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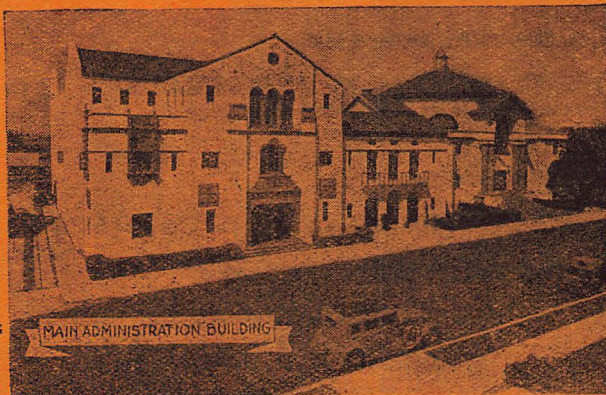
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EDITORIAL

THE idea that initiation is nothing more than the process of admission into some secret fraternity of occult or maybe masonic order is all too prevalent. In a similar manner, occultism also is far too frequently regarded as the knowledge of ceremonial ritual, and magical formulæ and processes in general, with no regard to anything farther than the evocation of entities of the angelic and sometimes merely of the elemental orders.

Reiteration of the ethical requirements as laid down in the few manuals intended for the personal use of the aspirant who feels that the riddle of existence is to be solved only by the aid of the highest aspiration and the purest of living, becomes irksome to the pushful type of mind which sets forth to wrest knowledge, and therefore power, from the dim mysteries of the past.

That such knowledge and power are available for those who care to pay the price for their acquisition is not to be doubted.

And the price is the hardening of the self by "the forcible passion for personal stature". Here, indeed, lies the danger; that of acquiring an intellectual power which, by its very incisiveness, cuts off all impressions emanating from the still higher spiritual realm. Intellect and pride, especially of the type generally referred to as "spiritual pride", are almost synonymous. Humility is abhorrent to this type of intellect. Yet without humility the possibility of "making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within" is, at the best, remote. Without the humility implied by this obeisance, the entrance to the Way of Light may never be found.

The eager student, hungry for knowledge, when first confronted with the counsel emanating from the higher ranks of the spiritual hierarchy, is apt to pass it lightly by as differing little, if at all, from the ethics of the great religions of the world. What he fails to realize is that the great Teachers, in framing their systems of ethics for the age and place of their Mission, base their counsel upon spiritual law.

Ethics Are Irksome

How often the complaint is heard, in essence if not in the actual words: "It boils down to this, 'Be good' and 'wait and see'." Admitted. But by "being good" the proper conditions for the unfolding of the spiritual life in accordance with spiritual law are afforded. And the "wait and see" counsel, the element of patient detachment, assists in that surrender of the personality to the Ideal which alone makes progress possible.

In the highest sense, occultism and mysticism are synonymous. The teaching, for instance, of *Light on the Path*, is equally applicable by the occultist or by the devotee.

But here it is only right to point out that, in the same way that the occultist is inclined to lay too great a stress upon intellect, so the mystic tends to confuse spirituality with emotion or sentiment. A course of reading of such mystical works as those of Eckhart, Ruysbroeck, or Molinos should go far towards dispelling this error; and, meanwhile, constant effort to get beyond the emotions to the "place of Peace" should complete the process. To occultist and mystic alike the advice of *Light on the Path* is offered:

“To obtain the pure silence necessary for the disciple, the heart and emotions, the brain and its intellectualisms, have to be put aside. Both are but mechanisms which will perish with the span of man’s life. It is the essence beyond, that which is the motive power, and makes man live, that is compelled to rouse itself and act.”

Only One Path

Whether for occultist or mystic, there is, in the final analysis, but one Path. How could it be otherwise when, for both alike, the goal is union with the Divine ?

In the excellent work compiled and published by the Buddhist Lodge (37, South Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.), entitled *Concentration and Meditation* (price 3s. 6d.), the following analogy is used :

“. . . the former climbs the ladder of evolution step by step, his ideal always shining on the step ahead of him, while the eyes of the latter (the mystic) are focused ever at the ladder’s head, ignoring what lies between.”

Analogies, of course, should not be pushed too far, and with this reservation the simile holds good. Nevertheless, the highest type of occult teaching, such as that given in the little manual known as *Light on the Path*, follows on the lines of the great Teacher of Nazareth, when He offers the counsel : “Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you.” Not until the man is “on the threshold of becoming more than man” is any mention made, in the manual in question, of the development of psychic powers ; and then we find an aphorism which runs :

“Inquire of the earth, the air, and the water, of the secrets they hold for you . . .”

The alert student will appreciate the significant omission of the element of fire.

The Kingdom of Heaven

Returning, however, to the purely Christian expression of this teaching, the “kingdom of heaven”, to which the great

Teacher alludes, is likened by Him, in one of His sayings, to little children: "for of such is the kingdom of heaven". In the *Voice of the Silence*, compiled by H.P.B., it is significantly stated that "the pupil must regain the child-state he has lost ere the first sound can fall upon his ear".

What more specific adjuration to cultivate the spirit of humility, simplicity and childlikeness could one find than this? It parallels the Christian teaching exactly.

It may be taken as an axiom in all forms of struggle, whether with a physical opponent or with the lower self, that the most pressing need should first receive attention. And the most pressing of all needs in the unfoldment of the latent spiritual life is the dissolution of the personality, the overcoming of self. "Not until the whole personality of the man is melted—not until it is held by the divine fragment which has created it—not until the whole nature has yielded and become subject unto its Higher Self can the bloom open."

Blind Alleys

Deviation for the purpose of developing this or that psychic faculty is so much loss of energy from the main pursuit. Inevitably the old text recurs to the mind: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

Either one is an occultist (or mystic: they are essentially the same), or a psychical researcher, a magician, a spiritualistic medium, or what not. It is impossible successfully to be both.

After all is said, of how little value, comparatively speaking, is psychic sensitiveness? The margin of error is notoriously wide in the usual vision of psychics. In the lower forms of clairvoyance they contradict each other hopelessly. One has only to read the many descriptions of the spirit-planes, so-called, given through the average medium, to see how utterly unreliable is any information coming from such a source.

The great Teachers, whose clairvoyance, healing, or other psychic power, comes as the *result* of spiritual unfoldment, are in an altogether different category; and surely their advice is worthy of consideration. They say, in effect: leave psychic development alone; it will come naturally in the proper time.

Spirit Guidance v. Spiritual Guidance

The seeker of the inner Light, however, is by no means left without guidance—from *within*! Instead of seeking dubious counsel from some spook, he more wisely prefers to seek wisdom from the Christ within.

This need not be construed into an utter condemnation of psychic research. If you are a materialist in need of being convinced that something exists beyond the purely physical life, by all means investigate spiritualism and set your doubts at rest. Beware, however, of being lured into what is, after all, a mere by-way, leading nowhere along the true Path, the Path made clear by all the great spiritual Teachers of the world, whether of the past, or present, or in the future. Truth is One, and whatever colour They give Their message for Their time, Their teaching in essence is the same.

THE EDITOR.

THE MYSTIC SONG

By FRED A. M. HURT

I thought that as we sang
There were great choirs of men,
The singers of uncounted yesterdays,
Sang with us then.

I thought that as we sang
The children of undawned to-morrow
Joined in the everlasting song,
That has no note of sorrow.

I thought that as we sang
An angel cried in me,
"Future and Past are one
In God's Eternity."

THE TWELVE HOLY MEN

By GERALDINE CUMMINS

Little seems to be known of the Twelve Disciples of John alluded to in the first seven verses of Acts xix. Particular interest, therefore, attaches to the following narrative (of which this is the first portion), which, owing to the exigencies of space, was omitted from the psychic script published under the title "The Great Days of Ephesus."*

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY E. B. GIBBES

IT seems strange that the twelve holy men, the disciples of John alluded to at the commencement of Acts xix, should apparently have been ignorant of the fact that the Messiah had already appeared and had been crucified. Further, they confessed to being unaware of the existence of the "Holy Spirit". Cheyne's Encyclopædia remarks: "What can have led Paul to ask the strange question, 'Did ye receive the holy spirit when ye believed?' which drew the not less strange answer, 'Nay, we did not even hear that there is a "holy spirit".'"

The following narrative would seem to explain one of the many problems with which scholars are faced when studying early Christian history. Interested readers can refer to Cheyne with regard to further speculations raised concerning The Twelve Holy Men who dwelt on the Hill near Ephesus.

E. B. GIBBES.

THE TWELVE HOLY MEN

NOW after Apollos had departed from Ephesus Aquila had come upon certain merchant Jews who desired to learn of Jesus. But they would not hearken to Aquila, because, to their mind, he was without authority. He was of Italy and had not lived in Judaea in the wondrous days of our Master, nor in the days that followed His death upon the Tree and His resurrection.

Aquila became troubled at heart. He sought out Elemanus, the new ruler of the synagogue,† and spake to him of the Messiah,

*London: Rider & Co. 7/6.

†"Another was ruler when Paul first came to Ephesus, but he died while the Saint was in Judaea." (*The Messenger of Cleophas.*)

of the need that tidings of His coming should be delivered to the people of His race.

But Elemanus would not suffer Aquila to teach in the synagogue, saying, "The Messiah hath not yet come. Behold a prophet named John arose in Judaea in past years and spake of the Christ who would soon appear among His people. And this John bore the truth to our nation. But the Anointed One still tarrieth with God the Father. John hath only prepared the way. All this have I learned from the disciples of John, from the Twelve Holy Men who dwell upon the Hill."

Now, despite the many pleadings of Aquila, the ruler would not change his decree. And at last he said unto the brother, "Thou seekest thine own glory. Thou would'st set thyself up as a prophet when thou art but an ignorant man who hath passed his life in Rome in the city of the Gentiles. I will not hold further speech with thee, nor will I suffer thee to spread idle tales among our people.

"The Holy Men, who dwell upon the Hill, have assured me that the Messiah will speedily come. 'His light,' they declare, 'will be great and marvellous when it shineth over Israel.' Wherefore we shall perceive it and know it in the hour when it breaketh up the darkness of this generation."

Aquila was disquieted, for he feared that even before Paul's coming to Ephesus hostility to his teaching would thus be roused. So he sought tidings of the Twelve Holy Men, and he learned that, in past times, they had come from the east and had purchased a parcel of ground without Ephesus.

There they builded a house and laboured as husbandmen upon their land, so that their needs were supplied by the rich earth, and they withdrew themselves, having no intercourse with Jews or Gentiles.

Many tales were told of their holiness. They prayed much for the salvation of Israel, and they fasted continually. They succoured those beggars who came to their gates, sharing with them the fruits of their land, but in the things of the Spirit they were silent.

They were known to be wise and god-fearing, yet they did not teach, or offer words of counsel and consolation to any man. They stirred not abroad, and they held Ephesus, with its wealth and mighty temples, to be Anathema, to be foul as the dunghheap, to be in the power of the hosts of darkness.

One among them had once broken the rule of silence and had told a beggar that the Lord would, in his own time, destroy Ephesus with pestilence and the sword because of the mighty evil that was practised. Wherefore the Holy Men kept watch ; and they prayed continually that, in the fearful hour of judgment, a remnant among the Jews of Ephesus might be delivered out of the hands of the spoiler.

After years had passed, Elemanus, the ruler, was suffered to enter the tower upon the hill, where, it was said, he spake much with the chief among these followers of John. The chief was named Josiah and was an elder, who had been with John in the early days, and now was blind.

Such was the tale learned by Aquila. Howbeit, the people had not seen this elder, who was said to be stern of countenance and at times filled with the wrath of God.

In those latter days certain of the oldest Jews of Ephesus visited the Holy Brethren, entering their dwelling. But they held their peace concerning these men. It was whispered that they were guided by the teaching of the blind Josiah in matters of faith.

So Aquila went to the gates of the tower and knocked. And behold, a man clothed in the hair of a wild beast, opened to him and asked if he desired alms.

Aquila made answer, "I would hold speech with thy master. Suffer me to enter, for I would sit at his feet and learn the truth concerning the prophet John."

And the doorkeeper said unto him, "If thou art hungry I will feed thee, if thou seekest raiment I will give thee a new coat. But I cannot suffer thee to enter, nor to hold speech with the brethren."

Aquila spake of his desire to hearken to the teaching of Josiah, the blind prophet, for the fame of him had been noised abroad. Still the doorkeeper held firm, bidding the stranger depart, declaring that he would break in upon the prayers of the Holy Men.

And when Aquila continued to importune him, speaking of his yearning for the truth, the doorkeeper closed the gate. And, though Aquila bided there for a space, it was not opened again.

So he sought the counsel of the prudent Priscilla. She perceived that those few, who had authority among the Jews,

obeyed Elemanus, and that he was guided by the words of the blind prophet who dwelled in mystery on the hill.

Wherefore was a wall reared up through him against the tidings of Jesus, and only a teacher like Paul could cast it down, could overcome the menacing silence.

Thus it was that Aquila despatched Epaenetus to Paul, bidding him to Ephesus so that he might overcome the dumbness of the Twelve Holy Men, so that he might brake open their gate and cast down their fences.

Aquila was greatly rejoiced when his master blessed him once again. And, having laid all that was in his dwelling before him, he spake of the Holy Men upon the Hill and of their authority over the ruler.

Whereupon, when evening was come, Paul set out from Ephesus, climbing the slope whereon stood the tower. He knocked at the gate, and when the doorkeeper opened it, he demanded that he might be led into the presence of the prophet.

But the keeper of the gate forbade his entry, offering him bread and raiment. And Paul said unto him, "I have no need of these things. You have need of them. You hunger and I bear you the bread of life. You are naked and I would adorn you with the apparel of the Spirit."

Perceiving the saint's rags, his worn body, the man cried out, "But thou art a beggar!"

"A beggar bearing precious gifts."

Whereupon the doorkeeper became afraid, and he summoned one of the brethren, speaking the words of Paul to him.

And this brother bade the saint depart, saying, "The people of this world may not enter here. We look for another."

But Paul would not stir, nor would he quail before the stern mien of this man, giving him gaze for gaze, saying, "And who is this other?"

"The Christ," the man answered, and he sought to close the door.

Howbeit, Paul thrust himself forward, saying, "And how wilt thou know him?"

"All who are faithful, all who believe will know the Messiah," this brother declared. "He is very God and will come in His

glory, so that His light will shine to the east and west, to the north and south. And he will set Israel upon her throne, and the nations of the earth will do homage to our people in that notable hour."

Paul gazed sadly upon this holy man, saying, "It may be that Christ will come as a beggar. It may be that He will knock upon thy door as I have knocked and thou wilt turn Him from thy gates. It may well be that Christ will come in the semblance of the lowliest man, and thou wilt not know Him."

Then the doorkeeper became the more afraid, for he perceived a light in the face of Paul, and there was a vehemence in his words that silenced even the elder brother for a space.

And the saint continued, saying, "Verily, the Christ hath been among us. He hath suffered and died for us, and you, who are seekers of the truth, have prisoned yourselves in this tower. You have kept no watch, for your desire was but for your own salvation and not for the salvation of men. So the Messiah hath passed you by. And you have been as the dumb beasts of the field. You have not known the hour though John bade you watch. I will speak with your master and will make plain to him that he hath disobeyed his teacher. He hath slept while the Messiah walked upon Judaeian earth."

The doorkeeper fell back amazed, Paul swiftly passing him, seeking in his zeal the master-disciple who held sway over Elemanus.

He heeded not the words of the elder, and was only stayed in his course when this brother promised he would warn the blind prophet of his coming and would urge that he should give audience to a seer of Israel.

Thus it was that Paul, through the power that burned within him, gained an entry where Aquila and many others had failed.

Oft-times this saint had met with locked doors, and oft-times the learned Pharisees would not suffer him to hold speech with them. But always he compelled them, so that the wisest in Judaea, the noblest men in Rome in due season gave him audience.

The saint was angered because of the doubt in the hearts of these men. But calm, like the soft flowing tide of descending night, wrapped him about when he stood in the presence of the blind prophet of Israel.

There were lights in his chamber, and the brethren, who

were of his community, knelt about him while he prayed, paying no heed to the stranger.

Awe and reverence filled the heart of Paul as he gazed upon this old man, whose face was knotted like the bark of an ancient tree, whose beard fell to his girdle, whose great age was to be perceived in his bent body, and twisted hands.

The saint of Tarsus bided there an hour, hearkening in silence to the many prayers that were uttered. All these were pleadings that the Messiah should come quickly to His faithful people, should shorten the time of the world's ignorance, of the world's sin.

At last the disciple of John rose up and blessed the brethren. Then, as they stood nigh to him with bowed heads, he turned to Paul, resting his eyes upon him. And though they saw naught, it seemed to the saint that this old follower of John read his heart, perceived his sins, knew of all his backslidings in the early days.

"The brother hath told me that thou art a bearer of strange tidings," said this man.

And the tongue of Paul was loosened, awe went from him. He spake of Jesus, of the day when Saul had first hearkened to Him, of the many signs and wonders wrought by the Master, of His rising from the dead when He had shown himself to be the Son of God.

For a space Josiah and Paul disputed with one another concerning the Scriptures and their promise of the Messiah. Then swiftly the old man changed, he spake not as heretofore, with authority; there was trouble in his voice, and he said unto Paul, "Give me thy hand."

When he had held it he spake again, "For the first time these many years I doubt, for the first time there is darkness where there should be light, darkness within my soul. For verily, I know, through the touch of thy hand that thou art a greater prophet. My spirit perceives about thee a wisdom that hath been denied me, yet I have fasted and prayed these many years. And I cannot even now believe that it hath been waste and foolishness, that I have erred, that the blindness of my eyes was but the outward sign of a blindness of spirit, causing me not to know of the passing of the Messiah, causing to slumber the one whom I believed to be the sole watcher in Israel.

"Behold I will tell thee my story.

“When John the Baptist came unto the people, preaching repentance beyond Jordan, I was one of the first to hearken to his words. At his bidding I dwelled in the wilderness so that my whole being should be purified. Then I sought him once more. And, having been instructed by him, I went to the east and sought those of our race who dwell among the Gentiles, bearing to them the glad tidings of the coming of the Messiah.

“When I returned to Judaea my friends bade me be silent, inasmuch as Herod had caused John to be beheaded. Wherefore no man dared declare himself the disciple of this prophet. And now, all those who had been his followers were scattered; and where there had been a light there was darkness.

“I called to mind the marvel of John’s presence, the sweetness of his words, the joy of his revelation. And my heart was filled with grief. I sorrowed because his disciples had betrayed him with their silence, because, it would seem, that in his tomb lay buried, not alone his body but his testimony to the swift coming of the Son of God.

“In my trouble I determined I would seek audience with Herod and would tell him that he had slain the chosen of the Lord.

“One of Herod’s friends was of my kin. And so it came to pass, that I found myself in the presence of the Tetrarch one morning when the sun shone, ripening the fruits of the earth. And I knew not, though I had power of divination, that this was the last time I should gaze upon that world of light.

“I knew my peril, but I knew also that I would not be slain, such being the promise my kinsman had given me. And Herod, in that time, was beholden to him for treasure, so was in his power.

“I spake out boldly, saying, ‘O king, thou hast slain the chosen of the Lord. Thou wilt go down into the Pit and the darkness, and thy children shall be a spoil for the stranger if thou dost not free the disciples of John who have been cast into prison, if thou dost not suffer them to preach in his name.’

“Whereupon Herod smote me on the mouth, bidding his guards hold me fast. And he said unto me, ‘I have made a vow that all who are of thy blood shall go in peace, shall be safe from the sword of my soldiers. Howsoever, though I spare thy life I will cause all joy to be taken from it.’

“And he turned to the captain of the guard, saying, “Smite

this man upon his brow so that understanding shall be reft from him, so that the unclean spirit shall enter his body and dwell therein.'

"Behold, at the bidding of this tyrant, I was cast out of that hall of assembly, and one, who was skilled as a tormentor, smote me upon the brow with a cunning weapon as he had been bidden.

"For a space strange and fearful sounds beset me. I struggled against the many shapes of my tormentor that rose up before me. Monstrous were they in girth. And at last, when it would seem that I must yield, darkness and peace gathered; I rested, uttering no word, glad in my weariness to be still.

"And it came to pass that the voice of a woman roused me from that quietness. She spake of what had befallen my body after I had been borne out of Herod's palace. The soldiers had cast me down at the door of my kinsman; and he had commanded his servants not to succour the vagabond, but to thrust my body into a deep pool, forasmuch as I could not live because of my grievous hurt.

"Now one among these men had hearkened to the teaching of John. Wherefore, he was fearful lest the wrath of God should destroy him if I perished in the water. So these men laid me in a miry stream; and the woman, who spake unto me, had found me lying there, uttering strange cries as though an unclean spirit possessed my body.

"She told me her name was Rimena, and she had compassion, bearing me to her dwelling, where she bound up my head and watched over me. I said unto her, 'Thy chamber is dark. Kindle a candle that I may perceive my deliverer.'

"And she made answer, 'Sir, it is noon, and the light is clear and bright about us.'

"Then I knew that I was blind, and I wept because the thick night that was about me could not be broken.

"Many days passed. I kept no count, for despair was mine. Faith had fled from me. I believed that God had forgotten his servant.

"It was Rimena who drew me out of the shadows, who one day made her confession, speaking of her life as a harlot.

"'Sir, I have sinned much,' she declared. 'I have kept com-

pany with evil because of my need for raiment and daily bread. I sinned so that I should not die of hunger in the time of dearth. But when thou didst teach in our town I hearkened to thy words. Baptize me in Jordan and save me from the everlasting death.'

"I was much stirred by these words, yet I spake sternly. 'Thy sins are many, and it is hard for women of thy kind to repent. Give but one reason wherefore I should baptize thee and make thee of the company of the children of God.'

"And she made answer, 'Thy body lay in the miry stream. Thy wounds were unbound. Righteous men and women passed thee by. But not one among them had compassion because they feared the wrath of Herod. I am the lowest among women, yet I feared not the tormentors. I bore thee to my dwelling and cherished thee as if thou wert my son. Thou art an outcast. If the servants of the Tetrarch came upon us they would slay me. Have I not proved myself, therefore, to be worthy of baptism.'

"And I made answer, 'If thou wilt promise to lead a new life thou shalt be baptized in Jordan.'

"Whereupon she spake, saying, 'I dare not promise what I may not have strength to perform. I will strive to turn from the evil of my life.'

"Again I marvelled at this woman, for she knew her own weakness and feared lest she should be a hypocrite in the eyes of her Maker if she made a vow, and then did fail once more.

"My first journey from her house was made to the river, and there was she baptized by me. For a space grace was hers so that she neither faltered, nor failed, going forth to labour in the fields so that we might have bread.

"And it came to pass that, as my body increased in strength, my dallying in this fashion in the house of one who had been a harlot, troubled my soul. And I said unto Rimena, 'I must continue the work of John. On the morrow lead me into the market-place, so that I may speak to the people of the swift coming of the Messiah.'

"She strove to turn me from my purpose, but in this matter I held firm. For in that hour of my first darkness there was also a darkness of the spirit. The Voice of God spake not to me. No angels visited me as they visited the holy men of old.

"I could not rest because the burden of the people of Israel

weighed upon my soul. I bethought me of my ignorant brethren who knew not that the hour of judgment was at hand.

“So when morning was fully come I commanded Rimena to lead me forth. And again she was very sorrowful and besought me to hold my peace and wait until God chose to render my sight to me again.

“Howsoever, I compelled her. And when I heard the babble of the people, when I knew that I was in the midst of the traders, I lifted up my voice and, though all was dark and unchanged about me, I spake of John and of the revelation he had borne to men.

“Soon a loud clamour overbore the sound of my speech, and some menaced me with death, yet I would not be silenced. Bitter was it for me that I could not perceive the multitude about me. Only in the after-time I knew of the true happening in the market place, when brother Benaden spake of it in my hearing.

“A man raised a staff with intent to smite me, and Rimena came between, crying out that I was a blind man wherefore no hand should be laid upon me. But this fellow desired to please the servants of Herod, so he struck the woman when she sought with her body to make a fence about my body.

“She overbore me as she fell, and I felt her hair upon my face, her blood upon my hands. She whispered, ‘I am passing. Save me from the death everlasting.’

“Then violent hands were laid upon me. And it was not until Benaden sought me out in a later season that I knew that a great harlot had given her life for mine.”

(To be continued.)

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S VISION OF ANOTHER WORLD

By the REV. WALTER WYNN (Author of *Man and the Universe: A reply to Sir James Jeans*)

It is only the Immortal in man which can inspire immortal creative work, whether in Art, in Music, or in Literature. No book, in the view of our contributor, can hope to live through the ages unless it is based on the belief, expressed or implied, of a Life after Death.

MR. SHAW'S vision is very limited. Indeed, if one is to judge by his works and pyrotechnic *obiter dicta*, one is driven to the conclusion he has *no* vision of another existence. His brilliant mind seems to be hermetically sealed to anybody and anything outside our present life and the material universe. This is why Shaw and Wells are such friends. "Birds of a feather flock together." Wells is an avowed atheist. The human mind has failed up to date to discover what Shaw is, but "murder will out"—he skitted the idea of Another World by remarking on his wish to obtain a Maida Vale flat in it! I tried for a week to discover what a chemist would define as "a trace" of humour in this exceptional remark, but failed, and although I claim to possess an average sense of humour, and struggled to laugh, I did not succeed. However, I will return to Mr. Shaw and his literary productions presently.

There is one outstanding fact about the world's literature: no book has ever taken hold of the human mind permanently that has not been written in the belief—although not clearly stated—of a Life after Death. I respectfully submit that this is an impressive and indisputable fact. Every other type of book perishes sooner or later. Homer, Moses, Æschylus, "Job", still live. They will never die. Why? Because they themselves, and all they did and wrote, are bathed in the light of an Invisible World. Every sufferer turns to the Book of Job, and will do so to the end of Time. We need not add to Carlyle's tribute to it, but one thing about "Job" is seldom noted: it opens and closes with speech in and from the Unseen. If poor Job had only understood *that*! He would have known what all the seers have declared to be true—that this mortal life is the battle-ground

on which a terrible war between Good and Evil is continually taking place. The book that fails to relate itself to this fact soon dies. You have to go in time to the British Museum to get a copy!

Not so the Bible, Plato, Socrates, Dante, Luther, Shakespeare, the *Koran*, Bunyan, Carlyle and many others. These are among the best sellers. They respond to the instincts of the human mind, as the air answers the movements of a bird's wings. German Higher Criticism does not stop the sale of a solitary copy of the Bible any more than Mr. Shaw's absurd and untruthful remark about it being a book of legends stops a soul in pain from reading Psalm 23. From beginning to end the Fact of Eternal Life shines on almost every page. It is a book of experience, and men, during life's battle, turn to its pages for bread to meet their hunger, wine to quench their thirst and ointments to heal their wounds. To such men, remarks about Maida Vale flats do not cause even the faintest smile.

Plato is read by few people; yet, as Emerson points out, his words are handed down age after age to those who have eyes to see. Dante cannot die. Taken literally, his conception of the universe in the *Divina Comedia* is obviously false, but interpreted mystically it is for ever true. Men have gazed upon those burning tombs, that tragic City of Dis, those winds of flame; watched Beatrice follow her lover up those Stairs of Purification—up, up—until Paradise was reached and the stars shone ahead; and men have said, and will continue to say, that this man Dante saw into the very heart of Truth. The deepest vision cannot be expressed in prose. *Pilgrim's Progress* is not written in the argumentative language of Locke's *Human Understanding* or Spencer's *First Principles*, but it is rather a verbal picture painted as on the Infinite Blue of Heaven. Bunyan could only present his thought in terms of evangelical Christianity, and rightly so, for it was the only material he could handle. But what did he see in that jail at Bedford; what was the *Vision* that has captured the mind and heart of humanity? Was it not the Soul of Man fighting its way out of bondage, through Sloughs of Despondency, escaping from Castles in which Giant Despair had killed many travellers; gazing at the skulls of the slain; getting out into the fresh air to read the Immortal Word, and trudging on, past Mr. Atheist with his mockery, until there—look!—there ahead is the place at which the Burden will drop. A deep penetrative

Vision this into the spiritual "make" of the Universe. The Soul of Man will not interpret Bunyan by his evangelical nomenclature, but will see his meaning in the light of human experiences.

Consider the *Koran*. Judged as literature, this book is about the poorest stuff ever sold to mankind. Yet millions of human beings have fed their minds and hearts by means of it. What is the secret of its fascination? A Man wrestling with principalities and powers of darkness; a soldier fighting against religious delusion and fraud! How did he conquer? By treating life as a joke? By becoming a literary clown? No. Mohammed gazed upon the Universe devoutly. We are informed that when his words are recited with a lilt there is music in them. This is highly probable, but the force that holds us is Mohammed's Vision, which he continually announces: *Allah Akbar: God is Great*. If he is asked for his authority, it is the Word he has received from the Invisible! It is always so. Every message to man from any great man or woman finds its origin *there*.

Mr. Shaw once said (probably as a bit of his inimitable humour) that he could write a better play than Shakespeare. He was answered in the then *Daily News* by a correspondent by means of one word: *Pshaw!* The humour of that reply equals Mr. Shaw's delusion, for the Shavian mind is of another order, differing altogether from the Shakespearean. Shaw could not enter the arena of thought embodied in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, and many other of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's mind was as a piece of glass in the sun reflecting its rays in every direction, and therefore his finest passages carry us away from this world, out of Time, with its inequalities and sorrows, into Eternity, where justice is done. This is the underlying fact in most of the Shakespearean plays, and in the Sonnets it is portrayed with matchless skill.

Shaw never seems to enter the mystical arena. *Joan of Arc* is a sublime picture of a woman's heroism and faith, but all through the play one feels that the author is the brilliant historian, not the religious believer. In other words, Shaw lives in and on the surface of things. He is the gifted artist who regards Life itself as a great joke. His humour is delicious, but his vision extends to this world and no farther. The ultimate object of Man's existence?—he does not know. Religious belief? No religion satisfies him. Another world?—he laughs and enquires whether he will be able to get a Maida Vale flat there.

Thus his mind is material, local, mundane. His plays, nevertheless, serve a purpose. They expose social, economic, and governmental wrongs, but Time will alter these and leave Mr. Shaw's works for the British Museum. I say this as one who owes a great debt of gratitude to him for many hours of mental pleasure.

What is my object in striking any contrast between Mr. Shaw and other writers? This: not to depreciate his genius, but to prove that he has no right to crack cheap jokes, such as the "Maida Vale flat", over a subject he evidently knows nothing about. Would he have uttered such flippant nonsense if he had had actual proof of the present existence of men and women known to him who have "died"? It is as natural for Mr. Shaw to be humorous as it is for many politicians to be dull, but this question of human survival is a very serious subject. Mr. Shaw probably does not know that he will live again. He will, and he will not be able to decide otherwise. Furthermore, our conduct in this world will largely determine the life we shall live in the next. The texture of the Spirit Body will not require a Maida Vale flat, nor will it occupy space in the same sense as our physical body does now.

This brings me to another remark by Mr. Shaw that sheds light on the extent of his knowledge of the Invisible World. He observed that there would hardly be room for all the people who had lived on the Earth! Such an opinion is amusing to any student of astronomy. The entire human race could stand upright in the county of Yorkshire. If all who have ever lived on the planet were massed in front of Pluto they would not be seen!

Enough said, to prove how some very clever men can be extremely ignorant about certain things.

It has to be admitted, however, that it is not easy to grasp the proposition that our departed ones have habitations, although they do not resemble Maida Vale flats. Spirit is not flesh. Electricity is not granite, and yet both have places of abode, and what we do not see has often the greater power. The mightiest forces in the Universe are invisible, and their residences are not built by London builders, or mortgaged by Maida Vale Building Societies. Our spirit bodies are just as real as our physical, and when the death of the physical releases them they dwell in houses "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens". This fact, and we know it is a fact, should not be hard to understand. The air we breathe cannot be measured as we measure the

front of the Mansion House, yet both exist. A thousand other illustrations could be supplied to prove that many psychical realities are not related to space as our bodies are. Hence, when we deal with or discuss psychical phenomena we pass into a realm in which physical eyesight does not operate. I cannot see or measure Thought, but I know it exists, although it occupies no space. Is there anything in the world more real than Thought ?

It follows, therefore, that the most difficult problems Life and the Universe present to us are not solved by jokes about Maida Vale flats. Such jests remind me of the old lady who asked Mr. Spurgeon whether her donkey would go to Heaven. "Well, madam," replied the gifted preacher, "I don't know about your donkey, but I do know that a lot of donkeys will be there !" In regard to the question of human survival I have met many.

It may not dawn upon even the mind of Mr. Shaw that while his plays draw good houses and lucrative, they lack that element of thought and belief which survives the shocks and shoals of Time. When I read Mr. Shaw's plays I am bewildered with their lavish wit, insight into human nature and penetration into the causes of social wrong. Good luck to them when they smite wrongdoers and expose religious hypocrites ; but, having enjoyed them as consummate works of art, I crave for something they do not contain. I close Shaw and open David, St. Paul, Tennyson, Sir Oliver Lodge, Carlyle, not to mention One Other. What is it that makes all these Great Ones so impressive ? Life is solemn and real to them. The Universe is not to their minds a Palace of Mud. Not the billions of stars, but what is between them, seizes their minds. Would that Shaw would close his wonderful career by coming into line with them ! The next stride of science will be the discovery of what exists *between* the stars.

If the reader wishes to obtain a vivid illustration of the feature in literature that causes any book to live, let him read Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero Worship*. There are passages in both books that are immortal. "The Everlasting Nay" and "Yea"—think of them ! The description of Dante and Cromwell—what heights and depths are here ! The "death of Cromwell"—so quiet, so stern in its outlook, with the winds blowing round the palace, and a Man passing out into Eternity to face the Judge of all men ! No joking about Maida Vale flats in that hour. And death will not be a joke even to Mr. Shaw !

DID GAUTAMA THE BUDDHA TEACH A SECRET DOCTRINE ?

By G. DE PURUCKER, D.Litt.

Did Buddha teach a Secret Doctrine, and what relation, if any, did it bear to the "Esoteric Buddhism" of the late A. P. Sinnett ? These and kindred questions receive their answer in the contribution from our esteemed Contributor, the well-known Leader of the Theosophical Society having its Headquarters at Point Loma, California. Part I appeared in the March "Forum", and Part II in May.

PART III

BUDDHISM teaches an evolution or development slowly followed through many rebirths, repeated reimpodiments, involving constantly increasing faculty and power, until finally the entity whose evolving destiny is thus traced becomes a man, and after becoming a man becomes a Bodhisattva—one filled with the spirit of the Buddha, or rather of the Buddhist principle, the principle of utter wisdom ; and that, taking the Buddha as the example in point, in his last incarnation he was born the Bodhisattva Siddhârtha, later called Śâkyamuni, in the year 643 B.C. : and that when he was eighty years of age, after having passed through manifold experiences, and after he had gathered together and taught his disciples and sent them abroad to proclaim the Good Law, he then entered the Nirvâna, with an entering which left naught behind save his Dharma—the truth that he taught.

Now, let me ask : What is it that passes from the humblest of beings through the many and varied gatîs or "ways" of existence, through repeated and incessant rebirth, until that something, that X-quantity, became a Buddha ? What is it, I ask. The scriptures of the South, of the Hînayâna, will say that it was results, karman. Precisely ! What is, then, this karman ? The word itself means action, signifying results, consequences, effects. But is it thinkable that the noblest sage of historic times, the titan intellect of the human race, perhaps the loftiest spiritual genius of his kind known to the human species for the last twenty-five hundred years, taught that bare consequences, naked

composites, *samskâras* or mere collections, can and do pass in entitative fashion from life to life, re-collect themselves, and re-collect themselves after being time after time dispersed into the various realms of Nature? It all depends upon the meaning that we give to this term *samskâras*, to the term *skandhas*. If these are mere aggregates of atoms existing on the psycho-emotional as well as on the physical plane, and without any bond of union, thus voicing the materialistic idea, then we must infer that this titan intellect taught an impossibility, which the merest tyro in philosophical thought would reject with impatience as being words without meaning, thoughts without content, ideas void of foundation. Or if, on the other hand, we understand *samskâras* to mean psycho-magnetic and material aggregates of life-atoms attracted to one another because of their intrinsic magnetic vital power, and unified and governed by the repetitive action of the same energy which formerly held them in union as a vehicle, then indeed we have a reasonable teaching consistent with what we know of ourselves, and thoroughly consistent not only with the teaching of the Hindû philosophy of the day, but with all the remainder of the Buddha's own philosophy.

The following, to me, is the undoubted meaning of the Gautama-Buddha's Doctrine; and it is likewise precisely the meaning of the heart of his teaching as found in the Mahâyâna Schools of the North, and taught to-day by Theosophy. While it is perfectly true that the lower parts of every entity, a human being for instance, form a compound, and therefore are a compounded aggregate, and consequently are mortal and perishable, being what in Buddhism are called the *samskâras* or the body of composites, there is *something* around which this aggregated compound gathers, by which the compound is held together, and forms a man—or rather entity. There is here no such teaching as that of the immortal soul in the Christian sense, and this deduction from the teaching of the Lord Buddha is perfectly correct, for it would mean that the soul, to be immortal, must not and cannot essentially change, which likewise means that it cannot evolve, because if it did evolve—which means changing to something better—it then is no longer what it was before. It is something different because it is changed; and therefore, not being what it formerly was, it cannot be immortal in the Christian sense. Do you grasp this subtil and profound thought?

Consequently this X-quantity, call it what you like, call it karman if you will—and if you understand the proper meaning of the word karman as signifying consequences or results, it is as good a word as any—is that vital psychological *something* which insures the re-collecting of the samskâras together for the new life, thus reproducing the new man, as the fruitage or results of his past life. It all is simply a continuance in existence of this X-quantity in life after life by means of the karmic consequences or results of the life and all the lives which have preceded any new appearance or imbodiment or incarnation of the peregrinating entity.

Let me try to illustrate this very mystical doctrine, so difficult for Occidentals to understand. Consider a child. The child is born from an infinitesimal and invisible human life-germ ; and yet in a few years it grows to be a six-foot man. Now, then, in order to become a six-foot man from the little child that it was, it must pass through many and differing stages of growth, of evolution, which means development, unfolding. First, it is the microscopic germ, developing into the embryo, then born as an infant, then growing into the lad, the lad changing into the young man, the young man becoming the man in the maturity and plenitude of his powers, and finally the man, after the maturity and plenitude of his powers, entering upon the phases of senescence, decay, decrepitude, and death. Now every one of these phases is a change from the preceding one, and is based upon the preceding one. The boy of six is not the boy of ten ; the boy of ten is not the lad of fifteen ; and the young man of twenty-five is not the man of forty ; and the man of forty is different from the man of fifty-five, when he is at his prime—or should be ; and the man of eighty, usually weak and tired, worn with toil and labour, soon going to his rest and peace for a while, is not the new-born child—yet the entity is the same from the beginning of the cyclic series unto its end, because there is an uninterrupted series of steps or stages of change signifying growth, which means development or evolution.

In this example, simple as it is, you have the key to the Buddhist thought. Precisely as it is with the birth and development and growth of a child into a human being, so is it with the passage of the karman from body to body through the different life-stages of rebirth, through the different ages, the passing from low to high of that X-quantity, which we Theosophists call “the

reincarnating ego", and the mystical Buddhists speak of as the shining ray from the Buddha within, and which the Hīnayāna of the South, the defective vehicle, the exoteric teaching of the Lord Buddha, spoke of as the "karman" of the man growing continuously nobler, better, grander, greater, more evolved, until the man through these karmic changes or changings of karman finally becomes a Bodhisattva; the Bodhisattva then becomes a Buddha, finally entering the Nirvāna.

When you hear that Buddhism teaches the utter annihilation, wholly complete, of that X-quantity, which Christians miscall "soul", and which the Buddhists of the South call the "karman" of a man—that sum-total of all that a man is, all his feelings, thoughts, yearnings, energies, forces (in short everything that the man is is his karman), passing ever to greater and greater things—then remember that while this statement is perfectly true when properly understood as I have attempted briefly to outline it, nevertheless the Northern School of Buddhism, which is incomparably larger than that of the South, still retains, however imperfectly, the more explicit and lucid teaching emanating from the Buddha's heart, to wit: that there is a ray from the celestial Buddha within the composite entity called man, builded of the samskāras, and that it is the influence of this ray which first brought the samskāras together, which persists throughout the ages, and re-collects the same samskāras together anew, thus reproducing through repetitive imbodiments on earth the same karmic entity who or which formerly existed. Try to understand the essential meaning of this karma-doctrine, and you will grasp the fact that the karman of the man *is the man himself*, and that just because the man himself is continually changing because continually growing, thus the karman of the man which is himself is obviously likewise continually changing for the better. The teaching of the South, of the Hīnayāna, is true, when they state that what remains of a man after his death is his karman, because as just shown this karman is the man himself.

PART IV

With all I have said, I have but just begun my theme and must hasten to a close! He whom his followers and whom the West know under various titles, such as Gautama the Buddha, Śākyamuni or the Śākya-Sage, or by his personal name Siddhārtha

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—which means “one who has achieved his objective”—was born in the Spring, at or about the time of the Spring Equinox, in the waxing moon, in the year 643 B.C., reckoning according to Christian chronology, in a North Indian town which is now thought to have been in the foot-hills of the Himâlayan mountains. His father was Śuddhodana, which our very pragmatist Occidentalists say means “pure rice”, or “pure food”, apparently forgetting that it is virtually impossible that this would be the translation because it would be a violation of Sanskrit grammar, and such translation would have to be spelled *Śuddhauḍana*—which it is not. The word means “pure water”, or “pure flow”, and is obviously in connection with the fact that his mother was called Mâyâ or Mâyâ-Devî, meaning Illusion or Illusion the goddess, a mystic name referring to the Buddhist teaching itself that his parentage was divine, from the Celestial Buddha, from whom flowed a pure ray of the spirit which, passing through the realms of Illusion the mother, gave birth to the Buddha. Remember also that the name of his wife was Yaśodharâ, which can be translated as “holder of glory” or perhaps better “possessor of glory”, pointing to the fact of his possession as the other “half” of himself of spiritual qualities and powers through which and in connection with which he lived and worked.

I pass over the story of the Buddha's life as it is so well known not only to scholars but to every student of the life of the great Master. Those who are even to-day so strangely fascinated by the various forms of the lower Indian Yoga, and who imagine that the pathway to initiation and interior development is the mortification or mutilation of the physical frame, should take serious council of the fact that the Buddha, so the story of his life runs, after trying these various means of interior development, cast them aside, renounced them as virtually useless. Iconography and pictorial art generally in Buddhism show the various phases of the different events in his life before he attained utter illumination under the Bodhi tree; and the most informative of these representations are they which show the Buddha in one of the various postures of spiritual meditation, interior re-collection; but equally significant are those which represent him in the pre-Buddha state as a veritable image of skin and bones, what the Germans call a *Hautskelet*. The pathway to the Temple of Wisdom and of interior illumination is not the pathway of mortification of the flesh, but of interior development, and the becoming at

one with the superior elements of the human constitution which are at one and the same time divine in their highest parts, spiritual in the next lower range, and intellectual in their third and lowermost.

The term "Buddha" itself means awakened, from the verbal root *Budh*, signifying "to observe", "to recover consciousness", and therefore "to awaken"—i.e. a Buddha is one who is fully awake and active in all the parts or ranges of his septempartite constitution, and therefore a full, complete, and relatively speaking a perfectly evolved human being.

I pass over likewise our own esoteric Theosophical teaching which contains the statement that the Lord Buddha did indeed "die" to all human affairs at the age of 80 years, because then the higher parts of him entered the Nirvâna, because no Nirvânî can indeed be called a living man if he has attained the seventh degree thereof as the Buddha did ; and yet our esoteric teaching likewise states that in all the rest of his constitution he remained alive on earth for 20 years more teaching his Arhats or chosen disciples in secret, giving them the nobler "doctrines of the heart", as obviously he had publicly taught "the doctrines of the brain", i.e. the eye-doctrine ; and that finally, in the hundredth year of his physical age, Gautama-Śâkyamuni, the Buddha, cast his physical body aside and therefore has lived in the inner realms of being as a Nirmânakâya.

I have but begun, I state again, what is indeed a fascinating theme of study, but it would make this article or essay intolerably long were I to embark upon a more extended analysis of the noble topic where I have herein before briefly discussed. Yet I must indeed say a little more about a phase of the Buddha's teaching which exoteric Buddhism, whether of North or South, will not tell you of. There is a Wisdom, the Secret Wisdom of the Lord Buddha, his esoteric *dharma*—and I do not hesitate to write this openly, and I venture to say that it may be found, although more or less veiled, in the teaching of the books of the great Mahâyâna School of Northern Asia. Furthermore, this *dharma*, this Secret Wisdom, this Gupta-Vidyâ, can verily be taught. Among its doctrines, likewise found in the teaching of the Northern School, is the statement that every man is a manifestation on this earth of a Buddhic principle belonging to his constitution, and manifesting in three degrees or phases : (a) as a Celestial Buddha, (b) as a Dhyâni-Bodhisattva, (c) as a Mânushya-Buddha ; and that all

our faculties and powers are, like rays from a spiritual sun, derivatives from this wondrous interior Buddhic entity. It is the core of the core of all our being. Union with this "heart" of us is the aim of all initiation, for it is the union, the becoming at one, with the Buddhi-principle within us, the seat of abstract Bodhi ; and when this union is achieved, then a man becomes a Buddha.

This is the fundamental thought, in my considered opinion, of all the teaching of the Lord Buddha ; and even the very last words which popular legend ascribed to the Master on his death-bed, "Seek out your own perfection", embody the same fundamental thought of the human being as an imperfect manifestation of the celestial Buddha within himself, the man ever striving, consciously or unconsciously, to attain union with this divinity within. This is the yoga of Buddhism, although I grant we hear little of it ; yet I aver that it is likewise the real yoga, and the only yoga worth anything, in the various systems of Hindû yoga-teaching likewise.

We have in these thoughts drawn from the recorded teachings of the Buddha himself exactly the same sublime adhortation or injunction that all the great Seers and Sages of all the ages have taught ; to wit, that the way to the unutterable Wisdom and Peace of the Divine is found within oneself. All the great spiritual and intellectual human titans, whose vast minds have been the luminaries of the human race in all past times, were precisely they who had developed more or less of this Buddhi-principle within themselves ; and the value, philosophic, religious, and ethical, of this teaching lies in the fact that every human being may follow the same path that these great Masters have followed, because every human being has in his constitution the same identical cosmic elements that the Great Ones had.

Even the School of Southern Asia, the Hīnayāna, gives as the unquestioned teaching of the Tathāgata that a man can attain union with Brahman. Now, what is the path by which this union is achieved ? Let me quote from one of the "orthodox" scriptures of the Hīnayāna School, and thus you will have the scripture's own words before you, rendered from the Pāli into English by T. W. Rhys-Davids, the well-known Pāli scholar, as found in Volume XI of the *Sacred Books of the East* series. This is what you will find as the teaching of the Lord Buddha concerning the gaining of union with Brahman, which of course will be

familiar to you as likewise being the teaching of Brahmanism ; and I will explain why the Buddha taught something which is beyond this. First, then, from the Tevijja-Sutta :

That the Bhikkhu who is free . . . should after death, when the body is dissolved, become united with Brahmâ, who is the same—such a condition of things is every way possible ! . . .

In sooth . . . the Bhikkhu who is free from anger, free from malice, pure in mind, and master of himself, should after death, when the body is dissolved, become united with Brahmâ who is the same—such a condition of things is every way possible ! (Chapter 3, verses 7, 8.)

For Brahmâ, I know, and the world of Brahmâ, and the path which leadeth unto it. Yea, I know it even as one who has entered the Brahmâ world, and has been born within it ! (Chapter 1, verse 43.)

And he lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love, and pity, and sympathy, and equanimity, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth, and thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of love, with heart of pity, sympathy, and equanimity, far-reaching, grown great, and beyond measure. Verily this . . . is the way to a state of union with Brahmâ. (Chapter 3, verses 1, 3, 4, combined.)

Now, then, after these conclusive paragraphs just cited from one of the standard scriptures of the Southern School, in which the X-quantity, that *something* which I have referred to above, can attain “a state of union with Brahmâ”, I must point with emphatic finger to the fact that the Lord Buddha by no means considered such a state of union with Brahman as the ultimate or ending of existence. Indeed, his teaching ran directly contrary to this erroneous idea ; for both implicitly and explicitly, as may be found in the scriptures of the North and of the South combined, there is the reiterated statement that even beyond the “world of Brahmâ”, i.e. beyond Brahman, there are realms of consciousness and being still higher than the “world of Brahmâ”, in which reside the roots, so to speak, of the cosmic Tree and therefore the Root of every human being. What is this Mystic Root, this that is even higher than Brahman? It is Âdi-Buddha the Cosmic Originant ; for even a “world of Brahmâ” is a manifested world, and therefore, however high it may be by comparison with our material world, is an imperfect sphere of existence. In consequence, higher than Brahman there is something Else, the rootless Root. And one who is a Buddha can enter not only the “world of Brahmâ”, but pass out of it and above it and beyond it, yea, higher and higher still to those cosmic reaches of consciousness towards which human imagination may aspire and indeed always

does aspire, however feebly ; but which, unless we are Buddhas in fact, we cannot really understand.

These citations, and the brief and, I fear, rather condensed arguments that I have drawn from them, should prove to any really thoughtful and impartial intelligence that there was something more in the great Master's teaching than the sketchy and, alas, all too often prejudiced outline of it drawn by most European Orientalists. A Secret Doctrine, an Esoteric Wisdom, thus is seen to be a necessary component part—and indeed the best part—of the teaching of the Buddha, for towards it every one of his teachings point, and when considered collectively rather than distributively we reach the conclusion which seems to be irresistible, that such an Esoteric Doctrine was the "heart" of the great Master's teaching.

(Conclusion)

DESTINY

By FRANCIS O'GRADY

Thou art that thou desirest :
 Maya-bound, or free.
 Even as thou aspirest
 Thou shalt surely be.

Now is the time to fashion
 Karma, good or ill.
 Pain is the fruit of passion,
 Peace, of selfless will.

Put not by till the morrow,
 Now is eternity :
 Thine the choice—joy, or sorrow :
 THOU ART THY DESTINY.

INDIA'S GREATEST YOGI—SRI ARABINDA GHOSE

By J. VIJAYA-TUNGA

First among the Spiritual Teachers in India to-day, our contributor places Sri Arabinda Ghose, characterized by the well-known French writer, Romain Rolland, as "the foremost of contemporary Indian thinkers". Sri Arabinda claims to have adapted Yoga to modern needs.

IT is a matter of great concern that Arabinda Ghose ("the Voice of the Sun") is not better known in the West. When during the last quarter of the last century the West began to be aware that the Orient was something more than a field for commercial exploitation, that it held a living philosophy and culture, it began to hope, quite rightly, for a great spiritual guidance from the East. Every message from the East, every bearer of such a message, was awaited with fervour and listened to with ardour. The West even went to the extent of being prepared to accept an Oriental as the Messiah that the world needs. But these various messengers only spoke a language that sounded mystical, and had little meaning for the scientific West. The need for such a message, and the bearer of such a message, is more urgent than ever now, but the hope among Westerners has become rather dimmed.

That is why I say it is a thousand pities that Arabinda Ghose is not better known in the West. Let me briefly describe a few details of his life. His parents sent him to England as a child of six. He grew up here, went to school, then later to Cambridge, where he graduated brilliantly. As a young man in his early twenties he returned to India, having accepted a ministerial post under the Gaekwar of Baroda. But he did not stick long to his post. For this was that eventful period in India, at the very beginning of this century, when Nationalism was at fever heat, and a zealous Viceroy, Lord Curzon, was frantically suppressing it.

Arabinda Ghose felt that his place was in the thick of the battle. Based on the *Bhagavad Gita*, and the more positive philosophy of India, he had already perfected a theory for releasing the mighty forces that were convulsing his motherland.

“There is a burden on the breast of my mother. I will take no rest till I have delivered her.” With a decisiveness characteristic of renunciation as it has been practised in India throughout the centuries, he left the service of the Maharajah and went to Calcutta. Here he became the focus of the nationalist forces. He started a National College where Indian youth could learn not only the arts and sciences, but learn to perfect their bodies, physically as well as spiritually. In the midst of this work following the historic “Partition of Bengal”, when acts of terrorism were becoming a feature of Indian revolutionary activity, there was an assassination in Calcutta, now known as the Alipore Bomb Case. Suspicion fell, among others, on Arabinda Ghose. He was thrown into gaol. At first he was greatly agitated in mind by the injustice of it all. True, he had partially realized the teachings of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the great ethical points propounded by Sri Krishna to Arjuna on the battlefield of *Kurukshetra*, and he had meant to apply these partly realized ideas towards the political liberation of his nation. But on the whole he was an agnostic and a sceptic. For his formative years had been in Europe and he had drunk deeply of Western philosophy. But after the first agitation wore off, he recalled another vow that he had made, as a second thought, before he left Baroda. This was :

“One day I will see God face to face.”

With this recollection a serenity fell on him. He saw among his fellow-prisoners, not felons, thieves and cut-throats, but the face of Narayana, God. Here in prison, he felt, he was preparing for the great event, when he would eventually realize Him in fullness. At the end of a year, thanks to his brilliant defence by another famous Indian, the late C. R. Das, Arabinda Ghose was released.

With this release Arabinda Ghose emulated in a way the example of the Buddha, when as Prince Siddartha he sought release from the bonds of his father's Court. Arabinda Ghose had realized that both for the individual as well as the nation “there can be no material *Mukti* (release from unhappiness) unless there is first a spiritual *Mukti*. He went to Pondicherry, in French India. Emulating again the example of the Buddha, he entered on a five years' silence. With his brilliant intellect he was able to grasp the teachings of Yoga. With equal discernment he was able to discriminate which Yoga was the most

desirable to be cultivated in view of the special conditions of our age.

When he emerged from his five years' Yoga, Sri Arabinda was a different man. He attracted followers, disciples, admirers. If his reputation as a nationalist had been great, it was a hundred-fold more so now. In India his reputation as a Yogin has been steadily increasing and his example increasingly effective. A few more discerning among Europeans, such as Paul Richard and Romain Rolland, have been greatly influenced by him. And these have made him known somewhat beyond the borders of India. Romain Rolland, whose admiration for Gandhi and Tagore is undisguised, has himself characterized Sri Arabinda as "the foremost of Indian thinkers".

Now to explain effectively the standpoint of Yoga taken by Sri Arabinda Ghose, without any of the claptrap of those meaningless phrases now popular in the West as the vocabulary of Oriental metaphysics, it is necessary to distinguish very carefully between several ideas which at first glance appear to be overlapping, even confused. One of the best means of understanding his teaching is to follow his interpretation of the *Bhagavad Gita*, which to my mind is the most penetrating piece of philosophical criticism done by a modern Indian. In the *Bhagavad Gita*, Sri Krishna is urging upon Arjuna the necessity—nay, the justification—for slaying his own kinsmen, who were, in this legendary battle, his opponents. Arjuna is for renunciation, for withdrawing from a futile conflict that must exterminate those very beings who contribute to his reason for being alive. Krishna admonishes Arjuna: "Put away this vain sorrow and shrinking, fight, O son of Bharata. . . . There is no greater good for the Kshatriya (he of the warrior caste) than righteous battle. . . . If thou doest not this battle for the right, then hast thou abandoned thy duty and virtue and thy glory, and sin shall be thy position".

Again taking a more stoical view of it, Krishna urges: "Slain thou shalt win Heaven, victorious thou shalt enjoy the earth; therefore arise, O son of Kunti, resolved upon battle".

The Krishna-Arjuna dialogue must be taken as an allegory, but its interpretation given by Sri Arabinda, and the particular emphasis given it by him, is necessary to understand his particular theory and practice of Yoga.

For Sri Arabinda is opposed, at least in the perfecting of his

Yoga, to the Buddhist view of *Aniccha* (impermanence) and *Dukkha* (sorrow), and those theories of the Mayavadin, which are similar to the Buddhistic. He emphatically says, "I am a Tantric. I regard the world as born of *Ananda* and living by *Ananda* and wheeling from *Ananda* to *Ananda*." That is why he emphasizes the positive, the will-to-be aspect of Krishna's exhortations.

Now *Ananda*, which may be translated as Joy or Bliss, is possible in a universe that is in perfect tune, in *Lila*, to use the Sanscrit term. *Lila* pre-supposes an absence of all tension, and that is why Sri Arabinda, who bases his Yoga on the Will, while making this will synonymous with Shakti, and therefore an aspect of the terrible Kali, goes to the greatest pains to explain that there should not be in the expression or manifesting of this Will the slightest violence on the body, or the desire for results. In other words, the Will which is at the highest point of the human body, above the brain, the *Sahasradala* (the thousand-petal lotus) must unfold with the gentleness of a flower unfolding. While the *Sahasradala* should be exercised, the results should be left, says Sri Arabinda, in the hands of God. "You cannot," he repeats, "care more for yourself than God cares for you."

That in himself Arabinda Ghose exemplifies the perfect soul, the perfect Yogin, has been unanimously accepted. That his Yoga is not an abstract state, but one that must be manifested in our world of affairs, can be proved by an examination of his system. In a subsequent article I hope to resume this exposition, but would here quote Arabinda Ghose's own words to show the perfect harmony he has realized in this very life and that he *has* realized that vow. He *has* seen God face to face. In the sextet of a sonnet he says :

I am no more a vassal of the flesh,
A slave to Nature and her leaden rule ;
I am caught no more in the senses' narrow mesh.
My soul unhorizoned widens to measureless sight
My body is God's happy living tool,
My spirit a wide sun of deathless light.

THE SPIRITUAL AIMS OF EDUCATION

By CHARLES KING

The function of the True Teacher, our contributor maintains, is "to fan the spark of wonder to the flame of vision" in the souls of the children in his care. He pleads for a reorientation in the aims of education.

IT is often said that education is an art, but the latter word is apt to be used loosely in this connection. What is art? as Tolstoy asked, and Boileau and Plato. I have no doubt that it is the pathway to the divine, and no doubt, either, that education is an art in this true sense. It is the supreme work of the poet, and the painter too, to reveal to his fellow-men the "bright shoots of everlastingness" that shine through all this earthly dross, and this is no less the work of the true teacher, as Pestalozzi and Froebel, those god-like schoolmasters, themselves knew. The teacher is a creative artist in the most wonderful of all media, a creator of vision in the souls of men.

Creator, I said, and for practical purposes the true teacher is a creator: yet he does not create out of nothing. There is in all children the spark of wonder which it is for the teacher to cherish. Often the uninspired teacher will choke it instead of cherishing—that is one of the major tragedies of our "civilisation"; but the true teacher is a Vestal of wonder, dedicated to the keeping alive of that sacred flame, as the maidens of old time to the maintaining of the fire of their goddess. His function it is, above all, to fan the spark of wonder to the flame of vision. The aim of education is, as Plato held, the "vision of all Time and existence", the "sense of the presence of God"—such a realization of the mystery and the majesty and the unity of the cosmos as shall inform the whole life of the individual. Such vision is achieved at its highest in the mystic ecstasy, which Plato knew, and Christ, and many of the world's great poets and teachers, including the sages of India; an experience which, to the strong souls to whom it has come, has been the fountain-light of all their day, the master-light of all their seeing, so that they have gone forth, fulfilled with life, conquering and to conquer in the sphere of human

achievement, leading armies like the Maid of Domremy, founding religions like Mahomet, or philosophies like Spinoza, or leaving great verse to the clans of after-time, like Wordsworth or Tennyson. Here it may be said that not everyone can attain to such vision or such achievement, and that is obvious ; but it is in this direction that education should be oriented, and the ordinary boy or girl is capable of being led much farther in this direction than is usually supposed. Speak to a young and untamed herd of the Children of the Philistines of high things and eternal, of the beginning of things, of how "this glorious canopy of light and blue" came to be spread above us, and you shall see them stand at gaze, wrapt in reverential awe, eager to drink of divine learning.

I have had this experience with a refractory class of boys aged about sixteen, who could never be accused of any interest in general academic learning, and whom I had not long been teaching ; but much better results can be achieved, a much richer quality of spirituality can be fostered, if the true teacher have the teaching of children from an earlier age ; and the earlier the better. Poetry should be meat and drink to children from the beginning. I do not believe there is any need of these laborious graded books of poetry, leading up to the "Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna" (fine poem as that is) at the age of twelve. Children should be familiarized with Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, as a book, from the age of five, or even earlier. I knew a boy of four who learnt a passage from Lycidas (the one about the flowers) of his own accord, from hearing other children learn it. In such an atmosphere children of five and six and seven will be thrilled by the visions of Tennyson's Sir Galahad, though the teacher try to dissuade them from learning a poem so obviously beyond their full comprehension. I have known such children eagerly act "Sir Galahad", of their own initiative, without missing out any of the poem, and there was no doubt that "Sir Galahad" himself, aged six-and-a-half, and some of the other more intelligent children, had some glimmering of what it was all about. One boy of nine noticed in the *Golden Treasury* Shelley's "To Night"

Swiftly walk over the western wave
Spirit of Night.

and asked what spirit was : whereat we had a most illuminating discussion of the meaning of "spirit", the whole class, of approximately the same age as the enquirer, joining in ; and I explained

to them and made them feel something of the wonder of the "one Spirit's plastic stress", which "sweeps through the dull, dense world". To a slightly older class, aged thirteen and fourteen, I was talking about Euripides, explaining mainly the modernity of his ideas about slaves, women, war, etc., when a girl, generally noted for light-mindedness, broke in with the question: "What does Euripides think of the immortality of the soul?"

Glimpses of the generally unsuspected potentialities of the child for spiritual development are afforded to those teachers who encourage them to write verses on their own subjects from an early age. I have before me some lines by a boy of seven on "The Dead", i.e. the dead of the War.

The dead are in glory in their sleep in heaven.
The glory of the earth is not to be compared with
the glory of Heaven.

A boy of thirteen wrote some birthday verses for his lady teacher which dealt mainly with the beatitude awaiting her one day "in Paradise". But the instance of this kind of thing which struck me most was the case of a boy a year older who was wont to declare that "poetry was rubbish" and who was apparently interested in nothing but motor-cycles (he is now, I believe, with Tangye's, the world-famous engineering firm). His verses are not really remarkable in themselves, but they are interesting as showing that even a boy who claims to reject all spiritual interests can be touched to that sense of the "mystery and majesty" of the universe which I postulated as the ultimate aim of education. Because of this I give the lines in full. The boy chose the subject himself, and I am sure the last line is there purely for the rhyme.

The sea and the land stretch out far and wide.
The land has its soil and the sea its tide.
The air stretches farther than either of these,
Giving us life and often a breeze.
But space is the greatest thing of all—
For it has no boundary, rampart or wall:
In this are the sun and the moon and the stars,
And, marching among them, the war planet, Mars.

I have known boys of the same age with much greater powers of literary expression, but the clearly commonplace quality of the mind which produced the above lines makes the sense of wonder in the line

But space is the greatest thing of all.

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so much the more noteworthy ; and this afforded excellent evidence for the main contention of this article : that there is much more scope than is usually taken advantage of for the development of the sense of wonder and spiritual apprehension of the cosmos in children. This boy, whom I only had for a short time, wrote nothing like that before, and I do not believe he did again ; I lost touch with him not long afterwards.

I come now to what I regard as one of the best methods of uplifting the spirit which is available to teachers ; viz, the acting of plays of the right quality. Plays have a powerful corporate effect, and those who might not otherwise be susceptible to the call, "Sursum corda", will be made so by taking part in and even merely by seeing school plays of spiritual value. There was some approach to this effect in a beautiful production of the "Antigone" done at a mixed school where I taught in Ireland, but I think that some of the plays which have been produced at my own schools have been better adapted to this purpose. My first essay in this method was a "Nativity Play", with words taken from Milton and the Bible, which was done by children aged from four to nine. They did it very beautifully, with reverence and even awe ; and though I have been concerned with many bigger productions, which have doubtless been more successful from the particular standpoint of this article, the thrill of that first play can never be quite recaptured. I have already mentioned in this connection the play of "Sir Galahad", from Tennyson. I do not believe anyone in that production was over seven. "Tammuz and Ishtar", which I have done more than once, has a special value from this point of view. This was a spring "celebration", inspired by the propoganda of Dr. F. H. Hayward on the subject of "celebrations". Tammuz in the old Assyrian legend is the summer, at whose death and descent to the underworld Ishtar the goddess of vegetation is stricken with grief, so that the earth is bare of vegetation throughout the winter till the gods are persuaded to bring Ishtar to life again in the spring. This primitive vegetation-myth was acted, with speeches taken from English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Assyrian poetry, including stanzas from Adonais and the exordium of the *De Rerum Natura* of Lucretius, all of which contributed to the particular spiritual effect with which this essay deals. There is something of the same virtue to be found in the *Frogs* of the comedian, Aristophanes, but only, of course, where what I have

known described as the "beauty chorus" appears, the chorus of the initiates of the Eleusinian mysteries. Some of the boys of nine and ten who danced gracefully in their wreaths and robes felt, I know, something of the lifting up of heart of the ancient mystae whom they were impersonating.

There is a spiritual value in Mr. Drinkwater's plays, "Abraham Lincoln" and "Oliver Cromwell", both of which I have known done by castes aged seven to eleven. "Abraham Lincoln" has, perhaps, not so much of the quality here mainly considered ; but I have known it very stirringly presented by boys, so as to move the heart supremely. The religious speeches of "Oliver Cromwell" I have heard very adequately and reverently rendered by a harum-scarum urchin who was expelled from school at the age of eight and was a notorious terror to all his teachers ; his acting of Cromwell spiritualized him a great deal. But of all the plays I know which can be acted by young children (I am concerned usually with children not older than fifteen) the most valuable is "St. Joan". At first one might not think it suitable for such children, but the test of experience proves that they rise to the occasion remarkably. True drama, like true poetry, leads the soul to God, and "St. Joan" has this written on its face most plainly of all great plays of modern times. In essence the play is a statement of the writer's mystical faith, of his belief that the quest of the spirit for the Holy Grail, of the ultimate communion, is man's chief adventure and chief business in this his pilgrimage ; and for those of us who share that faith there can be no better instrument. And it is no chimerical imagining to say that, in the case of some of the older children at least, the acting of "St. Joan" has begotten a glimpse of the vision.

MY SISTER—H. P. BLAVATSKY

By MADAME V. P. JELIHOVSKY

These recollections of Madame Blavatsky by her sister, who is not a Theosophist, throw a vivid new light on the personality of one who confessedly was an enigma even to herself. The translation from the Russian of Madame Jelihovsky has been made by Mrs. Lieven, with the assistance of Mrs. Kirk.

IX

ILL in body and soul, H. P. Blavatsky during her last two years frequently requested to be allowed to resign. She assured her followers that away from the direct work of administration of the affairs of the Theosophical Society she could serve them more and better, having more time for writing. . . . But nobody in England, America, or India would hear of it. On the contrary, the European members of the Society persuaded her to become the exclusive representative for Europe, leaving India to Olcott. From India came pleadings to return to Adyar. This last idea was impossible. H.P.B. moved slowly towards England, afraid to go too quickly because of climatic conditions. From London her followers came more and more frequently for instruction, and, according to her letter to us, they took increasingly energetic measures to persuade her to cross the Channel and edit the *New Theosophist*.

My sister again spent the summer with her friends, the Gebhards, in Elberfeld, where I and my eldest daughter visited her, and from whence we all went afterwards together to spend the end of the season by the sea at Ostend. There she had many visitors from Germany, France, and Switzerland, chiefly on business ; and also from London, where the first part of the *Secret Doctrine* was in the press and where Sinnett was at that time writing his book on H. P. Blavatsky. He came several times to consult her about this matter. Countess Wachtmeister came to spend the winter with her, and from that time she and Mme. Gebhard nursed her alternatively and also helped her with her work until she went to London. She had no difficulty in finding assistance for her scientific work ; constantly men of science, doctors, and professors came from London wishing to

know beforehand the contents of her book and offering their services and help. There were people from other countries too, such as Switzerland, Sweden, and America.

She was now never alone. Thank goodness, there were people who took care of her and nursed her. Just before spring she again had a grave illness. The doctors in Ostend were ready to bury her, but Dr. Ashton Ellis, from London, prevented them from doing so.

When he was informed by Countess Wachtmeister's telegram that H.P.B. was very ill, he left everything and immediately crossed the Channel to spend a whole week in attendance on her, an act for which he had to forfeit a splendid position at the Westminster Hospital. He did not hesitate to go from the hospital without obtaining leave, just to help a woman whom he knew only through her work.

At the end of April 1887, friends brought H.P.B. to England, surrounding her during the journey with all possible care, carrying her in an armchair to the steamer and the train, and finding for her beforehand a villa in the London suburb of Norwood.

Here the intensive work began.

They started a new magazine and formed a separate branch of the London Theosophical Society under the name of "Blavatsky Lodge". The president of the London Society was Sinnett, but the local Theosophists considered that their head should be the founder of the Society. Sinnett himself asked her to accept this position, but she resolutely declined it, replying quite reasonably that in such a case she would have to give up work on the *Secret Doctrine*. Nevertheless, she was soon as fully occupied as she had been at Adyar.

She wrote to us apologizing for the shortness of her letters :

Only think how much pressing work I have to do every day ! To edit my magazine, *Lucifer*, to write articles in the Parisian *Lotus*, in the New York *Path*, in the Madras *Theosophist*, which, without my articles, loses so many subscribers, as Olcott complains ; to continue the second volume of the *Secret Doctrine* ; to make several corrections of the first volume ; to receive twenty or thirty callers who come on business and otherwise. If day and night consisted of 124 hours instead of twenty-four I should still be short of time. . . . Do not worry ; if I don't write it means I feel comparatively well ! If not, the others will write immediately. Have you seen on the cover of the magazine, *Le Lotus*, a sensational announcement that it is edited "sous l'inspiration de Mme. H. P. Blavatsky" ? What kind of inspiration is it when sometimes I haven't time to write even

one word in it? By the way, do you get it? I subscribed to it for both of you and took a third subscription for Katkoff. Let him at least see it. I just adore Katkoff; that is, for his patriotism! What a fine fellow! He is so outright. His articles are an honour to Russia. I am sure if our own uncle were alive he would find in them the reflex of his own thoughts.

Why do you attack me for calling my magazine *Lucifer*? [she writes in another letter]. That is a beautiful name! Lux, Lucis—Light; ferre—to bear; the Bearer of Light; what can be better? It is only since Milton's *Paradise Lost* that Lucifer began to be the synonym for "fallen angel". The first worthy work of my magazine will be removing blame from that name which the early Christians used for Christ, "Theos-phor-os" in Greek; and "Lucifer" in Latin, means "Star of the Morning". A forerunner of the bright sunlight. Did not Christ himself say "I am Jesus, the morning star"? (Revelations of St. John. xxii. 16). Let, then, our magazine be like the pure star of the morning and be prophetic of the bright dawn of Truth—the union of all diversity of opinion, of all literary interpretation of the spirit.

In the autumn of the same year they opened a Theosophical printing press and a separate office in the centre of the City of London; they began to print, besides a monthly magazine, a weekly brochure, *T.P.S.*

This undertaking on such a large scale attracted even the attention of the London press and public which is used to demonstrations of different social activities.

The success of the new teaching and the quick growth of the Theosophical Society in England claimed the attention of the clergy. But it is only fair to say that the English clergy did not allow themselves to go to the extremes which the Indo-Scotch Jesuits in Madras found possible.

There were a few stormy meetings arranged by representatives of the Church of England; but a beautiful and fully Christian letter of H.P.B. in *Lucifer*, under the title of "*Lucifer* to the Archbishop of Canterbury", stopped the argument. It gained for her in an announcement of the Primate of England his full sympathy and esteem, "if not for the teachings of Theosophy, at least for its protagonist". . . .

The crowded meetings of the Theosophical Society were sometimes visited by the clergy and even by the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

H.P.'s clairvoyance continued.

At the beginning of July 1886 we were surprised by her letter (from Ostend) in which she asked us to give her par-

ticulars of the death of A. M. Butleroff. This letter arrived at the same time as the newspapers printed the obituary notices. It was written on the day of his death, which had happened in his (the professor's) estate in the province of Kazan.

Next June, while staying in Petersburg, I received the following letter from my sister: "I had a strange dream. Somebody brought me the newspapers, I opened them and saw only one line: 'Now Katkoff is really dead'. Perhaps he is ill? Please enquire about it and write—— God have mercy on us!" M. N. Katkoff was in Petersburg at that time, but his health was not mentioned. Within two or three weeks all the newspapers were repeating his name. He got worse and worse till the catastrophe occurred: Katkoff was *really dead* as was written in Blavatsky's prophetic letter.

It is worth while to repeat her letter to N. A. Fadéef. Here it is with some abbreviations:

"Maycot",
Crown Hill,
Upper Norwood.
August 5th, 1887.

I am terribly grieved, my dear friend. The death of Katkoff plunged me into a cloud of gloom. I think and think and cannot come to any conclusion. What was he to me? I never saw him, he was a complete stranger to me. And still I have the feeling as if his death is also the death of Russia. Yes, the death of this great patriot and brave defender of my beloved Russia has disturbed the tenor of my life. Is it not a terrific pity that no sooner does an extraordinary Russian like Skobeleff, or Aksakoff and others appear, than death takes him away just at the moment when he is very much needed? Why don't Bismarck, Battenburg, Bulgarian Regents or Salisbury and *tutti-quant*i die instead of our leaders?

Only now can we grasp and see what Katkoff was to Russia: the whole foreign press is howling joyfully. Only two of them, the *Pall Mall* and *St. James's Gazette*, wrote nobly about him. They wrote that "even if his death takes a burden from England's shoulders, they wished England had a few patriots like Katkoff. . . . Give us Katkoffs too, and England will progress further."

Just now I wrote a letter to the editor of his paper. I had to do it! For seven years I worked for *Moskovskya Vedomosky* and *Ruski Vestnik*. . . . Perhaps they will not believe in the sincerity of my grief, but I wrote what I felt. He who does not admit that this loss is irreparable, in these days so grave for Russia, is no patriot! Russia has many "rulers" and candidates for this post; but she has not another so faithful a guard of her national interests, no! And probably she will not have any for a long time.

My God, what misfortune seems to be Russia's fate? As if she were implicated in the unseen nets of some dark powers . . . and no one there now to destroy these meshes with the mighty truthful word of a far-seeing patriot! For me who have lost all hope of ever seeing my beloved Russia again, all my love for her and all the strong wishes of my heart to see her triumphant over her enemies were concentrated and reflected in the editorials of Katkoff. Who else will write as he wrote? Who else, now that he and Uncle and Akaskoff and all of them have gone—who will expose and publish as he did all the intrigues against her? Russia is lost! She has lost her best defender and guide, her leader in the field of politics. Yes, it is true that "the watchful eye of the patriot is closed for ever", like a dragon guarding the interests of the nation, and only now will the people realize what Katkoff was to Russia and to the Czar. He must have been dangerous and aimed well, for the foreign diplomats and press trembled at the sound of his name as they tremble now with joy at having got rid of him. Now is their opportunity to dope Russia. . . .

Fortunate are orthodox Christians who are able sincerely to wish the dead "everlasting life in Heaven". For you, great patriot. I can only wish him from the depths of my soul, "everlasting memory in the hearts of all patriotic Russians".

Russia, our mother country, builds monuments to her poets, musicians and writers. Will Moscow build a monument to him who, as I think, did for Russia with his mighty word not less than Minin and Pojarsky with their swords. It would be better if, instead of all the theatrical effects of a funeral, with wreaths from the National League of Republican France, Russia would see to it that the "trail to his grave" will never become green in the hearts of her faithful sons; let our diplomats not forget his teachings but prove in their work that his lessons are not wasted, rather they have opened their eyes.

They must not allow Russia to be ridiculed by Europe on account of the swineherd regents and Milan's Austrian slaves. It will be a shame if Russia ever forgets him! That is what I wrote to them . . . perhaps they will call me a fool. Well, let me be a fool. But I am sincere, and have said everything from my heart.

Yours always, as long as I live . . . and if I am allowed "*there*", so after Nirvana, yours just the same.

H. B.

X

H. P. Blavatsky was much annoyed at false information printed about her in the Russian press. Sometimes this information was very extraordinary and went so far as to accuse her of murder and other capital crimes. She never felt like answering such offensive charges, but her followers more than once protested against such calumnies from her native country, but without result, the editors probably putting them into the waste-paper basket.

Once or twice her relatives, indignant at absurd calumnies, had to interfere, but their just protests were not recognized by the organ which had previously printed these accusations.³⁴ Once H.P.B. herself wrote a protest, but this was again declined by the very newspaper which had defamed her. She was much distressed about it, and this is what she wrote :

What is this lie about me ? Where did they get the idea that I intend to abolish Christianity and to preach Buddhism ? If they in Russia would read what we write they would know that we preach pure, Christian-like Theosophy—the knowledge of God and the ethics of living, as Christ Himself understood it. In the third number (Nov. 1887) of *Lucifer* is my article (The Esoteric Character of the Gospels) where I exalt Christ's teachings as only a real Christian, not infected by Papism or Protestant nonsense, can do. What do they know about Blavatsky's teachings ? They state, "She built a pagoda in London and put the Buddha idol in it!" What nonsense, they are idols themselves, and if their reporters write such rubbish they (the editors) should have the courage to print the protests. It seems to me that I have written quite a good-humoured, friendly letter, yet still N—— was not conscientious enough to print it ! God save you, my dear countryman.

Every day the work of the London Theosophical Society increased, and the Society itself grew rapidly. Very soon it was no longer possible for them to remain in their second quarters ; quite a large house in Lansdowne Road, near Kensington Gardens, which was taken for two years. They planned to take a house where there would be facilities for building a separate hall for meetings, with seating capacity of three or four hundred, and a pavilion in the garden with one door, no windows, and a cupola of blue glass instead of a roof. It was intended for the occult work of the members of the Esoteric Section—a special section—after the opening of which H.P.B. gave out teaching twice a week. She gave lessons to the present esotericists in maps and figures, and supervised the correct writing down of those lessons and figures for distant members who joined the section.

At the beginning of the winter of 1889 H.P.B. wrote very little and very seldom to her relatives. I rebuked her for that, asking, "What are you so terribly busy about that you do not write us a single word." Here is a characteristic answer of Helena Petrovna :

My sister and friend, your imprudent question dumbfounded us, showing as it did such complete ignorance of the activities of a Theosophist's life ! After reading your denunciations I called my staff together and translated it into Shakespeare's language. As I translated it, Bart, Arch, Wright, Mead (her secretaries), the Countess, and all the others fell aghast

at your defamatory questions. . . . What am I so busy about? I? If there is in this world a victim of overwork it is your poor sister. Please enumerate my occupations, you heartless creature; every month I write from forty to fifty pages of esoteric instructions—instructions in secret knowledge which may not be printed, and five or six poor esoterists, volunteer-martyrs, must sit at night and draw, write and lithograph them, 320 copies altogether. . . . I again must check them up, so that there shall be no mistakes and my knowledge of the occult disgraced. My pupils are grey-headed men of science, Cabalists and Freemasons, as you yourself have seen. Then the editing of *Lucifer* is my work; from the editorial (a heartreaching article written under my own name) to the final correction of proofs. *Revue Theosophique* is sent to me also by Countess Adhemar; I have to help her, too! Besides, I myself must eat, so I have to write pot-boilers for outside magazines. Then every Saturday we hold a reception and every Thursday a meeting, with all its scientific questions, with shorthand writers at my back, and with a couple of reporters in corners. Does not all this take time? I have to prepare myself for every Thursday, because the people who attend the meetings are not ignoramuses, but such men as Kingsland, the worker in electricity, as Dr. William Bennett, and the naturalist, Carter Blake. I have to be ready to defend the theories of occultism against those of applied sciences so that it will be possible to print them straight away from the shorthand reports in our new special monthly magazine under the title of *Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge*.

My Theosophists have just suddenly realized the situation and have sent a circular around the whole world: "H.P.B. is old and ill, H.P.B. will not stay long with us. When H.P.B. dies no one can teach us this secret knowledge. Let us therefore raise money for expenses. . . ." And they have. One shorthand writer and the editing of my works cost them £40 sterling a month. And H.P.B. out at elbow and without a penny, must work for all and teach them. Of course I would not accept a single penny for this kind of work. "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." That is what I quote to the people who think they can buy for pounds, shillings and pence the divine knowledge of the ages.

The heart-searching articles of H.P.B., as she herself called them, were very often about Russia and Russians, and it is a pity there was no one to translate them. Her countrymen would have a better picture of her had they read her thundering article concerning the stupid British "meetings of indignation", about our "cruelties in Siberia", and our "persecution of the Jews". This article was printed in her magazine, *Lucifer*, June 1890, under the title: "The Mote and the Beam". There was another article written after the catastrophe of October 17th, —' Even the *last printed word* of H.P.B., which appeared in the May number of *Lucifer*, 1891, after her death, was about the Russian Royal family. There, on page 186, she writes the following short note under the caption "True Nobility":

The funeral of Mrs. Streeter, an Englishwoman, one time nurse of the children of the late Emperor Alexander II, which occurred a couple of days ago, made a great impression on the inhabitants of Petersburg. The Emperor Alexander III, the Duchess of Edinburgh and all their brothers, the Grand Dukes of the Imperial House of Russia, followed the coffin of this humble woman on foot, and the Empress in the mourning carriage. . . . This is a beautiful lesson and example of heartfelt attention, which the Court of Queen Victoria, a soulless slave of formalism and etiquette, should take to heart and muse over.

It is remarkable that side by side with these *last* words from the pen of H.P.B., is pasted the first hurried announcement of her death. . . .

This mourning announcement strikes one the more forcibly because in the same number, and even on the same page, is the completion of an article under her initials, H.P.B., "Civilization is the death of Beauty and Art", and another article with which the number opened, "My Books", in which she criticizes her books far more severely than do any other of the critics.

³⁴ Exactly as did *Russki Vestnik*, in which, after printing twenty-nine chapters of Mr. Solovieff's insults, refused to print my refutation which I therefore had to publish separately and independently.

We much regret that owing to pressure on our space it has not been possible to include OUR CONTEMPORARIES in the present issue.—Ed.

THE POETRY OF ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

By ETHEL ARCHER

"A Mystic ahead of his time" is the characterization of Arthur Edward Waite as put forward by our Contributor. Those who have been fortunate enough to make a close acquaintance with the poetical works of Mr. Waite, as well as those who still have that pleasure in store, will welcome this appreciation from the pen of a writer of outstanding literary merit and herself a poet of fine imaginative quality, Ethel Archer, whose name will be familiar to all readers of the London Forum.

THE name of Arthur Edward Waite is known, we suppose, to almost every member of the reading public with any pretension to culture as a writer on such subjects as Freemasonry, the Rosicrucians, the Cabbala, the lives of the mystics, and the many kindred matters which may fall within those precincts. But to how many of the younger generation (those boys and girls who have grown up since the war) is he known, even by name, as the author of the most beautiful mystical verse of this or the preceding century? It would be safe to say "to not one in twenty". And to those of us who were young when the war started, to how many of us? Perhaps to one in ten. We ask the questions and hazard the answers for a very excellent reason. We ourselves, to our lasting regret be it said, have only just come across these poems, and seemingly a mere chance it was that brought the work of this great writer before us. So, we are feeling rightly astonished and not a little indignant about the matter, and we are determined, as far as in us lies, to spread the news of our happy discovery.

It is now some twenty-one years since the collected poetical works were published* and, as has been said before, a new generation is with us. That, perhaps, may explain the matter on the surface. But possibly it may be answered after another manner. To every true aspirant will come alike the hour and the man, and it may be that, in more senses than one, that hour for many of us has now arrived. It is not unusual for a poet to be some twenty or thirty years ahead of his time, in regard to spiritual thought, but Arthur Edward Waite has been half a century in advance, even for the most enlightened among us; and it may well be another fifty years before the majority catch up.

Writing at a time when materialism was rampant and mysticism, for the most part, confounded with lunacy, those who understood his

* *The Collected Poems of Arthur Edward Waite*, Rider & Co., 2 vols., 1914.

message must have been few, and of the many poets who have come after, how many have let envy stand in the way of a just appreciation and what should have been spontaneous welcome? One who knows, and knowing that he knows, is not afraid to say so, must ever appear arrogant to the little-minded and the envious, who oftentimes borrowing from his work, both prose and verse, will yet refuse thanks or acknowledgement to the source of their gleanings.

Well has it been said, and it does not weary in repeating, there are as many ways up the mountain of God as there are souls to tread that Way. But, all paths upward must inevitably meet in the end, and the nearer the summit the closer approximates their meeting, until, at the Summit, all paths converge and are lost in the One; and this is the experience of every mystic. We repeat, there are as many ways to God as there are persons to seek Him, and, by a similar analogy, there will be as many ways of reading these poems as there are grades of development in those who read them. Yet, one fact must stand out above all and be obvious to all. Mr. Waite writes ever and always of the Quest (that one essential motive of Man's existence) of the hidden paths that lead to Union, of the dangers that beset the Way, and of the glamour that attracts. Nowhere is the terrible, inescapable seduction of the dream-world better expressed than in "La Vie Intime", of which the second part, together with "Esclairmonde", follows:

THE SECOND SCROLL

(*La Vie Intime*)

A VOICE IN THE HEIGHT

If only the blood of the race of man
 In the veins of the mother that bore me ran,
 And only the soul of the open sea
 Dwelt in my father, a rover free,
 Then something came from a secret place
 And look'd me, a young child, in the face,
 Till all the natural world became
 A pageant unstable as smoke and flame.
 Sunsets faded and stars went out,
 But, pressing me closer round and about
 Than the common modes by which man is fenced,
 Another order and rite commenced.
 In quiet garden and market town
 Strange processions went up and down;
 In dusky corners and rooms secluded
 Warm arms encircled and lips intruded;
 Stealthy tortuous corridors stirr'd
 With the whisper of an unearthly word.
 In the very bed where my mother placed me
 Strange, trembling creatures cried and embraced me.
 There was no river so high, so clear,
 But a face, not mine, would there appear:

Or if in summer I plunged therein,
 Something kiss'd me which seem'd like sin ;
 And hands which never could lift to bless me
 Up through the cool depths came to caress me.
 Over the edge of the world astray,
 How swift I pass'd from the world away
 To see those sights of glory and joy,
 Alike forbidden to man or boy,
 In a place so pale with an eye so dim,
 Had never the fairies come to him.
 Yet the light had something of autumn's shine,
 And the blush of the leaf in its last decline,
 But the sights if seen by an angel's eyes
 Had lost him for æons his native skies.

ESCLAIRMONDE

Pomp of elfin, pomp of fay,
 Blazon'd banners' soothing sway,
 Draw thy dreaming soul away—
 Through thine eyes enthrall'd—so vow
 Gossips of the vacant brow.
 I opine, since loss of mine
 Better makes the heart divine,
 That three maidens, Esclairmonde,
 Coming from the bourne beyond,
 In the dusk and ghostly mean
 Eventide and night between—
 Thy sweet face was peering forth
 From the window facing North,
 The embayed window North—
 Wailing, wailing, drew thee forth.
 And although no human hand
 Wipes the tears from Faërie Land ;
 And though never human art
 Heals the broken elfin heart ;
 And no words that man can spell
 Shall redeem the tax to hell,

They have lured thee, Esclairmonde, far beyond
 Choir and incense gone before
 And the banners evermore
 Dripping with the dreary mist.
 They who draw thee know not why ;
 They are lonely, they persist ;
 When their spells possess the eye
 Seldom human wills resist.

Follow fast and follow fond !
 They shall lead thee, Esclairmonde ;
 And I seek the elfin track
 Not to bear thy semblance back,
 Since the ghost-world, woe is me.
 Touching, makes a wraith of thee !
 But to join thy useless quest

And to share thy long unrest—
 Esclairmonde, O Esclairmonde !
 Homeless, haunted, pass'd beyond,
 Wraiths are in the world alone
 Where thy steps no more are known.

Thus, a mournful ghost, I take
 Woe of mine from bower to brake,
 From brake to sodden mead, and see,
 Evermore escaping me,
 Choir and incense gone before
 And the banners evermore
 With fantastic plunge and twist,
 Looming strangely in the mist,
 As thy pale ghost by maidens three
 Evermore removes from me.
 Passing every house of rest,
 Pass'd love's gateway of the blest,

And far into dim lands beyond
 The march of muffled music steals ;
 The incense vista curls and reels ;
 The low chant dieth far beyond ;
 Far die the ghostly censer bells,
 Confused amid a world of spells.
 A ghost behind, a ghost before,
 Falls woe on both for evermore,
 O Esclairmonde ! O Esclairmonde !

From Man's first glimpses, through the beauties of Nature, through the love of woman, through love of friend for friend, even at times through love of wine, through renunciation, disappointment, faith, courage, the call is heard, and the pilgrim soul reaches out through all and each ; each experience tested, tried and finally passed, being but another step upward on the great ladder stretching from Earth to Heaven.

Experiences which meet travellers upon the same road will be various and manifold, but there are some which, by the very nature of things and the Road itself will be common to all ; and it is of such that Mr. Waite writes with such convincing power and beauty. Who does not know of those states of mind, oftenest occurring during a quiet walk in summer, especially on the downs, that sudden flashing-forth of light, when the simplest things of Nature take on some strange and wonderful meaning, when a blade of grass seems to shout the secret, when all around one, the fields, the sky, the bird singing in the blue, the distant ocean, seem—one and all—to be taking part in some great, cosmic rite ; when the whole earth is as a mighty orchestra sounding forth a pæan of life and joy. This is an experience realized early in the life of the mystic. Again, there will be times when the kinship with Nature seems to heighten, when all around one looks at one with the eyes of Self ; (the flowers, the trees, the very beasts) all seem watching

and waiting, and behind that watching, waiting self we sense the watching, waiting Presence of God.

But for real magic 'twixt eve and night,
 And a speculation strange and deep,
 From the inmost heart of the house of sleep,
 At a fitting hour the hills forsake
 For the edge of the cover, woodland and brake.
 Over the clearing, high and far,
 You shall see only a single star :
 Trees, in the dubious light convoked
 Stand like mystae, muffled and cloaked. . . .
 The coal glows dull like a dying lamp,
 And the moss-grown altar stone unbidden
 Passing into the cloud, is hidden.
 A change comes over the face of things,
 And 'twixt the sense of a soul alone
 And the subtle hint of invisible wings,
 Tense expectation thrills and swings :
 Till, suddenly welling and surging round,
 Down from the welkin and up from the ground,
 From common motion and sight and sound,
 Isolated and terribly free,
 The sense of a thing which is all unknown
 Shapes in a moment and pierces thee.

And again,

. . . Pass into your garden ground.

There a sudden sense supernal
 On the mind prepared may fall,
 As of haunted thought eternal
 And great strangeness vesting all :
 Grass and glebe and grove expound
 Thin-veiled secrets latent round.

. . . Yes, all Nature waits expecting—

Forest, floral hall and field—
 For some vital word directing
 Her those sleep-held forms to yield :
 Long expected, long deferr'd,
 Come, thou great unuttered Word !

It is a truism beyond all questioning that inasmuch as they understand his message the poet contacts the secret heart of each and all his listeners. His voice utters the secret word known to the heart of each, and together the aspiration of all rises as an incense-cloud before the Throne of God. Even so does Mr. Waite sing of the soul in its journey to God : "Understanding of the Beauty of All or Beauty of the Understanding of All resulting in the love of All ; and the search of the mind for God, realizing the beauty and the love of God, resulting in the final assumption of Beauty, Love, Wisdom and Understanding in the Limitless Light, the Light which transcends all bounds of speech,

the very bounds of thought, but which none the less Is ; and this, surely, is the Cause of the being of us all. That is the story, on one plane of thought. Otherwise expressed, it is the tale of two seekers for God, a man and a maid who, meeting first in the dream world, each bent on the same mission of mercy, are afterwards brought together on earth by a true Master and finally find attainment."*

The intellect may accept, as light of Truth, that which the heart has not even faintly adumbrated, but when the heart has known, in what effulgence of splendour does the Sun of Mind shine forth, henceforward never to be eclipsed.

The time has arrived when many of the younger generation, dissatisfied alike with the emptiness of church, chapel and their own unbelief, are looking with the earnestness of those newly awakened for some authoritative confirmation of their spiritual intuition, for realization that they are not alone in their quest, that the Goal is sure and that there is a sure path to tread. Again and again, in poems of surpassing beauty, does Mr. Waite vouch for this truth. Again and again do we feel assured that this or that experience was valid, that we are not heading for the madhouse—as sundry of our mundane friends may have sourly hinted ; that there are greater visions ahead and greater joys in store as the Rose of Love is unfolding, and we are being drawn deeper and deeper into its fragrant heart. Till, at the last, we lose all earthly sense, all separative sense of Self, nothing remains but the Ineffable, and in the golden glow of God's great Dawn we know even as we are known and are freed even from the knowing.

I know—

That the high emprise of the life of quest
Traces the pathway slowly which leads to a glorious end,
Clambers a winding stairway which takes to the wondrous height,
Buffets the seas tremendous, but makes for a shining goal :
That never the starry promise which haunts the human soul,
And never the hope which holds so high each head up-turn'd to the
light,
Or the great desire which swells and pants in the breast,
Shall into a world of loss and of death descend :
That all we have dared to dream in the loftiest flight
Is only the rumour and noise of a greater gain
Out of all mind and sight :
That if one tittle of all we fail, as it seems, to attain,
It is never because the dream in the heart was fond,
But because of the height which still soars over the height,
Of the light within the light,
And the glory of all the glory withdrawn in the great beyond !

Because we believe that there is a voice for every age, that whatever truth has gone before must be re-stated in terms proper to that age, we believe that in the poetry of Arthur Edward Waite we have that

* *The Book of the Holy Grail*, by A. E. Waite. London : J. M. Watkins, 1921

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voice. A few lines of his verse will oftentimes open up whole avenues of truth, whose very existence volumes of sermons and a lifelong study of the lives of the mystics may have failed to reveal.

The goal is still within ourselves alone,
The dream is also there, its meaning there—
All in a sense within. The outer world
Marks but one era of the human soul's
Advance, developing her infinite.
O blessed promise of the time to come !
At each succeeding stage more lofty types—
A wider world—significance more deep—
Till, in the full possession of itself,
Each soul attains, from every type set free,
The supra-conscious life of pure repose
And unveil'd vision into God, the All.

It is obvious that a poet who so writes has known at first-hand that truth of which he speaks, and we who come after and read his message know that he speaks truth. One who so writes never attitudinizes. He does not enwrap himself in mystic phrases. If he be obscure to any, then the defect is surely in the eyes that are clouded, not in the manifestly clear lens through which he invites us to look.

There is indeed a certain narrow road
Which in a sense leads forth from our abode,
But not by ways from vantage points descried
Through desert places of the world outside.
Open it lies for those to walk therein
Who having put away the life of sin,
With the long quest of their desire and again,
Do in their own souls seek and so attain
The individual knowledge of their end.
Peace on those paths for the elect attend !
May the great universe expand for them
Through many kingdoms to their diadem !
And underneath the white light of their crown
May those who go to God find God come down,
Since in the secret centre of their heart
Who came from Him from Him did never part.

One of the most curious things about all truly-inspired verse is that in a manner of speaking it is nearly always prophetic, since the writer in strange and unknown ways has achieved, even from the beginning, freedom from the finite. It is as though the light within shining on the way ahead showed him (and us) that which he (and we) are later to realize in its full entirety; and that, paradoxical as it may sound, in one strata of our being we are realizing now. For what is the hereafter but another way of viewing the eternal "now"; that ever-extended and eternal present than which none else persists and in which we now are? But until we become consciously enlightened we are ever under the illusion of time—*et hinc illae lacrymae*.

A Soul's Comedy, written by Arthur Edward Waite at the early age of twenty-four, is a striking confirmation of that heightened vision to which we have just referred, and to which true poetry is ever the witness. Long may that witness continue to lighten our darkness "in all the ways of being". For, as we see it, in a world of many so-called poets, feeble babblers of the false and falser echoers of the inane, his is a true and authentic voice, to the beauty of whose message we instinctively respond, and to whose guidance we may safely commit ourselves in all our highest aspirations, no matter how long may have been our tarrying nor how late our setting out upon the quest.

A book for mine elected, telling all
 My life is theirs, to use or lose for them,
 As best may serve them, telling that I love
 Above the world their beauty. Is there one
 Who reads this book, whose bright eyes light a face
 In truth most lovely? Let him come to me,
 On him my faith is fix'd, I choose him now,
 My soul's true friend. And if his heart be pure
 His am I for the serving evermore;
 But if not pure, if it at least be kind,
 His am I for the serving evermore:
 And if not kind, if it be brave and true,
 His am I for the serving evermore:
 But if not brave, since he is beautiful,
 His am I for the serving evermore.

And once more:

. . . Yea rather, do I seek some brothers of my kind,
 Who shall discern the drift
 Of this my mystic tongue;
 For them my voice I lift,
 To them my songs are sung.
 They know these measures roll
 Set to a sacred rite,
 Perform'd within the soul
 'Midst incense, pomp and light.
 I know what stars have shone
 To soothe what seas unbles't:
 I fix my faith upon
 The Vision, and I rest.

In one great essential Mr. Waite differs from all poets who have gone before him, for he brings to the great Christian Mystery of the Mass a true interpretation, and behind the dead letter of rites and *formulae* shows us the ever-renewing life of a great cosmic event, both within us and without—the immanence and transcendence of God; God in us and we in Him, and ourselves in the All which transcends the "thou" and "I".

The whole essence of the philosophy of the mystical is as the very essence of himself. The quest of man's soul, and the losing of that soul

in God, the vision of Beauty and the final attainment thereto are as the clanging, cosmic chords from which he draws his harmonies—ever and always beautiful.

It has always been a belief of ours—of the nature of our faith—that the priest should be a poet and the poet inevitably a lover. And, whichever of this Trinity we find, it assuredly includes the other two. A priest should be a lover of that Eternal Beauty which he serves; the poet gives his message of beauty to the world, and is a dispenser of holy things, a bridge from the finite to the infinite. Even the lover is both poet and priest, for the beloved, at least. And one who is poet, priest and lover is surely crowned among the poets—and thus the three returns to the one. For those who have understood the twenty-two letters and have travelled the thirty-two paths, may open up the gates of understanding. But, beyond this, it is not ours to tell.

It may be that many of us are only just entering upon a realization of the eighth trump-card of the Tarot, and some there may be who do not know that the Tarot exists, or, knowing, have failed to see the true relationship between Aleph and Tau; the meaning of the cross and the circle, the circle and the point (or whatever way else it is in which we give symbolic expression to the great mystery of existence); but the veriest tyro among us may find himself attracted by the beauty of the poet's vision, and as surely drawn by contemplation of that beauty to consciously willed communion and living participation in the Hidden Life of the Graal; and that, beyond doubt, is the *summum bonum* and the end of all.

To recapitulate, the whole of life as Mr. Waite sees it is "on a Sacramental plan", and all that that implies it might take volumes to explain, and again, it might be expressed in a single sentence. "Life is given that Life may be gained, and Life is gained that Life may be given." And nowhere is this more clearly exemplified than in Holy Communion or the Mystery of the Mass.

The greatest Lover is the greatest Giver and the *raison d'être* of man's existence is to love God. Therefore he must give himself.

The various stages of man's Spiritual progress correspond to various stages of the ritual, and again, these correspond to the progress of the human love-story.

There is the first introduction (sometimes it would seem purely accidental and sometimes deliberated), following on the decision to meet the loved one. Conversation leads to further meeting, meeting and conversation are prolonged, and in the deeper intimacy, faults confessed.

The lover decides that he cannot live apart from the beloved—the two must be one, and the two become one.

And what is this but realization of the various stages of the rite from "*introitō*" to "*Ite Missa est*?"

And so, what is true on the earth plane is true on the mental and spiritual.

But love for one above all others (if it be really love) paradoxically develops a greater love and understanding for all else beside—for the entire universe, in fact.

Perhaps for the first time in his life following his human love, man realizes the beauty of nature, and feels himself strangely akin to earth, sky and sea ; to bird, beast and flower, and feeling that kinship he worships the Giver of all Good and Creator of all Beauty. And it is through these various stages of worship that we come to the greatest worship of all, where subject and object unite, where Man loses himself in God, God is in man, and the two are lost in the One which seems as neither, since it is beyond the power of human thought to express.

And so to the end of this study. Within its limits we have only been able to consider Mr. Waite's poetry in so far as it treats of the Mystical Life, and this in but some of its stages. There are other elements therein equally important, and at some future time it may be possible to treat of them, as also of the liturgical and ritualistic elements of his work.

Again, the technical merit of Mr. Waite's verse, its position in the great stream of English song, has been assumed rather than demonstrated, and nothing has been said of his close observation and felicitous recording of the life of the woods and fields, the sky and sea. The eerie, wistful beauty of certain of the earlier poems, the haunting sadness of some, the abounding joy of others, the splendid pageantry of earth and sky, the breadth of philosophy pervading all.

All these things and many more will speak of themselves to the intelligent reader.

Did space permit we should like to quote in full such poems as :

"At that Door", "The Place of Thy Glory", "A Portion of My Inheritance", "The King's Rendering", "How I also Sang Mass", "A Vision of Stars", "A Wraith Way", "Aurelia", "The Invocation", "Eidolon", "To Isles of Light", "Doom", "Stella".

only to mention a few among some hundreds. Such poems should be known to every true lover of English poetry, to whom in friendly closing we wish as much happiness in the reading as has been given to us.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, are required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of THE LONDON FORUM.—ED.]

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MOUNT SHASTA

To the Editor of THE LONDON FORUM

SIR,—I am writing these lines to tell you how I enjoyed your very sensible editorial in the March 1935 issue of THE LONDON FORUM, regarding The Brotherhood of Mount Shasta and the book *Unveiled Mysteries*, by G. R. King.

It may interest you to know that the subject of a secret brotherhood of adepts who have their Lodge in Mount Shasta is dealt with in a book entitled *A Dweller on Two Planets*, by Phylos, the Thibetan. This book was taken down from clairaudient dictation by a young American boy of 18 years in the year 1884, and was published in Los Angeles some years later.

The amanuensis, F. S. Oliver, gives the names of places and persons, where and from whom proof of the unusual method of writing this book could be obtained.

Phylos the Thibetan gives a description of the huge hall in the bowels of Mount Shasta, accessible only through a tunnel, which is closed by a horizontally pivoted stone. He also states that the cavern was hollowed out by the disintegrating force of Vis Mortuus, a vibration of ether several octaves above the vibrations of violet rays.

It is certainly very interesting to hear, some fifty years later, that others have come into touch with some of the Elder Brothers who know, have dared and have attained ; and who, unfortunately, have to remain silent because of the world's lust for all that which is sensuous to the personality.

I should be grateful if you would tell me, through your columns, whether the book *A Dweller on Two Planets*, published by Baumgardt Publishing Co., Los Angeles, California, in 1905, is to-day obtainable anywhere. Also I would like to know the name and details of Dr. Stokes's magazine which you praise.

Yours truly,
C. E. WELLS.

[Any help from readers in tracing copies of the book in question will be appreciated. Dr. Stokes's magazine, *The O.E.L. Critic*, may be had from 1207 Q. St., N.W., Washington, D.C. Price 5 cents per copy.—ED.]

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MOUNT SHASTA

To the Editor of THE LONDON FORUM

SIR,—I am afraid my remarks on "Unveiled Mysteries" may have left an impression of something like contempt regarding the book—although I did say it was a remarkable work.

But such an impression would be quite false. The straightforwardness and honesty of the author, to begin with, seem to me incontrovertible. And the substance of the book is thoroughly satisfactory. That is to say, the teaching, and the (as I may term it) "flavour".

But if I had omitted some reference to the slight feeling of unsatisfactoriness produced on me by the portrait—rightly or wrongly—and by the very unexpected prominence of the element of "wealth" in the common or garden sense of the word, I should have felt I was disingenuous. And the consequence was I let myself be *just as mis-leading in the contrary sense*, and therefore I feel I have done the book an injustice. Hence this letter.

As to the "wealth" element, as I call it, I certainly was not expectant of anything of that kind. Yet my want of expectancy may be no great credit to me after all. The past, as we have been told often enough, by H. P. B., for one, had its treasures, all of which have not been lost. Why should they not be being preserved for—America, let us say, when the time comes? The book seems to suggest that that time is not far distant. I had not expected anything of that kind, and thus it had an air of being "too good to be true."

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

A. H. BARLEY.

THE WOMAN OF ENDOR

To the Editor of THE LONDON FORUM

SIR,—The Rev. W. Wynn in his article last month tries to give us the impression that Saul, according to the Bible, did not do any wrong in visiting the Woman of Endor. How does he explain Chronicles i. 10, v. 13 and 14, where we read :

So Saul died for his transgression which he committed against the LORD, even against the word of the LORD, which he kept not, and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of it ;

And enquired not of the LORD : therefore he slew him, and turned the kingdom unto David the son of Jesse.

Mr. Wynn had better keep to writing about the Pyramids if that is how he interprets the Bible.

I am, etc.,

J. D.

UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

BUDDHISM has, like all ancient religions, suffered with the passing of the years; the teaching, preserved at first only by memory, was, after the death of its Founder, soon distorted and added to, while in modern times it has become wellnigh impossible to discern beneath the vast superstructure of rubbish the clear outline of what Gotama set forth. It is unquestionable, however, that from the beginning the Buddhist community was in possession of, and tried to keep unsullied, discourses, as also rules, which they held to have issued from his lips. Therefore the best and, indeed, the one sure method of arriving at an approximation to the Truth as he saw it is to hie back to the oldest Scriptures. Which is the course pursued by Dr. Edward J. Thomas, in his selection from *Early Buddhist Scriptures* (Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d.), most ably translated and edited by the author.

For forty-five years Buddha taught his followers, the first twenty years of which period he wandered from one village to another, from city to city, addressing men of all castes and classes; it being, furthermore, part of a monk's duties to preach the Doctrine, Dr. Thomas infers "Whatever else may have become included in the Scriptures there is no reason to doubt that the original teaching is in them. This conclusion," he says, "does not rest merely upon the unsupported belief of devout adherents. In recent years much has been discovered about the Scriptures of schools other than the Pali tradition. There is the Mahasanghika school, usually held to have been the origin of the first schism, and the Sarvastivadins, a group of schools that became the most widely spread in India." From the Scriptures of these, he asserts, it would be easy to draw up a doctrinal compendium duplicating almost word for word the text quoted in this volume.

The Buddhist Scriptures fall into a triple division known as the *Tapitaka*, i.e. the three Pitakas or baskets; the general arrangement of which Dr. Thomas presents in some detail. *Sutta-Pitaka*, the first division, consists of the suttas or discourses in five collections; *Vinaya-Pitaka*, the tripartate Book of Discipline, is the second; lastly comes *Abhidhamma-Pitaka*, consisting in the Pali of seven works. This *Abhidhamma*, or further Doctrine, is the division in respect to which the various schools differ. Dr. Thomas aims at giving the chief characteristics as found in the Suttas or Discourses and the *Vinaya* or Book of Discipline.

Early Buddhist Scriptures opens with a sketch, an account necessarily more or less legendary, of the life of Gotama. Though there is in the Scriptures no connected life of Buddha, a number of incidents are recorded, so it appears, some in verse. Following this we have a description of "The Disciple's Career", of the training of the ascetic; an explanation of what is meant by Nirvana, attainable by the Noble Eightfold Way. Next are grouped together certain dogmas which have occasioned much discussion—as to what are "Profitable and Unprofitable Doctrines".

The final chapters deal with "The Monastic Organization", mention being made of the nun, Soma, and the Order of Nuns.

Even a cursory study of this book will bring enlightenment upon one important and interesting point: how false are many of the notions now held as to what Gotama actually taught. Especially crude and perverted is the interpretation of the Western mind, that has ever been ready to read into the system its own subjective and barren impressions. It is a mistake to suppose that Buddha commended a life of lassitude and lone meditation. His Dhamma was not that of the self-centred dreamer. Nor did he approve of a harsh asceticism. "I do not speak," he says, "of the ascetic life of a robe-wearer merely because he wears a robe; not merely because of a naked ascetic's nakedness; not merely because of dust and dirt, bathing, living at the root of a tree, living in the open air, standing upright; not merely because of the way of taking food, the study of the religious verses (*mantra*); not merely because of the matted hair of the matted-haired ascetic do I speak of his ascetic life." And he proceeds to indicate the proper path of an ascetic. "When any monk who is greedy has put away greed, when one who is maliciously minded had put away malice, when one who is wrathful . . . ill-tempered . . . hypocritical . . . spiteful . . . jealous . . . avaricious . . . treacherous . . . deceitful . . . who has bad desires . . . when one who has false views has put away his false views, that monk, I say, owing to his having put away those stains and faults and vices of an ascetic that lead to states of misery and existences of suffering, follows the proper path of an ascetic." All sacrifice, too, in which offering is made of slaughtered animals, or anything that has breathed, he condemns. The only kind of sacrifice he praises is a favourable one of continuous almsgiving; since such, wholly free from violence, is approached by arahats and by those who have entered on the way of arahats.

Our author contrasts the principles of morals with the principles of Buddhist doctrine; the former are universal, the latter only to be grasped in relation to their Indian atmosphere. Good actions are of worth in so far as they lead to happiness here; but they cannot obtain for one final bliss. "Rebirth must follow, and the unending struggle begins again. How can an end be made of existence in this weary round?" This is to be achieved solely by the destruction of the *asavas*, the reaching of Nirvana; which goal, equivalent to lasting peace, is salvation, not as in Christianity through another, but won by one's own unaided efforts. Nirvana may be obtained during life, when there is "a substrate of rebirth (*upadi* or *upadhi*). With the final dissolution of the body there results the Nirvana without a substrate of rebirth."

It is a metaphysical assumption of Buddhism, Dr. Thomas informs us, that everything, as opposed to Nirvana, is compound; hence impermanent. Another doctrine that resolved the self into a group of changing constituents was objected to because it seemed to bind the individual everlastingly to a world of ceaseless change. He tells us, however, that the continuity of the self of experience was maintained from birth to birth; its denial would have amounted to the heresy of annihilation. Buddha never affirmed the annihilation of the individual; his attitude was non-committal. When asked to explain what ultimately happens to man

after death, his answer was logical and cautious, if slightly evasive : "No measuring is there of him that has disappeared whereby one might know of him that he is not : when all qualities are removed all modes of speech are removed also." *Early Buddhist Scriptures* should strengthen the vision of many in the West to a clearer reading of Gotama's message.

Krishnamurti is less guarded in his assertions as to the final fate of the individual than was Buddha. It will be seen at once, from the first pages of *Krishnamurti and the World Crisis*, by Lilly Heber, Ph.D. (Allen & Unwin ; 7s. 6d.), that he bases his whole claim to liberation from the pains and sufferings of this world upon his discovery that the "I"-consciousness is an illusion. The ego, the personality, he avers, has no future. "Nothing but Truth can be permanent, everlasting. . . . Personality and the realization of Truth," we must understand, "are incompatible ; one extinguishes the other." But if such be the case, what is it that realizes ? His reply would no doubt be : the Life permeating all ; which is alone eternal. Lilly Heber tries to elucidate matters by an illustration : "the fingers of a hand are no isolated 'individuals' without organic connection with the hand, arm, and body ; the leaves of a twig are neither isolated individuals without connection with the boughs, trunk and roots of the tree—however much they may imagine they are." The comparison is unfortunate, as we have no assurance that fingers or leaves have any separating "I"-consciousness ; any more than has a glove upon a hand.

To us it appears there is much of a contradictory and inconclusive nature in the ideas Krishnamurti advances. We think that, checked by the limitations of human intelligence—realizing the futility of metaphysical discussions and disputations—he has allowed himself to be swept away by emotions. He has experienced certain sensations ; his convictions, as the result of what he has gone through, felt and deduced as reasonably consequent—are not unassailable proof of Truth, which is as indefinable as the Absolute : his response to various experiences is just his characteristic reaction, limited like that of any other human being.

Notwithstanding the sense of "I"-ness is an illusion, we must not, enjoins Krishnamurti, try to suppress or kill the "I" ; full apprehension of the eternal lies in the transient. We must pass to purification through the flame of self-consciousness ; plunge into the deep of deception to reach freedom on the shore beyond. The first step is to throw aside all crutches—all outer, crystallized forms of religion, all teachers, saviours and holy scriptures ; the gods of our fathers, all churches, ceremonies, and rituals must go—likewise worship that is born of fear. A certain type of worship may be ; but, we emphatically protest, this is not true of it in general. One may lift one's eyes to the shining hosts of heaven with profound reverence and an impulse to worship the Supreme Power of which they are a finite manifestation without a vestige of fear troubling the surface of one's inner tranquillity. Moreover, we discern naught in the mass of mankind's present activities to cause us to turn our thoughts from the Divine in adoration of Life—apostrophized by Krishnamurti as his "Beloved" ! His error is, in our opinion, in assuming each separate spark of life to be the entire flame : the drop that flows back into the sea

does not encompass the whole ocean. With his panegyrist, however, we have no quarrel; in this "Contribution to the History of modern Re-orientation", she competently champions her Master's cause.

A work poles apart from the latter is *I've Found a Friend*; a book of healing, by Major Osman B. Gabriel (The Pure Thought Press; 4s. 6d.). The author, a layman, expounds the practical reality of living close to Jesus Christ; he seeks to translate the theological myth into a vital reality which cures all ills. "'No man,' said the Master, 'is allowed to suffer physically beyond his own strength and the spiritual help available.'" While the difference between religions is due to the degree of revelation and the mentality of its exponents, observes Major Gabriel, it is an easy hypothesis that the similarity of the spiritual experiences enjoyed and the healing power exercised are dependent upon a common origin. This power, be it of the mind or body, cannot, he would have us recognize, be dissociated from the healing of the soul. "We may go further than that and say—whatever scientific secrets man discovers, whether they be of the spirit (occult), medical, electrical or physical, they are a danger if not allied to the Spiritual." The writer being a Christian Spiritualist of the most zealous order, we know what to expect; his book contains no surprises. Still, the sincerity of this author compels our attention and keeps our interest, despite his poor literary style.

The weakness of Major Gabriel's outlook lies in the implication that by prayer, and through living like a Christian, one unfolds, as it were automatically, psychic gifts. Facts, of course, attest the contrary; many godly persons never develop a modicum of supernormal powers. Miracles have no definite affinity to morals. The notion that they have is akin to the persistent fallacy that Spiritualism supplies the vital elements in every religion: the spiritual does; which is not quite the same thing. Will, faith or fear, have caused the fulfilment of innumerable blessings and curses. By the way, Major Gabriel is a little too sweeping in his rejection of "the sleepy contemplation of the Eastern mystic". Buddha, at least deprecates—along with devotion to dice and women, drink, dancing and song—"dreaming in the daytime".

Of the working out of one curse Aeschylus has given a vivid description in *The Seven Against Thebes*; now translated into English rhyming verse, with introduction and notes, by Professor Gilbert Murray (Allen & Unwin; 3s.); a graceful and forceful rendering. Oedipus, as related in an earlier play, has slain Laius in a quarrel, then married his widow, Jocasta. When he discovers she is his mother, he in remorse puts out his eyes; and, more than unreasonably, lays a curse upon his sons that they should pay a part of the debt his folly has incurred: "they should divide their inheritance with iron". *The Seven Against Thebes* tells how, in the siege of that City, the two brothers fall upon and kill each other. So the unwitting crime of the father is washed out in the blood of his offspring.

There is in this play presented to us a striking instance of worship incited by fear. Terrified women rush to the sacred images for protection. They kneel, and cling to them, screaming. Eteocles scolds them into silence:

"Pray rather that our wall unshaken stand—
That helps the gods as well: for while the wall
Holds, the gods hold, and when it falls they fall."

We know that expressions of an impious tendency in one of the plays of Aeschylus nearly cost him his life. But here Eteocles is not arraigning the gods, he is expressing contempt for the mock-piety that is engendered by cowardice. Aeschylus, writing not only as a poet but as a soldier, produces that effect of realism which results from one having experienced the scenes and incidents he depicts. How pale and limp this noble Athenian makes most of our modern versifiers look.

Another case of mesalliance is narrated in *Power of Circumstance*, a work of fiction, by R. Orr-Lambert (Heath Cranton; 7s. 6d.). Here it is a sister who, in ignorance of the relationship, marries her brother. In doing so she incurs a karmic debt to the woman whom she has, by dishonest means, deposed from his affections. Marjory, too late aware of the real position, for the sake of her unborn child conveniently drowns herself. Hugh Tallente, her husband and brother, finds her lying at the bottom of a pond in their garden, "Her eyes turned towards a better world, her face calm and serene".

Power of Circumstance unravels a story within a story; always an irritating and clumsy device, though perhaps here unavoidable. The plot, is, none the less, not sufficiently complicated for a novel of this length; the theme might have been dealt with more pleasingly, we think, in a short story. Mr. Orr-Lambert must learn to write less stilted dialogue. His romance, however, as a whole is not lacking in merit. He has the right stuff in him and should, with practice, do much better.

FRANK LIND.

THE POPULAR PRACTICE OF YOGA. By Dr. R. Mulbagala. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Price 7s. 6d. net. 238 pp.

THE cover-jacket states that this book presents much material new to Westerners. It was with keen interest that I read it, though for so little gained the expenditure of time and patience is entirely too high. Hardly anything is here which may not be found in the older and far better written books of an already established nature. It is very dull, and the English may almost be said to be baboo.

Meditation is defined as "the uniformity of knowledge in concentration which, in the long run, shines with the light of the object alone (OM) fully absorbed in it". Vegetarianism is most strongly urged. It is, however, difficult to take too seriously extreme remarks such as "It is therefore cold-blooded murder if a cow is killed." "The student has to rise above the animal soul. To rise above the animal soul it is necessary to eschew all animal food." It was the late Swami Vivekananda, I believe, who very aptly pointed out that the elephant eschewed all animal food. Whether this beast has risen above its kamic principle I hardly dare to say. "Eating means long life. . . . It is best to live mainly on air." So great a saint as Shri Ramakrishna used to raid his pantry in quite frequent midnight excursions, and these did not seem to interfere with his unquestioned spirituality. This work, however, is full of such humourless and utterly joyless injunctions.

I. R

THE DEVIL RIDES OUT. By Dennis Wheatley. London : Hutchinson & Co. Price 7s. 6d.

RECOMMENDED by the Book Club, and now in its 10th thousand, this Black Magic story must possess some outstanding quality of merit. It is not the author's style of expression, which is generally poor ; sometimes he does not even write English. Nor can the charm of his work be said to lie in subtle characterisation : his characters are mere pegs to hang incidents on, and cheap and unpolished pegs at that. The virtue of this romance lies in the fact that, as advertised on the jacket, it is "thrilling"—in exciting happenings that crowd breathlessly one upon another ; though they are not always very skilfully linked together.

Mr. Dennis Wheatley, in choosing a background of the occult for his present story, confesses that he has never assisted at, or participated in, any ceremony connected with Magic—Black or White. But he has, he says, spared no pains to secure accuracy of detail from existing accounts when describing magical rites or formulas for protection against evil. There are so many absurd errors in this volume, which will be immediately apparent to anybody who has more than skimmed the surface of occultism, that one shudders to think what would have been the result had Mr. Wheatley taken less pains to be accurate. His great weakness is an overcrowding of his canvas ; a conscientious desire to include everything—a Witches' Sabbat, the Devil's Mass, Necromancy, Yoga, Numerology, Tarot Cards, are just a few of the mixed items. However, he has spun a good yarn, which is all that is required by the reader of this class of fiction. So here's to his continued success !

FRANK LIND.

EVOLUTION OF HINDU MORAL IDEALS. By Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D. Published by the Calcutta University, 1935. Price India Rs. 2-8-0, England 4s. 6d.

THOUGH the author holds the balance very even in his comparisons between Hindu and Christian ideals and practices, his book suffers from a certain lack of clarity and precision, probably due to the fact that it is a translation.

The author discusses Hindu ideals in marriage, law and justice, the position of woman and the controversial questions of caste and the doctrine of Karma. He states that a married woman's right to possess property of her own was recognized in Hindu law long before it was admitted in European countries.

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