsciousness, and to describe this the word second death has also been used,

but it is in a very subordinate sense. It is preceded by a period of varying length, because the length depends upon the quantity of emotions, the good but rather selfish emotions, that are to be worked out in the stage which is sometimes called the "summerland". The part of a man's love for the God whom he worships, which has been connected always with thoughts of reward, that is worked out in that part of the lower heaven that he has thought about down here—the Jerusalem of the Christian, the streets of gold, the palms, and so on, the *piṭṛ-loka* of the Hindū. It is the region where one works out the good emotions which were very strongly tinged with desire for personal gain, the devotion to God which is not unselfish but looks for some return which it wishes to enjoy; it is not giving, but taking.

There is no harm in that; it is not to be regarded in any sense as wrong. It is a necessary stage, but it is mortal, and it belongs to the higher astral world. And so with all those forms of intellectual and scientific work which are connected with the physical brain processes, with all the apparatus of science, the methods of science for the working out of experiments, and so on. You will find people like Darwin, Clifford, and others in that higher region of the astral world, and they remain a long time there. All philanthropic work in which the lower has mingled to a considerable extent keeps the person there.

All this goes on till the selfish element is eliminated. When that is eliminated, the man falls asleep, as it were, and the pure mind, the concrete mind, wakes up into *Devachan*, and there, as you know, the life consists in working up all the materials of emotion and

mentality into a lasting form, the germ of faculty, to be communicated to the higher mind in the causal body.

Thus you have your phases of post-mortem existence. All the unselfish personal emotions are worked up into capacity for emotion. Hence you will see why what is called a "strong personality" is of very great value. You want all the force out of it, with the selfishness eliminated; but you do not want to lose the force; you only want to transmute it to the service of the higher. The stages where the personality is weak, in the ordinary sense of the term—not dominated, but weak—those are the lower stages of the continually repeated evolution. The man is born over and over and over again, in order that he may accumulate force, because without an enormous accumulation of force there is not enough of him to go on. This repeated rebirth does not mean that he is blameworthy, but that he has not grown up. He is in the child-stage, the stage where his desires will gradually teach him. He is not yet ready for anything higher, for he must grow. That growth, of course, can be very much quickened when a person has reached a fair stage of understanding, and here comes in the advantage of Theosophical knowledge. The ordinary human being is working in the dark. He has passions, emotions, and he does not know exactly what to do with them. He knows vaguely that he must master his passions, that he must not run after some one else's wife; that he understands and he dominates it. He does not realise the value of the feeling that he dominates, the force in it, and he does not know how to transmute it. He rather tries to kill it.

The great lesson of Occultism is: "Do not kill, but transmute." Realise that every force of nature is to be regarded simply as a force. Evolution consists in mastering those forces. There is the force of electricity; but it is not moral or immoral; it is without morality. It is simply a force. You utilise it by the apparatus by which you guide it along a particular line. You may guide it along a line where it is useful, as in wireless telegraphy. You may guide it along a line where it is destructive, as in using it for explosions; yet it is the same force. You do not, if you want to do much useful work, weaken your cells, but you prepare an apparatus to guide the current to the work you require performed. So you do not weaken the force which is rushing along undesirable animal channels, but you send it along channels which turn it to a noble purpose, and thus perform great work.

The whole task of human evolution is to learn how to use these forces, and the crime of modern science is that it has learned about many forces and seen how to control them, and is turning them to frightfully destructive purposes, such as have made this War an unexampled horror. There is science turned to the lower purposes. You cannot blame Nature. Every force that western science is using to destroy is a force which it ought to have turned to the helping of life, to its preservation, to the happiness of man. So you can see very plainly, by what is going on in Europe now, how wise the Master K. H. was when he said, as is published in *The Occult World*, that They would not help science until the social conscience was developed. We have seen what science is without conscience. There is no growth of the social conscience in the western world



with regard to the use of science. Every great scientific man in the Nations is using all his brain-power, his knowledge, his authority over nature, to turn her forces to the service of the powers of destruction—the dark powers, the dark brotherhood.

What we have to realise is that the western world, for want of the social conscience, of the sentiment of duty to man as man, has turned science to the most devilish purposes for which it could be used, and is thereby creating a terrible karma. One cannot judge, one has no right to judge, how this thing has gone on from one stage to another. The beginning of it was the gross materialism of science in the latter part of the nineteenth century; and there again, if you trace it backward, to discover why science was so materialistic, you will find it was because religion had so persecuted it. You see how all these things are interlinked. If for a moment you could imagine that there had been no Middle Ages with the Roman Catholic Church in power, destroying the scientists of the time, burning, torturing, imprisoning the scientific thinkers of the day, you would have a better idea of one of the phases of the karma of the present time. Then you have to go back to the ignorance of which the result was to set religion against science. Thus the evil karma was made. Science turned against religion for its life's sake. You cannot blame the scientific men; they were fighting for their life, and everything they could discover which showed that religion was wrong was a gain. I never blame them, because I see the difficulty they were in; if they were to progress in science they had to cripple religion, which had become a mere persecuting agency. Actually, they did it. Thus they conquered a free platform, but with it materialism.

Materialism was denser in Germany than elsewhere; hence Germany took the lead in this particular phase of misapplication of science and became the tool of the dark powers. But, looking at the whole thing, personally I could not particularly blame Germany for that. One sees how it grew stage by stage: ignorance, Catholicism, Lutheranism, persecution, scientific struggle, conflict with religion, triumph of free thought. So you come to the tremendous springing forward of science, and the negation of all human brotherhood and human relationship, and the utilising of science for two main purposes—the getting of money, and the finding out of ways to destroy.

How are they going to escape from this kârmic tangle? I can't say. It seems to me just one of the stages where the coming of some greater Being is necessary for the salvation of the world; and so the great Teacher is coming. No power less than His can lift the world out of the stage it has fallen into. And that is why I have recently laid such stress on our urgent duty to give to the Hierarchy the co-operation which that Hierarchy is asking for, it being the first time in the history of evolution that They can attain Their object without destroying the whole civilisation as They did in Atlantis.

Therefore I ask you at the present time not to think so much of your own personal progress, but rather to throw all your force into the helping of the world. Try to do your share of this great work, and try to get rid of those elements in yourselves which are on the wrong side. We have plenty of lives more to learn in; at the present time we have not time to learn, except the lessons that come by experience, which, after all, are a good deal more useful than those which come by teaching.

Annie Besant.

## THE CEREMONY OF THE MASS

By C. W. LEADBEATER

LET me begin by saying that this article is written in the hope of helping those of our readers who belong either to the Roman Church or to the High-Church section of the Anglican communion; for all others it can have merely an academic interest.

As many of our members attach great importance to anything that appears in THE THEOSOPHIST, it seems worth while to correct a serious mistake in a letter on p. 336 (December 1916), headed *A Point of Dogma*.

That title itself indicates the nature of the error; the matter under discussion (which is the result of the consecration of the elements of bread and wine in the Mass) is a point *not* of dogma but of fact. And the fact is that we are concerned not with magnetisation at all, but with an entirely different process, which produces a very definite result.

I have already written at considerable length on this subject in *The Hidden Side of Things*, and to that book I must refer anyone who desires more detailed information; here I can only epitomise what has been previously said, as a necessary introduction to what follows.

All Theosophical students have heard that our evolution is much aided by the fact that a vast reservoir

of spiritual force exists, which is constantly filled by the efforts of great Ones who have gone before us, and that that force is utilised by our Masters and Their pupils. When the great World-Teacher was last on earth, He made a special arrangement that what we may think of as a compartment of that reservoir should be available for the use of the new religion which He then founded, and that its officials should be empowered, by the use of certain ceremonies, words and signs of power, to draw upon it for the spiritual benefit of their people. Of these ceremonies the greatest is the Mass, through which, each time it is celebrated, passes forth a wave of spiritual peace and strength, the effect of which can hardly be overrated, for it affects not only the congregation, but the whole neighbourhood of the church. He ordained that the special power to do this work should be given and transmitted by the laying on of hands; any man to whom the power has been transmitted can produce the result, and the man to whom it has not been given cannot produce it, no matter how good and saintly he may be. I do not for a moment wish to say that the good character, devotion and earnestness of the priest make no difference to his people; they make a great difference, but they do not affect his power to perform these ceremonies, and to draw spiritual strength for his people from that reservoir.

The particular method devised for the reception and distribution of this down-pouring of energy is derived from the Mysteries of some of the older religions. It had been a favourite plan with them to convey influence from the Deity to His worshippers by means of specially consecrated food or drink—an obviously useful expedient,

when the object is that the force should thoroughly permeate the man's physical body, and bring it into tune with the change which is simultaneously being introduced into the higher vehicles. To express in the strongest manner conceivable the intimacy of the relation between the Second Person of the Trinity and the worshippers, and also to commemorate His eternal Sacrifice (for He is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world") that which is eaten and drunk is called mystically His very Body and Blood. Perhaps to our taste in the present day some other expression might seem more attractive, but it would be ungrateful for the Christian to cavil at the symbolism adopted when he is receiving so great a benefit.

All through the ages it has been found necessary to combat man's materialism by strenuously insisting upon the reality of the change which takes place when ordinary, everyday food is made into holy food, bearing with it a special and mighty potency. The very fact that to physical eyes the bread and the wine are evidently just what they were before, makes it the more needful to emphasise that in another and higher sense they are quite different. The "accidents" being unchanged, it must be made clear to the public, blind to higher planes, that the "substance" has been definitely altered. This was explained in the very same number of THE THEOSOPHIST in an article by Mr. Howard White.

Let us here call clairvoyant investigation to our aid. Every physical object is seen to have its counterpart on higher planes, but the chemistry of these counterparts is not, I think, generally understood. The astral and mental worlds have elements of their own, unknown to physical chemists, and also their own

combinations, but these do not necessarily correspond to ours in this lower world. The counterpart of one of our chemical elements is usually a compound in the higher worlds; but, whatever it be, it generally remains unaffected by our combinations down here. A mixture of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and other chemicals in a certain proportion results in wheat-flour, out of which we make bread; but we must not suppose that astral counterparts of these elements will make anything which on the astral plane will have at all the same effect as bread down here. Each of these elements has a line of connection running back to the LOGOS who created it; and though that line may pass through a group of what may be called astral elements, and a still larger group of those on the mental plane, it remains always the same line, no matter into what combinations that element may enter in our world.

The astral counterpart of what we call bread is a certain grouping of astral elements, well known to any clairvoyant who has made a study of the chemistry of the inner world, and the same is true of finer planes, as far up as we can see; so that bread is represented by a definite and unchanging set of lines—a bundle of wires, as it were—running up into the soul of things.

What happens at the moment of the consecration of the Host is the instant deflection of this bundle of wires. It is switched aside with the speed of a lightning flash, and its place is taken by what looks like a line of fire—a single thread of communication, reaching up, without division or alteration, to a height beyond any power of clairvoyant vision which we at present have at our disposal. It may be said that this is a miracle—an infringement of the laws of Nature. It is

undoubtedly an achievement beyond our physical capacity; but much which is impossible to us may be well within the power of the mighty Intelligences in whose hands is the execution of this Divine plan. From what I have described, it will be seen that though the outer form of the bread and wine is unchanged after the consecration, the manifestation of the Divine Life which underlies them is utterly different. It was Divine Life before, as all life is divine; now it is a far fuller and closer epiphany of GOD.

The magic of the Mass is divided into several stages, which are admirably calculated to effect the accumulation and distribution of the force. As every student of its history knows, in the form in which it is now used by the Roman Church it is not a coherent whole, but a conglomeration of parts taken from various earlier forms, and its wording is in many places trivial and quite unworthy of the august reality which it should express. But though the actual wording has passed through many changes, the efficacy of the underlying magic has in no way been impaired. It still achieves the collection and radiation of Divine Force for which its Founder intended it, though unquestionably a larger amount of invaluable love and devotion might also be outpoured if all the fear and helplessness were removed from its phrasing, all the abject appeals for "mercy," and the requests to GOD to do for us a number of things which we ought to set to work and do for ourselves. An endeavour has been made in the revised Mass used by the Old Catholic Church to introduce some improvement in this respect.

One who is interested in the detail of this supreme act of magic may note the preliminary demagnetisation

of the elements when, at the beginning of the Canon, the priest prays that they may be "accepted and blessed". When, a little later on, he again asks that they may be "blessed, approved and ratified," the special appeal to the Christ is made that the valve may be opened, and these elements accepted as a channel. If we may venture to put it so, this is the point at which the attention of the Christ—this time in the sense of the LORD Maitreya—is called to our proceedings. When the actual words of consecration are uttered, the Angel of the Presence appears, by His power the inner change takes place in connection with the elements, and the full force from the reservoir is outpoured.

Many Angels are often attracted by the celebration of the Mass, but the Angel of the Presence differs from all the others in that He is not a member of the glorious Deva kingdom, but actually a thought-form of the Christ, wearing His likeness. We have, I suppose, an analogy for this at an almost infinitely lower level in the fact that an affectionate thought of a man in the heaven-world attracts the attention of the ego of his friend, who at once responds by pouring himself down into the thought-form and manifesting through it, although the friend in his physical consciousness knows nothing about it. Perhaps that may help us to understand how the same power, raised to the *n*th degree, makes it possible for the LORD Maitreya to send His thought simultaneously to a thousand altars, opening through each the marvellous channel of His strength and His love, and yet at the same time to carry on as freely as ever any exalted business in which He may be engaged.



It is not even only His own power, immeasurable as that must be to us; it is the Force of the Second Aspect of the LOGOS Himself, of whom the Bodhisattva is a chosen channel, an especial epiphany, in some marvellous way that to us must remain a mystery. But of the fact that this most wonderful and beautiful manifestation *does* take place at every celebration of the Mass there is no doubt whatever, for it has repeatedly been observed by many competent witnesses. We need not wonder that those among churchmen who are at all sensitive to this holy influence should speak of it as "a means of grace," and find it the most powerful stimulus to their spiritual life.

To resume the course of the Mass. Having now, in the consecrated Host, the most valuable jewel in the world, we hasten to offer it instantly to GOD, as a token of our perfect love, devotion and unselfishness, as the priest speaks of "a pure, holy and immaculate Host, the holy Bread of eternal life and the Chalice of everlasting salvation". It is these feelings of ours which we ask that "the Holy Angel may bear to the Altar on high," and in this prayer the priest puts himself *en rapport* with the heavenly influence before communicating, and draws forth power into himself, so that he may to some extent take the place of the Angel of the Presence, who now withdraws, bearing back with Him our contribution of love and adoration. The presence of the Angel is clearly necessary for the act of consecration; but when that has been performed, and the higher part of the channel is open, the priest himself becomes the lower part of the same channel, and acts as a conductor to his congregation.

At the words "sanctify, quicken and bless, and give us all these good things," the members of the congregation are put fully *en rapport* with the Force, and as they are thus definitely brought within the circle of influence, they join in a beautiful act of worship and acknowledgment to the Second Aspect of the Logos, of which there remain now only the words "by Him, and with Him, and in Him"—signifying that *by* Him all things were made, *with* Him as indwelling Life all things exist, and *in* Him as the immanent and transcendent glory all things live and move. And in the same sentence the other Persons of the Blessed Trinity are acknowledged as one with Him.

In the next prayer the Communion of Saints is included, and immediately afterwards the surrounding region is flooded with the Force at the words "may the peace of the LORD be always with you".

I have thus hastily indicated the main points of this potent act of magic, and it will be noted that at each of them the officiating priest is directed by the rubric to make the sign of power—the Cross—over the Sacred Elements. We see that there is here no question of magnetisation, but of the due performance of a certain ceremony, in which the character of the performer has nothing to do with the matter. If the faithful had to institute an exhaustive enquiry into the private character of a priest before they could feel certain of the validity of the Sacraments received from his hands, an element of intolerable uncertainty would be introduced, which would practically render inutile this wondrously-conceived device of the Christ's for the helping of His people. He has not planned His most gracious gift so ineptly as that. To compare great things with small, to attend Mass is like

going to a bank to draw out a sum of money in gold; the teller's hands may be clean or dirty, and assuredly cleanliness is preferable to dirt; but we get the gold all the same in either case. It is obviously better from all points of view that the priest should be a man of noble character and deep devotion, and should thoroughly understand, so far as mortal man may, the stupendous mystery which he administers; but whether all this be so or not, the key which unlocks a certain door has been placed in his hands, and it is the opening of that door which chiefly concerns us.

In writing thus I am putting before my brethren the result of a long and patient investigation extending over many years, during which I have had many opportunities of verifying my conclusions by consultation with those who know infinitely more than I. It is neither my wish nor my intention to be drawn into any discussion of so sacred a matter; I have written this slight sketch of the facts of the case only because it seemed to me that some faithful souls might be troubled by the statement previously made, and I am sure that no one will rejoice more than your benevolent correspondent if he finds himself able to accept my assurance that, as regards the main efficacy of the Sacrament, his fears are unfounded.

C. W. Leadbeater.

## RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

### THE LIVES OF BEE

#### I

THIS life is specially interesting because we find a large number of our Band of Servers grouped round Hypatia in Alexandria. The individual whose life follows is Bee (hitherto Beatrix in the *Lives* already published), who was born as a girl in Corinth. The date of her birth is A.D. 340, III. Kalends of March. Her father is a Roman, but the mother is Greek; he is a stout old party, easy-going, and possesses vineyards. Besides the girl, Bee, there is a son, Theo.

When the girl is about seventeen a ship is wrecked on the coast. She is an excellent swimmer and saves the son of the owner of the ship. The young man's father is a snappy old party, avaricious, and with all the characteristics of a German Jew, and lives in Tyre or Sidon.

The young man is Apis, and eventually Bee marries him. They go to Damascus in a caravan, and then on to Arabia as far as the plateau of Nejd. The husband and wife are fond of each other, and so he takes her on his trading expeditions, for the caravan is a trading venture. Then they move on into Egypt. On the journey they meet with another caravan owned

by Camel, who is sharper than Apis and often gets the better of him. Camel tells Apis and Bee about conditions in Alexandria, and of Herakles, who in this period was born as Hypatia. It is now A.D. 362, and Hypatia has been teaching about six years.

The husband and wife go to Alexandria and there settle down; Bee makes her husband give up the caravan and they put it into Camel's charge. Apis is more or less sceptical still, and considers himself intellectually superior to his wife; as a matter of fact it was exactly the reverse, but he had more thought for business than she.

A few years later, owing to the mismanagement of Camel, Apis loses his caravan. He is naturally very cross and upset. When he comes and announces his ruin to his wife, she is somewhat absent-minded, being absorbed in philosophical ideas, and so she is rather unsympathetic on the matter, and says: "Money is all dross". They are not completely ruined, but have lost a great deal. Bee now persuades her husband to take comfort in philosophy; he thus comes into the circle of Hypatia's following, though he comes into it more against his will, and not with eagerness, as does his wife. She makes him go to Hypatia's lectures; and later he goes to some of the other philosophical schools and argues.

Theon, the father of Hypatia, is Apollo of these *Lives*, and the mother is Hestia; Hypatia has a sister, Beren. The brothers of Apollo are Leo, Quies, Selene, Naiad, and his sisters Una, Cassio and Elsa. Hypatia has many cousins, among whom we find Capella and Fides.

The Christians of Alexandria at this period come mostly from the ignorant masses; they have two main

characteristics, one is their antipathy to washing, and the second is their ranting. They rant about Arianism, and they have a phrase they are fond of repeating everywhere; a man selling a meat pie says over the counter, as he hands it to his customer: "Great is the only-Begotten, but greater is He that begot," and naturally the purchaser looks disgusted.

The leader of the Christians is their patriarch Cyril (Scorpio), who is of the stump orator type, though clever and ambitious. Hypatia and the Roman prefect Orestes (Lutea) are great friends, though his friendship is at the same time valuable and tiresome to her. She tries to get him to discipline Cyril. Lutea, however, is somewhat weak on the matter; he regards Cyril as an unmitigated bore, and understands that Hypatia is pressing him to do something, but his temperament is to keep quiet. The tragedy that happened later, therefore, may be said to be practically due to the failure of Lutea to keep properly in hand the Christian rabble incited by Scorpio.

Around Hypatia are grouped as her pupils a large number of the Servers; many are linked to her by family ties, as will be seen from the chart published, but a few come in from outside. Thus we find Crux in Alexandria, though he is born in Ireland. He is on a tour, visiting seats of learning, and has come by way of Italy, Constantinople and Greece to Alexandria; he then returns to Ireland, bearing an account of what he has heard. Gem is born in Denmark, and comes to Alexandria and falls wildly in love with Hypatia; he, however, consoles himself with Hypatia's sister Beren. Three Indian merchants are found as disciples of Hypatia; they are Hygeia, Alma, and Boötes.

Capella is a slight young man of a deeply pessimistic temperament; he has become a Christian monk. But he falls in love with his cousin Hypatia and renounces his Christianity, with the result that his fellow Christians all set upon him, and he has to take refuge with Hypatia. He is also specially helped by Pindar, another cousin of Hypatia. Daphne is found as a somewhat excitable lady in a multi-coloured robe, who is apparently got hold of by the Christians. We also find Pollux, who looks upon Hypatia as an upstart, when she begins her public work.

Hypatia was killed as she was going in a chariot to a lecture; behind her was Helios, standing in the chariot as an attendant, like a maid of honour; and sitting at Hypatia's feet was Capri. The Christians blocked up all the streets around a certain church, past which Hypatia would go; as the chariot came up they surrounded it. When the mob began to attack, Helios struck at a man near the chariot; she was dragged down and killed outside the church. Capri also was killed while defending Hypatia. Hypatia was dragged into the church and there torn and scraped to pieces with oyster shells. (The moment the breath was out of her dying body, Hypatia was taken away by Mars, who was, however, in India during this life of Hypatia. In her next life she was born in India as His daughter).

After the catastrophe, Hypatia's intimate circle meet at her house; they are all despondent, though they feel that somebody ought to be killed. Our heroine Bee puts heart into them with a good speech, and tells them that they must not go to pieces, and that they must organise themselves into a body to keep alive

Hypatia's philosophy. Once, while the inner circle met, Hypatia materialised and appeared to them, and exhorted them to go on living the philosophic life which she had taught them; she also gave them the assurance that she and they would meet again.

There is nothing further remarkable in the Life of Bee in this incarnation.

Theo, the brother of Bee, became a great friend of the mate of the ship that was wrecked at Corinth; he was then about twenty and the mate twenty-one. As the mate was out of a job, he threw in his lot with Theo, while the latter provided what was necessary. Later on they started towards Alexandria, and were captured on the way by robber bands, but managed to escape. At Alexandria Theo met his sister Bee; he was not interested in philosophy, but he was attracted to his sister and took it second-hand from her. He was always playing on the pan-pipes and a five-stringed lyre.

It is interesting to note that among the Servers at this time Neptune appeared as Iamblicus; he married Naga. Tripos was one of his pupils, Aedesius, and was inclined to be distinctly patronising towards Hypatia. Yajna married Osiris, and their eldest son Venus was born, not at their home in Alexandria, but in Constantinople in the year 411. Later on they lived for a time at Xanthos in Lycia; then, after returning home to Alexandria, they spent a considerable time in Athens. All these somewhat erratic movements played their part in the training of the young Proclus, and helped to make him what he was—the last great exponent of neo-Platonism, a man whose influence overshadowed the whole mediæval Christian Church.



## II

Bee appears next in Florence during the lifetime of Savonarola. Her name is Fiorita Caramicciola, and she has a brother Angiolo, who is Apis, the husband of the life in Alexandria. Fiorita marries a Florentine noble, Carlo Vincenzo Minghelli; he is a fine looking man, with a good face, though perhaps a little weak. However, he is a good man for the time, and is clever and artistic. He lives in a palazzo surrounded with pictures and *objets d'art*.

Apis is a young man of the world and rather wild, but he is never much given to dissipation, except in a philosophical sort of way, for he never had his heart in it, and was as if making experiments. He has executive ability. Influenced by Savonarola's fine, fiery speaking, he becomes a monk and is called Brother Anselmo.

Savonarola is full of fire, though somehow it is not a nice kind of fire. He is in a very corrupt society, and has to be fanatical to do anything with it. It is evident that before the birth as Savonarola he was born in India and was one of the hard type of Yogīs. He is eaten up with a longing to make Florence better, and everything goes for that; he is one-pointed and devoted, somewhat impersonally, to a high ideal, as though he were a sword in the hand of the Lord. He has a great idea of righteousness (which has however a little hardness about it), and a very deep love of his country, and a tremendous indignation against the things that degrade her. He has a very great contempt for pettiness and profligacy; in fact, he is very much a combination of a Jewish prophet and an Indian Yogī. He has for a time a tremendous effect on the people.

Minghelli and his wife, Fiorita, have a great admiration for him; Minghelli is more diplomatic than Savonarola and wants him not to be so violent, as it will get him into trouble. Lorenzo dei Medici, who is the chief political influence in Florence, and keeps his position by intrigue, is very unfriendly to Savonarola; Lorenzo arranges with the Pope to get an old Cardinal to come to Florence; his idea is to involve the Cardinal with Savonarola, but the Cardinal likes him.

Fiorita, who has an artistic and beautiful life, is deeply distressed because Savonarola denounces that side of life; her brother upbraids her for this, though he is not particularly artistic. Fiorita and her husband want Savonarola to come and live with them for a while, but he will not.

There is one thing that makes Savonarola harder than he otherwise would have been; in his cell he is troubled sometimes with doubts of himself and of his mission. Brother Anselmo, who is more cautious, wants to persuade Savonarola not to denounce quite so strongly. Later the crowd turns against Savonarola and threatens to kill him. The old doubt now comes over Savonarola; he seems to recant, and then recalls his recantation, and for a time he wavers.

Brother Anselmo is very loyal to him and stands by him. Fiorita comes to see Savonarola and wants him to fly; she says that she will go to Rome and see the Pope, if Savonarola will give her time.

The Inquisition try Savonarola with two other people; they get him down into some dungeons and there rack him a little. They fear him much more as a political force than as a reformer. His death in 1498 is a pathetic ending, for Savonarola is more

broken-hearted than one might expect. The material for reform is not good enough, for the time is too corrupt; hence there is a reaction. There is a great difference in the inner attitude of mind at the end between him and Bruno. Bruno dies at the stake feeling that he has won; Savonarola dies feeling that he has failed, and that Florence is doomed.

Fiorita is very much broken down by the tragedy, and rather hates all her artistic treasures now; she goes on living quietly, consoling herself with philosophical studies, and dies at about forty. Anselmo goes away in horror into a small town and shuts himself up; Savonarola's death is a terrible shock to him, and he very nearly commits suicide. After a time he goes to Naples; he is a disappointed man. He studies Pagan philosophy there, and gets a little on the track of the South Italian Pythagorean tradition. While his sister lives he corresponds with her, largely on philosophy. He lives to be an old man and dies absorbed in his studies.

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*(See chart on following pages)*

ALEXANDRIA

A.D. 350

(BIRTH OF HERAKLES)

	2	3	4	5
		{ <i>Hestia-Apollo</i>	{ <i>Andro-Argus</i>	{ <i>Sextans-Arthur</i>
			{ <i>Lomia-Clio</i>	{ <i>Ara-Chrys</i>
			{ <i>Helios-Parthe</i>	{ <i>Pisces-Altair</i>
		{ <i>Nita-Elsa</i>	{ <i>Spica-Fides</i>	
	{ <i>Pepin-Sirona</i>		{ <i>Betel-Capella</i>	
			{ <i>Vesta-Vega</i>	
		{ <i>Ixion-Stella</i>		
			{ <i>Clio-Lomia</i>	{ <i>Virgo-Adrona</i>
		{ <i>Cento-Pax</i>	{ <i>Parthe-Helios</i>	{ <i>Leopard-Alba</i>
			{ <i>Aries-Euphra</i>	{ <i>Egeria-Aulus</i>
			{ <i>Daphne-Scotus</i>	
			{ <i>Herakles</i>	{ <i>Camel-Flora</i>
		{ <i>Apollo-Hestia</i>	{ <i>Beren-Gem</i>	{ <i>Capri-Lili</i>
				{ <i>Adrona-Virgo</i>
			{ <i>Capella-Betel</i>	{ <i>Rigel-Orca</i>
				{ <i>Aqua-Sappho</i>
				{ <i>Rex-Sagitta</i>
			{ <i>Yajna-Osiris</i>	{ <i>Venus</i>
			{ <i>Ushas-Roxana</i>	{ <i>Lotus-Horus</i>
				{ <i>Phra-Upaka</i>
		{ <i>Leo-Hector</i>	{ <i>Leto-Achilles</i>	{ <i>Aletheia-Magnus</i>
			{ <i>Albireo-Colos</i>	{ <i>Eros-Ophis</i>
				{ <i>Aulus-Egeria</i>
			{ <i>Callio-Concord</i>	{ <i>Orca-Rigel</i>
				{ <i>Psyche-Clare</i>
				{ <i>Philae-Polaris</i>
		{ <i>Quies-Auson</i>		
			{ <i>Fides-Spica</i>	{ <i>Lobelia-Elektra</i>
			{ <i>Osiris-Yajna</i>	{ <i>Aquila-Gimel</i>
				{ <i>Lignus-Fons</i>
	{ <i>Atlas-Algol</i>		{ <i>Euphra-Aries</i>	{ <i>Elektra-Lobelia</i>
			{ <i>Concord-Callio</i>	{ <i>Dora-Norma</i>
				{ <i>Magnus-Aletheia</i>

2	3	4	5
	Selene-Hermin	Roxana-Ushas	{ Horus-Lotus
		Vega-Vesta	{ Sagitta-Rex Clare-Psyche Pearl-Beth Arthur-Sextans Viola-Priam Libra-Fort
	Naiad-Yati Una-Radius Cassio-Nicos Elsa-Nita	Achilles-Leto	
Athena-Kös	{ Noel-Odos Nanda-Pavo Auson-Quies Vizier-Joan		
	Hector-Leo Hermin-Selene	Aurora-Hebe	{ Juno-Alex Alba-Leopard Altair-Pisces Flora-Camel Fort-Libra
	Nicos-Cassio	Pindar-Daleth Colos-Albireo	{ Alex-Juno Fons-Lignus Norma-Dora
Spes-Theseus	Pax-Cento	Argus-Andro	{ Sappho-Aqua Beth-Pearl Ophis-Eros Dactyl-Dolphin Draco-Bruce Lili-Capri
	Stella-Ixion	Scotus-Daphne	{ Chrys-Ara Bruce-Draco Dolphin-Dactyl Priam-Viola
		Hebe-Aurora	
		Daleth-Pindar	{ Gimel-Aquila Polaris-Philae Upaka-Phra
		Cyr-Pyx	
Naga-Neptune	{ Chanda-Ullin Yodha-Nimrod Odos-Noel Yati-Naiad Pavo-Nanda Baldur-Kepos Radius-Una Sita-Maya Joan-Vizier		

2	3	4	5
<i>Algol-Atlas</i>			
<i>Xanthos-Wences</i>			
<i>Theseus-Spes</i>			
<i>Kös-Athena</i>			
	{	<i>Maya-Sita</i>	
<i>Inca-Ivan</i>		<i>Kepos-Baldur</i>	
		<i>Nimrod-Yodha</i>	
		<i>Ullin-Chanda</i>	
<i>Pollux</i>			
<i>Tripes</i>			
	<i>Lutea</i>		
		{	
		<i>Bee-Apis</i>	
		{	
		<i>Theo</i>	
		<i>Deneb</i>	
		<i>Hygeia</i>	
		<i>Alma</i>	
		<i>Bootes</i>	
		<i>Tiphys-</i>	{
			<i>-Iris</i>
		<i>Eudox-</i>	{
		<i>Auriga</i>	<i>Iris-</i>
		<i>Crux</i>	
		<i>Scorpio</i>	

Herakles took an immediate reincarnation in India as the daughter of Mars, and had a son Capri. Vajra also appears. Owing to the width of THE THEOSOPHIST page, only four out of six generations are given above. The first generation however contain only two couples: Jason-Koli, whose children are Pepin, Atlas, Athena, Spes; and Vulcan-Nestor, whose children are Naga, Algol, Xanthos, Theseus, Kos, Inca.

Those in the sixth generation are as follows, following from their male parents in the fifth:—Child of Adrona: *Thetis-Gaspar*; children of Rigel: *Holly-Sif*, *Fabius-Ida*, *Gaspar-Thetis*; children of Aletheia: *Zeno-Nu*, *Uchcha-Karu*; children of Aulus: *Nu-Zeno*, *Ronald-Gnostic*, *Ida-Fabius*, *Walter-Obra*; children of Lobelia: *Udor-Jerome*, *Obra-Walter*, *Melpe-Zoe*, *Rosa-Kim*, *Gnostic-Ronald*; children of Arthur: *Kim-Rosa*, *Pomo-Zama*, *Sif-Holly*; child of Juno: *Zoe-Melpe*; children of Priam: *Zama-Pomo*, *Jerome-Udor*; child of Polaris: *Karu-Uchcha*.

## LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

### VI

*January 1913*

A PROPOS of the Tarot—it is quite useless to consult Mr. Leadbeater about it. You have only to read *A Study in Consciousness* and you will see that the answer is *no*. One is useful only when one prophesies good things; but when, as often happens, only bad things present themselves, one can only tell lies or else make people feel hopeless. I do not want to do either the one or the other. For one person to whom you bring comfort there are ten to whom you bring misery, for unfortunately, as we have no prevision in these matters, we cannot choose our “clients”. Having always been fascinated myself by the arts of divination, I do not blame others who succumb to their charms. But I do not encourage them. Besides, do not forget that what one *sees* means nothing in itself; the interpretation is everything. The same thing has several different significations. If we do not take these into account we may very often be influenced by our habits of thought, by our usual preoccupations. In fact that is what almost always happens, and especially with

persons who amuse themselves by developing their psychic faculties. Don't forget that psychism hampers intuition.

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The chief incident of this week has been the appearance of a long, yellowish snake floating on the river near our house. The boys declared it was dead, but I for my part thought I could see it swallowing water. It is there still this evening. Several times snakes have been found in the bath-rooms. For their benefit I have my lantern burning all night. It seems that the light frightens them.

Mme. Blech and I gave a tea party under the banyan. We had invited all the Europeans and some of the Hindūs. Mrs. Besant tore herself away from her work and honoured this festivity with her presence, to the great joy of all concerned; for it was a long time since anyone had even had a sight of her.

This morning at seven o'clock we assembled in the Hall, and with Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater at the head and the servants and coolies at the end of the procession, we filed past the statue of Colonel Olcott and laid flowers upon it in remembrance of his passing from this world into the next. Mrs. Besant made a little speech and Mr. Leadbeater added the remark that it would be interesting if next year we could see the Colonel in his new form offering flowers to his old one in effigy. It is not at all impossible, as the Colonel has reincarnated in the very heart of the Society. Then we were reminded that on another 17th of February, I don't know how many centuries ago, Giordano Bruno was burned, and that on the 17th of February sixty-seven years ago Mr. Leadbeater came into the world,



in honour of which event we were invited to take tea under the banyan.

To-day, the 18th, we have been to town, and we got back at about seven o'clock, driving along by the phosphorescent sea under a sky the blue of which was dark and bright at the same time. Mrs. Besant had been speaking at the Victoria Hall in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Governor, accompanied by Lady Pentland, presided. The whole of Adyar was present. The pamphlet I am sending you will tell you more about this movement than I could. Mrs. Besant was by far the best speaker there, not even excepting His Excellency. The amusing part was to see Adyar sporting its hats. The "natives" were fitted up with Parsi hats or magnificent turbans, scarlet, crimson, cerise and white bordered with gold. The Europeans had put on their shoes and their helmets, and the ladies had brought out hats belonging to the fashions of their respective countries ten years ago, and which they had preserved with great care ever since at the bottom of their trunks. I had on my rose-coloured muslin—a bit faded in the wash, and my straw hat with black feathers; these two did not agree very well, but my serenity was not ruffled thereby in the least.

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Nothing here seems new to me, neither the landscape, nor the people, nor the life. I feel in a very real sense that I am re-adopting old customs. But I do not yet understand what I came here for. I am as happy as it is possible to be in this place of exile (I refer first of all to Adyar, and secondly to this whole sub-lunary sphere). I had a feeling of quiet well-being and

none—at least not so far—of that oppression and discomfort which so many new-comers experience.

It seems as if it had pleased providence to clear away all the obstacles which might have obliged me to turn back. And don't worry about my health! I have been eating splendidly; first of all on the boat, where we had every conceivable kind of vegetable; then in the hotels, where they conscientiously gave us a vegetarian substitute for every meat dish, thereby raising the number of our courses to eight or ten at each meal. At Benares I was fed by Miss Arundale, and here I have a boy who makes us delicious, tasty little meals on two or three native charcoal stoves. The bread comes from a bakery managed by Mrs. van Hook—they make quite Parisian cakes there! Milk we get from Mrs. Besant's own cows, hence it is pure and unbaptised. Butter comes to us from the best house in Madras; and as there is no such thing as cooking-butter, it is the first quality that Francis (the boy) uses in my food. I should like—just to please you—to say that I am getting thin; but it is my duty to abstain from lying. However, I do not think I have grown appreciably fatter. Don't imagine that I am eating too much and taking no exercise. Mme. Blech has a much better appetite than I have (I am not eating any bread), and takes only about half as much exercise, and she has melted away to such an extent that her dresses droop round her. We have just been seeing her off at the station and I feel very sad about it. You will find her changed, for she has tired herself out at Adyar, where she worked with more courage than discretion, and without allowing herself time for even a short rest in the middle of the day. I am alone now in our house. Fortunately the night watchmen are

not far off and I can see their lanterns from my window.

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Just imagine—I've only just discovered that you don't really see a thing the first time you look at it. Here I have been two months walking about without seeing anything very wonderful in the natural surroundings, when all at once, on the way back from Madras, an overpowering revelation, such as I had not so much as dreamed of, came to me in the sunset and the rising of the moon. And since then everything seems to me to be flashing with colour. The luminous bronze of the coolies, dressed in a loin cloth and a red turban, stands out against the blue of the sea or merges into the flowers they are watering, making me walk miles to look at them. The sunsets would stir even a corpse to life. This evening the Headquarters building, which is red, looked like a transparent flame, lit up by the reflections from the setting sun. The beauty of it nearly drove me crazy. And I've also fallen in love with the coco-nut palms in the twilight. I think now that nature here is after all not quite so like America as I thought at first. There is something else, and I am trying to decide what it is. Perhaps with this heat we have had lately, the light is more intense. I don't know. Anyway it is fairyland.

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I should be very much grieved if I didn't miss you! *You* miss *me* too. But I have told you that if I should leave here in the same devoted but unenlightened state of mind in which I now find myself, I should be miserable to the last degree. While I am waiting to see my path more clearly, I have put myself at the disposal

of the Library; and I have offered to help with the despatch of THE THEOSOPHIST. My very intellectual work to-day was the sticking on of at least six hundred stamps—very straight; I have already learned to address envelopes very well. My superior is very strict. Our aim, as you will have gathered, is to attain perfection in all we do, however insignificant it may be. To-morrow we shall put the magazines into the covers and tie them up. My companion in this work is a little Brāhmaṇa lady whose husband is studying in England. The poor thing has a difficult life of it, for, having committed the unspeakable crime of associating and taking food with Europeans, her associates despise her. The Brāhmaṇas are more assertive in their caste prejudices than the English with their colour prejudices. Imagine this: the pariah schools turn out very good workmen, but you can't employ them because the caste men would fly before them as they would before the plague. Miss Kofel was the first to engage a pariah servant—even that position was refused them. The orthodox Brāhmaṇa appears to accept the idea of brotherhood only on the condition that it is not put into practice. I like the Pārsīs better; they don't make such a fuss about taking a cup of tea.

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I wish you could have heard Mr. Arundale talk on the subject of tests. You would have felt ready—for a few minutes at least—to sacrifice all your bodies. For he says we have to learn to love apart from them all. You begin with the physical senses; sight, hearing, are sacrificed. You remain fixed on the plane of emotion pure and simple. Then emotion is renounced too, together with the astral body, so that you

may rise to the mental plane, and so on from plane to plane. It is uncomfortable gymnastics, but the only kind which disciplines us and makes it possible for us to meet apart from the physical plane. We ought to impress our minds strongly with the idea that we are not our body, and that it is not necessary to satisfy the eyes of the flesh. Love, *real* love, loses nothing by it. I am now telling things which it is easier to talk about than to accomplish; but it is only by practice that we develop our powers. We must learn to distinguish the *real* from all that is mere illusion.

Do you remember that I used to be always talking of a certain convent where I wished to end my days? Well, it was a vision of Adyar that passed before my eyes. Here we live the spiritual life of which I have dreamed—without mortifications or penitences; without cells or sackcloth; without vows or cloister. I am broken-hearted at leaving Adyar. There is no place like it. But I have decided to go to Kashmir with Mlle. Bermond. We shall live on the water, each in a house-boat.

MARIA. CRUZ.

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## COLONEL OLCOTT AND SUMAṄGALA

THE photograph which forms our frontispiece this month is of historical as well as personal interest. It was taken by one of our members outside the Widyodaya College in Ceylon, of which the Buddhist High Priest Sumaṅgala, who is seen in the photograph, was Principal. On his first arrival in Ceylon, Col. Olcott received a warm welcome from the leading representatives of Southern Buddhism and much active support during his lecturing tour. Among these the veteran Sumaṅgala figures prominently, the Colonel referring to him as “*the representative and embodiment of Pāli scholarship*”.

In the difficult work of compiling his *Buddhist Catechism*, a work which in itself is enough to entitle our President-Founder to the gratitude of all Buddhists, the learned High Priest rendered valuable assistance, as well as promoting its adoption. Perhaps we might have called him “orthodox,” but he got his own way. We read in *Old Diary Leaves* :

My *Catechism* had been translated into Sinhalese, and on 15th May I went with it to Widyodaya College to go over the text, word by word, with the High Priest and his Assistant Principal, Hiyayentadūwe, one of his cleverest pupils and a man of learning. On that first day, although we worked eight hours, we disposed of only 6½ pages of the MS. On the 16th, beginning early in the morning and continuing until 5 p.m., we got over 8 pages; then we stuck. The *impasse* was created by the definition of Nirvāṇa, or rather of the survival of some

sort of "subjective entity" in that state of existence. Knowing perfectly well the strong views entertained by the school of Southern Buddhists, of which Sumaṅgala is the type, I had drafted the reply to the question, "What is Nirvāṇa?" in such a way as to just note that there was a difference of opinion among Buddhist metaphysicians as to the survival of an abstract human entity, without leaning either towards the views of the Northern or Southern school. But the two erudite critics caught me up at the first glance at the paragraph, and the High Priest denied that there was *any* such difference of opinion among Buddhist metaphysicians. Upon my citing to him the beliefs of the Tibetans, Chinese, Japanese, Mongolians, and even of a Sinhalese school of which the late Polgāhawatte was leader, he closed our discussion by saying that, if I did not alter the text, he should cancel his promise to give me a certificate that the *Catechism* was suited to the teaching of children in Buddhist schools, and should publish his reasons therefor. As this would virtually destroy the usefulness of my educational monograph, and cause such a breach between him and myself as to make it tenfold more difficult to push on the schools project, I yielded to *force majeure*, and made the paragraph read as it has ever since stood in the many editions through which the *Catechism* has passed.

The consideration thus given to his beliefs bore fruit in the influence Sumaṅgala exerted in favour of the new textbook, for we read farther on ;

Sumaṅgala ordered 100 copies for the use of the priest-pupils in his college ; it became a textbook in the schools ; found its way into every Sinhalese family ; and within one month of its publication was admitted in court, in a case that was being tried in the Southern Province, as an authority upon the question at issue. This, of course, thanks to Sumaṅgala's certificate of orthodoxy, appended to the text of the work.

So much for the historical interest of the picture. The personal interest cannot of course be conveyed in writing, but we feel sure that those of our readers who have had the good fortune to meet the Colonel, and a few who also may remember his venerable collaborator of the Wiḍyodaya College, will be gladdened by this memento of the near past.

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## MASTER AND SERVANT

THE Master dwells alone. His shroud of light  
Repels the touch of passionate hands that cling,  
Yet takes the tribute that their love would bring,  
And weaves therefrom stars to enrich the night.

He draws and saves and shelters ; wondrous rest  
Goes forth from him ; he bears the healing rod.  
Yet none may ever lie upon his breast,  
Because he stands before the face of God.

The servant dwells alone. Uncircled he ;  
And fierce the flames that scorch him, keen the wind  
That parches the seared flesh, and most unkind  
And bitterest, the waves of the salt sea.

He weeps with anguish ; and in grave reply  
Warm arms, outstretched, his solitude enfold,  
That moment's dear embrace shall heat or cold  
Of cyclic æons tempt him to belie ?

M. L. L.



## QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*Introduction to the Pāñcarātra and the Ahirbudhnya Samhitā*, by F. Otto Schrader, Ph.D., late Director, Adyar Library. (Adyar Library, Adyar, Madras. Price. Rs. 3.)

The Sanskrit text of the *Ahirbudhnya Samhitā*, edited under the supervision of Dr. Schrader, has already been reviewed in these pages, and the present volume is the author's introduction to the Pāñcarātrā system as a whole, to which the *Ahirbudhnya Samhitā* belongs. In this volume Dr. Schrader summarises the results of his several years' study of the whole system in general and of the *Ahirbudhnya Samhitā* in special. In a Preface by J. van Manen we read :

The book, small in size but rich in contents, . . . has been written by a prisoner of war during his captivity at Ahmednagar, though some of the materials on which it is based had, fortunately, been collected by him before the war broke out. . . . The author has undoubtedly doubled the value of his monograph by adding to it copious indexes and a detailed synopsis of the contents. Together they render the whole of the subject-matter of the book in all its categories instantaneously available for reference. Thus the work may preliminarily serve as a concise but encyclopædic reference book on the Pāñcarātra, until it shall be superseded by subsequent more exhaustive publications.

An ancient sacred tradition incorporated in the Mahābhārata speaks of five paths of Self-realisation, all equally authoritative, all resting on one and the same foundation, each relating to one of the five aspects of the one Eternal Religion which may be truly called *Sanātana Dharma*. This tradition gives us to understand that there is one original Dharma—termed *Mūla-Dharma*, *Prakṛiti-Dharma*, and so on, the primary Law of spiritual progress, which is one and comprehensive, laying down the fundamental laws of spiritual evolution—and that it is expounded in the one original Veda which is itself known as the *Mūla-Veda*, as distinguished from the *Vikāra-Vedas*, those which we know of to-day as the *Rig*, *Yajur*, *Sāma* and *Atharva Vedas*. We are further told that while this one Veda and this one original Dharma are intended for spiritual aspirants of spotless purity, there are other Vedas and other

Dharmas developed out of them in forms suited to other classes of people whose mind and heart are tainted with impurities of various kinds. The five systems referred to in the sacred tradition are of this latter kind and are spoken of as *Sāmkhya*, *Yoga*, *Pāñcarātra*, *Veda* and *Pāsūpata*. The first two lay down the steps on that path of Dharma which leads to the realisation of one's own true Self, the former embracing the theoretical, metaphysical and scientific aspects of the Path, and the later the practical aspect. The last three systems trace the steps by which the devotee may realise his unity with Īsvara, the Divine Lord of the Universe, in His three aspects as Vishnu, Brahmā, and Siva respectively. The path unfolded in the *Trayī*, or threefold Veda—the so-called *Vedic Path*—leads to the realisation of the unity of one's true Self with the Divine Lord in His Creative aspect as Brahmā, while the *Pāñcarātra* and the *Pāsūpata* systems lead to the realisation of unity with the Divine Lord in His Vishnu and Siva aspects respectively.

In connection with each of these systems, a number of scriptural writings have been promulgated in the historical period, the *Ahirbudhnya Samhitā* coming under the category of of Vaishṇava-Āgamas constituting the *Pāñcarātra* system. This system has in the long course of ages taken the form of an elaborate specific cult, with many a distinguishing feature of its own, external and internal, just in the same way as the original simple significant Vedic sacrificial ritual has in course of ages developed into an elaborate system of complex ceremonial rites, involving much that is of a later introduction and of a mischievous nature. It is with reference to this factor in the Vedic ritual and worship that the Divine Lord, Śrī Kṛṣṇa, has condemned the Vedas as originating in *traiguṇya*, or mixed motives involving self-interest and pleasure. This factor of *traiguṇya* has entered into other historical cults, including the *Pāñcarātra*. The *Ahirbudhnya Samhitā*, however, is one of the earlier works of the system to which it belongs, and is free from all such deleterious influences as may mar the beauty of the Path of spiritual illumination; and it is rightly held as one of the most authoritative works of the *Pāñcarātra* system.

The subject-matter of the *Pāñcarātra* system is divisible into ten categories, which Dr. Schrader enumerates as follows :

(1) Philosophy; (2) Linguistic Occultism (*Mantra-shāstra*); (3) Theory of Magical Figures (*Yantra-shāstra*); (4) Practical Magic (*Māyā-Yoga*); (5) Yoga; (6) Temple-building (*Mandira-nirmāṇa*); (7) Image-making (*Pratiṣṭhā-vidhi*); (8) Domestic Observances (*Samskāra, Āhnika*); (9) Social Rules (*Varnā-srama dharma*); (10) Public Festivals (*Utsava*). In this Introduction to the system, he divides his exposition into three parts. The first part treats of the literature of the Pāñcarātra in general, dealing with its constituent Samhitās and their extent. In the second part he gives an outline of the philosophy of the Pāñcarātra, the first of the ten categories mentioned above—a subject on which all others more or less depend. The third part is devoted to a description of the *Ahīrbudhnya Samhitā*, dealing with the nature of the manuscript material available for the edition of the Sanskrit text, as well as the provenience and the age of the work, and giving a detailed description of the subject-matter, chapter by chapter. This Samhitā does not refer at all to one topic out of the ten—namely public festivals (*utsava*)—while it treats but cursorily of sociological matters, Initiation, worship and Yoga. Three of the ten categories, namely, philosophy, linguistic occultism, and practical magic, form the main topics of its treatment; and of these the second (*mantra-sāstrā*) claims nearly one half of its length.

We are inclined to think that every student of Hinduism should study this volume, which is so informing as to the contents of the little-known but much misunderstood system of Āgamic worship and philosophy. We specially recommend the student of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* to study the Pāñcarātra system, which bears a special relation to it. A study of the system side by side with the *Bhagavad-Gītā* will show the true relation that exists between them. This relation may be likened to the one which exists between the Primary Vedic Dharma and the historical system known as Vedic Religion, handed down to us through the Vedas we now have. The doctrine of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* represents the Primary Vedic Dharma—according to the sacred tradition referred to at the outset—while Pāñcarātra corresponds to the historic system of Vedic religion known as *Trayī-Vidyā*, the doctrine of the three Vedas. Both these latter are based essentially on the one Primary Vedic Dharma of which the *Bhagavad-Gītā* is the latest

presentation : the one representing the Path of devotion to the Divine Lord in His Vishnu aspect, while the other is related to the Path of devotion to the Lord in His Brahmā aspect. This special relation between the *Bhagavad-Gītā* and the Pāñcarātra is brought home to our minds by the light which they throw on each other ; and this may be illustrated in reference to one of the many knotty points in the teaching of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. The students of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* may be familiar with the perplexing diversity of opinion among the commentators as regards the identification of the four Manus referred to in the sixth verse of the tenth chapter. No old or modern commentator has hit upon the four Manus mentioned in the *Ahirbudhnya-Samhitā*, who seem to be the Manus referred to in the *Bhagavad-Gītā* in the context referred to. The Purusha, the Great Entity, forming the subject of the famous hymn called *Purusha-Sūkta*, is described in the *Pāñcarātra Samhitās* as the Kūṭastha, consisting of four couples, namely, the male and female ancestors of the four castes, springing respectively from the mouth, arms, legs and feet of Pradyumna. Accordingly, the Kūṭastha is called "the Puruṣa of four pairs," "the Puruṣa consisting of twice four," "the aggregate of Manus," "the eight Manus," "the four Manus," or simply "Manus"; and he is imagined "as retaining this form while descending the long line of Tattvas . . . until he is fully materialised and thus prepared for further multiplication". It is stated that the Manus are the origin of the Pitṛs, Devarṣis and men.

On this Dr. Schrader truly remarks : "These seem to be the 'four Manus' that have puzzled all commentators and translators of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* (x. 6), in which case the above conception of the Kūṭastha (though not necessarily the Pāñcarātra) would be older than the *Gītā*." This only shows that even the commentators of the highest repute were not in possession of the whole knowledge necessary for a full comprehension of the teaching of such scriptural writings as the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. No commentator, ancient or modern, can claim to be an unerring guide as to the interpretation of our Scriptures. We always stand in need of more light and we shall have to welcome that light from whatever source it may come. Such a light often comes from unexpected quarters.

A. M. S.

*A Feast of Lanterns*, rendered with an Introduction by L. Cranmer-Byng. "The Wisdom of the East" Series. (John Murray, London. Price 2s.)

This very charming title is extraordinarily well suited to the book which bears it. In another volume of translations of Chinese poetry by the same author it is explained that:

There is neither Iliad nor Odyssey to be found in the libraries of the Chinese; indeed, a favourite feature of their verse is the "stop short," a poem containing only four lines, concerning which another critic has explained that only the words stop, while the sense goes on. But what a world of meaning is to be found between four short lines! Often a door is opened, a curtain drawn aside, in the halls of romance, where the reader may roam at will.

The title somehow reminds us of this, and prepares us for what is to follow.

First, however, comes the Introduction. This is not altogether satisfactory from the point of view of the ordinary reader, the kind of person for whom the "Wisdom of the East" Series is produced. He is open-minded, but as yet uninstructed, and comes to learn of ideals and modes of thought quite different from his own. He is not quite ready for the rather disconnected fragments of information he finds here. Possibly the author intended *A Feast of Lanterns* as a "Volume II" of the earlier work referred to above—*A Lute of Jade*, in which case all is well; for then there is already in the reader's mind a certain background of facts to which he may relate what is told him further of the symbolism of the moon and of dragons, of rivers and flowers, as these appear in Chinese poetry.

The poems published in this volume belong chiefly to the school of landscape. This does not mean, as the writer remarks, that Chinese poets avoided the grim realities of life. "Yet, after all," he continues, "the deepest feeling of the Chinese poets is revealed in their word-painting of woods and mountains and water."

To quote only a few lines of one of the many exquisite instances given of this kind of poetry:

The river fain would keep  
One cloud upon its breast  
Of the twilight flocks that sweep  
Like red flamingoes fading West,  
Away, away,  
To build beyond the day.

To translate is to traduce, says the Italian proverb. One can hardly imagine anything treasonable in these lovely lines.

A. DE L.

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*Your Part in Poverty*, by George Lansbury. (*The Herald* Office, London. Price 1s.)

The name of George Lansbury, already a household word in the ranks of organised labour, must have become almost equally familiar to our English readers, owing to the valuable assistance he has recently rendered to the social activities of the Theosophical Movement. In fact it is only too probable that by the time this review reaches England, a copy of his book will already be in the hands of most students of social reform. None the less it may be of interest to compare notes.

Mr. Lansbury is a man of few words, but every word gets home; and the same applies to this book of his. The title is a challenge in itself; a challenge to thought and a challenge to conscience. It compels every right-minded man and woman to ask: Why should I be assumed to have any "part" in poverty? Further: If it is true that I have a "part," is it an honourable or a dishonourable one, and in any case what am I doing and what should I be doing?

Now poverty and its causes is a subject on which Mr. Lansbury has both the right and the ability to speak; the right conferred by a lifetime lived among the working classes as one of themselves, and the ability won by comparatively successful efforts to make known the unhealthy conditions under which they live and labour, and to find and remove the prime causes of these conditions. This much at least must be granted to our author, even by those who may disagree with the conclusions he draws in his book. But apart from his acknowledged standpoint—that the Christian duty of co-operation must replace the existing anarchy of competition—which inevitably crops up at every turn, he does very little pure theorising. The book is essentially a collection of facts, not comforting facts, maybe, but facts on which the future of the nation depends, and which have soon to be faced for better or worse.

After an Introduction in which the National Mission organised by the Church of England is invited to turn its serious attention to the problem of poverty in the light of brotherhood as taught by Christ, he produces his array of facts concerning workmen, women and children, business, and the Churches; concluding with a vigorous chapter entitled "What We Must Do". The additional hardships imposed by the war, as well as the advantage taken of them by the unscrupulous, form the theme of many a striking object lesson, demonstrating the power of ownership, the helplessness of disinheritance, and the apathy of the State as sponsor for the manhood of its citizens. Full credit is given to the clergy and the charitable for their increasing attempts to get into touch with the needs of the working class; but the survival of the mediæval superstition that the poor (sometimes called "God's poor"! ) are a divinely ordained institution, meets with a richly deserved condemnation. Add to this the charge of drawing profits from businesses that perpetuate poverty and even corrupt the morality of the nation—like the drink traffic—and the Churches are not left many stones to cast at the victims of a system they generally help to support. In this connection Mr. Lansbury pertinently asks the worthy bishops why, if neutrality and conscientious objection in the war be a crime, neutrality in a labour dispute should be a duty and conscientious disapproval a virtue.

We are often tempted to quote telling passages that reveal the author's simple faith in human kindness and his pain at the cruel conventions by which it is blinded and strangled; but the following comment on some wretched working class dwellings on a ducal estate will serve as an example :

I felt miserable and sick as I stood there, because it seemed to me dishonouring to our whole conception of human values. What impressed me most, and what impresses me to-day, is the fact that that duke was a really good man in his own way; kind, and, in a way, generous. It never struck him that he himself could not live with pigs, and that, therefore, no other human being should be expected to do so; neither did he realise that his lovely palaces were the direct result of the outstanding fact that all these tenants contributed to his income a portion of each day's earnings; that no penny came to them of which he did not exact his share; that it was only of their deprivations, their dirt and half-hunger and disease, that his palace walls were built. It is a saddening thought, too, that the poor people themselves so humbly accepted these conditions of life as a direct ordinance from God.

A final word is due to the Preface—written by the Bishop of Winchester. It is typical of Mr. Lansbury's desire to

enlist the co-operation of official religion, and of a dawning recognition on the part of the latter that it will either have to contribute something to the coming revaluation of life or find itself left out. But in this case it is significant that co-operation has seen its way no further than the reading of *one chapter*, with a sententious repudiation of any connection with the author more definite than a patronising notice of his religious tendencies. The least we can do is to compensate for this lukewarm Preface by a genuine expression of agreement and encouragement.

W. D. S. B.

*The Honeysuckle*: A Play in Three Acts, by Gabriele D'Annunzio; translated by Cecile Sartoris and Gabriele Enthoven. (William Heinemann, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

From the first movement of the play to the last we are enveloped in an atmosphere of intense emotion—and emotion tragic in character. It is almost impossible to imagine *The Honeysuckle* on the stage; the world of action is entirely deserted for the world of feeling, and the characters in D'Annunzio's play have terrible emotions. One wonders if such people really can exist, as Aude, the heroine of the play, whose secret griefs so prey upon her mind that she seems to live upon the verge of madness. With a partial gift of seership, heightened by the intensity of her sorrow at the death of her father some three years before the opening of the play, and by the return to the old home with its old associations, Aude holds communication with the dead and learns, or perhaps intuits, that her father was poisoned by the hand of the man who has since married her mother. Add to this indications in the play which point to the daughter's hopeless love for her stepfather, and the complication of the said stepfather about to enter into an intrigue with Helessent, sister-in-law of Aude and wife of her only brother, and one has all the elements of a most promising tragedy.

If D'Annunzio had not written it, and if it had not been well translated, it would be quite impossible. But, as it is, it is curiously clever, weirdly fascinating, but not convincing. Abnormality, such as is displayed by all the characters (except



the Swallow), needs training to understand and appreciate. Helissent, who, we thought, might keep Aude in bounds, has eyes which "observe and spy as from behind a mask of white satin" and "one does not know whether under her domino she is hiding a weapon of death, a burning wound, or Aladdin's Lamp".

There is no relief throughout the play; the emotions grow more and more intense. Aude's rejection of her mother, and her defiance of her family are at moments very fine. She dominates them all by her inner force, and does not hesitate to use her secret knowledge gained through communication with the Unseen. The stepfather is almost hypnotised into confessing his crime, an act which was demanded by his dead friend, Aude's father, who had discovered the love that existed between his wife and his friend; and with faith shattered, desired nothing save death—a last sacrifice for the sake of a former friendship. At the close the stepfather meets with his death-blow from the hands of Aude, who exclaims: "It is I, it is I, who killed him, to avenge the dead and the living,"—her dead father, and her living brother; perhaps also her own wrongs. So have we interpreted this play (and tentatively present the interpretation), which is constructed entirely on the emotional plane. The five principal characters display different grades of emotion, the women suffering more terribly than the men.

*The Honeysuckle* is tremendously interesting from the psychological point of view. Probably such people as are there described actually exist, but, we should trust, not in great numbers. Having read *The Flame of Life* and *The Triumph of Love*, we are bound to suppose that the author has found and dissected the type.

T. L. C.

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*Spiritualism: Its Truth, Helpfulness and Danger*, by James Henry Fletcher. (The Occult Book Concern, New York. Price \$1.50.)

The object of this book is not to convert anyone to Spiritualism, nor does the author claim to represent the orthodox teachings of any spiritualistic society. It is merely a simple

statement of certain facts as the writer sees them. It contains scarcely anything that can be called argument or exposition, its 254 pages being filled for the most part with stories quoted from the Bible, from the lives or writings of well known persons, or from the writer's own experience, and illustrating the truth, helpfulness or danger of intercourse with "spirits".

The author's attitude towards the whole question is a very balanced and sensible one. He warns his readers against many of the pitfalls into which the thoughtlessly enthusiastic spiritualist stumbles, and shows him the necessity of applying all the rules of common sense when dealing with these matters. The book is not one which is likely to influence the mind of the impartial enquirer, either for or against a belief in spiritualism, but it may be of value to those who are eager to seek help by spiritualistic methods, providing them with both an incentive and a safeguard.

A. DE L.

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*Japan*, by F. Hadland Davis. "The Nations' Histories" Series. (T. C. & E. C. Jack, Ltd., London and Edinburgh. Price 2s.6d.)

Mr. Hadland Davis needs no introduction to our readers as a writer on the religious life and traditions of Japan. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that he has been chosen by Messrs. Jack to represent Japan in their new series of national histories. The Japanese people have attracted worldwide curiosity, not only for their recent rapid progress on western lines, but also for their ancient art and heroic idealism; while to the Theosophist they are remarkable as an offshoot of the fourth root-race which has shown a wonderful vitality, independence, and assimilation of fifth race thought. Accordingly we may predict a well deserved popularity for this admirable little volume, especially as it is a history in the best sense of the word—giving due prominence to national beliefs and customs, and portraying the personalities that have influenced national development as well as recording the events in which they took part.

The curtain rises on the warlike aborigines of the land, the Ainu, who still survive in a sadly degenerate condition. The scene then shifts to the "Age of the Gods," and we are treated to a curious genealogy of the first Emperor's divine ancestors—from Ama-terasu, the Sun Goddess, downwards—for, as the author remarks, the mythology and early history of Japan are inseparable.

Thence we are led through a maze of romantic episodes, in which the Empress Jingo figures (conspicuously, to the coming of Buddhism, which was established under the auspices of Prince Mumayado, afterwards known as Shotoku Taishi, Japan's first Buddhist saint. In course of time, however, the noble precepts were forgotten, and wars and other disturbances were frequent, Korea being a favourite *casus belli* for the more ambitious rulers; we even read of the persecution of those who had adopted the Christian faith—introduced by Xavier and his converts. Then the Dutch traders appear on the horizon and gradually the commercial enterprise of this and other nations, backed by the inevitable gunboat in the case of Commodore Perry, broke through the cordon of Japanese exclusiveness. The later phases, such as the war with China, are fairly well known, and we are left with the liberation of Tsingtau from the Germans.

In spite of the mass of detail and its complexity, necessarily condensed for convenience, the narrative is never heavy, thanks to Mr. Hadland Davis' artistic style and deft handling of a peculiar subject. The book is well illustrated and has an ample index; it is neatly bound and clearly printed; and its contents set a high standard for the series.

W. D. S. B.

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*The Principles of Occult Healing*, Studies by a Group of Theosophical Students, edited by Mary Weeks Burnett, M.D. (The Health Publishing Co., Chicago.)

The growing number of such books is evidently a sign of the times. A thorough reconstruction of ideas is taking place in all departments of human thought and activity, and many of

the "superstitions" of our forefathers are being recognised as worthy of great respect and consideration. The so-called miraculous cures of diseases are no longer regarded as products of a diseased imagination, a rational explanation thereof is sought for in the light of recent rapid advances in the realms of scientific thought.

This book naturally falls into two parts: the first seven chapters dealing with certain great principles, laws and facts of Nature which will show that "Occult Healing" can be explained and accounted for like any other system of medicine, and the remaining chapters, except the last, dealing with different methods of curing. The nature and functions of life and matter, the existence of subtler kinds of matter and higher types of consciousness, the ministry of Angels and the Masters to human wants under definite laws, all these are very clearly explained in the earlier portion. True health consists in the harmonious arrangement of the particles of the physical, astral and mental bodies, and no disease can be effectively cured except by studying and removing the visible as well as the invisible causes of the disease. The subtler the region of application of the remedy, the more effective and quick the cure. A study of the etheric matter and its electro-magnetic properties will enable us to effect permanent and instantaneous cures.

Different ways of healing, *e.g.*, by proper adjustment of the polarity of the ethers of the brain and other subtler centres, by prayer, through the intervention of the Devas, by music, by proper colours, by thought-forms, by pouring out one's health-magnetism, and through mesmerism, are described; and a variety of cases are quoted under all these headings. In some cases explanations are successfully attempted, and throw much light on the questions involved.

The last chapter is a masterly summary of all that has gone before, and the suggestions put forward therein are well worth our attention. We have nothing but words of praise for the book.

## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## LIFE AFTER DEATH

*The Nineteenth Century and After* for February is of special interest to Theosophists on account of the two articles which appear under the above heading. The first is by Sir Oliver Lodge, and is a short and courteous but effective reply to a sceptical criticism by Sir Herbert Stephen of his recent book *Raymond*. Sir Oliver points out that the arguments still brought forward against the establishment of communication with the dead, have been worn threadbare with use against other scientific discoveries in the past.

The second and by far the most comprehensive article on the subject is by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and bears the striking title "Future Life—and Lives". This is an excellent example of Mr. Sinnett's gift of presenting Theosophical tenets in a form acceptable to the intellectually fastidious. In a few plain words he dismisses "most current essays" on survival, which, he says, "have a ludicrous aspect for millions of spiritualists in constant touch with departed friends, for all occult students and for most psychic researchers". But, as his title shows, he does not rest content with the limitations of mediumship, or even with an account of the after-death states; he soon gets down to bedrock and introduces his readers to the scheme of evolution outlined in Theosophical literature, with its basic principles of the Higher Self, of karma and reincarnation.

Reincarnation when first scientifically defined some thirty-odd years ago was quickly seen to solve many previously insoluble problems. The hideous inequalities of human conditions no longer seemed to insult Divine Justice. Suffering became intelligible when the conditions of each new life were realised as the consequences of previous "doing" (or Karma). The superficial objection, that the sufferer did not remember his former misdoing, was dissipated as we realised that the Higher Self did so, and profited by each physical plane experience. Further knowledge showed that humanity is still in its youth. A few more advanced than the multitude *do* remember former lives. The whole course of reasoning need not be repeated here. The appreciation of rebirth as essential to a comprehension of human life is already widely spread. By reason of misunderstanding details many people regard it with dislike, and the dislike has been accentuated by the eagerness of those who seized upon it at first to deal with it as though it covered all mysteries of the future. To think of the future as simply a return to this life is as great a blunder as to think of the life which opens up to the person just set free from the physical body, by *its* death, as entering an everlasting existence of a super-physical order. Only by failing to understand it correctly can anyone fall into the habit of criticising the Divine Scheme of evolution unfavourably.

The personality of a brutal criminal in the slums is clearly not fit for eternal perpetuation. The bishop in his palace, if he honestly considers the matter, will come to the same conclusion as regards himself.

After showing the place which the life after death occupies in the cycle of birth and death, and in the larger cycle of human unfoldment, the author offers a rational conception of the astral plane as contacted by clairvoyant faculty. As many of our readers are probably aware, Mr. Sinnett attaches great importance to the opportunities for gaining knowledge that are provided by the higher sub-planes of the astral, and so we are not surprised to find him referring to these as peopled by most of the leading thinkers and artists of the last three hundred years or so, who are in no hurry to come back to earth or even to pass on to higher levels.

But the highly advanced Egos, the great men of science and others, have capacities for the enjoyment of other astral opportunities over and above those relating to personal affections. On higher levels of the astral, to which such capacities would be automatically the passport, magnificent opportunities for the expansion of knowledge, along the lines already laid down in physical life, would open out. And for such Egos centuries of glorious intellectual achievement are provided by the opportunities of the higher astral levels. They will all come back to incarnation eventually, for no matter how great they may be, measured by our present standards, they are merely on the way towards the summit possibilities of human evolution; but there is no hurry, and as a matter of fact all the great scientists, poets, and artists of the last three hundred years or more are still on the higher levels of the astral world, even though they may have access to still higher realms, and may avail themselves of that privilege from time to time. The higher astral levels, for intricate reasons, are especially adapted for the expansion of such knowledge and capacity as they generally desire.

Another distinctive feature in Mr. Sinnett's astral geography is that the two lowest sub-planes are actually immersed below the surface of the physical globe, and "are regions of suffering with which none but the very worst offenders against Divine laws have anything to do". The third sub-plane, counting from below, "is still a comfortless region in which people who have been too absorbed by the lower interests of physical life may have to spend a period of purification before ascending to happier levels"; but "the fairly well-behaved majority" awake after death to find themselves on the fourth level, on which "happiness is the underlying principle of all sensation and experience."

The gradual assumption of a new physical body by the Ego is very clearly and graphically explained, together with the operation of karmic necessity in relation to heredity and

environment; and it is good to find that special emphasis is laid throughout on the beautifully natural manner in which consciousness progresses from one stage to another. This is admirably expressed in the concluding paragraph:

The purpose of this article has not been merely to dissipate that terror [of death], but to elucidate, for those who may long since have ceased to feel it, the detailed circumstances of the passage to the life beyond. And above all, to show how the all-important principle of reincarnation does not in any way conflict with natural aspirations for spiritual existence after bodily death. Reincarnation is no hurried process. There is plenty of time in Eternity. Does anyone imagine that a thousand years of spiritual life after the fatigues of this one will not be enough for him? If he continues hereafter to entertain that view, then he will have more. Or if he has no such far-reaching aspiration, and finds himself content with the simple enjoyment of the astral life on its less exalted levels, he will fall asleep and drift back to physical life in obedience to natural law at the appropriate time. And both in his case and in that of his more advanced contemporaries, the return to physical life will be accomplished as easily as the processes of sleep and waking during physical life, with the inner mechanism of which, for that matter, most people are no better acquainted than with the method of rebirth, the fullest acquaintance with which carries with it the most complete acquiescence in the wisdom, beauty and harmony of the whole design.

The climax of the article is a dignified reference to the Masters of Wisdom and the possibilities of co-operation with them, both on the higher planes after death and on the physical plane during the earth life. There we shall leave our incomplete survey of what may be regarded as a milestone in the history of Theosophical propaganda; for it is probably the first representative specimen of the Esoteric Philosophy to be seen in a journal of this standing.

W. D. S. B.



# SOUTH INDIAN CONVENTION

## PROGRAMME

### Friday, 6th April

- 5 to 6 p.m. Lecture by G. S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B.,  
"Theosophy and Education".
- 7.15 to 8.15 Tamil Lecture by the Hon. Rao Bahadur  
V. K. Ramanujachariar, "Vishishtadvaitism  
in the Light of Theosophy".
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### Saturday, 7th April

- 9.15 to 10.15 Questions-Answers Meeting by G. S. Arundale.
- 3.15 to 4.15 Order of the Star in the East (for members  
only).
- 4.30 to 5.30 Telugu Lecture by Pandit A. Mahadeva Sastri,  
Adyar Library Director, "Varṇāshrama  
Dharma".
7. p.m. Masonic Meeting (for members only).
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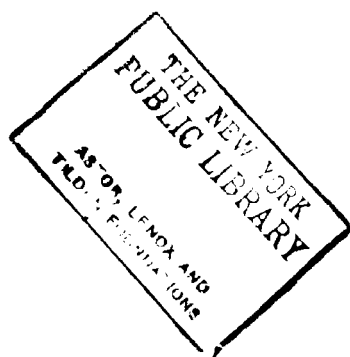
### Sunday, 8th April

- 9.15 Business Meeting.
- 3.15 to 4.15 Tamil Lecture by the Hon. Rao Bahadur  
V. K. Ramanujachariar, "Vishishtadvaitism  
in the Light of Theosophy".
- 5.30 to 6.30 Lecture by C. Jinarājadāsa, "Theosophy and  
the World's Reconstruction".
- 7.15 to 8.15 Meeting of the Stalwarts.
- 8.45 Sacred Concert, by Mrs. Russak-Hotchner.
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### Monday, 9th April

- 9.15 to 10.15 Telugu Lecture by Pandit A. Mahadeva Sastri  
on "Varṇāshrama Dharma".







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# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THIS last month has seen the beginning of an Order, dreamed of for many years by George S. Arundale, who is now seen to have "dreamed true". It consists of three successive grades, Probationers, Novices and Brothers, and of Lay Brothers. Attached to the Order are Helpers, who do not take the pledge of the Order, but promise to help it in any way they can, and to give to it a proportion of their income, fixed by themselves when they join. The Brothers renounce all their property and their earnings, taking from the Order a subsistence allowance; they will, in time, have an Āshrama in Adyar, which will form the central home, and will go out to work wherever they are sent, returning home for rest, or when not engaged in outside work. They lead a communal life so far as is at present practicable, the men living in Mr. Arundale's house, but there being as yet no communal house available for the women. For qualification each of them must have, in addition to the

devotion to a great Ideal, which makes them ready to serve as a united body under orders, some special trained capacity of a definite kind, which makes him valuable as a worker—it may be teaching, medicine, science, writing, speaking, but it must be good of its kind.

\* \* \*

The preparatory grades are for those who embrace the Ideal, and are ready to train themselves and to be trained for service, by study, the practice of self-control, and the leading of a simple life, thus preparing themselves for the full Brotherhood. They are ready to work as required, and to fit themselves for the communal life. The Lay Brothers are those who hold the Ideal, and are ready to share in work as required, and who give a tithe of all they earn or acquire to the support of the Order ; they are prevented by their circumstances, by family obligations, by duties to dependents, even by lack of physical health, from renouncing their property and leading the strenuous and active life required from the working Brothers.

\* \* \*

The Order is, of course, but an experiment, for its pledge of “Renunciation, Obedience and Service” is hard to preserve unbroken. In humble imitation of the vow of the Buddhist Saṅgha, founded by Him who “knew what is in man,” the door for withdrawal is left open, in case animal-human weakness should triumph over Divine-human strength. Its first members promise well, but it must justify itself by Service, and I believe it will do so. The head of the Order is

the "Brother Server," in memory of the words of the Christ: "He that is greatest<sup>1</sup> among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." It is meant to be a constant reminder to those who hold the office that true greatness lies in humility and in service, and that those who would fain grow "to the measure of the stature of the fulness of the Christ" must ever remember: "I am among you as he that serveth." Only when this is felt by all can there be right command because the commander looks upward in humility to his own Superior, and right service because there is illuminated obedience; then only can obedience minister to spiritual growth, and lead to the realisation of that highest achievement, to be enrolled as His servant, "whose service is perfect freedom".

\* \* \*

A pleasant message came to us from Petrograd, telling of Russia's new freedom. It arrived just after the close of our Easter Convention, and came from the Order of the Star in the East in Russia, sending loving greeting from "our first official meeting". No longer are our Russian brethren of the T.S., the E.S. and the Star living under the shadow of autocracy: no longer are their leaders sent forth "as sheep in the midst of wolves".

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A very terrible thing has happened in Bombay, throwing once more a lurid light on the ghastly happenings in the lower "half-world". A Pathan and two women

kept a house of ill-fame wherein were imprisoned some Indian women of a low caste. They were to all intents and purposes slaves, unable to go away, and sold temporarily to the first comer. One of these women, the *Bombay Chronicle* tells us, "attempted to rebel in her feeble way, even to escape," and managed to slip out of the house unseen. She was caught and taken back, and was slowly tortured to death, being beaten with an iron rod and a curry-stone until she was dead. No part of her body, the evidence said, but was bruised and bleeding. The judge, in passing sentence on the Pathan and one of the women, said, addressing the former, that nothing he could say "could make the accused feel the hideous enormity of the crime which he had committed. It was impossible to conceive of greater barbarity, more revolting and more devilish, than the way in which he had treated his victim." The object of the ghastly and prolonged doing to death was obviously to place a gate of terror in the way of escape, to teach the other inmates of the house that which awaited them if they sought to run away. The lesson has not gained its object, as it has ended in a sentence of death on two of the murderers and of transportation for life on the third.

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That particular case is over, but what of the awful trade which makes such things possible? It is not a question of one Nation or another, for tragedies even more terrible are known to take place abroad. It is admittedly true that a definite "white slave-trade" is carried on, in which young girls, seeking situations in their own

country or abroad, are sent—supposedly as governesses, as servants to decent people—really to houses of ill-fame. Arriving there in all innocence and shown to her room, the girl wakes, in the morning, to find that her clothes have been removed and that she is helpless. Some yield to promises of wealth and enjoyment; some refuse, and are starved and beaten either into submission or to death. They are deported to South America, to Singapore, Java, India, Hong-Kong, and other ports, and sink lower and lower into a hell which cannot be described. If landed in a British possession they cannot be saved unless of British birth; the British-born are deported promptly, as the British authorities will not allow their Nation to be thus soiled in the eyes of their coloured subjects. Girls of other Nationalities cannot be touched. Various books have been written on this slave-trade, but it continues to flourish, largely because the only evidence available is hard to obtain and is tainted when obtained, and largely because where the *souteneur* has stopped short of murder or mutilation he is let off with penalties less severe than those inflicted on suffragettes for breaking a window-glass. The Bishop of London lately complained that a woman keeper of a house of ill-fame was let off with a £20 fine—the merest trifle out of her large gains from her women slaves.

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Another root of the evil lies in the fact that large numbers of white men of all Nationalities consort with coloured women. The large Eurasian population in

India, and the swiftly growing Eurasian population in Burma prove the fact. The natural result of this is the reversal of the relationship, and the white slave traffic sells white women to coloured men of wealth and rank who keep harems. It has been stated that in South Africa there were no assaults by Kaffirs on white women, until white men had assaulted large numbers of Kaffir women. It is a just Nemesis.

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Eastern civilised Nations have faced with characteristic frankness the difficulty due to the small powers of self-restraint of the average man, and the results are less hideous than in the West, so far as the women are concerned. Hebrews, Hindūs, Musalmāns, permit polygamy, and leave the slowly improving evolution of man to bring about monogamy gradually. David, "the man after God's own heart," was certainly not a monogamist, and Abraham, "the friend of God" and the "father of the faithful" was neither generous to his "handmaid" and their son, nor courageous in the defence of the honour of his own wife. Most Hindūs are now monogamous, though polygamy survives among men of high rank and wealth, and among the lowest of the people. Men of high character, of education and culture, are strictly monogamous, and being married, as a rule, from eighteen or nineteen to twenty-five, do not run into bad company. The Musalmāns permit polygamy, and even when they go outside marriage they shelter and support the women with whom they associate, and if the mistress has a child,



her status is improved and the child becomes a member of the household—the result being due to the reverence with which the Oriental regards Motherhood. Hence the “illegitimate” child is not the fatherless waif and stray, doomed from his birth, with no legal or civil status, that he is in western lands. The English law visits the sins of the fathers upon the children more cruelly than does the law of some continental Nations, among whom the marriage of the father and mother legitimatises the children born previous to marriage.

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Westerners fiercely condemn the nautch girls and Devadāsīs of India, and the “profession” is shameful enough, but it is immeasurably less degrading to the women than the same “profession” in the West. The woman sells herself for money, the revolting hall-mark of the shameful trade. Outside this ineffaceable degradation, she leads an outwardly decent life, is often cultured in art and clever in conversation, resembling herein the Hetairæ of Greece. All good men condemn the trade, but they do not despise nor treat with contempt the individuals engaged in it, for they sorrowfully admit that it is due to the weakness of their own sex, they do not see any better way of meeting it, they know that man’s evolution out of that weakness is very slow, they look with horror and disgust on the European method of respecting the man-sinner and outcasting his victim or his partner, on the crowds of mixed race that follow the Europeans in all eastern countries, and on the disgusting street prostitution of the West, with the final doom of

the women engaged in that miserable trade. The question is one which is full of difficulty, and cannot be escaped, as witness the late Commission on the results of licensed and unlicensed prostitution. Society is up against a deadly evil which, in the West, is threatening to poison it. There is only one cure : Self-control and early—not child—marriage ; and self-control, control over the strongest instinct that God has implanted in all Nature, the instinct of mating with its opposite, has to be achieved by men and women, in whom the power of “looking before and after,” the faculties of memory and imagination, have intensified the instinct to such an exaggerated extent that it menaces with destruction the very Society it created. In humanity alone it works evil ; it is for men and women to transmute it into good.

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I spoke in the Presidential Address of the fine work by the Theosophical Society, led by its General Secretary. I learn that very devoted service, carried on night and day, has been rendered by a good member, Mme. Erismann. Doubtless many good Swiss members have done their part, and to, and for, all such the T.S. gives thanks.

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“RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW”

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

By W. WYBERGH

**M**Y apology for writing upon a subject which has become so trite, however great its intrinsic interest, must be a most interesting article entitled “The Law of the Jungle” by M. d’Asbeck, which appeared in *The Adyar Bulletin* for October last. To me, at any rate, the subject is immensely attractive, since for some time past I have for the most part been occupied in camping and travelling in the African Jungle, enjoying a daily nodding acquaintance with its inhabitants, and having to accommodate myself to its necessities. It fascinates and sometimes overawes

me, but I don't quite agree with what appear to me as the somewhat anthropomorphic ideas of the author regarding wild animals, and I don't find things quite what one would expect from reading the best and most "sympathetic" books about them, even Mr. Kipling's altogether delightful *Jungle Books*. Still less do I find therein the blind and mechanical forces of material evolution or the neatly ticketed specimens of the natural history museum.

I have all my life been an outdoor man by preference, but circumstance and duty have brought it about that for the last twenty years I have lived and worked in a large town, immersed in all sorts of public activities, and during the greater part of that time strenuously engaged in politics. My life has therefore been spent almost entirely in dealing with the human side of things, with ideals and policies, and burning social questions and passions and interests, instead of in the direct and simple contact with the outdoor things which perhaps I might have chosen for myself. Now, therefore, that circumstance and duty have in turn taken me for a time into the wild places of the earth, I am naturally unable to see them with that knowledge and judgment which come only by lifelong experience and devotion to natural science. Nor can I be of the number of those whom a simple and natural life and the absence of conflicting thoughts and passions have brought into intimate and instinctive touch with Nature. Never to me has the fairyland of the Kelt or seer revealed itself, with its nature spirits and dancing elves, its Deva evolution, its Intelligences and Powers, or been more to me than a poetical dream and a theoretical scientific possibility. Perhaps, therefore, what I have to

say will seem of little value either to science or to Occultism. Nevertheless, as it is at any rate first hand experience, it may be of interest to some. I can only say in mitigation that in spite of twenty years of public work and public speaking, I always feel more really at home in the wilds than in a committee meeting! The one is a joy, the other a familiar, if not a tiresome duty.

The Wilderness has impressed itself on me in different ways. For one thing it is very beautiful. You never come across anything that is sordid or squalid or dry or pretentious. It is all genuine, all well proportioned. The beauty of civilisation always has something of imperfection in it, the Wilderness never. But it is beautiful in a more positive sense than that. I don't mean merely "picturesque," nor do I refer only to things that are generally accepted as beautiful—the jagged mountain range against the sunset glow, the clump of palms standing breathless at high noon above the tangled thickets of the river bank, the herd of sable antelope flashing through the golden green mopani forest in the clear, cool light of early morning. All these things I have seen and see again and again; they are splendid pictures which can never be forgotten. But the Wilderness is not all beautiful in this way, in fact such scenes are perhaps exceptional, and for much of the time the eye has to be satisfied with what, in more civilised regions, might be called a monotonous or "uninteresting" prospect. But the point is that for some reason the eye *is* satisfied, and does not resent the monotony as it does that of a row of chimney pots. I have travelled for days through a country where no rain had fallen for two scorching years: where day after day, month after month, the tropical sun had

poured down upon the land until the forest was an ashy grey, leafless and thorny desert, to all appearance as dead as the red sand whence it sprung. Harsh, forbidding, savage, and pitiless it was, as well as monotonous, yet, to me at least, still beautiful. Whatever other "Law of the Jungle" there may be, one learns that at least it is a law of beauty.

Now, being human, one inevitably reads human attributes into that which one sees. The words which naturally come to one's lips, the very words which I have just used myself, are human words describing human things. The habitual use of them tends to perpetuate the mistake of supposing that the Beauty of the Jungle and the Law of the Jungle are really comparable with our human Beauty and human Law. A little thought would remove this impression. How can a thing be harsh and forbidding and yet beautiful? The ideas of harshness are something that we ourselves introduce, because we will persist in regarding a landscape from the point of view of a possible environment, suitable or the reverse for human life. We think we see the real Jungle and we only see our own humanity all the time.

There is a beauty of the Wilderness, but it is not seen by many who think they see it. In the playgrounds of Europe, in its great rivers and mountains and forests and moors, there is indeed the beauty of the Wilderness, but it is overlaid and often almost submerged by another beauty. Because they are all that most of us ever see of the Wilderness, we are apt to take it for granted that it is this beauty that we enjoy in them. But is it? Let any man who is or has been a devotee of the Alps, but whose wanderings have led

him also into the real untamed and untravelled Wilderness, compare the two. He may very probably decide that the beauty of the Alps is the greater, but he will also find that a great part of this beauty and fascination is due to the part played by their human aspect—by the glimpse of the village far below, framed between cliffs of ice, by thought of great deeds done long ago in the valleys, by the tramp of forgotten legions through the passes, Alaric, Hannibal, Napoleon, even by memories of modern climbs and deeds of daring. What traveller does not remember with a thrill his first crossing over the Alpine barrier from the cold and austere lands of the North, down and ever down into the golden, magical haze of Italy—the Italy of his longing, the cradle of our western civilisation? But the beauty of that golden air, of vine and chestnut and high-perched mountain village, is it the beauty of Nature, or is it not rather the beauty of our dream, rich with all that we ourselves put into it of history or romance?

To many a man who responds to every breath and every suggestion of its human element the real Wilderness will remain a sealed book, for its beauty and its fascination depend upon the absence of that very human element which, consciously or unconsciously, he has been accustomed to look for. To see and understand this, a man must cease to look upon it merely as an environment, pleasant or otherwise, of his own humanity. The powers of thought and imagination and emotion which enrich his vision of the humanised landscape, seem only to lead him into a blind alley if he tries to use them on this quest, and the more vivid they are and the greater the force he puts into his effort, the sooner does he realise this to be the case. At least that is

my own experience. More often on the mountain top than in assemblies of my fellow men have I felt that the Great Secret was just over my shoulder, on the verge of revealing itself; but the veil has not been lifted. Time after time have I expended myself in thoughts and emotions in the vain effort to come a little nearer to the Reality. I think it is the instinctive and natural thing for the human man to try.

I stood but recently, far away in the Wilderness, upon the spur of a great mountain plateau which broke into a sea of beautiful forms and colours as it fell away into the rich tropical lowlands. It was early summer: the red earth at my feet, the tree ferns in the ravine below, the green slopes on either hand, the endless background of ridge and peak dissolving at last into blue air, all were pulsing with life and beauty, all were very near and dear to me, and I, poor mortal, was carried away as many a time before. Admiration and artistic appreciation of line and colour were merged into a great love and longing. I loved it all for itself. I wanted to embrace it, to possess it, to fuse myself with it, to lose myself in it, as a lover with his beloved. "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks" so longed my soul after the essence and being of the Wilderness. But my emotion, my worship, opened up no channel. The Wilderness made no sign: the Wilderness has nothing to say to human interest or human emotion or human strivings. There was "too much ego in my cosmos" I suppose, which is as much as to say I was human, all too human.

We in the Theosophical Society are taught that the way by which we may ultimately hope to open ourselves to the larger life of the Universe is by systematic



meditation and concentration, and it would ill become me with my small experience to doubt my teacher or to ignore the universal testimony. Yet I must confess that, so obstinate and self-centred is my ego that, while occasions in which such efforts appear to be in some degree successful have not been entirely wanting, yet, too often, the effort produces such an enhancement of *self*-consciousness as to defeat itself, and the more one tries the less one actually achieves. I never seem able by taking thought to add a cubit to my stature. Perhaps one has to learn how to stop thinking. For it is strange that sometimes when I am least expecting it or thinking about it I seem, through the mere senses of sight or hearing, to make the necessary contact without effort, so that a sudden thrill of conscious communion passes, and for a moment I see the Whole through the part, and feel myself one with it, and no longer myself at all.

I don't think that man, as man, can ever see the real beauty of the Jungle, for whatever it is, there is no doubt about it being non-human. It is cosmic and universal in its nature, and it necessarily and inevitably hides itself from the ego-consciousness, whether energising through thought or emotion. He who enters into it is for the moment less or greater than man. The child-ego comes into touch with it, but he knows not what he is in touch with, and then perhaps at the other end of the human scale a certain other "little child" will some day be born in us, who will step out from the trammels of the ego and who will know as he is known. But I sometimes think that for us ordinary people there must be a sort of back door somewhere in our make-up, through which we sometimes get a glimpse into God's garden long before we are fit to walk there.

The beauty of the Wilderness may perhaps be regarded as its passive or negative or form side, but there is another, vital, acting side to it which perhaps we may more properly speak of as the "Law of the Jungle". Is this Law, as suggested by M. d'Asbeck, one which furnishes for us "lessons" in respect of brotherhood and social organisation applicable to human consciousness and human ethics? Do the wild animals love and hate and scheme and contrive and organise like little undeveloped humans? Or on the other hand is Nature a grim and cruel thing, "red in tooth and claw," and do the animals live each for themselves in constant strife and enmity? Or, again, is it all nothing but a huge mechanism, come into existence by accident as the result of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms"? I cannot but think that the anthropomorphic view of the "Law of the Jungle" is as full of fallacy as the mechanical view of materialistic science. It would indeed seem to be at least as great an obstacle to any real communion with the non-human life of the Universe.

I yield to no one in my appreciation of Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Books*. I don't know how often I have read them, and I still find them as fascinating as ever, but I can't agree with Mr. (or Miss) d'Asbeck in thinking that he has "deeply sensed the life and wisdom of the animal kingdom" therein. He has merely anthropomorphised his animals and given us delightful pictures of life in the Jungle as it might be imagined to present itself to a human being who shared all its conditions but by no means its consciousness. It is primitive man whom he portrays, living the life of the animals but thinking human

thoughts all the time. What is his council of the wolves but the village council over again in wolfish bodies? How do the plots and counterplots differ from the schemes of the human huntsman? The very idioms and forms of speech put into their mouths are the same. But this is not Kipling's fault; it is a necessity of the case, for, as we know, animals do not speak at all, and the development of speech is the sign of the development of thought. Where there is no individualised ego there can be no individualised thought, and where thought is absent how shall there be distinction between "right of the wolf" and "right of the pack," or lesson to be drawn therefrom. I do not think there are any "social problems" in the Jungle.

No: the Law of the Jungle is something quite different from the Law of the Jungle-man, and man, as man, can only be *in* the Jungle, not *of* it, however he may rejoice in it. The Jungle consciousness is a non-human consciousness, and its Law—its real Law, that is to say, cannot in the nature of things be translated into terms of human conduct. To attempt it is to invite disaster.

"The Dharma of another is full of danger." And yet how wonderfully do these books, and others like Seton Thomson's, transport us into the midst of Jungle life. We who have been there can testify that their witness is true. Has not the moon risen for us too over the Council Rock; have not the green eyes gathered round us in the dusk; have we not known and used the Red Flower, with death waiting for us outside the circle of its light? We love these books because, with a magic all their own, they bring back for us the

glamour of the moonlight, the solitude thronged with the shapes and sounds of veld and forest, the glory of free and overflowing life. But the thoughts and feelings which they arouse are those, not of the Jungle, not even of primitive man himself (primitive man probably thinks chiefly about his dinner), but actually of highly cultured man in the presence of that which is so different from himself.

As a matter of practical experience, about the first thing one learns about the Jungle is that one is in the presence of unmeasured life and power, and that all this life is very busily occupied with its own concerns. Very soon, and the sooner the better, one discovers that if we get in the way no one will have the least compunction about treading on our toes, and there isn't any policeman. So far is it from being simple and altruistic, as suggested by the author of the "Law of the Jungle," that the least inadvertence or mistake on our part seems to be punished with a most inhuman indifference and relentlessness. Extenuating circumstances are not admitted, and good motives do not count.

The daily business of the Jungle is frankly to kill and eat and propagate, and there is not an atom of sentiment about it. The Jungle and its inhabitants will just as soon kill you as not, and in fact will certainly do so if you don't look after yourself. Truly one sees very grim sights, and senses everywhere the crunching of bones. Everything lives by the death of something else, and a "natural" death is a thing unknown. And never forget that death is at all times very near to you. There is death, swift and sure, coiled up in the grass at your feet: death in the pool which tempts you to a plunge at midday: death prowls

not a hundred yards from your camp fire at night: death, less swift but just as sure, threatens you day and night in the buzz of the mosquito: lose, but for a moment, your sense of direction, and death, lingering and painful, stands at your very elbow.

And because man is naturally so self-centred, because man, especially "civilised" man, has such an extraordinary idea of the sanctity of life, and particularly human life, and above all his own precious life, and such a terror of death, this fact, once it is grasped, makes you instinctively regard the Jungle not merely as different, but as alien and hostile to yourself, and also as grim and cruel in its own essential nature.

When, later on, you have had a little more experience; when you have learned how to avoid its dangers and how to utilise its resources for your own comfort and advantage; when you begin to see, not only how full it is of death, but of life also; then perhaps you will come to feel as if it were a garden and a pleasure-ground, created and existing for you, a delightful sphere for your activities, and your human heart will expand with human love for it all, and you look round for human lessons in human virtues. But the Jungle is no more friendly than it is hostile, no more compassionate than cruel. These are human conceptions, and so long as a man is playing about within the limits of such ideas and feelings, he is far indeed from sympathy with the Jungle consciousness.

Perhaps the first step towards penetrating the real nature of this mode of being is a recognition of its unity and simplicity, but it is the complexity which is the obvious thing about it. The immensity and intricacy of it take away your breath. You see a vast web of action

and reaction weaving itself around you, and you feel the need of somehow linking it up with yourself. If you are a humanitarian by nature you will weave fantasies, full of human sympathy, about the actions and life histories of the wild animals. You know that the activities of the human world are brought about by thoughts and passions, and you can hardly prevent yourself from feeling that these activities also must be the result of thoughts and passions comparable with your own. You create images and fall in love with the image you have created. In vain: on these levels of consciousness you cannot realise the brotherhood whose existence you truly divine, and if you persist, you will end in a slough of sentimentality and unreality. If you have the scientific temperament you will try, by analysis and classification, to bring the Jungle into relation, not so much with what you feel, as with some generalised scheme of the universe already existing in your mind. But not through the understanding of genera and species shall you reach the true understanding. You cannot put Nature into pigeon-holes; categories and classifications are only a human way of looking at things. Nature—the Jungle—is one and it is many, but either way it is infinite, and so long as you are concerned merely with giving names and classifications to what you see, you remain limited to your human consciousness. Was it not Adam, the first *man*, who first gave *names* to the living creatures, and so shut himself off from the infinite within the limits of the finite?

Evidently we shall get nowhere by merely projecting our own humanity into the non-human.

"When, beholding her image on the waves of space, she whispers: 'This is I'—declare, O disciple, that thy Soul is caught in the webs of delusion." Is there, then, any possibility at all of learning the true "Law of the Jungle," and getting at the reality of this universal brotherhood which is so different from the sentimental and intellectual notions which most of us are inclined to put in its place? Some recent experiences of my own, slight and ephemeral as they are, make me think that perhaps there may be other ways of approach which do not, like the intellectual and the emotional methods, defeat their own object by the enhancement of the personal ego-consciousness. Singularly enough, I seem to have hit, quite by accident, upon an experience quite similar to that of Walt Whitman, as quoted in the article by M. d'Asbeck to which I have referred.

"I stand and look at them long and long." It sounds a simple sort of thing, but that is just what I have been doing with rather surprising results. I do not know whether it is in any way a recognised Yoga practice, but it is certainly different from anything I have been taught.

In one of my recent trips into the African Wilderness, I got into the habit of spending my midday and sunset hours, whenever possible, quite alone and far away from my camp. Especially at these times I would go down and look out over the great tropical river along the banks of which I was travelling. I would say in passing that I have always felt that to get the full flavour of the tropical world one should seek it in the midday heat, and not only in the cool of the morning and evening, and so far I have taken no harm from

doing so. Often the surroundings were full of beauty—always full of interest. The country swarmed with wild life of all kinds, from lions down to guinea fowl, and the vegetation ran riot along the waterside. In the Jungle, on the river bank, or on a rock or sandspit in the open, I would stand and let it all sink into me, and, like Walt Whitman, “look long and long”. I took no weapon with me, having no thoughts of slaughter (indeed I travelled without arms of any kind and without any white companion), and whether for that or for some other reason, the animals were wonderfully tame and took very little notice of me, even when I stood in full view. I did not study this life, I did not enthuse about it, nor did I weave any fantasies, for I was far too much absorbed in just observing it. I made no conscious effort of any kind. The functions of mind and emotion were dormant, but the senses were keenly alert. And through my eyes, as it seemed, there would steal in upon me a sense of a marvellous stillness and a tremendous and most complex activity.

Action in fact was the key-note of everything, life and death and generation and decay, raised to the *n*th power. The wonderful web of life wove itself before my eyes, thought and feeling became irrelevant and vanished, leaving only the sense of being in contact with something beyond, in which I was infinitely “at home”. I seemed for a moment to feel the throb of a Universal Life, and the human outlook faded away, and human interests became as nothing. It was as though nothing had a separate life of its own, but everything lived and died in the life and death of each other. So far as any purpose or plan existed at all, it was none other than this very life and death itself, but the very notion



of plan or purpose or thought did not enter into it at all.

Perfect peace and ceaseless motion existed together, and each was essential to the other. Life and death were not opposed to one another, there was no such thing as competition or altruism, and no "struggle for existence," because the purpose of life was death and the purpose of death was life. Nothing existed in spite of something else, but because of it. This peace *was* activity, life *was* death. Everything lived by the death of something else, everywhere was death in life and life in death, and I saw that it was all very good—incredibly, aboundingly good and *safe*, because nothing could possibly go wrong anywhere. It was good to kill and good to be killed, good to eat and to be eaten : all was perfect, all inevitable, all utterly free and voluntary. At one moment it seemed solemn and stupendous, at another laughably simple—just one huge joke, for nothing, *nothing* mattered the least bit in the world. And it had all been going on just like that for ages and ages, and would continue. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen." There was no Law of the Jungle, for the Life of the Jungle was its own law and fulfilled itself, and everything was exactly right. And all this perfection and supreme happiness seemed somehow to arise from the sense of entire freedom from anything like human thoughts, or purpose or plan or motive, and equally from all passion of love or hatred, or vice or virtue. It was a simple ignoring of all the things that one had been accustomed to think all-important in human life, which, instead of leaving a blank, seemed like the removal of a restriction.

I cannot describe it properly, perhaps because I didn't actually and definitely come to the full and proper realisation of these things in my own person, but only caught a glimpse which showed me that it was so, however opposed it might be to my ordinary point of view as a man. For, as I have said, in ordinary life for the last twenty years I have fought for political ideals, and worked and planned for distant social reforms, and here I was introduced to a world where not only did these things not count, but where plans and ideals had no place at all. I have had to deal with loves and hates and lusts and greeds and efforts and motives and sacrifices, and behold, there were no such things. I am one of those who in ordinary life look for the coming of a World Teacher to save the world from an otherwise inevitable catastrophe, and here is a world wherein all is safe and all is perfect, a world which needs no Teacher. I detest the taking of life, but here I see killing established as a just principle. I have been accustomed to look seriously at the momentous difference between right and wrong, and here there is no right or wrong.

Is it a lapse backward into a lower order, or a vision of a great step forward? How can I tell? At least one can see that the "Law of the Jungle" is not one that can be, crudely and piecemeal, applied to human affairs. For, great and glorious as it feels while one is experiencing it, the moment one begins to think about it afterwards and judge it in the light of human ethics and human reason, one finds oneself at fault. Is there perhaps danger lurking behind it? In trying to be more than man is there the possibility of becoming less than man? I seem to hear an echo of

the sinister voice of Agmahd—"I renounce my humanity": I think of the motto of my own family—" *Hominem te esse memento*"—Remember that thou art human. The inevitable reaction comes swooping down like a thundercloud. "To look long and long," suppressing the most distinctively human faculties of thought and feeling, is that a legitimate method of Yoga? Have we not been taught to restrain the senses, to withdraw consciousness from them, to retire within the inner cave of the heart? But again, on the other hand, is not the mind "the slayer of the Real," and are we not told to slay the slayer? It is very puzzling.

How too shall we reconcile the consciousness that, seeing the pitiless and universal slaughter, rejoices in it as good—not merely as the unavoidable means to a higher end, but as a state of affairs intrinsically good, nay perfect—how shall we reconcile this with the search for the Masters of Compassion? I cannot find an answer. And indeed in the whole experience there is no hint of Masters or Devas or Hierarchy, or conscious individual direction of affairs of any kind, but rather of a Divine Life that is Universal and all-sufficient. One might, as a Theosophist, have expected that an enlargement of consciousness would have enabled one to recognise something of the Intelligences by which we are told the activities of Nature are guided—if it were only a nature spirit or two! But to me at least, no such glimpse was accorded. Is there then danger? Does one here approach the boundaries of what is forbidden for our good? I suppose there is always danger in anything that we are not familiar with, except when we are guided; and of guidance in this matter I am at any rate quite unconscious. "*Demon est Deus inversus,*" and

the higher the possibility of rising, the deeper the possible fall.

“I fain would climb, but that I fear to fall,” said the aspirant.

“If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all,” was the just retort.

The warnings against Occultism pursued for selfish objects is explicit, and I am convinced, from what I myself have seen, that it is just and valid, and that the danger is most real; and yet, if there is no consciously selfish motive, is it still impossible to advance without taking undue risks? Because what I have seen would doubtless be immoral and disastrous if applied to human conditions, ought I to run away from the experience? I cannot honestly say that in venturing into this uncharted region of the soul without a guide, I was actuated by any deliberately altruistic desire of serving humanity. So far as the whole thing was not just accidental, the motive was merely an intense love of Nature, and on the whole I was quite pleased to escape for a little from my fellow men. And apart from any question of service to humanity, is there not an actual joy in exploring for its own sake, and does not the possibility of danger add enormously to the joy? I wonder whether the spirit of adventure without ulterior motives is wrong, whether the sphere of it be “Darkest Africa” or the possibly darker depths of one’s own soul. I have a dim recollection of something H. P. B. has written, comparing the energy put forth by the explorer of the wilderness with that of the experimenter in physical science, very much to the disadvantage of the former. And yet is it not largely due to this spirit of exploration for its own sake, and to the motiveless joy

in just doing things, that humanity has made advances? Pioneering is not all self-interest or self-sacrifice, it is in part self-expression also.

And if in terms of human thought and language one tries to describe the "Law of the Jungle," it does seem as if "self-expression" comes nearest to the mark; only one must not thereby mean anything of the nature of expression of an *individual* self; for the great lesson that it is possible to draw is perhaps that we human beings are far too conscious of our individuality. Our very altruism and self-sacrifice are as it were tainted at the source, and may bar us out of the larger life as surely as our selfishness.

To me at least, the little glimpse I have had into the real "Law of the Jungle" has given a somewhat different perspective of life. It is difficult to describe it without giving a very wrong impression, in fact one of selfishness and indifference. It would be a fatal mistake to suppose that the times do not call for the utmost of activity and self-sacrifice from us all. Tremendous issues are being decided in the world of civilisation. The fate of humanity hangs in the balance; and we all, especially those of us whose activities and responsibilities have been connected with public affairs, are called upon to render what we can of service and to prepare the way for the Kingdom of God. But let us not be carried away by a sense of the importance of what *we* do. In the midst of this awful struggle it is good to learn from the Jungle that we ourselves, and even humanity itself, are not the hub and centre of the universe, but only a passing phase of the universal life, neither of greater nor of less importance than those other phases which we think of as "above" and "below" us. Do we not,

especially we who are politicians and patriots and socialists and reformers, take ourselves a little too seriously? Are not we aspirants and probationers of the spiritual life a little too self-conscious, even in our devotions? Would it not be well if we could sometimes do things just for the joy of doing them, as the Jungle does, without thought of advantage to be gained, even if that advantage is the service of humanity? As Walt Whitman says: "They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God." Is not that the lesson of the Jungle and its inhabitants? "They toil not, neither do they spin" was a saying surely not directed against activity but against toil, not against self-expression but against self-consciousness.

And as to the danger. It may be that for some of us the "strenuous life," even the life of service, has brought its own dangers and its own urgent need of correction. For such the danger of contact with the life which is at once greater and less than human may be less to be feared than in the case of people whose failing has been too little self-consciousness and insufficient recognition of their human duties and responsibilities. The āshrama of the forest-dweller, one remembers, comes only when the duties of the householder have been fulfilled and the faults incidental thereto cry aloud for correction. Perhaps only at that stage can approach be made to the life and lesson of the Jungle without injury.

There may be some, accustomed to service, who fain would take their part in the great struggle now at issue, but for whom no place can be found, no work assigned. It is hard for them to learn detachment and to realise that the Universe can get along quite well

without them, but perhaps the Jungle can teach that lesson. The difficulty is to know our own Dharma, for, once more: "The Dharma of another is full of danger." To know the Life of the Jungle and live its Law, we must get rid of ourselves and go out to it, instead of endowing it with our own attributes. It is one thing for the soul to whisper: "This is I," but quite another thing to say: "I am That." Our brotherhood with all that lives is indeed a reality, but we seek it too near the surface and so make of it a thing unreal. The reality of it is found alone in the all-pervading Ātmā, and the physical is the shadow of Ātmā.

He slayeth not nor is he slain: he is not born nor doth he die.  
Even a little of this knowledge protects from great fear.

W. Wybergh

## NEW ART IN RUSSIA

By ANNA KAMENSKY

IN 1912 an Art-Circle was formed in the Theosophical Society of Russia under the presidency of Mme. Ounkovsky, the renowned violinist. It began at once to study music and questions of art in the light of Theosophy, and undertook the organisation of special concerts for the members of the Theosophical Society (on White Lotus Day and at the Annual Convention).

The circle attracted the attention of some artists, singers, violinists, composers, poets and painters, who became its members; and so the circle was gradually strengthened, and its area of work could be much enlarged. The circle organised public concerts and musical illustrations of some pictures, which generally followed a lecture on a Theosophical subject. Those evenings were much appreciated and were a great success. When the war opened, the circle worked out a special programme for a popular audience, and carried it out in different hospitals and people's institutions.

This is the external side of its work. But the Art-Circle is also doing a great inner work. It studies different movements in art, and especially the Colour-Sound theory, worked out by Madame Ounkovsky; it elaborates a new scheme of work for artists, and it strives to prove that real æsthetics are deeply connected with ethics and religion; that art without Theosophical roots is doomed to disappear; that the art of the future is the expression of the highest search of the human soul for Divine Beauty, in which the unfolding of the ideal comes into harmony with the beauty of form.



The Art-Circle looks at its work as on a high mission, and its meetings bear a special character of depth and peace. The members gather in silence and open their meeting by a collective meditation on the aims of the circle, while one of them plays or sings a short musical piece of a lofty character. An hour is then devoted to theoretical work and to the elaboration of new concert programmes. Then the next hour is devoted to music; members bringing new and interesting things, and making thoughtful rehearsals for concerts in the future. A strict silence is maintained during this second part of the evening, members trying to concentrate on the music and on pictures to help the performer by sympathetic and peaceful vibrations. Very often during the music, pictures are shown by means of lantern slides. Since last year the circle has devoted an hour to a talk with members of the Society who are not artists but very interested in problems of art. The talk is closed by music. Generally it takes place once a week.

The circle makes different collections: musical pieces, pictures, interesting post cards, musical instruments, etc.

Since the circle began its activities there have been some very interesting discoveries and suggestions made. The central place is, of course, occupied by the great work of Mme. Ounkovsky and her method of colour-sounds, but there are also some compositions of other members of the circle:

1. Miss Barbara Borouzdine, a gifted painter, has produced some beautiful mystical pictures, which the circle will publish.

2. Mrs. Julia Lvoff, a remarkable artist, has composed several pieces of music on a quite new line, mostly of a religious character. The most striking are:

“Hymn of Orpheus,” “From the *Bhagavad-Gītā*,” “Inspired by the Koran,” and “A Parsi Prayer”. They have been performed at various concerts.

3. Mr. Joseph Lesman, a renowned violinist, Professor at the People’s Conservatory in Petrograd, has lately composed a series of little musical songs, to be played on the piano or on the violin under the title of “Sounds of the Dawn”. We give here four of them.

## SOUNDS OF THE DAWN

By J. LESMAN

No. 1.

The musical score is presented in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). There are also some performance instructions like *rit.* (ritardando) and *tr.* (trill). The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 2

The musical score for No. 2 is presented in three systems. The first system consists of two staves with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The second system also has two staves, with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The word "Korrespond." is written in the lower staff of the second system. The third system consists of two staves, with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and dynamic markings.

No. 3

The musical score for No. 3 is presented in three systems. The first system consists of two staves with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The second system also has two staves, with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The third system consists of two staves, with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and dynamic markings.

## No. 4



We must now say a few words about the colour-sound music of Madame Ounkovsky, which is bringing so much inspiration to those who have studied it and who try to work on similar lines. At the Theosophical Congresses of Budapest and Stockholm she exhibited a series of pictures in connection with her method, and gave some striking musical illustrations. Since then she has made some further discoveries and produces every year new pieces of music, based on her method. It is also interesting to know her biography, so as to understand the influence she exercises on her colleagues, friends and pupils.

Some ten years ago Madame Alexandra Ounkovsky discovered a special method of colour, sound and number; and at present she is applying this method to the teaching of her private pupils, and also in the People's Conservatory, where she was appointed a Professor in 1914. The results which she obtains are very striking. Her pupils not only begin to understand and love music, and to play beautifully in a very short time, but also they change their whole attitude to life. They begin to feel the beauty which surrounds us; they become optimists and idealists, worshippers of beauty, lovers of nature. They are happy when they work with her, and they take life in a new way. I will give a short sketch of her interesting life.

Madame Ounkovsky studied at the Russian Conservatory in Petrograd some thirty-five years ago, as a pupil of Professor Auer, the violinist, and she won the first gold medal. She was then only a girl of nineteen years, but she received a number of brilliant propositions, and she could have entered upon a very beautiful artistic career; but she did not want that.

She married an artist, a man who shared her ideals, and together they founded an Opera Company, with which they travelled across Russia. They went to the remotest places in Russia and they gave beautiful concerts and operas. They had their own orchestra and their own artists, their own decorations, and even their own boat, which carried them both north and south. And so they spent many years in this pioneer work, bringing the message of beauty to many of the remotest towns and provinces.

Finally they settled down in a little town, Kaluga, which is not very far from Moscow, and they opened

the first musical school there. Soon after that Mr. Ounkovsky died. In the course of their pioneer work during all those years they had lost everything they had; the whole fortune of Madame Ounkovsky had been dissipated, and even her home, a beautiful property in Toula, had been lost. So she remained with only a little house on the border of the town, with three children, whom she had to educate—and without any means.

She had to give lessons from morning till evening. Often, coming back at night, she had not yet had a meal. But she would forget everything about herself personally when she saw the glorious sunsets from her house. Her house is on a hill, and from that hill one has a most beautiful view of the river Oka, a big affluent of the Volga, and a fine view, too, of the hills and forests. Every day she felt a new joy and a new delight in gazing at those lovely sunsets. Looking intensely at the glow of the colours, she began to hear sounds, and sometimes a whole melody. Then she began to note those sounds and those melodies; and by and by she saw that certain sounds were always heard in concert with certain colours, and she made a series of most interesting observations.

Then she noticed also that when she listened to a musical performance, when she heard a musical piece, she would see pictures and colours; and those experiences gave her a deep joy. By and by she saw the correspondence, the definite correspondence between certain sounds, certain colours, and certain numbers; and she drew up by herself the colour-sound scheme just as it is given to us in *The Secret Doctrine*, beginning with *Do* and ending with *Si*. The gamut is: red,

orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. At that time she did not know anything about Theosophy or *The Secret Doctrine*, and it is interesting that she obtained exactly this same colour-sound correspondence.

Then she began to compose little musical pieces based upon this scheme, and she made them principally for children to play, or to sing. At this period of her life she was very lonely. Her friends made a martyr of her by calling her a harmless crank and intimating that she was somewhat insane about her musical sounds and colours.

Finally, however, the time came when she met a Theosophist and began to visit the meetings of the Kaluga Branch of the T.S. She felt greatly strengthened and refreshed when she saw how much interest was aroused by her ideas. She began to think that perhaps it was not so much of a mistake as her friends said.

It is very interesting to see how Madame Ounkovsky teaches the children. Before she gives them anything of her musical pieces, she brings them to a certain mood. She says that first of all we must learn the beauty which surrounds us; that life is full of sunshine, even though few appreciate it and are able to feel it. So we must learn to open our eyes to see, and then open our ears to hear, and then open our hearts to understand. The heart understands far more than the mind, and so we have to learn first of all to open our hearts. To illustrate this and develop it, she gives all sorts of delightful problems to the children, and they have a very happy time together. She awakens their intuition.

She has all sorts of charming pictures which she brings to them, and together they come to a certain mood. They speak about the beauties of nature; she begins with showing the beauty of all living creatures (flowers, trees, birds, etc.), then the beauty in their own souls, and then that in people above them, so that by and by her pupils become hero worshippers. When she has brought her pupils to a certain mood, a certain attitude towards life, she speaks to them about the Law of harmony and of the correspondence between sound, colour, and number, which she has discovered.

Then she brings them to her musical pieces. She tells them how she wrote that music. She describes what happens when she looks at a beautiful picture in nature, say a sunset or a beautiful morning. First of all she sees the ground-colours which to her correspond with the ground-sounds; then the nearest overtones. We all know that each colour has its series of overtones. It really goes to infinitude, but the artist says that there are sixteen of those overtones which he can detect, if his ear is very fine. We ourselves can ordinarily detect just two or three.

When Mme. Ounkovsky has the ground-notes and the overtones, she tries to take in the mood of the landscape or the picture; she lives in it, so to say. Then she harmonises the sounds; she gives out the melody which she hears and which finally becomes a definite song. Finally, being a great artist, she composes out of it the most beautiful piece of music. She always tries to paint the natural picture which first impressed her and which gave birth to the melody. First of all she shows the children that picture; then together,



mentally, they go to the wood, to the seashore (whatever it may be), and she tries to put them into the same mood which it awoke in her. Then they find the ground-notes and the nearest overtones, and so they come to understand the piece. Then they sing it. Mme. Ounkovsky is also a poetess, and she says that the words for her songs come to her quite naturally. Very simple and charming words they are, and I regret that I can make only a very imperfect translation of some of them.

To conclude, I must say that Mme. Ounkovsky has not only composed songs for children, but also beautiful pieces for the violin, the piano and the orchestra. She has pieces which render the rustling of the leaves, the dance of a butterfly at night, the songs of birds and the chant of the wind, giving vivid cosmic impressions. She has also composed some prayers and hymns. Her "*Pater Noster*" was performed in Genoa, in 1911, and in Stockholm at the Theosophical Congress.

To understand something of her striking work we must hear something of what she has composed.

Let us take some illustrations. The first song is called "The Sun and the Cloud".

It is a dark sunset. The sun is hidden by the cloud. Only on the edge of the horizon the sky is aflame. The ground-notes are red, orange, dark blue; but there is also the grass, which is green. That makes C, D, B and F flat. The mood is stormy. The song is a trio between the sun, the cloud and the grass. Three children may sing it.

The setting sun says: "To-morrow it will be windy."

The cloud grows darker and darker and says: "To-morrow there will be wind."

The grass hears this and exclaims : " It will rain.  
How delightful ! "

This is all.

SONG No. 1.

*Moderato*

The musical score is titled "SONG No. 1." and is marked "Moderato". It is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line consists of a simple melody. The score ends with a final cadence in the piano part.

The second song is a lullaby. It is a peaceful evening. The mother looks upon the setting sun, sees the first star in the sky, and sings to her child: "The day has come to rest. The sun has set. The stars are shining brightly and the breeze swings the waves of the sea. Sleep well!"

The notes are blue, golden, pink. The mood is very peaceful and tender.

## SONG No. 2

*Song*

6

The third song is called "The Golden Flower".

It is a pretty, yellow flower, floating on the water, very much like the lotus. The ground-colours are blue, yellow, and pink. (The sky, the flower, and the rays of the rising sun.) The flower is floating on the water and the music gives the movement of the waves. The mood is tender and contemplative.

The poet addresses the flower :

O you golden flower, water flower,  
You take birth in the water,  
But you bloom over the water.

### SONG No. 3

*Allegretto à la breve*

*p. ben legato*

*Ped.*

*\* Ped.*

*Ped.*

The fourth song is "The Field".

SONG No. 4

$\Delta$  *Andante*

The musical score is presented in four systems, each consisting of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked *Andante*. The first system begins with a  $\Delta$  symbol above the staff. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the vocal melody with some rests, while the piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. The third system shows the vocal line becoming more active with sixteenth-note passages. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment.

It is a grey evening. The sun has set in clouds; the sky is grey. The peasant ploughs. He is ending his day's work and speaks to the field. He is troubled. He is not sure of the harvest, and his thoughts are sad. All the colours are dim in the twilight. The peasant sings:

Oh my field, my golden field,  
 You are bathed not by the dew  
 But by peasant tears.  
 Your heart is opened by an old plough;  
 Not easily the bread will come.  
 Oh my field, my golden field,  
 You are bathed not by the dew  
 But by peasant tears.

The mood is sad. The melody is of a distinctly Russian character.

The last illustration is a song called "The Maple Leaves".

On an autumn day Mme. Ounkovsky happened to be out of town. She spent some time in a little maple grove. The sky was very blue. On this blue background the beautiful leaves of the maple tree shone brightly in various hues: golden, brown, orange, pink. The air was fresh, a great charm enveloped the maple grove. She caught the mood of the landscape, whose ground-notes were blue, orange, pink, yellow, with a series of other charming tones. The song of the leaves found a natural expression in the following words:

Late in the autumn  
 The leaves of the maple tree  
 Sing a song to nature, which goes to sleep,  
 They sing a sad good-bye.

But the sun of spring,  
 The radiant sun will rise again;

And the new leaves of the maple tree  
Shall sing a joyous greeting  
To waking nature.

The mood is twofold: in the first part it is sad, the leaves are dying; but in the second part there is the joy of resurrection.

## SONG No. 5

*Largo*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a vocal line in a minor key, marked *Largo*. The piano accompaniment features arpeggiated chords and melodic lines. The score is divided into four systems. The first three systems show the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment continuing. Pedal markings are present throughout the piano part.

Mme. Julia Lvoff has also studied at the Conservatory in Petrograd and has specialised in harmony. Very original and striking are some of her compositions. Here we give her "Bhagavad-Gītā". It has been inspired by the end of the Twelfth Discourse.

### BHAGAVAD-GĪTĀ SONG

*Andante*

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and marked *Andante*. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score is organized into five systems, each containing a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment staff. The piano accompaniment includes various textures, such as chords, arpeggios, and rhythmic patterns. The piece concludes with a final vocal note and piano accompaniment.



The words are those of a Russian poet, who made a translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. The text is as follows :

He serves Me, who suffers and strives ;  
He serves Me, who is devoted to Brahman ;  
He serves Me, who seeks and follows the Truth.  
But dearest to Me is the wise,  
Who has dedicated himself to Service.  
Indeed he loves Me well,  
And he is surpassingly dear to Me.

Anna Kamensky

## PIXIE FOLK

HAVE you met the little people in your walks  
Who paint these woods?—Their coats are green,  
And the kiss of their lips can colour all they touch.  
Their breath is fragrant as it wakes and stirs  
The sap of trees—for sap so green  
Is running in the veins of Pixie folk.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you met the little people of the woods,  
As they pass from the glades of green?  
Can you hear their footsteps stir the grasses as they run?  
Listen to the slipping of their feet among the leaves,  
And sip the breath of sweetness as they sigh upon your face.  
The Breeze, you say?—It is the wakening Breeze?  
Not so—not so, I sing—  
It is the passing of the little people of the woods—  
The Pixie folk of Spring.

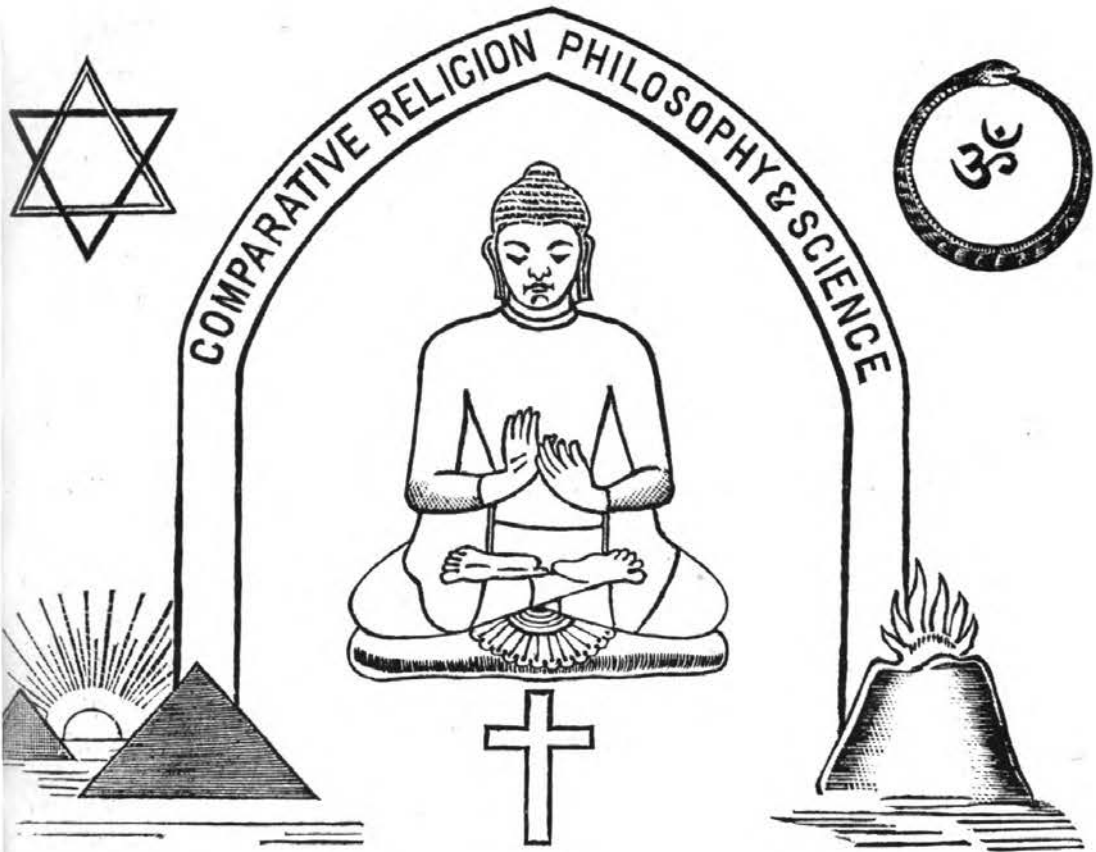
\* \* \* \* \*

Have you met the little people of the woods  
Who chase each butterfly of primrose wing?  
Can you see them dancing by the trunks of stalwart pines,  
With forms so slim, and every lock a straying curl of green?  
You think I watch the bracken fronds?  
Not so—not so, I sing—  
It is the passing of the little people of the woods—  
The Pixie folk of Spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you met the little people of the woods  
Within their Bower of Love?  
Come tenderly, and you shall see their couch  
Enshrined within a hollow that the sun has kissed all day.  
They thrill and stir, awakened by the Fire of Spring  
That touches every heart. In common with the world  
They sigh with ecstasy of Love new-born. . . .  
You think I pass by dreamland's ways?  
Not so—not so, I sing—  
It is the passing of the little people of the woods—  
The Pixie folk of Spring.

DOROTHY GRENSIDE



## THEOSOPHY AND THE MODERN SEARCH FOR TRUTH

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

*(Continued from p. 54)*

I SHALL try now to give you the Theosophical solution to the problem of Truth, and I shall state that solution in three main truths. Each Truth, let it be remembered, has been discovered by the examination

of such facts as the universe had to offer to the trained mind of man. Of these truths, that which we consider the most fundamental is the Brotherhood of Man. This fact of Brotherhood tells us that such is the inner nature of the Cosmos, such is the mode in which the universe exists, that wherever there is a particle of matter, it is a brother to every other particle of matter; there is no such thing innate in the life process as a struggle for existence, nor a trampling of the weak by the strong. The fundamental fact is that wherever there are two stars they are brother stars, wherever there are two souls in human bodies they are brother souls. This we claim is the most fundamental thing for humanity to realise, especially as regards ourselves; this is the nature of each one of us; we are immortal fragments of God, we are part of one indestructible Divine nature, and that Divine nature is the same everywhere. What God is in actuality that are we all in possibility, without distinction of race, creed, sex or colour. This truth tells us that all men partake of the same nature, as their priceless possession, and that the dividing barriers of colour and race, of eastern or western, are all only superficial things. The one fundamental fact is that through all of us is the One Breath breathing, the One Life living, and all are brothers having one common life, one common beginning, and one common future.

From the fact of the brotherhood of all men, the scientists of the past have deduced for us the further fact that within that brotherhood all are not alike, but some are the elder brothers and others are the younger. At any given moment of time all organisms in nature are not of equal growth; some are young and immature,

while others are in full vigour of maturity. So too within the brotherhood of man there are elder souls and younger souls.

The elders are those capable of greater self-sacrifice than their brothers; for, as you look into life, you find that you can classify people into those who respond to the ideal of self-sacrifice and those who do not. Now, why is there this distinction? Why is one man weak in will, with his consciousness hardly awake, while another man is full of idealism, full of patriotism, full of self-sacrifice? It is just because in this vast process of life there are the younger and the elder brethren. We are all immortal souls, but we did not all start together in our work of evolution. Some started on their work of growth long ages ago, but others started much later; and those who began early are the wise to-day. As you look around you and see, in the community and in the family, some men and women capable of idealism, others less capable of idealism, and others not at all capable of idealism, you know that these differences are due to the fact that these souls are of three different ages.

Now that brings with it the logical deduction that it is the duty of the elder souls to help the younger. We have already realised this in the family; do we not realise in the family, where there is an elder brother or sister, that it is the duty of the elder to see that the younger is cared for, that he is not allowed to hurt himself? We have to realise this principle more fully; just as there is the bond of family, so is there the bond of humanity. Wherever there is a fellow man unhappy, it is for us to make him happy; if he has fallen, it is for us to give him our strength with

which to rise; if he is wicked, it is for us to share with him our virtue, so that slowly, through our help, he shall come to our goodness. This is the practical deduction that comes from understanding the principle of Brotherhood.

But also just as we, the thinking men and women of to-day, are more advanced than is the savage, so are there others more advanced than we ourselves are; for humanity has been living for vast ages upon this earth, and long ago some of our brothers sprang forward into swifter growth and became capable of self-sacrifice, and so we have the elder, as well as the younger, brothers. It is these Elder Brothers who have given us the testimony of Their experience in the faiths They gave to the world; when the Christ came and gave Christianity, when the Buddha taught the world His Way, when Shrī Kṛṣṇa taught men Devotion, each of these Elder Brothers gave the testimony that what He was, all would some day become. So we give in Theosophy this proclamation that within this humanity of ours there are the Elder Brothers of the race. We say that the Buddha, the Christ, Shrī Kṛṣṇa, Zoroaster, and all other great Teachers form the Elder Brothers of the race; They stand with humanity to help it, They have not ceased to be because They do not work visibly with men. There is nothing more wonderful to the man who longs to live the spiritual life than to know that he is not groping in the dark, but that there are always the Elder Brothers to help him. What more wonderful to the Muhammadan than to know that Muhammad still looks with strength and fellowship upon him; to the Buddhist than that the Buddha's compassion still rests upon him; to the

Christian than that the Christ of Palestine is still with humanity and gives His Christ nature to the Christian who seeks Him? And so this wonderful truth of the existence of the Elder Brethren who guide and protect the younger, lies hidden in the one fundamental fact, which we say is the essence of existence, that there is a Brotherhood of all that lives.

I pass to the second great truth which I shall put before you, and that is that all things that happen in this Cosmos happen not by chance but as the result of a definite Divine plan. Here it is that in Theosophy we have a great scientific teaching, not only a mysticism, for in Theosophy we have a science full of nature's facts, full of history, and all that is inspiring in history. We say that, since the first atom came into existence up to the present day, there has been a great plan being put into operation; that nothing has happened by chance, but everything has been worked out according to a definite, orderly plan created by a Divine Mind. It is this plan that tells us that humanity at the present stage of development is at only one stage in its long life; that it has a larger growth in the future, as it has had also a long growth in the past. The Theosophical scheme tells us that we have come to where we are now by stage after stage, developing, evolving. Each one of us comes into life to make himself perfect through experiences, not through miracles; he grows by experimenting, experiencing, and thereby becomes the expert. That is our position to-day, we have to be experts in living, to live not as men but as the Gods.

But we cannot know how to live as God lives without undergoing experience after experience; and so we are given them by rebirth, by returning again

and again to life. You and I have lived as the savage many and many a life ; later we came into lives less savage, and then it was that we, living in far off, ancient days, began to build up civilisations. The ancient civilisations of Lemuria and Atlantis were built up by ourselves ; we were "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome". We learnt there many a lesson, and through those lessons we have come into our present conception of civilisation ; and as we go on living life after life, experimenting with life, we become experts in life. God it is who sends us all the necessary lessons, and these lessons are given us through the creation by Him of many different races, of many different nations, of many different religions. Religion after religion comes and goes ; civilisation after civilisation flashes into existence, passes into decay ; but only because each movement in the working of men's minds and hearts is planned ; all is the result of a definite scheme formulated from the beginning.

It is this scheme that stands out before you as you study Theosophy. You see wave after wave of life coming into manifestation, age after age ; stage by stage civilisation is built, unbuilt, and rebuilt again. Earthquakes shatter continents, and a race is destroyed ; but earthquakes too lift up the bottoms of the seas to make new continents to be the cradles for new civilisations. All has been planned from the beginning of time. Individuals are puppets, mechanical or living, in a great Divine Drama ; and that which seems a tragedy is really a lesson, an inspiration, and out of the evil comes the good, because the good it is that has been planned to overcome the evil. And so you will discover, as you look into life in the light of Theosophy, a definite,



scheme for the growth of humanity and of the universe. There is nothing so fascinating, to one who enquires into Theosophy with the mind, as to see unfolding before him the whole vast process of humanity, race after race appearing, religion after religion giving its message, and to know why they come and why they go. This is the second great truth, that there is a Divine Plan which men can understand, and to co-operate with which is their highest purpose in life.

The third great truth that has been found from an examination of facts, and which you can test for yourself, is that there is only one existence of God, that there is no such thing as a duality of matter and of spirit, no such thing as one nature of God and another nature of man, but only one existence—God Himself. If we look at the stars, we know from modern science that they are the storehouses of Nature's energy; that out of the stars come planets, that from the matter of the planets comes protoplasmic life, and from that the millions of souls like ourselves who have been and shall be. But all that is God; it is His nature, His thinking, His living, His beauty that flashes in the electron and in the atom. Science can calculate the flow of these electrons, but science does not know that it is God dreaming there, working there, flashing His beauty there in those tiny specks of electricity. He is the beauty of the mineral, He is the exquisite beauty of the diamond; it is His nature that is the very substance of that diamond, it is His beauty which flashes through the diamond, and the diamond is only one of the many natures of God. And a fuller, larger nature you find in the plant, in the exquisite formation, in the wisdom, strength and beauty of arrangement of its

roots and branches and leaves, in the petals of its flowers. Whose is that wisdom, that wonder? It is God's, for He is the perfect Architect who delights in His work. We say it is only a plant; ah, it is a plant to our limited intelligence, but in reality it is a revelation of God Himself, inspiring and beautiful to all who have eyes to see. Look then at the animal, and there again it is God manifesting in a fuller form of life; He comes nearer to us through the animal; the strength of its savagery, the grace of its form, and, in our pets, the warmth of their response to our care, are all so many revelations of the Divine Nature, and each revelation is more wonderful than what went before. When we look at our fellow men, and begin to understand something of their anxieties and sorrows, and the suffering and the tragedy of human hearts, when we hope with them and dream with them, once again we see God; but it is God stirring, striving, soaring, so that He may be born out of human hearts into a fuller Divinity. When we look at the friend we love, we see him as a mirror of the life of God, we see in him something of the very nature of God; and when we look at the Elder Brothers of the race, at Christ or Kṛṣṇa, or Buddha, and all the great Teachers, then we see still more of the life of God in these Elder Brothers of Humanity; and yet beyond Them, when we think of the great orders of Angels and Archangels, still all is God; all are ever mirrors, and stage by stage more perfect revelations of Himself; and all life becomes illuminated by this great truth of the Immanence and Transcendence of God.

Go where you will, it is God who is at work everywhere; it is He who is building out of the atom,

the element; out of the element, the mineral; out of the mineral, the mountain ranges and the seas. He is the æther, He is the vibration in the æther, and He too is the sunset produced by both, at which we gaze in an ecstasy of beauty. Building and unbuilding, always reconstructing from good to better, from better to best, there is but one omnipotent, all-beautiful Existence, revealing Itself through you and through me.

C. Jinarājadāsa

*(To be concluded)*

## MIXED MUSINGS ON THEOSOPHY

By J. GILES

*Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.*

If you see truth than this more rare and fine,  
Let me share too ; if not, take you of mine.

TO the student of Theosophy who has not succeeded in unfolding to his inner vision a single glimpse of even the edge of the next plane adjoining the physical, the haunting question will persist in recurring: What right have I to accept *en bloc* the Theosophical teaching, so long as I am unable to attain anything like direct knowledge about it? It is easy to see the fallacy of the usual answer which would persuade me that in this matter I am no worse off than I am in respect of the higher mathematics, physics, or chemistry, in which I trust the statements of experts. The analogy is a false one. I *know* that I have the faculties necessary for the attainment of skill in mathematics and other branches of knowledge, because I have already tested those faculties in acquiring the rudiments of the sciences. But I have no such guarantee in regard to Theosophy; the assurance that I have a faculty which, if properly cultivated, will enable me to see into the

astral sphere, being itself one of the assertions which I must take on trust or not at all.

My thoughts have been directed again into this well-worn channel by the re-perusal of some articles in back numbers of THE THEOSOPHIST, by Count Hermann Keyserling, Mr. Johan van Manen, and Dr. Charles J. Whitby (*Vide* THE THEOSOPHIST—March, May, August, 1912). All these contributions are highly interesting and present many important topics for our consideration. They all agree in the warning that the Theosophical Society is in danger of being ensnared by the fascination of a teaching which seems to be *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, and by the inevitable tendency of such teaching to become a system of dry dogmatics. Dr. Whitby summarily sweeps aside the plea that we have no binding article in our creed except that of Brotherhood. He declares that though this may be the avowed, it is not the actual, bond that unites us. The real bond is, he thinks, to be found in our views about superphysical realities and the unseen worlds; and he adds that these views have “an irresistible tendency to crystallise into stereotyped convictions which are to all intents and purposes dogmas”. Now that is certainly true so far as this—that no sensible person would be attracted to a Society by the bare proclamation that it stood for the “Brotherhood of Man”. The enquirer would wish to know whether the Society had any new light to throw on this great subject—any account to give of the realities on which Brotherhood is founded—any practical guidance in attaining its realisation. And it is because the Theosophical Society does profess to give such light and guidance, and does seem on the whole to make good its promise, that it has acquired the love and

loyalty of an ever-increasing number of members, and that its influence is extending by "peaceful penetration" far beyond its own borders. But this does not prove that the danger of dogmatism is negligible.

Count Keyserling roundly tells us that we have no business to believe unless we know; a statement the utility of which in practice seems questionable, since it is so difficult to fix the point at which belief becomes knowledge, and because in many cases we *cannot help* believing before we know. There is an anecdote of the late King Edward, who, when he was Prince of Wales, was being shown over an ore-smelting factory by Dr. Lyon Playfair, who assured him that he might safely plunge his hand into a mass of molten metal which they were observing. The Prince said: "Do you seriously tell me to do that?" and on receiving an affirmative answer, he instantly plunged his hand into the seething liquid, which, it was explained, was just a little too hot to scald him. This act of faith must surely be placed under the head of belief rather than knowledge, but it calls to mind the view insisted on by the late Professor Alexander Bain, that belief is more properly assigned to the will-aspect of the mind than to the intellect, for, said the professor, no one really believes unless he is prepared to act on his belief. If this test could be applied to all *opinions* that pose as beliefs, what a mass of rubbish would come tumbling about our ears!

I set out with the hope that I might say something helpful to those who, like myself, have spent many years in seeking, perhaps with insufficient energy, the path to certitude. In this connection I call to mind that many years ago a lady, much attracted to the Theosophical teaching, but deterred by a keen and sceptical

intellect from immediately committing herself to such startling revelations, suggested the possibility that the whole business might prove to be a delusion. My reply was that my mind would not even then be quite shaken from its balance, for I always had Spinoza to fall back upon. That affords a hint, not of the particular track, but of the general method by which it has always seemed to me that truth might be approached. I hope to return to this point after a word or two on some passages in the essays of Count Keyserling and Mr. van Manen. The Count declares that the doctrines proclaimed by Theosophists—which he fears they are making into dogmas—are, after all, “no more than very provisional interpretations” of the facts really observed by our seers and guides, and that this shortcoming is necessitated by the limitations of human intellect and language. So the “systems” adopted by modern Theosophy as from the “Indian Sages” are, he maintains, only the work of commentators, who, if they had been themselves seers, “would never have dared to explain the Sūtras”.

The same point of view is adopted by Mr. van Manen, from whose instructive article one or two brief quotations must suffice. I am particularly taken with the following: “I am inclined to believe that a human being who centred his consciousness permanently and fully in the causal body might just as well deny the truth of reincarnation as a tree might deny such a doctrine if the annual renewal of its leaves were called so, or as an ordinary man might deny that he reincarnates because new hairs keep continually sprouting out on his head.” So we should talk of the Self rather as reflected than embodied in

the personality, as the Monad is reflected in the ego. "A deeper love for Theosophy cannot see in its doctrine its essential factor"—an assertion which commands our entire assent, if we agree with Mr. van Manen in using the term "doctrine" as signifying only all that we are taught about the evolutionary scheme, and having nothing to say about the "life-impulse" which is the essential factor in Theosophy, without which "no doctrine matters". For it is evident on the face of the matter, and it must have impressed itself—perhaps with some disquieting effect—upon the minds of many students, that descriptions of rounds and races, planes and sub-planes, the succession of life-waves and of cosmic kingdoms, have no necessary connection with his inmost and highest aspirations; and that charts and diagrams representing these things furnish no more real notion of the things represented than do geographical maps, or isothermal charts, or tables of specific gravities, of the things they symbolise; and that none of these things have relation to spiritual forces except so far as the intellect itself is an expression of spiritual forces.

But why do I talk of these matters, when our right attitude towards them is set forth with such comprehensive lucidity by our President in her two articles on "Investigations into the Superphysical" in THE THEOSOPHIST of August and September, 1912? I do so because I am desirous of engaging the sympathetic interest of those—if any such readers there be—who are not more advanced than myself, and because the pupils of a class, by discussing among themselves what they are taught, may help each other in grasping the lessons given by the teacher. I will therefore venture on a few remarks concerning the grounds of credibility and certainty.



First, let us distinguish between the *unbelief* caused by defect of evidence, and *disbelief* caused by shallow prejudice. The former is the only one deserving our notice; the latter is exemplified by those—including, I am told, some Theosophists—who ridicule as obviously fantastic nonsense the things that are told us in *Man: Whence, How, and Whither* and in “Rents in the Veil of Time”. It will be time enough to consider this aspect of the thing when we are shown any events related in the writings mentioned, more wildly fantastic, more grotesquely repulsive, more plainly incredible, than the things we know happened and still happen on this apparently incomprehensible planet of ours.

There are two well known and time-honoured methods of seeking truth, pursued respectively by the types of temperament known as the inductive and the deductive. The scientists of the strict school will go on with their splendid researches until they find something more in the universe than matter in motion. I do not say that this will be achieved by the ever-growing proofs of what are called spiritualistic phenomena, for a scientific reasoner might deny that a discarnate intelligence is more truly spirit than an incarnate one. But I do not doubt that the intuition latent in us all will more and more assert its rights against what is known as the mechanistic view of human life. Let us turn to the other way of approaching the subject.

Science cannot deny, and philosophy is forced to acknowledge, a central Power which secures the orderly and consistent working of what we call the forces of the cosmos; and the phenomena produced by their interplay are recognised alike by philosophy and science

as things purely mental, arising from the mind's own action and reflection, thus opening a clear way for our reception of the profound truth, as emphatically a part of Christian as of Theosophical teaching, that "within us is the Light of the World, the only light that can be shed upon the path, and if we cannot find it there, it is useless to look for it elsewhere". It may now become intelligible why I felt that I could always fall back on Spinoza, whose great conception of the supreme Unity which he calls God, in the love of whom consists eternal life, is, as he declares, a truth of the intuition which summarily silences the cavillings of a lower faculty.

Now if this conception recommends itself to anyone, is he not already a Theosophist, and can he pause without coming to the doctrine of immortality and reincarnation? The Lord Buddha says that immortality consists in union with the Truth. "While there is death in self there is immortality in Truth." And Spinoza says that if the soul attaches itself to God it is necessarily immortal. But, in view of the hopelessness of the average man attaining to this divine union, he is obliged to content himself with the thought that the nearer anyone can get to this level, the more full of happiness his life will be. The truth of reincarnation would have bridged over this difficulty. But setting aside this doctrine, is it credible to anyone who has adopted the spiritual view of the universe that the spiritual power which seems to fail by the death of men, can really fail to return again and again, to renew the life of humanity? This at all events seems to me as certain as gravitation, and to me personally is quite sufficing; for the thought of individual survival stirs no

keen feeling in me, and the individuality seems destined to find whatever reality it may have, only by losing itself in the All.

This view is not, I think, essentially contradictory to that so emphatically expressed by Count Keyserling, that the development to its utmost perfection of the individuality along its own proper line is the only way to a future better incarnation; but when the Count declares that "perfect physical beauty is of more value than an imperfect saint, for the former does mean a full incarnation of the spiritual principle, which anything imperfect never is," one is tempted to ask whether a champion boxer is "a full incarnation of the spiritual principle"; but this perverse glorification of the individuality has been pointedly criticised by Lily Nightingale Duddington in the September number of *THE THEOSOPHIST*, 1912. Count Keyserling's half-truth about individuality is best corrected by presenting the whole truth, which may be thus gathered from that grand scripture, *Light on the Path* :

Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life. But he is only so when he grasps his whole individuality firmly, and by the force of his awakened spiritual will, recognises that this individuality—this wonderful complex separated life—is not himself, but a thing by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to life beyond individuality.

The inevitable conclusion of the whole matter is that what we may call the scientific teachings of Theosophy can no more be called spiritual truths than astronomy, geology, or anatomy. They all belong to the phenomenal universe, and all lie open to be investigated on the principles of inductive science; for the new senses by which the subtler spheres will one day be

generally observed are no more spiritual than the senses already in use; just as the communications from a deceased person through automatic writing are no more spiritual than was his discourse during his earth life. These scientific teachings of Theosophy, its charts and diagrams, its cosmic histories and its recovered biographies, are of exceeding interest, and can hardly fail to be helpful if we remember that they are inadequate, though, as far as they go, faithful presentations of things at present beyond our field of observation; but they are of little use unless they help us to bring our life into harmony with the truth which we grasp with the intuition or spiritual understanding. And reason, according to Spinoza, is not able to bring us to this highest knowledge, being only useful as a staircase or messenger; but the highest kind of cognition can only come by "a direct manifestation to the understanding of the object itself". Now it is only by this direct cognition of an object that love can be caused, "so that when we come to know God in this way we must necessarily become one with Him," for it is love that unites, and we must love the most excellent and best when we know it. This helps to explain how it is that, as asserted in a previous quotation, each man is to himself "the way, the truth, and the life," and how all is brought into harmony in the great saying of the Christian apostle (*Phil.* ii, 12), that we are to work out our own salvation, *because* it is God that worketh in us.

So, while what Mr. van Manen calls the Theosophical doctrine is food for the intellect, the "life-impulse" which he truly says is the one essential thing, comes from within and must be cherished by quiet reflection and meditation. If I may once more refer to

*Light on the Path*, how insistent is that profound little manual upon the precept "Live in the Eternal," and through what æonian periods may we meditate upon that precept without exhausting its meaning or realising the fulness of its power!

J. Giles

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### LOST DREAMS

'TIS *only* my dream that is lying  
In the garden which you used to tread ;  
'Tis *only* my soul that is crying  
O'er the days which are vanished and dead.

O Dreams of my Youth, O my Treasure,  
Lost in the havoc and strife,  
O Fate that pays measure for measure,  
In the merciless gamble of Life!

Yet bright were the dreams I was dreaming,  
God knows they were perfect and fair ;  
And He could have entered them, deeming  
'Twas happy and good to be there.

KAI KUSHROU ARDASCHIR

## THE BUDDHA OF TAXILA

OUR frontispiece this month reproduces a statue of the Lord Buddha recently discovered at Taxila, near Peshawar. The honour of this discovery is due to a Russian archæologist, Mr. Mertverth, in the service of the Imperial Academy of Science, Petrograd; and he estimates the age of the statue as more than two thousand years. He was allowed to take two reproductions of it; one is to be sent to the Russian Academy, the other has been presented to the T.S. in Russia. The latter is in the keeping of Mme. Kamensky, the distinguished General Secretary of the T.S. in Russia, and was recently on view at Adyar where she has been staying and where the photograph for our frontispiece was taken.

The statue is one of the most beautiful in existence. The features are boldly yet delicately chiselled and perfectly proportioned; the whole conveying a superb sense of vast comprehension and beneficent calm. The sculptor has evidently been influenced by the Greek ideal, but has above all caught the spirit proclaimed by the "beggar prince" who was eventually hailed as "the Lion of the Law".

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## THE YUCATAN BROTHERHOOD

A TALK WITH A CLASS

III

By ANNIE BESANT

**M**ANY of you may perhaps know that the impulse which originated the Spiritualistic movement came from the White Lodge itself, and was passed through certain Initiates and Disciples of the Fourth

Race ; and it is that which gave it its peculiar character. Most of you have doubtless heard of the Brotherhood of Yucatan, in Mexico, an exceedingly remarkable group of Occultists, who came down by definite succession in Fourth Race bodies, maintaining the Fourth Race methods of occult progress.

They play quite a definite part in connection with the Fourth Race which, as you know, includes the great majority of people now in the world. That is sometimes forgotten. We are apt to think of the Fifth Race, with which we are all immediately connected, as the main Race in the world ; whereas, as a matter of fact, the Fourth Race is enormously greater in numbers. The Fifth Race, which is leading evolution, is a minority. In fact, that is the normal rule of progress, that a minority leads, and then gradually the others come up to its level, while it itself passes onwards. So, out of the Fifth Race the most advanced will pass on to the Sixth Root Race ; and then the Fifth Race will gradually become a majority, and the Fourth Race, like the Third now, will become the laggard minority behind the bulk.

Hence this Brotherhood of Yucatan plays an important part in the evolution of the world in connection with the Fourth Race. Its methods are more suitable to that Race. They are not the later methods of Those whom we speak of as the great White Lodge, chosen for the Fifth Race evolution. This does not mean that in that Lodge itself there are not Those who have come up from the Fourth Race. They all have come from it. But it means that They are utilising bodies whose nervous constitution is very much finer, is more highly organised, especially those who in the decadence of the Fourth Race went



on under the special guidance of the White Lodge of the time, and took up methods which were specially intended to save the Fifth Race from the catastrophe in which a majority of the Fourth Race were overwhelmed in the great cataclysm of Atlantis. None the less, as I say, the Fourth Race remains the majority, and this Occult Brotherhood of Yucatan are specially charged with looking after them. Their methods have always been—as were Fourth Race methods of the past—those which dealt with the advance of mankind through what is called now “the lower psychism”; that is, through a number of occult phenomena connected with the physical plane and tangible, so that, on the physical plane, proofs might be afforded of the reality of the hidden worlds. That was the object of it, as it has always been.

It was found that the results of that method tended, after a time, rather to materialise religion. People sought for phenomena rather than for spirituality, and sought to prove the spiritual by the material. The methods were therefore left only to those who preferred them and to whom they were most suitable, while the Fifth Race was trained along a more difficult, but surer path, in which knowledge had to be gained side by side with the evolution, not of the emotional and passional, but of the mental, nature. They had to pass through the intellect to the higher intuition, or as it is sometimes called, “the higher psychism”.

Hence, when it was seen that the Fifth Race was drifting into materialism in its most advanced members, the scientific world, and that knowledge was progressing very much faster than the social conscience and moral evolution, it was thought necessary to start a

movement which would appeal to those who were materialistically-minded, and would afford them a certain amount of proof, tangible on the physical plane, of the reality of the superphysical, of the unseen, though not of the spiritual, worlds.

Hence the Spiritualist Movement. That proceeded in the western world by demonstrations available to physical investigation, by knocking, by tilting of material objects, such as tables, chairs, or anything else that was conveniently movable. Later on, there were voices that were made audible, and still later what is called "materialisation"; that is that persons clothed in the astral body, who had laid aside their physical bodies, either temporarily or permanently, took from people who were constituted in a particular way, parts of the etheric double and even parts of the dense physical body, so that their astral bodies, thickened, densified, by this material addition, might become visible to ordinary sight. With all its disadvantages, it was the only method available, and therefore of course was taken to prevent the catastrophe of the universal spread of materialistic science over the Nations which were at that time influencing the intellectual life of the world.

The Yucatan Brotherhood, accustomed to the use of that method, handed down from ancient days, took up the guidance of this rescue movement. Sometimes, in the early days of the Theosophical Society, its Masters Themselves manifested in this fashion; at other times, They spoke and taught through H. P. Blavatsky, who had a very strongly mediumistic body, due to the intermixture of Fourth-Race blood (the Tartar blood in the Russian body that she took for that purpose); during

the training she underwent at the hands of a Master of the White Lodge, by which she reached a very high degree of knowledge and power, she learned how to utilise her body and to keep it under her own control, permitting it to be used by others only with her own consent.

It was this peculiar mixture of mediumistic body and occult development which made H. P. B. so very puzzling a person to those among whom she lived. There was the Fourth-Race strain, highly developed, which made her, as the Master said, the most wonderfully developed psychic that had been born for two hundred years; and there was the careful training of all the higher powers, which jointly made it possible for them to utilise her as a physical medium for Themselves.

Now the need for careful training of the sensitive lies in the fact that if such a person is left to himself or herself, they, being without knowledge, are not able to protect themselves, and to select those whom they will permit to use their physical bodies. In the earlier days, they were protected by priests in the Temples, and were the sibyls and vestal virgins of the older religions. They were scrupulously guarded from contact with the outer world, and only chosen persons were allowed to come near them. But when such people in a time of ignorance of Occultism came into the world, and were exposed to all its difficulties without any kind of outer protection, they became the ordinary mediums of the last century, who could not protect themselves at all. They were open to every influence which came from the astral world and from the higher regions of the physical world. Hence they were mostly

in touch with the less developed human beings who had passed on, the crowds of average people who throng the lower reaches of the astral world. While some of the Yucatan Brothers guarded very carefully their own special disciples, that they might give higher teachings through them, there were many mediums who were left practically uncared for, save when some kindly discarnate entity, attracted by some good quality in them, guarded them to some extent, warding off influences from the evil-minded of the astral world.

Materialisation is not so marked now as it was in the earlier days, when we find that very many of the "controls" were North American Indians. It was very characteristic of the early phases. It began in America, of course, where the available people were, so to speak, most handy, and you will find a number of American Indians acting as controls of those first mediums. They were given all sorts of names, such as "Sunshine," and the like. When they materialised, they materialised in their own forms, which very often were those of children.

Then came a phase where others, not Indians, but people of somewhat the same type materialised, showing through their communications that they were ignorant and undeveloped. But these crude messages were sometimes interspersed with communications of great value, coming from some member of this Occult Brotherhood, or even, on a few occasions, directly from the White Lodge. In the case of Stainton Moses you are face to face with such an illustration; a man of high intellectual value, full of doubts, full of questionings, and therefore not very suitable for an average medium, who needs to be quite passive. Because of his

intellectuality a very high use was made of him, and some of the teachings which came through him were of great value. Through some of the American mediums also some very fine teachings came, and you have this mingled mass of messages of very varying usefulness.

The real value of Spiritualism was that it gave tangible proofs of post-mortem existence, so that a man like Sir William Crookes was able in his laboratory, by applying the most careful scientific methods of investigation, to obtain quite definite proofs of existences other than the physical. You can read his own records, and see the remarkable scientific acumen that he brought to bear on his investigations; see how he invented a particular kind of light, so that the materialised bodies should not be broken up, as they were by ordinary light; how he invented a method of weighing the materialised form, and so on. Those methods are still followed by the Italian and French investigators, who were all of the same type of materialistic scientists, and who one after another emerged from materialism into Spiritualism. They do not always call themselves Spiritualists, shrinking from the name, but they have published their investigations most fully; they are men like Rochas and Richet in France, both largely tinged with Theosophy, and Lombroso, in Italy, who obtained a most remarkable series of proofs.

The scientists were sufficient to give to the scientific world, if it chose to look into their records, the proofs which it demanded; as a rule, scientists would not look into them. The Royal Society still refuses to recognise Crookes's fine investigations. He very nearly lost his position as a Fellow of the Royal Society,

because he was regarded as superstitious and as going into illegitimate speculations. However, he recorded his proofs, and he endorses down to the present day the validity of his own investigations. Sir Oliver Lodge has, to some extent, followed in his steps.

So far as Spiritualism went along the line on which it was intended to go, it was exceedingly useful at that time, and remains useful now. It is the one line of physical proof of superphysical facts, apart from all questions either of moral worth or of spiritual unfolding. Anybody can, as in ordinary physical science, obtain these proofs, who chooses to follow the methods, and a good many scientists have followed them. Sir Oliver Lodge, as said, is one of them; he has published a remarkable book, called *Raymond*, in which the evidence of post-mortem existence is taken from his son, who was killed on one of the battle-fields of the present War.

Now of course the present time offers innumerable facilities in that way. Hosts of young men are flung out of mortal life in the very full vigour of their manhood, and cannot quickly pass on into the Devachanic existence. They are suddenly killed, and that brings about, as you know, peculiar karma. Moreover the conditions in the astral world just now are much changed. People are no longer under the ordinary rules, which were far better for them—unless they have reached a very considerable height of unfolding—practically to fall asleep, to gather up all the experiences of the life that are useful, to carry them on to Devachan, and work them out into faculty. Instead of that the whole thing is now changed. People who die normally, not by accident, are continually being

retained there for special work, and very large numbers, nearly all of you perhaps, will not pass out of this life into the devachanic existence; most of you will probably choose to come back (if you pass away within a few years), in order to be with the Lord Maitreya when He comes, or to work at the enormous volume of work which has to be done, when He has left the world again, at the stage which He himself has brought about, but which will need reinforcing and further evolution.

Annie Besant

## RENDS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

### THE LIVES OF ARCOR

#### I

ABOUT sixteen centuries before Christ we find the Band of Servers gathered in two groups, in Persia and at Agadé in Asia Minor. One set of Servers was grouped round Zarathushtra and Alcyone in Persia, and the other set round Mercury at Agadé. In this latter group we find Arcor born about 1500 B.C. The city of Agadé was on the sea, not far from ancient Troy; it was a Greek colony, but the Greeks were in a minority, while the inhabitants who formed the majority, and were held in subjection by the Greeks, were Hittites. We find therefore two civilisations, the Greek and the Hittite, with different customs and religions; there was naturally an undercurrent of rebellion and resentment against the Greeks on the part of the Hittites.

The city was ruled by two Archons, one of whom was Yajna, who was married twice; he was married first to a Greek wife, Aqua, and had as children, Crux and Fort as sons, and Aletheia as daughter; he also married Mona, who was a Hittite slave woman, and had by her two sons, Taurus and Arcor, and one daughter, Juno. The second Archon was Arthur, married to Psyche, and their children were one son, Gem, and three daughters, Herakles,



Capella and Rhea. Nearly all the characters in the *Lives* appear in this city or in Persia round Alcyone; but there is no special need in these *Lives* of Arcor to enumerate them; the full charts will be given in the *Lives of Alcyone* when that book is finally published.

One important element at Agadé, so far as the Greeks were concerned, was the centre of religious life round the White Temple of Pallas Athene. This temple was specially constructed and magnetised for the work of Sibyls, who sat in a special chair over a centre of magnetism, and when they entered into trance an Adept gave religious instruction, and sometimes personal messages to individuals in the assembled audience. Among the Sibyls, Herakles played a prominent part, and often messages were given through her by Dhruva; Mercury was the High Priest at this temple.

Arcor was often away from the city, but when he was there his principal friends were Crux and Camel, while of course the influence of Herakles was especially great. The Temple was a place of union of the various families; on certain days, probably the full moon and the new moon days, a Vestal addressed the people. On special festivals they crowned the statue of the Goddess with flowers, and each brought fruits, or little cakes, or oil, or corn, as an offering, with some petition or wish. Then they stood and talked outside until the time the Vestal took her seat; there was a procession of the Vestals around the Temple grounds first, and then the Vestal chosen for the day took her seat; then the worshippers all flocked in and stood round in picturesque groups, or leaned against the pillars. Usually the address was ethical, but sometimes

some one of the audience would be picked out and directions given in veiled language, either about his petition or his future conduct.

There is nothing especially to be noted in this life in the personal history of Arcor; we find, however, some incidents in the lives of the others. Capella, the sister of Herakles, originally intended to enter the Temple as a Vestal; but against her sister's advice, and also against the wish of her parents, she married Dolphin. Dolphin was a young man, a little bit too fond of wine and good living, though not ungenerous when it pleased him; Capella married him, hoping to reform him, and failing to do so was a much disappointed woman. They had a daughter, Pomo, and a son, Cyr, who was a friend of Arcor.

Crux, the half-brother of Arcor, had high qualities when he let them have fair play, but he was much flattered by the young men who followed him, and he did not always distinguish between parasites and real friends. He had good chances, for he was rich and his father a man of importance, and he was deeply interested in Occultism; but he was somewhat fickle in his affections, and his attendance at the Temple was not always due to his desire for knowledge. One of those who attracted his undesirable attentions was Pomo, which caused a good deal of trouble to Capella, the mother. Crux had a great fluency of speech and was a leader of all the young men, often into mischief, for he was daring and his imagination did not stop at running off with a Vestal or two. His younger brother Fort was much devoted to him and copied him. In the Lives of Ursa we shall find some details about a few of the other characters.

The end of the city of Agadé was by an inundation of barbarians, probably Scythians, who swept down from beyond the hills; the Hittites were in league with them. Every Greek fought, but all were exterminated, and such of the women as were not killed were taken into captivity. Mercury was killed, but He immediately took the body of a young fisherman who was drowned while trying to escape; in this body Mercury travelled westwards to Persia, and played an important rôle in the lives of Zarathushtra and Alcyone, described in the *Lives* already published.

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## LETTERS FROM INDIA

By MARIA CRUZ

ADYAR,  
*November 1913.*

[Following on the letters published in the April THEOSOPHIST, Miss Cruz describes her tour in Kashmir. But we have omitted these letters as they are of no directly Theosophical interest, and we now conclude with her return to Adyar.—ED.]

HERE we are back again at Adyar! And I am very happy—for that reason. Don't count on me for the talk of which you speak; I am incapable of it. Not every one is a lecturer or a "talk-giver," and one can only be expected to work with the tools at one's disposal. But I will *write* all you want, and as soon as I get back I will set to work on the book. I should like to know what idea of mine you were able to make use of in helping some one. If I knew it, I could perhaps make use of it myself.

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What a week, my dear, what a week! Lectures almost every day in Madras. I only went twice: to the one on colour, or rather against colour prejudice, and to the one on the abolition of the caste system. The former made the English people here furious; the latter

was applauded by the Hindūs in spite of some uncomplimentary remarks against the Brāhmaṇas.

On Saturday we had a big musical tea party, and the hall was transformed for the occasion in the twinkling of an eye. No more large lanterns, no more benches; instead, sofas, cane arm-chairs, tables and plants, and, hanging from the ceiling, pink electric lights and brass flower-pots filled with ferns. At the door were servants in livery. Out came my wig and my plumes, and other baubles which have so far not emerged from my box; I counted my grey hairs!

Adyar is returning to the world. Sandals tend to retire into the background; the shoemakers are making a fortune. If we go on like this, Mr. Leadbeater will be coming to class in evening dress! How times have changed. But as you like elegance, this new phase would please you.

I shall now devote my time to making notes for the book, in addition to my work for THE THEOSOPHIST. To-day I have been making packets of pamphlets, tied and labelled (I made them very badly at first). You are right when you say this is not very interesting; but it has to be done all the same, and if I don't help a little, some one else will be overworked. If every one thought his articles were more important than other business, there would be no one left to carry on the office work. Do you know that besides THE THEOSOPHIST they print several other magazines here? The Superintendent of the Press is a venerable Brāhmaṇa. Everybody here works from 8 till 11 and from 2 till 5. I am the only one who works only two hours in the morning, and my excuse is that I *cannot* do any more.

Yesterday evening at the class the whole hour was spent on the Theosophical attitude, which is the first thing one needs and generally the last thing to be acquired—if one ever does acquire it. The Theosophical attitude consists in not being discouraged or worried or depressed, whatever happens. We must get rid absolutely of all sadness, and not be doleful about things which, for the most part, never really happen at all. Mr. Leadbeater said that nothing is such an enemy to progress as sadness, and I have firmly resolved, on my return, to spread this idea energetically. Ah, how many things I want to do when I get back—in Paris and in Guatemala, where I am beginning to feel that my duty lies.

I hope you will find me detached, though I am not so much so as I should wish; in detachment is the only happiness. Why does that make you sad? One cannot live for the soul *and* for the body. One of these must be subordinated to the other. This truth is as old as the world, and will not be changed on my account.

MARIA CRUZ

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## ACCORDING TO THEIR KIND

By G. COLMORE

BARBARA stood at the edge of the wood. The air was soft with summer and dim with the shadow of trees and the shades of evening. Yonder, without the wood, beyond the figure that her eyes followed, the sky was glowing, and there was a glow in Barbara's eyes and a glow in her heart. She was under the spell of that magic which for most men and women, once at least in a lifetime, lifts more or less surely, for a space of time longer or shorter, nature's outermost, densest veil, and lets the beauty that lies at the heart of things show itself a touch more clearly.

Barbara was only nineteen, and the man who gladdened all the world for her was older than she was by sixteen years, and younger by many lives. To Barbara he was as superior to herself as the sunset colours were superior to the brown of the soil at her feet, and as far above her as the sky above the earth. He was a clerk in a bank, and to Barbara the difference between a clerk—a *London* clerk—and a Cabinet Minister was not appreciable, whereas the difference between one of that lofty calling and herself, whose father was the owner of the village shop, was so vast as to make it seem like a miracle or a fairy tale that he had fallen in love with her. But he had. That was the wonderful

truth. Spending his holiday in the village for the purpose of fishing in a neighbouring stream, he had noticed her, sought her out, contrived meetings, made love to her.

Barbara had been made love to before, but never in such fashion as now. Her suitors had always been more clumsy than herself, hesitating, with diffidence born of humility but not adorning it. But this man, Alf—he had told her she was to call him Alf, that there was to be no “Mister” between them—there was no trace of diffidence, of awkwardness in Alf, or clumsy ways or hesitation. His ways—so she phrased it to herself—were the ways of a gentleman, as were his clothes and his well kept hands and his beautiful manner of speech. A gentleman? He was as a god to her, as splendid as Apollo to Daphne, as wondrous as Endymion to Diana.

Was there ever a joy that in youth, at any rate, did not gain in romance, in interest, from the touch of secrecy? Barbara, doubtful of the rightness of concealed meetings, was yet by that very concealment the more enthralled, by the mystery that mingled with the sweetness of the trysts, by the consciousness that her joy was a secret between her lover and herself. Moreover he wished it; for a time, a little while; and to obey his wish was in itself a delight. And later on the whole glad truth would be known to all the world. Sometimes, when her thoughts could contrive to wander from the memories of the last meeting and the longing for the next, they would sweep ahead into those future days of divulgement; the telling of the wonderful news to her father, the neighbours; the surprise, the congratulations, the



wedding. . . . Because he was so splendid, a gentleman, she would be married in white. And there would be all the people . . . and she so glad and he so tender.

Because she believed in him and trusted him altogether, because she was purely innocent and entirely ignorant, it was natural that she should follow him along the way he wished her to tread. It was not wonderful that he had his way with her.

There came a day, a miserable day, when for the last time Barbara met him in the woods. He had come from London in answer to her letter, a letter that was a cry of agony; he had come because writing was difficult and a little dangerous; he had come because it was better to put an end to the whole thing at once and entirely. At the news of his coming her heart had leapt up, beating high with hope; at the sight of him, the sound in his voice, it fell heavily. It fell and lay trembling, crushed in a bewilderment of despair. For he took her little flag of hope and tore it into shreds; he took the trustfulness of her love and trampled it out of being; he took the pathos of it and cast it under foot. Ten pounds he offered her "to see her through her trouble," and so little his soul knew of the ways of generosity' that he thought himself generous.

When he left her, Barbara's eyes did not follow him. They stared through the leafless trees, seeing . . . not the trees, seeing . . . her father, and all the people . . . for herself no wedding garment, but a robe of shame.

The wind took the notes that were the measure of the man's stature, and bore them through the woods till

they were limp with moisture and brown with mud and torn to pieces.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Barbara was forty, she was prosperous, in an independent position. Her father, at his death, had left her all he had, in spite of what was called in the village "her misfortune"; and his savings were not inconsiderable. She sold the business and moved from her birthplace to a little town in a distant part of England, took over a business there, and started life anew amidst strangers. Her child had died in babyhood; there was no trace of the past to throw its shadow on her future; when, a woman of thirty-one, she established herself in Melpeth, the road of her life lay unencumbered before her. During the following eight years, fortune, in mundane matters, favoured her; her business increased rapidly; she became almost wealthy. She held a good position in the little town, for she gave generously and lived quietly, interfering with none and offending few.

Many a time during those eight years she might have married, but she would not marry; she held back from marriage, as she held back from intimacies; she was kind, charitable, neighbourly, but reserved, ultimately unapproachable. At forty she gave up active daily superintendence of the business, rented a house and garden outside the town, and lived there with a child she adopted, a child born, as her own child had been born, twenty years ago. People said to her: "How good of you! how wonderful!" Some, speaking of her, said: "How extraordinary!"

Barbara knew very well that in adopting the child she was doing nothing good or wonderful, or in the least

extraordinary, certainly, for experience might well have been her counsellor; and neither good nor wonderful, since what she did was not done from love and tenderness. She did not define her motives because she did not analyse her feelings, but she knew quite well that she took charge of the child, not for the child's sake, not for the mother's sake, but for her own; as a sort of recompense rendered on behalf of that hard place in her heart which had never softened, which she dimly felt should be broken and cast away, but which she could not dissolve, could not part with. So in place of forgiveness she would offer charity. To what? To whom? God was a dim figure, dim but concrete, who demanded so much tribute to be paid in the coin of forgiveness, but might possibly compound for an added measure of good deeds.

She knew nothing of the Self within, of the pressure of whose striving, unrecognised but constant, she was nevertheless sensible.

Barbara sat at her toilet table brushing her hair. It was a summer night, a June night, which is hardly a night at all. The window stood wide open, and so bright was the moonlight that her candle's light had seemed a feeble intruder on its white glory, and she had extinguished it.

The dark masses of her hair cast shadows on her face, and the deep blue of her eyes was as blackness. They looked, these eyes, at the reflected, moonlit face; and, as she looked, remembrance grew vivid, and the hand that held the brush paused in its upward and downward sweep, and hand and brush lay idle on the table before her.

On such a night as this, long ago, twenty years ago . . . no, she would not think of it; bitterness grew with the thought, and of bitterness she had had enough and to spare. Her hand took up the brush again, was raised—then paused in its rising.

What was that sound in the silent house? Motionless she listened. That creaking of the stair was familiar, but it came only when feet were upon it, passing up or down. Barbara had never before heard it when the household was asleep. She paused, her face looking back at her from out of the mirror, a little puzzled, a little wondering. And then she looked beyond her face.

The door of the room was behind her, and through the mirror, in the moonlight, she saw it open; gently, slowly, as though moved by a tentative hand. She did not move as the door moved; she sat perfectly still, looking beyond her reflected self, along the reflected shaft of moonlight which ran from the window to the door.

Then, in the light of the room, between door and lintel, she saw a face peering into the room. It looked, and met her own look; some three seconds after she had perceived it, her own still figure was in turn perceived by the searching, intruding eyes. She saw the face change, saw it no longer vigilant but startled; she heard the quick closing of the door and the creaking of the stairs. But she did not move. She sat looking still into the mirror, beyond her own face; looking at the door where that other face had been.

A window opened from the outside, Barbara's desk in the dining-room broken open, drawers and cupboards rifled, objects that were both portable and of value

missing—these gave an explanation of the midnight visit, and caused excitement and apprehension in the neighbourhood, and much searching and activity on the part of the police.

Ten days later the wanted man, or one who was supposed to be the wanted man, was taken, to the satisfaction of the town and the triumph of the officers concerned. The man, or at any rate a man, was taken ; that was a definite accomplishment ; the difficulty was to connect the weary creature found sleeping under a hedge, with the criminal who had broken into Barbara's house. In the ultimate issue the evidence against him, flimsy, uncertainly circumstantial, must be determined by the possibility of identification. Could Barbara recall the face that had looked in upon her ? She thought so. Could she be sure of recognising it ? She hesitated.

Did she remember the face ? All the days that passed between the arrest and the day on which she was to be confronted with the arrested, this was the question that pursued her. How much did she remember ? Again and again her mind retraced the scene of that silent, swift encounter. She remembered seeing her own face in the glass ; then she had looked past her own face to the door, to the face that from the doorway peered in at her ; and then . . .

Then always came the difficulty ; for memory would not pause at that peering face, would not definitely recall and present it to her, but leapt on beyond it, beyond that moment and beyond that night, to twenty years ago.

Something there had been in the dimly seen face, a suggestion, a faint, far off resemblance, pertaining to

the formation of the features or to the light that fell upon them, which swept her thoughts from the man looking in upon her to a memory which, but an instant before, she had driven away. And the memory interfered with her vision of the man, confused her impression of him. She could not think of the face she would be called upon to identify, apart from another face linked with it by some strange freak of fancy or similitude. Confronted with the man accused of robbing her, would that fancy recur? And if it did, would its recurrence imply that the accused was the criminal? Or might not such a fancy, flinging itself about a form so out of keeping with its origin, fasten upon other forms equally incongruous? And apart from the fancy, had she any impression of the face? Was there, should the fancy not arise, any picture of it in her memory which would enable her to identify or disavow the reputed criminal? She dreaded the day when she would be called upon to decide.

The day came. Barbara, dreading it, had not conceived in thought or glimpsed by intuition the measure of its dreadfulness.

Face to face with the man she was to condemn or set free, she knew him. Through the disguise of his degradation, through the veil of the transforming years, sunken, sullen, abject, she knew him for the man who had desired and deserted her long ago.

Through all the time between then and now, the remembrance of him had been a bitterness; through all the days that had passed since the day of his leaving her, there had been a hardness in her heart because of him; in many dark moments of the weeks and months and years that divided them, the spirit of unforgiveness

within her had cried out for a chance of giving him hurt for hurt, of turning from him in an hour of need, as he, in the agony of her need, had turned from her. And after twenty years, the chance had come. He was there before her, to be punished or released according to the words she would speak, wholly at her mercy. Truly her hour had come, of vengeance, of supremacy, of power to inflict pain, knowing that the blow would strike home. For, in the eyes she recognised, she had read recognition; not instant like her own, but of slow, then startled awakening; and, following upon recognition, appeal. In her musings she had imagined appeal, of eyes, of voice, of gesture; in her musings she had discarded appeal; in her musings the cruel suffering he had caused her had been uppermost in her consciousness and authoritative in deciding her action. But now . . .

Somehow, looking at him now, after the first shock of bewilderment, the first, swift sense of potent opportunity, she saw no more the lover who had betrayed and deserted and hardened her; but a being in sore straits, in need and in fear, despoiled of the glory with which her simplicity had invested him; a being, hunted, forlorn, pitiful.

And seeing him thus, with swift resolution Barbara turned her mental gaze away from the scenes of twenty years ago; they had no longer any part to play in her decision. All she had to do was to fix her mind upon the scene of a few weeks back. Wiping out the resemblance which had startled her in the reflected face, what, in the recollection of that face, remained to her? That was what she had to consider. She waited a moment or two, her eyes still upon the face whose eyes had dropped, till, with slow relief,

the certainty came to her that no sure picture was within her memory. Then she spoke quietly.

“The light was too dim, the time was too short. I cannot identify this man.”

On the road that led northwards from the little town, the man went, free. His freedom was an astonishment to him, since, when recognition revealed the woman who held the scales of his fate, he had judged her according to his kind. At first, side by side with the relief of finding himself at liberty, he felt only astonishment, within which flickered a wavering flame of gratitude; but presently he drew himself up, tilted his hat a little to one side, and walked with a touch of jauntiness. A thought had come to him, a thought after his kind. “Women,” he was thinking, “are all the same. She’s a bit gone on me still.”

Barbara was in her garden. Could she have known the thought of the man on the road, it would hardly have disturbed her peacefulness. For after the long bitterness she was bathed in an abundance of peace. The hard place in her heart was gone, and in its stead was pitifulness; her vision, cleansed of unfor-giveness, was illumined by compassion. Motherhood, in its essence, is a deeper thing perhaps than physical maternity, and means not only care for infant forms but tenderness towards baby souls. Barbara, conscious of the alteration in her attitude towards the man she had longed to humiliate, did not know that the alteration was due to expanded perception in herself, to the quick-ening of the mother sense, to the fact that she recog-nised him as being younger than she in the family of humanity. “He was made like it,” was the way she expressed this recognition to herself. “He was always



like it, only I never saw it till to-day. And he has to act as he was made."

Dimly she felt him to be beyond the scope of resentment; he was too poor a thing for bitterness, too pitiful for aught but pity. Seeing him thus, forgiveness came freely, no longer a tribute rendered to a God without, but the waters of a fountain unsealed within. The waters flooded all her being, softening her features, welling up into her eyes. The child she had adopted, playing in the garden, approaching her in his play, looked at her and did something he had never done before. Coming close to her he put up his face to be kissed. Barbara stooped and lifted him on to her knee.

G. Colmore

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

By ALICE E. ADAIR

### III. THE IMPRESSIONIST GROUP

THE term "impressionistic" is now upon almost every lip, but outside the literature of art the word is somewhat vaguely applied. It may refer to the poetical treatment of the subject of a picture, it may be used to describe the painting of misty effects in landscape or breadth of treatment in portraiture, or it may indicate certain peculiarities of technique. In one sense—the widest—all pictures are impressions, but artists use the word with much more precision.

To be historical and exact the Impressionists proper were those painters who, under the immediate influence of Manet, between 1865—1870, adopted the technique of bright coloration emancipated from the traditional envelopment of shadow; who then applied the method to the system of painting in the open air face to face with nature; who finally at the two principal exhibitions of 1874 and 1877 gave a striking revelation of their powers in works of a new and original character.

When the war broke out in France in 1870 several artists, amongst them Camille Pissarro and Claude Monet crossed over to England. These men were all greatly impressed with and influenced by Constable and Turner and the great English masters of portraiture. Monet and Pissarro to their intense delight found in the landscape painters great artists "who shared in their aim with regard to '*plein air*' light and fugitive effects".

Both Englishmen had worked out of doors, and their bright colouring was a revelation to men trained in the French Schools. Monet and Pissarro worked and studied unceasingly. They studied in galleries public and private; they painted out of doors in town and country, Monet taking special delight in the misty effects of London; and they returned to France at the end of the war with revolutionary ideas.

The old group formed again with Manet as its centre. The Café de la Nouvelle Athènes was now their chosen haunt. A striking proof of the change wrought in Monet by his visit to England is the fact that Edouard Manet now adopted his ideas, whereas formerly Monet had been under the influence of Manet. The new ideas gradually spread, and were eventually adopted and developed by a group of fifty men and women. Bright coloration had been introduced into French art by Manet; this small band of painters carried it a stage further.

Their innovation was to establish as a fundamental system a practice that other painters, including Constable, Corot, and Courbet, had only used exceptionally and incidentally. All their landscapes and all figures with landscape background were executed entirely out of doors before the scene they represented, in the vivid radiance of light.

Every individual in the group made experiments on his own account and communicated his discoveries to the rest. The effect of this interchange of ideas was as beneficial as it was remarkable. One of the most revolutionary results was the complete change that was made in the palette. First of all blacks and browns were rigorously excluded, and then, at a later stage, siennas, ochres, and Venetian, Indian and light reds were rejected. Every effort was made to secure brilliance of light and colour, and, to ensure purity of

tone when mixing, white was placed between every colour on the palette.

In addition to their experiments in the development of their method these struggling artists had to educate their public. This was a strenuous task. Its accomplishment was to take years, wretched years made longer by continual discouragement, opprobrium and, in some instances, abject poverty.

They were ridiculously modest in the prices they asked for their pictures; £2 to £4 for a canvas would have satisfied their needs, but there were no purchasers.

As a whole it may be said that the art public were in open hostility to Impressionism. With a few exceptions the critics of the established art journals condemned the movement. Even comic singers ridiculed the painters in the music halls of Paris. The Salon was closed against them, and the dealers refused to look at their canvases.

Even when, at a later date, they had won the recognition of the Press, the buying public remained indifferent to their merits. A few bright spots there were in those grey years, but not many. On one occasion a generous and far-seeing dealer bought a large number of their pictures. The Impressionists were filled with joy and excitement. They thought that now at last their future was assured. But they were not yet to enjoy peace or prosperity, and the kind-hearted dealer was brought to the verge of bankruptcy, abused by the Press and ostracised by the public and other dealers for his pains.

Some of these painters could have made incomes enabling them to live in comfort, if they had sacrificed their principles and taken to portrait painting; but nothing could tempt them to abandon their purpose or to relinquish their self-appointed task. For this they

deserve the highest honour. As Mr. Wynford Dewhurst says:

Only men who have passed through such experiences can appreciate at its true value the heroic courage, faith, and self-confidence required during such a trial.

Holding ever in view the education of public opinion, they decided not to send their canvases to the Salon but to hold exhibitions of their own. They felt that the understanding of their aims would be facilitated if their work as a group were seen as a thing of itself, and the effect produced would be greater than if their pictures were distributed amongst the many others that lined the walls of the larger exhibition. So far, it must be remembered, they were not regarded by the public as a group at all, but merely as a number of more or less crazy notoriety hunters who ought to be repressed at any cost.

In 1874 they held their first "show," not yet quite alone, for nineteen other artists were included as exhibitors. This was done for various reasons. In the first place it ensured the notice of the Press, which otherwise would probably have been denied them; and in the second, the greater variety of works would attract a larger attendance; and lastly their expenses would be considerably reduced.

The exhibition was a failure. Ridicule was heaped upon them and their only gain was—a name. For it was at this exhibition, now become famous, that Claude Monet showed a picture called "*Impression: Soleil Levant*". This canvas, which was a characteristic example of the new technique, seized the attention of the public, even while it roused their hostility. Its title was adopted as a term of opprobrium, and one of the leading newspapers, *Le Charivari*, in

an article upon the exhibition, spoke of it derisively as "*Exposition des Impressionists*". The artists at first naturally enough refused the title so contemptuously bestowed ; but later, when public opinion had changed in their favour, they styled themselves Impressionists, and in 1877 their exhibition was so named by themselves.

In spite of their unsuccessful venture in 1874, they continued to exhibit every year, and slowly but surely they wore down opposition. There was a culminating storm of anger and disapproval in 1877, when Cezanne became the victim of particular hostility, but after that year the tide of public opinion definitely turned. The Impressionists had by this time thoroughly developed their theories and had established the movement.

The exclusive use of bright colours and the continuous practice of painting in full light in the open air, formed a new and daring combination which gave rise to an art possessing certain novel features.

A great victory for the "new" movements was won in 1881, when the control of the Salon passed out of the hands of the State. Henceforward the juries were elected by the exhibitors, and the younger men with progressive ideas were represented upon them as well as the leaders of the older traditions.

In 1883 four of the Impressionists, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro and Sisley, further familiarised the public with their methods by each holding a "one-man exhibition," in succession and in the same building; and in 1886 the movement was so well established that the group found it no longer necessary to exhibit as a group. Artists everywhere in varying degrees adopted their method; appreciative notices replaced virulent attacks in the Press, and in 1894 final victory was achieved. Collectors in France and abroad now sought for the works that had

been so despised, and the movement spread from France to England and other countries.

The Impressionist movement must continue to hold a unique position in the history of art because of three things. It is the first occasion upon which women have taken a prominent part in introducing a new movement in art. Secondly, the genius of Impressionism was the genius of a group, the fruit of the experiments of a number of men and women, and was not the peculiar gift of one man. And lastly, the spirit of co-operation actuating the group, their loyalty to their ideals and to each other, and their splendid courage in the face of almost overwhelming odds, have never been paralleled.

It is inconceivable that any artist or group of artists will ever again meet with antagonism as virulent and as stupid as that which Manet and, after him, the Impressionist group had to overcome. Innovations in art matters never have been, and probably never will be, either welcomed or understood by the great majority; but at least it may be hoped that the story of these brave men and women has pointed its own moral. Public, Press, and other critics are not infallible judges. It has been proved that sometimes "they may be mistaken," and that everything that is strange in art is not necessarily bad. The Impressionists changed the scorn that was heaped upon them into admiration, and by their splendid victory have conferred a boon upon their successors of which it is difficult to estimate the value.

Alice E. Adair

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## THE FOURTH SOUTH INDIAN CONVENTION

As President of your South Indian Convention, I have the honour to present you a short Report of our work since we met here last, from the 21st to 24th of April in 1916.

We are fortunate in having the revered President of the Theosophical Society to guide our deliberations of this year, and we hope this Report, embodying our joint work, will not be found by her altogether disappointing.

Our work in South India has become very difficult since the election of Bro. T. Ramachandra Rao as General Secretary of the Indian Section, and we are sorry for his absence during this session of our Convention. Bro. V. K. Desikachari has been elected in his place, and we all hope for his success in the important post which he has been called upon to fill.

The work of our Convention has increased on account of Bro. Ramachandra Rao's departure to the north, and he has taken away with him one of our best helpers, Bro. Narahari Sastri.

In response to my appeal last year Bro. S. V. Khandekar offered his help, and his co-operation has enabled me to present this Report to you. He has carried on the heavy correspondence for our Convention Office, has sent out some 500 letters and circulars during the year, and has made proper use of information received in response. Work has kept me away from touring as in the previous year, but I hope to visit the Circars soon, and that will mean that every Province in South India has been visited. I assure you, Brothers, that I keep myself very closely in touch with practically every important Lodge in South India.



Bro. T. Ramachandra Rao has left behind him a fairly good number of local workers in various places and to them we look as our future guides.

In my last Report I mentioned a printed circular with about thirty questions which was sent to every Lodge in South India, and regretted that many Lodges did not reply. I made a second effort, with the result that by this time I have received reports from 112 Lodges, which have been carefully recorded in a tabulated form and which tell us our actual position.

#### GLEANINGS FROM LODGE REPORTS

I see that thirty-one of our Lodges have buildings of their own, but I regret to say that all of them are not doing well, because several of those have nothing to report save that they each own a house.

Thirty-four of our Lodges are helping in the education of the place, which is satisfactory as a beginning. This does not include the institutions under the Theosophical Educational Trust, but only those supported by Lodge members, many of them against great odds. They are kept going and will be fresh material to handle when the Educational Trust is ready for greater burdens. In eight Lodges our members visit the prisons and give talks to the unfortunate inmates. This is done with the permission of the Jail Superintendent, and it is significant that as soon as a Theosophical worker asks for such permission it is readily granted, for it is realised that a Theosophist and his teaching are appreciated. Four Lodges render substantial medical help free to people. Some others work to improve sanitation in villages, and to explain the importance of it to the inhabitants. In eight places they have Credit Societies whose main object is to rescue farmers from the clutches of unscrupulous money lenders.

The Golden Chain, the Sons of India, and the League of Parents and Teachers seem to be popular in many places, though there is room for further growth. But the Stalwarts

movement does not seem to be making headway in this Province. Only thirty-three Lodges have any lady members, and I do not know why it should be so.

Reports from our various Branch Inspectors speak of the usual kind of work and progress: one feature of note is our obtaining the services of Bro. S. Srinivasa Iyer, B.A., L.T., who has begun operations in right earnest. All of them are doing satisfactory work and report that the educated classes are showing more interest in our teachings and activities.

I have already mentioned some 500 letters sent out, and the number of replies that have been received. I must admit that I expected a better percentage. In another letter, dated February 15th, 1917, which was sent to each Lodge in Southern India, I asked the Secretaries to formulate a plan of work for the guidance of their respective Lodge activities during the current year. I thought that after looking into the plans of individual Lodges, I would suggest one for the whole of the Province. But the response was feeble; only twenty-five Lodges wrote back. Thus I am not able to give you what I intended when the circular letter was sent out.

Now, more than ever before, I feel the need of an efficient organisation to prevent our Lodge affairs drifting their own way. My new plan, therefore, is directed to make things easy for every Secretary to keep his Lodge in sound condition, and is based on knowledge of the difficulties as they were revealed by reports from over a hundred Lodges. A few of the difficulties are as follows, and a central organisation such as I have in view is calculated to meet them all.

1. Many Lodges report that they have intentions of doing this, that, or the other thing: but the execution of the intention is never reported: not because achievement is followed by unostentatious silence, but because intentions remain just intentions. There is nobody to remind, nobody to urge, and apparently there is nothing demanding the completion of a project.

2. Many Lodges report no other activity beyond Study Classes, and those are usually considered sufficient to call the Lodges active.

3. The limitations of the Lodge Secretary, or whoever may be the moving spirit of the place, limit also the activities of the Lodge. If such a person, for instance, is in favour of work in the jails, lecturing to the prisoners, then he concentrates all his energy on that work. This in itself is not bad, but often he calls upon every other worker in the place to be as active in the same direction, and they, having a fancy for something quite different, naturally shirk the responsibility. Thus liberty of choice is not exercised, and work of other sorts, like Social Reform and Woman's Education, which may be possible under proper guidance, is not attempted at all.

4. There are instances of able and earnest Secretaries not being appreciated in their respective places, so that when they ask members to do certain things, the latter simply do not listen. But let somebody from outside say the same thing to them, and they will hear with respect and respond with prompt action. A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, it is said, and a poor Secretary does not fare better.

Taking all this and other things into consideration, I have come to the conclusion of trying two plans.

1. A different kind of Lodge inspecting and Lodge helping than that which is in use under our old regime. In fact I have already started this; for I have been able to get a most valuable worker in our Bro. Anant Narayana Sastry, who has retired from business and placed his services at my disposal. My plan is this. Important Lodges should be visited by our new type of Lodge helper, who must station himself at a selected Lodge, not for two or three days, as our Branch Inspectors do, but for fifteen or twenty days, or even longer, till things are satisfactory. Not only must our Lodge helper conduct study classes and give lectures, but must do other things also: put the Lodge buildings in order; build up a library; start suitable activities; put the Lodge sufficiently in touch with the central office at Adyar, and enable it to live and not merely exist. Our first experiment is hopeful; Brother Sastry has been to Trichinopoly for five weeks and done good and useful work. If you, gentlemen, in various places will write to me,

he is available. Do not forget, however, that Mr. Sastry is one, and that there are 207 Lodges. I will be quite frank and tell you that I do not propose to help Lodges who have no good record of work to show. Another factor which must be considered is the importance of the place apart from the condition of the Lodge, and my main reason for giving the first chance to Trichy is not because Trichy is the most active Lodge, but that in this Presidency Trichy is an important centre of educational and other activities. To consolidate this we want at least two more helpers, and I shall be glad to hear from those who are eager to help and willing to sacrifice.

This is my first plan, let me give you the second.

2. Taking all things into consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the districts should be attended to first, and not village or town work. Your Convention office helps the officials of the Lodges in their work; and our Branch Inspectors and our new Lodge helpers—at present only Mr. Sastry—will do what they can for individual Lodges. Under my second plan I want 28 workers who will undertake to do certain work in their respective districts. Dividing South India according to languages, I find that we have to deal with 96 Tamil Lodges, 60 Telugu, 26 Canarese, and 25 Malayalam. In each of these linguistic divisions I want four main activities carried on: (1) Theosophical propaganda. (2) Educational work. (3) Social Reform and Social Service; and (4) work for and among women.<sup>1</sup> For Tamil we want three workers in each department, for Telugu two, for Canarese one, for Malayalam one. Thus we want 12 Tamil, 8 Telugu, 4 Canarese, and 4 Malayalam workers. Each of these 28 workers will have in charge 25 to 30 Lodges, and he will have to be responsible for one or other of the four activities for those Lodges. I want these 28 workers to feel the responsibility, for they have to undertake to report to our office every month the progress of their respective pieces of work. I need not go into details here, but I shall explain to the first 28 Brothers who offer

<sup>1</sup> I have not included political work and the work of the Order of the Star in the East, as both these have their separate organisations, and those of our members who are inclined to take up either line of activity can do so through the Home Rule League or the Star Organisation.

themselves what is expected of them and how the work is to be done. I have planned to make their activities known to all our members, as also part of it to the public at large.

That, in short, Brothers, is what I have to report of the past and to plan for the future. I have in mind various important schemes for the furtherance of our work in South India, and I hope to put them into working order during the coming year. I feel that the South Indian Convention is growing in strength, and if I can do anything for your Lodges and Conferences and Federations, I shall be most happy to do so. We are launching out in a new direction this year, but I am hopeful of results. We are living in times of trial, when individuals and not only nations are being tested, and however humble we may be as Theosophists, we have realised that each one of us has to play our part in the great Lila of Ishvara. How the beholding Devas and R̥shis will pronounce on our acting and singing, is a factor of value to us who believe in Their existence and Their work, and my closing prayer is that we may not be found wanting when the curtain drops. Let us remember that the Great Ones are watching us, and ours is the task to respond to Them.

B. P. W.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE WAR AND THE PROPHETS

With reference to the article by Mercurial with the above title in your issue for October, permit me to call attention to the remarkable prophecies contained in Lady Paget's *Colloquies with an Unseen Friend*, written at the time of the Russo-Japanese war. Here are some extracts :

p. 121. France is doomed. Italy is most uncertain now, I fear that many things are drawing nigh her even sooner than I expected—a change.

p. 166. The German power is not friendly, it breathes war.

p. 208. In another hundred years there will be the Commission of Powers to keep peace which I spoke of. Before that there will be another great war—when, I know not, but I see the storm-clouds closing round in Eastern Europe. . . . England may possibly keep out of the new trouble, as she is so overrun with questions to solve regarding her own Dominions. The danger is in a little complication. Big wars always come from tiny, insignificant incidents, like the end of a match, that set fire to European politics.

p. 209. There is a black cloud near at hand for England, and it is threatening, and I am very anxious, and can give no good hopes.

p. 224. There is a new development coming that has to do with Austria, and I do not think is very pleasant for the other nations. When the harvest is gathered in, fresh movements will take place in the Balkans, and once the fire is lighted, who knows where it will stop ?

On page 94 there is an unconscious prophecy of the Advent of the Coming "Lord of all that is". On page 226 there is a description of the terrible figure of Antichrist, and a hint that the machinations of the Dark Powers were even then gathering strength.

H. L. S. WILKINSON

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## BOOK-LORE

*Stray Birds*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

In this volume, Sir Rabindranath has set down some of the thoughts that come to him, like stray birds, leaving their footprints in his words, in the hush of the morning, the calm of twilight, or the splendour of midday. It is not impossible that, in the thought-world, the beautiful ideas he has given us have really come in the form of little thought-songsters, who have whispered to him the wisdom they have gathered where they dwell, and so given it to the world. But only to a silent communer with nature could it have been possible to reveal those secrets. In but a few words a great thought is born, and it is left to the reader to ponder over it, to catch the hidden meaning that lies beyond the words and lifts him up to the land of the thought-birds, where he can learn more and more of the life that underlies the form.

“His own mornings are new surprises to God”: in this brief sentence, cannot the Theosophist discern the lesson of the wonderful “Power which maketh all things new,” that transforms the commonplace into the wonderful, that once and for ever commands the Giant Monotony to leave our world? The unchanging laws of nature, their almost irritating regularity—night succeeding day, day following night, the yearly course of the sun through the heavens—all this endless repetition is transformed for us when we find that to God each event is a new surprise. It is only we poor mortals who have not yet learned the secret of that Power.

“Every child comes with the message that God is not yet discouraged of man,” tells us the secret of the Eternal Hope that ever inspires the Creator and pulsates through His

creation. "We live in this world when we love it," is the true cry of the lover of nature to whom:

The world puts off its mask of vastness to its lover.  
It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of the eternal—

to whom the infinitely great is revealed in the infinitely small.

And we might go on quoting indefinitely from this beautiful book, which will be welcome to all who are touched with the wand of mysticism, which the writer waves so exquisitely.

We can only recommend this book to all Theosophists—not as a consecutive piece of work, but rather as a garland of beautiful thoughts strung together by a Master-Gardener and offered at the feet of the greatest of all Gardeners. "Let this be my last word, that I trust in thy love."

T. L. C.

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*The Credo of Christendom*, by Anna (Bonus) Kingsford, M. D. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 4s. 6d.)

The seven Lectures comprised under the above title were delivered in 1884, but have not hitherto been published in book form, so that they come with all the fresh interest of a posthumous work from one who "being dead, yet speaketh". As the choicest objects of art are often found thrown aside amongst lumber, so many of the brightest gems of Christian mystic thought are to be found in old numbers of *Lucifer, Light*, or *The Path*, and the editor of this book, Mr. S. Hopgood Hart, will be thanked by many for rescuing these most lucid though abbreviated expositions of the Creed, and many other short but interesting contributions, from the oblivion of a weekly journal of thirty years ago, and presenting them in the permanent and dignified form of the present volume.

It is not by chance that they are brought to light and circulation just now. It is stated that "their publication was postponed as they were then in advance of people, but would not be so for very long, as people were themselves advancing". This is indeed the psychological moment for propounding the spiritual and subjective interpretation of the "*Credo*" in terms of the *Within* and the *Now*, and for the exposition "on an interior and mystical plane of the dogmas of the Christian



Faith, shewing that a right belief in them is necessary to salvation, and that only by realising in the acts of the soul the acts of the Christ can theology be made an applied science and a means of grace”.

Christianity is just now in dry dock for repairs ; it, with so many other things, is in course of reconstruction through the agency of the War, and unless it receives a fresh influx of life, understanding and application, it will be swept away with other out-of-date organisations. This book will be a most valuable addition to the literature of those who are working through the Old Catholic Church for the regeneration of the Christian religion, for it is an illuminating and original compendium of interpretations of Christian and Hermetic beliefs, written in classic style and lit up by the beauty of thought and poetic expression which give such distinction to all Mrs. Kingsford's work. She was a Protestant by birth and training, but a Roman Catholic by temperament and choice ; and the resultant was a true pioneer of that Old Catholic Order whose destiny it may be to transmute into itself the finer gold of both forms of Christianity and carry it forward purified into the new civilisation.

As the prophetess of the Day of the Woman as human being, Intuition and soul, she holds a unique place in Western religious literature ; and in these lectures and articles the truths concerned with the Divine Feminine are clearly enunciated, especially in connection with the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception and the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. When writing of these she says :

It is the recognition of the dual character of Nature, and of the spiritual womanhood as the complement and crown of the spiritual manhood, that constitutes the best wisdom and supreme glory of the Catholic Church, and explains her uncompromising hostility to the Order of Freemasonry.

There is some striking and new idea to be found in every page of the work of this most gifted seeress, whom the Masters called “ the greatest natural mystic of the present day, and countless ages in advance of the great majority of mankind ”. Consequently there is little doubt that Theosophists with special Christian affinities, and those who study along the line of comparative religion, will hasten to become possessors of this new publication, though we recognise that it is not a book calculated to appeal to a very wide public. It will be most

valued by those who have already been helped by *The Perfect Way* and *Clothed with the Sun*, and it will be for them to spread broadcast in a more popular form the fruitful seeds of understanding now put into their hands.

M. E. C.

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*Hindu Mind Training*, by An Anglo-Saxon Mother. With an Introduction by S. M. Mitra. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

The title of this book, to say nothing of its price and bulk, leads one to expect a great deal. This expectation is considerably enhanced by a lengthy Introduction in which Mr. S. M. Mitra, under whom the author has been studying, states his claims for the ancient Hindu method of teaching, as compared with the modern western method. These claims practically amount to this: that the Hindu method of taking a traditional story and putting questions regarding the motives, etc., of the characters in the story, stimulates the higher faculties of the mind and produces a more balanced attitude to life in general. Students of Patanjali and other masters of eastern psychology might well be tempted to remark that good wine needs no bush; but as the western public has still the vaguest notions of India's intellectual attainments, we heartily support Mr. Mitra's efforts to apply the principles of that more introspective system to western education. Accordingly we took up his pupil's exposition with more than usual interest and sympathy.

It is therefore with all the greater reluctance that we have to confess to a certain sense of disappointment. No fault can be found with the choice of stories, which are varied and diverting; some of them, like Yama and Savitri, and Nala and Damayanti, have already been popularised among western pilgrims of eastern culture; they are simply told and adequately explained. But in the first place the narrative is continually interrupted by a form of catechism which purports to bring out the lessons, both ethical and practical, that the stories seem to the writer to convey; and in the second place the quality of this catechism is very unequal and chaotic. For instance some of the questions touch on cardinal laws of

nature, like karma and reincarnation, while others—in fact the majority—are trivial, and concerned with matters of personal temperament in domestic relations.

It is of course only to be expected that the answers given by different people (they seem to be mostly American married women) to the same question should vary considerably and present opposite points of view, but we regret the absence of a systematic attempt to examine, arrange, or synthesise these answers with a view to arriving at some definite conclusions. In some cases the answers merely evade the questions, probably on account of their frequent irrelevancy and lack of appeal to western mentality, for example (to quote from memory): “Q. Is this story true to life? A. It is so full of the supernatural element that it cannot be related to life.” Many of the questions are vague and crude, such as: “What is the nature of the feeling inspired by a lovely face?” and it is not surprising that the general level of answers is that of the Sunday school.

Altogether the book seems to have missed the mark. Indian legends are delightful in themselves, and are often based on a knowledge of occult laws of nature; we also gather that the much advertised manuals on how to be happy though good, etc., have a ready sale; but these two branches of literature do not make a satisfactory sandwich. We hope that the western public will not judge the R̥shis of India by the standard of this experiment, interesting as it is in many ways, especially in its constant reference to western books on psychology. However, we are not afraid that the R̥shis will “turn in their graves,” for we regard them as at present actively interested in such efforts to broaden education; but we humbly suggest that the author and her teacher might do well to carry their useful line of work a step farther, and inculcate their method in a more methodical form.

W. D. S. B.

*Jataka Tales*, selected and edited with Introduction and Notes, by H. T. Francis, M.A., and E. J. Thomas, M.A. (Cambridge University Press, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

Lovers of folk-lore will welcome this selection of Jataka stories. It contains many delightful tales of the quaint and curious doings of kings and beggars and gods, of wise animals and foolish men, of spirits and bogeys, and finally of the "Bodhisatta" himself, who is the central figure of every tale.

For the benefit of those who know only vaguely that the Jataka is a collection of Buddhist birth-stories, we quote the following paragraph from the Introduction by C. J. Thomas :

The Jataka, as we possess it, occurs in the second of the three great divisions of the Pali Buddhist Scriptures. . . . It consists of 547 jatakas, each containing an account of the life of Gotama Buddha during some incarnation in one of his previous existences as a Bodhisatta, or Being destined to enlightenment, before he became Buddha, the Enlightened One. This number does not correspond to exactly 547 stories, because some of the tales occur more than once in a different setting or in a variant version, and occasionally several stories are included in one birth. Each separate story is embedded in a framework, which forms the Story of the Present. This is generally an account of some incident in the life of the historic Buddha, such as an act of disobedience or folly among the brethren of the Order, the discussion of a question of ethics, or an instance of eminent virtue. Buddha then tells a Story of the Past, an event in one of his previous existences which explains the present incident as a repetition of the former one, or as a parallel case, and shews the moral consequences.

Mr. Thomas points out that according to the latest discoveries of research, these stories are older than Buddhism and of Brahmin origin. The Buddhists adopted them, identified the hero of each with their great Teacher, and in some cases altered them slightly to fit this character. He gives the main reasons for this pronouncement, and acquaints the reader with the chief aspects of learned opinion on the subject. The translation adopted is based upon that edited by Prof. E. B. Cowell.

The Notes which the editors have appended to each story are full of valuable information for anyone who wishes to make a study of comparative folk-lore. In these the history of each tale is indicated, or its relation with similar stories of a later date is pointed out.

A. DE L.

*The Great Adventure*, by L.P. Jewell. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

In this little character study one gains a delightful glimpse into the life of one of those happy souls who find joy in all life, which to her included the passing on to a fuller life, or "the great adventure". She arranged her life around a consistently happy mood, and disarranged any show of a funeral ceremony for herself when her time came to "take the journey". She refused to regard death as a time for gloom and sorrow, and on such occasions declared: "Why should I wear black? I don't advertise by my style of dress any other sort of event in my private life. Why should I this one? If it is religious to think death dreadful, what's the use of religion? Or don't you truly believe what religion teaches?"

One so rarely encounters such splendid and unique optimism that even to read of it influences one to catch the spirit and weave it into life, for one's own sake as well as for the benefit of the entire environment. The book is cheerful, witty and inspiring.

G. G.

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*Personality; Its Cultivation and Power, and How to Attain*, by Lily L. Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 3s.)

This book is quite worth reading, after one grasps the author's definition or use of the term "personality"; but to read that "without purity there can be no Personality," that "Right Belief" and "Determination" are the two first principles of Personality, and that "The way to Personality is a way of Self-discipline and strenuous mental effort," is disconcerting. Throughout the text this word "personality" has been used as the average reader would use "character," or as the Theosophical student might use the word "individuality," in the sense of the soul or causal body, which is built up and expanded as one adds good qualities to it, life after life; though the definition of personality usually implies that which man as a soul expresses of himself through his mental, astral and physical bodies in one life cycle or incarnation. It is all the more surprising to find this use of the word

when one notes the author's references to reincarnation and other laws that are so familiar in Theosophical literature.

There are many useful points emphasised regarding the value of thought, but one is surprised to find (on page 121) the practice recommended of laying mental hands upon another, when it is quite obvious that vulgar curiosity as such must be detrimental, from the author's point of view, to the building of Personality.

E. R. B.

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*Mazzini's Foreshadowings of the Coming Faith*, by E. A. Venturi. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d.)

The series of quotations here given from the writings of Mazzini, welded into a whole by the comments of Mme. Venturi, give a very clear idea of the great patriot's conception of the inner meaning and spirit of the age which he felt was coming to birth, as contrasted with the age which, having long passed its zenith, was about to die. Mr. E. F. Richards in his Introduction remarks that it is pre-eminently as a religious teacher that Mazzini will be remembered by posterity, and certainly to Theosophists that aspect of his many-sided intellect will appeal most strongly, which formulated the conception of a new faith so strikingly like that which is gradually being built up in their own thought.

Mme. Venturi says :

He believes that we are entering upon a new epoch, now only at its dawn, and that the unknown quantity it is destined to disengage is *Collective Humanity*; and by the light shed by the recognition of this new Synthesis he believes we shall be enabled to realise and reduce to practice the unknown quantity disengaged by the epoch now passed away—*Individual Man*.

The reasons for his belief, and the elaboration of the characteristics of the faith which will be the heart of the new age, should be of the greatest interest to all who are working to spread the idea of the dawning of a new era with a new type of civilisation and a new faith.

A. DE L.

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## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## MR. GANDHI ON THE "SATYAGRAHASHRAMA"

Now that the attention of Theosophists is being drawn to the revival of the religious community as a means of spreading definite ideals of life, it may be of some interest to glance at Mr. Gandhi's account of his new organisation, which appeared in the February number of *The Indian Review*.

This scheme is the practical outcome of Mr. Gandhi's conviction that the building of character is the first essential to the real greatness of a nation, and that true national service must spring from a recognition of the fundamental truths of religion. With this aim in view the rules that have been drawn up for observance in this *Ashrama* include the following *Yamas* or vows. First there is the "vow of Truth," which covers, not merely honesty in the popular application of the word, but also consistency in thought, speech and action—even at the risk of disagreement with others, though, as is pointed out, this need not and should not be unkindly or really discourteous. "We must," he says, "say 'No' when we mean 'No,' regardless of consequences."

The second vow is that of *Ahimsa*, which literally means "non-killing," but which "really means that you may not harbour an uncharitable thought, even in connection with one who may consider himself to be your enemy". It will be noticed that it is taken for granted that the *Ahimsaist* will not be the one to regard another as his enemy. This doctrine is not one of acquiescence in wrong-doing but of wishing no harm to the wrong-doer. It is admitted to be an ideal which will necessarily take some time to put into practice, but the difficulties in the way must sooner or later be faced, and it looks as if a serious attempt is now to be made.

But it is not a proposition in geometry to be learnt by heart; it is not even like solving difficult problems in higher mathematics; it is infinitely more difficult than solving those problems. Many of you have burnt the midnight oil in solving those problems. If you want to follow out this doctrine, you will have to do much more than burn the midnight oil. You will have to pass many a sleepless night, and go through many a mental torture and agony before you can reach, before you can even be within measurable distance of this goal. It is the goal, and nothing less than that, you and I have to reach if we want to understand what a religious life means. I will

not say much more on this doctrine than this : that a man who believes in the efficacy of this doctrine finds in the ultimate stage, when he is about to reach the goal, the whole world at his feet—not that he wants the whole world at his feet, but it must be so.

The third vow is that of celibacy, which requires no comment, and the fourth—"control of palate". At first the latter seems to suggest a rigid asceticism of the dry bread and water order, but after reading on we discover to our relief that it involves little more than a reduction in the number of Brahmana kitchens! The fifth vow has the quaint title of "non-thieving," but is not quite as simple as it looks, for the possession of any unnecessary article is thereby regarded as theft.

Other vows are those of "swadeshi," which extends even to training the village barber instead of patronising the town expert, "fearlessness," and "regarding 'untouchables,'" which latter of course means that there have no longer to be any "untouchables". Another matter on which great stress is laid is the acquirement by the educated classes of a knowledge of as many vernacular languages as possible, in order that the masses may be educated in their mother tongues, through which alone they can express themselves freely. The encouragement of manual work, such as hand weaving, is to form a healthy antidote to the false hankering after "learned" professions and mere clerical advancement.

When these foundations of a reliable character have been laid, it will be time enough for the members of the community to take up national service or enter the political field. The great mistake at present, says Mr. Gandhi, lies in the spasmodic way in which politics are taken up by students and then laid aside in after life for a monotonous means of livelihood.

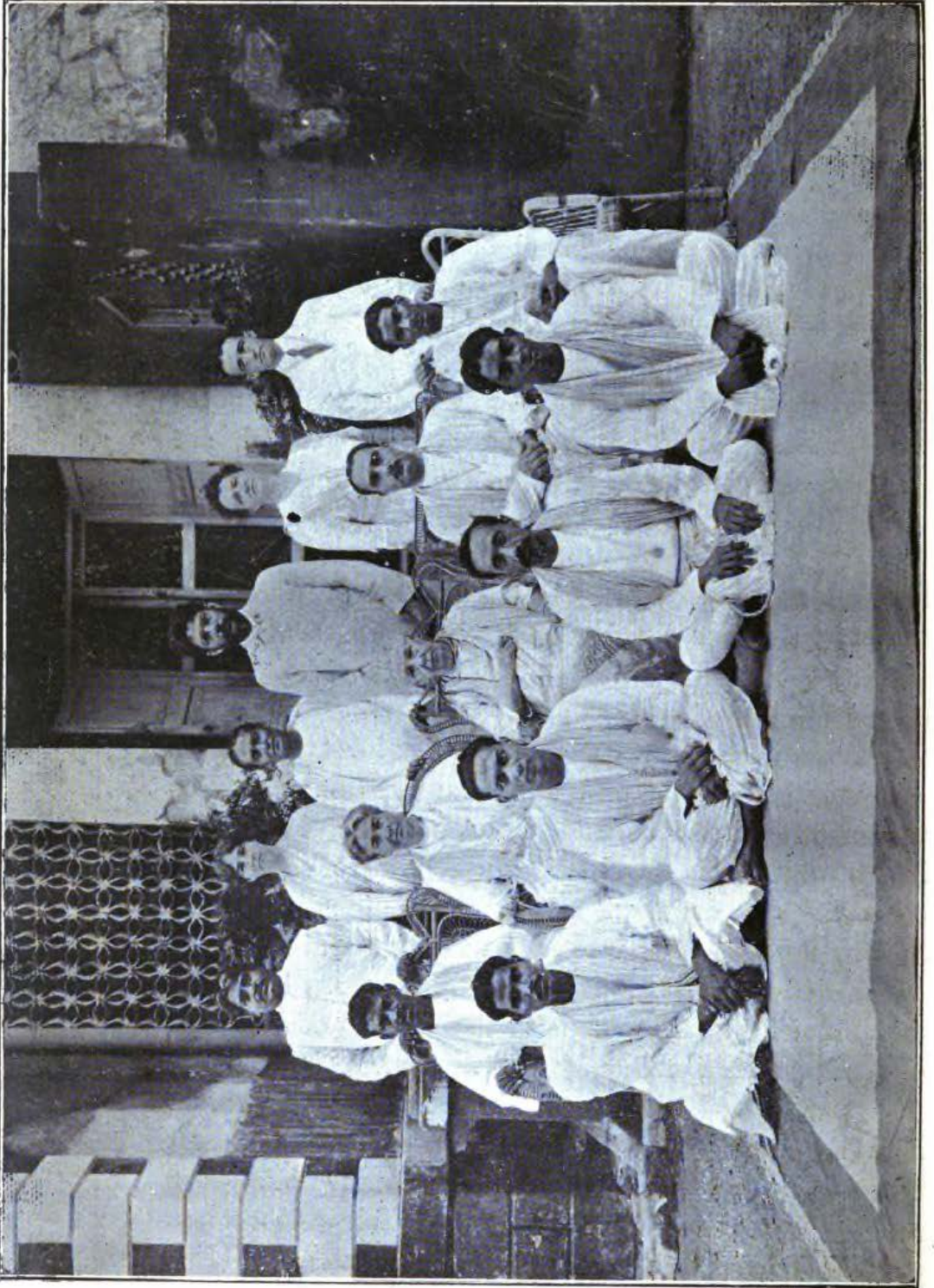
Certainly if high ideals are enough to ensure the success of a religious community, a great future opens up before this genuine enterprise. But after all even institutions are only what men make them; so let us hope that the right men will come forward and shew themselves worthy of the occasion.

W. D. S. B.

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FIRST GROUP OF THE ORDER OF THE BROTHERS OF SERVICE.

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

I TOLD last month of the formation of the Order of the Brothers of Service on the Full Moon of Chaitra. The glorious Full Moon of Vaisakh—the Full Moon which saw the birth of the Lord Buddha, which saw His Illumination, which saw His passing away from earth—witnessed a quite unexpected event, boldly planned by members of the Order, the laying of the Foundation Stone of the central tower of the future Habitation of the community, the House of the Sun, Sūryāshrama. “We can lay the Foundation Stone,” said a Brother calmly, “though we can’t begin building before next year.” O Brothers! great was your faith, and according to your faith was it unto you.

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First came the stone itself, through Mr. and Mrs. Hotchner, who, hunting for a stone-carver, fell upon a man who said: “For Mrs. Annie Besant? Yes. Nobody else should have it,” and deprived an image he was carving of a splendid block of white marble, and cut on

it with loving care the inscription, and hurried it on that it might be ready in time. And ready it was, wrought perfectly, and late on Sunday night it was to be seen hanging over its bed by those who kept vigil over the chosen spot.

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Elsewhere will be found an account of the ceremony, and very picturesque must we have looked, I am sure, clothed in Masonic regalia, as, led by the Zarathustrian Fire, we wound in long procession through the casuarina trees in the twilight which awaited the dawning, and came into the clearing where the Stone was awaiting us, singing the appropriate words:

I was glad when they said unto me,  
Let us go into the House of the Lord.

for were we not going to lay the Foundation Stone of the "House of our Lord the Sun," and were we not verily glad in the going?

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Very lovely it was, as the coming Lord of Day coloured the sky with the fair hues that were the heralds of his advent, and the birds began to whisper with faint rustlings, and the low plash of the waves sounded a soft monotone in the hush that precedes the Dawning. The Brothers of the Order stood within, where the central room will rise, and behind them the Masonic brethren ringed the open space. The officers of the Lodge were in their appointed places, ready to do their part, and the quiet but stately ceremony began. And many others gathered there, invisible to physical eyes, and wrought sweetly and mightily, so that the mere human officers seemed superfluous, supererogatory, amid the fairer, stronger host. And verily was the

stone "well and truly laid," "in loyalty to our Lords, in comradeship with our Brethren, for the service of all that lives".

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The labours of the day were not over, for the laying of the Foundation Stone of the extension of the Indian Quadrangle claimed us, and that was also done, and then we wended our way back again to the Lodge, in the full day that had come to its brilliance. Memorable to all, a golden spot in the memory, will remain that 7th day of May, 1917, the day of the Full Moon of Vaisākh. And, as though to show that our Invisible Helpers were not unmindful of earthly necessities, money has flowed in, so that "next year" has become "now," and the building goes forward. Our readers can see the stone for themselves, and the sketch of what the building will be, and the astrologers among them may study the horoscope—a remarkable one enough, they will, I think, say.

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Cheery news comes to us from Herbert Whyte, so well known among us from his admirable work, in concert with his wife, on the *Young Age*, and their preceding journal for children. His work on the Round Table—the earlier one than that of the political students—has carried his name round the world to all our National Societies. He volunteered for active service early in the War, and was first in France, then in the Balkans. In the latter place he one night pitched himself down a ravine on to his shoulder, and broke his arm. He was shipped off to Malta to be mended and writes: "I have had three months' holiday here—my longest for twenty-three years—and have fully enjoyed it.

My tent is on the sea-shore, and except when the winds blow it is delightful. I have written a small book, given five lectures on Theosophy and one on Buddhism, and we have formed a centre. So, please, get them to make a note at Adyar that any wandering Theosophist who lands at Malta should look up Commander Young, c/o Union Club, Valetta." Here is the note. But the wandering Theosophist may not find our friend there, as he is well enough to return to the front.

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This War seems to have brought about Theosophical centres everywhere, so many of our members having volunteered. Mesopotamia and Egypt have both heard again the Ancient Wisdom they once knew so well. The other day two young officers suddenly turned up, having been wounded in Mesopotamia, not Fellows, but keenly interested: "Couldn't come to Madras, you see, without coming to Adyar." Another young officer, also from Mesopotamia, is on his way here, but he is a member, and is going to stay with us for a month.

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Our good members, Mme. Anna Kamensky and Mme. Pogovsky, have left us for Russia, travelling by Siberia homewards. How different is the Russia they return to from that they left, Free Russia, where speech and printing are now free, and domiciliary visits are things of the past. They will be glad to breathe a free air, after their stay in India. But they were very happy in our Adyar, where we have at least the freedom of the Spirit if not of the body, and they did not feel much the reporting to the magistrate and the

annoyance of the police, being accustomed to live under such restrictions in the Russia of the Tsars. They told me that the feeling of the people in the country districts to the Tsar had very much changed during and since the White Terror, and that there was no longer the love and reverence that we have been wont to think of as existing in the peasantry towards the "Little Father". I had always thought of the Revolutionaries as the educated class, the Intelligentsia; but it seems that the feeling against the Tsar and his Bureaucracy had spread downwards from them to the masses of the people. After all, it is the Intelligentsia of every Nation who create its destiny; and what they think, the people will become.

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Much useful lecturing is going on in England, I see, despite the War, and it is pleasant to see that the Theosophical Society is applying to the problems of the Reconstruction of Society the great truths which they have learned during the long years of study in order that they may be able to use them in the time that now has come. Brotherhood, Reincarnation and Karma are the foundations of the new structure, and we must rebuild on these, instead of on the competition, the single life, and the divine favouritism which have been the rickety foundations of the civilisation now dying amid the ruins of the system which has crashed down upon our heads. Competition enriched the few, and required for its working a mass of unemployed and of wretchedly paid workers who, by their struggle for existence, should keep down the wages of the producers. These had ever shaken over them the scourge of unemployment, the fear of illness, and consequent restriction

of the necessities of life—the gaunt spectre that stalks behind every workman. Now that the danger to the very life of the Nation has forced the Government to take over the means of existence to a great extent, and to become the direct employer of labour on a large scale, in order to diminish the exorbitant profits made by the normal employers of labour out of National necessities, the workers will hardly brook a return to the old contests; the greed, the selfishness, the unpatriotism bred by competition have been seen in their true colours and in their full development, and the system is wounded to death, to make room for the new system of co-operation and the fair sharing of the results of organised labour.

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Towards each other also the Nations have developed a realisation of their common interests and their mutual interdependence; aggression, annexation, the imposition of foreign yokes on subject Nations, will pass away. Free Russia has struck the note of the future, and Free Russia means Free Europe and Free Asia, for Russia in Asia is huge as Russia in Europe, and the Asian Russia will bring Freedom to the Asiatics. A Russian Republic, a Chinese Republic, will ensure Asiatic freedom, for they will join hands across the huge continent, and over them will float the banner of Liberty. The East, as well as the West, will reap the harvest which will follow the War. Brotherhood in each Nation will be accompanied by the Brotherhood of Nations, and all imposed yokes will be broken.

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Reincarnation must reconstruct our educational system and our penology. The child must be seen as a



Spirit, evolving from within latent powers, and bringing with him definite faculties, his creation out of his experiences in past lives. His education must be based on a study of the individual child and fitted to his intellect and his temperament. Not only a "religious" has a "vocation"; each child has a vocation, is "called of God," the Hidden God, to serve the larger Life in the smaller. As I have said elsewhere: "The education must be made to fit the needs of the child, not the child be made to fit the education." Education here is a Procrustes' bed; the short are pulled out, the tall are lopped off, to fit it. The School is a place of fear, not a place of joy: the pupils are ruled by punishment, not by love. Initiative is crushed out; home lessons lengthen the school hours; the body and mind are overstrained, and the healthy riotousness of all young things is checked. The western Nations are remodelling their educational systems, and we in India must do the same. We need a National system under Indian control, such as was begun in the Central Hindū College and School in Benares, such as the Theosophical Educational Trust is aiming at. We have begun by introducing religious education, Hindū, Pārsī, Christian, Muslim, according to the religions of the pupils; we have abolished all forms of corporal punishment; we have introduced the Boy Scout movement in two of our schools, and hope to introduce it in all.

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Penology must be based on Reincarnation. I worked this out partly in a lecture given in London on Social Reconstruction. The criminal must be treated as a younger brother, restrained from injuring others, trained in useful labour in labour colonies, as in some

successful experiments in America, where habits of industry, punctuality, order, shall be gently enforced, and where life shall not be made a punishment but an education, where it shall be stimulated and irradiated by hope instead of being numbed by despair. Degrading punishments must be abolished; here in India we flog a man for petty thefts; we inflict on "the lowest classes" the pain and humiliation of the stocks. We forget that the awakening in the lowest of the sense of self-respect is the beginning of morality, and that to trample on it is the act of a barbarian.

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And all our thoughts and actions must be shaped by the ever-present realisation of inviolable law, law which is changed by knowledge from a crushing force to an enabling power. "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." "Thou rewardest every man according to his works." No favouritism, no partiality, no elect, no reprobated—a changeless Justice which is tenderest Love. On these three fundamental truths shall be built the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

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I am very glad to announce that in the July number we shall begin the story of the Theosophical Society, as it was known to Miss Arundale, one of our oldest members, with whom H. P. B. stayed in the early days. So few are left who were in the beginnings, that we must secure their records while we can.

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## THEOSOPHY AND EDUCATION<sup>1</sup>

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

**T**HERE can be no more important subject at the present time, speaking generally, than the relation of Theosophy to education. I do not, however, propose to enter much into practical details, but rather to suggest lines of thought which I myself know from actual experience can be more or less worked out in practice. I shall talk to you about theories which we were partially able to put into practice at the Central Hindū College, and elsewhere, with varying success: teachers and those who are interested in education will be able to work out for themselves applications of these

<sup>1</sup> Notes of a lecture delivered at the Fourth South Indian Convention, Adyar.

theories if they find them suggestive. We are merely at the beginning of educational work in the world, and hitherto we have been playing with it. India is probably the most backward country in the world with regard to education. Running over the various countries from the point of view of their progress in educational matters, we find England, Germany, America, Denmark, Switzerland, all far more advanced than is India. It is interesting to note that more than a century has elapsed since the first legislative enactment was passed which decreed that free and compulsory education is the duty of every State and an essential to the progress and welfare of every community. And yet in India we are still wondering whether free and compulsory education is possible! It is true that we are a poorer country than many of those in which such education is now established, but at least we ought to have found out through the experience of centuries how the educational problem should be solved. However, in some ways it is well that we should not have solved the problem here, because the Theosophical Society has so much to say with regard to it that if we are to begin to introduce a system throughout this country which shall be of real use to the country and to the kind of citizens who ought to be evolved, we need the guiding inspiration of Theosophy. Nothing save Theosophy will give us true citizenship, neither for India nor for any other country.

You will remember the article in THE THEOSOPHIST, towards the end of last year, in which Mrs. Besant laid the greatest stress on the need for putting forth effort into the educational field. What then from the standpoint of Theosophy are the great

principles of education? The more one studies the Greek systems the more one agrees with them, the more one appreciates them and the more one realises that if suitably adapted modifications of the Greek systems of education could be taken up and introduced into the modern world, the better it would be for the modern world. Plato said that education was coextensive with life; that is his phrase. That means that education is going on all the time, whether it be the education of the child, or the education of the youth, or the education of the adult, or, indeed, the education of the old man. It is all education, and no one can escape its clutches. Education is coextensive with life because life is education, life is the drawing out of the unconscious divinity within to complete and perfect its self-conscious expression. Thus education offers us an enormously wide field, and we see, therefore, why it is important to realise what Theosophy can disclose with regard to it. What specific ideas does Theosophy reveal? Roughly speaking, we know that the world has come into being, that humanity has evolved through its descent into matter, because the divine spark has come down time after time into denser and denser matter, until we come to the present moment when we find ourselves in physical bodies which constitute the densest form of matter generally known. As we descend, there is a contraction going on; there is a kind of focusing of consciousness, and an intensification of that focusing of consciousness until we come to that little point which we know as the physical body. In some of the Theosophic books the physical body is represented as being the smallest of the bodies; the larger body being the

astral; the mental, still bigger; the causal and the buddhic bigger still. The physical body is thus the smallest of all our bodies, and it is in it that our waking consciousness is concentrated. And it is from that smallest of bodies that consciousness begins to expand, to intensify itself, to grow, until it begins gradually to permeate the larger bodies, one after another, the astral, the mental, and so on. That, in general, is the process of evolution—the descent into matter, followed by the ascent into spirit. The ascent into spirit is the expansion; the descent into matter is the contraction.

When you are dealing with young children you see before you the egos individualised, the personalities (call them by whatever name you will); you see young people who are at the moment of expanding themselves through growth. When you take a little child you see something less than you will see when he grows older. There is much more of him there than you can see; there are infinite potentialities in the future, though they do not reveal themselves at the present moment. He is at the point when he is realising himself as an individual, having an individual consciousness. It may be that he is simply at the stage when he is still realising his individuality, he may have many lives to pass through before he shall know himself for what he really is. That, of course, depends upon the stage he has reached; but, sooner or later, knowing himself as an individual, he begins the upward ascent; and then he begins to know himself, perhaps as the family, as the tribe, as the race. Finally, at the top, there are the Elder Brethren who have the consciousness of the whole world in Themselves, and who are no longer limited by individual consciousness. At

whatever stage the child may be, whether he still has to know himself or whether he is one of the rare few who, knowing themselves, have now to begin to know themselves in others, it is nevertheless quite clear that he is growing, that he is expanding, and that what is happening to him is a gradual increase of consciousness. I lay special stress on that, because the whole system of educational teaching, from the Theosophical standpoint, depends entirely on the recognition that all the time, every hour and every day through life, what is taking place is an expansion of consciousness.

There are three great expansions of consciousness given in our Theosophical literature. The first is when the animal, through some great uprush of emotion—it may be the uprush of hate, of love, of intellect, or of any other emotion—becomes individualised, transcends the animal kingdom, goes into the super-animal kingdom and becomes man. That is the first great expansion of consciousness. The circle of the animal's consciousness becomes all of a sudden, as in a click, a larger circle; he has become individualised, he has become man. He has acquired entry into the field of man, and it thereupon becomes his business through his earthly career in the human kingdom to fill up that great circle by the experiences which he will build into character. All of us have passed into that first great expansion, and we are at the stage of filling in the widened circle of our being. We are at the stage where, having become proprietors of that field of man, we have to till it, we have to sow it with experience, so as to reap character and thus to gather in our harvest. This is the first point that a teacher must realise—that we are all at that stage. If I have

the little child before me, I should say as I look at the little creature: "What is he doing? Why is he here? How is he growing? Whence has he come?" What ought that little child to do properly to till the field of human consciousness, to plough it, to sow it with the seeds of experience, and to utilise well what the world shall give him? He has to build in character on the physical plane, on the emotional plane, and on the mental plane as well. There is the big, unknown field in which he has to begin to work. On the astral plane—the plane of the emotions—some of that tilling has already been done. He has now to control his emotions so that he can use them; but so far as the mental plane is concerned, he has almost limitless work before him.

The first stage through which we all have to pass is the stage where we have to be able to say: "My world". That is what the little child is saying: "My world". The next stage is that known as the first of the great Initiations. He does not then say: "My world"; he has to learn to say, after that second great expansion of consciousness: "*Their* world". As you know, the Masters have said: "Come out of your world into Ours." Two separate worlds; the world which belongs to you and to me, and the world which belongs to Them! Most people in the outer world say: "My world"; that is the stage which most children have reached, the stage when they say "My world," and we have to help each child to say "My world" perfectly. What the Elder Brethren say connotes sacrifice, service, the welfare of the many. The Initiate who has passed the first of the great Initiations is said to be the Wanderer; he is the Wanderer in the world, and he tries to utter the phrase "Their world," so that



while living in the world he may not be of it, lest his help be less effective. He is called the Wanderer, for he is a wanderer, trying to find new worlds for old.

Then comes the third stage, the great expansion of consciousness where we say neither "My world," nor "Their world," but "Our world". That is the stage of the Master, the Adept level. In the beginning we passed from the animal kingdom to the super-animal kingdom, the human kingdom; at the third expansion of consciousness we pass from the human kingdom to the super-human kingdom, and then we say: "Our world." It is not merely the recognition of a unity with that which is outside, but the realisation of the unity, the drawing in of everything, the finding of oneself in the great Unity, the finding of the great Unity in oneself. The little child with whom we have to deal has passed the first of the great expansions of consciousness, and he is approaching the second. The Theosophist and the Theosophical teacher has to realise that, so that they may be able to give to the child, unconsciously to himself—and if need be during the present time when people know so little, unconsciously to the outside world—the training they know he needs, the expression which they know will help him on the true path, which we who are Theosophical teachers can see, but which, perhaps, the outside world is unable to understand.

The child is approaching the second great expansion of consciousness, and during the process he is familiarising himself with the great principles underlying the world outside him. We have to acquaint him with all that takes place in the world. He has to

know the world, to understand the world, to realise the world, before he can begin to make another pilgrimage into "Their world". It is always a new world that opens out after each of these great expansions of consciousness, and these worlds must be known, understood, transcended, before one can pass on to the higher. What, in the light of these facts, can Theosophy add to what we already know? What can Theosophy add to the general principles of education with which we are all more or less familiar?

Theosophy postulates three great principles with regard to the child, so far as education is concerned. There is first the pre-natal education; then there is the natal education; and if the phrase does not sound too strange, there is the post-mortem education, which appertains to the after-death life. The pre-natal answers the question, "Whence?"—the natal answers the question, "How?"—and the post-mortem answers the question, "Whither?" These are the three great interrogations with regard to that little child: whence, with regard to the past; how, with regard to the present; and whither, with regard to the future. Unless the teacher is able to attempt to answer these questions, he is hardly fit to teach, he certainly is not fit to guide. Ordinary education with regard to the question of pre-natal conditions says: look after the mother. Ordinary education has gone as far as to provide schools for mothers in order to give them education with respect to the unborn child. But we as Theosophists want to know about the child himself; where *he* has come from? The State is interested in the mother for the sake of the child which is to be born; the Theosophist is also interested in the child's own past. Now how does

Theosophy help us with regard to that? What new science of pre-natal education is Theosophy going to offer us?

It is going to offer us a science based on the laws of Karma, on the laws of Reincarnation, and on the conditions in the heaven world. These are the three great contributions Theosophy makes concerning the child as he was before he came down into this ordinary, everyday world. We say he has been born many times before; we say that he is under the law of karma; we say that he has been in the heaven world. And it is especially important to realise this last fact, because without it we are unable to take advantage of the relation of the heaven world to the growth of the individual. The true teacher of little children is always remembering that the child in his pre-natal condition probably reached the heaven world, even though it were only for a momentary flash, and that he has brought something of the result of that condition down with him on to the physical plane in the form of a sub-conscious memory. One of the principal defects in modern education is that it does not care to make that memory a little more tangible than it is, for its existence is unsuspected. In reality the child starts his life's pilgrimage oppressed by the modern physical conditions in which he lives, the circumstances, the misunderstandings, the ignorances. All these things press upon him, making him retire within himself, making him smaller than he might be. But the Theosophical teacher realises that there is somewhere that memory of the heaven world, and he tries, therefore, to find out what happens in the heaven world.

In connection both with the pre-natal and with the post-mortem condition, the Theosophic teacher realises that he has time for everything, for reincarnation tells him that there is time. That is the whole difference between the modern educationalist—the ordinary teacher—and the Theosophic teacher. The ordinary teacher says there is no time, and he bases all his principles of education on the theory that there is no time. The Theosophic teacher says that there is time, that there have been births in the past, that there is the present birth, that there is an infinite number of births in the future, and that there is the certainty of perfection as the goal. Here I should advise every Theosophical teacher to base his teaching upon Herbert Spencer, because he understands, as no one else understands, what education is. The only difficulty about Herbert Spencer is that he feels limited with regard to time, he feels that there is not much time. His query is as to what knowledge is of most worth, as is, indeed, the query of the most prominent American educationalists at the present time. Let us get what we can, we have so little time, they say. We must not go to the other extreme, we Theosophists; we must not say that because there is an infinitude of lives before us, therefore we need not strive to-day to do everything we can to make our pupils efficient in the present. It is true that as Theosophists we realise that there is all eternity before us, but we also realise that eternity is made up of time; without time, no eternity; without limitations to be transcended, no omniscience to be reached. The teacher must live in the sunshine of eternity but must work in the shadow of time. He does not fit his students less well for the

work that they may have to do in the world, but he gives them the real relationship between these things and the eternal. Herbert Spencer in his book on *Education* quotes a beautiful verse which, as a matter of fact, can be answered by the Theosophist and by nobody else.

Could a man be secure  
That his days would endure  
As of old for a thousand years,  
What things might he know!  
What deeds might he do!  
And all without hurry or care.

Herbert Spencer says that the function which education has to discharge is to prepare us for complete living, but he says there is no time, and therefore we must do the best we can. Education ought to enable us completely to live, but there is no time to do it. Herbert Spencer was all but a Theosophist; he wanted just one more expansion of consciousness and he would have passed into the realm of the Theosophic world, and then he would have re-written his book. He would not have altered much, but he would have replied to his little verse, that a man *is* secure that his days *will* endure, and so on! He would have made an assertion instead of having merely been able to make a complaint and a lament. We have time, we have eternity; and only that teacher can be wholly practical who understands that and works accordingly, for only such a teacher will know what he is about, and assign to circumstances their due proportion.

Let us come back to the question of the heaven world; it is that which the child has just left. Mrs. Besant gives us a little insight into the conditions of the heaven world in her book *Man's Life in This and Other Worlds*;

and she divides the inhabitants of the heaven world into four classes: (1) those who in their life in the world had the love emotion dominant; (2) the devotees, in union with their object of devotion whomsoever he might be; (3) the philanthropists, the unselfish workers, who in the heaven world are ever planning fresh ways of service to their fellow men; and (4) the great Thinkers, the great Artists, those who love the right for the sake of the right and not for any prize religion might offer them for the doing, those who are seeking after knowledge, who are cultivating art—all these are to be found in the heaven world, reaping what they sowed, and also sowing, from their reaping, the harvest of another life of service.

In that heaven world the child has realised his ideal, and therefore the child brings out of the heaven world some memory of that ideal into the world in which he now lives. He is not far from the ideal, and therefore you should try with your intuition and your intelligence and your power to discover along what particular line that child has to go, what he has brought with him from the heaven world. It is a question of tact, sympathy, imagination, and of yourself realising the truth of the great Theosophic principles. It will take many mistakes, with a few successes, to realise what he is and to which of these four classes the child belongs, but it will make things enormously easier. You will know that his weaknesses come from his strength—are, indeed, signposts pointing out his virtues; that what he shows as failings are simply, in many cases, excess of virtues; and you make allowance for all these things. You see what is lacking when you see to what class he belongs; you see what is likely to

be the weakness—you expect it—and you allow for it. You thus see how important is the knowledge which Theosophy gives us as to the heaven world. The care of the mother is necessary, yes; but, says the Theosophist, whence has come that child? And the answer to that question is one of the special contributions of Theosophy to the pre-natal aspect of education.

Then Theosophy has a great deal to say with regard to the natal condition. First, that the child is not merely the physical body that you see before you. We talk of astral bodies, mental bodies, and so forth, and we know that some day the ego is to be the master of these bodies. He has more tools than one; he has more instruments than one; more modes for self-expression has he than one. And so we look upon the child as a multiplicity in a unity. We understand him better when we know that though he is now living in his physical body, he is also using a mental body and an emotional body, and that one or other of these may be dominating him at any particular moment. We divide him into his component parts, and we are not cross with him, under aggravating circumstances, as the ordinary teacher would be, because we know that not all of him is there; there is something left over; one body is dominant, but there are the other bodies, and there is the ego, unsuccessfully for the moment, striving to control its vehicles. No Theosophist can say that any child is hopelessly wicked. He may have little control over one body; he may have little control over another body, but the ego is there, and the ego is bound to achieve, because God, from whom he comes, and who is omnipotent, has willed that every part of Himself shall achieve. In

eternity no one can be wicked; in time we can be ignorant—that is all. And that is all that the teacher can say; that is the only judgment the teacher can pass; and it is well that the Theosophical teacher should recognise this clearly.

So far as the natal condition is concerned, Theosophy tells us that there are four classes of children. There are the “blue” children. These are the children who respond to sound, who develop emotion through the stimulating influence of music. In teaching a child of that kind you work on his emotional and intuitional bodies. So, if you have a child who is evidently “blue” in spirit, you say to yourself that attention should be paid to his emotional and intuitional bodies; you conclude that the best way to help that child and to help the ego, is to surround him with those influences to which he can most readily respond. If you try to help him in any other ways it will not be so easy, because the ego cannot so easily be reached through these.

The second class are the “crimson” children; these children are the children of colour, and they have their principal response in the affections, and need teachers and other people who will love them. Crimson children are charming little creatures, and there are a certain number of these in every school. Then there are the “yellow” children; these are the intellectual children. And finally there are the “green” children, who represent sympathy; they are also the children of action, which is what true sympathy really means. There is no real sympathy except as it manifests itself in action, either on one plane or another. In *Man: Whence, How and Whither* we are told that the blue and the crimson children correspond to the *bhakti yoga* type, while the yellow



children belong to *jñāna yoga*, and the green children to *karma yoga*. That is an enormously important division in the science of teaching children. The Theosophical teacher has to find out what kind of child he has to deal with, and must record him accordingly. When I was Principal of the Central Hindū College I did not classify these children as blue, green, yellow, crimson, for I did not then know anything about these things, but if I became Principal of another College, I know I should have four exercise books—one for blue, another for yellow children, and so on. In this classification I may make a large number of mistakes; I may often have to transfer children from one class to another; but some day I shall get each one of them right, through experience, through imagination and through sympathy. These are the four classes, and they correspond to what the children have been in their heaven world, and we must always take that fourfold division into whatever world we may be considering.

G. S. Arundale

*(To be concluded)*

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# “THE WORLD AS IMAGINATION”

A STUDY IN COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

MR. G. D. FAWCETT'S book <sup>1</sup> marks a distinct epoch in philosophy up to date. It is a book of *Life*, treating of Life as the cause and summit of all; pre-natal, post-mortem; Life unborn, unending; wherein progress “takes the field” of God-manifestation, with recurring spiral whose arc includes Creators no less than creatures in its vital, cosmic swirl. *Imagination* is the word of Mr. Fawcett's Muse, and with that spell she leads us on through one chamber after another in the galleries of philosophic thought. The windows are wide open; through each streams the light of reason, glowing, golden, from the One Light of Life.

*Cosmic Imagination* is taken as the fundamental spiritual Reality, in its paradoxical dual subsistence of Being and Becoming. From this thesis, “Nature is viewed as a phase of the ever-changing cosmic imagination”. The idea of progressive plasticity, as applied to the creative “stuff,” rationalises that strange commingling of mercy and sacrifice, beauty and crudity, finished “fine-ness” and absolute structural incompleteness, which distinguishes Nature in Herself, she who is

<sup>1</sup> *The World as Imagination*, by G. D. Fawcett. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.

known and loved by the creative artist and student, as differentiated from the sentimentalist, the mechanical scientist, or the blind idolater, common to all races and times.

Here, truly, is "the hope of your calling" to that swiftly-increasing number of seekers and searchers after Truth-in-Herself. Among them are born explorers of life's abysses and prison-houses, to whom the enigmas of existence call with insistent voice; there are those—some of them among earth's greatest, if most inscrutable, children—who love darkness; not rather than light, nor because their deeds are evil, but because their appointed path leads through utmost complexity, deepest mystery, "most obscure and shadow-haunted ways," where the Furies, rather than Muses, are their appointed guides! To these, *The World as Imagination* justifies the conviction which rises from some who, having plunged into hells of terror and cruelty, yet raise their "*de profundis*" in spiritual consciousness from the nethermost—"Thou art *there*". The very "ground of appeal" upraises its voice of ascent in a cosmic "*sursum corda*" to Mr. Fawcett's higher rationalism, *i.e.*, the view that present manifestation is just a glorious sketch, a rough idea, promise, and prophecy of a universe to be, when gods and men shall meet and greet in joyous, mutual acclamation of the beauty and "worth-while-ness" of creative activity. It is creative activity that is the germ-plasm of future cosmic-imaginal perfection: not even creation is an end-in-itself, as every creator knows. For if and when one kind of perfection be attained, another, larger and fuller, immediately swims into that sea of vision whose interpretation is the

ceaseless "urge" of every creative spirit. But if "Imagination" be, as Mr. Fawcett declares, "primeval reality," then, in his own words, "we can appeal to a principle of a plastic and creative sort, fully adequate to the life and indefinite variety of the facts".

"*Real-idealism*" characterises our philosopher's attitude, and this of necessity; for with him induction and deduction proceed simultaneously, in mutual, progressive interdependence and intimate inter-relationship. The door of escape is found to be the identification of Man, the microcosm, *in* and *with* the great macrocosm, Universal Life. Here Man rises from the depths by virtue of help from those very powers of darkness who cast him there! "From the great deep (the abyss) to the Great Deep (the Ocean of Life) he goes." Through the experience of pain, terror, impotence, and "a darkness that can be felt," he *wins Emancipation*, while only realisation comes through *winning*. With struggle against obstacles he develops muscular strength. "He who wings thro' æther must first scale the summit." With daring defiance, "the Warrior-in-Man" spurring him on, he attains joys and triumphs unknown to all save conquerors.

The symbolism in the opening chapter of *Genesis* shows the parallel, if we care to trace it—the period when "the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep". It was during that period, when creation's process was already at work, amid the "*sturm und drang*" of protesting elemental forces, when the floods lifted their mighty voice, when fire's revolving panorama whirled its form-destroying, cosmic spiral, yet prepared the way for the Co-Magician, Air, "The Great Breath"—then was Earth born, and the

Dance of Earth-life began. To Mr. Fawcett the revelation of the Mind of God comes through progressive development of the minds of the Gods—creative evolution on the spiritual plane, well defined by him as the Hypothesis of the cosmic Imagination, worked out with that artistic inclusion of all exigencies, and exclusion of all superficialities and superfluities, characteristic of creative thinkers as opposed to mechanical metaphysicians and the chaff and husks milled as bread by "chop-logicians". The author of *The World as Imagination* is never illogical. Nor does he commit any such banal solecisms as girding or sneering at reason, or the intellectual faculties; but he leads us, step by step, up the narrow, tortuous paths, graven in the rock-side of life, by man the thinker. True, he shows us many a dark cul-de-sac, wherein cruelty, torture, and Nature's failures and imperfections, crude, crooked and hideous, work their distorted will and pleasure.

But to some minds, this is preferable to an invitation to walk on the sunny side of the street, down a carefully swept and cleansed thoroughfare, clothed in thought's laundered linen of conventionalism, caparisoned with carefully polished blinkers, invited coaxingly, at any hint of sight or hearing which might disturb our drilled promenade, to "trust in an all-merciful, all-wise Providence," etc., etc., etc. Mr. Fawcett desires us to use with him every power and faculty bestowed upon us as active, loving, thinking, aspiring, creative spirits; for, though we cannot find out God by searching *alone*, if we do not search for Him at all, we shall effectually seal the door of our mental prison-house. But when once this image of the creative *Idea*, the Cosmic Imaginal, is visualised in

mind and heart, life as service *and* perfect freedom establishes itself in the innermost shrine, and *religion* shows us bound to the ever-advancing, ever-creative epoch of progressive Self-realisation.

Every quality is seen to inhere in Man, as a divine necessity, that can be perceived in the cosmos. Order, and *apparent* Disorder, that advance guard of cosmos, comprising the dark forces of chaos. Thus all substance is the stuff of Spirit, just as the Word Itself becomes flesh, and dwells among us.

Away, then, with blinkers, reins, bits, cruppers, and all artificial limitations, in all worlds. Let those who choose risk of death by adventure rather than an existence of cowering stultification, follow Mr. Fawcett's lead, and boldly stake their die on the acceptance of life as it is, life lived to its height and depth, sweetness and bitterness, with no *hedging*, no paltering with compromise or covering half of a truth and pretending that the other half explains away any need of wholeness.

This doctrine is no milk for babes. But to those who have passed that stage ; who have fought with lions ; who have been mauled, perhaps, yet have learnt much by encounter with the so-called "lower forces," whether on the physical or psychic plane ; to those who must follow Truth as they see her, nor without that Vision can their souls be fed ; to all lovers and students of Universal Mind, the One Life, Light, Love, Law, animating that creation which still groans and travails towards some far-off, indefinable Birth—to them Mr. Fawcett's book presents a philosophy, an ethic, a direct inspiration, at once satisfying and stimulating, ideal manna for the epicure. An epicure is not an anachronism ! He is a specimen of artistic evolution,



# LOVE

A STUDY IN HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY

By SRI PRAKASA, B.A., LL.B. (CANTAB.)  
BARR.-AT-LAW

IF the world, to the scientist, is the embodiment of the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest," it is, to the ordinary man, also—and to an equal, if not greater, extent—the embodiment of the principle of Love. We find love everywhere. In the nest of the bird, in the lair of the beast, in the home of man—love is, in fact, the ruling emotion in the heart of sentient beings. If *the survival of the fittest* stands for destruction—destruction of the weak to make room for the strong, *Love* stands for creation and protection—creation of the helpless and the protection of the strengthless. Love is so universal—so omnipresent and omnipotent—that the poet Coleridge was right when he sang :

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stir this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Love has been written and spoken of by many men—philosopher, poet and sage, as well as the man in the street. There apparently seems to be nothing more left to say upon the subject. But love is an ever-old and ever-new problem; and it will remain,



for ever, the most inspiring theme for all writers. I seek in this article to understand it, to find out, if possible, what it actually means.

Generally speaking, love is described as of three kinds: (1) love for the superior, the best expression of which is *filial love*; (2) love for the equal, the best expression of which is *conjugal love*; and (3) love for the inferior, the best expression of which is *paternal love*. Usually love in each of these cases is regarded as being of a different sort: the nature and quality of love itself is supposed to differ in the different cases.

The division, no doubt, is a natural one. Every human being comes into contact with persons who are either his superiors, his equals or his inferiors; and one is tempted to feel that the attachment one has for persons, falling in these three orders, has in each case some element of fundamental difference. The object of this paper is to demolish this theory and to attempt to prove that love, in its essential nature, is the same in all cases: the difference is in the outward expression of it, due to social and conventional restraints, and in *depth* of attachment, not in the *quality* of love itself.

The first aspect of all love is *attraction* of one being towards another and the desire for as close a proximity—physical, mental and spiritual—as possible with the object loved. This factor is inseparable from love. Whether the love is of a child for his parent, or a chelā for his guru; whether the love is of friend for friend or spouse for spouse; whether the love is of a father for his son or a preceptor for his disciple—the element of attraction on the part of the subject loving for the object loved must always be present in a super-abundant degree. Without a natural attraction—for

which no reason can be assigned—there can be no real love. And why confine ourselves to the case of one human being loving another; we find the same truth holding good in the case of men in relation to the lower creation: bird or beast. We can find illustrations by the score of the most fervent attachment between men and animals—horses, dogs, cats, birds, etc.—the loving and the loved being drawn to each other irresistibly and for reasons unexplainable either by themselves or others.

This element of attraction carries with it the inevitable corollary of the desire on the part of the beings loving one another to get as near as possible to each other: physically, to be as much as possible in each other's company; mentally, to have no secrets from each other; spiritually, to have common aspirations and common endeavours. Separation brings sadness to them; to act without consultation seems to them improper and unbecoming; to have differing thoughts and hopes seems to them to be sacrilege. This is so whenever there is strong love, whether the object loved be superior, equal, or inferior to the person loving. This principle filters down to the case of the child and the lower animal as well. A much loved infant may be consulted, though without intelligible response; a favourite dog or bird may be consulted, though without any intelligible answer. A faithful and loving dog, separated from his master, pines as much as the proverbial lover separated from his beloved. A strong love—so far as the emotion is concerned—impels towards similar feelings. Its outward expression, however, may be different in different cases: the child may touch the feet of the parent; the friend may give

a vigorous handshake to his friend ; the husband may embrace his wife ; the master may pat his favourite dog—in every case we see the desire to get as near as possible to the object loved is an ever-present factor. This extends even to the case of non-sentient things, *e.g.*, a favourite pen or a favourite table. The fact is that the desire for nearness is inseparable from affection, and a man must have this longing whenever he loves—whether the object of his love is another human being or an animal or even a non-living thing. We see, therefore, that there is fundamentally but one sort of love, and its nature is the same whatever the object of love may be.

The other characteristic of love is to fill the lover's mind with a fervent desire to serve the loved person. The desire to be of service to the person one loves is an all-impelling force, and cannot be avoided whenever and wherever there is love. The chief ingredient of service is to please. Whenever a person loves another deeply, he tries to serve the latter and to please him by his acts of devotion and affection. This we find in all cases of love; and the intensity of our desire in this service depends entirely on the intensity of our love. A loving son desires and attempts to serve his parent ; a loving disciple his preceptor ; a friend his friend ; a consort his consort ; an animal his master and *vice versa*. We find the same feeling even when an inanimate thing is loved. A favourite pen or table is kept more clean and better polished, has more attention paid to it than other pens and tables: in fact, everything is done which, if the pen and the table could only feel, would convince them that every effort was being made to serve them and please them.

Arguing along these lines, I do not see the difference that is often sought to be made between what is called the different sorts of love that one human being has for different persons and things. The intensity differs as it is bound to, but I have grave doubts as to whether the nature, the sort of love itself, is different in the various cases.

Love is a blind, unreasoning force that carries us away beyond ourselves, which we are unable to check, which listens to no argument, and which demands but two things: (1) as great a nearness as possible to the loved object; (2) as many opportunities as possible to serve and please that object. Very often we carry our love to a cruel extreme and picture our friends in distress from which we imagine ourselves saving them; in other words, we actually wish, though unconsciously, that they might fall into distress so that we might have an occasion to serve them, to please them, and to vindicate our devotion and our attachment.

What does love give us? Joy: it gives nothing more and nothing less. It is simple joy that we feel in being near our loved ones and of being of service to them. Their physical proximity gives us such comfort and such exhilaration that we cannot describe it, though we feel without understanding why it comes. The mere sight of our loved ones gives us happiness—such happiness that we are willing to undergo hardships for them which, in other circumstances, would be resented as needless suffering, but which actually yield us pleasure when undergone for our loved ones. Love cannot be explained, the joy that it gives cannot be explained: they are only felt. The depth, the quality, the intensity differ in the case

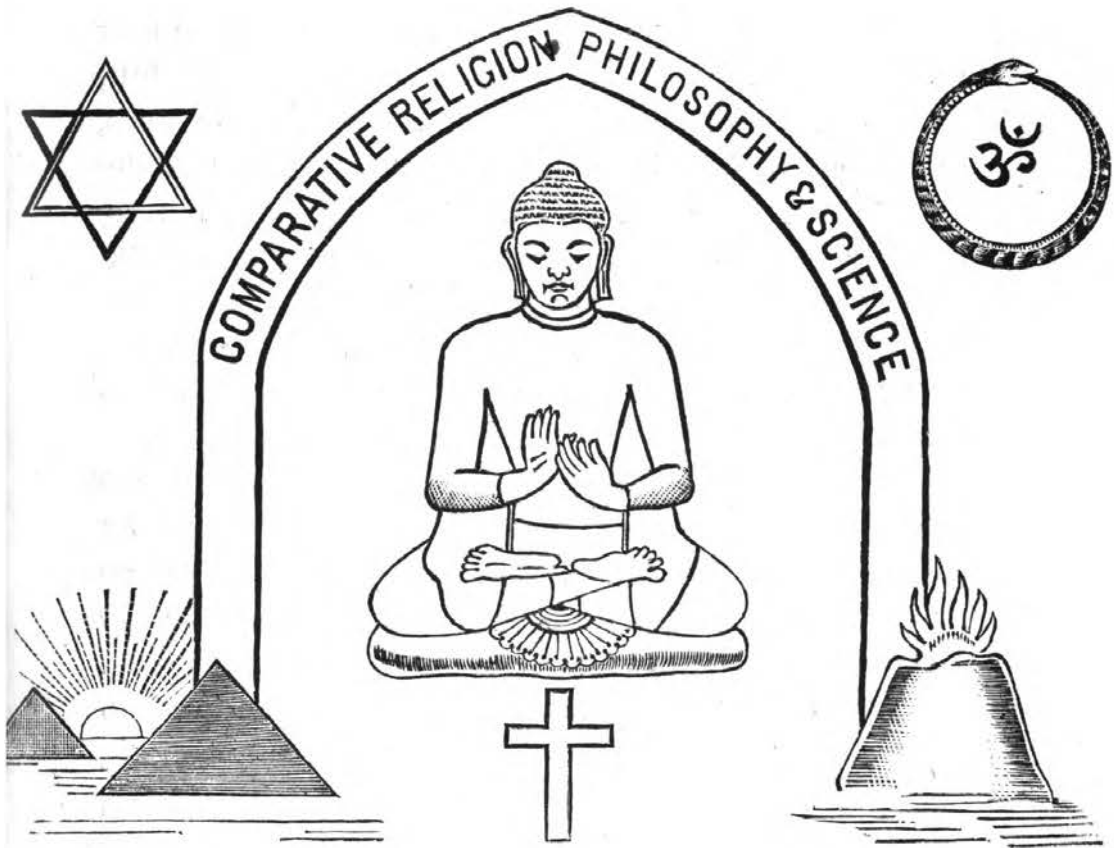
of the love of one and the same person for different objects: the *nature* of love, however, is the same in every case, and impels towards similar acts and desires. From that mighty expression of human love and self-surrender—the longing of the devotee for his Lord—to all the loves, we see the same phenomenon, the same anguish at separation, the same joy at union. We cannot divide love into different sorts: it is indivisible.

The doubt, however, that lingers in the mind is with regard to the element of sex in some expressions of love. Though what has been said above may fulfil the various conditions of the human mind, may, perhaps, be correct as a psychological analysis, how are we to explain the difference between love with the sexual instinct attached to it, and love without such instinct?

It seems to me that sex—as sex—though a most important fact in life, is not a necessary concomitant of love. Love itself has no element of sex. There sex attraction seldom connotes love. In love proper, the idea that the object loved is of the opposite sex scarcely plays a part, *e.g.*, in the love of the father for his daughter, the love of the brother for his sister. But sex does, ultimately, play a part in the love of two persons of similar age and opposite sexes—the love that culminates in marriage. I have said above that love tolerates no secrets; I have also said above that love seeks the closest union possible. In these two statements we see the whole explanation of the sex element in particular cases of love. With the limitations of the human body imposed upon us, the closest possible union in life is achieved in this expression of love; hence it is the most intense; and

hence, in the language of the devotee, the object of his constant contemplation—the Lord, Parameshvara Himself—is depicted as being of the sex opposite to that of the devotee himself. This might, ordinarily speaking, be regarded as utter sacrilege: it is this that has created so much misunderstanding about the relations of Kṛṣṇa and the Gopīs; it is this that gives the terrible force and pathos to Mīrā Bāī's songs, and makes her appear almost a wanton; it is this that made the mediæval Christian regard the Church as "the bride of Christ". All adopt the same symbolism; the relation between husband and wife, being the closest on earth, has stood as the embodiment of the intensest Love, and therefore is used as a metaphor and simile to express in human language the most fervent attachment of one being for another, whatever their other mutual relations may be.

Sri Prakasa



THEOSOPHY AND THE MODERN SEARCH  
FOR TRUTH

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

*(Concluded from p. 175)*

**H**ERE, then, are three great Truths that Theosophy offers you: that there is a great Brotherhood of all that lives, that all things happen in accordance with a Divine Plan, and that all things are Divine, for there is

nothing, visible or invisible, that is not an expression of the great life of God. Now suppose that you are able to assimilate these great ideas, and can make them part and parcel of your daily life; suppose you felt, instinctively, the great brotherhood of all that lives, that you knew, intellectually and intuitively, the wisdom that makes you understand all that happens, that you had within you the sense that everywhere you went, everywhere you looked, there was but one life, the life of God Himself; what would life be to you then? What is the logical deduction of being a Theosophist?

First, an intense sense of hope, which affects you personally, and through you all your fellow men. It is a hope that tells you that since you are an immortal soul, with eternity before you, nothing *can* hold you back from that which you desire to become. Is there not in every human heart a desire to be an ideal? Suppose you should *know*, not merely believe, that you *will* achieve that ideal—in an infinity of time, perhaps, but nevertheless, that you *will* achieve it; suppose you wish to be a great statesman, to govern the policy of a whole continent, to be a poet to express the beautiful in nature and in men, to be a spiritual teacher to give light and comfort to a suffering world, to be a lover of God to give Him a love greater than your heart will hold; what would life be to you then? You would look at all your present failures as lessons from which you must learn something precious for the future; your present vices, your present failings, are then only the clay out of which bricks for your ideal edifice will be made. And as you look at yourself thus, at your present life, at your past life, you will deduce from them a most



wonderful future ; you will see that each thing that has been achieved by any great soul, you yourself will one day achieve. As you think of the great future, you will know that it is yours to make it what it shall be. You can dream of yourself as founding a great world-religion ; you can dream of yourself as becoming a poet like Homer or Shakespeare ; or a great musician, or a great painter ; you can dream of giving your individual message to the universe in many an art, in many a science ; and all your failings are seen to be but stepping-stones into an eternal future, which is absolutely certain and secure because you are of the very nature of God Himself.

Think of the hope that this knowledge gives you for all your fellow men. I have myself had many opportunities in life ; I have travelled in many lands, studied many languages, many sciences and arts, and as a result of all these varied experiences life is a thing of beauty to me. As I look into the past civilisations of India and Egypt and Greece, I know what a splendid thing human culture once was ; on all sides human life is pouring out to me its message of wonder from many channels. But what of my brother who has not had my opportunities—the labourer of limited intelligence, the man or woman whose life is one round of drudgery in mine or factory, whom grinding poverty has brutalised into a slave ? Were I not a Theosophist I should be a hater of every human institution, hater of myself for the qualities I have of heart and mind which others do not possess, and hater, too, of my fellow men for their blindness to opportunities, for their weakness which will not grasp what is to their hand, for their sloth which makes them prefer to rot in darkness than to

grow in light. But then I should be of little use to the world ; it is only because I am a Theosophist that I can be content with my own lot—that I have so much that millions of my fellow men have not—and I can labour lovingly and methodically to make them possess what I have. For I know that to each will come the destiny which awaits him, that to every fellow man will come all happiness and all beauty and every dream of good ; I can look at the tragedies of my fellow men and, wisely and not despairingly, do what I can to make that tragedy less. It is this hope and certainty for all one's fellow men that is one of the priceless gifts of Theosophy.

Hope comes, and then sympathy. For wherever you go, you can understand. If you look at a man who is without character, or depraved, or delights in evil, you know that he is only a child soul, and that he is not fully responsible. There is no wickedness or evil in any soul, for there is fundamentally nothing of the nature of darkness in the whole of God's existence. As you look at the man who has injured you, you know that he is your brother-soul ; and if by injuring you he has failed, it is only because he has not yet the strength to succeed, and from your heart and mind all condemnation vanishes. You *understand*, and with understanding comes to you a strength which you can give to him. And you know, too, that the lot that is now his was yours in the past ; if you are not now the drunkard, the thief, or the criminal, it is because, through painful experiences in the past, you have learnt the lessons that those vices had to teach you ; they do not tempt you now because you have been already tempted by them. So with an intuition born of sympathy, you remember your own past misdeeds,

and do not condemn your brother, but rather feel towards him as if he were a part of yourself floundering in the mire.

There are, I know, many men who do not want to be sympathetic, and to them Theosophy has no message. But to many of us life is brighter and happier as we feel that we can share the life of our fellow men. That is the great, inspiring thought and feeling that is slowly growing up in the world to-day. We desire to become one, to come out of our little selves and discover something of our other selves. If you desire to sympathise with every man, woman, and child, then you will find that Theosophy makes your sympathies grow, and that, gradually learning to put aside condemnation, you hold out your hand to your brother man, and invisibly give him strength, inspiration, and blessing. And everywhere you go, it is a brother you meet; and wherever you are, you discover this mystery—that God flashes His message to you from the faces of your fellow men.

There is also a third great change in you. You become full of illumination, so that whatever is the problem before you, you have some understanding of it, and day by day more and more understanding. One of the difficult things is the puzzle of life; if we could only *understand!* Why has this trouble come to me; why is there all this terrible turmoil in the world, this unrest, this misery?—these are the questions no man can avoid. Be the Theosophist and you will understand.

Slowly as you study Theosophy, there will come illumination, so that into whatever dark places you may go, you seem to carry with you a light, and whatever problem meets you, you feel you have a

solution. That is the result of living these great Theosophic principles of the Brotherhood of Man, of co-operation with the Divine Plan, and of worshipping the Divine nature of God in all that exists. There is not a single soul in the world who is not instinct with the power of opening out into a larger soul; that is the real beauty and wonder of life. Each one of us is as a bud, within which the full beauty of the flower is but waiting to open; and as we feel dimly life's sunshine, the beauty within us, answering the call of the great Sun without, tries to open its heart to give its beauty to the Source of all life. It is so with us all; within a man is the nature of God; the hidden beauty within him tries to greet the great beauty of God; that is life, that is evolution.

Now it is self-sacrifice alone that makes possible the unfolding. You must have some philosophy of self-sacrifice; it does not much matter what it is, so long as there is some kind of a philosophy behind your acts. The animal, who gives its life for the welfare of its young, has its little philosophy of self-sacrifice; the savage, who kills his fellow men for the safety of his wife and child, is showing his divine nature. Whether the philosophy of self-sacrifice be of this religion or of that, or of no religion at all, matters not, so long as a man feels within him the call to self-sacrifice. The important thing is that the spirit of self-sacrifice should grow from day to day.

For many that spirit has not been so growing; but that is only because the vision of truth has not been clear; they do not know where to look for the solution of their doubts, and it is to these, above all others, that Theosophy has a message—the message of a self-sacrifice which is

not pain but joy, which is full of light and not of darkness, a self-sacrifice which is born with every moment of time and makes a man a hero, able to plunge into existence and make of himself the master of all life. There, indeed, is the solution of the great search for truth. To know that you are God; that all is God; that God is the source of the Universe and of all things visible and invisible; that He desires to come into your life, and to show Himself to you there in yet fuller beauty—does not such a realisation solve all problems?

That is the fundamental message of Theosophy; and if you could be the Theosophist, what would life be to you? You would understand that wherever you go, you are confronted with the nature of God; you would feel around you everywhere the Divine Nature; as you stood on the earth you would know that the earth is good and beautiful, and you would recognise its fellowship with yourself. It is this friendliness with all things, this intense gladness that you share with all things, that is one of life's priceless treasures. For you become not only a brother of all that lives, but also a mouthpiece of their aspirations. As you are a brother to every atom, to every flower, to every animal, to all your fellow men, so do you become the prophet and artist of what each dreams of God. For even an atom dreams of God and of being like Him some day; it rejoices in its dim way when one who knows of God and of His scheme, feels fellowship with it, for it knows that he has achieved what it too will achieve some day. Can you conceive of a philosophy of life greater than this? To know that all things reflect one Love and Beauty, that all men have within them a perfect Divinity, that each one of us is as a string on

which God is drawing His bow, a tablet on which He is writing His message—that is to understand Theosophy. Ah! the true mystery, the real grandeur of life is so wonderful a thing that one can give you but a fragment of its truth; the full truth you must discover for yourself, for it is your own life calling to you, saying: “Understand me, grasp me in all my beauty!”

You have known something of all this in the past philosophies, but you will find a fuller beauty and a grander solution in the great ideas of Theosophy. If only you will understand and live them, you will find that you go forth into life growing from moment to moment in splendour, knowing that as you tread your road you live not as men but as Gods, and that what you hear in your heart and in the heart of the world, is not a tragedy but a great song. To hear that song of life, to understand its beauty and its wonder, and to give your contribution to its entrancing beauty—that is the message to you of Theosophy.

C. Jinarājadāsa

## TOWARDS THE OCCULT

By BERTRAM A. TOMES

MAN has ever set his face towards the Occult. As an individual ego, as "I," he finds himself midway between the revealed and the occult, the known and hidden, the past and the future; 'twixt memories and imaginings, experiences and ideals, existence and being. He realises, too, an "ever-becoming"; thus his and all "material existence," in the words of Sir Oliver Lodge, is "a steady passage from past to future, only the single instant which we call the present being actual. The past . . . is stored in our memories, there is a record of it in matter, and the present is based upon it; the future is the outcome of the present and the product of evolution." Man's truth of yesterday needs restatement, in the light of subsequent living, to be his exact truth of to-day. His immediate aim of yesterday must be modified to-day, if he would make progress. His very world of yesterday has been somehow readjusted and rearranged up to the present moment; and not only so, but he realises that to-morrow facts and aspirations will inevitably be an outcome of readjustment in living to-day. Truly man ever faces the Occult—the hidden.

To the degree to which, as the Thinker—for Man is the one of *Manas* or Mind, in the sense of Intellect and Intelligence—Man has observed phenomena and

reflected thereon, to the degree to which he has generalised his knowledge and organised his mind, he has become conscious that Spirit manifests in ever-unfolding forms amid the interactions and flux of existence, and so he postulates his laws of readjustment and evolution. Living to him becomes purposeful—that life may be self-conscious, that he may know the occult, which comprehends among other things that most interesting of all human studies—himself. So is awakened the divine discontent, the hunger for real food, the groping in the darkness of mortality for the Light of Truth, the quest for the occult.

“Towards the Occult” is the watchword of research, enterprise, aspiration, art, science and commerce; and this cry calls forth will, devotion and energy in living. At the heart of Being lies the Reality, and that Reality is attainable. To “one far-off divine event . . . the whole creation moves”. “Be-ness” consists in ever realising Being through Becoming. The potential perfect already IS; It awaits but the completion of the readaptation and readjustment of nature, that IT may be *expressed*.

Every age, every people, every individual entity in the Cosmos has had its mode of quest for this unknown, and has expressed, as the result of effort, some little more of its nature; and of this quest the modes of scientific research are eloquent. Perhaps nothing shows the path of progress towards the occult better than the history of scientific achievement, from the time when the old alchemists searched for the truth behind phenomena, postulated their theories and were persecuted for their wizardry, until to-day when science “has suspended the major conflict with theological



dogmatism and driven its arch enemy into a territory little more than his legitimate province". Let us briefly trace that history in its development.

The British nation passed out of the "dark ages," almost barren of literary effort, having evolved a national consciousness beyond mere emotional expression of unquestioned dogma—its natural mode of life in what may be called its astral stage of development—and entered upon an age of mental activity. The revival of letters marks the awakening to closer observation of life. The age of Elizabeth with its "moving incident in flood and field" followed. Superstition gradually gave way to common sense, and the struggle for religious, national, and individual liberty marks the dawn of an age of thought. Too long had the human mind accepted the truth as revealed, and failed to apply it to living; too often had the happenings around failed to square with the teachings of a degenerate Christianity. Was there not something more true after all in the teachings of the alchemists? Could they not find truth by the methods of these earlier pioneers of Science? True, the outer and manifest might express the Inner Truth, but could not that Truth be discovered by starting with observed facts and seeking intellectually for their causes? Why this eternal acceptance of so-called "revealed truth"—not always logical or possible of application? Away with it!

So the quest, from what is observed and known to what is unknown, began, and the heresies of the sixteenth century alchemist gradually became the orthodoxy of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The great age of intellectual development and culture in the British race began, education entered upon her

great work of the discovery of the real man by leading him out into fuller and fuller manifestation, and by raising his consciousness to a truer appreciation of energy, force and form, and of his essential spiritual reality. Examine all things, demonstrate every theory, reject all that does not appeal to reason, classify, arrange, search—these are the cries of Science since 1600; and when their meaning becomes clear, how certain becomes the materialism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—a materialism destined to give way to a more conscious, rationally comprehended spirituality, as Science lifts the veils of Being.

But A.D. 1600 was mentioned. The year 1600 marks an epoch in our national development, it inaugurates our age of science; and, as usual, the teacher of the new method of scientific enquiry—the man of that moment—appears.

In 1605 Francis Bacon reviewed the existing state of knowledge in his *Advancement of Learning*, and in 1620 he outlined his ambitious and never-completed scheme, *Instauratio Magna*, sections and fragments of which we fortunately possess. Section 1, known as *De Augmentis*, is a survey of the state of learning, and Section 2, *Novum Organum*, postulated a new organ for the discovery of truths. This “new method” is nothing more than our inductive mode of enquiry into phenomena, and the author urges the necessity of going “from particular things to those which are but one step more general; from those to others of still greater extent; and so on to such as are universal”.

Not content with advocating this new method of research, he proceeded to apply it to the investigation of Natural Law, and commenced his *Phenomena Universi*,

of which *Sylva Sylvarum*, an exegesis on plants, is the only completed section. He also desired to extend his researches into psychology, and by *Scala Intellectus* to probe to the truth of Intellect and Mind, and finally to propound on his findings a philosophy of life to comprehend all the phenomena of the universe.

That consummation he did not live to attain, nor has man yet comprehended all the phenomena of the universe in any philosophy of life. He passed over through a chill caught while studying the preservation of food by cold storage and experimenting in snow ; but not before he had forged the weapon for establishing the domain of science. From known to unknown, from data to deduction—towards the occult—became the inflexible rule of the scientist.

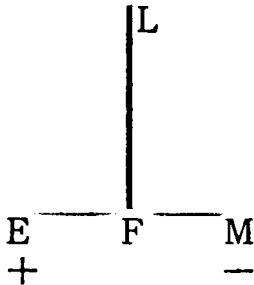
In 1662 Dr. Wilkins and his friends founded the Royal Society in the interests of Physical and Mathematical Science. Cowley, Dryden, Barrow, Ray, Boyle, and Newton, were members. The first paper, "The Discovery of a New World," showing that the earth was probably a planet of the sun, marks the progress of scientific thought, yet shows how fragmentary was its knowledge. Boyle published his law of the compressibility of gases in 1662, and since that time science may be said to have made progress—steady at first, but accelerating its pace as facts accumulated and apparatus improved.

Thus 1600 marks the beginnings of our age of science, the discovery and statement of truth from the investigation of phenomena. True, scientists have found their quest stupendous, and the aspiration to state the prime or fundamental cause of happenings soon gave place to the attempt to explain phenomena.

But even "explanation," as Sir Oliver Lodge says, "has been discarded as too ambitious by some men of science who claim only the power to describe". As Gustav Kirchhoff acutely expresses himself: "It is the object of science to describe natural phenomena, not to explain them." For 300 years the process of "observing phenomena," using the inductive method of cold reasoning and explaining or describing phenomena, has been going on. Scientist has succeeded scientist in chemistry, biology, and indeed every branch of science, classifying and organising into sciences the observed facts, adumbrating more and more fundamental laws, promoting what is vaguely termed the "advancement" of science. But whither this "advancement"?—ever towards the Occult.

The Cosmos has grown larger in two senses of the word. The physical world has grown larger in the directions of the stupendously large and microscopically small, *i.e.*, there has been an extension of this known sensory world into the sensorily occult; the Cosmos has also grown larger in the direction of spirit and manifestation, *i.e.*, there has been an extension of consciousness from a merely physical world to worlds of emotion, mind, and spirit; and the differentiation of such sciences as physiology and biology from psychology, is eloquent of this extension. These extensions of the known are perpendicular to one another and may be symbolised as a cross, or better as an inverted T (inverted because we conceive life as being higher than the form which manifests it). The nucleus of the two lines is "phenomena" manifested as "form," whose shapes, numbers and colours, whose textures and properties, form the bases of classification and the arena of

observations. Laterally this known world of phenomena extends by intellect into those of the energies and



matters, whose equilibrium and interaction express the "form" of the phenomena, and which constitute that fundamental duality of opposing polarity, or positive and negative potentials, which the physicist and chemist recognise as lying at the basis of manifestation. Vertically this

world of visible phenomena or forms extends from the inorganic or "dust of the earth" to the sublime heights of the spiritual, conscious, intelligent organism—the Divine Man, which constitutes the world of "evolution" and which is recognised by botanist, physiologist, biologist and psychologist as the path from matter to intelligent life, from that which is exactly calculable to the region of that incalculable factor manifesting everywhere.

For if the "form" of a flower, with its symmetry, numbers and colours, or the form of any other discerned object be reflected upon, it will become clear that therein a something called "intelligent life" is using the energies and matters of the Cosmos appropriate to its nature and modelling therewith this "form" in a fashion appropriate to its proper expression and necessary experiences.

To quote Lodge again :

There is plenty of physics and chemistry and mechanics about every vital action ; but for a *complete* understanding of it, something beyond physics and chemistry is needed. And life introduces an incalculable element. The vagaries of a fire or a cyclone could all be predicted by Laplace's calculator, given the initial positions, velocities, and the law of acceleration of the molecules ; but no mathematician could calculate the orbit of a common house-fly.

Here, then, are three factors: a positive one, termed "energy" by science; an element which is fixed, stable, inert, called "matter"; and a purposeful, intelligent, synthesising, conscious factor, called "life" (better, perhaps, "spirit"), welding these two into a "form" in which it lives and moves and has its being. Truly a "three [energy, inertia, consciousness] falling as four [form added] into the lap of māyā (sense of separation and outward seeming)". How nearly science is unconsciously expressing the facts and verities of the occult records! This is not at all remarkable, however, since the quest of science is honestly for Truth as IT IS, and such quest can but lead ultimately to the same realisation as every other quest. And to the metaphysical mind too, in these factors of science—energy, inertia, form, and consciousness, there is found more than one mode of correspondence to the earth, air, fire and water of the Platonists.

To return, however, to the quest of modern science towards the Occult, what is energy, matter, life, evolving form? As to what they ultimately are, Science is dumb; that realisation is its ideal, and all ideals worthy of the name are humanly unattainable, although ultimately they are so. Yet Science will explain these terms, and by her explanations lead the enquirers "towards the Occult". Look into the world around you; whatever is tangible to the senses is in "form". These forms are tangible because filled out with substance. Substances are not alike; some are rigid, some mobile, some, like that of the wind, invisible except to touch when in motion. But there is a something lasting, tangible, the substance of form, that is matter. Again, these forms move from impulse

within or are moved by impulses without. Plants and animals grow, fish swim, animals run, wind blows, ice melts, blood congeals, etc. These impulses or forces are called life, heat, light, gravity, electricity; and are said to be modes of energy. Amid this flux of matter appears design, order, law, intelligent arrangement, with symmetry and beauty, manifesting the presence of life or spirit. Here is the world of the beginnings of Science three hundred years ago. Very soon it was discovered that the characteristic property of matter was inertia, and that by causing what has since been called physical and chemical reactions, matter could be resolved into simpler substances. At first, when Priestley discovered oxygen, it was thought to be an air given off from mercuric oxide, as if merely occluded within it; but soon this view passed, and oxygen was found to be chemically united to mercury to form a definite compound. Experimentation and discoveries led to the statement by Dalton of his Atomic Theory, a theory which has since been the basis of all chemical enquiry. No one has yet seen an atom; its structure is still engaging the chemist's attention; but no one doubts atomic matter, for our knowledge now includes inter-atomic conditions of existence; and for this, the discovery of and experimentation with radium by Madame Curie, Messrs. Rutherford, Soddy, Ramsey and others, is responsible.

What, then, is the present conception of matter? It may be approached thus: The form of any phenomenon is filled with substances of ranging composition. Take a pebble from a South Coast cliff, for example; it is mainly composed of chalk and flint. Now if one of such substances be taken, say chalk, it is found to consist of tiny fragments

held together or cohering through energy, and however small the particle, it is still chalk. The smallest particles are called molecules. When, however, heat is applied to chalk, it breaks up into two simpler and quite different substances—calcium oxide, or quicklime, and carbon dioxide, a gas in the air; and further chemical research has again divided these into a metal—calcium, soot or carbon, and the vital air of the atmosphere—oxygen. So with the molecules of all other substances; and hence the union of atoms to make molecules came to be realised. Then these atoms of elemental or atomic character were found to combine and interact according to definite laws, and the great science of chemistry was slowly built up. Finally it was stated that there were some eighty elements or atomic substances, and that from their behaviour towards each other they could be grouped, as indeed was done by Mendeleeff and others. Gaps in this classification led to the forecasting of the discovery and properties of other elements, and in several cases discovery has verified the anticipation. Until the discovery of radium, the material basis of the universe was the atom; of atoms there were some eighty varieties, and these were proved to be indestructible and to persist continuously; also the spectroscope revealed the universe as in all likelihood built up from the same foundations. The “fortuitous concourse of atoms,” as a description of phenomena, gained currency as a fundamental fact twenty years ago.

Meanwhile energy had also been studied, and the various forces of nature considered. Slowly it has been borne in upon man that all forces are but modes of motion; that, for example, a thing is hot or cold owing to the rate of motion of its molecules, etc.; the



motion following a special mode of motion which we term "heat". So with light, electricity, chemical and physical forces, and even with that least understood force, gravity—all were at length regarded as phenomena due to motion or to that which produces motion or energy. Also the indestructibility of energy, as well as its tendency to degradation, was established. The energy of a falling ball is not lost when it is stopped by the earth. Part appears as the energy of rebound, part as heat in the ball and earth, which is really increased vibration of the molecules where the collision has occurred, and part again as the vibratory movements of shock spreading into the surrounding mass. But no energy is lost. The energy produced is equal to the energy producing it, though the appearance of some of the produced energy as heat (the so-called degradation of energy) entirely precludes the possibility of "perpetual motion". Electricity is transmuted into the energy of motion in our tramcars, that of burning coal into the expansive power of steam, the motive power of our locomotives, steamers and factories.

Thus two great facts appear as fundamental after three hundred years of scientific research, *viz.*, the conservation of energy and the persistence of matter. The universe of phenomena is a blend of energy and matter; on the one hand of modes of motions and activities, and on the other of atoms moving and inert. And further, both are indestructible; they cannot be increased or diminished; they are ever constant. Then came the separation of radium and the recognition of radioactivity, at a time when the investigation of electricity had prepared the way for a further advancement of knowledge. The separated radium appeared to

increase the energy of the universe and, without apparent loss of mass, to be the parent of new substances—a veritable philosopher's stone; in fact the same quantity of radium in the same quantity of barium chloride was found by Madame Curie to be always the same number of degrees above the temperature of its surroundings. That is, it was always supplying so much heat that in an hour it would heat its own weight of water from freezing to boiling point, and it would be able to keep liquid air in a state of ebullition for centuries, although placed under conditions which would otherwise preclude its boiling. Then again, it was found to give off material "alpha" rays, carrying positive charges of electricity, and material "beta" rays, carrying negative charges of electricity, while these set up vibrations or "gamma" rays in what is termed the æther of space. These rays would affect a photographic plate, just as Röntgen or X rays do, and finally there was a deposit or emanation, which Ramsey carefully separated and proved to resolve itself into helium—a metal he had discovered in the sun.

Where were now the established conservation of energy and persistence of matter? Radium appeared to upset both. Hence arose the present healthy agnosticism in the scientific world and the re-examination of all so-called established facts. From the enquiry radium and radioactive substances are only apparently in conflict with these established truths. But to explain the phenomena science had to step again into the occult.

The atom is a universe of corpuscles or electrons, moving with velocities comparable with that of light, *i.e.*, somewhere in the region of 186,000 miles

per second ; and the form of the atom is due to the motions of these corpuscles. Try to picture the atom as the result of the energies and presence of thousands of corpuscles, whose individual sizes in relation to the atom are comparable with that of the earth to the solar system. The solar system is indeed a useful analogy. Every one is now familiar with the idea of a central sun, around which planets move in orbits, with their moons or satellites moving round them, as they traverse their paths. Visiting comets enter our system, travel to the sun, develop tails of radiant matter, and then fly off to other sun systems which comprise the stars of space.

Now imagine the movements of planets, satellites and comets speeded up, and the heat, light and gravity vibrations also quickened to prevent catastrophe. How would the system appear when, instead of revolutions round the sun taking one or many years, such were accomplished many times per second ? The globes would become rings round the sun, just as the stone tied to a string is seen as a circle when it is whirled round. The paths of these globes and satellites would appear as a mesh of lines—a zodiacal belt of our luminary—while the movement of the whole system among the stars, as the sun rolls on in space, would transform this belt into a globe—the atom which perchance this system appears to the eye of the Infinite, one fragment of the great Milky Way of space, and sphere of the eternal egg, for to the Omniscient the limitation of Time disappears. As the Infinite One is to our solar system, so are we individually to the atom of matter. We regard the substance whose form is due to oscillating and rotating molecules and atoms as

persistent. Could we stop the motions of the atoms from forming by their movements—at rates too rapid to be followed by the human eye—the periphery or form of the molecule, that form would cease to be; the very substantiality of matter would nearly vanish; only atoms, a veritable impalpable dust of the earth, would remain.

Again, taking one of these atoms, which is to its corpuscles some 200,000 times as large—maybe what the earth is to a pea, or a balloon to a dust particle—let us suppose we could stay the stupendous rates of motion of these corpuscle planets round their central sun, whose motions above give the appearance of the globe or balloon casing; and that substantiality and permanence still further dwindles. Form is the result of vibrations, oscillations, or rotations of corpuscles, and in turn, atoms and molecules. We walk the earth because the rate of the motions of the corpuscles, atoms and molecules of living matter of body and earth are great enough to form meshes which resist the encroachment one of the other. We cannot push a finger into a tree because the corpuscles there are moving in their orbits so as to strike the intruding finger so many thousands of times per second—they move approximately with the velocity of light—that the way is barred. What then is the substantiality of this globe, the *terra firma* whose support we so much value? Thin air—æther—perhaps granular æther; and the rest—all vibration and stress.

But to return to radium and its teachings, how does the corpuscular theory explain radium as a loyal adherent and not as a rebel to established scientific law? Already two facts have been mentioned which need to be considered together. The first is that the energy

due to a ball or corpuscle striking another body is partly transmuted into heat; and with corpuscles flying off from atoms of radium, as they do, at immense velocities, heat would be one of the discerned phenomena, which, as already stated, is the case. The second is that, in the analogy of the solar system, cometary bodies had to be considered as well as planets and their satellites. There are comets in the radium atoms, and these fly off, both as single corpuscles and as groups of corpuscles, as can be seen in Crookes's Spintharoscope. So radium comes into line in science, but the persistence of matter is now relegated to an æther supposed to be granular, the energy of which is considered to be due to the motion of these granules and their combinations.

At this point it may be well to state that the fundamental duality of the Cosmos does not disappear, although Thompson and Lodge have postulated Electronic Theories of matter and have endeavoured to establish the fact that corpuscles are negative and positive charges of electricity. True, the "beta" corpuscles of radium carry negative charges of electricity and are like planets carrying the effects of the energy of the sun with them, while "alpha" corpuscles carry positive charges due to being of the nature of our sun to this universe—the positive source of prāṇa; yet science thinks they go too far in saying that because these corpuscles carry these charges, and because such charges could give rise to the witnessed phenomena, that therefore they are nothing but charges of energy in vertical or other motion necessary to individualise them. So far science goes; and there is still matter—corpuscles and energy—giving rise to natural forces, a duality of nature. Sir Oliver Lodge

himself, while positing a basic æther, agrees that it is probably *granular*. This extension of science into the occult yields, then, a basic duality, the *puruṣha* and *prakṛti* of the Hindū, and again the Theosophia or Divine Wisdom-Science finds confirmation from cautious, materialistic Western Science.

A further interesting fact, however, emerges from the study of radium, connected with the emanation called helium. If comets leaving the atom solar systems of radium fly off as they do into space, what becomes of them? Some enter other atoms and interfere with matters there, while others will set up systems in space of their own. Helium is such a case. You have only to conceive of "alpha" corpuscles, carrying positive electric charges, and "beta" corpuscles, carrying negative charges, flying off into space in company with one another and away from their parental influence, to realise that they will set up housekeeping together and found another system of fewer corpuscles than the atom of radium, *viz.*, helium. Since this has been realised, some scientists are speculating whether radium too is not such a product of corpuscles, flying off from the uranium salts which are found with it, and which it renders radioactive. Professor Ramsay inclined to this view, and in all probability it will be clearly proved that all the elements which are in some degree shown to be radioactive, are products of more antecedent elements, and are giving way to a new order of elements for succeeding conditions of life and states of universal being.

This fact needs special emphasis, for it is eloquent of the fact that the eighty odd elements

now known to compose the universe are only the *present* combination of corpuscles or electrons. As the globe progresses, in time the very substances which form its combinations and manifest its phenomena will change—truly a transmutation of the elements, surely a redemption of the subtle essences of ākāsha from the density of matter. Again the occult teaching is being verified, and men are learning not to scoff when Scott-Elliott tells us in his *Story of Atlantis* that at that time iron was harder and denser than it is now. Of course; for hardness and density are due to the number of corpuscles moving to and from the atoms, and some have escaped from those systems since then as vagrant comets.

Bertram A. Tomes

*(To be concluded)*

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## NIGHT

NIGHT and the wind, and clouds careering over the misty  
downs.

Behind them the moon's pale disc, now vanishing behind the  
sweeping gloom, now suddenly emerging, piercing the  
long, interminable procession of phantoms, endowing  
each one with a halo of light, as it glides before its  
infinitely distant surface.

And the winds flow, even as the clouds, aerial phantoms with  
surging voices.

They converse in the grey night, meeting and parting amidst  
the black forms of the trees. They unite the sky and  
the land, unveiling moon-glory, carrying powerful per-  
fume of Earth.

Whither? O clouds, on your endless journey.

Proceeding far, far away . . . . and yet so quietly, so  
gently, with vaporous undulations.

Whither? wind-voices never ceasing.

Whither? wafted fragrance of the soil, ascending as incense  
towards the clouds.

Cosmic sway of this windy night, I would merge into thee.

With thee bending onward for ever,

In the play of shadows and light,

In the roar and the hush,

Gentle and grave, as befits movers into infinity,

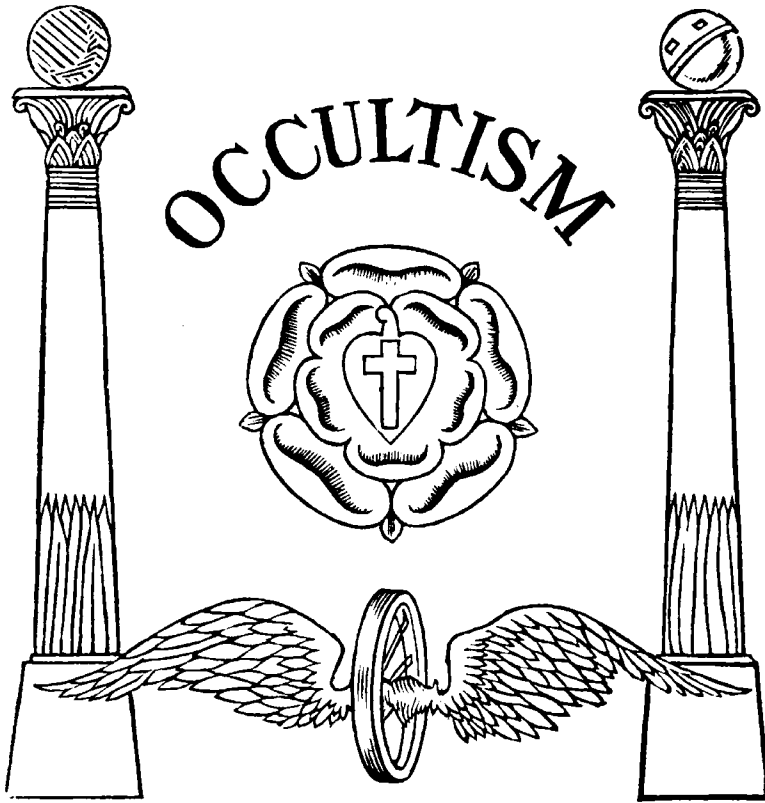
Resistless, haughty, in murmurs of World-Chant unending,

Bearing before me the incense of Earth,

Immortal, cosmic procession, in thee I advance.

MELLINE D'ASBECK





THE UNCONSCIOUSNESS PRECEDING  
DEVACHAN

A TALK WITH A CLASS

IV

By ANNIE BESANT

THE Monad, in the sense in which we use that term to-day, is that divine emanation which exists on the sixth plane and upwards. To all intents and purposes he is unconscious in the lower world. His

consciousness on his own plane is complete; he shares the divine knowledge in his own world, but he cannot reach down any further. He cannot in any way touch the lower planes of life, the matter there being of a character which is not amenable to his influences. He, who has been in union with all around him, if plunged into denser matter, would find himself in uttermost isolation, as in empty space, unconscious of all impacts and contacts of matter. Hence the whole of his evolutionary journey, down and again upwards, is for the purpose of acquiring that consciousness, of subjugating matter completely as a vehicle, until on each plane he answers to the vibrations of similar matter outside, and is able to bring out moods of consciousness which answer to those outside impressions, and thereby to become conscious of them.

In one of our previous talks you will remember that I laid stress upon the fact that you only know impressions, the results on your own consciousness of something that happens outside. Gradually by these impressions you gain knowledge of the outside world. Of course it is really knowledge of the impressions made upon you by the outside world; the knowledge of the outside world in reality is only gained when you reach the stage of evolution in which, having realised the unity of life, you are able to live in all those forms below; only then does real knowledge of the outside world come to you at all.

As long as you are separate in your consciousness, you can only receive impressions made upon you, and those impressions form to you your outside world. But when you have realised the One Life, when you are able to pass into any form at will, then you

become able really to know the outside world, because you live in the forms which make up that world, and you are no longer dealing with the impressions they make upon your consciousness, but with their consciousness as you exist within their own forms—a very, very different thing.

That is the fundamental reason why this world is called “unreal”. You do not know it as it is; you are not in a world of reality; you are living in a world of your own creation, made partly by these impressions from outside. An enormous change of attitude comes when, instead of knowing the impression a thing makes upon us, we live within the thing, and know that thing from inside by virtue of the One Life which we have realised. That enormous change means an entire revolution in our ideas. But it can come to us only when that Life is realised. Then everything becomes in a sense real to us, because we are the Life in the special form at the time, and we can correlate all those together and then understand.

In the Monad we have a fragment of the One Life. Everything is in that, by virtue of the One Life that he shares, but it has to be brought out. That is why we sometimes speak of “awakening into life the latent consciousness”. Literally everything is in that Monad, all divine knowledge; but to bring that out, so that on any plane of matter he may *know*, is the whole work of evolution. That is the mysterious pressure which puzzles science so much, as to why things move onward; what is the force which makes for evolution? why is it that the various lives, as they call them, moving in different directions, yet are related one to the other? what gives rise to all this variety?

The answer is that this "latent consciousness has to be awakened into life"; that is, awakened to Self-consciousness. And in order that this memory of all the things and the persons that you have vivified in the past may awaken within you, the Monad has joined himself to the highest attributes of the lower personality.

I ought perhaps to tell you that there is a very considerable difference between this awakening of what was in the old days called the "personal individuality," and what is normally called the "memory of past lives". It is perfectly possible to gain a knowledge of your past lives from observation from without, that is to say, by clairvoyance which, looking back through the ages, recognises your own activity in any particular life, and watches that as you might watch the life of anybody else. That is what is generally called memory of past lives. It is not really a memory; it is an observation from outside; you see yourself living and moving, and in that way you get a good record of the life.

The memory of past lives which is to be awakened in the Monad is a very much more intimate thing. It is the inner recognition, not the outer observation alone, of the life, and that is really the only thing to which the word memory ought accurately to be applied. You may remember Mr. Leadbeater telling us one day how he found dates in the past; he found the date by looking into the mind of somebody, and seeing what persons were thought of as contemporaries by that man; or, if that person happened to have it, the date of that particular year in which he was living. Mr. Leadbeater was not that person, but he was able so to look at the consciousness of the person as to be able to get information out of it. If you think of that as an observation

of another, you will realise exactly what I mean when I say that you may know your past lives by observation. You may observe yourself just as you might observe anybody else. You can look into your own mind of the past, just as you can look into the mind of anybody else ; but it is all from outside.

Now there is a subtle change when, instead of observing either the person's acts in his body or his emotions or his thoughts, the whole of these are fully realised as one's own, and when one distinguishes between these and all the various persons around as the "I" and the "not-I". Of course the first is very much the easier, and is the more common, simply because many have got on far enough to reach that point.

When the true memory is unfolded in the Monad—which means that the Monad has assimilated what he has put forth—then (to use the old phraseology) the three aspects of the higher, the *Ātmā*, the *Buddhi*, and the *Manas*, which we used to call the triad, have been drawn back into the Monad, and his content has been increased by all that ; then he must also acquire the highest attributes of the desire-mind (*kāma-mānasic*) being, which is the conscious person in each life, that in which we are living all the time. That is really the personal ego, that which to all ordinary people is the waking consciousness of the "I".

It is that which, purified, lives and enjoys bliss in *Devachan*, this *kāma-mānasic* entity, purified from the lower kinds of *kāma*. It is that which lives in *Devachan*.

It is important to remember that the "I" cannot "assimilate anything that is evil," because it enables you to realise that certain actions that we call evil, done

by the undeveloped person, have not the same results as they have when done by the more highly developed person. They do not touch the "I" level of thought. The ego is not conscious of them; he knows nothing about them, and so they make no impression on him. The utmost—I think it was printed in one of our publications—the utmost result that is brought about in the causal body by very, very long continued lives of a low type is what you may call a certain incapacity to receive the opposite good impression for a very considerable period afterwards, a kind of numbness or paralysis of the matter there; not consciousness at all, but an unconsciousness, and an unconsciousness which resists impressions of the good of the opposite kind. That is the limit of the harm that is done. It makes many more lives necessary in order to bring out the first response to the good side of activity. That is what happens to the causal body, where the animal-man life has been very much prolonged.

We have not looked into the causes as to why it should be so; it was only the result which we noticed one time when we were trying to understand how the causal body was living through all these earlier savage lives, and how it was that it was not apparently injured. We found that in very prolonged cases, where there were an abnormal number of such lives, there was a certain effect of numbness. It could not respond, but the repeated beating of evil upon it produced this curious effect of numbness, or partial paralysis, which had gradually to be worn off, so that a number of lives had to be spent in, as it were, restoring the responsive vitality to that portion of the causal body. Those are abnormal cases.

In some of our earliest teachings a great deal of stress was laid upon the unconscious condition into which men sink between the highest sub-plane of Kāma-loka and the lowest sub-plane of Devachan, that which H. P. B. spoke of as a "laya-centre," the transition state between the two, which was neither one nor the other, and in which we were told that the man stays very long, sometimes longer than we can imagine. The stay in Kāma-loka you cannot fix at any particular period. In the less evolved stage the stay there is involuntary, the working out, of course, of the results of the evil or the passion side of the nature. In the higher sub-planes of Kāma-loka the stay is voluntary, and depends on the will of the man himself.

You know we have said to you that the scientific people, who have clung very much to their scientific methods, remain on these high sub-planes of Kāma-loka for a very long time. They remain just as long as they choose to remain, as long as they like that way of working. The very idea of giving up their methods is to them so repellent that they prefer to remain in that condition. I think I told you once of a great scientist who will not go out of it; he wants to work in the way that he worked as a scientist here, and somehow he does not realise that he can work very much better if he himself uses his own faculties in their own world than he can with his astral apparatus. He wants the apparatus that he can construct over there, and finds it so very wonderful that he likes to use it; and the fact that he was sceptical here, the fact that he did not think that personal consciousness went on at all after death, that very fact remains with him and makes him doubt a life beyond his present condition, in the

same way that Charles Bradlaugh does. He told me one day: "Yes, you were right in saying I should go on after death, but I can't tell that I shall go on further if I again become unconscious." It is that period of unconsciousness that alarms them; they are going, so to speak, to die again. Finding this life so very full of knowledge and so superior to the one here, extending their knowledge of the universe continuously in this way, they cannot realise that it is better to throw the whole of that apparatus away, to trust for a time to the word of people who have gone through these conditions many times before, to trust to them that the greater freedom of the inner faculties will more than compensate for the absence of the outer apparatus—they cannot do it. Therefore they remain there; they will not enter the "period of gestation".

The same was the case with one of those people who is always living in a library; he gets the astral counterpart of all the books that are written now, and he enjoys himself enormously; and there is no apparent reason why he should not stay there for the rest of the cycle; he won't get out. So you cannot fix any time for this period.

But as to this period of unconsciousness, it is a condition that in these later times we have not gone into and studied, and I think we ought to study it, because really it remains to us very much of a name. It is evidently a period quite necessary to the building up of the devachanic ego for the life in Devachan, and that apparently may be a very long period. Just as in the womb of the mother the body of the child is built up, so in this gestation period what you may call the body for Devachan is built up. One thing that must



take place in it is the separating off of all the astral matter, however subtle that astral matter may be ; that must be left behind. The man practically goes to sleep and is unconscious. During that period of unconsciousness, all that is useful which has been worked into the astral matter, that is, all the higher emotions, the astral matter connected with the whole of those modes of consciousness, is separated off from the matter through which they were expressed, or which brought them out, and the vibrations of the matter connected with those, which have been spread over the whole of the astral body of this particular phase of matter, the whole of those are directed on to the permanent atom, and the permanent atom responds, taking up the power of vibrating in these measures, and thus preserves everything for the next astral body. And all that is valuable for the higher life—the feeling of devotion, the feeling of unselfish love, either for a person or for a cause, everything in your emotional life which is of a higher kind ; and the whole of that must have a material basis, you must remember—the whole of that is transferred as a vibratory power to the permanent astral atom, and that in turn produces sympathetic vibrations in the mental atom, from which every one of those vibrations of the higher kind, which had been expressed in the finer matter of the astral body, is sent through the mental body, and affects the moods of the mental consciousness.

Now it is quite intelligible that that might occupy a considerable period of time, and that the more of it there is, the longer the time which will be required. It is really the drawing out of the life on which certain impressions have been made, or the centering of them

in the permanent atom, which, you must always remember, only preserves the capacity of vibration. Do not think of the permanent atom as some kind of box into which you can pack more and more emotion or thought forms; that is not at all the way to look upon it. It does not preserve vibrations, but it has the capacity to reproduce vibrations, and that capacity can only be aroused by having vibrated before in that particular way. That, as you can imagine, might take a considerable time, especially as it is to a certain extent a mechanical process.

Another considerable part of that unconscious or gestation period must be spent in vivifying for separate life the mental matter which had always been vivified during the earth-life and the post-mortem life on the astral plane through the kāmīc elements. You see the whole of our physical life is kāmīc-mānāsīc work; the whole of our emotional and mental life is also kāmīc-mānāsīc work, and that forms the personal ego and the personal existence. In the physical life, while we are awake, the mental life is working of course in connection with the physical body; but while we are asleep it is working in the astral body. After we pass through death the physical body is gone, but it is continuing the life it is accustomed to in the sleep-life, active on the astral plane; and as soon as it is on the astral plane it must have astral matter to work there. Hence I imagine the need of that gestation period, which we have overlooked so much, is also to vivify the mental body for a separate existence, when it has lost its lifelong partner. When this kāmīc element is got rid of altogether, the ego in the region of bliss, or Devachan, will have the purified memory. It will not remember anything that has been

unpleasant; it will not remember anything that has been wrong or evil or degrading in any way, anything that is mingled with the lower passions. The whole of that is gone; hence the unalloyed bliss.

That enables you to understand from the mechanical standpoint what is called the artificial guardianship of Devachan. Do not think of that as a kind of artificial wall built around a certain space, but realise that a gulf exists round each individual there, because of the fact that the whole of the kāmīc matter has been swept away and is no longer there. He has no vehicle, no medium of communication, which can respond to anything of the lower worlds. Therefore the lower worlds for him are non-existent, but non-existent for exactly the same reason that the higher worlds are to a number of us non-existent. We have not vitalised to a proper extent the matter through which we can communicate with the matter of those worlds. You have not round you an outside wall excluding you, but it is in you yourself; and the process of getting into touch with the higher worlds is in breaking through this inner wall round you and in yourself; or, in other words, you have vitalised the matter of the mental body for direct communication with your lower sheaths; it is already there, present in you, but it is not working on its own account, and is not at once able to cross this "laya-centre" between the planes.

Before going on to the awakening into Devachan, let us consider for a moment the people whom H.P.B. spoke of as "soul-less," those who have overstepped the boundary of human evolution through persistent "wickedness," and who are devoluting, as it is sometimes called. They are going backwards instead of

evolving, having broken away from the mental and spiritual essence of their being.

Some of these resume their evolution, taking new lower bodies, and are merely thrown back in evolution ; others, of the lower type (who after their physical and during their astral life have lost their lower permanent atoms) will have to retire until the stage of a new world opens suitable for the very low level of evolution at which they left this world by death. They pass into what is called the "planetary death," and when they come back into a new world, will take fresh lower permanent atoms from its matter.

Meanwhile the astral body, with the astral and physical permanent atoms, and the mental body interwoven with the astral, torn away from the Spirit, is too strongly vivified to disintegrate, and incarnates again in a body of a very low type ; when this physical body dies, a yet lower human incarnation follows, perhaps as an idiot, then it devolves into an animal, and sinks downwards lower and lower, to final disintegration into the elements.

In the normal man, to whom we now return, when the mental matter is vivified sufficiently to work independently, the next stage follows, the awakening on the rūpa levels of Devachan. The man is shut *off* from the lower worlds by the purifying of the mental body from all foreign elements, and it is important to realise that this absence of the astral is the gulf that separates him from the lower worlds. He is shut *into* the world made by his own impressions of those worlds, a separating wall of exactly the same nature as that which separates us down here, where each lives in his own mental world ; but he can communicate with other

persons through mental bodies, as down here through physical ones. That is why sometimes in the older writings each one is spoken of as being shut off. He is shut off from these lower worlds and shut in within his own mental world. The karma of the recollection of evil deeds and feelings will reach the ego when it changes its personality in the following world of causes ; that is, in its next birth into mortal life. The spiritual individuality remains untouched in all cases while it is in the higher world.

The period spent in Devachan is according to the good karma that a man takes with him. He has to turn all good experience into faculty. If he takes little, it is short ; if he takes an average amount, it is an average length ; if he takes an exceptional amount, an exceptional length. It is impossible to lay down any definite duration at all. He reaps faculty where he sowed experience, and when the whole of that is assimilated, the thirst for physical life revives. That is what brings the man back ; he wants to come ; he is hungry, in fact, for more of the lower things and senses and vibrations, and he becomes hungry the moment he has completely assimilated everything which in the past life he gathered. It is worth while to remember that, because it is a question often asked you, and rather confused answers are sometimes given. It is not an outside pressure that drives him back, but he comes because he wants to come. It is all nonsense about people wanting to come back or not ; they would not come back if they did not want to, but as long as any desire remains for anything this world can give them, they want to come back ; it is because *they* want to come that they come, not because somebody else wants them to come. It is

not the pressure of any superior power which drives them, against their will, back to this world of troubles, but the intense hunger for it.

It corresponds to your own condition in the physical body when you have taken food and it has all been assimilated. You want more. You go and get food; no one has to drive you to it; you get it because you want it. As long as man is imperfect, as long as he has not assimilated everything this world can give, and utilised it to the full, so that he does not want anything more here, so long will he return.

There is a lower kind of Mokṣha that it is quite possible to get. A great many people in this country get it by a deliberate killing out of all desire for objects of enjoyment. They remain away for indefinite periods of time, and remain in what is practically arūpa Devachan. The disadvantage of it is that you only put off the day of Liberation; you may put it off to another world—remember that is quite possible. A man must be born in the world to which his desires lead him. Remember what is said in the Upaniṣhaṭṣ; a man is reborn into the world to which his desires take him. As the desire of some here in India, who have given themselves very largely to meditation, is entirely towards the objects of meditation, they stay in the mental world, and that is of course a form of liberation. That is, they have got out of the troubles of this world, but they will only come back ultimately into the troubles of another world; and that is why it is not really worth while to do it. You may as well get your troubles over, and then have the life before you of helping the world onward. But it is impossible to put a limit to that

time, because it is possible, anyhow temporarily, to kill out desire for everything here.

It is because of that power, because of that ability to "kill out," that I always say "transmute". That which you kill rises again; that which you transmute is changed for ever. The person who is in a very imperfect condition of evolution—as a great many of these good people are—if he kills out desire in that period of his evolution, he kills with it all of the possibilities of the higher evolution, because he has nothing to transmute; he has killed the thing; it is gone. It is dead for the present life, which means that all the higher life of the emotions and the mind is for the time killed; of course not altogether; it is for the time. And therefore we always try to persuade people not to follow that line. It is sometimes called the lower burning-ground; that state of mind which is brought about by an indifference which is the result of great disappointment, or trouble, or weariness of some kind; not the desire for the higher life really, but the repulsion from the lower; and the results of these are quite different.

You remember in *The Voice of the Silence* it says that the soul wants "points that draw it upwards"; not the driving away of desire by failure, by disappointment, by grief, by the love becoming tasteless because of something you have lost in it. You do not get rid of the taste for life by that; you only get rid of the taste temporarily, and it is still there and will revive.

Annie Besant

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## THE TRIMŪRṬIS AND THE SEVEN RAYS

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

AMONG the questions which have long been a source of difficulty and dispute to students of Hindū sacred writings is that which concerns the Trimūrṭis in relation to each other. In other words, the problem—are they all quite equal or is there any superiority or inferiority among themselves?—has baffled many minds. A brief discussion of this point will not be without interest.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that all the Trimūrṭis are absolutely on the same level as representing the three aspects of Brahman in the abstract. Yet, from the point of view of Brahman *in manifestation* and actual work in Samsāra as a whole or in particular world-systems, it is not inadmissible, from our own very limited way of looking at things, to speak of one or other of them as standing on a higher or lower level in comparison with the rest. However, whilst doing so, and giving special weight and credit to the particular functions of each of the Trimūrṭis, we should endeavour never to allow the notion of the seeming superiority of any one of them to take such hold of our minds as to make us fall a prey to the illusion that there is any real inequality among themselves, and thus make us unconscious sectarians and fanatics.



This dangerous attitude can be avoided only if the supreme and vital truth is constantly borne in mind, that Brahman or the Absolute is but One without parts in Its ultimate and transcendental nature, and when, through our limitations, we are obliged to confine our attention to any one or more particular aspects of It, as if It consisted of parts, we should not even unconsciously imply that any such part is lower than the rest from which, for the moment, we withhold our attention. The shortest and the best definition of Brahman, for practical purposes, is that contained in the words “*abhedānandam saṭ chitram param brahma*” —Parabrahman is undivided bliss, truth its picture.

Starting with this unquestionable position, it is not illegitimate, as has been already observed, to ascribe superiority or inferiority relatively with reference to the concrete manifestations as Brahmā, Viṣṇu, and Shiva of the three ultimate aspects of the Godhead or the Paramāṭman. Taking the Praṇava, the supreme symbol of Brahman, the first letter thereof, A, represents this Paramāṭman, the *sachchidānandam* in the abstract. Strictly speaking, He is the One, to whom the term Īshvara is properly applicable. He is the One Lord in all the Cosmos, visible or invisible. As compared with His ultimate source, Parabrahman, He may be viewed as the One Supreme personal God, though not, of course, as possessing any limited, definite individuality. He is personal in the sense that all the universe constitutes His body, He being the ensouling spirit or the One Self, the Sarvāntaryāmin. In Him exist the Trimūrṭi attributes, namely, Saṭ, Chiṭ, and Ānandam. According to the true view, the Saṭ aspect of this Paramāṭman manifests itself as activity or *kriyā*; the Chiṭ aspect as cognition

or *jñāna*; and Ānanda as will, as wish, as *ichchhā*. No-where in the universes, visible or invisible, nor in anything whatsoever in them, not even in the smallest imaginable atom, is any of these attributes of Paramātmā ever absent. The only difference in all the countless and infinite manifestations is in the proportion of the attributes in question in each individual thing manifested.

Bearing the above in mind, let us take up the question of the Trimūrtis in our own world-system. It goes without saying that, according to the maxim "As above, so below," there being but one Parabrahman as the basis of all the Cosmos, so, in our own system, there can be and is but *one* highest representative of that Brahman. It is this representative who is the Īshvara of it. It is He to whom the *Bhagavad-Gītā* refers in the verse :

*Brahmaṇo hi praṭiṣṭhā'ham amṛtasyāvyaṃyasya cha;  
Shāshvatasya cha dharmasya sukhasyaikāntikasya cha.*

His authority is undivided, He is the originator, preserver and disintegrator of the system. He possesses in himself in perfection all the qualities which, lower down, find expression through the three different instruments or agencies who are the Trimūrtis. It is here that the question of relative superiority acquires significance from our point of view, and accounts for the prominence which Shiva, for instance, has enjoyed at the hands of the followers of His special cult.

A world-system has been very aptly spoken of as *Bhagavaṭ Samkalpa Sūtra*, which may be freely rendered as the divinely willed thread ladder. This ladder consists of four rungs of different densities. In the lowest rung, the activity aspect is the strongest,

whilst in the next higher it is the *Ichchhā* aspect, the matter on this rung being finer than the one below; in the third rung the *jñāna* aspect predominates, the matter here being still finer. In the fourth or the highest rung, the summation of the three is reached and constitutes the *Samāhāra* or the final fruition. With reference to these four conditions of matter—*Sṭhūla*, *Sūkṣhma*, *Kāraṇa*, and *Ṭurīya*—with their corresponding states of consciousness—*jāgraṭ*, *svapna*, *sushupti*, and *ṭurīya*—actual work has to be done by the *Ṭrimūrṭis* in accordance with the plan or ideation of their one head in the solar system, the *Īshvara* of It. In the carrying out of this work, it is *Brahmā* who begins. He manipulates the root matter of the system (*i.e.*, what is *mūla-prakṛṭi*) for the purposes of this system, and evolves out of it the different elements which go to make up the seven planes. Hence He is spoken of usually as the Creator, and as the Third Logos by Theosophists. His work seems to be most apparent in the five planes, namely, *ākāsha*, *vāyu*, *agni*, *āpas* and *pṛthivī*. The highest part of the *ākāshic* plane is accordingly spoken of as *Saṭya-loka* or *Brahma-loka*. Next comes *Viṣṇu*, the Second Logos of the Theosophist. He is the Creator of forms out of the rudimentary matter manipulated by *Brahmā*, and the *chit* or cognition aspect predominates in Him. And in many places in our books He is pre-eminently spoken of as the giver of knowledge. Lastly comes *Shiva*, on whom it devolves to arrange for the liberation of the human spirit after its long evolutionary journey through the seven worlds. In other words, it is *Shiva's* part to cause the individualised spirit to withdraw more and more inwardly, burning up what

the spirit had identified with itself out of the matter of the said five planes, through nescience and illusion in the course of pravṛtṭi mārga or the path of forth-going. Shiva is the First Logos of the Theosophist, and his position and influence is most patent in the highest plane of our Solar system, spoken of as the Āḍi plane in the *Pranava-Vāda* as well as in the Theosophical writings, and called Shiva-loka by some, whilst the plane of Viṣṇu is the second plane, the Anupāḍaka or Go-loka.

It will thus be seen that apparent reasons exist for Shiva being looked upon as occupying a higher or more important place, as held by some, but without any knowledge as to the real reasons for their respective positions of gradation. One illustration in support of it, furnished by the *Gītā* itself, may not be out of place. Of course the three Vedas, Yajur, Ṛk, and Sāma are equally important. As pointed out by Ṛṣhi Gārgyāyaṇa in the *Pranava-Vāda*, Yajur Veda deals with kriyā, its author being Brahmā; Ṛk deals with jñāna, Viṣṇu being its author; and Sāma deals with Ichchhā, Shiva being its author. Now it will be remembered that Shrī Kṛṣṇa, in giving instances of his own Vibhūti, expressly assigns the highest excellence to Sāma Veda by observing that among the Vedas He is Sāma Veda, and thus impliedly emphasising the relatively superior position of Shiva, its author.

Even so, seekers after liberation, which all of us are, must not ignore the fact that our chief concern is with that One Supreme Being who is at the head of the three Logoi, the Īshvara of our system, spoken of by Theosophists as the Unmanifested Logos of our system—the Being whose fourth part is all this universe—*Pādo'sya*

*vishvā bhūtāni*—the rest of whom is immortal in Heaven—*Tripādasyāmṛtam divi*. Still, emphasis may rightly be laid on the Shiva aspect of this Īshvara Himself by those who belong to the first of the seven Rays, as they are called, so familiar in Theosophical writings.

This subject of the Rays is an obscure one, little by way of detail being known about it. There is, however, no doubt that all humanity is divisible under these seven Rays. One class falls under the said first Ray, spoken of also as the Power or the Ruling Ray. The predominant characteristic of it is the will element or Ichchhā. In whatever has to be done by an individual of this class, it is the will-force that is the effective agent, and the Shiva aspect of Īshvara is the ultimate source of this will-force. The second class is spoken of as the Wisdom Ray, the fountain head of which is the Viṣṇu aspect of the Īshvara. The remaining five classes are grouped under the general name of the Love Ray, in which the activity or the Brahmā aspect manifests itself in five different ways. Among these Rays, superiority may be thought of, in a relative sense, as belonging to the first Ray. For instance, the highest Adept on our globe belongs to the first Ray, and is spoken of as the Lord of the world<sup>1</sup>—the senior of the four Kumāras—the other three Kumāras working under His direct guidance as His colleagues, and immediately supervising the affairs of the three great Departments of the Hierarchy. Thus it would seem that one of the Kumāras influences the work of the Manu, another

<sup>1</sup> As the sole representative on our Globe of the Īshvara of our system this highest Adept is spoken of in the *Mahābhārata*, for instance, as Nārāyaṇa. Adverting to His work as the One Initiator, the *Chhāndogya Upaniṣat* refers to Him as Sanaṭkumāra, called also Skanḍa. The description of Him in *Sūta Samhitā* is in the character of Dakṣiṇa, the silent youthful Teacher, seated at the foot of the Banyan Tree, revealing the final Truth by the symbol of Mauna Muḍrā.

that of the Boḍhisatṭva, and the third that of the Mahā Chohan. These Kumāras all belong to the First Ray, as Mr. Leadbeater has pointed out in his *Inner Life*, but the Head links up the whole Hierarchy through these three in a direct fashion. What the nature of that influence and that linking up may be, who among the children of earth can tell? Nor would there be any use in our trying to guess what evolution lies before the three Kumāras and the One who stands above them. Adverting to the four Kumāras and the Silent Watcher, to whom H. P. Blavatsky refers in a mysterious way, she observes that the nature of the connection between them will remain enshrouded in mystery for a long time to come. Perhaps the Lord Maitreya, when He teaches our younger generations, may unveil the mystery.

Turning to the subordinates of the said Head, Adepts who are to act as Manus of races also belong to His own Ray; whereas Adepts who are to act as Vyāsas, Boḍhisatṭvas or World-Teachers, belong to the second, the Wisdom or Viṣṇu Ray; and Adepts who are to look after the evolution of everything under the remaining five Rays would belong to the Brahmā aspect. It follows from these statements, that though theoretically the Ṭrimūrṭis are entitled to equal reverence and worship at the hands of all, yet as each individual has to progress along the particular line or Ray to which he belongs, or to which he devotes himself in the course of his evolution, he has to specialise, as it were, along that Ray. Therefore one who belongs to the first Ray will have to work his way up, giving preference to the Shiva aspect, and very often one's predilections for one or other of the

Trimūrṭi aspects may be taken as but the promptings of his own Ray. Consequently obedience to those promptings would be but natural and right, provided the underlying cause is grasped and the evolutionary path trodden with the knowledge that others, whose promptings are different, are also working their way along the lines allotted to them. One's persistent preference, say for Shiva, will probably be found to have its basis in his inmost nature, and all that is necessary to avoid unconscious error is not to predicate any real inferiority in the essential nature of Viṣṇu, of Brahmā, of their functions, or of jīvas necessarily owing special allegiance to them respectively.

Before concluding, it is necessary to add a few words with reference to the fact that the Īshvara of our system is often spoken of as Mahā Viṣṇu. This description is an advised one and most significant, as it is intended to mark out the predominant note of our solar system, at all events at its present stage. Though in the Īshvara of every such system the Ichchhā, Jñāna and Kriyā attributes coexist to the fullest extent required to enable Him to create, preserve and re-absorb His universe according to His perfect plan, yet there seems to be a law of nature which requires predominance to be given to the manifestation of one of those characteristics at particular stages of the evolution of each system. As a consequence of this law, it is the jñāna aspect that finds emphasis in our solar system now, and this accounts for the Īshvara being spoken of in the light of Viṣṇu with the title Mahā prefixed, as otherwise he might be confounded with his subordinate of that name. It is scarcely necessary to observe that in other solar systems, or in

this solar system itself at other periods of evolution, whenever the predominant note is different, the appellation of the Īshvara would be Mahā Brahmā or Mahā Shiva, according as the Kriyā or Ichchhā aspect dominates therein.

One more point to be remembered in connection with the evolution of the author of a solar system is that a monad who becomes fit to be an immediate subordinate of such an author, taking rank as one of the Ṭrimūrṭis, has to undergo that full training without which it is not possible for him to fill the exalted position of the head of the system in question. In other words, he who does the work of Brahmā at one stage, will have to perform the part of Viṣṇu at another, and of Shiva later on ; so that the three aspects of will, wisdom, and activity may be manifested in equal perfection in him. If there is any real foundation in what has been suggested above, it should be evident that the right and correct attitude of thoughtful men to their brethren, whatever be the creed of the latter, should be one of respect, tolerance, and love to them, they being verily the fragments of the same Divinity, the rays of the same Spiritual Sun, just as the seven prismatic colours constitute our solar white light.

S. Subramania Iyer

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## RENDS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

### THE LIVES OF ARCOR

#### II

THE next life of Arcor brings us to Athens, where, in the fifth century B.C., a large number of our characters appeared. Nearly all of them were descendants of Neptune, who married Osiris, and Saturn, who married Vulcan; within five generations from these we find various of our characters appearing in Greece as their descendants. Curiously, however, Arcor, who had in later life much to do with them, was not himself descended from them. Arcor was born of Greek parents in a seaport town to the north-east, that has now disappeared. He was born when his father was about sixty; at this time his father was living on wealth acquired previously; he had gardens the produce of which he bartered. It is most likely that in earlier years he was something of a pirate, but before Arcor's birth he had retired and settled down as a law-abiding citizen and a man of consequence in his community, and because of his property his opinion was looked up to. He was a little of the old sea-dog type, open-handed and generous, what may in fact be called an open-hearted, honest kind of pirate; when Arcor was born he was still bold and dashing, and the "father of the village".

The mother was not pure Greek, and possibly had some Persian blood in her; she was languorous and indolent; in many ways she was cleverer than her husband, but she had been brought up where education, especially of women, was not thought of, and her capabilities had not been called out. If she could have shaken off her languorous ways she might have done much, for she had something in her; she was, however, very good to Arcor.

Arcor was a nice little boy, neither fair nor dark, with very fair hair, much like the colour of Arcor's hair in the present life, which was unusual, for the Greeks as a rule had golden hair. Arcor did not look very much like a Greek. He received no teaching; his father answered his questions, and the mother also, when she felt like it; but when she did not, she suppressed him. Arcor learned to spear fish, and was active and agile, and big for his age; he wore very little clothing and was much in the open air. His father taught him to use the buckler and sword and spear, and promised to teach him more later; he would often begin to relate blood-curdling tales of his youth, and then pull himself up short and give them a tamer ending.

During Arcor's boyhood pirates descended on the town and killed his father and carried Arcor off; his mother was injured, but she was not carried away. His elder sister, who had been very good to him, was also one of the captives.

The pirates lived on an island in the Archipelago; they were a mixed lot, mostly not Greeks, though a few disreputable Greeks were among them; their band was a sort of association of cut-throats, outcastes, and banished men; some of them were from Asia Minor,

Hittites and Semites. They all had a good deal the look of the Levantines of to-day, and spoke a mixture of various languages; their captain was an Arab, a magnificent specimen of his race.

The pirate who captured Arcor was an Egyptian; he was a man of considerable power among them and was second in command to the Captain; he was certainly, judged by his aura, much better than his comrades. He had fled from Egypt on account of a not altogether unjustifiable act of murder; he was not by nature depraved, but overcome by the heat of passion he had killed a man, and so was exiled from Egypt. After wandering for some years he fell in with the pirates, and threw in his lot with them. He did not, however, like to be away from Egypt and so wreaked his vengeance on the world at large. The pirates did not like him, but he was useful to them, as he knew much that was valuable to them; they were dreadfully cruel, and, as he interfered now and again, they had doubts of his loyalty.

This Egyptian, while the attack on Arcor's town was taking place, diverted the pirates' attention and put Arcor in his boat; as he gave up a share of his spoil his fellow-pirates did not mind; he knew a certain amount of surgery and had some medical knowledge, and this gave him some power among them.

Arcor was at this time about eight and a half years old; the pirates continued their voyage, and there were two or three other frays, during which Arcor was left in the ship. He was at first much frightened and horrified at the death of his father; but during the three or four months of the voyage he got to like the sea life; even as a small child he loved the sea and sat and

watched it, especially when there was a storm. Once the pirates noticed that Arcor enjoyed a storm which frightened some of them ; they encouraged him by saying that when he grew up he would be a bold man and make a good pirate.

Arcor became reconciled to the life, but now and then, when he saw a brutal and cruel thing done, he spoke out and denounced them. As he was a child, the pirates, instead of killing him, merely laughed at him.

The pirates' island was a beautiful one, and there the pirates lived with their wives ; these latter had all been torn away from their friends, but some of them were not unhappy in their new surroundings. They had a great cave which they used as a meeting place, but they lived in rude huts which they built for themselves. The hut of the Egyptian was better built, more in the Egyptian style. He was rather morose at times ; he was not married. He grew rather fond of Arcor, and for his sake eventually bought Arcor's sister. This sister had been carried off by another pirate in a boat built like a Thames barge, and was annexed by him as a wife ; she was not specially ill-treated, but she had views of her own and refused to fall in with those of her captor. One day Arcor saw her and fell upon her with joy ; and the Egyptian, seeing this, purchased her, and she, seeing that he was better than the rest, and also kind to Arcor, married him and eventually grew fond of him. The Egyptian found her intelligent, and told both her and Arcor about Egypt and its civilisation, and Arcor sat open-mouthed, listening. Arcor lived in this den of iniquity for years ; but he certainly learnt more than he would have done at home. They were of course brutal, but they did not brutalise him ;

as he was still a boy, he did not go with them on their raids.

When Arcor was about eleven, his lack of experience in some directions was shown by his poking cautiously at the cheek of his sister's baby to see if it were real; the baby squealed and so Arcor concluded that it *was* real, but his sister rated him soundly.

The Egyptian practically adopted Arcor as his son. He often spoke to Arcor of Egypt and Greece, and made models of what he talked about. Arcor was a curious kind of boy. There were days when he seemed to take an unreasoning dislike to all things and would go out by himself inland to be alone for the day; when he returned he was unable to explain why he went away. Or he would go out to a headland and climb a tree and sit for hours in the branches looking out over the sea, thinking and feeling that the island was a prison; he had a curious elemental identification of himself with the sea and the rocks. Once he went to the mouth of a cave, and threw himself on his face in the sand, and thus remained for hours; he was a curious child.

When he was fourteen, he was quite used to the idea of piracy and did not look upon it with such horror as he did at first. He was deeply devoted to the little girl, his sister's baby. He had learnt from the Egyptian something of the mixing of herbs, and was quite skilful in this. He read and wrote demotic Egyptian, and spoke fluently both a barbarous Greek and what was probably a Hittite dialect. He could also read ancient Egyptian, because the Egyptian had some papyri which were instructions from the *Book of the Dead*, though they were parts of the book which have not come down in the copies extant.

The Egyptian throughout his wanderings had clung to these papyri, and read them to remind himself of his past and of his death. He was supposed to have the art of making charms, and certainly dabbled in a kind of spurious magic. He often went away on expeditions, but he did not take Arcor with him. He changed Arcor's name, Ktesios, to Kneft or Knept.

Arcor and his sister often talked about their old home and the life there, and gradually they instilled into the Egyptian a disgust for piracy. When Arcor was fourteen the matter came to a head. By teaching Arcor and his sister, the Egyptian had brought out the best side of himself, and would have been glad to take them and his little children to a better place; but he knew that pirates were marked men, and that his comrades would kill him if he tried to desert them. The Arab chieftain thought that Arcor ought now to go and raid; the Egyptian opposed this and prevented it, but he saw that he could not long protect Arcor from going. So, somewhat tentatively, he proposed that he should retire with his wife and belongings. The pirates did not take the suggestion at all well; they said that a man who was in their secrets could not separate himself from them; they were of course afraid of treachery. The Egyptian laughed it off, but he was confirmed in his intention.

For a long time he did not see a way of carrying out his determination, but the opportunity at last offered itself. The pirates once, on their return from a successful raid, had some festivities in honour of the successful raiders; during these festivities the Egyptian smuggled his wife and children and Arcor into a small ship, which was scantily provisioned, and they got off

in the night ; he took with him his share of the plunder, which was enough to set him up as a rich man.

When the pirates discovered the flight, they pursued the fugitives the next day ; but at first, not knowing which way they had fled, the pirates lost much time. There was no wind, but presently they overhauled the Egyptian as he was making his way to the mainland of Greece. He was looking for a place to run his boat ashore, and he was overhauled as his boat got fixed among the rocks a little way from the shore. The pirates, being a crowd to a handful, massacred them all, with the exception of Arcor and the little niece of whom he was fond. This little girl, now nine years old, jumped overboard ; during the fight Arcor was wounded, but he cleared a place around him for a moment and jumped overboard after the child, with a javelin in his hand. The pirates threw weapons after him and two of them jumped after Arcor, and as he was wounded they caught him up just as he reached the little girl.

Arcor killed one pirate with a fortunate thrust, but the other seized a spear, and seemed to be having the best of it, when a shark seized him. There were many sharks about, but Arcor and the girl swam to the shore safely.

The pirates yelled from the ship ; as soon as the children reached the shore the girl helped to bind Arcor's wounds and then they both hid amongst the rocks. The pirates landed and searched for them, but could not find them ; the children got into a chimney in the rocks and wriggled along a ledge, and found a way out through a hole through which water was coming down. When the pirates searched

the cave the children were not to be seen, and they lay hidden among the rocks until night time; next morning the pirates searched again, but eventually gave it up and sailed away.

The children were in a bad way, and they went down to the coast to a sheltered spot and found some shell fish which they ate raw. Arcor was feverish from loss of blood, and the child was most helpful. After resting, they made their way inland and went along the coast; there were coniferæ growing, as on the Riviera now, pines, larches, etc.; the paths were rugged and difficult, but the children eventually reached a fishing village; and from there they at last went to Eleusis.

Arcor now began a different phase of his life, for he came into touch with his real people, the Band of Servers. The time Arcor came to Eleusis was just when the great processions were taking place. There was to be initiated at Eleusis an uncle of Sirius, and Sirius, who was then about thirteen, came with his father, Apollo, and his mother, Hermin. Arcor and the girl were in the crowd, and in the pressure during the procession she was pushed over a high rock and hurt. Sirius noted the starved and weak child, and being quick and agile, picked her up. Arcor came and bewailed that he could not get her shoulder put to rights, as he had no home. Sirius said: "Oh, come along to my father," and the child was carried off and put to bed. (It is interesting to note that Apollo, the father of Sirius, was the famous poet Simonides of Ceos, and the poet's brother was Uranus, who is known to history as the philosopher Kleinias, a disciple of Pythagoras.) As boys will, Sirius catechised Arcor and



thought his story a fine one. They waited at Eleusis until the child was better, then they put her on a litter and carried her back to Athens, to the beautiful house overlooking the bay where the father of Sirius lived.

Arcor lived now in definite touch all the time with philosophy. He was scrupulously honourable; there was much joyous immorality among the Greeks, but in this regard Arcor was very rigid. To the Greeks, what a Greek did mattered little, except drunkenness; that was a slave's action. They did not tell lies in the ordinary sense, but "white" lies, somewhat as do certain nationalities now, who say what they think will give pleasure, rather than the strict truth. Public opinion was like that in America in the present day; a successful lie excused itself. It was written: "A lie is a shield for a wise man but a spear for a fool."

Arcor was an extraordinarily restless person; Sirius and his family felt that they did not understand him, but Sirius and his brother Erato did all they could to make him happy. Arcor had at first a subordinate position in the household; afterwards he was like a bailiff or factor of the large estate. Difficulties sometimes arose in which Arcor was right, but the family felt that, with so many nationalities about, it was wiser to shut one's eyes. Arcor always did that on behalf of the family, but the family thought that his manner of accommodation might have been more spontaneous. Some of the people he got to know were devoted to him because he was kind when they were ill, but there were some things, which he set up as fetishes, that they could not understand. Curious fits swept over him, as in the next life, when the Berserker mood came over him; he would go off when the grapes were ripe for

picking, which was of course somewhat inconvenient. Spasms came over him, when he hated the family because they did not work and were nobly born.

Sirius and Erato played with Arcor's niece, who was about Erato's age. The house had two courtyards and a fountain, and Arcor lived in rooms at the back of the house looking over the second courtyard; but he often felt confined, and preferred the seashore, whither he would go and sit and dream about the past times with the pirates, whom he much hated. He was some time recovering from his hardships; Sirius and Erato looked up to Arcor as a great hero, one who had done most gory and gaudy deeds.

The mother of Sirius, Hermin, was very kind to Arcor, and would have been glad for him to remain in the household, but it was difficult to find something suitable for Arcor to do. Clerk's work connected with the disposing of the produce of the estate, chiefly wine, was the first work given to him; the surplus wine and olive oil was sent away in ships. Arcor felt the work a tie. He liked to listen to the philosophical talk, and drank it all in eagerly.

After three years of clerk's work, Arcor wanted to go on a voyage. The family had a small fleet of ships, and usually the captain of each vessel did the selling; Arcor was now put in charge of the merchandise. This voyaging Arcor did several times, being absent a year or a year and a half at a time. This went on until the time when Sirius and his brother Erato were sent on board one of the trading ships to make their grand tour, and Arcor went with them. While their journey was one of education, Arcor's principal duty was that of business; but all the party had a love of philosophy

in common, and their travels gave many opportunities for philosophical enquiries. At Athens the family was much given to philosophy; about the time of our afternoon tea the whole household sat in the portico, Arcor among them. Visitors came in to discuss philosophy, and all, including the family's dependents, heard the discussion. There was, of course, also a great deal of gossip, for the Greeks were a talkative people.

During the grand tour Arcor saw Pythagoras, and a good deal also of Kleinias, the chief disciple of Pythagoras. Arcor took up philosophy enthusiastically. After the death of Pythagoras, Kleinias, who was a brother of Simonides, came and settled in Athens, and founded there a school of philosophy. Arcor attended many of his lectures. He was specially attracted towards the development of the social virtues, but he could not stand mathematics, and rebelled against it. He worked hard at the philosophy and tried to apply it. There was, however, a certain amount of self-torment in the application.

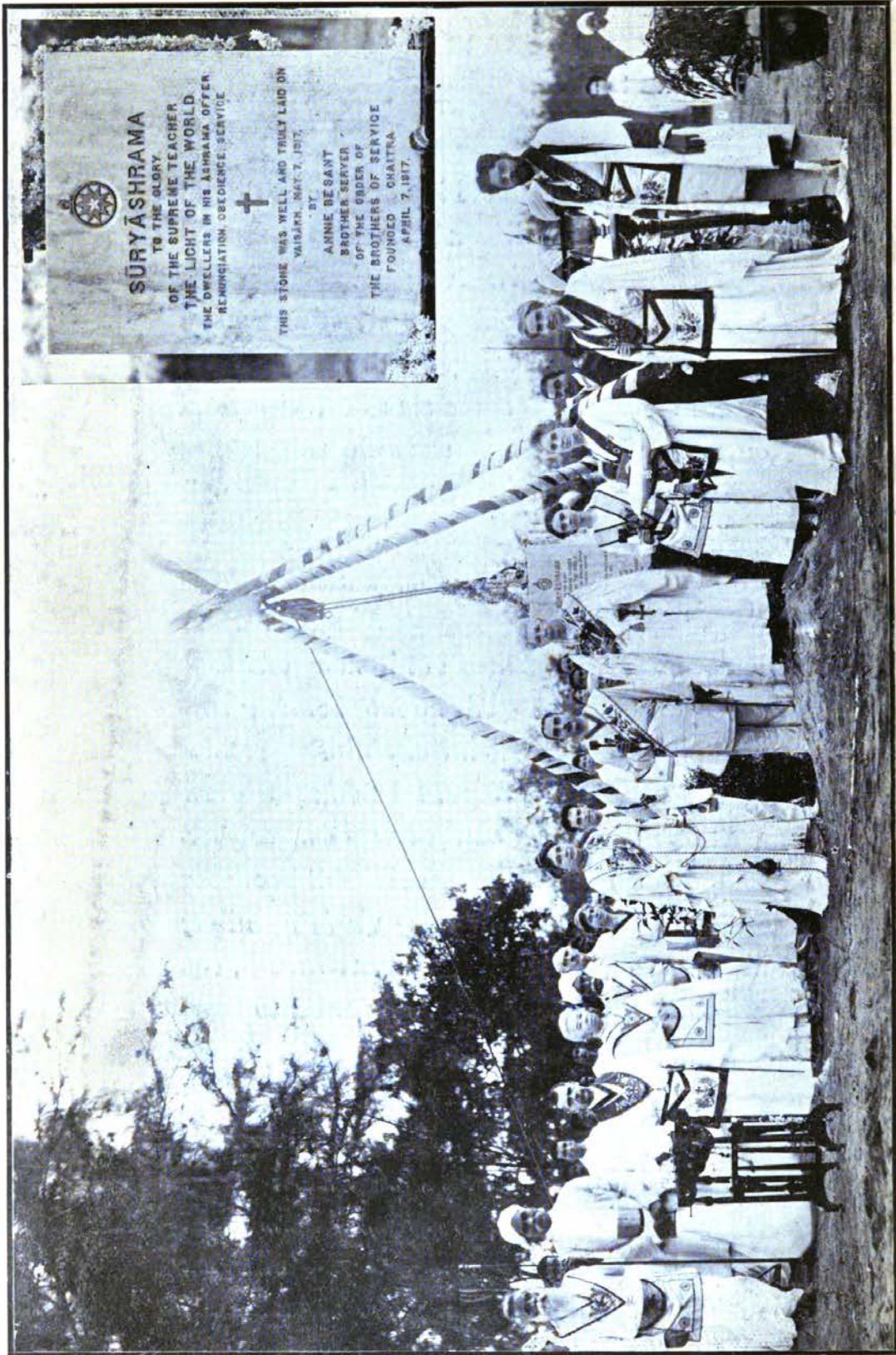
Arcor appeared to get on in life, to a later stage than usual, without falling in love; then his past came before him and he felt his origin. He was rather curious, and one is inclined to say that he did not behave quite well. It never came to anything, but ought to have done, and it was hard on the girl. Arcor took the love-fever badly because he took it late, and then, because of his self-depreciation, he set himself to feel that the girl despised him. She was much younger than he was, and very much attached to him, but she did not like to show it; she was, in consequence, flighty and off-hand in manner, though she did not mean it. Arcor flung away in a rage;

she tried, in a timid way, to show that she liked him; but misunderstanding her, he thought her heartless, and then she snubbed him, and so there was much unnecessary suffering on both sides. Finally she got over it, and Arcor, finding that she had transferred her affections, went away. Sirius, and the family generally, knew nothing of all this; the girl was a half-sister of the wife of Sirius, who had practically adopted her. Arcor went away with all kinds of expressions of esteem; he started out to return to the place where he was born, to make up for some duty which he considered he had left undone; when he got there, the place was all different and he left it with an expression of disgust. Arcor was aged forty-five at the battle of Salamis, and was badly wounded. He was in a galley with Sirius and the family. The family would have been glad if Arcor had remained, but after Salamis he finally left them.

He went inland to the mountains, because of some rumour he had heard of some hermits in the mountains; they were said to be men of great wisdom and power, and he determined to go to them. He was now rather misanthropic; he had plenty of money and need do no business; he was caught up with the thought that he would devote his life to the hermits, for that to his mind fitted in with the Pythagorean teachings. As he travelled inland, he carried all his worldly wealth with him; brigands set upon him and killed him.

It is most likely that it was Herakles who guided Arcor and the child to Eleusis, and so to the family of Sirius. But Herakles was in incarnation at this time, not in Greece, but in India. In the life following we shall see once again how Herakles appears mysteriously from far away to direct events in Arcor's life.





LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF SŪRYĀSHRAMA

*Inset : THE FOUNDATION STONE*

  
**SŪRYĀSHRAMA**  
 TO THE GLORY  
 OF THE SUPREME TEACHER  
 THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD  
 THE DWELLERS IN HIS ASHRAMA OFFER  
 RENUNCIATION, OBEDIENCE, SERVICE

THIS STONE WAS WELL AND TRULY LAID ON  
 VAISAKH, MAY 7, 1917,  
 BY  
 ANNIE BESANT  
 BROTHER SEEVER  
 OF THE ORDER OF  
 THE BROTHERS OF SERVICE  
 FOUNDED - CHAITRA  
 APRIL 7, 1917.

## THE BIRTHDAY OF SŪRYĀSHRAMA

By T. L. CROMBIE

THE full moon of Chaitra shone over the birth of the Order of the Brothers of Service. One month later, the full moon of Vaisākh shone over the ceremony of the laying of the foundation-stone of their future Habitation—Suryāshrama, the House of the Sun. The stone was to be laid with full Masonic honours. The day had been specially chosen, for it was felt fitting that the home of an Order dedicated to the service of the Teacher of teachers might at its birth-hour share in the blessings that fall on the world at the time of the full moon of the Buddha. The stars were consulted by one of the Brothers, and 5.47 a.m. was fixed as the auspicious moment for the ceremony. The horoscope, with Bro. Aria's notes on it, will be found at the end of this article.

In the very early hours of the morning the members of the Co-Masonic Order met at their temple, re-emerging therefrom a little later, in orderly procession. In single file they wended their way through



the Casuarina groves by the light of the moon, singing one of the ancient psalms. Their path was marked by little pennants of blue and white fluttering from the trees on either side. The leader of the procession made the air sweet with incense, and the Orator followed, bearing in his hands the Sacred Fire. As they neared the appointed spot the sight was most impressive. Clouds of smoke from the incense, and the soft strains of music heralded their approach, and then figure after figure became visible. As they drew still nearer, one could see the picturesque robes—varying in gorgeousness according to rank in the Order—of the Masons.

The plan of the central tower of the building-to-be was marked out on the ground with two circles of white; within the inner ring, awaiting the procession, were assembled those members of the Brothers of Service who were not Masons. As the procession reached the House of the Sun, which this tower is in a very special sense, it circled round the spot, sunwise, three times, forming finally into two concentric circles. The Brother Server stood facing the stone, a magnificent block of pure white marble, the gift of two lay-brothers. Behind her stood the Director and Deputy-Director of Ceremony. Into their tireless hands the direction of the ceremony had been confided. On either side stood the S.W. and J.W. and the Orator had his appointed place close by. On the stone is engraved the emblem of the Order, the



ten-rayed sun within the circle, in whose heart lies embedded the five-pointed silver star. Underneath is carved in gold letters the inscription :

## SŪRYĀSHRAMA

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 OF THE SUPREME TEACHER,  
 THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD,  
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 THIS STONE WAS WELL AND TRULY LAID ON  
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The ceremony of censing the stone was duly and beautifully performed; and then the Brother-Server, who is also the R.W.M. of the Co-Masonic Lodge at Adyar, sprinkled on the stone offerings of corn, grape-juice, oil and salt, with appropriate ritual, saw that the stone was duly placed, and at the hour of 5.47 a.m. precisely, tapped on it with her trowel, declaring it well and truly laid. Then she touched the marble lightly with her drawn sword, raising the hilt to her forehead. The procession re-formed again, but left the ground in reverse order, each Mason saluting the stone as he passed.

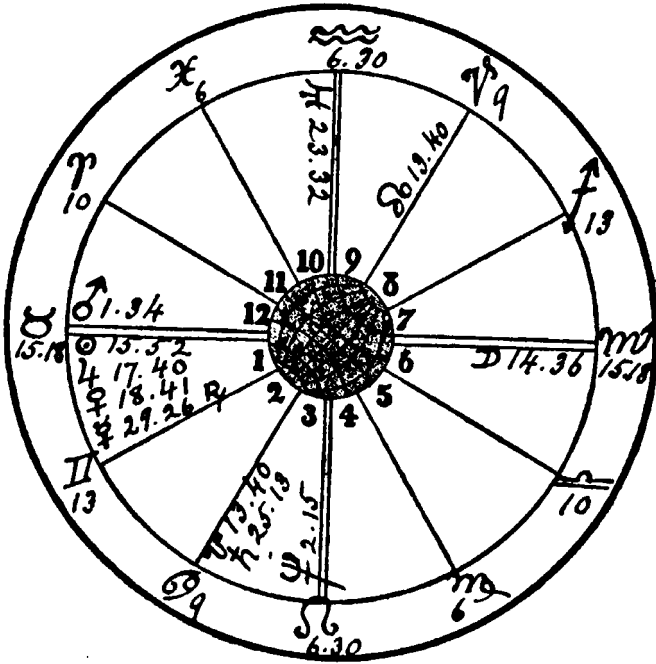
Before the Masons returned to the temple, they visited the Quadrangle, where a new building is being erected; and of this, though in fashion less ceremonious, Mrs. Besant laid the foundation-stone.

Such, in brief, is a very bald account of one of the most impressive ceremonies I have ever seen. The perfect stillness and beauty of an Indian morning; the loveliness of the spot, a clearing in a grove of feathery Casuarina trees, with the river flowing on one side and the sound of the sea reaching us through the trees; the Sun rising to greet us and the Moon shining her silvery benediction; the solemn cadence of the ritual and the incense rising to heaven, bearing loving thoughts from all who were present for the well-being of the Order—all combined to make the scene one never to be forgotten. I could only feel that I saw but a mere fragment of the glory that must have bathed the spot, and that seeing, I saw not, and hearing, I did not understand.

A reproduction of a photograph taken of the Brother-Server, Brothers, lay-brothers, and probationers on the day the Order was founded, is given as the frontispiece of this number of THE THEOSOPHIST. One probationer is absent, but with that exception, the group contains all those who took the vows on the Full Moon Day of Chaitra, April 7th, 1917.

Reading from the left-hand side of the page, they are:  
*Front Row* : G. V. Subba Row, Yadunandan Prasad, J. R. Aria, T. P. Sinha. *Middle Row* : C. S. Trilokekar, Dr. M. Rocke, Mrs. Annie Besant, G. S. Arundale, N. Rama Rao. *Back Row* : V. R. Samant, Mrs. Jinarājādāsa, C. Jinarājādāsa, B. P. Wadia, Mrs. Broenniman, F. Kunz.

T. L. Crombie



The second decanate of Taurus is rising in the ascendant. This will awaken the internal nature of the sign, and will bring forth much intuitive, discriminative and critical faculty.

The Sun, Jupiter, Venus and Mercury are all rising in the ascendant, in the fixed sign Taurus, and being angular and in conjunction with the ascendant are very powerful and will greatly neutralise evil aspects from the Moon. Being angular they will add considerably to the dignity, power, ambition, refinement and growth of the Order.

The decanate rulers, Venus and Mercury, are also in the first house, and Venus being in conjunction with Jupiter and the Sun will greatly improve financial position, and will draw out much of latent artistic, philosophic and religious tendencies.

Much of the good effects of the above planets will be marred by the Moon, on the cusp of the seventh house, applying to the opposition of the Sun, Jupiter and Venus. This opposition will cause many obstacles, hindrances and difficulties from the material point of view, and there will be keen contest between the desire nature and Will, personality and Individuality, the

higher and lower nature, but the benefics, being angular and in a fixed sign in conjunction with the ascendant, will ultimately triumph, and a great deal of the undesirable emotional and passional element will be purged away, thus giving the Order greater success and popularity in the end.

Besides, the Moon in Scorpio, the psychic sign, on the cusp of the seventh house, will bring the order into greater publicity. Her position in the sign is good for occult and psychic development, and favourable for communal life. Uranus in midheaven is good for honour, prestige, and dignity. It will give greater responsibility, and sudden and unexpected recognition from higher authority.

Nearly five out of nine planets are angular, and two on the cusp of angular houses, and most of the benefics are rising in the fixed sign. This is a sure indication of success in the end, notwithstanding the opposition of the Moon to all the benefics in the ascendant.

J. R. ARIA

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Be reverent. Go and diffuse abroad your instructions. Be carefully observant of your robes and other accompaniments of your appointment; follow and observe proper statutes; so as to prove a bulwark to the Royal House. Enlarge the fame of your Meritorious Ancestor; be a law to your people;—so as for ever to preserve your dignity. So also shall you be a help to Me, the One Man; future ages will enjoy the benefit of your virtue; all the States will take you for a pattern;—and thus you will make our Dynasty never weary of you.

Oh! go and be prosperous. Do not disregard My Charge.

—*The Shu King*, Part V, Book VIII.

S.B.E., Vol III, p. 163.

## WHITE LOTUS DAY, 1917

There are no ancient symbols without a deep and philosophical meaning attached to them, their importance and significance increasing with their antiquity. Such is the Lotus. It is the flower sacred to Nature and her Gods, and represents the Abstract and the Concrete Universe, standing as the emblem of the productive powers of both Spiritual and Physical Nature. It was held as sacred from the remotest antiquity by the Aryan Hindus, the Egyptians, and by the Buddhists after them. It was revered in China and Japan, and adopted as a Christian emblem by the Greek and Latin Churches, who made of it a messenger, as do now the Christians, who have replaced it with the water-lily.—*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 406.

The Lotus, or Padma, is, moreover, a very ancient and favourite symbol for the Cosmos itself, and also for man. The popular reasons given are, firstly, the fact just mentioned, that the Lotus-seed contains within itself a perfect miniature of the future plant, which typifies the fact that the spiritual prototypes of all things exist in the immaterial world, before these things become materialised on earth. Secondly, the fact that the Lotus-plant grows up through the water, having its root in the Ilus, or mud, and spreading its flower in the air above. The Lotus thus typifies the life of man and also that of the Cosmos; for the Secret Doctrine teaches that the elements of both are the same, and that both are developing in the same direction. The root of the Lotus sunk in the mud represents material life, the stalk passing up through the water typifies existence in the astral world, and the flower floating on the water and opening to the sky is emblematical of spiritual being.—*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 88.

THE 8th of May—the White Lotus Day of Remembrance—was duly observed at Adyar. Our President was away at Cuddalore, and speaking at the gathering there of our Founder, she told the public

audience that "there was no civilised country now where the Society was not living and active, and so there was no civilised country where her memory was not recalled on White Lotus Day".

It was a clear and beautiful morning, made cool by a gentle breeze and radiant by a blazing sun, when all our friends gathered in the central Hall at Headquarters, in front of the statues of H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott. Mr. T. V. Gopalaswami Aiyar chanted the twelfth discourse of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* in Samskr̥ṭ, Mr. James Cousins reading the English rendering. This was followed by a reading from *The Light of Asia* by Mrs. Hotchner. Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa then spoke of our great Light-Bringer thus:

Our teacher, H. P. B., will always hold a unique position in the Theosophical Society. Since her day there have been and will be great writers and exponents of Theosophy in its special departments, but none will surpass her in the great grasp she had of the Ancient Wisdom. To understand H. P. B.'s position in the world of modern thought, we must see what was the position of the intellectual world when she began writing. In brief, that world had lost its synthesis. Here in ancient India, thousands of years ago, the Ancient Wisdom was recognised as including not only religious thought and feeling, but also the activities of the mundane world; not only was the science of Yoga an expression of the Wisdom, but so also was the science of war for the warrior, of law for the jurist, of commerce for the merchant. But as centuries passed, the spiritual world was divided up into compartments, and became dissociated from the world of ordinary affairs.

Similarly also in the West; in the days of Greece there was an intellectual synthesis of all life's activities, but this was lost slowly, till it disappeared completely in the Dark Ages. When, at the Renaissance, once again learning began, and with it also modern science, the world of thought was sharply divided into the religious and the scientific worlds, and both stood in sharp distinction to the world of ordinary secular action. Men, while keenly alive to the interests of religion and science and material progress, yet could not connect them into one synthetic whole.

H. P. B. in her writings gave to the world once more the synthesis; she showed what is the common fundamental basis of every department of knowledge and emotion, and that religion and science, morality and Art, and all our daily activities, are linked in one great system of life. Future centuries will date the beginning of a new world with her work; for steadily the synthesis she showed is being more and more accepted, and presently it will be the dominating ideal of the most advanced of our humanity.

One interesting reason why she achieved her great work of the synthesising of all knowledge of life, is that in a former life she attempted it and only partly succeeded. The Theosophical Society, which she founded with the help of her colleague, Colonel Olcott, is but the reincarnation of an organisation which she founded in a life centuries ago. In the sixteenth century our H. P. B. was born in India as Abul Fazl, the great Prime Minister of the Moghul Emperor Akbar of India. Abul Fazl inspired Akbar to seek the great synthesis, and to put it on the practical basis of a universal religion. Naturally enough Abul Fazl, though brought up in Mohammedan orthodoxy, sought a synthetic philosophy. In the writings he has left us, he thus describes his search for truth:

The advice of my father with difficulty kept me back from acts of folly; my mind had no rest and my heart felt itself drawn to the sages of Mongolia or to the hermits of Lebanon. I longed for interviews with the Lamas of Tibet or with the Padres of Portugal, and I would gladly sit with the priests of the Parsis and the learned of the Zend Avesta. I was sick of the learned of my own land.

Under his strong inspiration Akbar openly welcomed the exponents of many religions and philosophies of India. At Fatehpur Sikri, near Agra, he built the famous Diwan-i-Khas, which still exists; it has, rising from a central pillar, four stone causeways, connected at the corners of the hall to four side galleries round the hall; every Friday evening religious discussions took place in it, while Akbar sat and listened. Thus Abul Fazl describes the scene:

When the Capitol was illuminated by the return of the Imperial presence, the old regulations came again into operation, and the house of wisdom shone resplendent on Friday nights with the light of holy minds. On the twentieth Mir, in that place of meeting, the lamp was kindled to brighten the solitude of seclusion in the banquet of society, and the merits of the philosophers of the colleges and the monasteries were put to the test of the touchstone. Sufis, doctors, preachers, lawyers, Sunnis, Shiahhs, Brahmans, Jains, Buddhists, Charvakas (materialists), Christians, Jews, Zoroastrians, and learned men of every belief, were gathered together in the royal assembly, and were filled with delight. Each one fearlessly brought forward his assertions and arguments, and the disputations and contentions were long and heated. Every sect, in its vanity and conceit, attacked and endeavoured to refute the statements of its antagonists.

Needless to say, Akbar quickly understood our present Theosophical conception of a common Divine Wisdom underlying all faiths. One of Akbar's hostile critics thus describes the Emperor's unorthodox, wicked, and irrational attitude :

There grew up gradually, as the outline on a stone, the conviction in his heart that there were sensible men in all religions, and abstemious thinkers and men endowed with miraculous powers among all nations. If some true knowledge was thus everywhere to be found, why should truth be confined to one religion, or to a creed like Islam, which was comparatively new, and scarcely a thousand years old? Why should one sect assert what another denies and why should one claim a preference without having superiority conferred on itself?

Akbar formulated with the help of Abul Fazl a universal faith, with the Emperor himself as the chief servant of God; but neither India nor the world was ripe then for that faith, and therefore the movement came to an end when Abul Fazl, Akbar's guide and friend for very many years, was taken from his side and murdered by treachery.

There is a Prayer which Abul Fazl has written, which exactly expresses what we Theosophists feel in the twentieth century. It is this :

O God, in every temple I see people that seek Thee, and in every language I hear spoken, people praise Thee.

Polytheism and Islam feel after Thee.

Each religion says, Thou art One, without equal.

If it be a mosque, people murmur the holy prayer; if it be a Christian church, people ring the bell from love to Thee.

Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque.

But it is Thou whom I seek from temple to temple.

Thy elect have no dealings with heresy nor with orthodoxy, since heresy and orthodoxy stand not behind the Screen of the Truth.

Heresy to the Heretic. Orthodoxy to the Orthodox; but only the Dust of the Rose-petal remains for those who sell the perfume.

It is this dream, as Abul Fazl, that H. P. B. realised in founding the Theosophical Society. She was a great Theosophist because of two facts of her inner life: she knew the Unity, and tried to live It. With pen and with voice, she proclaimed to men that Unity as reflected in a Divine Wisdom; with renunciation, humility, and reverence for all life, and with perfect service, she lived It. In the centuries to come there will be others within the ranks of the T.S. who will be greater, who will be more endowed with the gifts of the Spirit than she was; but because in the modern world she was the first to grasp the great Unity, and to live It in the ordinary world of duties, she will ever remain as the first Theosophist; and so to our H. P. B., as the first great Theosophist, we render homage.



It would be well to recall the wise warning of H. P. B. to us of the Theosophical Society in the early days of the twentieth century. In *The Key to Theosophy* she has written the following :

Every such attempt as the Theosophical Society has hitherto ended in failure, because, sooner or later, it has degenerated into a sect, set up hard-and-fast dogmas of its own, and so lost by imperceptible degrees that vitality which living truth alone can impart. You must remember that all our members have been bred and born in some creed or religion, that all are more or less of their generation both physically and mentally, and consequently that their judgment is but too likely to be warped and unconsciously biased by some or all of these influences. If, then, they cannot be freed from such inherent bias, or at least taught to recognise it instantly and so avoid being led away by it, the result can only be that the Society will drift off on to some sandbank of thought or another, and there remain a stranded carcass to moulder and die.

#### BUT IF THIS DANGER BE AVERTED ?

Then the Society will live on, into and through the twentieth century. It will gradually leaven and permeate the great mass of thinking and intelligent people with its large-minded and noble ideas of Religion, Duty and Philanthropy. Slowly but surely it will burst asunder the iron fetters of creeds and dogmas, of social and caste prejudices ; it will break down racial and national antipathies and barriers, and will open the way to the practical realisation of the Brotherhood of all men. Through its teaching, through the philosophy which it has rendered accessible and intelligible to the modern mind, the West will learn to understand and appreciate the East at its true value. Further, the development of the psychic powers and faculties, the premonitory symptoms of which are already visible in America, will proceed healthily and normally. Mankind will be saved from the terrible dangers, both mental and bodily, which are inevitable when that unfolding takes place, as it threatened to do, in a hotbed of selfishness and all evil passions. Man's mental and psychic growth will proceed in harmony with his moral improvement, while his material surroundings will reflect the peace and fraternal goodwill which will reign in his mind, instead of the discord and strife which is everywhere apparent around us to-day.

But I must tell you that during the last quarter of every hundred years an attempt is made by those Masters, of whom I have spoken, to help on the spiritual progress of

Humanity in a marked and definite way. Towards the close of each century you will invariably find that an outpouring or upheaval of spirituality—or call it mysticism if you prefer—has taken place. Some one or more persons have appeared in the world as their agents, and a greater or less amount of occult knowledge and teaching has been given out. If you care to do so, you can trace these movements back, century by century, as far as our detailed historical records extend.

#### OUR FUTURE

If the present attempt, in the form of our Society, succeeds better than its predecessors have done, then it will be in existence as an organised, living and healthy body when the time comes for the effort of the twentieth century. The general condition of men's minds and hearts will have been improved and purified by the spread of its teachings and, as I have said, their prejudices and dogmatic illusions will have been, to some extent at least, removed. Not only so, but besides a large and accessible literature ready to men's hands, the next impulse will find a numerous and *united* body of people ready to welcome the new torch-bearer of Truth. He will find the minds of men prepared for his message, a language ready for him in which to clothe the new truths he brings, an organisation awaiting his arrival, which will remove the merely mechanical, material obstacles and difficulties from the path. Think how much one, to whom such an opportunity is given, could accomplish. Measure it by comparison with what the Theosophical Society actually *has* achieved in the last fourteen years, without any of these advantages and surrounded by hosts of hindrances which would not hamper the new leader. Consider all this, and then tell me whether I am too sanguine when I say that if the Theosophical Society survives and lives true to its mission, to its original impulses, through the next hundred years—tell me, I say, if I go too far in asserting that earth will be a heaven in the twenty-first century in comparison with what it is now!

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## BOOK-LORE

*The Cycle of Spring*, by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

Shantiniketan, the Abode of Peace, where Tagore is putting into practice his educational ideal, is also the home of music and poetry. Some of the most delightful of the many delightful incidents that make up the yearly round are the festivals during which the boys produce and act one or other of their poet-founder's plays. *The Cycle of Spring* is dedicated to the boys of Shantiniketan and "to Dinendranath who is the guide of these boys in their festivals and the treasure-house of all my songs". It is easy to picture the enthusiasm of the performers in acting this play, the spirit of which is reflected in the outburst of joy with which it ends :

Come and rejoice  
for April is awake.  
Fling yourselves into the flood of being,  
bursting the bondage of the past.  
April is awake.  
Life's shoreless sea  
is heaving in the sun before you.  
All losses are lost,  
and death is drowned in its waves.  
Plunge into the deep without fear,  
with the gladness of April in your heart.

The subject of the play is the disrobing of winter, and a hint is given of the meaning of the whole when the Poet, who figures in the Prelude as the author of it, remarks: "In the play of the seasons, each year, the mask of the Old Man, Winter, is pulled off and the form of Spring is revealed in all its beauty. Thus we see that the old is ever new." It is a play within a play; the Prelude introduces us to the characters and gives us the setting.

The king has discovered that he has three grey hairs—"Death's invitation card"! He is so much upset that he loses all interest in the affairs of his kingdom and all sense of

responsibility. In vain the Vizier tries to cheer him and recall him to a sense of duty—no, he will have none of him, and sends for his pundit and his book of devotions. The consolations of philosophy are then administered—and as a result, the king sinks deeper and deeper into the Slough of Despond. The pundit withdraws; enter the poet. A dialogue follows which is full of humorous touches. The king, protesting feebly and calling at intervals in desperation for his pundit to help him to resist the poet, is gradually persuaded that life is eternal and that “if we are to go on living we must make our life worth its eternity”. He is now full of enthusiasm but feels that he still needs the poet’s support. The pundit has had his day.

“May it please your Royal Highness, here is Sruti-bhushan the Pundit, coming back with his *Book of Devotions*.”

“Oh, stop him, Vizier, stop him. He will undo everything. Don’t let him come upon me unawares like this. In a moment of weakness, I may suddenly find myself out of my depths in the *Ocean of Renunciation*. Poet! Don’t give me time for that. Do something. Do anything. Have you got anything ready to hand? Any play toward? Any poem? Any masque? Any——”

“Yes, King. I have got the very thing. But whether it is a drama, or a poem, or a play, or a masque, I cannot say.”

Then follows the “drama or poem or play or masque”. There is very little action in it. The charm of it lies in the poetic spell cast upon the reader by the delicate beauty of the songs and the half jesting dialogue—suggestive of so much that is hard to put into words—between Chandra, “he who makes life dear to us,” Dada, “to whom duty is the essence of life, not joy,” the blind Minstrel, and the Leader who leads “from one question to another”.

A. DE L.

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*More Rays of the Dawn: or Teachings on Some Old Testament Problems*, by Rachel J. Fox. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., London. Price. 3s. 6d.)

The first book of this author, *Rays of the Dawn*, forecasting the immediate coming of the Christ, came out a few years ago, and this one is a sequel to it, but contains teachings on the Old instead of the New Testament. They were received, not through any “human” wisdom, but given

by an invisible inspirer of spiritual truths relating to the source and inspiration of the Scriptures from the time of Moses onward. They explain superphysical phenomena, and how the better understanding and transmission of such are obtained through the psychic powers as they unfold and become active in certain individuals who are at present in the minority. Apropos of this comes the statement :

Oh, your senses that you think so much of, how obtuse they are ! What a tiny bit of God's world do they reveal to you, because of your disbelief in His power to quicken any other capacities within you, by which you could understand more. To Him there are no past and future facts to be held in tight grip of mind, as men hold on tenaciously to their bits of history ; to Him all is, and is being, and will be as at one moment of vision. . . . God made your bodies subject to limitation, but placed a Spirit within you which was unlimited and of a nature like His own, and He meant it to grow and to give you all that enlightenment which now falls to comparatively few.

The historical sequence of the Old Testament is adhered to, and the Bible student may find much of spiritual guidance in the interpretation of these teachings, which make their appeal to the intuition and the spirit.

G. G.

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*Fresh Sidelights on Astrology, an Elementary Treatise on Occultism, by Major C. G. M. Adam. With foreword by Alan Leo. (Modern Astrology Office, London.)*

This is a very useful and interesting little book for students of Astrology who want to study the science in the light of Occultism. It is written in a very easy and simple style, so that an ordinary reader, with little knowledge of Astrology, can follow it. The author has taken great pains to explain by comparison the seven Planetary Spirits with the seven Planes of the Solar System, as well as with the seven Principles of Man and the seven fundamental colours in nature. An explanation of the seven Rays and the characteristics attributed to each Ray are very lucidly given. It is, however, interesting to note that the conclusions arrived at by the author are in some ways different from those mentioned in *Esoteric Astrology*, which gives food for reflection to the student of Astrology. The book throws quite a new sidelight on the understanding of the hidden side of Astrology along quite a different line.

The arguments advanced by the author about the influence of the occult and mystic planets Uranus and Neptune are worth considering. Though it is rather premature, at this stage of our knowledge, to dogmatise too much about them, still it is certain that a careful study of them would ultimately add to the stock of existing astrological knowledge, and would very much help the astrologer in understanding and guiding human character and destiny.

To trace the Individual and Personal Ray of a man from the position of the planets and their aspects is a distinct achievement. In Chapter VII the career of an Ego on the Path of Devotion and on the line of intellect is beautifully explained diagrammatically. In Chapter VIII a very ingenious method is adopted in ascertaining the Ray from the horoscopes, for which some typical horoscopes of celebrated persons are discussed at length. There is really a great deal to say in favour of the method adopted by the author in ascertaining the Rays, and we very strongly commend the book to every student of Astrology for very close and serious study.

J. R. A.

#### BOOKLETS

*Materialism: Its Origin, Growth and Decline*, by Darab Dinsha Kanga, M.A. (The Kaiser-i-Hind Printing Works, Bombay. Price As. 8) As Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa observes in his Introduction: "Though Scientists can give us only facts and not a philosophy, yet the philosophers are in their legitimate field in constructing a philosophy out of such facts as the Scientists can give." It is therefore useful to Theosophists to have a brief summary of the more important facts established by science and their bearing on modern philosophy, especially as a consecutive review of these facts will explain the significance of the more recent accessions to scientific knowledge, as demanding a more spiritual philosophy of life than the materialism that grew up out of the earlier advances of science. This booklet supplies such information in convenient and popular form, and should enable exponents of Theosophy to be more sure of their ground than is often the case.

*An Essay on the Beautiful*, from the Greek of Plotinus. Translated by Thomas Taylor. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 1s. 6d.) Mr. Watkins is to be congratulated on producing a very attractive edition of Plotinus' miniature classic. At a time when the power of beauty as a regenerating force is being recognised more and more by all who are looking for a new heaven and a new earth, none can fail to profit by a study of the Greek ideal as expressed in philosophical language by one of its greatest exponents.

*The Resurrection of Poland*, by various authors. (Published for the Polish Information Committee by George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London. Price 3d.) This pamphlet is a collection of three manifestos to the civilised world, demanding justice and freedom for the Polish nation. The first, "For Poland," is written by M. Maurice Maeterlinck, and states the Polish case in simple and impressive language. The second, "Poland for the Poles," is by Professor Charles Richet, of the Institute, and is an eloquent appeal by a French citizen on behalf of a people for whom he proclaims his admiration, love and gratitude. The third and longest is by M. Gabriel Seailles, Professor of the Sorbonne, and is entitled "Poland". It is a brief but complete history of this brilliant and heroic people, from the tenth century—when it was aroused to self-defence against the systematic extermination of Slavs by the Knights of the Teutonic Order, an organisation which, by its secret network of conspiracy, devised and perpetrated the most dastardly crimes in the name of religion. The bare facts stir the imagination more than any romance, for the story of Poland is a prolonged tragedy illumined by the deathless splendour of genius, courage and devotion. A resolution passed by the Committee of the French League for the Defence of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, on February 21st, 1916, forms a fitting preface to a worthy messenger of Liberty. This pamphlet should be read by all who feel their responsibility to try and understand the real situation in Europe.

W. D. S. B.

## THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

## AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

This is the title of an article on psychical research, written by Sir Oliver Lodge for *The Hibbert Journal* of April, and is eloquent of the experience which the writer must have gathered. A quarter of a century of continuous investigation entitles anyone to speak with some authority, and all the more so when the speaker is one who has already made a reputation in the world of science. As the title indicates, Sir Oliver recalls the position he took up in 1892 with regard to psychic phenomena, a position which he defined in a paper read in that year at Liverpool, and mentions some of the steps that have led up to the prominent part he now plays.

Reverting to this early paper of his, he describes the reluctance of most people to examine evidence outside the scope of their own previous experience, and further, even when this reluctance has been overcome and the evidence has been fully admitted, their almost insatiable demand for further evidence before committing themselves to any pronouncement. An important exception to this general attitude is found by the author in the Society for Psychical Research, whose careful sifting of evidence on abnormal phenomena enabled him "to accord a respectable measure of credence" to the following hypotheses:

1st, Then, I hold it proved by direct experiment that ideas aroused in one person can be faintly perceived and described by some other sufficiently sensitive or attuned person in the neighbourhood, without any ordinary known process of communication. . . .

2nd, That between persons at a distance also this apparent sympathetic link may exist, so that a strong emotion or other appropriate disturbance in the mind of one person may repeat itself more faintly in the perception of another previously related or specially qualified individual, even though separated by thousands of miles. . . .

3rd, That during natural sleep, or at least somnolence, the sensitiveness to telepathic impressions is rather higher than when the cerebral hemispheres are in full action. . . .

4th, That, either by varying the blood-supply of the cerebral hemispheres or otherwise, a person may be brought into a dream-like or somnambulant condition in which he is peculiarly susceptible to suggestions made to him, even though these be absurd or repellent. . . .

5th, That this susceptibility to suggestion in the hypnotic state is not limited to suggestions received through ordinary sense organs, but extends also to those made by the telepathic processes labelled 1 and 2 above. . . .



6th, That individuals can place themselves in this sensitive condition without any operator (by staring into a glass globe, for instance), and that they may then receive impressions concerning facts and events normally unknown to them. . . .

7th, That exceptional kinds of epileptiform seizure, and some forms of more normal and less pathological trance, may occasionally leave a patient so thoroughly in the sensitive state that his organism reacts for a time as if under the control of a mind other than his own.

8th, That under the circumstances a so-called secondary personality sometimes makes its appearance, for a longer or shorter time, and has a character entirely different from the person's normal self.

9th, That the secondary personality of the trance state is occasionally, for some reason or other, more lucid or clairvoyant than the normal self, as if it possessed some additional sense, some abnormal means of acquiring information. . . .

10th, With some reserve I am prepared to admit that the facts known to me render it more probable than not that occasionally the "minds other than their own" above spoken of, are not limited to those still associated with material bodies on this particular planet. . . .

These articles of faith are followed by a confession of suspended judgment with regard to four "asserted facts" which he is "not yet prepared to accept, but for which there is much recorded evidence". These are :

A. That persons in the clairvoyant condition not only seem freed from the ordinary restrictions of space, but appear incompletely hampered by the limitations of time; so that not only distant but occasionally future events are caught a glimpse of. . . .

B. That material bodies or particles may be moved, through the influence of mind or will, without what is ordinarily called contact, and under circumstances unfamiliar to us. . . .

C. That material particles, under certain rare conditions, may be subjected to unconscious organising or constructive power, and may thus be aggregated into the semblance of a person, who can move about and even speak for a short space of time. . . .

D. That a fixed locality is capable of stimulating the sense perceptions of sufficiently sensitive persons in an unusual manner, so that an image or apparition is created in their minds and in some dim fashion apparently impressed upon their vision. . . .

This reservation is due to the lack of first-hand evidence, at least in 1892, "and even now," he adds, "these phenomena demand more study before they can be definitely formulated and accepted".

In favour of the ten accepted phenomena he urges that they are all variations or extensions of processes already familiar, and he works out this claim in considerable detail. He also admits that "something normal may be said even of

the four less thoroughly established phenomena"; and the examples taken seem to shew that his tentative attitude may rest on firmer ground than much of the belief that is called whole-hearted.

The first step that is recommended to the scientific enquirer is to satisfy himself on the score of telepathy, first-hand evidence of which can usually be obtained by any who are willing to take a certain amount of trouble. Once it is granted that the cells of the brain can be affected by other means than the sense organs, then even apparitions of the living "can be provisionally explained as due to indirect and purely mental stimulus of the brain cells usually stimulated through the optic nerve". This admission seems to us to involve the necessity, not only of a form of matter capable of transmitting thought-energy at a distance, but also of the ability of thought-energy to transmit the particular form seen by the recipient; and hence the way is already paved for a further advance towards Theosophical statements regarding mental matter and thought forms.

The concluding comments on this retrospect are perhaps the least attractive part of the article, for one naturally expects to find a marked advance in outlook. There is little or no suggestion of the influence of Theosophical investigations, and the arguments are mostly concerned with the general problem of how mind can act apart from the brain. In discussing this relation Sir Oliver relies chiefly on the analogy of the Ether and the forces which have led to its formulation as a scientific hypothesis. The article will undoubtedly provide the Theosophical student with healthy mental exercise, though he may occasionally chafe at the ponderous caution which a man of science is bound to use in return for public confidence, especially when he launches out into deep waters as Sir Oliver Lodge has done.

W. D. S. B.

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# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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#### ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Presidential Agent, Spain, for Spanish Lodges, for 1916, £24. 10s. 0d. ... ..	358	5	2
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*Adyar,*  
10th March, 1917.

A. SCHWARZ,  
*Hon. Treasurer, T.S.*

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Donations under Rs. 5 " ... ..	3	0	0
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A. SCHWARZ,

Adyar, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.  
10th March, 1917.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Montclair, New Jersey, U.S.A. ...	Montclair Lodge, T.S. ...	2-11-1916
Memphis, Tennessee, U.S.A. ...	Memphis " " ...	16-11-1916
Mexico, D.F., N. America	Sirco " " ...	22-11-1916
Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A.	Atlanta " " ...	23-11-1916
Montgomery, Alabama, U.S.A. ...	Montgomery " " ...	30-11-1916
Copenhagen, Denmark.	Olcott " " ...	27-12-1916
Wonogiri, Soerakarta, Java ...	Wonogiri " " ...	1-2-1917
Dharmatam, India ...	Dharmatam " " ...	15-2-1917
Hagare, Bellary, India ...	Hagare " " ...	15-2-1917

Adyar, J. R. ARIA,  
26th February, 1917. Recording Secretary, T.S.

# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

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The following receipts from 11th March, to 10th April, 1917, are acknowledged with thanks:

### ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

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Mr. F. A. Belcher, Toronto, West End Lodge, Canada, dues of new members for 1917 ...	14	12	0

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	1,657	9	6

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10th April, 1917.

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*Hon. Treasurer, T.S.*

iv SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST MAY  
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	Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. Bai Amanbai, Surat, in memory of Mr. Cooverji Rustomji Nanavati, towards Food Fund ... ..	100	0	0
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Mr. A. K., towards Food Fund ... ..	10	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5 ... ..	3	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	163	0	0

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 10th April, 1917. *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.*

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Nidamangalam, Tanjore Dist., India ... ..	Mangalanida Lodge T.S....	20-3-1917
<i>Adyar,</i>	J. R. ARIA,	
17th April, 1917.	<i>Recording Secretary, T.S.</i>	

Printer: Annie Besant, Vasantā Press, Adyar, Madras.  
 Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.



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DONATIONS				Rs.	A.	P.
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Mr. Shutts	...	...	...	5	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	...	...	...	0	8	0
				707	4	6

Adyar,  
10th May, 1917.

A. SCHWARZ,  
*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.*

## NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, U.S.A.	Regina Brotherhood Lodge, T.S.	... 27-11-1916
Stockton, California, U.S.A.	Stockton Lodge, T.S.	... 4-2-1917
Phoenix, Arizona, U.S.A.	Phoenix " "	... 4-2-1917
Shikarpur, Sind, India	Shikarpur " "	... 19-4-1917
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Bhind, Gwalior, India	Bhind " "	... 19-4-1917
Ichapuram, India	Ichapuram " "	... 19-4-1917

Adyar,  
4th May, 1917.

J. R. ARIA,  
*Recording Secretary, T.S.*



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Treasurer, O.P.F.S.

Date of  
issue of the  
Charter

... 27-11-1918

Theosophist, The.

Vol. 38, No. 10 (July 1917) o.p.

Publisher, Jan. 22, 1918.

Va  
1917

# THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

FIRST.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

SECOND.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

THIRD.—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good will, whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

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Supplement to this Issue

# Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

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CIRCULAR, JUNE 1917

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(MAY)

No. 5

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